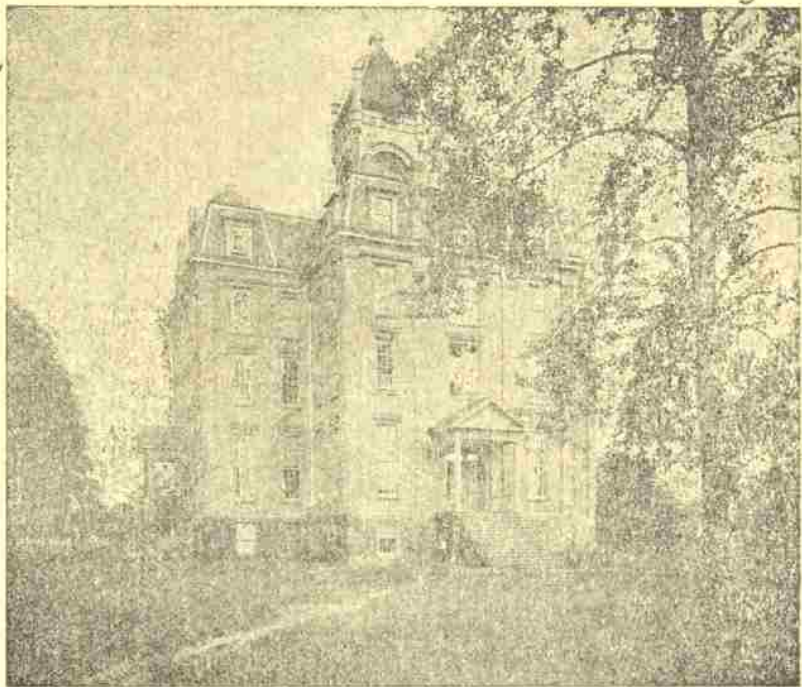


Chauncey Bishop

THE
Willamette Collegian.



January, 1901.

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The Willamette Collegian

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No. 4.

LETHE.

FRED LOCKLEY, JR.

There flows a stream in Pluto's dark domain
Whose sluggish tide, dark-rolling, giveth rest
And sweet forgetfulness to those oppressed.
The damned from Lethe's stream oft seek to gain
Oblivion's thought-effacing draft; but vain
The effort. Dread medusa makes their quest
Of no avail, and with her loathsome crest
Of writhing serpents guards the gloomy plain.
Methinks, when actions long-forgotten rise
To haunt us, when wronged conscience to our souls
Applies the scorpion lash till that our eyes
Are filled with bitter tears, when o'er us rolls
Remorse and sorrow's tide, when woes increase—
How sweet the lethe of God's love and peace.



PHYSICAL BASIS OF EDUCATION.

W. C. HAWLEY

Bountiful nature gives to each individual more brains than he will utilize. Probably no man ever lived in whose head there were not brain cells in some of the tracts which were undeveloped. Usually there are undeveloped cells in every tract, and frequently whole tracts are practically undeveloped. The perfect development of all the cells in every way, and the multiplication of the associative fibres, which connect the several brain centers, to the fullest possible extent, will make the perfect man. Such a man has yet to live. This development of brain cells begins with our earliest infancy. Possibly also the old saying is true "that to make a great man you must begin four generations before he is born." Any action upon brain cells received through the senses is called a stimulus. Each individual from circumstances of heredity or environment, or both, will probably find the cells of his brain more responsive to some stimuli than to others. Such predisposition is commonly known as "bent of mind."

Such being the case each brain should be subjected to just as many proper stimuli as possible, and with great frequency, until the brain can readily reproduce images of whatever caused the stimulation. The youthful Shakespeare, wandering at will over meadows and hills, observed flowers so carefully that botanists have found only one possible error in his multitudinous descriptions of them.

"like the crimson drops
I' the cowslip's cup."

Possibly they cannot be called crimson. He watched birds and insects, and trees, and flowers, and natural phenomena with care, until his mental images of them have the accuracy of photographs.

Here are a few quotations presenting images vivid, truthful and natural:

"While the bee with honied thigh
That at her flowery work doth sing."

"I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

"An oak whose boughs were mossed
with age,
And high old top bald with dry an-
tiquity."

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or, like the snow-fall on the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the rain-bow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

"The bluebird, shifting his light load of
song
From post to post along the cheerless
fence."

"The thin-winged swallow skating on
the air."

"Hop as light as bird from briar."

"Full many a glorious morning have I
seen

Flatter the mountain tops with sover-
eign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows
green,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly
alchemy."

We do not comprehend that of which we can form no brain image, or of which we have no such image; nor do we remember that which leaves no physical record in the brain cells. Nature in her various manifestations is a wise, hopeful, helpful, and indispensable teacher. From her the master of English song received such powerful stimuli, as made him the master writer of the world. He studied

human nature to similar purpose. Although his lore of nature, animate and inanimate, was admirable and adequate, and his conceptions full of truth and beauty, his legal learning, because of inadequate opportunities for receiving proper stimuli, caused serious misconceptions,—incorrect or false images,—as, for instance, in the law declared by Portia in the Merchant of Venice. It is a countryman's conception of the law in Shakespeare's time,—sharp practice rather than reason and fairness.

Stimuli received early, as in the case of Shakespeare, or frequently repeated, as in the religious training of Paul, or powerful in character as was the hatred of Hannibal for Rome, predispose the brain-cells to similar stimuli. The cells themselves may then reproduce images, even without the aid of external excitation, for stimuli make physical records in the brain cells. Such records will be improved by subsequent stimuli similar in character. They can be changed or modified by long-continued and persistent stimuli of a different nature, if the records have been long in making.

We are obliged to express our thoughts and emotions through physical channels. If such channels do not exist, we will either have no thoughts or no way of expressing them.

If no stimuli are allowed to affect the cells, they remain undeveloped; if improper stimuli are admitted harmful developments follow. On its physical side education consists in healthfully and effectively stimulating the cells in every tract repeatedly. The range of studies is designed to leave no part uncared for. Scholastic standards are high that the stimuli may be vigorous and the consequent modifications in the brain cells permanent. High ideals are constantly placed before students to predispose the brain cells to stimuli of a noble nature. The correlation of studies and the pursuit of several at once is to induce the

greatest possible development of the associative fibres connecting the several brain centers. The comparatively long period devoted to study from the primary grades to the higher degrees is to afford opportunity for the development of the largest possible number of cells.

The earliest stimuli are received from our parents and are those of tender love and care, invaluable. They read to us, talk to us, that the good may be agreeable to us and the evil distasteful. "We induce the child to believe that he is incapable of evil in order to render him actually so." All influences of our childhood and youth are designed to form in our brains the physical basis of right thinking and right doing, as well as a moral and intellectual basis. No sensible or honorable person ever suggests or teaches evil to the young. Training such as above described renders us more or less immune from weakness and evil. Choice becomes a less difficult and perplexing matter. There is a substantial physical foundation upon which to rear the higher structure of our nature. In this article I have had space only for the physical side. The people who devote the most time to healthful and proper study are they who, as a nation, show the greatest development and the most rapid and substantial progress. Possibly at the present day too much stress is being laid upon what is called "business." Economic values have their place, and so do the mental, moral, esthetic, religious and spiritual,—all the varied activities of complex human life. None of these can be slighted without permanent loss to the race. The belief that some greatness is in us, and the continuous practice of generous deeds and worthy conduct will do much to form the physical basis in our brain cells for greatness. As a man thinketh so is he.

This brief statement will not be complete without some remark on memory. Memory is not located exclusively in

any portion of the brain, but on its physical side, is the ability of the cells in any tract or center to reproduce images under proper stimuli. We remember best early impressions received when the brain was practically a virgin territory; or those incidents which made a profound impression on us; or those things to which we have given the greatest and most persistent attention. This means, in physical terms, that brain cells which have received the most effective stimulation react most readily and perfectly. Memory, therefore, is capable of very

great development. Memory also increases the associative fibres, causing increased activity in every tract.

Finally action, the doing of things, the positive performance of duties, like the philosopher's stone, transmutes hope and dream and purpose into services and deeds, which, if good, are worthy contributors to civilization. Indolence and lack of energy have smothered countless possibilities. The old prophets put their dreams into execution.

"Men of thought and men of action, clear the way."

THE UNIVERSITY TRAMP.

BELLE CROUSE.

It was one of spring's most beautiful days: just the kind of day when you like to find some quiet place to stretch your lazy bones for a sunning, while you watch the fleecy cloud ships plow their way through the sky. It was a holiday, too, and wishing to be contrary, we had declined the college girls' invitation to go on a picnic into the country. Willis always did hate the country, and if there was one thing I disliked more than another—it was a picnic. So we had thrown ourselves down upon the soft, green turf by the race, to be lazy and repent of our foolishness.

When I say we, I mean Willis Lyon and myself. Willis was a fine fellow and, quoting the poet,

"Admired by some,
Enviied by all."

Even our special police looked upon him with favor. And I?—well I am Willis' chum, better known as Jess Carno, and as I am not prepossessing in appearance, the less I say of myself, the better.

I was startled by a soft "Ha-ha!" from Willis, and upon my demanding the meaning of such conduct, he only mis-

tified me the more, by breaking into a peal of merriment, as he scrambled to his feet and bade me follow him.

When his room was reached, he explained. The day before we had been discussing, with a number of classmates, what measures should be taken in order to deal justly with tramps, and various girls were kind enough to advance their opinions upon the subject, telling how the "Lords of the Road" were treated when the gentlemen called upon them.

I agreed with Willis that it was "just the thing."

We were sights to make a dyspeptic merry when we completed our disguise. I wore a suit that the hired man had forgotten to take when he left. It was sufficiently shabby, but Willis insisted on taking the scissors and making a few more holes and tags. My felt hat looked as if it had been struck by Mauser bullets, and the toes of my shoes gaped like the mouth of a hungry fish.

Willis wore overalls and jumper, allowing his straw hat and plow shoes to give the finishing touches. We smeared our hands with brick dust, and also contrived that our faces should show stains

of travel, and, after all this, Willis did what I objected to most,—he fished up an old mustache, which had been worn by a villain in one of our home plays, and insisted on wearing it, even if it did come off whenever he opened his mouth. But as nothing else would do, I promised to be responsible for the talking in order that he should have no trouble with the pesky thing.

After a hasty glance in the glass, which told us our disguise was complete, we started, making our way down side streets and through allies to avoid trouble from meeting any one who might be a little too particular as to our looks.

We made Galt's our first stopping place. Putting on a bold front we went up to the door and knocked. It was opened by a girl, who shrank back, and asked in a voice that might have belonged to a French opera singer—to judge by the quavers—"Wu—well?"

"Something to eat, mum," I answered brokenly, for the hard popcorn put in my mouth to disguise my voice, hurt my tongue.

"We don't feed tramps," she answered feebly. But remembering the good things Ruth Galt told of, I tried again. "Really, mum, we hain't had nuthin' to eat for 'nage," and I held out my begrimed hand. That seemed to touch her, for bidding us wait, she disappeared, returning again with a plate of cold bacon, some cold potatoes, and two pieces of bread, hardly large enough to feed a hungry chicken. Taking my share in my hands I waited long enough for Willis to do likewise, and then departed the way we had come, stopping behind a fence long enough to make friends with a forsaken cur, who helped us in our need by devouring the fruits of my earnest pleadings.

At this point, Willis removed his mustache long enough to suggest our going to Nell McFarland's. Willis always did

take a special fancy to the McFarland's, and never tired telling of the good things they fed a fellow at their parties. To please him we went, and were met at the door by no other than the mistress of the house, a woman who was afraid of nothing, but whom everybody, even her husband, feared. She threw the door wide open, disclosing a row of dainty dishes on the table, which, I knew from the looks of Willis' eyes, were supposed to be delicious. They were guarded by a Chinese cook, sprinkling clothes near by.

I began my little story once more, putting all the pathos possible into my voice. "Please, mum, we'd like a pite—it's nigh outer two tays since we haf 'ad a pite."

"What do you do in return for being fed?" she demanded sharply, turning to Willis, who made a motion or two with his hands.

"Why don't you answer?" she asked of him, but I broke in quickly. "Tum, mum, tum as the tumpest!" "You may answer then," she said coolly, turning her keen eyes on me.

I drew my hat over my face a little more, and glancing carefully around, replied, "Weed gartens, mum, dig taters, clean yarts." I felt safe in saying these things, for there was not a garden or potato patch in sight, and their yard was the perfection of neatness. "Do you split wood?" she questioned. That made me wish we hadn't come, but I said "Yes, sometimes, if the ax are sharp," and before I could catch my breath, telling us to follow her, she started for the basement. This was too much, and I broke in, "Yes, but please mum, we need food—for strength." Such a withering glance she gave us, as she went into the kitchen.

The cook was taken aside, and directions given him, as we supposed, for our refreshments. We were refreshed. His appearance in the door was followed by

a shower upon our heads. He was sprinkling us, just as he did the clothes he intended to iron. We took our departure at once—we were in a hurry!

I was ready to go home, but Willis said, "Just for a josh, we'll stop at the house across the alley." We didn't know who lived there, and it was nearly dark. "It will be more fun than going where we are known, you know!" he added, and I had to give in.

Once again, climbing what we supposed to be the back steps, in reality the side door entrance, we made our presence known.

The door, when opened, admitted a flood of light, which caused us to blink, and then a voice, which for some reason or other sounded strangely familiar, asked if there was anything he could do for us.

Before I could answer, a startled ex-

clamation from Willis caused me to turn just in time to see him toss a poor kitten over the railing to the ground, the forgotten mustache falling to the floor, as he exclaimed in his natural voice: "Blame that cat! I guess my shins aren't made for it to sharpen its claws on!"

It was done! I longed to be off, but the voice!—the voice of the President!—was heard inviting us to walk in! Before we could decline his kind invitation, there was a shout: we were recognized! A few of the picnickers had been invited to spend the evening with him, and there they were.

We went in, and I saw to it that Willis did the explaining. They fed us well, and we have since been entertained at the Galt's and McFarland's, but to this day we are called the university tramps.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

MURIEL WENGER.

A prisoner sat with low-bowed head,
While through a crack a sunbeam sped
And touched his beard and tangled hair,
It reached his heart; it nestled there,
Lighting the path of life.

The past before him rose to view,
The present brightly shining through,
Lit up the future like a star;
And on the gate which stood ajar
Was plainly written light.

O prisoner, cheered by sunbeam's fall
Upon the cold and dreary wall
Of thy sad heart! Into the cell
Where sorrow lingering doth dwell
It makes a hope burn bright.

A moment only it may stay;
Then quickly it may dart away;
But lighter are the hearts of men
Than if they never once had been
Cheered by a ray of light.

WHEN TO PROPOSE.

KELLEY

To avoid further and perhaps constant annoyance from those (chiefly Sophomores) who persist in coming to me with the interrogations—"When should a man propose" and "How may one be

assured that the time is ripe for a proposal?"—I submit to publication a reply which is equally applicable to all cases. To do this I relate personal experiences, for which I think I may be pardoned.

A few years ago when experiencing that sentimental epidemic which has so afflicted the aforesaid Sophomores, and which comes alike to one and all at some stage of life, I was a devoted admirer of "one of the fairest," and with a not unreasonable belief that the admiration was to some extent mutual. I called to see her nearly every evening and met her by chance (?) on those evenings I did not call. Likewise by chance (?) I met her nearly every day. To me she was the dearest and sweetest and best—and all that, you know, which appeals to the youth struck by a goodly-sized, triangular-fragment of sentiment. I had few, if any, thoughts but what were in some way associated with herself. And I was ever living in a state of dream life picturing the bright and happy future with her as Mrs. ———. Further reminiscences and rhapsodies, however, will be out of order as "You've all had 'em; and if you haven't had 'em, why, you'll have 'em by and by."

Well, we kept going together and kept getting more sociable for a long time; so long that I was getting restless. Something had to happen or I'd have to move on. Have to "go West." The fact is I was very anxious to be her acknowledged fiance, but I didn't know just exactly how to bring about this desired result. My nerve, my sole stock in trade, had run pretty low, and besides, I didn't know whether conditions were favorable or not. So I was just waiting, as they all do, for something to turn up and open the way, and meanwhile was raising spoons to a high premium.

One evening when I was feeling unusually dejected I went to call on the lady, fully resolved to propose if occasion offered and if I saw any favorable signs. I was under great restraint that evening and could scarcely find anything at all to say. And along about 10:30 as we were seated very cosily on a little

soft in the dim shadows of the bow window and the soft summer breezes coming through the open casement and mingling her curls and my curls (?) together, I felt that the auspicious moment was at hand. But I could not think of suitable words to declare my feelings, so I thought I would try a little general conversation to start with, and began as follows:

Says I: "Do you know the result of the last census? What is the present population of the world?"

Says she: "It's about eleven or fourteen billion, isn't it?"

Says I: "You're certainly right." But as she made no reply to my last remark I was more constrained than ever, and being unable to start the conversation anew, I took my leave feeling utterly cast down.

For a few days I considered my hard luck in great sadness; and when I reviewed the situation and could not see that I had received any encouragement I decided to "seek fresh fields and pastures new." So I checked my baggage, which consisted of one sock and one-half of a neck tie neatly packed in a cigar box, and took tie passage for the West.

Shortly after settling in the West, I met a young lady in whom I soon became much interested. To be brief, she was the same dearest, sweetest, etc., and our conduct was very similar to that narrated above. And soon came again the all-absorbing thought, How can I win her for my bride? How can I bring myself to say the all important words? And as in the case of No. one, things soon came to a crisis. My fate must be decided, and that soon.

One evening in the early autumn I called on No. two, having resolved to propose at the first favorable sign. After spending a delightful evening with her I signified my intentions of leaving her for the evening, and soon we had

reached the door and looked out upon a scene made most beautiful by the bright and glimmering rays from moon and stars. The impulse of my heart was to whisper those fond wishes which I had so long desired to express, but as with No. one, I was dumb. Again I thought to prepare the way by a few general remarks, and by a peculiar coin-

idence, began the conversation as I did in my first experience of this kind.

Says I: "What is, in your estimation, the population of the world at the present day?"

Says she: "Two."

* * * *

No cards.

RESOLUTIONS.

It being the beginning of a new year and also of a new century, we the undersigned make the following solemn resolutions:

Faculty—Not to study in Chapel or communicate during the march.

Seniors—To invite the Sophomores to our next class party.

Sophomores—To strive to be like the Seniors.

3rd Years—Not to be so clannish.

Giddy Preps—To learn some new yells.

Philodorianians—To teach aesthetics to a benighted community.

Mr. Asch.—Not to be such a flirt.

Miss Cl-k—To make it a go this time.

Mr. W-k-ns—To save barber bills.

Miss F. C-rn-l-s—To devote a small portion of my time daily to the girls in school.

Mr. l-v-r—To be more circumspect.

Miss C-lbr-th—To leave my Biology in the office during Chapel.

Mr. Sw-ff-d—To make it a go this time.

Miss P-rc-f-l—Not to be so slangy.

Mr. Sw-rt—To take a little more work next term.

Miss T-y-l-r—To cultivate a more vivacious manner.

Mr. G-l—To supply all vacancies left by Monmouth.

Miss M. F-ld—Not to be so long.

Mr. E. R-dd-ll—To keep my little brother from kissing the girls.

Miss Sw-ff-d—To condescend to the

society of kids, once in a while.

Mr. Av-ll—To join a hook-and-ladder company.

Miss W-rsh-m—To postpone my fifty-fifth until after graduation.

Mr. M-rr-s—To cultivate a smiling countenance.

Miss Sw-n-y—Not to be so frivolous.

Mr. M-ll-r

Mr. G-r To wan(n)der more and wilder grow.

Miss Andr-rth—To make the fatal decision.

Mr. Cl-k—To lose no time during vacation.

Miss G-v-r—To say "goodnight" in the sign language after this.

Mr. B-sch-n—To correct my manners, if possible.

Miss H-n-n—To find out a boy's age before calling him cute.

Mr. W-n-n-s—To make up for my size in noise.

Miss R-gd-n—To lose no time during vacation.

Janitors—To study the ethics of the dust.

Miss M. C-rn-l-s—Not to be so boisterous in the Halls.

Mr. S-v-g—To overcome my bashfulness.

Miss K-schm-d-r—To learn to make matches.

Miss G-b-b-rt—Not to waste so much time by coming to school so early.

Mr. W-d—Not to wear my hair in such a convict fashion.

INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORY.

G. W. A. '01.

For eight or ten years the ruling passion of the college students of Oregon has been the passion for oratory. So far as we are aware no one has ever attempted a general estimate of the causes or the results of this devotion on the part of the student communities of Oregon.

To some extent our faculties and college authorities have encouraged this ardent passion for proficiency in public speaking. But for the most part it has been promoted by the efforts of the college students themselves.

The literary societies of our schools are for the most part training schools in the art of public speaking. The extemporaneous debate, carried on under the strictest possible parliamentary discipline, has always been the favorite exercise of the literary societies. Most schools have several of these societies, and the student who does not join one of the societies is a very exceptional person. We older members consider it our brotherly duty to assist every new member, no matter how timid and frightened he may be at first, to acquire the art of expressing himself in the presence of an audience with some degree of confidence.

It does not follow that all these college students become orators; but it does come to pass that most of them acquire the ability to stand in a public place and say with directness and without undue embarrassment what he has to say. It is said that if we should compare a hundred Eastern graduates with the same number of Western graduates it would probably appear that the former would somewhat excel in a certain air of ease, polish and maturity in private conventions, while the Westerners

would unquestionably prove themselves immensely superior on the average, if a sudden emergency required some public expression of views.

The rivalry between the literary societies of any given college led to periodical contests in which the different societies would be represented by their champion debaters or orators. And from this competitive oratory in the college, in this era of intercollegiate relationship, it is not a long step to the intercollegiate oratorical contest.

The Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Oregon was organized at Corvallis, in April, 1893, by delegates interested who were attending the Y. M. C. A. conference at that place. The first contest was held at Salem, June 3 or 4, and a constitution was adopted. Mr. L. T. Reynolds was the first president of the association. At present nine colleges are represented. Each school has its local association and contest.

If nine colleges are thus concerned it may be estimated that in each college an average of five students will make a more or less serious effort to enter the home contest. Thus the final victory may be considered as one gained over forty-five competitors who have entered the list at the outset.

It must not be assumed that the orations which win the medals are greatly superior, as pieces of literary production, to those which are not so fortunate. The inequalities—whether in the local contest or the state competition—between the winner and his disappointed competitors is usually not so wide as to discredit in any way the unsuccessful orators.

The following is a list of the winners

in the state contest, and their subjects:

- 1893 A. C. Stanbrough, P. C., Newberg,
"Conquests of Peace."
1894 C. J. Atwood, W. U., Salem,
"Conditional Citizenship."
1895 Miss Julia Veasie, U. of O., Eugene,
"Alexander Hamilton."
1896 Chas. Galloway, McMinnville College.
1897 Fred Fiske, U. of O., Eugene.
1898 Bert Wight, Albany College, Albany.
1899 D. H. Angel, U. of O., Eugene.
"The Spanish War, Justice, Motive, Effect."
1900 W. Lair Tompson, McMinnville College,
"Expansion Our National Policy."

It has been said that oratory is on the decline, that we have no more Ciceros, Pitts, Websters or Beechers. This may be true to a certain degree. The extension of printing, making it possible to appeal at once to a vast audience in nearly

every part of the world, has dwarfed the importance of oratory. But of course peculiar charm and value of oratory are not dead. People will still be made to listen who could never be made to read and people hearing will be aroused, who reading, would be unmoved.

Nor is the need of oratory past. A pleasing response to a toast will give a life, a character and a unity to a dinner-party that nothing else can give. In no more fitting way than by a fervent speech can we dedicate buildings and consecrate enterprises. Inaugural addresses, baccalaureate addresses and Fourth of July orations are still demanded. May the oratorical contests stimulate preparation for these occasions.

PACIFIC GROVE.

'03.

For the Willamette delegates, the trip to Pacific Grove began Tuesday evening, Dec. 25. Three of the delegates, Prof. Kerr, R. A. Kerr, and H. W. Swafford, took the 10:33 train that evening and were joined at Halsey by Mr. Averill, who had spent the day at home. As far as we were able to tell we were the only delegates on the train until we arose the next morning, when we found our neighbors to be five of the U. of O. delegates. We were still getting acquainted with these when Stuart B. Hanna, the State Secretary, came in and informed us that "there were others," making nineteen in all. Two of the Northwest delegates had preceded us and were waiting for us in San Francisco.

After breakfast the delegates began to gather in our car and to invent "yells." These were effectively given at every station we passed during the day. Between stations the time was pleasantly

spent in talking, joking and singing.

At Grants Pass we were met by a loyal Willamette girl, with a large bag of fine red apples. You can rest assured she heard a rousing

"Rah! rah! rah!

Zip, boom—ah!"

as the train pulled out of the station. All the other delegates were envious of us and wished "Tommy" were attending their schools.

We arrived at San Francisco about 9 o'clock Thursday morning and went immediately to our hotel. We were unable to secure rooms, but the manager agreed to arrange some cots for us. We then went to the Y. M. C. A. building and there found our friends, Colton and Smith. After a few minutes conversation we started for the U. S. Mint. Here we saw the gold and silver bricks start into the mint, and followed around through the various departments to the room where the great coining presses

were sumping the silver blanks into dollars, seventy-two a minute.

From the mint we went to the Academy of Science. As we marched along Market street in double file it was laughable to see the people get out of our way and turn around to look after us as we passed. The police, too, kept a pretty sharp eye on us as we passed by. It might be interesting to know what they took us for. I have not space to describe the Academy of Science. It is a large museum of Geology, Zoology, Paleontology, etc. We were obliged to hurry through for the sake of a long afternoon.

After lunch we took the car for Golden Gate Park. At the Park our freshman delegate expressed a wish that some of those cozy little places under the palms could be moved home for Sunday afternoons and evenings. We did not have time to more than catch a glimpse of the Park or Museum. At the Museum we saw some very fine statuary and paintings, and other interesting things too numerous to mention. We were disappointed by an attendant at the door asking for the kodak. Otherwise we should have attempted to carry away some of the beauty.

From the Museum we went to the Cliff House and Sutro baths. By the time we had seen these we were all hungry and came back to the city for supper. After supper we divided, part going to the "chutes" and part to the Y. M. C. A. rooms. Shortly after 10:30 we began to collect at the hotel to hear the welcome (?) news that we would have to sleep in the parlors, halls, correspondence rooms, etc. There seemed to be nothing else to do so, with their usual good luck, the Willamette boys and four others took possession of a parlor. Averill was sleepy (going to bed too early before he left home, we supposed) so, under the leadership of our naughty

one, we had a "rough-house." When it ended we had to patch up one of the cots with sundry small pieces of twine.

Friday morning we visited the Hopkins Art Institute and the City Hall, and at 2:40 left for Pacific Grove. We had a special car, the Conference delegates, and as soon as the train pulled out, Cuttle of Berkeley passed slips of paper through the car upon which each delegate wrote his name, year and college. We were kept busy getting acquainted, giving yells, and singing. At Palo Alto we were glad to shake hands with our former schoolmate, Will Morris. Will is quite popular among the Stanford boys and is one of the team to debate for the Carnot medal.

Arrived at Pacific Grove we went to our hotel and had our supper. After supper we attended the first meeting of the conference, conducted by Dr. Clamptt, of San Francisco. The conference program was read to us as follows: 6:30 to 7:15, quiet hour; 7:15, breakfast; 8, missions; 9, Bible study classes; 10, platform address; 11, the association conference; afternoon, recreation; 7 p. m., Life work talks; 8 to 10:30, delegation conference. The conference work has been reported, so I will speak of the recreation.

Saturday afternoon we walked to Monterey and Del Monte. At Monterey we saw the old custom house, the cross and monument erected in honor of the first missionaries on the coast, who landed there June 3d, 1770. At Del Monte we wandered through the magnificent grounds of that famous winter resort and solved the difficulties of the maze.

Monday afternoon the '04's, the '03's, '02's, '01's, and faculty, organized ball teams and played ball, much to the credit of the Juniors, with the Sophs a close second.

Tuesday the Northwest delegates took

the 17 mile drive, a very nice trip, along the ocean cliffs for the most of the way. On this trip we visited the San Carlos mission, the second oldest on the coast. We were sorry not to see the El Carmelo mission, the first mission founded here. It was on this trip that Kerr was so anxious for a bicycle.

Wednesday afternoon we had a field meet in which the Northwest was gloriously defeated, but they made up for it the next afternoon when they did themselves proud on the baseball field. They defeated all contestants.

Friday a part of the boys took a run to Monterey and back and part played ball.

Saturday we were made to feel at home by a regular Oregon shower.

We left Pacific Grove Monday morning at 6:30. A part of us stopped at

Stanford and while there saw three more of the Willamette students: Miss Helen Matthews, Mr. Burcham and Albert Manning. Manning has taken graduate standing and is now working on his A. M. degree. After a hasty visit to the building of the University we took the train for San Francisco. On this trip we were entertained and amused by a couple evidently recently married. Our wish was that they might live as happily ever afterwards.

At San Francisco two of us acted as commissaries for the homeward trip, and two visited Berkeley. In the evening we enjoyed the breath-taking, back-breaking, extremely entertaining sensation of "shooting the chutes."

We left for Salem, Oregon, at 8:30 the next morning, a tired but happy crowd.

THE RESERVATION SYSTEM.

FRANCIS D. BEALE.

All nations have their various systems of government, good, bad, and indifferent. Among them is one with a government which the United States has provided for almost a century. By some it is considered good, while others condemn it. This is the Indian Reservation System under the control of Agents.

By an act of Congress in 1831, the Reservation System was established, and from that year until a few years ago, it grew larger and larger, worse and worse, until practically all the Indians of the United States, with a few exceptions, are within the boundaries of Reservations, under the supervision of Agents, and subject to such laws and regulations as they may from time to time see fit to enforce.

Among the first Reservations to be established was the Seneca Reservation in New York, which was established in 1831. This Reservation is in the heart of

civilization, and yet civilization has not entered that spot of darkness; consequently the inhabitants are almost as much in darkness today as they were a century ago.

The Shawnee Reservation was established in the same year, and in 1833 the five civilized tribes of today were removed from their home east of the Mississippi and transplanted in the Indian Territory, away from Eastern civilization, in what was the Wild West. Many other instances of the same nature could be cited.

The question is asked, "What have been the beneficial results in placing Indians on Reservations?" Have they been elevated as their white brethren who live in the midst of civilization and Christianity, and are privileged to breathe the air of a free Republic; or have they been kept within a barbarous community to inhale the impurities of

pauperism? If it be the former, let this government keep them on the Reservation and put all the inhabitants of her new possessions in the same condition, that they may likewise be benefited; but if it be the latter, put down the Agents, abolish the Reservation System and liberate the Red Man.

It may be easily understood why Indians are referred to as the "pauperized people." It is well known that the German comes from Germany, Swedes from Sweden, and Mexicans from Mexico. The Indian comes neither from Germany, Sweden, nor from Mexico, but from the "Reserved Land of Pauperism," where for the last thirty years he has enjoyed the food of pauperism—rations.

Many honorable titles have been conferred upon Reservations, such as "Zoological Garden of Barberism," the "Hotbed of Idleness," The White Thieves' Trading Post," "The Beauty Spot of Ignorance," and many others that are con-

sidered of equal fitness. Like a "Zoological Garden" indeed they are, for the Indians in their tipis scattered here and there remind one, at first sight, of the cages scattered about in a zoological garden. The Indians are kept on exhibition only to be seen by the agent and other government officials, and occasionally by a missionary.

Today the Indians, young and old, should be liberated from their tribal dependencies and put on an equal footing with their white brethren. Give the Indian his money, let him spend it as he may wish, do away with the agents and abolish every Reservation. Then this proud government can look upon its two hundred and fifty thousand Indians and say, "Red man, the eagle soars above you, the Stars and Stripes are yours. You must fight your individual battles, sink or swim, life or die, survive or perish."

A LETTER.

Willamette University,
Salem, Oregon.
Jan. 10, 1901.

Miss Noble Hunter,
Huntington, Wisconsin.

Dear Noble:

I scarcely dreamed my letter was so sweet that your brother's dog would carry it in his mouth, but it almost broke my heart to think the cruel canine preserved no dignity when bearing such an important message. To think that he would stop to fight while performing such a duty is certainly surprising, especially when we consider his former faithfulness.

You asked if I liked Salem. Well, it

is a fine place, but some way or other it has not seemed so agreeable since the receipt of your last letter, and every time I think of it, the old home seems to take on added attractions.

That sleighride must have been a circus. I rather wish I had been there to enjoy it. Perhaps you would not have come so near freezing if I had been along. By the time you go bobbing again maybe you will have Jim trained better; you certainly ought to since you study German, music, and several other things—for all I know—together. Just think of the time you had training me and how green I was. It will give you courage to persevere when you are on

the point of losing patience and giving up in despair.

Whatever you do, though, don't forget the promise you made me before I left home, because I am relying on it and governing myself accordingly. In fact I have scarcely looked at the girls for a long time except that I took one home from President Hawley's reception the other night.

No, it don't rain quite all the time in Salem and the girls don't wear boots to school, but it gets so damp and the dampness blows through your clothes so that you can just lose yourself in thought for a moment and imagine you are standing waist high in water, that your umbrella is a fishpole and that you are once more a disciple of Izakk Walton.

What a feeling of pain steals over you when you realize that it is not the beautiful old stream at home, but simply an Oregon mist, that what you supposed was a fish biting is only the wind blowing your umbrella, and that you are on your way to class where you will be sure to hear the greeting: "Shut up—your books," or some equally convincing salutation.

I am simply dying for a good skate, but there is no ice and the only other kind of skating possible is so strictly forbidden by the "powers that be" that I am not inclined to satisfy my desire by participating in its pleasures.

I spent most of my vacation studying up on some back work I had missed on account of getting in late last fall. There was one big party, but I did not go—was not invited.

The upperclassman who gave me such good advice the night I got "axed" at the reception came up to me the other day and laying his hand lovingly on my

shoulder, said: "Finder, I haven't seen you out lately. You didn't get discouraged at the first trial, did you?" I mumbled something scarcely audible, and he said, "A little thing like that don't count. I have already received a half dozen and am now trying for my seventh." I did not promise, but I have a big notion to go if he asks me again.

Professor Kerr and three of the students attended the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Pacific Grove, California during the holidays, and when they returned a crowd of students went to the depot to meet them. I asked one of the girls what the object was and she said she guessed there were two of the girls who were very anxious to see two of the boys who were to return, but in order to hide their purpose they drummed up a crowd to go along. I don't see why they wanted to go to the train though, for Kerr told me that Averill got a letter from Salem every day he was gone and that of course Harry would have to go down South Winter that very evening to find where his lessons were.

I was at the Philodorian Literary Society last evening and the boys asked me to join. I am thinking seriously of joining, but you know how bashful I am and how it would embarrass me to get up before a crowd.

Noble, please don't forget all about me and all you promised me before I left home. You mentioned Jim's name fully a dozen times in your last letter. Of course I am not jealous and I trust you fully, but I thought you might be a little more careful and when you are with him remember all I told you that last night in the park and what nice things we planned concerning the future.

I must quit now as it is almost Sunday morning. Don't forget to write a long letter next time.

Lovingly,

WILL.

The Willamette Collegian.

Editor-in-Chief..... D Gans, '01
 Assistants..... Sophia E. Townsend, '03, Raymond A. Kerr, '01
 Business Manager..... Richard B. Wilkens, '03

— DEPARTMENTS —

Literary.....	Edgar F. Averill	Medical.....	Mary Bowerman
Christian Associations.....	Frances E. Cornelius	Reviews.....	Pres. W. C. Hawley
Personals.....	Bert B. Geer	Social.....	Edna Jones
Exchanges.....	Samuel A. Siewert	Athletics.....	E. Kinney Miller
Philodorian.....	Lila V. Swafford	Musical.....	Harry W. Swafford
Philodorian.....	J. Roseoe Lee	Law.....	Frank J. Bevier
Alumni.....	J. W. Reynolds		

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Farewell to you, old century,
 'Tis sad that we must say adieu;
 I cannot check these painful tears,
 My childhood life is gone with you.

I stand in tearful silence
 On the threshold of the new
 And resolve to lift my sorrow
 By the good that I can do.

P. S.

* * *

As we greet you for the first time this year, we call attention to the oft repeated but important truth, that we are standing on the verge of a new century. The panorama of another hundred years is spread out before us, and we are already "spinning down the grooves of change" of a new century.

Time and space forbid that we recapitulate what has taken place in the last century or foretell what may occur in the next, but we may say that this is "our century," ours to make famous in the annals of history, or sink into oblivion.

Every century has its great men who are indices of the spirit and progress of the age, but there are certain centuries like the first, fifteenth, and nineteenth which mark decided advances in the world's history, and stand as beacon lights for all succeeding ages. Their effect never ceases to be felt, and they serve to punctuate the never ending years. We feel that "our century" is to be one of these. Of it we expect great things, and its demands on us will not be small. We cannot expect, perhaps, to produce a few great intellects which shall stand out distinctly from the background of the past, but ours is an age in which humanity as a whole shall find its opportunity, in which manhood shall have its due recognition. Ours shall be an age of great men, not an age marked by a few great men.

For after all,

"Manhood is the one immortal thing
 Beneath time's changeful skies.

* * *

"There's as much human nature in

some folks as the' is in others, if not more."

* * *

When we made a plea for college spirit, in our first issue, we did not expect the Student Body to respond so quickly, nor in just the manner it did.

There are several ways of manifesting College spirit: we may represent our College in intercollegiate contests, we may endeavor to maintain a high standard of scholarship, we may make the night merry with our yells, or may expend our spirit in certain forms of vandalism much in vogue during the dark ages.

We will let you decide for yourselves which variety you are representing, but we sincerely hope that you will remember that "actions speak louder than words."

* * *

"Each human soul is the first-created inhabitant of its own Eden."

* * *

"Debate," says Genung, "is a form of discourse between combatants, wherein the larger aim is truth and the immediate end victory." But whether we are to be afforded the opportunity of indulging in this form of discourse, this year, is a question which at the present is agitating the minds of two Universities, Pacific University and U. of O. Should these Universities recover from the spirit of renunciation which is animating them at present, and decide which shall enter the field first, our debaters, Messrs. G. Sykes, C. C. Baker and G. W. Aschenbrenner are very capable of caring for the immediate end.

We find it a little difficult to understand the position assumed by the P. U. and U. of O., but approximately it is this: P. U. having had two debates last year to win the championship, regards it as her right to debate the winner in the contest between U. of O. and W. U.,

but U. of O. having a debate on with Washington University sometime in the spring, wished to debate the winner in the debate between P. U. and W. U.

This is the position as we understand it, and to an impartial observer it would seem that the view of P. U. is correct, though of course it may be excessive politeness, and magnanimity of spirit which actuates U. of O. in her desire that P. U. should meet W. U. first.

As there is nothing in the constitution of the Intercollegiate Debating League to decide the exigency, the matter will have to be adjusted as best it may.

As regards ourselves, we are willing, nay eager, to meet the team of either college which consents to debate first, and in the meanwhile would recommend a few amendments to the constitution of the Intercollegiate Debating League.

* * *

"Ev'ry hoss can do a thing better 'n' sprver if he's ben broke to it as a colt."

* * *

All the Colleges of the Northwest have received an impetus in their Christian work from their delegates who have recently returned from the Y. M. C. A. conference at Pacific Grove, Cal.

The wonderful results of the State Convention at Eugene were but a preface to this larger conference. We will not attempt to speak of the work done at Pacific Grove, except in a general way, but a report of the conference appears elsewhere in our columns.

This meeting of College Y. M. C. A. men to discuss the ways and means of promoting Christian work in our colleges is invaluable in its effect. The delegates return with renewed vigor and hearts freshly consecrated, to pour out the results of their two weeks' association with college Christian men upon their home association.

We are expecting great things from

our delegates and indications are that we will not be disappointed.

We would urge the Y. W. C. A. to make every effort to send two delegates to Capitola in the spring, that the girls may also feel the reviving effects of out-

side influence on their work, for while the boys' convention will have a general influence upon the whole school, its concrete effect will be felt by the boys, and the girls must awaken to action that they may have a similar stimulus.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

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

The Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Eugene during the first week of December was attended by a large delegation from Willamette. Both those who went and those who listened to the reports given by the delegates before the joint Christian Association on the following Sunday, feel that it was indeed a powerful convention and that much good will result from it.

The Y. M. C. A. Bible Class is doing thorough and profitable work, under the instruction of Prof. Kerr. The class is studying Sharman's Life of Christ.

The Willamette Association was represented at the Pacific Coast Student Conference at Pacific Grove by Prof. Kerr, H. W. Swafford, E. F. Averill and R. A. Kerr. The delegates assure us that they had a "glorious time." We are anticipating great results and we do not expect to be disappointed. A report of the Conference will be found elsewhere in these columns.

Capitola! Why can't we send two delegates this year? If we begin at once to arrange for it, there will be no reason why.

The first Sunday afternoon meeting of the New Year was ably led by Prof. W. P. Drew. If this first meeting is a sample of those that will be held during the coming year, no one can afford to miss them, for they will each be spiritual treats.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. feel that they have met with a great misfortune in the inability of Prof. Reynolds to take charge of the Girls' Bible Class during the New Year. Prof. Reynolds has been an able and faithful instructor and we feel that in losing her we are losing a very great deal. The vacancy will probably be filled by members of the Association.

The Y. W. C. A. prayer meetings are becoming more and more helpful. The first one of the year was led by Miss Louise Van Wagner. "My Expectation is from the Lord," was the subject.

Mrs. E. W. Allen, Northwest Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, will visit Willamette sometime during the coming month. Further information will be given later.

PHILODOSIAN.

There have been several occurrences worthy of note since our last report. Dec. 14th was the occasion of the regular installation of officers for the term;

and at the same meeting several badly needed amendments to the constitution and by-laws were adopted by the society.

In the evening of that day, a number

of the young ladies visited the Philodorian Society. As they would not allow us to speak at that time, we seize this opportunity to commend the activity in their work, especially the progress made in debating. The words we heard from the officers, as they entered upon their new duties, or resumed their places in the body of the society, were not only interesting, but instructive. We are also pleased to say that the class of work accomplished by them is such that we feel honored to have them assemble in our Hall while theirs is being renovated.

The evening of the 15th, the two societies, responding to an invitation extended them by the students of the Law Department, visited their society, and

were entertained by a session of Moot Court. We were greatly interested in the manner in which it was conducted, and thoroughly appreciate this effort to abridge the gulf which has existed between us.

The first meeting of the Philodorsians this year was very interesting. While it is probable that few thought of its being the first meeting, the work done was very appropriate. With the improvement made in the appearance of the Boys' Hall in mind, it was decided to have some work done in ours—to begin with painting the woodwork and kalsomining the walls. As one young lady said, "Our Hall has always looked better than the boys', and we want to keep it so."

PHILODORIAN.

The work of the Philodorian Society for this month consists principally in the number of improvements which have been made in their hall. The carpet looks as if it had been faithfully pounded till no more dust could issue therefrom. One particularly good feature about the clean carpet is that, when the boys applaud with their feet, a person with weak lungs will not have to seek fresh air.

We have other things also to be proud of, take for instance, our walls which are painted a delicate cream. All we lack so far as the wall is concerned is a few wall flowers. But this deficiency may be overcome by the bashful members who usually seek the corners of the room

at open meetings. There has been some fun poked at the colors used in decorating our ante-room. But the painter had a certain hidden, well-defined reason for employing these colors, violet and green. Hence let no one be so green as to make fun of those colors until they have found the exact reason of their usage.

Friday, Dec. 14th, the Philodorsians together with the Philodorsians attended a moot trial given by the Law Department of the university. Although the weather that evening was very rough, a goodly number were present and were not only entertained but probably edified by the speeches of the young lawyers.

SOCIAL.

Not many of the students and faculty of the University were absent from the last gathering of the old century, which was held at the home of President Haw-

ley, Friday, the 21st. The President and his wife proved themselves adepts at the art of entertaining. The large house was beautifully decorated and pro-

vided with everything interesting to young people.

Many more than a hundred were present, but it did not seem crowded at any time. The festivities began about eight o'clock, and from that on, what with musical selections, chorus singing, games and delicious refreshments, there was a gradual crescendo of good feeling and delight 'till the time of departure came.

President and Mrs. Hawley are to be congratulated on carrying out a large undertaking with great success.

* * *

Old Dame Rumor has whispered it about that a valentine party is being planned for the evening of Feb. 14th. Cupid and his bundle of arrows will be there in all their glory.

* * *

The country home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Field was thrown open to a merry crowd Dec. 26, 1900. The party consisted of Preps, Freshies, Sophs and Seniors, no party lines being drawn.

Various games were indulged in until a late hour, when a dainty lunch of sandwiches, chocolate, olives, ice cream and cake was served. A novel manner of securing company for lunch was devised, by placing ribbons in the door, the boys and girls on either side grasping the ends. The door being then thrown open, the partners stood revealed face to face. Before leaving many college songs were sung, after which good nights were said and the guests departed leaving the varsity yells behind them.

* * *

Miss Winifred Rigdon entertained about twenty-five of her young friends New Years Eve. Many games were played and as the old year and century passed away, resolutions for the new were written and read. Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cocoa, whipped cream over oranges and cake were served. At one o'clock the guests departed voting Miss Rigdon most charming as hostess.

MUSICAL.

Since last month we have had two recitals by the pupils of the College of Music and Oratory. On Dec. 13th the following excellent program was given:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. (a) The Clock | 6. (a) Contentedness |
| (b) The Cradle Song | (b) Important Event |
| | Schumann |
| Edith Mapletorpe. | Hettie Robbins. |
| 2. "The Ruggleses". Kate Wiggin | 7. How the Old Horse Won the |
| Edna Taylor. | Bet. Holmes |
| 3. Angus McDonald Roeckel | Sophia Shives. |
| Agnes Gilbert. | 8. Etude in g min. Op. 47 Heller |
| 4. Kinderstucke. Mendelssohn | Blanche Kantner. |
| Nellie Van Patton. | 9. Sonata D maj. st movement |
| 5. Mammie's Story of Little Red | Haydn |
| Riding Hood, Whitcomb Riley | Nellie Richmond. |
| Edna Hubbard. | 10. Van Bibber as Best Man. Davis |
| | Laura Thomas. |
| | 11. Mazurka. Bohm |
| | Gertrude Brewer. |
| | 12. Romanza apparsionata. Orth |
| | Margaret Trenholm. |

- | | |
|---|--|
| 13. (a) The Captain. Rogers
(b) The Witch in the Glass. . . Pike
Ethel Raymond. | 3. (a) Valse Lente. Schutt
(b) Octave Study. Czerney
Ida Stege. |
| 14. (a) Funeral March. . . Mendelssohn
(b) Romanvain E. flat. . Rubinstein
Ida Stege. | 4. (a) Coquette Conquered. . Dunbar
(b) The Delinquent. Dunbar
Lucy Edwards. |

On Jan. 14th the program was shortened on account of the recital by Paloma Schramm. We were pleased by the first appearance of the Ladies' Chorus of W. U.

The program was given as follows:

1. Stars the Night Adorning. Wekerlin
Ladies' Chorus of W. U.
2. The Giant Killer. Riley
Edra Parrish.

5. (a) Consolation. No. IV. . . . Liszt
 (b) Air de Ballet. Chamiaide
 Margaret Trenholm.
6. Sweet Daisy. Curschmann
 Ladies' Chorus of W. U.

The Department of Music has received the addition of a magnificent Concert Grand piano. Mr. Seley is justly proud of the fact that the attendance at the College this year has made necessary the addition of this piano to those now in use there.

LAW.

At the last general meeting of the Law Society the following officers were elected to serve one year: John No-wood, Pres.; Roy McCowen, Sec.; L. Davidson, Treas.; B. F. West, Censor. As the members believe they can learn much of parliamentary practice from observing the work of the Legislature now in session, they have adjourned until after the session. Consequently the members may be seen at any time in the front row of either house and ready to give their advice to the state's legislators whenever such may be needed.

The Seniors are in the throes of the regular examination, and by the time this article reaches its readers, they will know whether they are capable of further-following up the study of law or are just ordinary blockheads. They were examined in Equity soon after the holidays and are now studying a siege of Washburn on Real Property. While none of the papers have been finally corrected, the Dean declares himself pleased with those he has looked over. The

Junior Exams. will not follow for some time yet.

In the study of law, one is struck with the amount of illustrations he never before heard of and which probably never occurred outside of a text book. They all are used to explain and illustrate, however, and woe be to him who forgets them on examination day.

During the school work preparatory to their present studies some might have found no difficulty in gaining very high marks, but here it is different. There are a thousand things to remember and all nearly the same, but yet radically different. Now if you had a pile of lumber and your neighbor, unknown to you, took a piece of it and built it into his house, could you recover your lumber? And if that neighbor had ten bushels of wheat, and you also had ten bushels of wheat of the same kind, and without your knowledge he would mix them, could he recover his wheat? and if so, could he recover if he poured his ten bushels of wheat into your ten bushels of barley?

ATHLETIC.

All interest in this department is now centered on Basket Ball. The boys by subscription raised money for a ball, which arrived a few days ago. It now remains to be seen whether we will merely play the game among ourselves or whether we will place a team in competition for the championship of Oregon. In former years we have had winning teams in this sport and there is no reason why we should not have one this year. To accomplish this end the first step is to develop every possible man by competition among ourselves. Then when a captain is elected he will know what every man can do and can pick the team wisely.

In playing this game or any other indoor game we will need the assistance

of artificial light—of course the University management will tend to this.

Handball is another of our indoor pastimes which deserves, and receives, considerable attention at the "Gym." There are quite a number of skillful individual handball players among the fellows, and if a gold medal should be offered for the "champion" there would be quite a number of interesting contests before the particular individual entitled to bear this title might be determined.

The "Merry Clubbers" are still progressing and expect through their training to be able to meet the requirements of the "Twentieth Century Woman" ambition, i. e., to become the equal of man in all things. We wish them success.

REVIEWS.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The January number has great variety and extraordinary alertness and timeliness. It happens to have several important and carefully written articles about people, prominent among which is to be mentioned a very brilliant review of President Gilman's administration at the Johns Hopkins University, contributed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, the foremost authority on educational work in the United States. There is a sketch of Mark Twain, apropos of his return to the United States, which gives a very convenient review and summary of his long literary life. Dr. Samuel G. Smith, of St. Paul, contributes an appreciative character sketch of the late Senator Cushman K. Davis; and Mr. Murat Hal-

stead, who had known Henry Villard for forty years, writes very interesting reminiscences of that distinguished railroad builder and financier. Mr. Lusk, an Australasian statesman, contributes an article upon the resources and prospects of the new Australasian commonwealth, which begins its career on the 1st of January, while Mr. James B. Rodgers, who has studied the subject with great care, writes an illuminating article on "Friars, Filipinos, and Land," apropos of some of the most important problems we have to face in the Philippine Islands. A somewhat remarkable feature of this month's Review is a full list of the members of the Electoral College, who must meet on the 14th day of January and elect a President and Vice-President of the United States, in connection with which Dr. Shaw contrib-

utes some pages of comment upon the history and working of our peculiar method of selecting a President. This number of the Review is full of timely portraits and general illustrations, and seems to contain about 140 or 150 pictures. The editor's department, entitled "The Progress of the World," is an exceptionally well-rounded review of public affairs at home and abroad, and the "Leading Articles of the Month," condensed from other periodicals, present many topics of especial moment.

The Review of Reviews Co., New York, \$2.50 per year.

A glimpse of the luxury with which rich Americans surround themselves is given in the January issue of The Ladies' Home Journal, under the title "Housekeeping in a Millionaire's Family." If this issue of the Journal is a fair sample of what that popular magazine intends to give its readers in the new century its already wide field of usefulness will be greatly enhanced. One of the striking features of the January Journal, "The Baltimore Belle Who Made the Most Brilliant Match of Any Girl in America," recalls the fact that a Yankee "Queen" once sat on a Vice-Regal throne in Ireland. "A Winter Service at Church," by W. L. Taylor, and A. B. Frost's "Town Meeting" are page pictorial features that will be received with great favor. Edward Bok has an article on "The Two Centuries and This Magazine," giving a short review of the

history of the Journal. There are also many other features that will prove useful and helpful to home-makers. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

The Curtis Pub. Co., Philadelphia.
\$1.00 per year.

THE DELINEATOR.

In the February number of The Delineator a very careful and fully illustrated description of midwinter dress materials is given. This is in addition to the usual number of fashions shown for women, girls and little folks. Special attention is given to the matter of fitting in sleeves. The Delineator is a thoroughly practical magazine for women, and has reached a circulation of over half a million a month.

Many of those who love good living approach the Lenten season with a certain amount of misgiving, because in some homes the table is decidedly limited. In the February Delineator there is the first portion of an article devoted to The Lenten Table, showing that with a little care, thought and taste, it can be made fully as attractive as the general run of tables. It really makes one's mouth water to hear of the dainty possibilities that have been overlooked hitherto in the Lenten Season.

Butterick Pub. Co., New York. \$1.00 per year.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Ethel Fletcher, '00, is one of the regular substitutes on the teaching force of the Salem public schools.

Not long since the picture of Dr. B. L. Steeves graced the pages of the Oregonian, accompanied by the news that he is the Mayor of Huntington.

Wiley B. Allen, for a long time the leading music dealer of the Northwest, is about to remove from Portland, having sold his business at that place.

Hon. C. B. Moores was up from Oregon City during the holidays for a brief visit.

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Brown were in Salem a few days for a late holiday visit.

Since the last Alumni Notes, though not since the last issue of the Collegian, the Alumni Association has lost a member by death, Hon. Presly M. Denny, an attorney of standing, who resided at Salt Lake City.

A very complimentary notice from a Washington paper marks the appearance of two daughters of Hon. Henry

Gilfry, as debutantes in Washington society.

W. A. Manning, '00, writing to Prof. Matthews from Stanford says, "The registrar told me this morning that my request for graduate standing had been granted and that my candidacy for the M. A. would date from September last. I consider it quite a feather in Willamette's cap in recognizing at its full value University work done there."

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

"Goodnight Sweetheart."

Everybody hail the new century. You may never live to see another.

Prof. Carter visited her claim during the holidays.

Miss Calbreath missed a few days on account of sickness.

The Spa is the place for students to get their candies and refreshments.

Hostess:—Mr. Averill, you have tea?
Averill:—Water straight, please.

Miss Thomas: "I as others, like combinations. I do not like single things."

"In consequence of hopes now dead, The Prof. took sick and went to bed."

Mr. George Hatch, who was a student of Willamette 35 years ago, visited Chapel.

Miss White and Mr. Chauncey Bishop have ceased to respond to Chapel roll call.

Mr. Will Morris, a former student at Willamette is elected on the debating

team from Stanford this year. We hear from Willamette students every now and then.

Now is the time for Fun Fotos. Don't fail to visit the Cronise Gallery and get your pictures taken.

Miss Stella McDaniels is compelled to be out of school the rest of the year on account of the illness of her mother.

The lecture courses will begin soon and we as students should expect to gain much profitable information therefrom.

The young ladies who played "rag time" on the chapel piano appreciate the fact that they have so able a critic, one who so thoroughly understands music (?).

"The boys" who were sent as delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Forest Grove, bring back reports of having had a very enjoyable and profitable time.

The preliminary debate for the purpose of selecting debaters for the inter-collegiate debate was held in the Philodorian Society Hall, Wednesday eve-

ning, Jan. 9th. The following were chosen to represent Old Willamette in the Intercollegiate: Mr. Sykes, Mr. Baker and Mr. Aschenbrenner. The judges were Prof. J. J. Krapps, Rev. Dr. McKillop and Prof. J. S. Graham.

Patton Bros. are still to be found at their old stand and ready to supply the needs of all. A fine line of works of fiction stories always in stock.

The Philodorian Society Hall has become a feature of the university building. Now let the Philodorian Society be a distinct feature in the educational work of the school.

Those students whose homes are not in Willamette Valley became thoroughly acquainted with Webfoot roads, on the way to the Fields' home the night of the party. But if bad roads make a bad evening with young folks, nobody ever knew it, for every one who went had a good time.

The boarders at the Woman's College would consider it a favor if Mr. Boeschen would not lend his hatchet to young ladies who split their wood when others are trying to sleep.

Yes! She drew him;
 Drew his pretty roses too.
 Nor do I blame her,
 Nor does he or can you.
 And the living picture,
 Most beautiful I'll trow,
 Watch his pretty roses,
 And you may see it now,
 Truly as she drew him,
 The "drew" lost she out her name:
 Open keep your eyes,
 And see a picture of the same.
 For "drew" has left
 And in its place, a comma,
 But not (?) possessive
 Shows Bertha An'—artha.

Little Bobby who was sitting beside Hallie, sweet Hallie, at the trial—when he saw Big Chester enter the room immediately scrambled for another seat. Little Bobby has the profoundest respect for Big Chester's football prowess.

Miss F. E. C. (in German)—"Nothing is so beautiful as German fidelity."

Class (in a chorus)—Why that blush, Frances?

Go to Strong's Restaurant for good dinners—the best service in town. Refreshments served at all hours.

Mr. K. (on train, returning from Pacific Grove)—What's Averill talking to Cummings of Corvallis for?

Mr. S.—O, he is making arrangements to go to Corvallis and study husbandry.

The Rex Studio invites the students to call and examine work before ordering elsewhere. The lowest prices on all grades of work.

Is it because Mr. Clark is becoming so effeminate that he thinks he has to study in the girls' session room?

Prof. Drew (in Latin): "That means, go back"—"Haec."

Two boys in a heated argument. Student: Say, what are you boys quarreling about?

Boys (in duet): Miss Clarke!

Student: Well, that's a very little thing to quarrel about.

Mr. White-man became a Red-man with variations of blue and purple, when he was left "all alone" at the trial. And when he thought of the money he had spent for peanuts, it is said he became a mad-man.

Miss Chapler: "Mr. Gale is smart all right. I wish his head were on my shoulders."

"What a gathering" there was at Pres.

Hawley's. Among the pleasing events of the evening were Mr. Boschen's solo, and a recitation by Miss Thomas.

1st Student: "What did Mr. Averill read while in California?"

2nd Student: "Salem Daily."

H. W. did not get "the letter that he longed for" until twelve and a half hours after he came home.

Kinney Miller is growing Wilder every day.

Lazy Student (in a dream): "Behold I see, in the near uncertain future, some approaching awfulness. It is examinations. I hope it will not disturb my peace of mind but let me sleep on."

A rare and curious specimen of masculine humanity was captured in the parlor of the College of Music not long since, and would have been preserved as a specimen for the museum had it not been for one of the young ladies who for some unaccountable (?) reason opened a window and allowed it to escape.

Go to Patton Bros. when you wish to order books of any kind. A large supply of fancy stationery from which to select always on hand.

The Cronise Gallery is still pleasing its patrons by turning out the very best work. Students patronizing us will be pleased. All the latest styles of mountings may be procured from us. Over N. Y. Racket Store.

WHAT THEY DID DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

Pres. Hawley: "I worked. I had to take the Governor's place at the teachers' institute, and make a big speech."

G. W. Aschenbrenner: "Worked on debate most of the time, and took it easy."

Miss Minnie Cornelius: stayed at

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home and behaved myself what time I knew." wasn't out."

Prof. Matthews: "I did something unusual, I rested. I enjoyed the holidays very much, in fact I felt better on coming back to school than I did when school began this fall."

Miss Erma Clarke: "Let me see, I stayed at home when I didn't go to parties, and I had company Sunday. Why?"

Roscoe Lee: "Read a book."

Prof. Carter: "I attended the bedside of a sick friend."

Austin Simms: "Did everybody I

knew."

Mr. Stratford: "I went home and enjoyed myself."

Miss Wilder: "O! I just got so lonesome."

E. K. Miller: "Stayed at home."

* * *

The White House, the ever popular place for lunches, is still doing business at the stand on State street. Boys, give us a call.

We are sorry to note the pains some people take in smashing windows. Such persons do not appreciate a true College spirit.

EXCHANGES.

The exchange editor has noticed with pleasure the excellent work done in the various college papers for December. A marked improvement was noticed in all, but some deserve special credit. An article, "The French Shore Question in Newfoundland," in "The Dalhousie Gazette," is interesting and should be overlooked by no one. This paper is a credit to its institution.

"The Emory Phoenix" appears in an attractive color, and contains the work of some rare literary talent.

"The U. of O. Monthly" holds its rank as a high grade college paper. The "College Barometer" appears in a neat cover and is printed upon a good quality of paper. The Barometer contains much for its size.

An editorial in the Wyoming Student, entitled, "Why Am I in College?" is very instructive. There are many others worthy of mention, but it is only justice to say we are pleased to read some of the excellent articles which some of

the smaller college papers contain.

In some of the college papers Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. notes are becoming quite prominent. We hope the day is not far distant when every college will have rousing association notes in every number of their paper.

Take off your hat when meeting a Senior.

Inquire of the Seniors about the best ponies. They will gladly advise you about these high grade animals.—Ex.

At what age are girls most charming?
At marriage.—Wyoming Student.

Homer Davenport, the caricaturist, during his college days, drew a picture of a hen so true to nature that when he threw it in the waste basket it laid there.—The College Barometer.

(Intelligent student, picking up a Caesar)—"Oh say, Latin's easy. I wish

I had taken it. Look here!" pointing to several passages. "Forty ducks in a row, (forte dux in aro). Pass us some jam (passus sum jam). The bony legs of Caesar (boni leges Caesario)."

Professor—"What is an octopus?"

Small boy (who has just begun to take Latin—"Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight sided cat."—Ex.

Caesarine.

She came, she saw, she conquered,
But I was not the foe;
I came, I saw, was conquered,
And now I am her beau.

—Ex.

"An old darkey named Wright,
Whenever he would write
His name 'twould be Rite,
For he couldn't write Wright right."

"It is never too late to learn, but we sometimes learn that it is too late."

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

Tony (the punster): "Pugh, why would electricity have no effect upon a conductor who has lost his job?"

Pugh: "I have no idea, why?"

Tony: "Because he is a non-conductor."

There is a chap out West whose hair is so red that when he goes before daylight he is taken for sunrise, and the cocks begin to crow.—Ex.

What makes your milk so blue, Mr. X., do you live near your pump?" "No, marm, my cows swam across the river yesterday, and soaked water, that's all."

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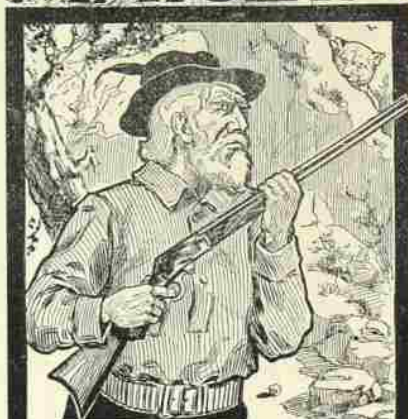
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