



VOL. 5/6

SALEM, OREGON, OCTOBER, 1894.

NO. 1.

WILLAMETTE ❖ UNIVERSITY.

Colleges of Liberal Arts, Medicine, Pharmacy,
Oratory, Theology, Science, Law, Art, Music,
Field and Gymnasium Physical Development.

Graduate Courses for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

*Last Year was a very successful year. Attendance this year
is greatly increased, and the outlook for the year
is very satisfactory.*

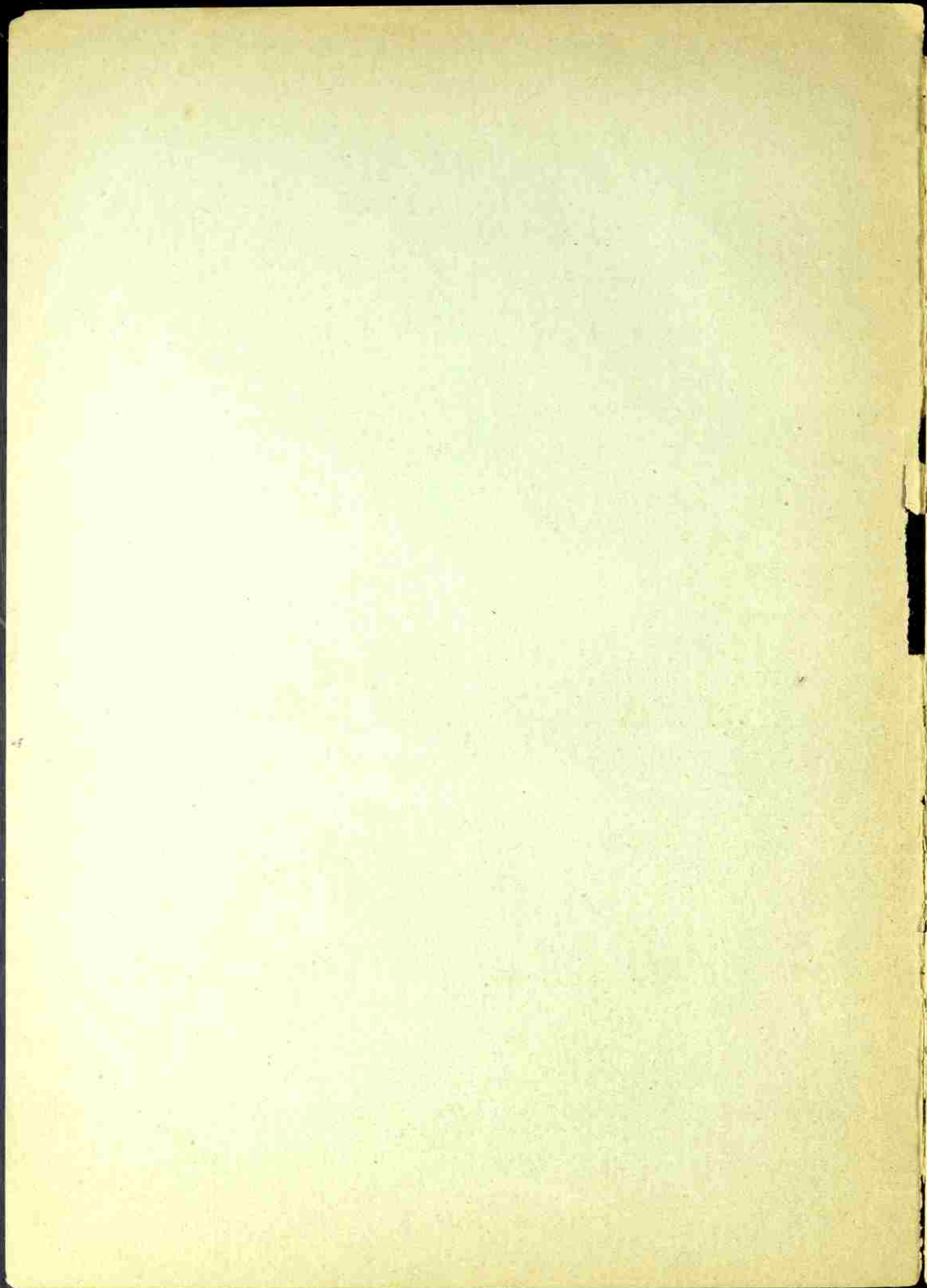
Expense moderate and within the reach of all. Board for young ladies in Hall,
including room, fire, light, etc., \$2 50 to \$3 00.

Board for young men in Hall, with room and fuel, \$2 40.

For Catalogue or information address,

J. H. ROORK, Agt.

W. C. HAWLEY, A. M., Pres.



WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

VOL. 6.

SALEM, OREGON, OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 1.

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Editor in Chief.....	J. W. REYNOLDS, '95
Associate Editors.....	EDITH FIELD, '96 B. F. SAVAGE, '98
Alumni Editor.....	L. T. REYNOLDS, '94
Local and Personal.....	C. J. ATWOOD, '97
Exchange Miscellaneous.....	W. A. MORRIS, '98
Literary.....	I. P. CALLISON, '98
Society.....	Philodorian..... J. S. BURCHAM, '98 Philodorian..... MINA HUELAT, '98
Business Manager.....	MARK SAVAGE, '99
Assistant Business Manager.....	I. H. VAN WINKLE, '98

The COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies of Willamette University.

Terms 50 cents per year, payable in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

Professional and business advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

Students and graduates, and all others interested in higher education are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and any information of interest relating to the student world.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second class matter.

A THOUGHT.

ANTHESTARIGONE.

Oft I wish my life a river,
Flowing smoothly right along;
Never seeming tired or weary,
Always humming some sweet song.
Nothing seems its power to daunt,
All is peace upon its breast;
In its life no passions are,
Which give me so much unrest.
Circumstances never alter;
It persistant onward flows;
Whims of self or false companions,
Change it not, right on it goes.
How I yearn for steady effort,
How my heart is torn with pain,
When my vows are daily broken,
And their heights I ne'er attain.

Sure success is only failure,
Time and talent fall as dross;
'Mong o'er whelming faults and failures,
Gain is covered by a loss.

But these thoughts are formed and fashioned
By our tempter, who delights
In distress of human beings,
And our worth he always slights.

If we look away from mortals,
And the things which waste away,
Unto sure rewards immortal,
Joys will dawn as breaks the day.

Christ has said that he will cleanse you,
Take your guilt of sin away.
Think Him, speak Him, act Him, live Him,
Read your Bible, watch and pray.

Blessed thought to have a Savior
Watching o'er us hour by hour.
Grasp the theme of life immortal,
It should give you mighty power.

Editorial.

It is likely that every editorial debutant takes up the quill with aspirations to improve the sheet he edits; if so, our feelings under these circumstances are not exceptional. But while we have cause for congratulation in the ability of our assistants, we know that the COLLEGIAN can not score a success unless it receives the cordial support of all the students. Happily, it is a characteristic of the college student to be loyal—loyal to Alma Mater, literary society and college journal; and Willamette suffers no dearth of this becoming virtue. If we are sustained by a lively interest among the members of the school we cannot fail. Trusting that wherever

application is made for literary contribution or other assistance it will meet with a ready response, we enter upon our duties without misgivings.

* * *

The spring and summer of 1894 have brought another of those disgraceful episodes in social history, when two mutually dependent powers have been arrayed against each other in a conflict as unnatural as it was disastrous. The fatuity which leads labor to strike down its benefactor, the only source of its employment, is identical with the folly that killed the hen which laid the golden eggs.

Experience of the failure of strikes does not appear to have taught the employed that their interests and their employers' are inseparably connected; but, we still find them standing out with hardihood against natural law and the oppressive capitalist.

While a strike is not in itself illegal nor in some cases immoral, yet to every strike there is incidental wrong. It is a man's unquestioned right to stop work when his wages is unsatisfactory, so long as he violates no contract in so doing.

It is further generally admitted that what one man may rightfully do, any number may do together by agreement. A body of men discontented with their condition may leave their former employment, but if they hinder another in doing the work they have abandoned, they exceed their rights and are criminals, and none the less so because organized, and on account of their numbers less liable to punishment.

The leaders of the recent strike may never have contemplated the vast destruction of property and the bloodshed involved in the struggle which they ordered. But considering the classes of men under

their control, in the light of the history of strikes, they might have foreseen the result. Mr. Debs cannot be held amenable in law for crimes committed during the Pullman boycott since he did not expressly sanction or incite them, but knowing as he must have when he declared the strike that they would surely follow, it is another question whether he is morally responsible.

The cause of the whole disturbance was a disagreement between Mr. Pullman and his employes.

Being to a number of his men both employer and landlord, while he lowered his wages, he left the rent rates the same as those of the landlords about him. The men held a meeting, at which it was decided to send a complaint to Mr. Pullman asking that the rent rates be also lowered. Those who complained were discharged, and the strike was precipitated.

Mr. Pullman represented that he had taken contracts at low prices, thinking it better to do this than to close entirely as other establishments had done and discharge his laborers.

The rents, he said, were independent of wages and were governed by the competition of other landlords.

As for the conduct of Mr. Pullman, while he was legally in the right and was guilty of no injustice, he is censured because he did not either find some means of settling the dispute himself or submit it to arbitration. It was natural, however, for him to refuse to submit to demands which he considered unjust.

That the great sympathetic strike was ill advised and mismanaged is evident. The attempt to compel a boycott of Pullman's cars would have caused the railroad companies to violate existing contracts and become liable for damages. The men

who struck from sympathy made an attack upon the capital which was their only source of revenue, while they affected the interests of Pullman but slightly. The public usually sympathizes with the laborer. In this case the public was the sufferer, as the strike crippled all the industrial interests of the country. Again, the strikers lost the popular approval by the excesses to which they went, riot, murder and treason.

The use of the federal troops to suppress riots and prevent obstructions of mails, was the only expedient, and its prompt use by President Cleveland was a credit to him, and placed him in a more favorable light than has shone upon him for sometime.

It is to be hoped that the failure of this greatest strike, adding as it does its weight of proof of the unsuccessful issue of strikes in general, may furnish an example by which labor unions may profit. Experience seems to show conclusively that a strike, embracing so large a number of men as to make it effective, cannot be conducted without disorder, the wanton destruction of property and danger of bloodshed. As the cause of the strife between capital and labor is greed and ignorance, a permanent and satisfactory adjustment of difficulties will only be possible when the relations of capital and labor are fully understood, together with the proper distribution of profits in the business concerned. Then selfishness will be reduced to an intelligent self-interest, which includes both employer and employed. The employe will rejoice in the success of the employer knowing that it is his own success. The employer will recognize that his interests are best subserved if his men are well fed and clothed and able to provide a comfortable home for

their families. This is at present an ideal condition; it may become the actual.

The chief impediment to the progress of the working men of America is the disquieting element of exotic paternalism and anarchy. If the labor of America will rise in the native dignity of its manhood and quash this baneful element, refusing to place itself in slavish subjection to the will of men bent upon their own glory, order will be maintained and the prosperity of all members of society will be increased, especially of the class that labor.

Literary.

A TRIP TO MT. HOOD.

EDITH FRIZZELL.

At the dawn of the fourteenth day of August a party of professors, students and friends of Willamette University; twenty in all, left Salem with loaded wagons and upright alpen-stocks plying the college colors, the baggage wagon heaped high, Ling Toy perched on the top, a flag in his hat and the colors streaming from his umbrella, bringing up the rear.

The procession rolled through the sleeping town and out into the quiet country, startling the barnyard fowls and rousing the drowsy farmers by frequent college yells. A German, bewildered after a din of yells, questioning whether or not they were mortals or demons returning, after a night's carousal, to their master, asked their destination. "Chicago, what's the distance?" said the Sophomore. "Three lengths of a fool, lie down and measure" replied the German.

Passing large thrifty farms they came

to the home of a student, here they stopped to rest and were hospitably received, being treated with butter, milk and an abundance of fruits.

After plundering a school house of a funny almanac, part of a second reader and a youthful composition, investigating the tops of telephone poles, chasing chipmunks and chickens and passing through a level, fertile country, by several small towns they came to Oregon City.

Here the Willamette has during the ages eroded three terraces in the solid basalt and on these the town is built. The streets were astir with excursion parties from Portland and preparations were being made for an illumination of the falls.

Camped on the heights overlooking the river and city a beautiful picture was presented to the travelers when twilight wrapped the world in its shadows; on the opposite shore the lights of the city climbed up the steep cliffs like tiny stars on their way to heaven, above them the moon hovered near the outlines of the mountains and threw a pale light upon the tumbling water, which then flowed with a sullen roar past the factories, with their dusky chimneys, on far below the feet of the watchers. Soon the river became dotted with little boats, carrying colored lights, and launches decorated with Japanese lanterns. Red lights were thrown upon the falls, the spray and foam gleamed a delicate pink while the falls and rocky cliffs shone forth in the ruddy glow, at intervals a search light from a tower on the opposite shore played in zigzags across the falls bringing the factories into bold relief then glanced off in shadows across the sky. Finally the lights ceased playing with the shadows, the little boats dropped down the river one by one and all was darkness as before.

This was the first night ever spent in a tent by several of the party; yet all was quiet until outside the camp a yell was heard when in the ladies department rose smothered exclamations of alarm and word was passed from bed to bed that some one had been among the baggage and that the boys were chasing them away, then immediately a row of frightened faces might have been seen protruding from under the tent, but all was found to be a false alarm and the remainder of the night passed undisturbed.

The camera plates being in the express office, it was not until about eight o'clock that the wagons passed up the long business street of the city. Soon one wagon left the others with the intention of meeting them at noon in Damascus, its route lay along the Clackamas, a beautiful little river full of stones, riffles and eddies. Tall trees lined the opposite shore, while the road was deeply cut in the side of the mountains, which rose almost perpendicular from the river. The grade above the road is covered with fine maiden hair ferns while the road bed is built up like a bridge, one side resting on the mountains, the other standing thirty or forty feet above the river, sometimes a tiny spring oozed from the grade above and trickled down to the river its passage being almost concealed by a luxuriant growth of grasses and ferns, or a naked point of rock would rise above us while below you could see its earthy clothing carried by the winter rains to the bank of the river.

Turning from the river for a short time we touched it again at the Government Fish Hatchery, a long white building with a red roof and a level green meadow about it. Near by, wedged in among the mountains, was a farm house and orchard. Here the party secured a sack of apples and

filled their pockets with pears.

Some wishing to walk, the farmer directed them across the mountain, a short cut of about a mile and a half to the road, and assured them that they could not lose their way. Arranging with the driver that the first passing the junction of the roads should leave the college colors, they took their separate ways. After an hour or two coming to the junction and not finding the colors, the driver started in search for his party and found their colors about a mile away where a byroad crossed their path and afterward found the travelers walking rapidly along, thinking dinner and Damascus lay but a short distance ahead. Tired and hungry they retraced their steps and taking the right way at last arrived at Damascus, where they found their fellow travelers alarmed and somewhat impatient at their delay; but the wanderers consoled them by giving the first party yell:

Ling Toy, Ling Toy,
Chow chow good
Rah boom, rah boom,
Old Mount Hood.

Did you ever feel curious to experience the sensation of sleeping in a forest, under the open sky, like a true child of nature? If so, you understand how it happened that these amateur campers spread their blankets under the trees and fell asleep. Not long, however, were they permitted to dream undisturbed; for suddenly a voice exclaimed "What is that noise! girls, wake up, there is something cracking through the underbrush. It sounds like a cougar—I'm afraid—I just know it is a horrid cougar. It is coming right this way—boys—(silence) boys! There is something prowling around here."

"What's the matter? A cougar wouldn't harm you; it would be afraid. It's nothing but the wind stirring the leaves."

"No, sir, it's a cougar for I've been listening."

"I'll scare it away" said the Senior, who was awake by this time, and getting the rifle from the wagon he stepped upon a log in the moonlight. At that instant a man and lady passed in a wagon, he accosted them with "good evening" the man returned the salute but did not tarry long, lashing his team vigorously with his whip. Stepping from the log the Senior sprained his ankle, then making his way back to his blanket he quietly removed the cartridge and the rifle was passed to the now really frightened girls, who gave him their complexion creams to bathe his ankle. All were soon asleep feeling secure with the gun close at hand, their only trouble being that the gun was not cocked and they would fear to shoot at the beast when it appeared. The following morning the young lady, afterward styled the cougar, affirmed that it came and sat with a hungry countenance on the edge of a log, that she conversed with him, asking concerning his previous state, whether or not he had been a man and beseeching him for the sake of his former associations to leave in peace, which he did.

The following day was uneventful and the merry party made the mountains resound with college songs.

Most of the colors were lost, and whereas, at first they sat quite primly, you now might see them sitting backwards, reclining or riding the break while others straggled along before and behind the wagons, studying the flora and geology of the region.

This was the second day's travel in the mountains, their tops rose on every side, yet the road bed along the entire route was comparatively level and all along may

be seen good farms and comfortable frame houses.

The towns of Sandy and Salmon are flourishing little places, the latter being the last postoffice and located at the junction of the Sandy and Salmon rivers. The Sandy river is white, its water being so thoroughly mingled with a light gray sand which it gathers along its course, the entire region being of a lava formation covered with volcanic sands or ashes, and yet it is apparently quite fertile.

The night was passed at Salmon and from here each sent a letter home, not knowing when another chance might present itself, as they contemplated traveling a day's journey farther.

Three miles ahead, being told of a nice camping place a mile from the road, they turned into a lane then passing through a meadow they entered a forest of huge firs and cedars.

(To be continued.)

NO JOY WITHOUT ALLOY.

Two students were sauntering along the walk which borders the campus. An observer could have seen at a glance that it was a co-educational sidewalk on the liberal plan. Though the day was fair, the young man carried an expectant umbrella, indicating that he was a native of this state. Soon the saucy wind began to take liberties with the person of the young lady and impudently flapped her cape, in utter disregard of her companion's feelings. Then was his caution justified, for the umbrella was soon put to good use. But pressing against the wind in this manner makes walking slow; and when the boisterous rival, balked in his amorous designs, withdrew in search of pastures—perhaps not greener, but more accessible,

who would censure the oblivious couple if the umbrella was not lowered and their pace was not quickened until these things were suggested by the question asked by a young man about to meet them of his companion, "Is it raining hard to-day?" then when they had passed, the exclamation, "Oh! showers of blessing." W.

A HARD TIMES INCIDENT.

Little Ellen had waited very patiently for the promised doll, and the thought of it had cheered her while she laboriously studied out her primer lessons; but now her father had said that he had no money to spare and she must wait until someone should pay him. Next day she brought home a piece of chalk, for she had formed a desperate resolve. When the door bell rang, she set herself to work and when her father ushered in a patient, for he was a doctor, behold printed across the front of the stove in large capitals the pathetic but effective little dun "PAY PAP."

W.

LAST THOUGHTS OF RALEIGH.

B. L. STREVES, A. M., M. D.

Several years ago while looking over a small volume of choice selections from English literature I came upon the following stanza, written by Sir Walter Raleigh in the fly leaf of his Bible on the night preceeding the morning of his execution.

"Even such is time which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have;
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days.
Even from this grave, this earth, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust."

Its beauty together with the circumstances under which it was written made

at the time a strong impression on my mind and I immediately committed it to memory. Many times since I have conned those lines. As I have tried to understand the character of the man, who, ascending the scaffold, could deliberately take the ax from the executioner's hand and kissing its glittering blade say "'Tis a sharp medicine but a sure cure for all diseases," I have endeavored to conceive the mental conditions which gave birth to such lines than which there exists few more expressive in the English language. In imagination the flight of time has been reversed and I have transported myself into those far gone days when liberty was a myth and brute force answered for argument, when might was considered right and justice was known as something to be desired but not to be possessed.

Upon the banks of the river Thames in old London already early in the seventeenth century risen to be the most populous city in the world, stands, keeping frowning watch over the river, the widely known and far famed Tower of London. A dark and sombre pile whose old grey walls have resisted the storms and tempests of centuries, and which seem to rival in their rugged strength the pyramids of Egypt. Its deepest foundations laid when Julius Caesar's legions penetrated the wilds of Britain and tore her native sons from the maternal bosom to grace the Roman triumphs and to fight in Roman arena; and some of those walls were already grown old when Alfred the Great at Ethendune broke the Danish power in Britain and consolidated the Saxon kingdoms into what was eventually to become Old England. From the center of the pile arises above the rest that huge structure built by William the Conqueror, flanked

at the four corners by four turrets and known as the White Tower.

The White Tower name is sufficiently ironical for both are its walls begrimed by the sooty atmosphere of London, and where else in all this broad world have deeds more dark been wrought? Within its massive walls have been incarcerated in miserable confinement some of the brightest and bravest of earth's sons and daughters. From within these walls the brave and patriotic Wallace was led to death and mutilation. Here the beautiful and innocent Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned and here she rendered up her life a sacrifice to the jealousy of a rival whose deeds have gained for her among posterity the unenviable epithet of Bloody Mary. From these battlements the gun boomed forth announcing to the licentious and profligate Henry VIII that the head of the beautiful Anne Bolyn had been shorn away. What other tales of horror could these grim old walls disclose, of foulest assassinations and most brutal murders of infants smothered in their sleep and of princes drowned in casks of wine. Since that other structure, twin sister to this, the Bastille of Paris, once the foulest excrescence upon the face of civilization, has fallen, the Tower of London has stood the most notable monument of tyranny and oppression and a testimonial of the fierce and brutal passions that can dominate the heart of man.

Upon the night of October 28, 1618, anyone standing near midnight at the foot of this White Tower might have seen away up in one of the turrets, called the Beauchamp turret, a light dimly burning. The night is a remarkably beautiful one, London has gone to rest and the only noises that disturb the stillness is the cry of the watchman on his rounds and the

OPERA HOUSE, SALEM,

Oct. 20th, at 8 P. M.

Under the Auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

GENERAL ADMISSION, 75C. RESERVED SEATS, \$1.00.

Tickets on Sale at Patton Bros.' Bookstore.

WESTERN TOUR

Season

1894-95



From "Harper's Weekly"

Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE

From a Photograph by Sarony

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE will appear in the principal Cities of Utah, Washington, Montana, Oregon, and California during **October and November, 1894.**

JOHN F. BRAGG, Chicago, Ill.
Representing.

Five Enjoyable Evenings

FIRST EVENING:

"Turkey and the Turks."

(With glimpses of the Harem.)

SECOND EVENING:

Miscellaneous.

PART I.

A.—"How the Beautiful came to the Earth."

B.—"Sergius to the Lion."

C.—"The Death of Tecatl."

PART II.

"The Chariot Race."

THIRD EVENING:

"Mexico and the Mexicans."

FOURTH EVENING:

"The Third Division of the Army of the Tennessee at Shiloh."

FIFTH EVENING:

"How I Came to Write 'Ben-Hur.'"

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL WALLACE.

Any one who has read "Ben-Hur" feels that he would like to know more of the author and his work.

Lew Wallace was born in Brookville, Indiana, on the 10th of April, 1827. His father, who served in Congress and who was Governor of Indiana from 1837 to 1840, was a man very handsome, of elegant manner and great culture and refinement. His mother was Esther Test, daughter of Judge John Test, of Indiana. She was a beautiful, refined, and loving woman. His childhood was passed in the village of his birth. He was very fond of reading, and spent much of his time in his father's fine library, which was always open to him. He was seldom seen without a book in his pocket. It is said that he used to disappear from the house immediately after breakfast and come back only when hunger or the approach of night drove him home. He would spend the whole day in solitary wanderings, reading, or studying the wonders of plant and insect life. His first undertaking was a romance of early Mexico. After his return from the Mexican War he devoted much of his time to law and politics. He was elected to the State Senate from Crawfordsville, his home. During this time he married Susan Elston, a lady well known to the reading public. The Civil War coming on, his military spirit led him again into the battle-field. At the close of this war he was a Major-General with an honorable army record. Returning to his home he again took up his literary work. "The Fair God," a book which occupies a permanent place in literature, was published in 1874, and raised the question whether it were not the great American novel for which every one had long been waiting.

In 1878 President Hayes appointed him Governor of New Mexico, and it was while in that distant territory he finished "Ben-Hur," which appeared in 1880.

During the administration of Garfield, he was appointed minister to Turkey. He lived in Constantinople for four years and more. Here he accumulated material for the "Prince of India."

Eugene Lawrence, in *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, said of him: "His manners are the manners of an accomplished soldier rather than those of a man of letters, though there is in his bearing a certain unsoldierly but not ungallant modesty. In his writings there is a constant tendency to military pomp, and his best descriptions are of processions and of deeds of daring. He retains the uncommon faculty of turning to new subjects and mastering them with a youthful zeal."

Not only as an author has General Wallace won distinction: he has earned repute as a lawyer, politician, commander, lecturer, artist, and diplomatist; and has illustrated, as well as written, books. He is so greatly attached to his present home in Crawfordsville that he has said, "I would not live anywhere else."

It is sincerely hoped that this distinguished man will present another of his charming books to the public; but even if he does not, his books already written will make him live forever in the hearts of all.

PRESS COMMENT

TURKEY AND THE TURKS.

General Lew. Wallace, the distinguished soldier and author, gave his lecture on "Turkey and the Turks," Monday night, at Black's Opera-House, before a large audience. Without oratorical pretence, he delivered his lecture with a suavity and courtesy and dignity of manner most delightful, and with an evident honesty of opinion that drew respect. The lecture opened with a short account of the way in which the Turks came into the possession of their European domain, and with a statement of the proof of their greatness in the extent of their territory in Europe and Asia. The lecturer then turned his attention to the personality of the Turk, his residence in Turkey giving him the opportunity for examining the character of the Turk, and in very many ways it shone brightly in comparison with its neighbors and with other peoples. The Turks cling to the old principle of their faith—Temperance. They are tender to children, and never cruel to dumb beasts. They have a great respect and honor for woman. They are not cowardly, but are heroes in war. If they have a supreme trait, it is military virtue. They are very devout and faithful to the tenets of their religion. Turks are the politest people of which he knew. They embody in their motion of salutation the very spirit of grace and respect. The surest place to see the young Turk is in the army; the best place to see him is at the cafés. As a race, they may be characterized as having mental acuteness rather than strength; they give themselves up to disquisitions, and a natural outcome of their character is that their literature is wholly religious. General Wallace closed with an interesting description of the harem and the domestic life of the Turks.

"Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ," by General Lew. Wallace, distinguished as soldier and diplomat, immortal as author of this book, whose in-

fluence will live and grow when the hand that penned it shall be cold and still. General Wallace's power of description is very wonderful, the language chaste and beautiful in its simplicity, but animated by a spirit and power of expression, seems to bring out the very thoughts and emotions into visible action. Responsive to his magic touch, mountains rise in their grandeur, valleys open to view, trees grow up, cities and buildings come into sight like the walls of Thebes, dancing into order and place to the music of Orpheus. The desert so bare and still and so uninviting becomes a sea of molten brass glittering in the blaze of the sun, and human character stands before us instinct with life and motive. On the purely human side of the story is the Chariot Race, with its thrilling events and the complete triumph of Ben-Hur over the Roman Messala. Then on the divine side is Ben-Hur following the fortunes of the Nazarene, in doubt as to the nature of his kingdom, witnessing his miracles, the healing of his leprous mother and sister, the truth of the spiritual nature of Christ's kingdom dawning at last upon his mind, and his conversion to Christianity.—*Springfield Republican*.

The author of the "Prince of India" is a master of descriptive eloquence; his word-pictures are at need superbly grand, gorgeously beautiful, or intensely grim. . . . A most remarkable, a most absorbingly interesting, a superbly picturesque book. . . . We lay down the book greatly impressed. It is a departure; it leads into a new field by a new and thoroughly interesting route. . . . Seriousness and dignity command respect on every page; and the reader never forgets that here is an impartial spirit of truth-seeking well worth following and relying upon. The glittering foreground details, the fine pictorial shaping of masses, the aerial and linear perspectives, the gorgeous coloring, the romantic shading, and the marvellous sheens of imagination are ever present, but they never dominate.—*Independent*, N. Y.

By General Lew. Wallace

The Prince of India

OR

Why Constantinople Fell

Two Volumes. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2 50; Half Leather, \$4 00; Three-quarter Leather, \$5 00; Three-quarter Calf, \$6 00; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, \$8 00. (*In a Box.*)

General Wallace has achieved the (literary) impossible. He has struck the bull's-eye twice in succession: After his phenomenal hit with "Ben-Hur," he has given us, in "The Prince of India," another book which no man will say shows the least falling off. . . . It is a great book.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A masterly and great and absorbing work of fiction. . . . Dignity, a superb conjunction of his-

torical and imaginative material, the movement of a strong river of fancy, an unfailing quality of human interest, fill it overflowing.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

For boldness of conception this romance is unique of its kind. The amount of research shown is immense. There are incidents innumerable in this romance, and all are worked up with dramatic effect.—*N. Y. Times.*

Ben-Hur

A Tale of the Christ. Garfield Edition. Two Volumes. 8vo, Silk Binding, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, \$7 00; Three-quarter Calf, \$12 00; Three-quarter Levant, \$14 00. (*In a Box.*)—Also POPULAR EDITION, in one volume. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 50; Half Leather, \$2 00; Three-quarter Leather, \$2 50; Three-quarter Calf, \$3 00; Full Leather, \$3 50; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, \$4 00.

Anything so startling, new, and distinctive as the leading feature of this romance does not often appear in works of fiction. . . . Some of Mr. Wallace's writing is remarkable for its pathetic eloquence. The scenes described in the New Testament are rewritten with the power and skill of an accomplished master of style.—*N. Y. Times.*

We are carried through a surprising variety of

scenes; we witness a sea-fight, a chariot-race, the internal economy of a Roman galley, domestic interiors at Antioch, at Jerusalem, and among the tribes of the desert; palaces, prisons, the haunts of dissipated Roman youth, the houses of pious families of Israel. There is plenty of exciting incident; everything is animated, vivid, and glowing.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Boyhood of Christ

With Fourteen Full-page Engravings on Plate Paper. 4to, Ornamental Leather Binding, \$3 50. (*In a Box.*)

This work is a gem of literature. . . . The illustrations are drawn from the choicest productions of human art.—*Christian Intelligence*, N. Y.

It is such a bit of fine and fluent story-telling as we are sure no one could write but the author of "Ben-Hur."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

 The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

THE BEST PERIODICALS FOR FAMILY READING.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, per Year, \$4 00	HARPER'S BAZAR, per Year, \$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " 4 00	HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, " 2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the current Number.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City, N. Y.

lap-lapping of the river against the stones of the embankment as it rolls its ceaseless course toward the sea. A beautiful autumn moon has risen late and is just now climbing the battlements of the tower, flinging long shadows out over the surface of the water which glimmers in the moonlight; for although at this time London is a shipping center of great importance not as in the nineteenth century is her river become a forest of masts nor is the night made noisy by the ceaseless puffing and blowing of the tug boats coming and going from the city to the sea. The dark surface of the towers rendered more obscure by the moonlight behind, is relieved by but the one point of light from the turret window. Some prisoner doubtless, perhaps one who upon his last night of life is preparing to meet his Creator on the morrow, keeps vigil there. Impelled by curiosity we enter the great gateway of the tower and passing up the oaken stairways, which become narrower and more winding as we ascend, we at last arrive before the door of the room from which the light issued. Let us pass the sentinel at the door and enter. A man sits at a table which besides the stool he occupies and a narrow couch against the wall, is the only furniture the room affords. Extremely small, it is scarce 8x10, irregularly quadrilateral in shape and lighted by the one small window which pierces the bare stone wall about six feet from the floor. Such is the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh is incarcerated and here, away up under the eaves of the turret, out of sight and almost out of sound of the world, this man ex-admiral and ex-courtier was doomed to spend a great part of his long imprisonment. A man not yet old in years but whose splendid manhood is broken and dimmed by trouble and confinement, with

hollow cheek and sunken eye which bespeak disappointed ambition and shattered hopes. His beard, according to the prevailing style, is trimmed to a point and his dress is the doublet and trunk hose worn so extensively during the Elizabethan period. Spread upon the table before him are two volumes. One of these, which he evidently has been reading for his hand rests upon the open page, is his history of the world, the writing of which has whiled away the hours of thirteen years of solitude. The other is his Bible and evidently within its covers he has sought for consolation in this his hour of greatest need. Leaning forward over the table with his other hand supporting his head, his attitude is one of meditation. Slowly his fingers turn the leaves of his much beloved history. His mind follows the course of events down along the hurrying years. It passes before him like a panorama or as scenes upon the stage of his imagination. The empires of the earth appear, they play their part and disappear again behind the scenes. As time rolls on the kingdoms of the world like its individuals rise from obscurity, enjoy their brief space of prosperity and sink again into oblivion. He sees the Assyrian empire twenty centuries before the Christian era reaching out and gathering into herself the ends of the earth whilst over all, under the beautiful queen Semiramis, sits the beautiful city Babylon. But time rolls on and with it the glory of Assyria has departed until scarce an authentic trace remains to tell the world of what has been, whilst of the beautiful Babylon, stone does not cleave to stone to mark the center of all the pomp and splendor of the ancient orient. He sees the great Cyrus unite under his own strong sway the kingdoms of Assyria, Media and Persia, and Xerxes

and Artaxerxes to weld into stronger union the bonds thus forged. But time rolls on and the westward wave of Persian conquest is dashed to pieces upon the rocks of Thermopylae and the greatest empire of the east breathes out its last feeble gasp when the dead body of Darius lies ghastly at the feet of Alexander. Again the Macedonian phalaxes sweep in triumph over the earth and a youthful monarch weeps for other worlds to conquer. But time rolls on and of the glory of Greece nothing remains but memory, and Macedon has become the petty province of a Moslem lord. Once more the tramp of Caesar's legions resounds from the pillars of Hercules to the gateways of India, and Roman Eagles perch victorious upon every citadel in Europe. But centuries now have passed since Alaric and his Goths and Huns have despoiled the eternal city and left her lying in her own blood, and Roman power and Roman civilization have places only in history. Thus, reflects he, has time the great leveler given to each in turn her power and influence and in due season has taken from each that which she has given, and communing with himself he murmurs "even such is time." And so it is with individuals. From the nations of the earth his mind reverts to the men who from time to time have figured conspicuously in history. Alexander, to-day in the height of glory, flushed with conquest and breaking into fragments the effete despotism of the east. Tomorrow, yet in early manhood, dying in a foreign country. To-day and Demosthenes is thundering forth his *Phillipics* in behalf of his beloved Attica. Tomorrow and the shores of Hellas have long since ceased to re-echo the voice of her greatest orator and Demosthenes and Phillip are alike forgotten. To-day he listens to Cicero, silver-tongued,

pronounce his immortal orations against Cataline; tomorrow he sees that protruding tongue nailed to a post in the forum, while Fulvia hurls at it the remark "Now wag no more". To-day and Caesar is proclaimed dictator and all Rome rings with acclamations. To-morrow his bleeding body falls at the foot of Pompey's statue pierced with 23 wounds. He sees the noblest men maligned, maltreated, misunderstood. He sees them made the puppets of potentates and sacrifices to the whims and jealousies of unscrupulous monarchs. The dying groans of Wolsey resound in his ears and he hears the proud and stricken old man exclaim, "Oh that I had served my God as diligently as I have served the king: he would not have brought me to this in my gray hairs." His own career passes vividly before him. He lives over again the days of his prosperity; his triumphs in Ireland; his brilliant career as a courtier, from the time when with his own cloak he made a carpet on the mud for the feet of the royal Elizabeth down to the close of her illustrious reign. He fights again his battles with Spain, and indulges again in fond dreams of El Dorado. But dark are the days which follow; his attempt to promote his country's interest, disregarded; his attempt to colonize Virginia, a failure. Alas how the scenes do change. But yesterday sitting at the right hand of Royalty, now lying in a felon's cell, doomed to death on a false charge and bitterest thought—he must give up his life a peace offering to hateful and Catholic Spain. With heavy heart he turns the lid of his Bible and on the fly leaf writes "Even such is time that takes in trust our youth, our joys, our all we have; and pays us but with earth and dust." But shall posterity understand him or shall his name be always associated

with the death he died. With painful earnestness he peers into the future. Before him lies the grave; beyond that hangs a pall absolutely obscuring his view. Tomorrow, and he shall have passed from this earth as completely as those who fought around the walls of Troy, and soon his memory shall have faded as completely as theirs. Ah! time, not only is earth and dust thine only return for our youth and our joys, but in the dark and silent grave when we have wandered all our ways thou shuttest up the story of our days. But shall the grave end all? Ah! a terrible doubt. His spirit sickens at the thought of approaching annihilation, and recoils in dismay. All the horrors of the morrow arrange themselves against him. The blackness of despair settles down upon him. His mind pictures vividly every detail of the horrible tragedy. Such scenes indeed have been but too frequently presented to his mind, since his sojourn in the tower. He sees the black draped scaffold upon whose sawdust covered surface he is to expiate all past offences with his life's blood. The black robed executioner leans upon his ax. He sees the hundreds of upturned faces who have turned out as for a holiday to see the execution of such a notable individual. Another figure is on that scaffold. It kneels before the black figure. The uplifted ax gleams in the air. The sickening thud of the blow smites on his ear. The bleeding trunk leaps from the block, the blood spurting from the wounded arteries. The severed head is held aloft with the invocation, "Thus perish all enemies of the king." He catches a glimpse of the face in all its ghastliness. His face! He can endure no more. O'er-tortured mind threatens to give way. He springs to his feet as if to take flight, and seeing the four bare walls

encircle him, he clasp his hand to his head and shrieks aloud, then falling upon his knees even as He of Gethsemane he pours out his agonizing supplications unto Him who is the giver of all life, that this cup might pass from him, and borne in upon that broken spirit in answer to his supplications come the words, "Even from this grave, this earth, this dust, my God shall raise me up I trust." Ah! the consolation of these words, the blackness of the future is gone and in its stead comes the glorious hope of immortality, and rising to his feet he calmly writes those words upon the fly leaf of his Bible, and turning its pages he reads, "And he shall give his angels charge concerning thee and in their hands shall they bear thee up lest thou dash thy feet against a stone." The candle, which has burned itself low, gutters in its iron stick and goes out, and looking from the window, he sees the first beams of the rising sun gild the top of the turret opposite. It is time for the execution and even as he looks the tramp of heavy feet resound on the staircase. The door which hitherto has been only partially opened to admit an attendant is now flung with terrible significance wide open against the wall. An armed guard appears on the threshold, "Sir Walter Raleigh your time has come." "I am ready" calmly answers Sir Walter, and out to his death walks one of the most courteous and public spirited of all those brilliant Englishmen who graced the reign of Elizabeth.

PREFACE TO A STUDENT'S CALENDAR.

In this new year
I pledge my desiring
And consecrate all
My power for acquiring.
Life that's behind
I'm sadly repenting.

Future will tell
 What's done by resolving.
 This book contains,
 On its pages successive,
 Records of days
 Which must needs be progressive.
 How prone we are
 To go on complaining,
 When all we need
 Is power for containing.
 This we can gain
 By ever persisting,
 Each day and hour
 Temptations resisting.
 Time that is lost
 Is never regained.
 Hours put to use
 Have honors attained.

Societies.

At the first meeting of the Philodorian Society the following corps of officers were elected: President, C. J. Atwood; Vice-president, J. W. Reynolds; Secretary, Jas. Shives; Assistant Secretary, Ralph Watson; Treasurer, D. C. East; Censor, C. V. Fisher; Librarian, F. E. Brown; Sergeant-at-arms, I. H. Van Winkle.

The time and money spent by the Philodorians last spring in hanging curtains and canopy was employed to good purpose. The boys take satisfaction in the improvement and are complimented by visitors upon the appearance of the hall.

The election of the Philodorians resulted in the choice of the following officers: President, Edith Frizzell; Vice-president, Myrtie Marsh; Secretary, Hetty Field; Assistant Secretary, Mattie Beatty; Censor, Edith Field; Treasurer, Flora Jones; Librarian, Pearl Applegate; Sergeant-at-arms, Dorelle Shives; Custodian, Helen Matthews.

The Spa always gives satisfaction. W. T. Stolz & Co. proprietor.

Local and Personal.

I. H. Van Vinkle has re-entered school. He has been employed during vacation as Deputy Assessor of Linn County.

Prof. Cochran and family sojourned a few weeks at Newport this summer. The professor no doubt made good use of the opportunities afforded him for geological study.

W. P. Babcock, who has been Acting Secretary of the Salem Y. M. C. A. during the summer, is one of Willamette's new students.

Mrs. Prof. Yerex returned recently from a brief visit with friends in Chicago and other points in the east.

"Hug him! Hug him!
 Steele! Steele! Steele!
 Once around the neck
 And twice around the heel!"

For explanation of above see Miss Eva Dimmitt.

R. W. Callison returned recently, from his summer's work with a party of surveyors in Southern Oregon, to resume his law studies here.

Pres. Hawley has lectured at intervals during the summer, at the Gladstone Park Chautauqua Assembly, the Indian Institute at Chemawa and the Ashland Chautauqua Assembly, besides occupying pulpits at several points.

DeKONTSKI COMING.

The University and specially those most interested in the gymnasium and its equipments should congratulate themselves that Chevalier Antoine DeKontski is available for a grand Concert sometime this school term, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to furnishing the gymnasium. Madame DeKontski will accom-

pany him and favor us with some of their most charming reminiscences. Prof. Brown, who is conceded by the press and public sentiment to be by far the most talented elocutionist on the coast, will appear with several selections of a very high and entertaining order. All should combine to make this as great a financial success as it will be in artistic worth and educational benefits. Boys put your shoulders to the wheel and give it your most enthusiastic and earnest support and assistance. You can make it a success if you try.



We are ready to show you a fine line of box stationery, that we have just received from the factory, which we guarantee to be the best yet offered for 25 cents. The following is what the Dallas Itemizer says about our goods: "The box stationery just received by Patton Bros., the Book-sellers at Salem, is really elegant, and you will wonder how they can sell it so cheap. We advise the people of Polk county to visit this big Stationery Emporium, where a child can buy as cheap as a man." Our line of Text Books is complete. We will be pleased to meet all new students. Call and make yourself at home. We are at your command. Patton Bros., the Popular Book-sellers, 308 State Street.

Miss Jessie Settemier and Messrs. Live-say and Moshberger, of Woodburn, are entering upon their first year at Willamette.

Go to Strong's for the best 25 cent meal in the city.

Messrs. Ehret, Graybill and Hodges are new students from Canby this year.

Try some of that ice cream soda at the Spa. It is the best in the city.

Miss Jennie Stuart, of Gervais, entered school at the beginning of the term, her brother George arriving a few days later.

Strong's Restaurant is open all night. Get your meals there. Westacott & Irwin, Proprietors.

E. E. Martin visited in Canby recently. Why? Oh! don't ask so many questions.

Go to Fred Legg, the State St. druggist for pure drugs.

Messrs. J. Bowerman and G. W. Aschenbrenner have returned to school. The latter is accompanied by his brother and two sisters.

33 Loaves of Bread are sold for \$1.00 at Westacott & Irwin's, 16 for 50 cts., 8 for 25 cts., 3 for a dime and one big loaf for 5 cts. Try it. The best in the city.

President Hawley returned from the M. E. Conference at Eugene greatly pleased at the good feeling displayed there toward old Willamette.

Call at the Cronise Art Gallery and have your Photo. taken. Their work is superior to any in the city.

Portland's newly elected Chief of Police, John W. Minto, is an old student of Willamette University.

Jones makes his own candies, consequently they are always fresh. Try them.

The Y. M. C. A. has organized a new department, the Employment Bureau, with the object of assisting students in obtaining work. The city has been canvassed and many of the citizens have generously agreed to give University boys any work they may chance to have at any time. The "Wheelbarrow and Ax Brigade" respond promptly to the call of anyone having work to be performed.

If you smoke get your cigars at Jones, the State Street confectioner.

Pres. Hawley, Prof. Cochran and Rev.

J. H. Roork attended conference at Eugene last week.

Now is the time to get your lady friend a box of Jones French Candy.

Mark Savage has been on the night police force of the city during the Fair.

Bread! Bread! Bread! The best and cheapest in the city at Westacott & Irwin's.

Mabel Janes, Marie Rockwell and Cook Martzall have been elected teachers in the Salem schools for the ensuing year.

Call at the Spa for the best and purest candies.

How far is it to Chicago? Ask C. J. A.

If you contemplate having pictures taken go to the Cronise Art Gallery. The best of work and prices to suit the times.

Stop at the Spa, 114 State Street, for a good, cool, refreshing drink. Fine candies, nuts and fruits.

Call at the Spa for natural mineral water. It is invigorating.

Our fellow student, Chester Murphy, has proven himself to be an expert wheelman. He won four of the series of 10 mile races this summer and has also captured several prizes at the races during the State Fair.

The best place in the city for patent medicines, drugs and the like is Fred Legg's on State Street.

Prof. Brown, Myrtie Marsh, Edith Frizzell, Mark Savage, P. L. Brown, J. W. Reynolds and C. J. Atwood, with several invited friends, spent a few weeks of August at Camp Willamette, at the base of Mt. Hood. Another party, consisting of Prof. Yerex, Edith Field, Eva Dimmitt, Hettie Field and Floyd Field broke in upon the camp one Sunday morning in season to assist in carrying the Willamette colors to the summit of Mt. Hood.

Have your photos taken by the Cronise Art Co. and satisfaction is guaranteed.

W. P. Matthews, brother of Prof. Matthews, is again with us, after an absence from school of several years.

When you are desirous of fine soaps, toilet articles or pure drugs call on Fred A. Legg, he has them in stock.

F. E. Brown has spent his vacation in study and preparation for the work of Physical Director in the new gymnasium.

When you are hungry for candy or fruit go to 144 State Street. Silas Jones can satisfy you.

Burt Barker, one of the Willamette boys, has returned from the East, having just completed a year of study in Chicago University.

Fred Legg, the State St. Druggist, carries a full line of Drugs and Toilet Articles.

Miss Sargeant, an alumnus of the Conservatory of Music, has charge of the Musical Department of Pacific College at Newberg this year. Our graduates, musical as well as literary, are filling the best positions.

(John) "Where are you going?"

(Small boy) "To Jones for some candy. He has the best in the city."

Prof. Hansee and mother spent the vacation pleasantly with friends at Mt. Tabor.

The Cronise Art Gallery have the latest facilities of taking photos and group pictures. Call and be satisfied.

Mr. Martin was heard diligently laboring with some new recruits, one night recently, teaching them the college yell. Go on in the good work, Martin.

Silas Jones, the State St. confectioner, has the finest goods in the market.

Last Wednesday evening the campus near the Woman's College was the scene

of an exciting cane rush. The parties in the fracas were three Freshmen against some of the Preps. All participants are surviving, but the canes, Oh, where are they?

Students are given a special rate at the Cronise Art Gallery. Call there for information.

Miss Carrie Bradshaw, of the class of '94, is engaged to teach in a school at Yaquina this fall.

The finest fruits, candies and cigars will be found at 144 State Street, Silas Jones Proprietor.

Lena Stilwell, of the academy class of '94 is teaching near McMinnville.

Call at the Cronise Art Gallery and see the Mt. Hood scenery. Everybody welcome.

Miss Eva Dimmitt is wielding the ferrule in Polk County.

Bertha Jones, of Gervais, was a visitor at the College last week. She hopes to be in school again this year.

Get your prescriptions filled at Fred Legg's Drug Store, State St.

The Employment Bureau is an assured success. The first week of its existence five calls were made for students to work and three good places were secured, in which girls can make their board by house work. The citizens are standing by us nobly.

The best candies are made at the Spa, patronize it and you will get satisfaction.



Remember you can always find the neatest and newest lines of Stationery. The best assortment of Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, Combs, Brushes, etc., at F. S. Dearborn's Book Store, 263 Commercial Street.

Miss Musa Geer, a former student, has returned to lend her cheery presence to the usually solemn(?) halls of the Woman's College.

The best ice cream soda in the world is on sale at Jones, 144 State Street.

Miss Henry, a Preparatory graduate of '93, has been teaching during the summer at Summit in the Coast mountains. She now begins her second year in the North Salem school, but intends to don the cardinal and old gold again next year.



Just Received—25 c. Books—I have just received 300 Titles of Standard Cloth Bound Books and as long as they last will go for 25 c. each. These books are finer than the Alta Edition at 35 c.

Drop in and look them over. Lists furnished on application.

F. S. Dearborn, Bookseller.

The Cronise Art Gallery take the best photos in the city.

The new system of caring for the University building, viz: That of hiring students as janitors of the different departments, is a step in the right direction. The work is better done and employment is given to the deserving ones.

The place to take your friends for ice cream and candies is Jones, 144 State St.

P. L. Brown has re-entered school. He is accompanied by his brother Carl.

When you have time drop in at the Cronise Art Gallery and see the Mt. Hood party of Willamette. The scene pictures are magnificent.

33 Loaves of Bread are sold for \$1.00 at Westacott & Irwin's, 16 for 50 cts., 8 for 25 cts., 3 for a dime and one big loaf for 5 cts. Try it. The best in the city.

THE "Porcelain Baths"

When in need of a good Shave, Hair Cut or a
Bath, Call at the Porcelain Baths,

209 Commercial St., J. C. MILLS, Proprietor.

COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Willamette University.

SARA NOURSE BROWN, O. M.,

Graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

Thorough instruction given in elocution, oratory, dramatic action, physical and voice culture, statue-posing and pantomime.

Engagements made for public or parlor readings. "The Statesman" makes the following comment upon Miss Brown's first appearance before a Salem audience: "To say that Miss Brown succeeded in making a markedly favorable impression is putting it lightly. She gathered a harvest of popularity." * * Miss Brown left nothing to be desired by the most exacting auditor present."

Address University or Woman's College.

WE LEAD

With the purest and freshest line of

DRUGS AND TOILET ARTICLES,

LUNN & BROOKS,

Capital Drug Store, 122 State St., Salem.

SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY,

230 Liberty Street,

And get a first-class job. You will save money by the increased wear of linen.

SCHOOL OF ART.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

This department offers thorough instruction in drawing from objects, from the cast and from the flat, in charcoal, crayon, pencil and pen and ink; landscape, fruit, flower and animal painting in oil, water color and pastel. Especial attention paid to study from nature. Two years' course for those desirous of teaching, a diploma being awarded on its satisfactory completion. Instruction in portrait and figure painting from life or otherwise, for advanced students. Book and newspaper illustration also taught. Miss Craig received the first Gold Medal ever awarded at the Philadelphia School of Design for original illustration.

For particulars call on or address,

MISS MARIE G. CRAIG,
Principal,
311 Summer Street, Salem, Oregon.

J. L. MITCHELL & CO.,

—GENERAL—

Fire, Life and Accident Ins. Agts.

Representing only the Leading Old Line
Companies.

132 Liberty Street, - SALEM, OREGON.

AITKEN & PALMER,

GROCERIES

CROCKERY AND LAMPS.

SALEM, OREGON.

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

By Purchasing from

The New York Racket,

Your Shoes, Furs, Hats, Ties, Underwear, White and Neglige Shirts, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Laces, Embroidery, Tablets, Papers, Envelopes, Pencils and almost anything a Student needs.

15 to 25 Per Cent. Saved on most Articles.

Established, 1865.

Incorporated, 1885.

R. M. WADE & Co.

Hardware. Farm Machinery.Wagons, and Carriages, Stoves and Tinware,
Commercial Street, - SALEM, OREGON.**BROOKS & SALISBURY,**

— LEAD IN —

GUNS and SPORTING GOODS,

Novelties and Notions,

94 State Street - - SALEM, OREGON.



CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to **MUNN & CO.**, who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A **Handbook** of information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the **Scientific American**, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address **MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.**

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

New from Cover to Cover.
Abreast of the Times.
A Grand Educator.



Successor of the
"Unabridged."

Ten years were spent in revising, 100 editors employed, and over \$300,000 expended.

Every Person who reads and writes should own this Dictionary. It quickly and correctly answers the questions constantly arising concerning words — their history, spelling, pronunciation, meaning, etc.

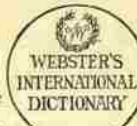
A Library in Itself. It also gives in a form convenient for ready reference the facts often wanted concerning eminent persons, ancient and modern; noted fictitious persons and places; the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of the globe; translation of foreign quotations, words, and proverbs; etc., etc., etc.

This Work is Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, scholar, professional man and self-educator.

Sold by All Booksellers.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Pub'rs,
Springfield, Mass.

Do not buy cheap photographic reprints of ancient editions.
Send for free prospectus containing specimen pages, illustrations, etc.



SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Collegian

Only 50 Cents a Year.

ROSS E. MOORES & CO.,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

THE BEST STOCK OF LEGAL BLANKS IN THE STATE.

Estimates Cheerfully Given on Work.

Opposite P. O., SALEM.

EDUCATE
—FOR—
BUSINESS

—AT THE—
CAPITAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,

SALEM, OREGON. W. I. STALEY, Principal.

Five Departments:

Business, Shorthand, English,
Typewriting and Penmanship.

The new system of Inter-communication Business Practice,
recently introduced, the crowning feature.

Board and furnished room, in private family, at \$3.50 per week.

Send for our 40 page Catalogue or College Journal.

E. C. SMALL,
—LEADING—
Clothier and Hatter,

Corner Commercial and State Sts.,

SALEM, OREGON.

W. A. CUSICK, President.

W. W. MARTIN, Vice President.

J. H. ALBERT, Cashier.

CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK

OF SALEM, OREGON.

Loans made. Accounts kept subject to check. Drafts drawn direct on all principal cities of the world.

— Dr. CONTRIS —

Does all kinds of modern Artistic Dental Work. Gold and Porcelain Crowns, Gold and Porcelain Bridges, and Fine Gold Fillings a Specialty.

PARLORS OVER GRAY BROTHERS.



W. W. MARTIN, "THE JEWELLER"



I make a specialty of fitting the Eye with Glasses. I have had thirty-five years experience, which with my French Trial Case, enables me to correctly fit the Eye. There is no charge for my services. I carry a large line of Optical Goods and can fit your eyes at one sitting.

88 STATE STREET,

SALEM, OREGON.

THE SALEM WOOLEN MILL STORE

SALEM, • OREGON,

— Manufacturers of —

MEN'S YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Headquarters for the Celebrated Salem Woolen Mills' Blankets, Flannels, Robes and Underwear.

LARGE MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

Samples sent on application.

229 Commercial Street.