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THE CRESCEENT.

VOL. XII. MARCH, 1901. NO. 6.

Wendell Phillips—The Agitator.

This Oration Ranked First in the Inter-collegiative Oratorical Contest of Oregon

Orator—Elwood S. Minchin, '04.

THE achievements of a great man are always inspiring, whether his genius lies in powers of government, in fields of literature, in flights of oratory, or in master-pieces of art. Every nation has her Gladstone, her Emerson, her Cicero, and her Apelles; she holds them in grateful memory and regards them with deepest love and honor. America has produced many men whose lives stand as lasting monuments before the eyes of their countrymen. No one is more worthy of the honor and gratitude of the American people than that man who planted the flag of freedom on the ramparts of slavery, Wendell Phillips, the agitator.

Backward through the perspective of 70 years, let us look and see the dark cloud of slavery, as it threatened the moral life of our Nation. America then considered slavery a commercial necessity. Driven on by the ever-potent desire for gain, men bartered away their fellow-men; women and children were knocked down to the highest bidder; babies were torn from their mothers' arms and sold by the pound. Such were the conditions when William Lloyd Garrison founded the Anti-Slavery Society of Massachusetts. His followers, called Abolitionists, were despised as fanatics, were mobbed, stoned and some even killed because they demanded justice for the black man. To be an Abolitionist in America was almost as unsafe as to be a Christian in the days of Nero.
Wendell Phillips, though always opposed to slavery, had not openly declared himself an abolitionist, until aroused by the murder of P. P. Lovejoy, an anti-slavery editor, who had been mobbed, and while endeavoring to protect his property, shot down like a dog. After this cruel outrage, Phillips took up the sword that was destined to strike the shackles from 3,000,000 hands and feet.

We can scarcely comprehend what this step meant to Mr. Phillips, when we remember his position. A man of noble Puritan descent, reared in luxury, surrounded from his youth with all the advantages of wealth, culture and refinement; with his education complete, he became at 25 years of age one of the most distinguished lawyers in Boston. But all his brilliant prospects were to be sacrificed for an unpopular cause. The city was horrified by his move, and his family was considered disgraced. Shunned by his friends, he became a social outcast. He was deeply hurt by this ostracism, but did he fail at duty's call? Did he falter in his purpose? No; his was the courage that never wavers in the face of opposition or persecution. He had counted the cost, and was determined to stand for right and justice, even though he stood alone. Like Mr. Garrison, he said: 'I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard.'

Such a man as Wendell Phillips was an invaluable acquisition to the Abolition party, whose friends were so few and enemies so strong and numerous. The Abolitionists could hold no worldly considerations to attract adherents; their case was similar to that of Garibaldi when appealing for recruits to liberate Italy. 'What are your inducements?' they asked. 'Poverty, hardships, battles, wounds—and victory!' replied the hero. As the Italians enlisted, aroused by his enthusiasm, so the Abolitionists, under the leadership of Phillips, increased in 18 months from 23 men to 30,000.

Having been made general agent of the Anti-Slavery Society, he threw himself into the work with the ardor of an enthusiast. He has been described as starting another Paul Revere's ride, to warn the people of a worse invasion than that of the redcoats. He aroused the citizens against the curse of slavery, as Patrick Henry turned the Puritans against the tyranny of George III. Though often in danger of his life, yet fearless and brave, with a calm dignity and matchless bearing, with that clear, ringing voice, he would command and quell the most determined riot. Like Sheridan at Winchester, he had the genius to turn defeat into victory. Wendell Phillips was a born fighter, and he fought to win. He fought society; he fought the law; he fought the State of Massachusetts; he fought the Southern States; he fought the whole united Government—and he won!

After returning from a tour in Europe, where he filled his master mind to over-flowing with classical illustrations and comparisons from Old World history, he gave a lecture in Boston which captivated the entire audience. O'Connell, the Irish orator, pronounced it the most classic short speech in the English language, and said, 'I resign the crown. This young American is without an equal.' His numerous lectures on slavery were now given with uncompromising boldness, advocating the complete overthrow of the tyrant. The south said: 'We will carry our slaves everywhere.' Anti-slavery said: 'You must not take them into the territories.' Mr. Phillips said: 'You shall hold slaves nowhere.'

It takes no particular shrewdness on our part to declare the solution of this problem after history has established its verity. But go back half a century and hear the threats of nullification and disunion; read of the anarchy and bloodshed in Kansas and Missouri; see Charles Sumner lie bleeding on the floor of the Senate chamber; follow the broadcloth mob as it drags Garrison through the streets of Boston; stand thus in the turmoil of the '50s, facing the darkness of civil strife, and then attempt the problem with the means at hand to solve it. And when you exclaim in bewilderment, 'It is too great,' let me show you a man who rose in his might and faced it; who led where great leaders sought for guidance; who stood like a gigantic rock amidst the tempestuous surgings of criticism and ridicule; whose achievements make all that had gone before seem tentative and preparatory, a series of events, to which his success adds dramatic climax and conclusion.

While devoting much of his time to the anti-slavery movement, Wendell Phillips began his wonder-
ful career as a public lecturer, treating a large variety of topics, all with even excellence. Whether supporting the cause of temperance, discoursing on the question of capital and labor, or expounding the ethics of progress, he showed himself an able exponent of every reform. The masses surged to hear him, whether interested in his theme or not, and often, predetermined to dislike him, they would sit, charmed by his eloquence, one, two, three hours, unconscious of the lapse of time. Confronted by his splendid physique, patterned after the models of perfect manhood; with that marvelous voice, musical, clear and penetrating; with the charm of his powerful logic; a wit not often surpassed, and a command of the English language that showed him familiar with the works of every master; can we wonder that his audience was captivated under the spell of his magnetic power?

The Sage of Concord declares: 'There is no eloquence without a man behind it.' It is not Wendell Phillips a splendid illustration of the fact that 'Character is the secret of the highest speech,' and that 'The oratory which holds the present and molds the future, must have for its basis the moral element?' Wendell Phillips was the embodied genius of oratory, but his love for truth and justice surpassed that genius. His words carried conviction, but only because they fell from lips that were true. The world scoffed at his ideal, but only because it was high. Though overwhelmed with difficulties and dangers, he ran the gauntlet of ridicule. 'Love of justice' was his inspiration, noncompromise his watchword, and his reward was victory.

'Born in the purple, equipped with intellectual gifts, endowed with personal charms and accomplishments, Wendell Phillips was fitted to secure any place in society, in legislative halls, or at the bar; but he sacrificed these brilliant prospects; sacrificed earthly friends; sacrificed the allurements of this world; sacrificed all on the altar of principle. His was a life nobly lived. His was a battle gloriously fought and more gloriously won. This is what man calls great, and what God calls good!

There can be nothing but the highest praise for such a life, when we think of his wonderful power, his sagacity of thought and action, his fidelity to principle and his sympathy for the helpless and oppressed. His mighty heart of purity and truth throbbed with the noblest impulses and loftiest purposes; by it he swayed the public mind and instituted the divine principle of freedom, which is the foundation of every progressive republic!

O, great world leader of a mighty age! Praise unto thee, let all the people give; By thy great name of Liberator, live In golden letters upon history's page; And this thy epitaph while time shall be: He found his country chained, he left her free!

The Social Instinct.

The word 'social' has an interesting history. Coming from the Latin 'socius' which means friendly, kindly, an associate or ally, in Modern English it has two distinct uses, the popular and the technical.

The use of the word in popular parlance is defined by the expression, "a social evening" abbreviated in America simply to "a social" tho Webster gives no authority for this use.

Its technical meaning is best illustrated by the term, 'social purity' or 'social reform' and it is in its scientific sense that it appears in this paper. The common ground that the meanings occupy is that they both imply contact of man with man. One cannot pass a social evening alone any more than a social evil effects only one man. Social instinct then is that inborn tendency which prompts us to have dealings with our fellows. That the lower animals have these same promptings can scarcely be a matter of doubt. The birds migrate in companies, the wild horses roam over the plains in bands, each animal ready, in case of attack, to take his place in the phalanx presented to the enemy. Schiller tells how the Swiss chamois, when the herd is grazing, places a stag as sentinel, who pricks his ears and gives a shrill whistle when the hunter draws near.

The bees and the ants have developed this instinct to such an extent that they form ideal social communities.

The first 'combines,' then, re-
sulted in general good to the tribe as most modern ones do, spite of the "calamity howlers." The fact that the earliest clubs were organized on the basis of blood-rela-
ship is one of deep significance. That the family is the source of all government is true historically as well as morally. While families lived in isolated caves on the mountain-sides, there was no need of government except that of the father-ruler (patri-arch). When, for the sake of protection, families from the same grandfather united into clans, the oldest father still was patriarch. The clans later united into tribes and for convenience and uniformity appointed one-ruler or monarch, the respective patriarchs becoming senators (old-men).

Sometimes in one way, sometimes in another but always as a direct result of monarchy, the power of the tribe or 'deme' increased till, as the association between man and man became closer, the democracy or people-rule was made possible.

The idea of a national government, which is distinctly modern, is really traced back to the promptings of the social instinct in man to join with his kinsmen.

Hand in hand with the growth of the nations has come the development of commerce. Leagues, not only for protection, but for mutual benefit in other ways, were formed. Families shared with each other the spoils of the hunt; later, when gardens were planted and fields were tilled, they exchanged crops. This system of barter gave rise to the occupations as well as to some central place for trading. The market in its turn demanded some single standard of value. This was usually beads or wampum or some metal, often iron. In "ye olden days" when our remote fore-fathers discussed the currency problem they may have talked of "iron-bugs" or "wampum- Democrats" but they were probably too slow at "figgers" to bother their heads about "16 to 1."

Vital as is the relation of the social instinct to the commerce and government of a nation, it has an even more important connection with its morality. Woe to that people whose social instincts have so far degenerated that family ties have lost their significance. The sanctity of marriage, the reverence for parents, the love of kindred is the basis of a nation's morality.

When the Christ said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," he was turning the social instinct in its proper channel and making it an invaluable ally of Christianity. The fellowship of believers was thus made a vital doctrine of our religion. The old selfish, pagan religion of Greece and Rome perished in a twinkling, as it were, and without the lifting of a sword before the Gospel of universal brotherhood heralded by "The Prince of Peace."

The social impulse, then, instinctive in every man, born with us for our good and not for our "undoing," calls for no light and flip-pant treatment. So vital a factor in the government, the commerce, the morality and religion of a nation, demands on our part serious and thoughtful consideration. As students our view must not be bounded by the narrow horizon of present conditions or local surroundings. Let us be cosmopolitan in our feelings and willing to confess that a clear conception of the present depends upon an intelligent interpretation of the past. — M. H. Douglas.

The Evolution of Democracy

The history of the world is a record of progress, the principles of which are inherent in man. The time was, when the mind, not yet unfolded to the divine rights of the individual, willingly gave allegiance to the king; but as the intellect broadened and expanded, the dormant spirit of freedom began the struggle for recognition. Tyranny gave way before the persistent attacks of its subjects; and from its ruins, sprang up the first democratic principles.

Oriental civilization was a vast nebula, where no stars were to be seen. But it was when men of strong personality appeared that the obscurity of antiquity broke into bright lights, and individualism became established in the affairs of men. Cradled and nurtured in the warm arms of Greece, democracy has steadily advanced, step by step, until the influence of its mighty power is speedily circling the globe; and now, all great social and political institutions are founded on the principle of the sovereignty of the people.

The evolution of democracy is a providential fact, and in accord with a divine law. Its ever onward march has crushed conservative ideas and institutions. The dark ages could not stop its advance. Before it, Romanism, which required moral, intellectual and spiritual servitude, gave way. Tyranny, with its granite pillars, moulder
into the dust. Kingsly power waned before the dawning light. The "divine right of kings" gave place to the inalienable rights of men. Today, mind and conscience stand as immovable witnesses to the divinity of democracy.

The principles of democracy were cherished in the hearts of men, long before a Wycliffe or a Luther appeared. Only the fire-brand was needed to set all Europe aflame with the spirit of reform. Nor was this movement limited to the continent; it swept across the channel, and the Anglo-Saxon caught the inspiration. Together with freedom of thought went the idea of civil liberty. England became the arena of fierce conflict between the two opposing powers. Which should rule? Monarchy, with all its tyrannical tendencies or democracy, with its freedom to think and act?

Time and time again the masses were driven back; but they were predestined to conquer. Little by little they gained power, and in spite of Royalty and its adherents, they established the House of Commons, and fortified the rights of the individual with laws. Under the standard of Charles I, the Royalists made one more desperate struggle for supremacy, but fell back before Cromwell and his Puritan army. Then, upon the ruins of Feudalism, was established the freedom of England.

During the revolution which followed, shaking England to its foundation, democracy received a new impetus, which ultimately transferred the authority of the king to the Commons.

Victor Hugo places the French Revolution as the beginning of one of the most progressive epochs in democracy. He says: "It is the greatest step in advance taken since the birth of Christ. It loosened the bonds of society, and made the waves of civilization flow over the earth." France, under the two fold tyranny of pope and sovereign, had reached the lowest depths of corruption. But during all this there was a silent force working back of the social and political disorder; sooner or later the discontent of the people must manifest itself. France had practically rejected the Reformation, now she must pass through revolution. She must see confusion and anarchy on every hand; see her feudal lords marched to the guillotine, to appease an infuriated mob. But out of this confusion came the French Republic, and unfurling her banner of democratic principles, she became the teacher of Europe.

Our own commonwealth, founded on truths gleaned from old world victories and defeats, has reached the highest type of democratic government yet known. The sovereignty of the people has acquired, in the United States, all the practical development to which any nation has yet attained. Society governs itself; in it all power centres.

Our government is a verification of the ideal, dreamed of by Greek philosophers, of the principles upheld by Cromwell. It is far more feasible than any visionary Utopia. But the perfect fullness of political rights now enjoyed, was not attained without thought and sacrifice. It required the life long efforts of Washington and Hamilton, and called forth the eloquence of Patrick Henry.

Gladstone said: "It is the most wonderful work ever wrought by the mind of man." Against it, we see partisan strife and contention hurling their volleys. Its very foundation has been shaken by revolution and internal rebellion; yet it stands unmoved. Ay! more, it reaches out a helping hand to the oppressed, and gives liberty to the shackled Cuban.

So let Democracy unfurl its banner over every land! On it rests the political salvation of humanity. On the corner stones of individualism, federal union, and universal franchise, let us establish the pillars of freedom, equality and fraternity.

Well were the eternal verities of God placed as thy corner stone, oh America! Well hast thou guarded the legacy entrusted to thee by the ages! Take now from seventy million throbbing hearts a tribute of gratitude and love. Hear the tramp of this vast citizen army of thy retainers! Hear the exultant cry of this great brotherhood of thy sons! Hear it resounding from the broken summits of thy eastern battlements, to the highest crag of thy snow-capped Rockies. Hear it echo back across the surging waves of the oceans. Hear from every voice, the song of universal freedom. — Clara Newby, '01.
On the morning of March 8th, the Newberg delegation stepped aboard a special car and soon was on its way to Corvallis to attend the State Oratorical Contest. At Whiteson the Newberg car was attached behind the southbound West Side train which was already carrying the delegations from P. U. and McMinnville college. At Independence the delegation of O. S. N. S. stepped aboard, in a short time the train pulled into its place of destination.

The afternoon was spent in viewing the O. A. C. grounds and buildings, witnessing the military display and attending the business meeting of the Oratorical Association. Time fled rapidly and soon the time for the contest was at hand. The program was as follows:

**Program**

- **Musical Numbers**
  - O. A. C. Band: Looney Coons
  - O. A. C. Band: Golden Crescent

- **Orations**
  - Oration (McMinnville College), The Spirit of 1776
  - Sherman Wallace
  - Oration (Williamette University), A Crisis in American History
  - Raymond W. Kerr

- **Vocal Solo**
  - Mrs. Holland, The Swallows

- **Other**
  - Prof. John flute.
  - Judge W. T. Webb.
  - Mr. Minchin's oration was a masterpiece of literary art. The logical arrangement of his material and his eloquent persuasive voice held his audience spellbound. When it was announced that he had won first place the audience in general thought it was just.

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**State Oratorical Contest Markings**

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**Notations**

- Prof. B. A. Brown
- Prof. B. A. Brown
- Prof. B. A. Brown
- Prof. B. A. Brown
Mr. Minchin is an orator able to represent Oregon in the coming Interstate Contest. His ability will undoubtedly be equal to the responsibility.

In inter-collegiate affairs Pacific College has again captivated the highest honors in the art of oratory. The battle was fought in a royal manner, being considered one of the best contests in the history of the league. Each college and university was ably represented and all the orators did credit to their respective institutions.

The eloquence and easy manner of the natural orator are characteristics of Mr. Minchin. His attitude upon the stage is commanding. His delivery is deliberate, each word being spoken with clear articulation and with an eloquence which is no less than captivating. His oration, which is printed in this issue, is a literary production of high merit. Nothing speaks higher praise for its quality than the fact that it received such a high rank in the estimation of very competent judges.

McMinnville College.

A very humiliating affair has of late befallen the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Association. On the evening of March 8, Pacific College, with her matchless orator, defeated all the other institutions in the league. All the other institutions in general conceded that they were defeated in a fair and hard fought contest—with the exception of McMinnville College. Since then our sister institution under the char- grin of defeat and prejudice has stooped so low as to file with the executive committee, a protest of plagiarism against our orator.

Such actions are nothing but a little sally of prejudice, like the frowardness of peevish children, who, when they cannot get all they would have, are resolved to mar the character of the victor.

The charge filed by McMinnville is a serious accusation. She has not only tried to besmear the character of Mr. Minchin and Pacific College, but she has also brought into question the competency and integrity of judges secured by the executive committee. When this League was organized McMinnville college with all the other institutions voluntarily accepted to submit herself to the jurisdiction of such judges as the executive committee might select.

This sense of courtesy and prudence which would substantiate the actions of the executive committee and the decisions of the judges, McMinnville College has openly denounced. She has openly and voluntarily accepted to discountenance the wisdom of presidents and professors of higher education in the states of Washington and Idaho and has arrogated to herself the egotism to cast aside such authority.

Such petty actions do not characterize educational institutions pervaded with the true spirit of higher education.

Secondly, a great injustice has been done to Mr. Minchin. He has been accused of literary theft, and this openly in the columns of the leading newspapers of Oregon. This is one of the most ignominious accusations that could be brought against a college student. Mr. Minchin is a young man of great integrity. He comes from a family poor in this world's goods, but rich with the blessings of heaven. His life is patterned after his Master's, and no such odious insinuations that have been hurled at him would ever have entered his mind if he had been defeated by McMinnville college.

Pacific College has ever tried to build up here reputation by merit and by strict adherence to right and justice. She has always recognized that nothing succeeds in educational work save that which is wrought out in obedience to the higher laws of life. She has never tried to exalt herself by trying to bring another institution into disrepute. Her victories have been won in a legitimate and justifiable manner. She has not employed any subtle policies in order to gain distinction.
This affair has been somewhat embarrassing, but we felt assured that if the matter was submitted to reason and justice our position would inevitably be substantiated. In the executive committee meeting March 23, a thorough investigation was made. The accusation brought against our orator was clearly and easily proven to be a farce. Mr. Minchin was highly exonerated by the association. And the stigma which our sister institution hoped to assign to Pacific College, we grant to our accusant, in behalf of her kindness, for a keepsake.

In our annual debate against the O. S. N. S., Pacific College will espouse the negative side of the following question: Resolved, "That the war now being waged by Great Britain against the Boer Republics is Justifiable." This question has extensive arguments upon both sides and will undoubtedly furnish the basis for some very able discussions. Every student should become interested in this work and compel those, who, by merit will represent our college, to become competent to sustain the standard set by our team last year.

This issue completes the duties of the present staff as regarding the management of the CRESCENT. In discharging these duties we have found it a source of pleasure and indeed a source of very valuable experience. The duties of the staff demand considerable amount of labor so we would exhort the student body to give the new staff a loyal assistance. With gratitude to those who have given us their kind support and anticipating a successful career for this paper, we turn over our pleasant tasks to our successors.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

We have met the enemy and they are ours.

Miss Jennie Crawford attended chapel on the 4th.

The Sophomore girls think analytics mean paralytics.

Old resolutions renewed for another term's work.

It is high time that the spring poet was sprouting.

Chas. Davidson spent Sunday March 17th at Dayton.

Miss Agnes Hammer spent vacation at her home in Salem.

Oh, for new fields that are white with the harvest of local news.

Dwight and Worth Coulson spent vacation at their home in Scotts Mills.

Prof. Kelsey on account of sickness did not meet his classes on the 14th and 15th.

Examinations are over. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

One of the Freshman girls says she does love chairs with "large arms." How strange!

We have some sound debaters in our school. Yes they are sound—and nothing but sound.

Rose Burrows who was a student with us in '99 after a long illness died at her home on March 24th.

Emmer Newby, delegate to the Executive Committee at Salem on March 23, spent Sunday at his home in Rosedale.

Grace Ruan, Agnes Hammer and Clement Niswonger after being obliged to stay home a few days with the measles are with us again.

In connection with the Y. W. C. A a Bible study class for girls was organized on February 26th with Mrs. Edwards as its leader. Those who are taking part in the work find it very interesting and helpful.

William and Elizabeth Hobson of England spoke to the students in chapel on the 11th of March. Their visit as well as the encouraging words they spoke to us was highly appreciated by the students.

Minchin Minchin Minchin Minchin Minchin the boy from old P. C. First in College first in State First of course in the interstate.

Whee! Whee! Whee!

Fourteen volumes of the Congregational Record of the 53rd Congress and four volumes of Geological Reports have lately been donated to the college library by Representative Tongue.

The morning Mr. and Mrs. Hobson spoke in chapel the following visitors were present. Elizabeth Miles, Mrs. McGrew, Mrs. Kelsey, Rev. Barr, Nell Burrows, Edith McCrea and Jennie McGregor.

When the Newberg excursion train was just leaving Corvallis the party discovered Mrs. McGrew and
Clara Newby were not on board. Thus Emieuer Newby fearing something more serious than over sleep might be the cause of their delay, might be the cause of their delay, jumped off. All three returned on next train.

Lost—Sometime on Tuesday, March 26, 1901, between 4 and 8 p. m.—a little black moustache. No reward is offered for it is gone forever. However we think with the consent of a certain member of the faculty an imitation of the original might be procured or rather produced. At least we hope this to be possible and for the encouragement of all concerned we might quote the old adage. "If at first you don't succeed, try try again."


Jesse Hobson of Sumpter visited in town Sunday, March 24th with his daughter Miss Edna.

Earl and Carl Rinehart enjoyed a visit from their mother Dr. Furguson of The Dalles, Sunday, March 17.

Clara M. Davidson, Physician & Surgeon.

E. P. DIXON. H. C. DIXON.

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A. R. Mills, Sec'y.
Moses Votaw, Cashier.

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