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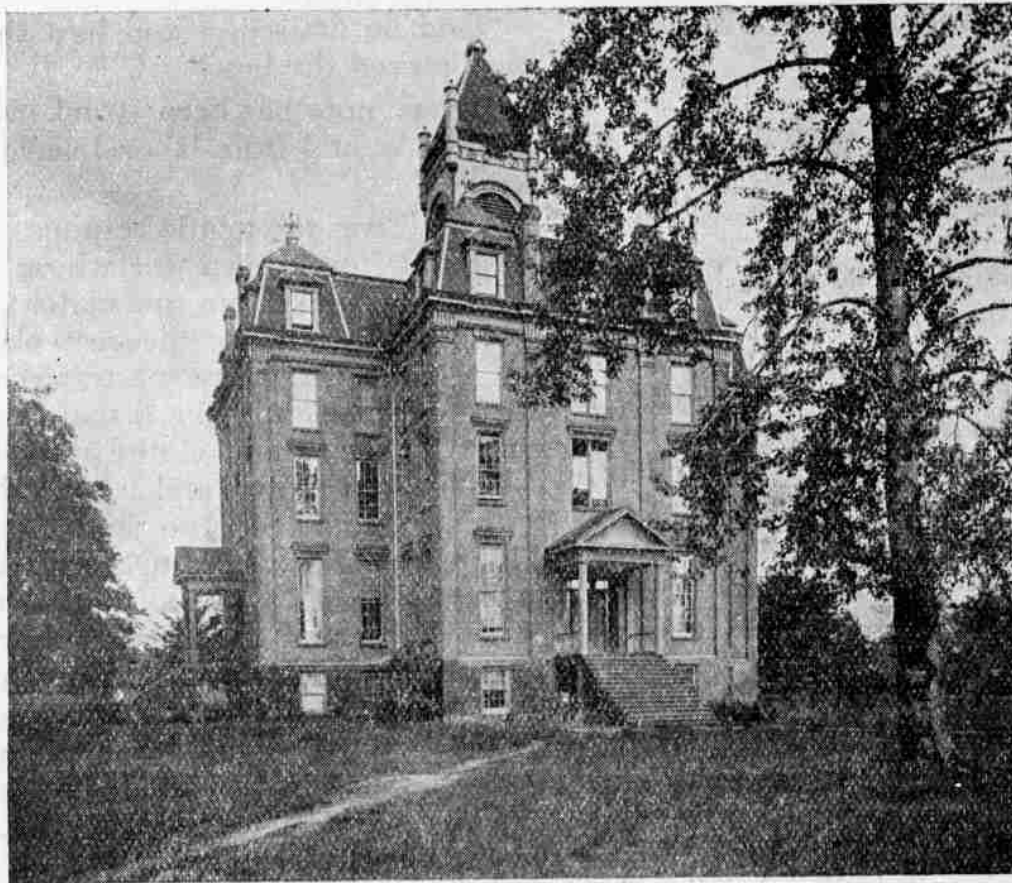
THE

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No. 4



UNIVERSITY BUILDING

## PROSE POEM.

J. C. Matthews

"What is that in thine hand?" said the angel.

"This," replied the youth, "is my harp."

"And canst thou play upon it?"

"Men say that Apollo kissed my hand in the cradle," was the modest answer.

"And what else canst thou do—hast thou any ability greater than thy gifts for music?"

"No. There is nothing else that I do half so well."

"Play, then, young man, to the children of men. Thy harmonies shall gladden their hearts, and elevate their thoughts. But, mark me, always play thy best."

And the angel vanished.

Then did the youth stretch himself to his proudest height, and push out his chest, and loftily rear his head. And he said,

"It is well. I will become the best player on the harp in the world. I will play before princes and emperors. I will win fame and wealth, and have what I wish and go where I please. Only weak men are defeated. I will be so prudent, so abundant in toil, so valiant, and so virtuous, that I shall reach all my ideals."

Just then the angel appeared to him again and looked earnestly into his face, and said,

"I like thy spirit, but youth has much to learn. Always play thy best."

Then the young man went forth and sought teachers, masters of music, and he wrought diligently in study and practice through years and years. When he thought he was ready, he bade farewell to his native city, slung his harp across his back, and went into the world to place himself a man among men.

One day the angel found him in a black, damp forest, alone, prone on the

ground, with tear-stained face and unkempt hair, his clothes torn and bedraggled and his prostrate form shaken with sobbing. Gently the angel laid a hand on the young man's head; so gently, indeed, that gradually, as it were, did the youth become aware of the radiant presence.

"I am sorry," said the angel, sweetly. "Tell me thy troubles."

"O," cried the youth, "I have been beaten, and I said that only weak men could be defeated."

"Hast thou sinned?"

"Not willfully."

"God be praised! And hast thou always played thy best?"

"Every note has been struck with utmost care; and from labor I have never ceased."

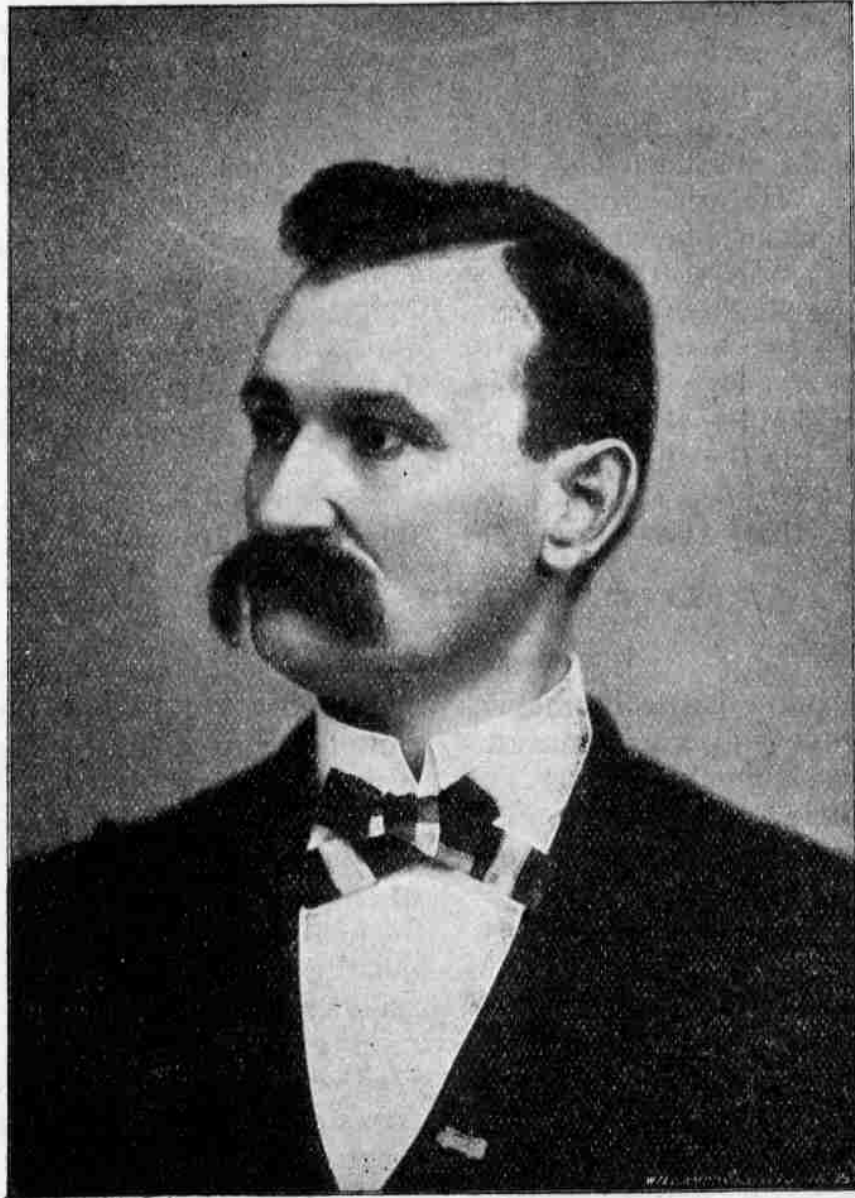
"Yes," was the gentle response.

"But I found men for whose transcendent genius I am no match; and I said that I would be the best player in the world. There are masterpieces that I can execute only like a senseless machine, but I cannot clothe myself with their life and power, and I had said that nothing should be too high for me. There are times when my spirit is filled to bursting with strains of perfect music, sweet and grand as the heavenly chorus around the white throne. But my poor little harp and this hand are powerless to send those divine tones bounding through the air. And I had said I would realize all my ideals. O, I am beaten, beaten, beaten!"

"Brother," said the angel, "I know that if thy harp were a better one, thou couldst play better, or if thy genius were mightier. And sometime, if thou art true, thou shalt have a nobler harp, a more cunning hand, a brighter genius, a frame that wearies not, the airs of heaven

for thy symphonies, and all eternity for practice. And then the music thou shalt render will surpass all thine earthly dreams. Remember that, and, further, forget not thy fancies of what thou couldst do with perfect instruments, per-

harp thou hast, and with thy hand and talent as they are. Here thou mayst not be beaten. If thou canst not play to princes, play to those that will listen. Thou canst do them good. If thou canst not execute the music of the mas-



**President Willis C. Hawley, A. M., LL. B.**

fect skill, and perfect surroundings. These visions will keep thee humble in thine estimate of thine actual achievements. Nevertheless think more frequently on what I shall tell thee now.

"Play the best thou canst with the

ters, continue to study it. Thus thou shalt improve.

"I heard thy words years ago, that thou wouldst have thy heart's desire, and win every battle. But thou hast wanted things that would harm thee, and some

things thou must not conquer. If thy resolves had all been carried out, thou wouldst have been ruined long ago. Play thy best. Farewell."

Years passed by. And the musician grew older, wiser, more masterly, cheering and refining men with his music. Once he lost vast possessions and tasted the bitterness of poverty, and after that men said he played a deeper note. He followed to the grave one fondly loved, and then men said his harp had been tuned in heaven. He was wronged and robbed, and then he played with increased power but more softly. He was sick and lay in the shadow of death, but when he recovered, his harp strings swayed the hearts of men as never before. And once, with hands that bled, he barred out of his life the dearest idol of his heart, because to keep that idol was sinful, and after that the triumphant

notes that rang from his harp filled men with courage and high resolve for the battles of life.

One day the angel came again. Our musician was old and feeble now, and leaned wearily on his harp.

"Play," said the heavenly visitant.

And the old man played, and the strains of music seemed to leap less from the harp than from his chastened, beautiful soul that had been disciplined by trial, victory and defeat. And his melody swelled into symphonious anthems, and angels came down and played with him, and others came to listen.

The listening ones said, "Doth not his music blend marvelously with theirs? Is he not ready for that golden harp, the hand more cunning, and the unfettered spirit?"

(Suggested by reading James Allen's "The Choir Invisible.")

### LITTLE PLUME.—Continued.

Walter J. Shepard.

On arriving at home Little Plume was honored as a brave and sagacious warrior. The maidens sung his praises, and at the next Medicine Lodge he counted coup for the first time with the warriors of his tribe.

Such had been the early life of the Indian who upon this lovely summer's evening sat by the cairn of stones and looked at the mountains and the prairies. In later life he had taken the place of distinction that his father had held before him in the councils of the nation, and then it was that his heart had been wrung for his people, as he saw the white man slowly but surely encroaching upon them. At first he had resisted, but a few struggles taught him the uselessness of any effort against the pale-face. He had seen his tribe robbed of the broad plains that had furnished subsistence to the numberless herds of buffalo upon which they had hitherto lived. He had

seen those same white men kill off the buffalo until they had entirely disappeared. He well remembered the first winter after the destruction of the kingly bovine of the plains, with all its horrors of starvation and sickness. They had been placed upon a reservation and under the government of an agent; but the rail-road had not yet penetrated to their remote wilderness, and an unusually severe winter came on without any of their accustomed supplies of jerked buffalo meat. Until it was too late the gravity of the situation was not realized; then earnest efforts were made to obtain supplies, but with the usual red-tape, it was many months before adequate relief was secured, and before that time over one-third of the Indians had miserably perished. The men hunted faithfully and well, and no kind of animal life was discarded, yet, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, suffering and death had



**JAMES T. MATTHEWS, A. M.**  
Professor of Mathematics.



**ARTHUR J. COLLIER, A. M.**  
Professor of Science.

"Cronise" Photographer.

written their message with all their cruelty upon the faces of the tribe.

Since then cattle-raising had been fostered by the government, and weekly rations had been issued. They had sold the government a large tract of mineral land in the mountains that insured for them, for some years to come, an easy and abundant support. But Little Plume, though an Indian, had a mind well trained to think on deep, practical questions, and he saw too plainly that his people were slowly decaying away. The rigor of their early mode of life was



**MABEL L. CARTER, O. M.**  
Dean of College of Oratory

not followed by the younger members of the tribe; in fact, very few were left of the old men who still continued to take their daily plunge in the mountain torrent or had not adopted much of the life of the whites. Little Plume had always, winter and summer, each morning just at day-break, risen from his bed on the dirt floor of his lodge, and, walking straight to the river that flowed near by, plunged into its crystal waters. He attributed his robust constitution and never-failing health in great part to this simple practice. Furthermore, he insisted

on living in his lodge, or tepee, throughout the year, and thus avoided the danger which came to those of his fellows who lived in houses, thus increasing their susceptibility to disease. Once and once only had he been stricken. The small-pox had not exempted him in its ravages, but his reserve powers came to his assistance, and he recovered, with only the pock-marks to remind him of its attack. Aged as he was, he bore with firm and elastic step the weight of years, and, like Moses, "His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated."

It had not gone so well with his people. Weakened by the habits they had adopted from the white man, they were rapidly dying off. Each year visibly diminished their rank. The agency hospital was constantly filled with scrofulous and consumptive patients, whose fate was written only too plainly on their pale and emaciated faces. The government provided two physicians, who were kept quite busily engaged; yet with all their labor and fidelity, the death-rate was appallingly large.

As Little Plume contrasted the present degenerate condition of the tribe with the stalwart men he knew in his youth, his countenance fell, and a look of deep gloom spread itself over his features. He knew too well that the ultimate destiny of his people was extinction. They who had held their lands against the encroachments of all other Indians; who in his youth had been counted the bravest of the brave, must shortly perish. A feeling of deep and bitter hardness came into his heart as he linked the beginning of their decline with the coming of the whites.

Back in the dim and distant past when *Napi* (Old Man) had created their progenitors out of clay; had given them supremacy over all the animals; had taught them the use of all the herbs and roots; had given them the bow and ar-

row, and had shown them how to make fire from fire-sticks, he had also marked out the extent of their lands, and cautioned them never to allow any other people to encroach upon them. They had successfully obeyed his injunctions until the white man came, and brought with him his world of woe. Since then all had been different.

And now as with heavy heart he brought himself to his duty and responsibility, Little Plume turned and, facing the north, peered into the depths of heaven with a piercing gaze. As he had been meditating upon the earlier events of his life, the darkness had fallen over the landscape, and completely veiled its beauty. One by one the brilliant stars came out until the firmament was studded with jewels, shedding upon the lonely Indian a still and quiet radiance. He had come hither to seek strength and wisdom, and now in his simple, natural way, he poured out his soul in deep and earnest supplication to that "above person." Ignorant he was of Christianity and the priceless boon it has brought mankind; but in his ignorance, in his blindness, he as fervently worshipped that God who guides and directs the destinies of man as any of us who have been blessed with greater light. Can we doubt that looking down the Father heard and strengthened the poor blind child of His, whose heart was grieving for his people?

The hours passed, but still he sat, never moving; his soul so wrapped in prayer that time made no impression upon him. At length a dim, dull light broke in the east; then brightening, burst at length into one of those glorious sunrises, which only occur in altitudes like this where the air, pure and thin, forms a perfect medium for light.

With the break of day Little Plume betook himself home, and after his morning plunge and a light breakfast, started



**WILLIAM P. DREW, A. M.**  
Professor of Latin and Greek.



**Dr. MYRON E. BAKER, A. M., Ph. D.**  
Professor of English, German and French.

off for the agency on his pony. He had resolved upon a great step.

He found nearly all the principal men of his tribe in the little village, as it was ration day, and they had come to draw their weekly allowances. He was greeted by all with the profound respect and consideration due his station and age, and when he announced that he was anxious to meet them all in a council that afternoon, they responded that they Not more than half a dozen, like Little



**MARY E. REYNOLDS, A. M.**  
Principal of Normal Department.

Plume, clung to the old garb. would attend. The place where all the councils were held was the police-headquarters, a comfortable, two-story building, with a large room which could easily be turned into an assembly hall. At the appointed hour the room was full, and seated around the wall they presented a remarkable illustration of the transformation going on in their lives. Most of them were dressed in citizens' clothing; many were very well dressed. A number carried watches; two or three were puffing cigars; and one wore spectacles.

As the old chieftain looked around upon his associates, the realization of the gulf that was widening between him and them became stronger than it had ever been before. He saw that many of these men had totally lost their early customs and manners and were at one with the whites in everything but color.

As Little Plume rose a deep silence fell upon the assembly. They felt instinctively that something important was about to transpire, and each one was eager to hear every word that fell from

not yet come into the world. I look at you and I wonder if you are so happy as in those long-ago times. I am older than you and remember farther back. From my earliest boyhood I have been honored by you. You chose me your leader and chief when my father died. You have listened to my counsels and obeyed my commands and I feel that you are good children. But as I think over the changes that have come upon us since the pale-face discovered our land, my heart burns within me. We



**ANNIE D. ATWOOD, A. M.**  
Principal of Business Department.



**FRANK E. BROWN, A. B.**  
Director of Gymnasium.

the old warrior's lips. For a moment Little Plume intently observed his audience, and then began his speech. In translating the speech of the Indian to plain, cold English, much of the beauty and force of Little Plume's words are lost, but from the remnant some idea can be gleaned of his deep, great purpose.

"My friends," he said, "as I look upon you today, my mind runs far back to the time when you were boys and played about the lodge door; and even back before that when I was a boy and you had

were like a mighty oak whose branches spread far out over the ground and under whose shade the beasts are wont to rest; whose leaves are always green in summer and whose roots go far down into the earth, supporting it against the winter's blast. Today we are like that same tree, when, with its roots cut, its branches lopped off, it stands withering and dying in the parching sun. My friends, we soon must perish. Our tribe, whose numbers and bravery were one day the dread of all the land, is daily wasting

away, and ere long our nation's life must cease."

"Last evening I sought the great 'above person,' and while the multitudes of heaven looked down upon me, this thought came to me, which I believe was sent by Him who made us when the world was young, and whose word we disobeyed when we permitted the white men to come among us. It is our disobedience to the traditions of our fathers that has brought this decline upon us. We have discontinued the habits of our youth and live as do the white men. Our bodies are not made as theirs, and we cannot change thus without undergoing great danger. Yet while we live here we can do naught else. Our youths and maidens are being sent away from us to distant places to learn the white man's wisdom, which does them only harm, because it makes them think our ways are wrong."

"Now, my friends, I know a beautiful valley as large as this reservation, hidden from the eye of searching white men by high and ragged mountains. This valley lies far to the northward across the line which separates this nation of white men from the other. They will not seek so earnestly to give us their habits, and living there, we may once more become a great people."

"Do not think, my people, that I urge this because I wish once more to control your actions and be your chief. Choose from yourselves some younger man. The weight of many winters lie upon my head and I feel too old to lead you further. Soon I shall pass across the great divide and leave you. But I would urge upon you, ere I go, the wisdom of this course. I know you here have food and cattle given you, and live far more comfortably than in the olden time, but with this plenty comes much that weakens and destroys us. The white man has taught us vice and wickedness that we knew

naught of before. He has brought the deadly fire-water that has led so many of our young men astray. He has given us the opportunity to gain wealth, but it is at the expense of happiness. Let us depart and seek again the life we have so sadly forsaken."

With a look of deepest love and devotion Little Plume sat down. He had made a speech that had been listened to attentively and earnestly. Many were there who remembered how he had led them to battle, and knew that he had spoken for them, not for himself. They recognized him as their leader and chief, yet now, when this great proposition was made, none felt that it was practicable. The times had changed and they, transformed more fully than he, realized that it was vain to attempt his plan. Yet so great was their respect and love for their old and honored chief, that none could answer him. Each waited for the other. For several minutes there was silence in the hall while all with downcast eyes and heavy hearts thought of the change that made the wisdom of this ancient sage the foolishness of their every-day life. At length Spotted Eagle rose and addressed his fellows. He was a stalwart man, scarce past the prime of life, and carried with him a dignity and power possessed by few.

"My father has spoken well and wisely; his mind is keen and bright, yet, though it pains me, I must needs disagree with him today on the great question he has broached. The times have changed and we must take our lot. Should we attempt to remove to the distant northern valley, we surely would be resisted, and though we were to accomplish so much, we would find, without the buffalo of our youth, without the cattle we now possess, existence to be impossible. Then we have learned something of the wisdom of the great world, and knowing what we do we never could be contented

to live as did our fathers. Each year our pale-face brother pushes out farther and farther the boundaries of his domain. We would see before very many summers had passed upon us in our exile, that we would be discovered and once more be placed beneath his power. Let us accept our fate and strive to reach the standard that has been set for us, though we may know full well that failure and

to the leadership of the tribe had a council of the braves disagreed with him on any important subject. In earlier days his will had been law and the sanction of the council was only a matter of form. He felt keenly the lack of confidence that had been shown him, and while he realized there was much wisdom in the speech of Spotted Eagle, he yet felt that his plan was the only alternative to com-



**FRANCESCO SELEY,**  
Dean of College of Music.

destruction are all that we may hope for. The times have changed."

As Spotted Eagle sat down a murmur of assent from all parts of the hall made it plain that his sentiments were general, and in another moment the council had adjourned.

As Little Plume slowly rode home in the hazy summer afternoon his mind was very much agitated over his defeat. For the first time since he had been elevated

plete destruction, which to him was of all things the most to be dreaded.

When he reached his lodge his wives were preparing the evening meal. They noticed that something of great weight oppressed his mind, but as it is never the part of an Indian woman to question her lord upon any matter that he does not himself broach, they maintained a respectful silence. Neither did they ask him where he was going, when, after

supper, he silently and gravely stalked away.

It was just sunset when he reached the hill-top cairn, by which he had prayed the night before, and once again the marvelous beauty of the day's decline entered into the soul of the lonely chief. The same beauty of mountain, plain, and stream spoke to him in that deeper language which only the child of nature can understand aright. Again the peace and quietness of all the scene soothed his troubled heart, and he poured out his great devoted soul in supplication for his

people. Once more the twilight faded into night and heaven's candles sparkled in the firmament. Once more through the long, dark night the Indian beseeched the favor of that divinity he had learned of only through his communion with nature. Once more the morning light broke o'er the eastern horizon and ushered in another day for toiling men, but this time there was no abandonment of the vigil. The sun shown down upon the land and filled it all with light, but no stir or movement was made. Little Plume was dead.

### LOVE CHANGES NOT.

William P. Matthews.

Selections from a Bouquet, of Songs for  
the Golden Wedding Anniversary Day  
of Rev. T. F. Royal and Wife.

\* \* \*

A song, a song of wedding days,  
A song of golden jubilee!  
A chime, a chime of love and praise,  
To ring afar o'er land and sea!

\* \* \*

He was a youth of noble name,  
A worthy son of worthy sires;  
She was a maid of fairest fame,  
A Vestal of Truth's sacred fires.

He was a friend to all he knew  
His days were spent in doing good;  
She in the same employment grew  
Apart in lovely womanhood.

He was a preacher of the Word:  
She came to hear him on a day,  
And as the sermon thus she heard,  
Her heart to his heart seemed to say:

"Oh, this is more than homily,  
Or message of the Father's grace!

It is the mystic sympathy  
Of kindred hearts in every place."

Her shrine it was the village school,  
By chance built near his favorite way!  
Now he must heed the Golden Rule,  
And stop anon to say "Good Day."

'Twas thus these lovers slyly wooed—  
For lovers woo ere they know their  
love—  
Yet this was not some passing mood,  
But love like that which rules above.  
\* \* \*

Count not the years as spent and gone;  
They are the gold that wasteth not,  
The wealth age looks with joy upon  
The price of all our souls have got.

Oh! they are rich whose years were given  
To lead men's souls to truth and God;  
And they are great who long have  
striven  
To reach the heights the saints have  
trod.  
Anacortes, Wash., Sept. 12. 1899.



## EARLY ARYIAN LITERATURE.

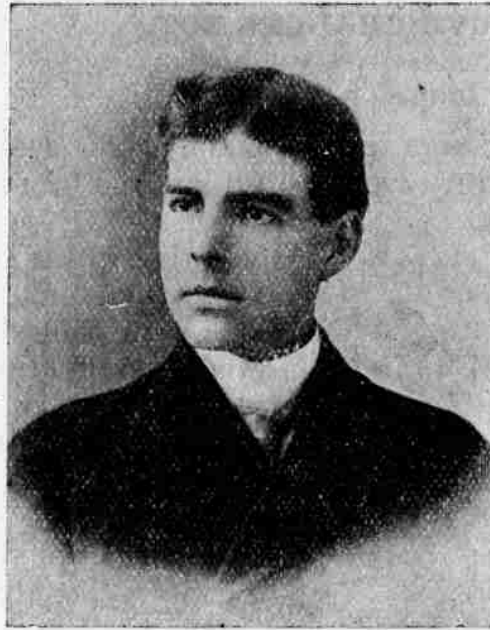
Myron E. Baker.

## IV.

The goddess Night has no other individuality than as sister of the Dawn, but a very beautiful hymn was addressed to her. The conception of Night is unusual, from the manner in which she is separated from the thought of darkness, but not more unusual than poetical and lovely.

Alike is she filling  
The depths and the heights;  
She walks through the darkness  
By help of her lights.

With sober adornment,  
To me she comes now;  
She makes the dark sightly  
With light from her brow.



**EDWARD W. TILLSON.**  
Principal Piano Department.

## MANTRA TO NIGHT.

Rig-veda, Mandala X., Mantra 127.

Now comes Night, shining goddess,  
With far-looking eyes.  
She is clad in her jewels;  
Her legions arise.

Around her they gather;  
She marshalls their train;  
The march of her armies  
Fills valley and plain.

She replaces her sister,  
The light of the day.  
Before her the darkness  
Fast hastens away.

Very kind she is to us,  
The sister of Dawn.  
When the birds have flown homeward  
And twilight has gone.

(The time of night is described as present.)

Now men altogether,  
 Throngs, lie down and sleep.  
 To their nests fly the eagles;  
 To lair the beasts creep.

Light she-wolf and wolf off.  
 Light off the thief now:  
 To us a sure saviour,  
 Night goddess, be thou!

The "far-looking eyes" of Night, "the jewels" in which she is clad, and the "legions" which gather around her, are the stars, and illustrate very prettily the Aryan poet's use of metaphor. The filling of valley and plain, the depths and the heights, with the starlight, by which she guides her footsteps, as if making a journey, and the conception of the stars, or possibly the milky-way, as radiance from her brow, so quiet in sentiment and so delicately imagined, are in favor of a very early age for the poet, and a home on the high plains rather than in the river valleys. The allusion to the wolf in the last stanza, revealing the fact that wolves, and not tigers, are, at the time of the poem, the most dreaded enemies, also strongly favors the view that the hymn was written while the Aryans were still in their original home, or at least not far advanced upon the upper Indus (the Sindhu), where, and not in their later location, the wolf was to be found. Throughout the Rig-veda, the wolf and lion are spoken of as the most formidable beasts, and the tiger is as yet unknown, nor is the elephant very frequently mentioned. The metals of the Rig-veda are gold and bronze, as yet silver and iron appearing to be unknown. In the time to which the Atharva-veda relates, however, and the earliest composition of the Mahabharata, silver and iron are well known, the elephant is familiarly mentioned, and the panther and tiger take the place of the wolf and lion as the most dreaded beasts of prey. The ficus religiosa, or "tree of the gods," under which

the devas are fabled to sit in heaven, and thence called deva-sadana, and the nyagrodha, or ficus Indica, India's most splendid tree, are not mentioned in the vedic mantras, but are mentioned frequently in the Atharvan and Brahmanic literature. These facts and other like evidence favor the supposition that the Vedic Aryans were located no farther south than the tributaries of the Indus, where, doubtless, was the true land of "the seven (many) rivers."

At the earliest period of the Vedic literature, that of the earliest stratum of mantras, Varuna was the most exalted of all the nature-gods. Then, Surya and Ushas, the Dawn, were also most respected. Varuna, who is often called Mitra-Varuna, or "friend Varuna," is the philosopher's god, as Indra is the god of the warrior (the Kshatriya) and Agni, the god of the priestly class (the Brahmins). Varuna is the moral controller of the universe. Through his will, stars and moon go their regular courses. He established the sun and "made a path for it." He sits upon a golden throne above even the heavens, yet not so far but that he sees all that passes among men. He knows even their thoughts. To his not birds nor winds can come. He "lets rivers flow." The "wind is his breath." (There are frequent contradictions in description.) The sun, moon and stars are his eyes. Of the twelve hymns in his honor, in the Rig-veda, the following is the most excellent:

#### MANTRA TO VARUNA.

Rig-veda, Mandala, I., Mantra 25.

Thou Varuna, hear us!  
 Whoso injureth  
 Thy order, though daily,  
 Not over to death.

Give him who reveres thee,  
 Whereso we transgress,

In our worship imperfect,  
In more and in less.

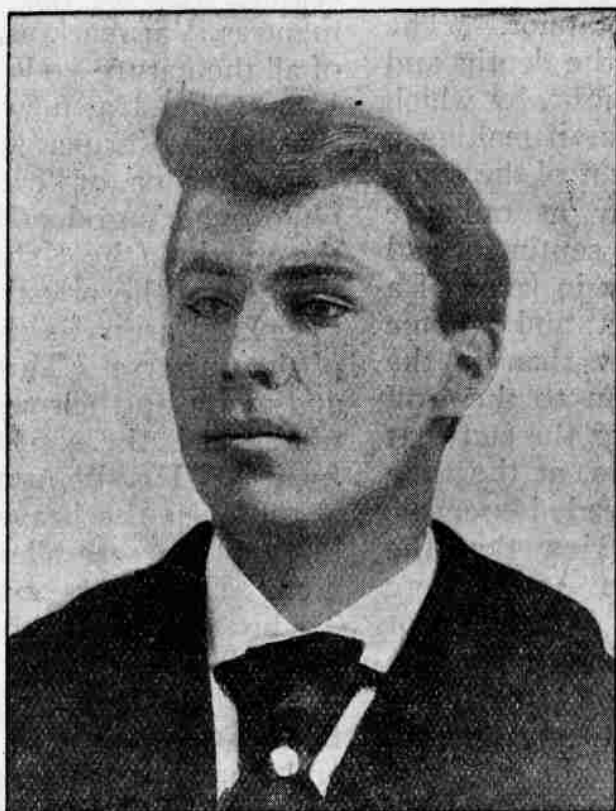
We do so unwitting,  
Be not turned to wrath,  
If thee we displeasure,  
So leaving thy path.

But where shall we hide us,  
Or where can we go?  
For our thoughts, thou, wise Varuna,  
Ever do know.

He knoweth the wind's path,  
That blows wide and free,  
And the spirits and demons,  
Wherever they flee.

What things are unfinished,  
What things are concealed,  
The done and the undone,  
To him are revealed.

O great son of Aditi,  
Boundlessness thou.



**O. M. STOUT.**  
Principal Guitar and Mandolin Department.

The bird's track he knoweth,  
Who made it to fly;  
The courses of ships  
Are not out of his eye.

He is over the ocean,  
The high and the deep,  
Immature times he knoweth,  
The unborn asleep.

The very strong ruler,  
We pray of thee, now,

Make good our accomplishments,  
Keep all our days,  
Prolong thou our lives,  
Whom we honor and praise.

(The worshipper sees Varuna in a vision.)

With a garment of brightness  
 And jewels of gold,  
 Around him his hosts sit,  
 His face they behold.

(He feels more confident.)

Now my song is acceptable:

His ears have heard,  
 With joy, my devotion,  
 With gladness, this word.

The beholder of many,  
 To him my thoughts turn;  
 As the kine for their pastures,  
 For him do's yearn.

O Varuna, offering  
 Sweet do I bring!  
 Hear this invocation,  
 This song that I sing.

Wide-eyed god, I desire thee,  
 Thou helper of men!  
 Let us talk here together,  
 Let us reason again.

Thou wise one, of everything  
 Earth, air and sea,  
 Thou holdest dominion;  
 Now listen to me!

I am weak, and thou, mighty;  
 Be gentle thy mood!  
 Be merciful, Varuna!  
 Render me good!

Of thy magnanimity,  
 Grant me release  
 From trouble that chushes,  
 And cause it to cease.

Look on with compassion,  
 Great Lord of the Air!  
 With full prosperity,  
 Answer this prayer.

The upper bond loosen,  
 O strong to forgive!  
 The middle and lower,  
 That so we may live.

Yama and his twin-sister, Yami, the Aryan Adam and Eve, became also gods. Yami is but an un-individualized feminine complement of Yama, and otherwise of no consequence, but Yama, "the first mortal that died," became the judge of all mortals after death. Men are "the

children of Yama," and to die is "to go on Yama's path." Yama's abode is "the place of the dead," and is associated sometimes with the setting sun; but in the burial service, the dead are bidden to "go into kindly Mother Earth, who shall to thee be wool-soft like a maiden;" and the prayer which the dramatic poet Calidasa \* puts in the mouth of Sacontala, is the beautiful one, which we may believe will always be prayed by common humanity, "O Earth, mild goddess, give me place within thy bosom." Then, as now, the immediate sense of "dust to dust" was reconciled with the idea of another far-off abode. The following transcript from Rig-veda, Mandala X., mantra 18, which I leave in prose, exhibits both this naive union of notions as to the condition of the dead, and the fact that the ancient ceremony was burial, and not, as in the later times, cremation. For ages, though re-adapted to changes in the ceremony, this mantra has been used in the funeral service.

Thou art there, and we are here  
 \* \* \* Go thou now to Mother Earth, who is wide opened, favorable, a wool-soft maiden to the good man. May she guard thee from the lap of destruction. Open, O Earth, be not oppressive to him. Let him enter easily; may he fasten close to thee. Cover him like a mother who wraps her child in her garment.\* Roomy and firm be the earth, supported by a thousand pillars. From this time on thou (man) hast thy home and happiness yonder. May a sure place remain to him forever. I make firm the earth about thee; may I not be harmed in laying the clod here; may the fathers preserve this pillar for thee, and Yama make thee a home yonder."

\* Calidasa, an Indian poet about 100 B. C., wrote "Hymn to the Seasons" and a singularly beautiful drama, translated by Sir William Jones, "Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring."

\* Much discourse might have been saved upon the question whether the metaphor or the simile was the earlier form of figurative expression. The simile was indeed, not so acceptable to the genius of Old English as the metaphor, and there are but four, and these insignificant, in the whole of Beowulf. But in the earliest extant monuments of the world's literature, we find simile and metaphor side by side.

# The Willamette Collegian.

**Editor-in-Chief**.....**Frances E. Cornelius**  
**Assistants**.....**Raphael P. Bonham, Iris O. Hanna**  
**Business Manager**.....**Samuel A. Siewert**

## DEPARTMENTS

Personals..... } Ethel M. Fletcher  
                               } J. Roscoe Lee  
 Christian Associations..H. Louise Van Wagner  
 Exchanges..... Erma M. Clark  
 Athletics..... Marvin Kennedy  
 Philodorian..... Sophia E. Townsend  
 Philodorian.. George W. Aschenbrenner  
 Alumni..... John Reynolds  
 Medical..... Frank E. Brown

Musical.....Rudie A. Schramm  
 Law.....I. Homer Van Winkle  
 Reviews.....Pres. W. C. Hawley  
 The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by students of Willamette University.  
 Terms, 50 cents per year payable in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.  
 All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

This new year has brought with it much work to be done; some of it difficult work, that will strain every nerve in its accomplishment. We are to say whether it shall be base drudgery or pleasant service. Of course the unpleasant tasks will come—the trials, the sorrows, which must be borne—but to us is left the decision as to whether they shall be borne with joy or reluctantly with sadness. If we are capable of seeing only the black side of each cloud, our year will amount to three hundred and sixty-five days full of bitterness. But if we are wise enough to look at only the silver linings, to recognize the Divine hand in every trial, our days cannot be otherwise than filled with joy and praise, and our hearts will be light all the year through.

No one will deny that the labor, which amounts to the most, is that which is done without reluctance, joyfully. Ten minutes of enthusiastic, interested application counts for more than a day of listless drudgery.

When we wish you a Happy New Year, we are not wishing for you a series of constant good times, all play and no work. But we ask that gladness may be a constant aid in your labor, and that hope may lighten each burden which it may be your lot to bear. If you are en-

tering the new year with your hand clasped in the Divine hand you cannot be too confident of tomorrow, nor too happy for today. Why should a single hour be dark when we know that an all-wise Guardian is directing and planning our lives? Why should we not work gladly, and earnestly, if He helps in all that we do? Surely, no matter what the new year has in store for us, we should receive it willingly and with happy hearts.

\* \* \*

The preliminary debate, to decide who shall represent Willamette in the coming intercollegiate debate between Pacific University and our own school, was held in the society halls of the college building on the evening of January 10th, with Mrs. Dodd, of the Yew Park school, Gen. Odell, and Attorney Reynolds, as judges. The intercollegiate debate will be held at Forest Grove the first week in February, when our team, Miss D Gans, Messrs. Wilkins and Siewert, will attempt to prove that the English are fully justified in making war on the Boers. We were compelled to let Pacific's team wear the laurels two years ago, but we expect to see the tables turned this year. Our team is made up of some of the best talent in the literary department of the institution, and has the confidence of the student body which it represents.

## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

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

The last meeting of the joint associations for the old year was held in the university chapel, December 20th. Dr. Myron E. Baker, the leader, made a very pleasing and instructive address on the subject of Christmas, which was introduced by the beautiful little poem of Edwin Hamilton Seer's, entitled "While the Angels Sing." Prof. Annie D. Atwood then sweetly sang a solo, entitled, "Shine On, Oh Star." Following this came short addresses by Profs. Matthews, Reynolds, Collier, and Hawley. Prof. Matthews spoke concerning the meaning of Christmas. Prof. Reynolds wished us all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and then gave place to Prof. Collier who spoke of the advent of "Peace on earth, good will to men" into the world. Pres. Hawley closed the evening's program by an inspiring address on "Character."

The Y. W. C. A. gave a reception to the girls of the school in honor of the new girls. It was held in the society halls, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 6th.

A very efficient entertainment committee kept the halls lively with games of all descriptions. About 5 o'clock refreshments, consisting of cake and cocoa, were served. The girls all enjoyed the afternoon and became much better acquainted.

The Girls' Bible Class, Jan. 10th, was taught by Miss Reynolds, the fifteenth

chapter of St. John was discussed. Owing to the Christmas vacation, this was the only meeting of the Bible Class held during the month.

The Y. M. C. A. met as usual in the west basement, January 10th, for their regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting, with Mr. Ross White as leader.

The first Sunday afternoon meeting, that of January 7th, was led by Mr. Worsham. The meeting was very helpful and spiritual.

Prof. Reynolds led the Sunday afternoon meeting of January 14th. It being the association Day of Prayer for Colleges, the subject of "Education and Its Value to a Christian" was made the topic of the hour. The thoughts brought out were an inspiration to those who heard them and many of us went away feeling more thankful than ever before for the advantages of a Christian education.

The week of prayer was observed by the joint associations—fifteen minute prayer meetings being held each day at noon in Room B. The leaders were: On Monday, Mr. Worsham; Tuesday, Prof. Reynolds; Wednesday, Mr. Davies; Thursday, Mr. Oliver, and Friday, Miss Van Wagner. The meetings were well attended and were exceedingly interesting and helpful.

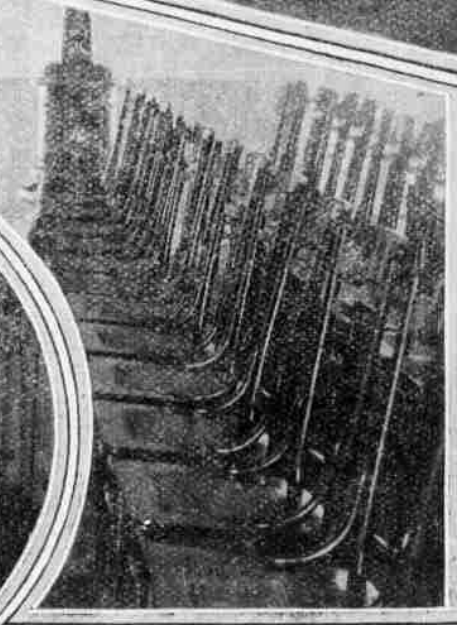
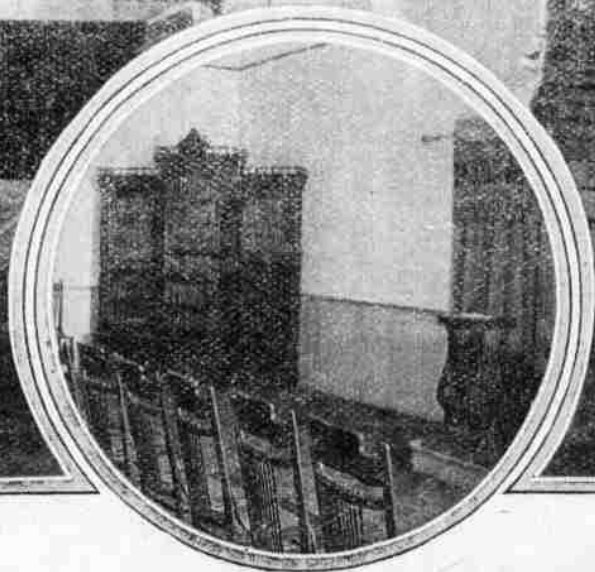
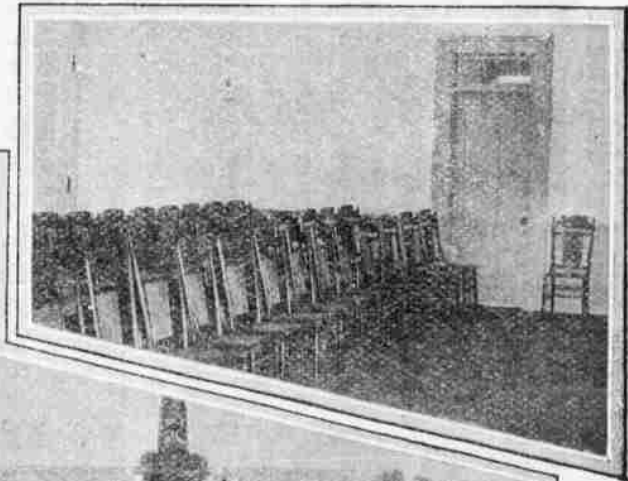
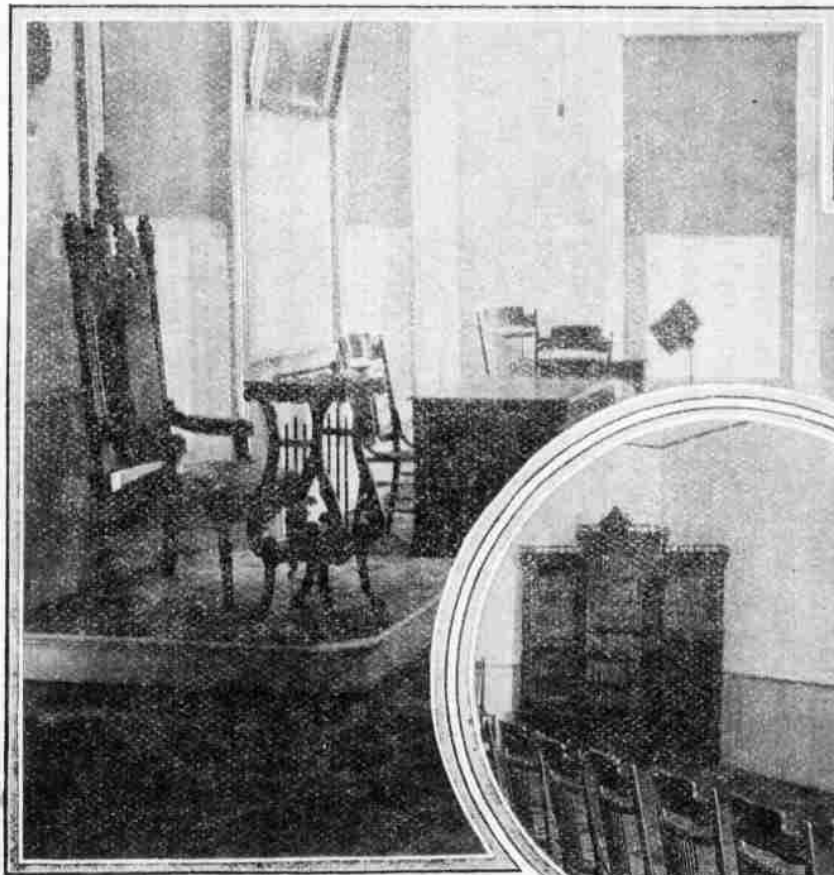
A large delegation from the Willamette Y. M. C. A. attended the State Convention held at Monmouth during the second week of January, where Willamette was represented in the program by a paper by Prof. Wm. P. Drew.

### PHILODOSIAN.

The attendance at meetings and interest in the work is kept up in a very satisfactory manner. The girls are studying up on Roberts' Rules of Order, and practicing by having mock meetings. Their tastes seem to run in the line of

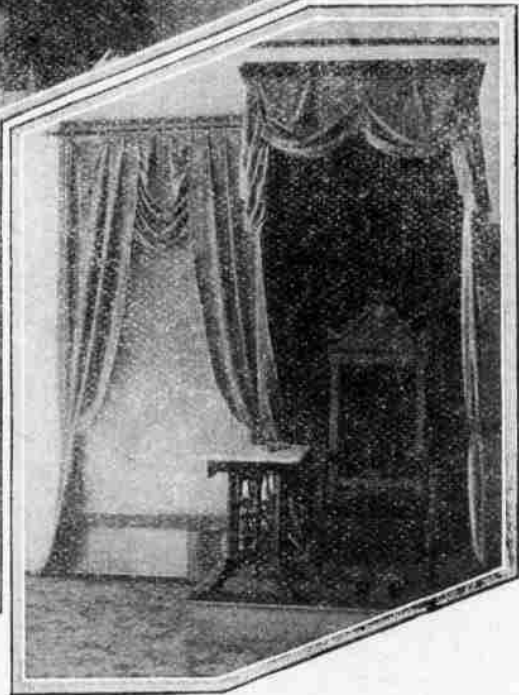
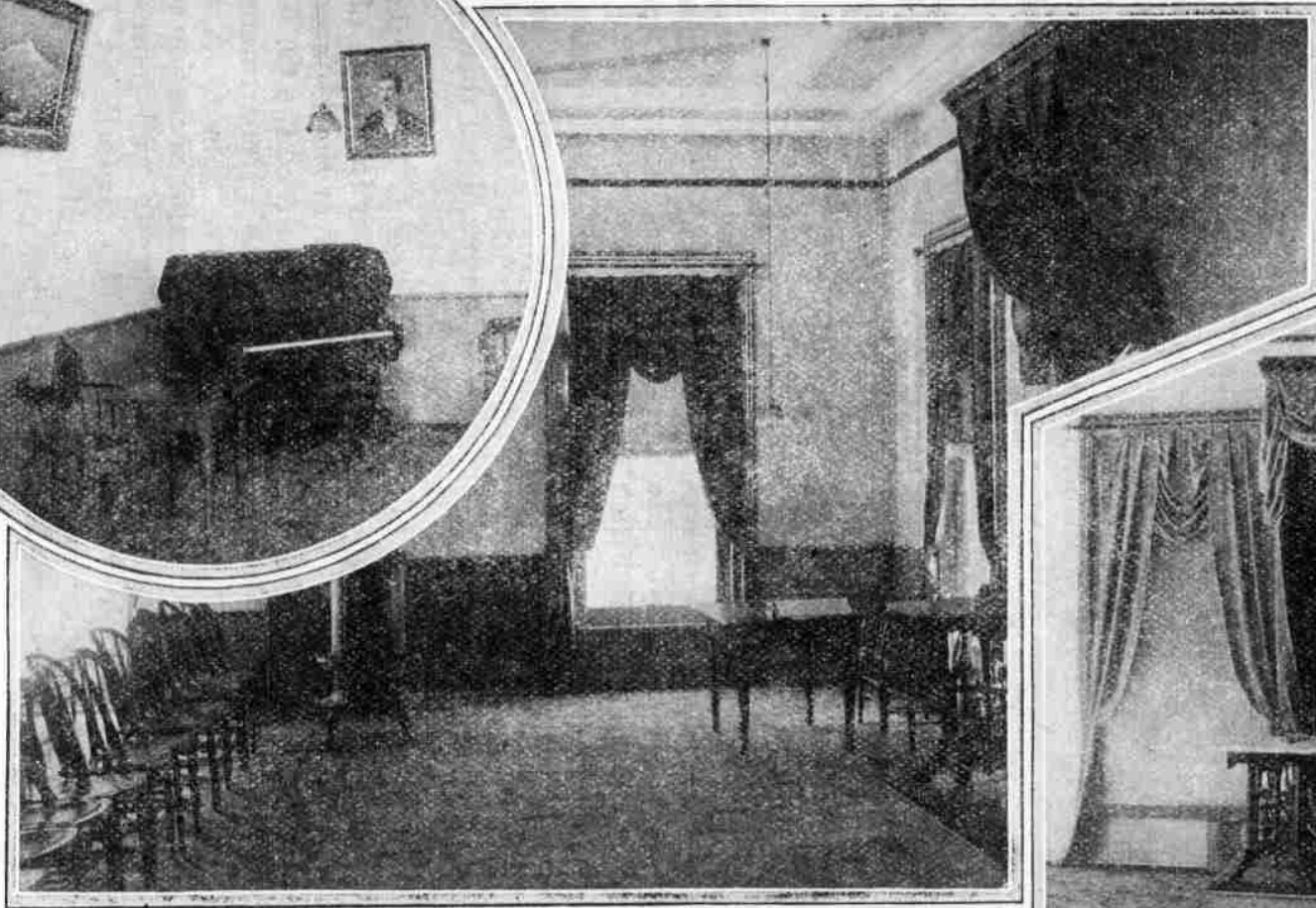
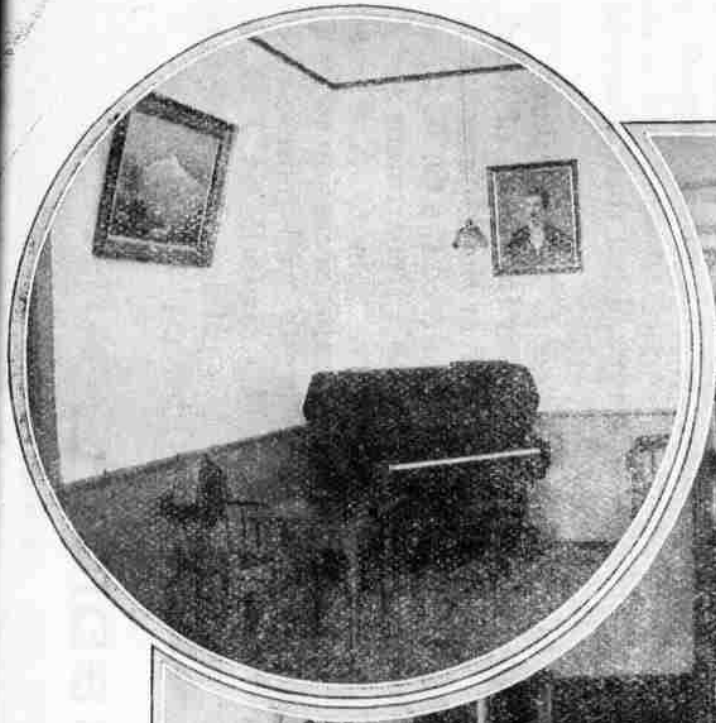
amendments to motions, and the president is getting to be quite an expert in stating motions.

Some of the young men who partake of the Philodosians' hospitality forget that they are guests and are supposed to



PHILODOSIAN SOCIETY HALL,---Girls' Society.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE GREEKS



PHILODORIAN SOCIETY HALL,---Boys' Society.

be seen and not heard. The clapping during the business of the last open meeting was uncalled for, ungentlemanly, and senseless. If it should be often repeated, some people will be politely requested to be neither seen nor heard.

The Philodossians have purchased new locks for their new doors, some new incandescent globes, and are purposing otherwise to improve their abode.

A very pleasant open meeting was given by the girls, Friday, Dec. 22, 1899. The program which was given in the chapel was as follows:

Piano solo . . . . . Hallie Watson  
Vocal solo . . . . . Arthur Boeschen  
Recitation . . . . . Bert Geer  
Vocal solo . . . . . Carl Baker  
Speech . . . . . Prof. Matthews

Piano duet . . . . . Prof. and Mrs. Drew  
Prophecy . . . . . Iris Hanna  
Piano solo . . . . . Gravce Savage

There was the usual social in the halls after the program. Ross White won the first prize in a contest of guessing pictures of noted men, and Roy Bishop carried off the booby honors. The next amusement was an auction, beans having been distributed for money, and many useful articles, such as the bell clapper, the gong, a "pony," the hod, etc., were knocked off to the highest bidders by the auctioneer, A. Owen Garland. Prof. Matthews announced the hour of half past ten, and the merry-makers soon departed, voting it the most successful public meeting of the year.

## ALUMNI.

J. Benson Starr, '87, is spending the winter at Baker City.

Edgar B. Piper, '86, was in Salem seeing his old friends a short time ago. He has been connected until recently with the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. "Ted," as his college friends know him, is a journalist of no mean ability.

Some of the present students may not know that Captain Percy Willis, who is gallantly serving his nation in the Philippines, is one of Willamette's sons—class of '85.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Goltra, '87 and '85, of Portland, visited Mrs. Goltra's parents in Salem during the holidays.

Wm. Demuse, '87, is filling the M. E. pulpit at Athena, in Eastern Oregon to the great satisfaction of the people there.

Abe L. Clark, '85, is a popular principal in the Astoria public schools.

"Abe" used to be first among the athletes and acrobats of his day.

Floyd Field, '97, is making inroads upon the great tract of mathematics in Harvard.

Dr. Grannis, the financial agent, seems to be interesting himself in the alumni about this time. He is particularly solicitous about their financial condition.

Miss Ellen J. Chamberlain, '68, formerly professor in the U. of Wash., and more recently in the Monmouth Normal school, has entered the O. A. C. as Dean of the Woman's Department and Professor of History. The O. A. C. may felicitate itself on this accession to its faculty. W. U. is pretty well represented in O. A. C., T. H. Crawford, '63, I. B. Horner, '85, and Miss Helen Crawford (Dept. of Orotory) being already there.

## MEDICAL.

Prof. Jeffreys was absent from his place in the lecture room for several

periods this month on account of the illness of his late daughter.

Any one could diagnose a floating kidney now after hearing Dr. Byrd's lecture. "Cold-abscess is sometimes a happy surprise." What about the holiday cadaver? We hear reports of some demonstrations on it yet. Does that mean 'tis still holidays, or good dissecting?

Dr. McNary has begun his course on

diseases of the skin. The doctor has just returned from the New York post-graduate.

The Seniors are beginning to count weeks now and make all things work together for the scene of the end. A good sized class expect to present themselves for graduation in April.

## MUSICAL.

The recital by the faculty of the College of Music which was to be given this month was postponed to the 5th of February.

On Dec. 30, 1899, the officers and executive committee of the Willamette Valley Choral Union met in Albany for the transaction of business connected with the May festival of Music. It was determined to hold the May festival in Salem, and Prof. Francisco Seley was elected festival director. Two master works will be rendered at this festival—Haydn's "Creation" and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," with soloists, chorus and orchestra. Besides these two works there will be one or two concerts during the festival week. The soloists will probably be secured in Portland, Eugene and Salem. The choruses from Eugene, Al-

bany, Corvallis, Dallas and Salem will participate, making a grand chorus, which will be directed in "St. Paul" by Prof. Seley, and in the "Creation" by Gifford Nash of Eugene. The orchestra will be a large one, consisting of the best obtainable players in the valley. All music-lovers of Salem should work for the success of this festival, as this means much for the Capital City.

The local choral society met Tuesday, Jan. 9th, for the first rehearsal. All who read music should join the society and work for its welfare, and bring the local membership up to 200.

There are ninety students enrolled in the College of Music, so that the studios of the College ought to be larger in order to accommodate the increasing attendance.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

"Hear dem bells?"

Miss Grayce Savage has returned to school.

Miss Ilda Jones is attending school at Corvallis.

Mr. Burkhart of Albany is one of our new students.

Miss Clark was quite Ackley-mated during vacation.

Every class in school is represented in the beginning German class.

Miss Lillie M. Harris, of Salem, is one of the newly registered students.

Miss Sharp—"Well, I think I need some Browning on my shoes."

Why is it that so many boys and girls crowd around the stove in the morning before chapel, although the temperature is uncomfortably warm?

A new street has lately been noticed in Salem. It is Hibbard's Lane.

Miss Carlson, of North Salem, is enrolled among the new students.

The Misses Hamilton spent the holidays visiting friends in Brownsville.

Who has not noticed the great change that has come over Mr. Baker—or rather over his face?

A new year has begun, but the Cronise Art Studio remains just the same. It does first-class work only.

We are pleased to see that Miss Iris Hanna is with us again, after several days' absence on account of illness.

Pres. Hawley—"I have seen two kinds of lyres—the musical lyre and the political liar, and both have strings on them."

"What is the matter with Prof. Collier's bell?"

"Nothing—only at times."

The young gentlemen had an extra session of chapel January 11th. They must be of a more pious disposition than their sisters.

Miss Crawford has taken for her motto this year, "Two can play at his game." She seems to be living up to it—in the chapel march, at least.

Prof. Carter—"Mr. Davies, I would like your excuse, if you please."

Mr. Davies—"Well, really, Prof. Carter, I haven't made it up yet."

205 Commercial street is the place where you get first-class meals. Remember the place. The Wonder.

Mr. Albert Manning of the senior

class has completed his work here and is now pursuing a course of study in mathematics in Stanford University.

Mr. O. M.—"I feel as tho' I had wheels in my head this morning."

Miss J. H.—"I guess they are from that truck you ate last night."

Prof. C.—"Prof. Matthews, come into the library. I want to show you a specimen."

Prof. M.—"What have you?"

Prof. C.—"A mirror."

A black-eyed junior lassie made this statement recently: "Well, I don't see what always makes me leave my books in Room 14."

We wonder (?), too.

Remember, a dollar saved is a dollar made, and you will never fail to buy your suit from G. W. Johnson Co.

Willamette was represented at the State Y. M. C. A. Convention at Monmouth, January 12th to 15th, by Messrs. Forbes, Worsham, White, Hughes, Aschenbrenner, Clark, Livesay, McKillop, and Prof. Drew.

In walking, the weaker of two persons takes the arm of the stronger. This is why the dudes are so often seen taking the young ladies' arms.

Prof. H.—"Well, Thielsen may be a Red-dick but he is also a beau (of) Kay."

Spring work in athletics will soon begin. Those wishing to take part in the same will do well to eat their meals at the Wonder, 205 Com. St.

Miss Helen Matthews, a former student of Willamette, who has been studying at Stanford University, was called home recently to attend the funeral of her father. Miss Matthews has the sympa-

thy of her many Willamette friends in her sorrow.

Prof. Carter spent several days during the past month in San Francisco.

The many friends of Mr. Max Miller were much saddened to hear the unexpected news of his death at Colfax, Wash., January 12th. Mr. Miller was a brother of Mr. Kinney Miller, and was at one time a member of the present sophomore class of this school. At the time of his death he held a position as clerk in a bank at Colfax, where he went in July of '98.

Willamette's Band is no longer a myth, but is one of the most promising organizations of the school. It has plenty of members even if its leader did announce that, "None but musicians need apply."

It is reported that Prof. Matthews thinks a sure cure for any man, who is inclined toward Mormonism, would be a half day's visit to Room 15. One girl says enough that is grating on a man's ears, to say nothing of having to listen to ten or fifteen, all talking at once.

Students' headquarters for up-to-date collars (2 for 25c) at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

Is Bible study needed in our school? Listen to this, which really happened in one of the preparatory classes this semester:

Professor—"Take, for instance, the case of Cain's killing his brother, Abel." Student—"Professor, who were Cain and Abel?"

Pres. Hawley (in chapel)—"It will do for a person to live in some secluded spot during childhood, but a time comes in every boy's life when he must come in touch with his fellows; when a girl must come in touch with her fellows. (Applause.) Well, I admit that the girls here need no encouragement in that line."

The college girls gave a farewell party

## GREAT SALE!!

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in honor of Mr. Albert Manning, at the home of Miss D Gans on Ferry street, on the evening of December 26th. Those present were Misses D. Bonnie and Reb-ah Gans, Erma Clark, Iris Hanna, Ethel Rigdon, Sophia Townsend. Frances Cornelius and Ethel Fletcher. Messrs. Albert Manning, John Reynolds, Rodney Ackley, Samuel Siewert, Harry Swaford and George Aschenbrenner.

A splendid time to supply your wardrobe with three or four suits of underwear, which you can buy for less money than ever at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the Woman's College, January 13th, by about twenty young ladies of the school, who were entertained by the young ladies who live at the College. Games and conversation occupied the main part of the evening, after which a mock trial took place. All voted the "hall girls" royal entertainers.

#### TO WHOM DOES THIS BELONG?

Found.—Near the gymnasium. A gentleman's gray coat. In left inside pocket was found a touching and mysterious note, signed by "Little Virginia W—." Clinging to the paper was a pink silk thread. The owner may recover his property by informing his fellow students concerning the writer of the note.

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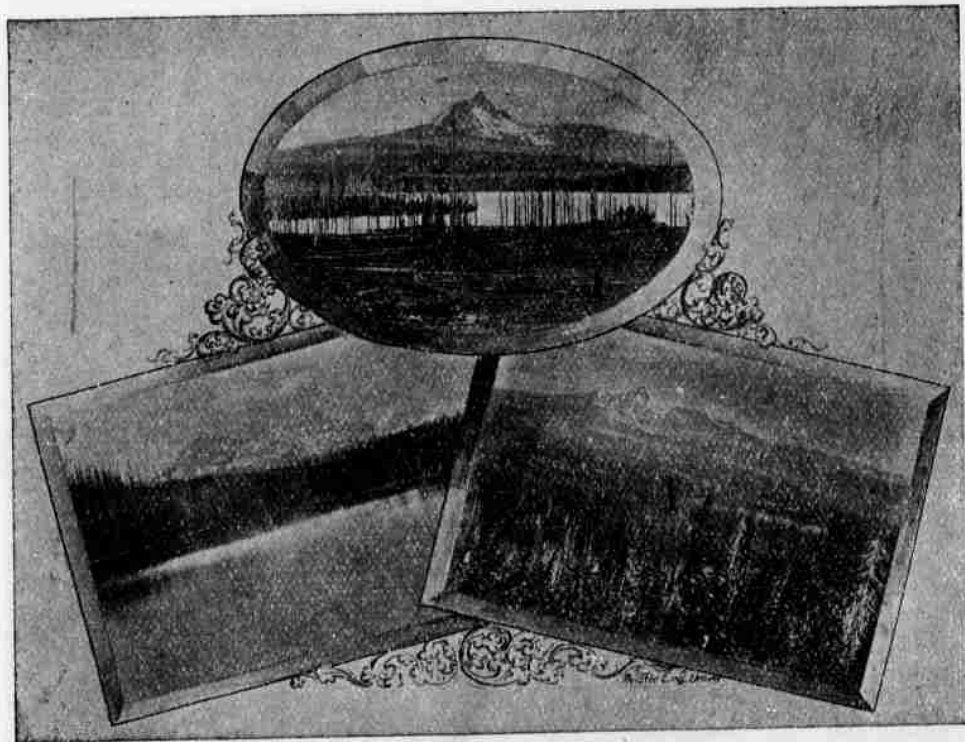
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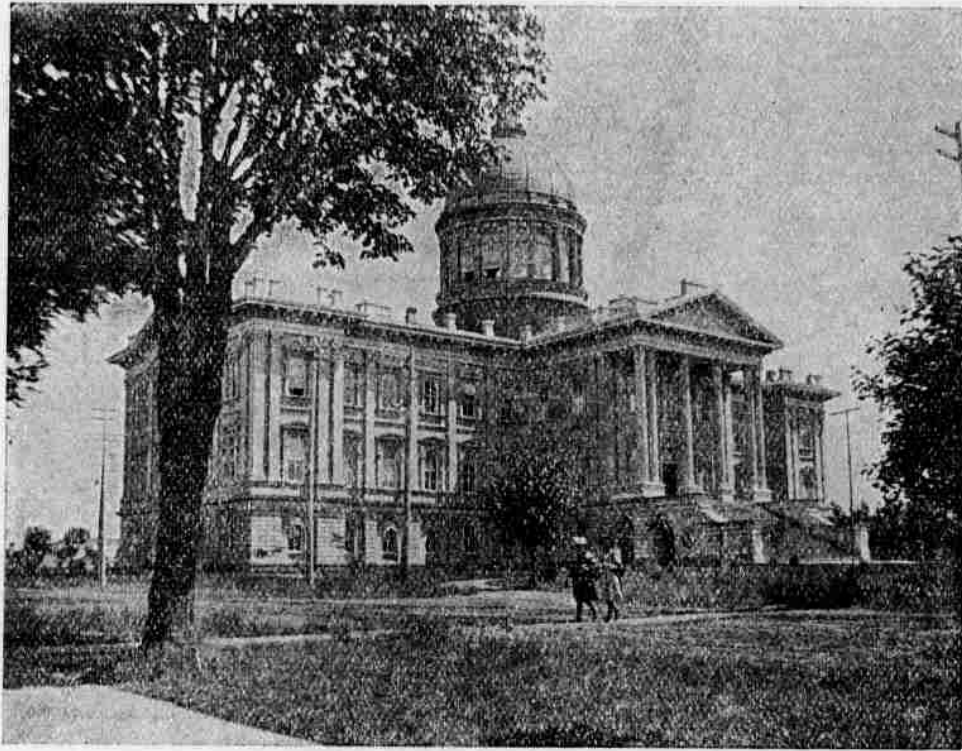
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