

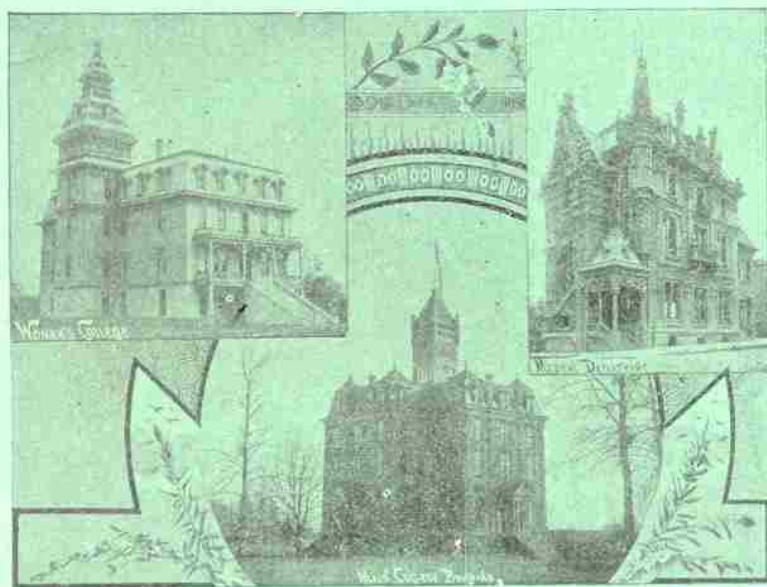
WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 5.

SALEM, OREGON, DECEMBER, 1893.

NO. 4.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY



The Pioneer Institution of Learning on the Pacific Coast!

IT HAS long held the leading place in the Northwest. It has been the largest in numbers, and has more departments of instruction than any other institution in the territory.

Its Medical Department is the leading school for physicians in this section. For particulars, address Dean Richmond Kelly, M. D., Portland, Oregon. It has the only school of Pharmacy in this region. For particulars, address Dean H. D. Dietrich, Portland, Oregon.

It has the finest Law Faculty on the coast. Address Dean S. T. Richardson, Esq., Salem, Oregon. Its School of Art is worthy of all praise in the skill and excellent taste of its Director, Miss Marie Craig, Salem, Oregon.

Its Conservatory of Music is by far the largest, and many think the best, under Director Z. M. Parvitt, Salem, Oregon.

Its Theological Department has excellent and able professors.

Its Elocution Department has a fine curriculum.

It does good thorough college work of higher grade than most institutions in this part of country.

Its Normal Course takes everything of the kind in quality.

Its Business Course may well attract every young man who wants something more than a few forms for a business life.

Its Preparatory Work is thorough and comprehensive, and worthy of careful investigation.

Its Woman's College affords an admirable home for young ladies under the care of Dean Mattie L. Hansee, Salem, Oregon. For year book and all kinds of information pertaining to the course of study, address

For financial information, address

W. C. HAWLEY, LL. D., A. M., Acting President.
J. H. ROORK, Agent,

SALEM, OREGON.

DR. CONTRIS, FILLS AND EXTRACTS TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

Bridgework and all modern dental operations done in the most skillful manner.
Office over Gray Bros., State and Liberty.

Salem Steam Dyeing and Cleaning Works, WALDEMAR NELSON, Proprietor, 183 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon.

Established in 1881 with the most complete and expensive plant in the State. Steam capacity, twelve horse-power. Ladies' and gents' clothing and fine fabrics of all kinds cleaned and dyed. Carpets, blankets, flannels, silk underwear, ladies' hats, straw hats, and feathers cleaned, dyed and renovated. Silk hats ironed. Silk hats, stiff hats, and soft hats cleaned, dyed, blocked and renovated. Orders by Stage, Mail or Express will receive prompt attention.

A. KLEIN,

SUCCESSOR TO WM. BROWN & CO.



FINE SHOES,

231 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon.

J. M. KEENE, D. D. S.

DENTAL OFFICE,
BREYMAN BROS.' BUILDING,
CORNER COMMERCIAL AND COURT STREETS.
OFFICE HOURS: 9:30 A. M. TO 5:00 P. M.

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.

MRS. S. C. REED,
Fine Millinery and Fancy Goods,
265 Commercial Street,
SALEM, - - OREGON.

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor in Chief.....	L. T. REYNOLDS, '94
Associate Editors.....	{ MYRTIE MARSH, '96 EDITH ERIZZELL, '96
Alumni Editor.....	MRS. MINNIE BROWN
Local and Personal.....	J. W. REYNOLDS, '95
Exchange.....	} CAROLINE BRADSHAW, '94
Miscellaneous.....	
Literary.....	VERNA LEEMAN, '98
Society.....	{ Philodorian..... FLOYD FIELD, '96 Philodorian..... MARIE ROCKWELL, '98
Business Manager.....	F. E. BROWN, '97
Assistant Business Manager.....	P. L. BROWN, '97

MAILING COMMITTEE.

J. H. ROBNETT, ALBERT MANNING, ANNA ALDERSON,
MATTIE BEATY, ADDA IRWIN.

The COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies of the 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 or our public schools are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and general information, relating to these subjects.

All articles for publication should be addressed the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

POETRY.

A LIFE.

F. E. BROWN.

A noisy, prattling boy of two, he sat on mother's knee,
A trifle then contented him, and caused him childish glee;
A whistle or a rattle or a pretty squeaking toy,
It satisfied, with joy supreme, this growing baby boy.

At five he starts with book and slate, and dinner pail to school;
For mother says, by all just means, he must not be a fool.
Here he at once in mischief gets, his teacher to annoy,
He must at least be out of place, this e'er inquiring boy.

At ten, he reads and writes and spells and talks of sciences;
He dreams of boats and engines too, and wants a printing-press;

A pony horse or bicycle would be his height of joy—
He'll have them when a man—mark that—this all-aspiring boy.

At twelve, you're nearly led to think he now must be a man,
To hear him talk of future days and that successful plan;
The confidence in self he shows, without that dread alloy
Which is to all a constant bane, but this untiring boy.

At sweet sixteen he seems quite changed; he's manly, to be sure,
But things in future seem forgot, and school he can't endure,
His hair must be combed back just so, in rough or pompadour,
His tie it is the latest make and not that thing of yore.

His coat is called a cutaway, one button just so high;
His pants, they are the ones now worn, without a fold awry.
He now is quite a lady's man, he studies how to please;
In walking with them home from church he seems at perfect ease.

He likes to go out with the boys, and roam the streets at night,
Most all the young men do the same, how can it be but right;
Though mother warns and father scolds, he still persists to go,
And tired at last, they say no more, for reasons they best know.

At twenty-one he's changed again, he ought to be a man,
He now must start out for himself, and work as well as plan;
His first thought is to go to school, he tries to plan a way,
But study seems so hard, and oft he's led to say:

"If I should start to school again, away down at the foot,
Among the smaller boys and girls, they'd point at me and hoot—
'I wonder who that fellow is, with mustache waxed so fine,
With tooth-pick shoes and flowing pants, and coat cut so benign?'"

" Oh, why did I not see my ways and go back
to my books,
Before I grew to be a man, but only one in
looks ;
If I had but applied myself, in times I spent in
fun,
I now would be a man indeed, with half my
laurels won."

We met the man at twenty-five ; he'd settled
down in life,
At school he met a maiden fair, and won her for
his wife—
He's clerking now in a down town shop—his
wages, pretty fair,
They say he's happy as a clam, and fairly walks
the air.

But ah, my dear young man these bonds, the
fatal steps you take,
The line of life you now have crossed, your home
is now at stake ;
'Tis now you need the power which comes from
cultivated mind,
From learning things of worth to use, when
youth is left behind.

Oh, thoughtless youth ! when will you learn !
great lives do testify—
That constant care must now be given to the
moments speeding by,
If you would wish your time of strength to be of
usefulness,
From infancy to manhood's door, each day and
hour progress.

At forty-five still on he toils, from early morn
till night,
Deep furrows in his brow are seen, his eyes have
lost their light.
His children, half a score or more, at home with
tolling wife—
They live, well yes, 'tis so they do, but is that
all of life ?

The months go by, we see him oft—by chance
one night we read—
A man found dead,—'twas heart disease—a home
in greatest need.

Do I not quote signs of the times, have I a pic-
ture drawn,
Which is ahead of this fast age, or does it seem
quite worn ?
Ah no, it is a fact of now, we see it every day,
These lives which are of purpose void, they
haunt us by the way.

We know that vice and sin lead down their
thousands hour by hour ;
But is not this another sphere, where Satan
wields his power ?

This easy, listless, drifting mode of half way do-
ing things,
Is tearing youth from heights of worth, which
naught but labor brings.

So, then, O youth, aim high in life, where right
and God are throned,
Let not lethargy of youth be yours to be be-
moaned ;
Keep straight ahead, your purpose leads, your
end is sure to be,
For right is might with all who say—my God,
He leadeth me.

EDITORIAL.

In this issue will be found an article by
Prof. Cochran, which describes a part of
his trip to the world's fair. It will be very
interesting to all of our readers, and par-
ticularly to those who have been in the
Professor's classes. He will continue the
subject in another issue.

* * *

We think it would be well for the prin-
cipals of the foot ball association to write
to the other colleges and get the rules that
are used in the games played by college
teams. If we attempt to organize a team,
it should not play by Association rules,
when other schools of this State are play-
ing an entirely different game.

* * *

We desire to call attention to the offer
that is made to those wishing to obtain a
first class monthly magazine at a low cost.
By special arrangement with the publish-
ers of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, we are
enabled to offer to our readers the oppor-
tunity to receive the *Cosmopolitan* for one
year, and the *Willamette Collegian* one year
for only one dollar and fifty cents. The
Collegian has the largest circulation of any
of the college papers in the northwest, and
is especially interesting to all who are in-
terested in Willamette University. The
Cosmopolitan is one of the best American
monthly magazines. Send us your sub-
scription.

It is often asked why there are not more students in the advanced classes of our colleges. With a Freshman class of sixty or seventy-five young men, the same college will perhaps have a senior class of only fifteen or twenty. What is the cause of the decrease in numbers? The academies and high schools are usually crowded, but very few of their graduates enter college.

One reason is, the increase in the last few years of technical schools, enabling the young student to immediately enter upon the study of a trade or profession. But this has not the influence that might be supposed. We find that these schools receive only a small per cent. of the high school graduates. When the average young man is about prepared for entering college, or before remaining in the higher institution of learning long enough to get the spirit of education and desire for knowledge, he is possessed with the idea of seeing results. Few young men would continue their labor for the person who required them to work several years, and then offered to reward them according to their industry and merit. So it is with the average student. He can obtain a position that will give immediate financial advantage, while if he choose to attend college he must spend four years, at the end of which he can see but an uncertain financial reward for the time he has thus spent. Thus we see numbers of bright girls and boys upon our streets, entering upon business life, who would, if they could understand its advantages, finish college before beginning their struggle in the battle of life.

* * *

College oratory is receiving more attention at present than at any time previous. We now have our college, state, inter-state and national contests of oratory.

The student of to-day recognizes in himself the statesman of to-morrow. Formerly it was skill in managing armies, that

was desired; now it is skill in managing words. The great questions of the nations are solved by the mouths of statesmen not by the mouths of cannons.

In the regular college work, such as the chapel rhetoricals, there is an inclination to choose thoughtless, uninteresting subjects, or anything that will require the least possible time. This retards the powers of the writer until, when he wishes to write a good article, he finds it impossible.

Questions and topics of the day should be selected which will require study. The mind should be filled with the thought, the opinions of others, not another should be thoroughly digested. Not so much effort should be made to use pretty words as exact words. In fact, if the orator would exert his abilities to find the best things to say and then say them precisely and concisely, both he and his hearers would be wiser.

LITERARY.

THE BOY, WALTER SCOTT.

Tradition relates a serious dilemma in which one of Scott's ancestors once found himself. He had been captured by a Scotchman of hostile clan, and given the choice between hanging on that gentleman's private gallows, and marrying the ugliest of his three ugly daughters, Merkle-mouthed Meg, reputed as carrying off the prize of ugliness among the women of the four counties. Sir William, the great-great-great grandfather of Scott, was a handsome man. He took three days to consider the matter, but chose life with the large mouthed lady in the end. He found her, according to Sir Walter Scott, an excellent wife, with a fine talent for pickling the beef which her husband stole from the herds of his foes. Merkie-mouthed Meg transmitted to her descendants, including Sir Walter, a distinct trace of her large mouth.

We are told that Scott's great grandfather, Beardie, gained his name because he would never cut his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts. He was a staunch supporter of the Stuart kings, and lost his property, besides risking a traitor's death, by his schemes in their behalf. The poet has described him in the following stanza:

"And thus my Christmas still I hold,
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,—
The feast and holy tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine;
Small thought was his in after time,
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme,
The simplest sire could only boast
That he was loyal to his cost;
The banished race of king's revered,
And lost his land—but kept his beard."

From Beardie, Sir Walter Scott inherited a sentimental prejudice in favor of the Stuarts which his better judgment condemned. But deeming it unnecessary to identify himself with either side, he remained neutral to outside observers, while with himself feeling always carried the day.

An incident, showing the inclination to speculate, in Scott's family, is told of the poet's grandfather. He had no money but wished to invest in sheep. A shepherd advanced him twenty pounds, and they were going to enter the sheep-raising business in partnership. When the shepherd had selected some desirable sheep, he returned to find his partner prancing about on a fine horse for hunting, for which he had spent his last shilling. The investment, however, was a good one, for he sold the horse for double its cost in a short time. Unlike his grandson, he then and there gave up speculation.

An incident, characteristic of both Sir Walter Scott's parents, is told by Mr. Lockhart, which will bring them vividly before our imagination:

"Mrs. Scott's curiosity was strongly excited one autumn by the regular appear-

ance, at a certain hour every evening, of a sedan chair, in which was deposited a person carefully muffled up in a mantle, who was immediately ushered into her husband's private room, and commonly remained with him there until long after the bed time of this orderly family. Mr. Scott answered her repeated inquiries with a vagueness that irritated the lady's feelings more and more, until at last she could bear the thing no longer; but one evening, just as she heard the bell ring as for the stranger's chair to carry him off, she made her appearance within the forbidden parlor with a salver in her hand, observing that she thought the gentleman had sat so long they would be better of a dish of tea, and had ventured accordingly to bring some for their acceptance. The stranger, a person of distinguished appearance and richly dressed, bowed to the lady and accepted a cup; but her husband knit his brows and refused very coldly to partake of the refreshment. A moment later the visitor withdrew, and Mr. Scott, lifting the window sash, took the cup which he had left empty on the table, and tossed it out upon the pavement. The lady exclaimed for her china, but was put to silence by her husband's saying: 'I can forgive your little curiosity, madam, but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house, on a piece of business, persons wholly unfit to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me or mine comes after Mr. Murray of Broughton's.' This was the unhappy man who, after attending Punic Charles Stewart as his secretary throughout the greater part of his expedition, condescended to redeem his own life and fortune by bearing evidence against the noblest of his late master's adherents."

Mr. Scott, though himself a strong Hanoverian, inherited enough feeling for the Stuart's from his grandfather, Beardie, to sympathize with them and despise any one who would turn traitor to that cause.

Having glanced briefly at some of Scott's

ancestors, let us turn to his early childhood.

At eighteen months, he had a fever which caused a lifelong lameness. For this reason, the child was sent to his grandfather's in the country (the same grandfather who bought the hunting horse before stocking his sheep ranch) near a ruined tower and some fine crags. His nurse used to carry him up on these crags, with the purpose, which she confessed to the housekeeper, of murdering the boy and hiding him in the moss. She was, of course, becoming insane, and was dismissed. Then he was taken out in the safer care of the shepherds, who often let him lie with the lambs on the grass. Long afterward, when an artist was drawing the ruined tower near the grandfather's ranch, as an illustration for one of Scott's works, the great novelist told him that the habit of lying on the turf there among the sheep and the lambs had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for these animals, which it had ever since retained. A housemaid describes him as "a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house," and a miniature taken of him in his seventh year confirms the statement. The almost comical forehead, which gained for him in after years the name of "Old Pevenil," because in him a peak seemed to tower above other men, was not so distinctly marked in childhood. His eyes were blue, his hair light chestnut, which turned to nut brown later.

Notwithstanding his lameness, he learned to climb about with great agility, and to sit his Shetland pony while galloping over very rough ground. This pony was not larger than a Newfoundland dog, and would come into the house to be fed by him.

Scott enjoyed declaiming when very young. He memorized a ballad, and shouted it out with such determined enthusiasm that the clergyman complained

that "I might as well speak in a cannon's mouth as where that child is."

He is described by Mrs. Cockburn as being a genius at six years of age. She says, "He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes; they will all perish.' After his agitation, he turns to me: 'That is too melancholy,' says he, 'I had better read you something more amusing.' And after the call he told his aunt he liked Mrs. Cockburn, for she was a *virtuoso* like himself. 'Walter,' says Aunt Jenny, 'what is a *virtuoso*?' 'Don't you know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything.'

Scott had wonderful self command, even in his infancy. One night he heard one of the servants telling another a ghost story. Knowing that if he listened he would not sleep that night, he resolutely muffled up his head in the bed comforters and refused to hear.

Scott's reputation at school was variable. "He glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other." Out of school, he made up numerous stories to which his companions delighted to listen. He was always in the most exciting and roughest games, despite his lameness. He acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, but steadfastly refused to learn Greek. His memory was wonderful. He used to say that it retained what hit his fancy and discarded the rest. His mother used to tell him old tales of her day, and in this way Scott was enabled to catch the spirit of the past and portray to us, so delightfully, the feelings of the English and Scotch.

STORY.

MABEL RAY'S THANKSGIVING.

ANNA ALDERSON.

The heavy rain which had been falling all the day on which our story begins, had

rendered the village of Frederickton rather a gloomy spectacle. The leaves on the trees hung black and withered, or, overcome by the force of the wind, littered the barren earth beneath, reminding the inhabitants that gay, smiling summer, had passed too quickly by, and that winter, so dreary, was rapidly approaching. Near the window, against which the wind was steadily beating, sat Mabel Ray with sad countenance, reading the Thanksgiving proclamation which had just appeared in the morning paper.

"It's all right and proper," sighed Mabel, as she finished reading the article and laid the paper on the table, "for those who have something for which to be thankful, to observe such a day, but it seems to me that it will hardly take an entire day for a girl with no more blessings than I experience, to render thanks. Of course, those Tracy girls, Lena Ballard, Maud Randall and that class of girls who live in an atmosphere so far above the common herd, will be only too glad to have another opportunity for asserting their rights, and for making those around them feel as uncomfortable as possible. It seems to me that so many blessings falling on such personages as they, prove not more blessings to them than they do curses to the people whose misfortune it is to live in such a community. I should like to meet a girl who had been taken from a circle of congenial friends, from an elegant eastern home, from scenery familiar to her from childhood, from wealth and influence, and placed in the far west, among classmates far superior in every way to those around them, in their own estimation, before scenery such as comforts me this afternoon, and, by adversity of fortune, into a home where 'strict economy' hangs as a motto above each door, and ask her what reasons she has for observing Thanksgiving day."

The family of Judge Tracy had, only a few months previous to the date of this

story, left their eastern home to try a new life in the far west. Mabel was the youngest of three daughters, two of whom had remained with a party of friends on the coast of Maine for a few months before joining the remainder of the family in their western home.

Mabel's spirits were not always so downcast as they seemed that bleak November afternoon. She was a girl whose feelings were very changable. She would wake in the morning with face shining as bright and happy as ever an eastern sky on a bright summer morn, and before the day was far advanced, many clouds would rise obscuring the brightness from the blue canopy overhead, but a warmer heart than Mabel's never beat in human breast. The conferring of small favors, as well as the lack of them, by the busy girls around her, did not fail to attract her attention, causing her to feel gay or sad. Only seventeen summers had passed over the head of Mabel Ray; and having been always before among those whom she had known from childhood, she was just learning that in this busy world, to a great extent, each one works for himself.

The girls of her class were friends of long standing. Their parents were of the wealthy class, and yet, hidden in each inmost heart, was the kindest feeling for those around them; yet they failed in as clearly exemplifying their thoughts and feelings in their daily life as some would wish.

Another week had passed away since Mabel sat gloomily thinking about her thanksgiving, when the door bell rang, and the voice of Mrs. Ray announces to her daughter the arrival of a message for her. With much curiosity, Mabel broke the seal and read:

"MISS MABEL RAY:

You are very cordially invited to be present at a reception given by the young ladies of our school on the evening of Nov. 27th inst., at the home of Miss

Grace Tracy, and we truly hope that you will be pleased to meet with us there and soon feel pleasantly at home among us.

We are,

MAUD RANDALL,
LENA BALLARD,
JENNIE FRANCE."

The evening came at last for the much talked of reception, and Mabel, plainly but neatly dressed, started from her home rather reluctantly. Mrs. Ray sat waiting for her daughter's return, anxiously waiting the report of the evening spent. The faithful old clock had just tolled the hour of ten, when in at the door bounded Mabel with eyes dancing with merriment and a face which told too plainly what a long, long story she had ready to relate to mamma. She told her of the lovely evening she had spent, of the beautiful girls who made her feel almost as if she were back home again; how changed every one seemed to be, and at last she exclaimed: "It is really the best Thanksgiving I have ever had. I do believe it better not to judge, at least too quickly, for things are not as they seem."

NOTES ON A VACATION TRIP.

No. 1.

L. G. COCHRAN.

Leaving Salem in July, with only seven weeks in which to visit "the old home," and the World's Fair, my first objective point was Salt Lake city. The morning train from Portland, via the Union Pacific, gave us a delightful ride up the Columbia river. I had heard much of the far-famed "Dalles of the Columbia," said to excel in beauty even the Pallisades of the Hudson. I have always been enthusiastic over fine natural scenery, and have dabbled not a little in landscape photography, so that on this trip I was especially interested to capture the landscape from the best points of view, with my snapshot camera. Out of nearly one hundred exposures on the round trip, I made some poor

pictures, and some I value more than those one could buy. From Portland to the Dalles I rode on the rear platforms. It is a never-to-be-forgotten ride. The Columbia is not more than half as wide as the Mississippi between Iowa and Illinois, and often less than that; but for bold effects, long and beautiful sweeping curves of river scenery, bordered by kaleidoscopic changing of bluff, mountain peak and waterfall, this half day's ride has perhaps no superior on the entire journey from Salem to Chicago.

The localities of chief interest to me between Portland and Chicago are the Dalles of the Columbia and the nine hundred miles of canyons and mountain passes between Salt Lake City and Denver, Colorado, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, not counting the cities. Returning via the Canadian Pacific, the mountains from the Rockies to Puget Sound, and the Sound itself, are the most attractive.

Night interrupted our view at Pendleton, and prevented my seeing the Blue mountains. From Ontario, twenty-two hours' ride from Portland, to Pocatello, Idaho, near Ogden, Utah, the ride was to me of little interest as regards scenery. All day in the heat of a summer sun, the alkali dust sifting in at every crack, a nearly level, monotonous stretch of landscape, no trees, nothing but dreary looking sage brush; an occasional low ridge of hills in the distance, straggling little stations, conspicuous for saloons and a general discouraged look, low broken bluffs of black lava, an almost utter absence of streams of water—you can cross more bridges in an hour in Illinois than in all day in Idaho—an occasional lone rider on a horse, following a foot-path through the sage brush, a tired, lonesome looking woman in the doorway of a bleak little cabin—these are the features of that day's ride most vividly impressed on my mind. One exception to the general monotony was the American Falls, where the railroad crosses the Snake river, immediately over the falls. They are a series of abrupt cascades and short falls, pic-

turesque and interesting, but the country is barren. The river runs in a shallow gorge cut in the lava beds, which extend for hundreds of miles in southern Idaho. No vegetation is in sight except sage brush. Hundreds of square miles of this territory were in later geologic ages covered with outpourings of lava. The absence of water, the consequent lack of trees and the alkali dust is in strong contrast with the green fields and rich forests of the Mississippi or Willamette valleys. One is glad, on arriving at Pocatello, to be once more in sight of a stirring town, green trees and the mountains.

The journey from Portland to Pocatello is, however, full of interest to the student of geology. Could a Professor of geology take his class over this route and study with them only the features visible from the train, it would be far better for them than any set of lectures not illustrated by the travel.

Pocatello is situated about five hours' ride from Ogden, Utah. On the south, the foot hills of the Rockies are close up to the town, while on the north a branch of railroad stretches over a flat sandy plain, toward Butte City and Helena, Montana, and past the Yellowstone Park. The town is in the midst of an Indian reservation. The road gave the Indians a right to all the riding they wanted free of cost. Numbers of "wild looking" Indians were lying about on the depot platform. When the trains were just moving off, they would rush in great haste and climb on the platforms of the cars as if they were stealing a ride.

We wait at this place till 3:00 A. M., and take the train for Ogden. Daylight finds the train in a green and beautiful valley, the Wasatch mountains on the east. Soon we pass through Bear River Canyon, a wild and desolate gorge. Bear river empties into Salt Lake, which soon appears, and then Ogden. The Wasatch mountains rise just east of the city about eight thousand feet above the valley, to a total height of fourteen thousand feet, if we believe the statements of the people there. Snow lay on their tops, and clouds

rested gracefully below. Near Ogden, are noted hot springs much visited by tourists.

At 10 A. M. we arrive at Salt Lake city. I had read much of this place ever since I can remember; now I was to see it. It is a most beautiful place. I met some travellers who were inclined to disparage the city; but to me the four places most worth seeing, desirable for a home, between the Pacific coast and Chicago, are Salem, Portland, Salt Lake City and Denver. The city is about sixteen miles from Great Salt Lake. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," so they are about this "New Jerusalem" of the "Latter-day Saints." Their peaks lift themselves to a height of fourteen thousand feet. City Creek, Emigration and Parley's canyons are in plain sight from the city. Through Emigration canyon, the fugitive Mormons first made their way into this valley. Through Parley's canyon, a short railroad passes to the largest silver mine in the world, according to the statement of persons at Salt Lake. I waited one day extra to visit this mine, but was informed it had been shut down in consequence of the silver depression, and hence I did not go to it.

The Mormons have been so well written up by others that I shall not attempt it. The streets of Salt Lake City are very wide, about double the ordinary width, and the blocks are about double the ordinary length. The city is beautifully embowered in trees. One is surprised and delighted at the first visit here, and loth to leave. Sunday to Thursday we spent there, entertained at the home of Rev. W. D. Mabry, D. D., pastor of First M. E. church. Dr. Mabry is an old friend, an ex-Presiding Elder and University trustee. We visited all the usual places of interest, not the least being the bathing resort, Garfield Beach, on the Salt Lake. To the two resorts, Garfield and Saltair, on the day we went out, I estimated that about twenty trains, carrying probably four or five hundred people on each train—at least that number in the afternoon—went back and forth. The "rush" was great. The bath in Salt

Lake is said to be the finest in the world. The clear atmosphere makes distance very deceptive. I wanted to visit a wall of rock up the sloping shore, which looked about four or five blocks away, but was told it was a mile and a half distant. I carried my camera out into the lake and took several shots at the bathers.

One of the "funny" things about Salt Lake bathing is, that you can lie down on the water and float easily, but if a novice you cannot get up again without help; the legs are so much lighter than the water, that one cannot put them down so as to stand up, when once on his back floating. Ordinary attempts only result in failure and a bitter strangling in the bitterest of brine. A common method there with those learning to float, is for one who knows how, to lie down on the water, another lies down and rests his head between the feet of the first, and on his own feet supports the head of the third. A line of six or seven men or women thus made, paddles itself about ad libitum.

On Sunday afternoon we attended the Mormon Tabernacle service, sat near the front among them, heard their far-famed choir, and a sermon under which we went to sleep twice. The sermon, in brief analysis, was—how they had been persecuted and abused, and having come to the desert valley had transformed it into a garden, and had been prospered in developing a city. This was proof that the Lord was with them. Now the Gentiles were coming to drive them out and seize their heritage. The people generally seemed to me very crude and uncultured. One can but pity them, and wish a pure gospel might reach their hearts.

From Salt Lake we went on to Denver—but of that next time.

WHAT WE READ.

VERNA L. LEEMAN.

In this progressive age, everybody reads. Old and young, in store and office, on train and steamboat, by the cheerful blaze of the

home fireside, under the feeble flicker of the street lamp, books of value and books not worth the paper upon which they are printed. The eager scholar pores over his costly volume. The street urchin spells a few sentences from one of the bundle of newspapers under his arm. Papers, pamphlets, magazines and books are scattered about like wind blown leaves in autumn.

The number of books in the English language has been estimated at 2,000,000, and many more are published every year. There are readers who can scarcely wait until the ink is dry upon the pages of the latest book, before they grasp it and skim through the principal details. They would be astonished should you confess your ignorance of it.

Under the head of fiction come good and bad books. The popular taste demands fiction, and, as a result, the literary market is overstocked with useless and harmful reading matter. The cause of many of the crimes committed, especially in the case of young people, has been traced to the reading of dime novels.

On the other hand, many of our best novels are historic, biographic, theologic, scientific, and yet are classed under fiction. We find some of the best moral and spiritual teachings under this head.

But there are different ways of reading a novel, or in fact any book. We do not always see with the eyes of the author. It is an established fact that few people read poetry. We like to read a poem now and then, but we seldom sit down and read the whole volume through, and there are emphatically few books of poetry upon our library shelves.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked what advice he gave to young poets, said: "I tell them that poetry makes a good cane to play with, but a poor staff to lean upon."

As to what we should read: First of all, we should read to supply our deficiencies. Not all have the advantage of a liberal education, and must make up for this lack by judicious reading. Even those who have had the best school advantages find, after

contact with the world and its ever-varying needs, that there are great gaps to be filled.

We should read thoroughly. One good book read and understood thoroughly, does more good than a dozen half read, for in literary skimming we rarely get the cream.

We ought to read somewhat along the line of our business or profession. Let the carpenter study architecture, the farmer agriculture. Every man ought to know the history of his country, and have a thorough understanding of its political machinery, though the buzz and whirr of the big drive wheels are sometimes confusing.

But we must not mistake and confine ourselves to one field of thought. We must look on all sides, though we may allow our gaze to linger on that which our minds are capable of absorbing and developing to our greatest good.

We should cultivate our mental taste. It may require resolution and persistence, as do all good things, but our reward will be great.

The books we read, especially those read in youth, have a great influence over our lives.

Some one has said truly, "Books are our best friends." Emerson lays down three good rules:

"1. Never read any book that is not a year old."

"2. Never read any book but famed books."

"3. Never read any but what you like, and what you know will do you good."

DONT'S FOR STUDENTS.

Don't think you can get an education by cramming.

Don't trust to chance in your recitations.

Don't expect the teacher to do half your work for you.

Don't think that going to school means having a good time.

Don't cultivate the mind at the expense of your body and spiritual nature.

Don't forget that good manners are quiet manners.

Don't think it shows college spirit to say witty things at the expense of others.

Don't forget that the best things are underneath the surface.

Don't think you know everything; you may be a student all your life, and in the end come far short of wisdom.

Don't be afraid to try; mistakes are a great source of knowledge.

Don't pretend to know what you do not know. Be honest at all times.

Don't fear criticism. Our enemies are, oftentimes, the best critics, and teach us more than our friends.

Don't forget this: "It is well to be wise; it is not well to be too wise. He is the happiest man who knows well what he knows. The wise man's heart is not glad when he knows too much."

COLLEGE.

The following resolutions were adopted by the faculty soon after the beginning of the school year:

Whereas, Prof. Wm. S. Arnold was the senior Professor in rank having occupied his chair for thirteen consecutive years with popularity and success; be it therefore *Resolved*, That we recognize in Prof. Arnold a man of unblemished Christian character, a devoted professor and a true friend of Willamette University.

2. *Resolved*, that we part with Prof. Arnold as with a true and tried friend, with whom we have ever stood in endearing relation and whose work we believe will long remain; that our warmest feelings of Christian regard and Professional sympathies will follow him to his new field and to the success of his future life.

Whereas, Prof. Minnie Cunningham has resigned her professorship in the Grammar Department of W. U., after ten years of faithful service; therefore, be it

1. *Resolved*, That we have learned to esteem her as a model Professor through her skill and fidelity as an instructor, her uniform urbanity and her great love for her work and for the University.

2. *Resolved*, That we have learned to cherish for her the highest personal and official regard, and we cannot but record a keen sense of sorrow for our loss, compensated for only in the nature of the work and promise of great usefulness upon which she has entered.

Whereas, Miss Margaret G. Scriber, after one year of faithful service in the Department of Elocution in Willamette University, has resigned her important position; therefore, be it

1. *Resolved*, That we have proved Miss Scriber to be a lady of eminent talent in her profession, and of great devotion to its development, and that she has been specially successful in the work she has undertaken among us.

2. *Resolved*, That we regret her resignation. We entertain very pleasant memories of the past, and express our best wishes for her greatest future happiness and welfare.

Whereas, Rev. Geo. Whitaker, D. D., has resigned the Presidency of Willamette University, which he has very acceptably filled for the past two years; and

Whereas, We have become greatly attached to him, because of his many estimable qualities, exhibited through our varied mutual relations; therefore, be it

1. *Resolved*, That we part with him with the deepest regret, in view of the high official and personal relations he has sustained to us; and

2. *Resolved*, That we have learned to prize him because of his noble and manly bearing, his sterling Christian character, his high scholarship, his excellent teaching qualities, his skill as general manager, his tact as a disciplinarian, and his popular, effective capabilities in representing our institution abroad; and

Resolved, That his services in the past two years, in the reorganization of the curricula, the elevation of the tone and character of our work, the comprehensive grasp of its high ideal and many progressive measures to reach it, the lofty conception of the model student, and the earnest efforts, through the best of discipline and kindly incentives, to realize this lofty purpose, and the growing favor in which these efforts are generally received, will long remain among the most cherished remembrances of the past, and we wish for him and his abundant prosperity and highest usefulness wherever under Providence his lot may be cast.

SOCIETIES.

PHILOSOPHIAN.

Oct. 20th, the following program was rendered; Essay by Bertha Byrd; Recitation by Mattie Beatty; Extract, by Daisy Musik.

Debate: *Resolved*, That the United States would be benefitted if it would adopt the South Carolina liquor law. The question was very ably discussed, and resulted in a victory for the affirmative.

On that day we were pleased to have Prof. Brown and Mrs. Yerex visit us, and we hope that we may often be favored by visits from our friends.

Nov. 3, as the secretary had been sick, and no program was placed on the bulletin, some of the members being unprepared, we had no exercises. Some of the young ladies regretted this very much, for five members of our brother society were present and we would like to have shown them how much we are superior to our brother society.

The young gentleman each made a speech and complimented us upon our society.

This failure shows plainly that an assistant secretary is needed.

Nov. 10 being regular joint meeting, we held our society in the evening and did our part in executing a well prepared program.

Nov. 17th, the regular term election of officers was held and resulted as follows:

Pres., Cora Winters; Vice Pres., Verna Leeman; Sec., Edith Frizzell; Treas., Lena Stillwell; Censor, Carrie Bradshaw; Librarian, Flora Jones; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mary Black; Custodian, Hetta Field.

Helen Mathews read an essay which was a letter from Dame Fortune in which she said that if we observe closely Robert's Rules of Order she would give us her blessing and peace and prosperity would follow.

A recitation by Lena Stillwell followed.

Edith Field then read a selection showing the tender and sympathizing nature of some of the commanders in our Civil War.

The program concluded with a recitation by Mina Huelat.

PHILODORIAN.

On the 28th of October, the Philodorian society was called to order, with 23 present. The subject for the debate of the evening was, "*Resolved*, That it would be to the interest of the State of Oregon to operate some large industry at the state prison."

The question was decided in favor of the affirmative.

On the 17th of November, which was the first meeting of the second term, the society elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Floyd Feld; Vice President, C. J. Atwood; Secretary, R. W. Callison; Assistant Secretary, W. A. Morris; Treasurer, W. J. Shepherd; Censor, I. H. Van Winkle; Librarian, E. E. Martin; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. W. Reynolds.

After the election of officers, there seemed to be some attraction elsewhere, as a great many of the members acted as though they were sitting on tacks. The society adjourned at 9:30 o'clock, and as soon as the President declared the vote, those persons who had been so restless during the meeting made a rush for the door, and started for a tramp into the country. When they reached their destination, some crumbs of cake and some

cold chocolate was brought and distributed through the crowd. After this, they returned to their homes seemingly well pleased with their tramp.

On November 24th, the principal feature of the meeting was the installation of the new officers. The society intends to have a "mock house of representatives" during the coming term, instead of the regular literary program. We hope, for the benefit of those who have to listen, that none of the members will be as long-winded as some of the Senators of the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LOCATION OF WILLAMETTE.

After more than ten years of personal contact and observation, Rev. T. Van Scoy, D. D., in his last official utterances as President of Willamette University, published to the world the following truthful general statement, in regard to the location of the Willamette University:

Salem, the capital of Oregon, is most beautifully situated on the east bank of the Willamette river, fifty-three miles south of Portland. Rich farm land lies on all sides and extends away for many miles. The scenery is delightfully varied by hills on the south and across the river on the west. The streets are wide and have a considerable decline westward towards the river. Several living streams of water flow through them into the Willamette, and in their course turn the powerful wheels of the great flouring mills, of which Salem is justly proud. It contains a population of nearly 12,000. The Willamette University, founded at a time when Salem was scarcely a town-site, has had the opportunity to grow with the city and impress its work upon the society. For morals and high state of Christian society, Salem is far in advance of most towns of its size. The official position of so many of its residents, in county and State, render an increased culture to society. Many of the

State educational institutions are located here, with their officers and teachers, which circumstance adds another advantage to the location of a University. The buildings are immediately in town, and places of business are of easy access. The campus on which the buildings are situated contains about eighteen acres. The people of Salem have ever given non-resident students a cordial welcome to their homes, their churches and society, so that, although among strangers at first, they are soon made to feel that they are among friends, desiring and striving for their best interests. All circumstances combine to make Salem the best University town on the Coast. It is not too large, so as to absorb the interest of a University in its business affairs, and it is not so small as to be unable to accommodate all its interests.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Hodson and Miss Mamie (Parvin) Brown attended chapel on Oct. 23, when Miss Bertha Byrd read an essay entitled "The Fall of Constantinople."

On Oct. 24, Miss Edith Field recited "Shenandoah Sheridan," and was followed on the next day by Mr. Floyd Field with an essay upon "The Ferris Wheel." Mr. J. R. Wetherbee was a visitor on this day, and Miss Grace Scriber on the next, when Miss Hetty Field recited "Independence Bell."

On Oct. 27, Miss Edith Frizzell read an essay on "Physical Culture." Mr. Hal Hibbard, on the 30th, recited "That Strike at Pemberton," and the students had to be reminded that applause is prohibited. Mr. B. L. Steeves was present. Mr. Steeves intends to graduate from Willamette Medical Course this year, and writes the COLLEGIAN notes from that place.

On the last day of the month, Rev. Shulse and Rev. A. S. Mulligan were at chapel, and the latter lead the exercises. Mr. Manning presented an interesting essay upon the "Nicaragua Revolution. Mr. Mulligan received

the degree of A. B. from Willamette in '88, and has assisted Mr. Shulse in his recent revival services in South Salem.

On Saturday evening, the 29th, the young ladies of the Y. W. C. A. gave a ten cent social in the halls of the literary societies. An excellent napkin lunch was served, and also lemonade. The affair was a complete success financially and socially.

On Nov. 1, Miss Myrtie Marsh recited, "Brought Back." Mrs. A. A. Lee and Miss Burnside attended.

Mr. Phil Metchan, on Nov. 2, read an essay on "The Umbrella, which was very appropriate. Miss Ethel Gray visited chapel.

Mr. E. E. Porter was present on the 3rd, and heard the declamation of Mr. J. H. Robnett, "The Legend of Bregenz."

The subject of Miss Rockwell's essay on Nov. 6, was, "Noblesse Oblige."

Nov. 7, Mr. J. W. Reynolds declaimed a speech upon the American War, by Lord Chatham.

Bishop Dillon, of United Brethren church, spoke in an entertaining and instructive manner, and led the devotional exercises. The visitors present were Mrs. A. A. Lee and Misses Dimick and Burnside. There was no victim to the custom of rhetorical.

Miss Graham has entered the Commercial Department, taking stenography and type-writing.

The intervening day, Mr. B. L. Savage recited the "Death of Benedict Arnold."

Nov. 16, Miss Fannie Mann and Miss Bean were at chapel.

On Nov. 11, a reception was given to the male students of the Willamette by the Messrs. Savage. About thirty-five were present and spent a most pleasant evening. There were music and games, and no want of good humor. It would not, perhaps, flatter the young ladies to tell how well these misogynists enjoyed themselves; but the ladies might tell also of the party exclusively of their own sex, tendered them by Miss Helen Matthews, at her home in Englewood, on Nov. 17.

Mr. L. T. Reynolds, on Nov. 14, read an essay on "Chinese Exclusion," which was an argument in its favor. The opposite side of the question was presented on Nov. 16, by Miss Cora Winters.

Music without the dance, games without the card table, conversation without gossip, were enjoyed by the members of the Young Womens' Christian Association and invited guests, at the home of Miss Helen Matthews on the evening of Friday, Nov. 18. At an early hour the guests were welcomed into rooms beautifully decorated with flowers. An interesting program was rendered, the principal features of which were a reading by Miss Leeman, a vocal duet by the Misses Brown, accompanied by the guitar, and a visit from Mr. Jinglebrains, which were highly enjoyed by those present. This was succeeded by a bountiful luncheon. At a reasonable hour, the guests dispersed, having the consciousness of a profitably spent evening.

The members of the Association are greatly indebted to Mrs. Matthews for her kindness and hospitality. There were present: Mrs. Matthews, Miss Helen Matthews, Cora Winters, Anna Alderson, Edith Field, Edith Frizzell, Myrtie Marsh, Grace Pohle, Verna Leeman, Lara Prescott, Daisy Music, Mary Black, Marie Rockwell, Emilie and Mathel Henry, May and Pauline Burcham, Winnifred Norwood, Miss Brown, Mattie Beatty, Miss McKee, Lena Stillwell, Flora Jones, May Missler, Dora Altermatt, Miss Foster, Miss Rowland, Mary and Belle Aitken, Miss Dimit, Pearl Applegate, Estelle Holmes, Miss Brown, Miss Smith and Bertha Jones.

For Educate
Business.

AT THE **Capital Business College** OF

SALEM, OREGON.

W. L. STALEY, Principal.

Five Departments: **Business, Shorthand, English, Typewriting and Penmanship.**

Board and furnished room, in private family, at \$3.00 per week. Send for our new 40-page catalogue.

The Review of Reviews.

Gives all that is best in the other magazines, and presents absolutely unique features of its own. Keeps its readers informed of everything in the world that is worth knowing. Profusely illustrated.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS,
13 Astor Place, New York City.

Pause! Read! Reflect!

"The study of worlds opens before us horizons of time as immense as those that are brought to view in space. It gives us a glimpse both of eternity and infinity. We all admire the beauties of terrestrial nature, green hills, fragrant fields, babbling brooks, woods with mysterious shadows, groves filled with singing birds, mountains crowned with glaciers, the immensity of oceans, clouds bordered with gold and scarlet of glowing sunsets; sublime sunrises that tinge mountain peaks with their ruddy glow and send their first rays to shine among the gray vapors of the plain and of the world's mineralogical formation, the thousands of curious things belonging to the mineral kingdom. And all who read

GOLDTHWAITE'S GEOGRAPHICAL AND MINERALS
MAGAZINES.

can keep abreast of these wonderful changes and developments. Send 25 cents for sample copies. You will not regret it. Subscription to Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine, \$2.00. Subscription to Goldthwaite's Minerals Magazine, \$1.00. GOLDTHWAITE'S MAGAZINES, New York City.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.

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

BROOKS & SALISBURY,

Lead in

Guns and Sporting Goods,

NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS,

94 State Street, - - - SALEM, OREGON.

We Are Reaping Our Reward The magnificent line of Jackets, Macintoshes and Dress Goods we secured for our Fall Trade brought us an immense business. It is not yet too late to secure a good selection.

Bertha Butterfly Capes
Fan and Umbrella Backs,
Ballon Sleeves.
 The best things in
+ JACKETS +
 ARE

T. HOLVERSON & CO.

301 Commercial St.

CALL AND GET
 Your Pictures enlarged before the Xmas rush, at the
GRONISE PHOTO STUDIO
 THE USUAL REDUCTION TO STUDENTS.
 Cor. State and High Sts., SALEM, OR.

SMITH & STEINER,
DRUGGISTS,
 Corner of State and Commercial Streets,
 SALEM, OREGON.

THE FRUIT PALACE!

M. T. RINEMAN, Proprietor,

Dealer in

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wooden, Willow, Tin, and Granite Ware
 All kinds of Machine Oils a Specialty. Highest Market Price for Country Produce.

Telephone No. 13.

SALEM, OREGON.

132 State Street.

Santa Claus' Headquarters

—IS NOW AT—

F. S. DEARBORN'S BOOKSTORE.



The Largest Lines of

FINE BOUND POETS.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

LEATHER GOODS.

HAND PAINTED GLASS GOODS.

PICTURE FRAMES. LATEST PATTERNS.

OREGON SOUVENIR XMAS CARDS.

JAPANESE NOVELTIES.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, ETC.

263 Commercial Street,

SALEM, OREGON.

A HIGH-class Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the home is no longer a luxury. It is a necessity, and to meet the demands created by this necessity, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, giving yearly, as it does, 1336 pages of reading by the ablest living authors, with over 1200 illustrations by clever artists, has stepped into the breach, with a reduction in its price that has startled the literary world.

The WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN, fully alive to the needs of its patrons, has made special arrangements with this superb monthly, whereby it will receive orders for yearly subscriptions to both publications combined for the sum of \$1.50.

12 1/2 cts.	Willamette Collegian	\$1.50
A	AND	A
Month.	Cosmopolitan Magazine	Year.

The price of the great illustrated monthlies in the past has been \$1.00 and \$4.00 a year, and they were to be found only in the more pretentious homes. Our offer furnishes a help to all families, no matter how modest their means, to keep in touch with the greatest minds of the world, as The Cosmopolitan has to-day the strongest regular staff of any existing periodical. Send orders to
FRANK E. BROWN,
Business Manager.



Scientific American
Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS,
TRADE MARKS,
DESIGN PATENTS,
COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to
MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, New York.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America.
Every patent taken out by us is brought before
the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

H CURRENT HISTORY.

An Illustrated Quarterly Magazine devoted to recording the history of the world as that history is being made. Not mere extracts from other publications, but an original, carefully studied review, giving an intelligent and comprehensive grasp of affairs. The only magazine covering the historical field systematically, and to which the reader may turn with absolute certainty that no current historical event of importance is omitted. A concise yet comprehensive review for the use of teachers, clergymen, lawyers, students and all others who would be up with the times. Each number contains about 224 pages; price \$1.50 per year; sample copies, 25 cents; sample covers showing contents of last issue mailed free upon request. Address GARRETSON, COX & CO., Publishers, 307-373 7th Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

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 of ten 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.

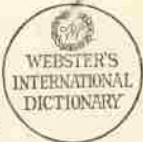
This Work is Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, scholar, professional man and self-educator.

Sold by All Booksellers.

C. & 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.



The E. M. Waite Printing Co.,

Book and Job Printers,

Legal Blank Publishers,

Ladd & Bush Bank Building.

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

AITKEN & PALMER,
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY AND LAMPS,
SALEM, OREGON.

CHERRINGTON BROS.,
LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS
SALEM, OREGON.
 Special rates to Students.

J. W. MEREDITH,
DENTIST.

289 Commercial St., Corner of State Street.

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.

Established 1863.

Incorporated 1885.

R. M. WADE & CO.,
Hardware, Farm Machinery,
Wagons and Carriages, Stoves and Tinware,
SALEM, OREGON.

MITCHELL, WRIGHT & CO.,
Gen. Fire, Life and Accident Ins. Agts.
Representing none but Leading Old Line
Companies.
452 Commercial Street, - SALEM, OREGON.

F. T. HART,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
232 COMMERCIAL STREET,
Salem, - - Oregon.

Dr. J. C. Griffith, Dentist.
Office cor. of Commercial and Court Street. All work guaranteed
ANESTHETICS ADMINISTERED IF DESIRED.
Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

33 1-3
Per cent. off for Cash on all purchases for
THIRTY DAYS.
 \$12 will Buy \$18 worth of Goods.
E. C. SMALL.

TRY THE
NEW YORK RACKET
333 Commercial Street,
FOR BARGAINS IN
SHOES, HOSIERY
Underwear and Notions.

J. A. VAN EATON,
Successor to Squire Farrar & Co.
Headquarters for Fine Teas, Coffees and Spices,
Commercial Street,
SALEM, - - - OREGON.

MAN IS BORN TO SORROW,
EVEN AS THE SPARKS
FLY UPWARD."
WHY

Grieve, fret and worry? Buy your
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes & Underwear,
—AT— **THE CASH STORE!** Where the

PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

297 Commercial St., Salem.

J. W. THOMAS.

CAPITAL DRUG STORE.

The finest line of Perfumery, Toilet Soaps,
Sponges, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.

LUNN & BROOKS.

OUR HOLIDAY GOODS

MUST BE

CLOSED OUT

Great Reductions on Albums, Dressing Cases
and Childrens' Story Books.

We have the finest and largest line of Imported Fancy Goods, fine China Ware, Oregon
Christmas Cards, Shells and Curiosities. A fine line of Pocket and Table
Cutlery and the Famous Tory Razors.

GEO. F. SMITH, Prop.

THE WONDER,

120 State Street, Corner of Liberty.

THE SALEM WOOLEN MILL STORE,

SALEM, - - - OREGON,

Manufacturers of

Mens' Youths' 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 St.