

*Prof. Mary Reynolds*

VOL. X.

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# The Collegian.

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Official monthly  
organ of Student  
Body of Willa-  
mette University  
Salem, Oregon.

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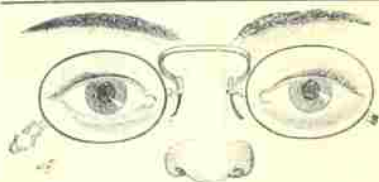
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# The Collegian.

VOL. X.

SALEM, JANUARY, 1899.

NO. 4.

## THE NEW CALENDAR.

With careless hand by the mantel shelf,  
Where many a gift from loved ones lay,

The calendar new in its place I hung,  
One year ago on New Year's day.  
Mere blanks as yet, were its pages  
twelve,

Enrolling the silent months unborn,  
With checkered lines and figured  
squares,

That told of the days as yet to dawn.

And the months have passed in rapid  
flight,

And as each attained its closing day,  
Like a leaf grown sear on the tree of  
time,

A page has dropped and fluttered  
away.

And sitting alone with thoughts tonight,  
That ebb and flow like a tidal wave,

I gather them all together again,  
These scattered leaves from the old  
year's grave.

And scanning them o'er now one by one,  
These months and days all passed and  
flown,

I can but think how full of voice,  
These pages twelve now all have  
grown.

How memory reads between the lines.

A record inscribed in tracings clear  
Wherein shall stand, forever sealed  
The chapter of life we call a year.

Through some I live o'er once again,  
Bright summer hours, long sunny  
days.

While others tell of winter's chill  
And autumn's blended mist and haze,  
And thus on some bright joys are  
traced,

On others heartaches, deed and sore;  
In all are mingled pain and peace,  
And troubles met and struggled o'er.

And once more by the mantel-shelf,  
With trembling heart and hand I've  
placed

Another book of pages twelve  
With checkered lines close interlaced.  
What may there not for me inscribed,

In Time's own secret ciphers be,  
To fill those numbered days to come  
And all those months with memory.

With what sad heart or joyous touch,  
Shall I those leaflets, to the last,  
Loose from their hold, and watch them  
drift

Adown the current of the past.  
And shall it be my hand that may  
Pluck from its stem, the twelfth,  
grown sere?

Ere then, perchance, I too may sleep  
Beneath the leaves, with this New  
Year.

## HARRY GLEN HIBBARD.

At a regular meeting of the faculty of the College of Liberal Arts of Willamette University held Jan. 9, 1899, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Mr. Hal G. Hibbard was excused from his studies at this University to serve his country in the capacity of soldier; and,

Whereas, In the discharge of duty he died in a foreign land; and,

Whereas, By long acquaintance we had learned to know his genial, manly ways, his courtesy and zeal as a student, the sterling worth of his Christian character, and the bright promise of his life; therefore,

Resolved, By this Faculty, that in his death we have lost a dear friend, a valued student, and a youthful citizen of rare worth and promise.

Resolved, That at our next Commencement, we recommend to the Board of Trustees that we place his name among those of the graduates, award the degree that he had almost earned, and send his diploma to his parents.

Resolved, That we sympathize deeply with his bereaved parents and brothers and sisters, assuring them of our respect and love for the deceased soldier boy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and be printed in the Collegian.

Mary E. Reynolds,  
Secretary of Faculty.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Then Fancy's feet have ever trod;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

If the power of eulogy consists in its sincerity, thousands of the most beautiful eulogies have been spoken of our departed friend. His was a nature toward whose native warmth we could not help but turn. There was an innocence, a brightness, a freshness in his presence like the warmth and perfume of a June morning. There was an airiness and cheeriness in his character like that of summer sunshine. The grasp of his hand drew you to him and its magnetic power held you fast. There was the straightforward look, the open, frank and manly bearing of one whose young life had been a glorious triumph of manly power. His great delight was to add to the happiness and to contribute to the pleasures of others. This noble life was so rich in native ability, that not only its strong intellect towered above every day conditions but the heart, the senses, the whole being, were as though bathed in clear light.

Harry Glen Hibbard entered the preparatory first year of the University in Sept., 1890, and would have graduated in June of this year with the degree of A. B. from the classical course.

During his student life he displayed all the excellent qualities of the American student. Enthusiastic in his work, diligent in application, noble in character, and successful in the mastery of his studies, he has a record upon the books of the University that is most commendable. His love of his native land, her history, and her achievements in the sphere of civil government, material progress, and altruistic. The Constitution was a profound document to be revered, studied and obeyed. His country was the embodiment of all that was best in government, and to the spread of our constitutional liberties he could conceive no limit. When the war broke out with Spain, justly indignant at the centuries of injustice heaped upon Cuba and the indignity done our flag in a supposedly

## THE COLLEGIAN.

friendly harbor, he decided to enlist as a private for the war. He kept his own counsel until his decision was made and, having deliberately considered the gains and losses, decided that his country's call was of more importance than his own success in peaceful vocations. He gave a great gift to his country: Endowed with great powers of head, rare qualities of heart, and the hand of a mighty man, any profession was open to him with all its possibilities. When I asked him, who had so much to give up, why he was going to the war, after a moment's delay in which I could see he was again reviewing all his conclusions, and, with a kindling glance at the flag with its heaven of stars streaming over our heads, he replied with great earnestness, "It is the opportunity of a lifetime." "The opportunity of a lifetime." Happy land, whose strong young men esteem it the opportunity of a lifetime to enlist as common soldiers and cheerfully face the fortunes of war in its defence and honor.

The company in which Hal was a corporal was one of the first to wage war in a foreign land; to enter a distant fortress in an enemy country. Dewey trusted that regiment and assigned to it the most responsible duties. That confidence was fully justified.

In this war 3,000 men have lost their lives. But they have taught the world the never-to-be-forgotten lesson that injustice and oppression cannot be regarded as legitimate government and are not safe under any flag. Europe has listened and learned. The discord of power will be changed into the concert of Europe. The assassin has heard the warning. Although no hand has been raised in their defence, every battle of our war has tended to make the outraged populations of the Turks' dominions immune against his ferocity. Has a government the right to inflict nameless atrocities upon populations under its

power, defying the public conscience of the world? Has a nation the right to allow horror and crime to be perpetrated at its very doors in the name of government? Do governments, no matter how bad, have all rights with none to interfere? Or, do men, women, and children, as human beings, have inalienable rights which no power is justified in taking away and which it is the highest humanity to defend? "Barbarism has no rights that civilization is bound to respect." Harry Glen Hibbard esteemed it as the opportunity of a lifetime to risk his life, and stake his future.

"To fight for the wide world's right,  
To enlarge life's scope and plan;  
To flood the earth with hope and light,  
To build the kingdom of man."

He lost his life but Burke says,  
"The blood of men is well shed when it  
is shed to redeem the blood of men."

"Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And with leathern hearts forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?"

No, true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And with heart and hand to be  
Earnest to make others free."

"Then Freedom sterly said, 'I shun  
No strife beneath the sun,  
When human rights are staked and  
won.'"

And in the last analysis, not ships of steel, nor solid ramparts of stone and earth, nor death dealing guns nor any device of war, but the human body, frail, easily broken, a precious casket of flesh and bone, is the final bulwark and defense of human liberty. Altruistic motives made our friend dearly beloved; altruistic considerations made him a soldier; he died in an altruistic cause. His immortal spirit over the rights of man,

keeps watch and ward eternally, against outrage perpetrated in the name of government and under the sanction of alleged law.

He was a Christian. When his glorious and immortal spirit left a fever-ridden body on Nov. 9, 1898, his days and nights were ended and his eternal day begun. Welcomed by angels, applauded by assembled worlds, the countless millions who had died under earth's tyranny and injustice gathered round him to greet one of the deliverers of their fellows on earth. He stood before the throne. The books were opened and another book, which is the book of life, and shining from its glittering pages in letters of living light was read the name.

HARRY GLEN HIBBARD.

The Judge of all the earth took him by the hand, saying "You have fought a good fight, you have finished your war. Hence here is a crown which I, the Lord, the Righteous Judge, do give. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Great truths are portions of the soul of man;

Great souls are portions of eternity."

And now to our friend, eternal, immortal, invisible, good friend, true hero, hail and farewell.

W. C. HAWLEY.

(The limit of space has necessitated only the briefest estimate of the character and the love and admiration we have for this noble young man).

\* \* \*

TOGO.

"Arma Virumque Cano."

It was in the early eighties, at the time when the Indian Agencies had been transferred from the control of Army officers to that of civilians, that the Indians on the Mescalero Agency were in a peculiarly un-

settled state. The White Mountain Apaches were on the warpath. A number of Jicarilla Apaches and Comanches had been moved to the Mescalero Agency and the outgoing Agent, a Captain Franklin, had been wholly incompetent to manage the Indians who wandered over the country at their own sweet will, murdering and pillaging the whites and becoming gloriously drunk on their "tiz-win."

In the White Sands, the low range of alkaline hills which lay on the route from Las Cruces, the nearest railroad station, to the agency, it was no uncommon occurrence to find a party of murdered emigrants who had so recently met their death that their bodies were not yet cold.

The White Mountain Indians were especially troublesome and of these, two brothers, Muchacho Negro and Muchacho Loco, were most fertile in resource and most diabolical in execution. Muchacho Negro had formerly been confined in a "white-man's" prison and his hair had been cut short, thus he was disgraced in the eyes of his nation and modestly expressed the desire to kill one more white-man and then die.

It was in this encouraging condition that Mr. Pierce, the incoming Agent, found affairs. He was a man of ability, fearless and energetic, and immediately commenced a crusade against the existing order of things. He instituted, instead of the day school which none of the Indian children attended, a boarding school and by coaxing and bribing succeeded in getting nine boys to enter as regular scholars.

One day the Chief of Police, for Mr. Pierce had organized an efficient police service composed of Indians, the chief only being a white-man, while riding over the reservation came upon a group of Indian boys engaged in a miniature war dance. As he reined up his horse to look on a minute, his attention was attracted by the fine physique and haughty bearing of one of the lads whom, he

judged to be about sixteen.

"It's a pity that boy isn't in school," he thought. Then he smiled thoughtfully, and motioning the boy aside, he asked in Apache, "What is your name?" "Togo," replied the boy.

The Chief took a piece of paper from his vest pocket and hastily scrawling a few words asked the boy if he would deliver the note to the cook at the school, who, the Chief assured Togo, would reward him bountifully. At first Togo hesitated, but yielded as the Chief offered the horse for his use.

Togo, wholly unsuspecting, galloped swiftly toward the school and soon stood before the cook, note in hand. The cook read: "Scott, another boy for the school; have him cleaned up as soon as possible."—Murphy. Then the cook gave Togo some bread and meat, and sending one of the school boys for the matron and carpenter to cut his hair and aid if the boy should resist, commenced preparing the bath. Soon the matron and carpenter came, the former bringing a suit of brown jeans and a large pair of shears.

As Togo saw them all gathering around, it dawned on him that he had been dealt with treacherously and a mighty wave of resentment and hopeless anger swept over him. He leaped from his chair and with one bound reached the door, but before he could turn the knob the men were dragging him back. He was forced into a chair and sat in sullen silence while his hair was being cut. Then he was made to bathe and dress in the despised clothes of the white man. His despair was great, for he had been deceived and trapped; he had been robbed of the badge of his manhood, and he realized that there was no escape.

Just as he stepped forth a transformed boy, his father, Running Water, and the agent came up. When Running Water saw his boy's shorn head, he turned silently away. His son was now an outcast and so Running Water

was willing to listen to the Agent and receive what comfort he could from extra blankets, trinkets and provisions.

For weeks Togo came into the school and to meals sullenly and silently. He refused to say, "Please give me bread," as the boys had been taught to say at the table. With difficulty he was made to wash his face and hands and he constantly stirred the other boys up to revolt. It was the custom to give each boy with his civilized dress an English name, but Togo utterly refused to answer to any name that was suggested.

One day the teacher took him aside and told him the story of Miles Standish, especially emphasizing that Miles Standish was a brave warrior, a great man and the leader of his people, and Togo consented to bear the name of Miles Standish.

Not long after this an inspector of some importance visited the agency and the agent took him to see the students. Every visitor was desirous of having a child bear his name, and Max Frost, the inspector, was no exception to the general rule. As the Agent led Mr. Frost to the platform he said, "Now Frost you may select the boy you wish named for you." Mr. Frost looked over the school critically and finally chose Miles Standish as the handsomest and most promising looking boy in the school. "Miles Standish," said the agent pompously, "stand up, you are no longer Miles Standish, you are now Max Frost." Miles Standish, the mighty warrior, looked the Agent defiantly in the face as he compared the rather effeminate appearance of Max Frost with what he had heard of Miles Standish. "No Max Frost," he replied emphatically, "Miles Standish," and Miles Standish he remained to the end of the chapter.

There was only one white person on the agency that Togo cared for in the least. He loved the Agent's little daughter Alice. A gay, laughing little girl of 5,

who was always in mischief and always merry. She was the favorite of every employee on the Agency, but she would leave any one of these, and even her own father to be with Togo. Her influence over the boy was great and she was constantly in his society. She was even accustomed to follow him to the milking pen, for the Indian boys were required to milk the cows belonging to the school, although they regarded it as squaw's work. And here one day, when the cow had kicked the pail of milk from his hand, she heard Togo swear roundly: "Why, Miles Standish, you swore, and I shall have to tell my mamma on you," she exclaimed in grieved surprise. "What did I say?" inquired Togo innocently. "You said 'damn,'" answered Alice. "Now," said Togo, "you swore too. You tell on me I tell too," and Alice never told.

For awhile it seemed that Togo was almost reconciled to his life, as for several weeks no difficulties arose between him and his captors. But one Saturday when he and Frank Pierce, the Agent's son, were playing ball on the school grounds, Togo grew tired of the sport and wanted the ball which was his, but Frank, who wished to play longer, refused to give it up. Togo then attempted to take the ball from him by force. Frank, however, resisted, and drawing back struck the Indian boy full in the face. In an instant a knife flashed in the air and Frank's day would have been short had not several of the Agency employees dragged Togo off.

The Agent imprisoning Togo in the school room, deprived him of half his holiday and threatened to send him to Sante Fe to school unless his conduct improved in the near future. That evening when he was released Togo was angry, very angry. He had brooded over his wrongs all day and had decided that revenge he must and would have. As he walked across the playground Alice came and slipped her hand into

his. "Is you angry, Miles?" she inquired, looking up anxiously into his sullen face. He made no answer, but taking the child in his arms he carried her to a sheltered walk along a little brook which ran through the pasture in the rear of the school house. It was a cold day in January and a light snow was falling. Togo, wrapping Alice's shawl more closely about her, placed her on the ground and they walked on slowly together.

"There was lots of bad, wicked Indians put in jail today," Alice began, important with the news she had to tell. Togo became interested at once, for he knew that the police and soldiers had been hunting a band of renegade White Mountain Apaches who had been committing a few atrocities under the leadership of Muchacho Loco and Muchacho Negro. "What is the name of them?" he asked, "and how many?" Alice smiled at him joyously as she saw him returning to good temper. "About a hundred I 'spect, and a horrid black Indian was there that papa says is very wicked. Papa says there are lots of Indians hiding around trying to let the bad Indians out. You won't let them hurt me, will you?" Togo for once did not hear her. Muchacho Negro had evidently been captured, he thought. Muchacho Loco would surely be in hiding near by with some of his followers to aid his brother if the opportunity offered. He knew that part of the Indian police would be on guard that night, and, moreover, if he could get the key these guards would not oppose his freeing the renegades. The guards would probably object to any demonstration, but he reflected that Muchacho Negro when freed would not be willing to depart in peace, and in conjunction with his brother's force could easily overpower the guards. Togo knew that he could communicate with Muchacho Loco, but to get the key, that was the difficulty. Once when the Chief of Police wished to

enter the guard house hastily and had left his key with the guard who was then on another part of the Agency, Togo had heard the Agent tell the Chief that the duplicate key was kept in the right hand drawer of his private desk which stood in the library. Suddenly turning to Alice, Togo asked her if she would take him to see the wonderful picture book which she had told him so much about. Alice was delighted, for she had often begged Togo to come into her father's house, but the boy had always refused to enter the dwelling of the man whom he considered his most deadly enemy. Alice quickly led him into the library and began searching the shelves over for the book; not finding it there she left the room to hunt for it in her nursery, and Togo quickly opening the desk which he had noticed in a corner of the room and pulling out a little drawer on the right hand side pocketed the key which he found. When Alice returned with her book they looked at the truly wonderful pictures of fairies and elves and as they turned the leaves Alice explained the pictures to Togo.

The next morning between the hours of three and four the whole agency was aroused by the sound of a great tumult intermingled with the cry of "Fire! Fire!" and the bewildered people poured forth into a scene of the wildest confusion. Sheets of fire were bursting from the Guard House and Issue Rooms while the Agent's home was fast becoming wrapt in flames. A violent wind fanned the flames and overhead the brooding clouds were lurid with the reflection of many fires. Half-naked demons danced in the background making the night hideous with their yells. The Agent staggered from the burning building with his fainting wife in his arms and his children clinging to him. The Chief of Police rode in hot haste to the military camp situated about a mile up the canyon and a few of the guards who had not proved faithless were sent

for Notzila and his band, who were firm allies and friends of the Agent. The Indians were fast arriving from all parts of the Agency, and it seemed that a wholesale massacre must ensue.

The employes and Agent's family had gathered in a small adobe house, the home of the carpenter, and with what few arms they had hurriedly collected, were endeavoring to defend themselves until the soldiers should arrive. The Agent's wife, who was sitting in the back part of the room with a group of terrified women, suddenly uttered a piercing cry: "Oh, John, where is Alice?" "Is she not with you?" asked the Agent, growing a shade paler? "I heard her say something about going back after her doll," said Frank, who was shaking with fear, "but I thought she was still here by me." The Agent rushed wildly into the night. The soldiers were beginning to assemble and the Indians had fallen back a short distance. Several men had followed Mr. Pierce, and as they advanced toward the burning building they saw the white, frightened face of little Alice looking out of her nursery window. "My God!" exclaimed Pierce, as he gazed; "the roof will fall in a moment!" and he darted toward the house, but another was before him,—an Indian lad dressed in feathers and war paint. "It is Miles Standish," said one of the men as he held Pierce back. "Let him go, he is so fond of Alice that he wouldn't injure her, and he is lighter than you and would stand a better show."

The watchers saw Togo enter the building and later saw the face at the window disappear. In a second Togo came bounding into the open air bearing Alice in his arms. Not a moment too soon, for at that instant the whole roof fell with a resounding crash, but just as Mr. Pierce went hurriedly forward to receive his rescued child a small detachment of Indians swept past, and Togo was borne away in their midst. The frantic father hailing the soldiers who

were in close pursuit, stopped them and rapidly told his story. They listened grimly and without comment hastened after the fleeing savages. They soon came in sight of the retreating Indians in whose rear they saw the figure of a boy with a child in his arms.

About a quarter of a mile from the Agency the Indians had taken a trail leading up the side of a steep cliff, for the agency was situated in the very midst of the mountains, and when once the Indians were in the fastnesses of the mountains they were safe.

The warriors soon left the boy, who, hampered with his burden, had climbed the steep ascent with difficulty and now stood on a sort of flat plateau which formed the top of the cliff. The soldiers were gradually compelling him to change his course from the trail leading into the mountain toward the edge of the precipice, at the foot of which lay a large spring that the soldiers had enlarged and deepened for bathing purposes. The distance from the top of the cliff to the water was about 150 feet, and huge, rough boulders lay around the foot of the precipice and extended some distance into the water.

At the edge of this precipice Togo was finally brought to bay. The soldiers were formed in a semicircle not forty yards away and were gradually closing in on him. For a moment he swayed uncertainly on the edge of the precipice, then kissing the child in his arms, he placed her on the ground, and with an encouraging smile at the little girl leaped over the edge of the precipice to certain death.

With little Alice, who was a child of odd fancies and queer ideas, it became a custom to visit the cliff and look down into the glassy pool beneath, where she said she saw Miles Standish smiling as she had seen him last, and sometimes she said when the water gurgled around the rocks he spoke to her and told her many a tale of the Happy Hunting Ground.

#### THE GREEK GAMES.

In ancient times, when bodily strength and dexterity were regarded as very important, it was the custom among the Greeks to hold games in connection with their festivals, which were held in honor of the Gods or in memory of the dead. Thus Achilles, as we read in Homer's Iliad, honored the memory of his friend Patroclus. Even the most sacred of the festivals were not without the open contests, the festive attire, the games and banquets. The joy-loving Greek could not conceive of a festival without such additions. The festivals of the Greeks were held at such places where sacred memories clustered.

In Elis, on the western coast of the Peloponesus, along the banks of the Peneus, a charming little river, was a sacred grove, near which a large plain stretched away in the distance. The part of this plain, which was occupied by the various groups of buildings, the groves, the altars and the stadium, was called Olympia. In very early times it was consecrated to Olympian Zeus. Here the God had a magnificent temple. Hercules is said to have held games here in honor of the God. After that, this festival was discontinued for a long time, until finally, in the year 776 B. C., Iphitus, the king of Elis, renewed the festival, in accordance with the advice that he had received from the Delphic Oracle. From that time the games took place regularly every four years, in July, and any free Greek could enter.

During the games private feuds were forgotten; the most bitter enemies left their weapons at home and hastened gladly to the common festival, where they found friends and acquaintances who lived at a distance. They entered into business relations; public and private affairs were arranged. Through the mutual interchange of ideas great

improvements resulted. The Olympian games were so sacred to the people, that the province of Elis was considered by the Greeks a treasure that could not be touched and notwithstanding all the domestic woes, Elis enjoyed the advantages of unbroken peace.

The games that all Greece honored by her presence were foot-races, chariot-races, wrestling, boxing, jumping and the throwing of the discus. A large open place was leveled for the purpose upon which was strewn white sand. In the middle a wall was built; on one side the chariot-races were held; on the other side the rest of the games. Around this open space the innumerable crowd of spectators sat upon the seats that rose one row above another, forming an amphitheatre in which each successive seat furnished an unobstructed view. The prizes were awarded at the end of the festival, which lasted for five days. The name of the victor was proclaimed, and amid great rejoicing repeated by those present. The prize for the victor was an olive branch. This simple recognition of his ability, brought glory not merely to the one who had won the prize, but to his family and to his fatherland. A pleasant welcome was his on returning home. New festivities were held in honor of the victor. Indeed, it is reported that a citizen of the island of Rhodes, whose name was Diagoras, died from joy over the victory which his two sons had won, while an acquaintance,

congratulating him, exclaimed: "Die, Diagoras, for nothing is left for you to desire."

There were however other tests besides those of mere physical skill. The poet, the historian, the musician, were invited to bring their works, and thus there arose between those who had intellectual ability, a rivalry which gained no less renown. It is reported the historian Heroditus of Helicarnassus, in the province of Caria, in the year 455 B. C., read a part of his celebrated history. The Olympic games soon became so important that the Greeks reckoned time from them. They called the period from one festival to another—a lapse of four years—beginning with the year 776 B. C., an Olympiad.

Less renowned than the Olympian games were the Pythian contests at Delphia, in honor of the God Apollo, who, according to the story killed the serpent Python; again there were the Isthmian games, which were held on the Isthmus of Corinth, in honor of the God Poseidon, and finally the Nemean games which were held at Nemea, in Argolis, in honor of Zeus. These festivals took place every four years, each occurring on a different year, and the reward for the victor was always a wreath. The bard has rendered renowned the name of the successful contestant, and even now we read with admiration the beautiful odes in which the Theban poet Pindar has sung the praise of many victors.



# The Collegian.

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Happy New Year! Or, is it too late for that? To be sure, January 1, 1899, is past, but the year has not been with us long enough for the new date, 1899, to have grown very familiar. And, after all, what is the difference between that night following the thirty-first day of December and any other night? Tell us, you who listened with suppressed eagerness and bated breath as the clock in the steeple struck the death knell of 1898, did you hear the death-rattle in the old year's throat? Did you catch the last, fluttering breath as the worn-out heart's throbbing grew more slow and labored, and at last stopped? Did you see the smile on the lips of the new-born year? Did you catch a glimpse of the rosy face and chubby form of 1899? No, that night is really no more than any other night; there is no more of a change than there is on the night of February 22nd or July 4th. Every

morning begins a year and every evening sees one close. We wait for New Year's day to make our good resolutions and then, when in a few days we break most of them, we wait until the next New Year's day to make them over again. How much better it would be if we should each morning make our resolutions just to last for one day. Then if we should fail we could begin again the next morning. We live only a day at a time; when we have firmly grasped this thought, when we have learned not to try to be good for a whole year in one day, and not to attempt to do three hundred and sixty-five days' work in one, then we will lose this nervous excitement so common to all, we will check our headlong rush and learn to enjoy life and be a benefit to ourselves and those about us.

This has been an eventful year. One year ago there was no Spanish war, one year ago there was no Honolulu, U. S. A. And, too, this year has brought with it much of sorrow, indirectly to us, but ah, too painfully near to some. Pioneer, soldier, friend and classmate—gone! These events have taught us lessons of serious thoughtfulness for ourselves and loving sympathy for others. May they be not disregarded nor thrown heedlessly aside.

The war is over, the treaty is signed, the Philippines are ours, Hawaii is annexed. We have heard of the advantages of the war, we have heard of the cost of the war; we have heard of the climate and resources of Cuba, Hawaii, and the Philippines; we have listened patiently to choice selections from Britannica and Chambers', but now we pray, "O, give us something new!"

## Associations.

The associations held a very pleasant joint meeting Sunday, Jan. 8th. This was the first meeting held since the Christmas holidays. The subject, "The Promise for the New Year," was ably touched upon by the leader, Miss Ethel Gardner. Others present read promises from the Scriptures.

Since the last issue of the Collegian changes have occurred among the officers of the Willamette Young Women's Christian Association.

Much to our regret Miss Sophia Townsend was forced to resign on account of heavy work. Miss Townsend's administration has been thorough and business-like. Her successor, Miss Frances E. Cornelius, has the support of all.

On Tuesday last instead of the regular lesson the leader of the Y. M. C. A. Bible class gave each member of the class a verse of Scripture, on which he was to speak, time being limited to five minutes. Time was called on several members, the plan working nicely, and perhaps will be employed at regular intervals hereafter.

The list of committees of the Y. W. C. A. has been posted in the upper hall. All girls may now inform themselves as to the committee on which they are to work. Information concerning the duties of each committee may be had by applying to the president of the association or Prof. Minnie Frickey.

\* \* \*

## Musical.

The College of Music is rapidly growing, and the students are doing earnest work in the various branches of music. Thus far the dean has enrolled seventy students.

On Christmas day our church choir of twenty voices rendered special and appropriate music, morning and evening. In the morning a new Christmas anthem, carols, a solo—"When Heaven Sang to Earth"—by Miss Lona White, and Shelley's duet, "Christmas," sung by Mrs. C. W. Boeschen and Miss Esther Collins, were all given a musicianly rendering. The evening was devoted to Handel's "Messiah." Just enough of this masterpiece was given to make an enjoyable service. In addition to the music, Dr. Parsons delivered an inspiring address on "Handel as a Religious Teacher." For the small number of voices, the volume of tone and the precision with which the choruses were sung was surprising; and as a whole, the Christmas music was very acceptable to the large congregations present.

After a prolonged and serious illness, Prof. Tillson, Principal of the Piano Dept., is able to be out again. We expect to see him in his studio before this issue appears.

The public and private recitals of the College of Music will shortly be held regularly. The delay has been caused by Prof. Tillson's illness.

The public recitals will be given especially for the music students, their parents and friends, the University Faculty and Students.

A Faculty recital, and a song recital by the Dean may be expected before our next issue.

All students who can sing a tune are urged to join the chapel class in Sight Reading. The class is now singing four part songs, and progressing finely.

The Cardinal Quartet is having splendid rehearsals under the direction of the dean, and promises to be better prepared than ever before for concert and society singing.

Mr. Harry W. Swafford is now secretary of the College of Music, a recent appointment by the dean. Mr. Swafford is studying Voice and Piano.

The dean is looking for two or three more good soprano voices for the Methodist choir. He will be glad to explain the choir plan to any who may desire this excellent musical drill, and will give faithful work in the service of the church.

The Choral Society has been re-organized under a new plan. Prospects point to a large membership and a successful season's work. All students who read music are urged to join the society. The dues are light.

\* \* \*

## Societies.

### PHILODORIAN.

Nearly another term has come and gone and still the Philodorian society is alive and prosperous. Several new names have been added to the list of members, among others we notice Mr. Forbes and Mr. Martin.

The holidays, and the Philodosian entertainment, which was highly enjoyable, have somewhat broken into the regular work of the society, but the boys are anxious to get back to the old routine of lectures, recitations and debates.

Our new censor has proven himself a decided success in his line. While his criticisms have not been harsh they have been extremely pointed, and we are glad to say they are already bearing good results.

A committee has been appointed to divide the society into two divisions, the object being to work up a series of good debates. So look out for an invitation to the same in the near future.

### PHILODOSIAN.

Since the last issue, we have accomplished very little in regular society work, on account of the holidays, etc. Our contest has closed with the score in favor of the Cardinals and a pleasant evening with the Old Golds is now anticipated by the society members and the friends. Instead of the regular open meeting, we gave a reception to the Philodorians, Faculty and invited guests on January 6th. The advertisement guessing contest was a great success, and, undoubtedly enjoyed by all. As usual, the Philodosians came out ahead, Miss Edna Hubbard receiving the first prize, a copy of "Othello," and Mr. Otto Metschan, the booby prize.

\* \* \*

## Athletics.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 21st, a team composed of Invincibles met the Y. M. C. A. in a practice game of basket ball.

The game was called at 8:30. Directors Brown and Darby, of University and Y. M. C. A. respectively, acting as umpires, and Rolla Southwick as referee.

The teams and positions were as follows:

W. U.		Y. M. C. A.
Marquam	F.	Race
Parsons	F.	Bruce
Garland	C.	Moir
Starr	G.	Carlisle
Wilkins	G.	Zanker.

Two twenty minutes halves were played. In the first half, our boys failed to score, our opponents scoring seven points, six from the field and one from the foul line.

Having become somewhat accustomed to our surroundings, we entered the second half with renewed determi-

nation and, as a result, the score stood at the end of the game 7 to 6 in favor of the Y. M. C. A. team.

the end of the game 7 to 16 in favor of from start to finish, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

We hope to be favored early with a return game.

\* \* \*

## Medical.

Dr. Wm. Kuykendall, of Eugene, while attending the legislature will continue his lectures before the students on the subject "Gynecology" after Jan. 10th. Dr. Kuykendall is an interesting lecturer and the students are all very glad to have him with them again.

The Seniors and Juniors are finding that weekly clinics in Physical Diagnosis at the asylum means plenty of work along this line. During the past month the subject has been adventitious sounds of the heart. Sometimes some very amusing diagnoses are made out. Prof. Pierce says most all are doing excellent work. Certainly we have had an abundance of material.

"Is that you, Dan?" Inquire the rest of Mr. Clark.

Mr. C. A. Stuart returned from Oregon City, where he spent the holidays, several days late. If the report of the "boys" be true no doubt it was a "pressing case."

Mr. D. C. Clark tells us that he denies the charge of going South to spend the holidays. Maybe there are others.

### FACETIAE MEDICORUM.

Our Willie passed away today.

His face we'll see no more.

What Willie took for H<sub>2</sub>O.

Proved H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

## Exchanges.

What has become of the Exchange column of the Index?

"That remains to be seen," said the boy when he spilt the milk on the table cloth.—Exchange.

"The Christmas Monitor" is the title of that beautiful little poem in the last issue of The Crescent.

Tramp—"Sir, my clothing is all in tatters and I fear I shall suffer from the cold."

Professor—"Sew its seams."

He stood on the bridge at midnight

Disturbing my sweet repose.

He was a tall mosquito.

And the bridge was the bridge of my nose. —Exchange.

Judging from the enthusiastic spirit permeating the last issue of the Pacific Wave, the University of Washington will have no cause to be ashamed of its work in Athletics this year.

"Why did we beat Spain?" Because we are strong as Sampson; as Schley as the foe; we are Miles long; we possess Merritt; and we are Hobson's choice. What more Dewey want?—Albany College Student.

"What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive?" Bread is a necessity; the locomotive is an invention; necessity is the mother of invention; therefore, a loaf of bread is the mother of a locomotive.

\* \* \*

## Reviews.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for January, 1899, begins its new volume with a strong issue and a

C. H. LANE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,  
97 STATE ST.

largely increased circulation. The two important and timely subjects of American diplomacy and territorial expansion figure prominently in the January number. The editor reviews the historic year 1898 from the international viewpoint and discusses pending national problems; Mr. Henry Macfarland, the Washington correspondent, contributes a study, based on intimate knowledge, of the diplomacy of the war, and Prof. Harry Pratt Judson, of the University of Chicago, writes an exhaustive paper on "Our Federal Constitution and the Government of Tropical Territories." Mr. W. T. Stead gives an interesting estimate of the young Russian Czar; Miss Laura Carroll Dennis describes the career and work of the rising American sculptor, George Grey Barnard, and a sketch of the late General Garcia, the Cuban patriot, is contributed by Mr. George Reno. Margherita Arlina Hamm gives a succinct account of the Red Cross movement and the work of that organization in the late war.

Education for January offers the teacher a variety of valuable discussions on topics of present and permanent interest. Among leading topics we desire to direct special study to these, "Rural School Questions," by John Ogden, "National University," by Dr. L. R. Hardy, "Licensing of Teachers," by Supt. E. L. Cowdrich, "One Heroine—Three Poets," by Prof. W. S. Scarborough.

The Ladies' Home Companion for January from its beautiful first page of cover contains an excellent literary provision for the ladies. Every department is carefully edited and adequately provided for.

The Ladies' Home Journal for January, 1899, begins the new year with a beautiful and interesting issue. Almost every topic in which womankind is in-

## NEW YEAR'S DAWN

99s arrival brings with it exceptional opportunities to all of our customers. Stock-taking time is at hand, and in order to reduce the quantity of goods to the lowest possible limit we have reduced our prices on

### Fancy Box

### Stationery

Before you make your purchase you want to see this line. We have proposed and carried out many enterprises and have brought low prices to the people—especially to the Students of the Willamette University.

### The New Term

Will soon begin and we wish to inform you that we will have the full line of Text-books used, and all will be sold at poverty prices. You will get the profit.

### Badly Frightened

Some of the "other fellows" were badly scared over the offer we made on the school books last term, but they will be more so next term. By aiding us in bringing low prices, you will get the benefit.

*Yours for square dealing.*

**PATTON BROS.,**  
"THE STATIONERS"

**STATE STREET.**

terested finds a place and has a good discussion. The illustrations are worthy of special attention.

\* \* \*

## Locals and Personals

The very latest—"Carpe Diem."

\* \* \*

Rev. D. A. Watters and Dr. John Parsons were recent chapel visitors.

\* \* \*

Mr. Marquam in recitation. "He entered (public) life at an early age."

\* \* \*

A new text—Aschenbrenner on free coinage of silver.

\* \* \*

Carbonettes and Aristo Platinos are one and the same thing. Cronise makes them.

\* \* \*

Miss Lou Magee, of Albany, was a chapel visitor on the morning of January 4th.

\* \* \*

"Cronise," the Photographer, gives the Students a big reduction on all first-class work.

\* \* \*

Mr. J. B. Winstanley, of the U. of O., spent a few hours with friends about school on Dec. 22d.

\* \* \*

Mr. R. M. Drumheller spent his Christmas vacation with his parents at Walla Walla.

\* \* \*

The Cronise Studio is now located in the old Cherrington Gallery, over New York Racket store.

\* \* \*

Senators, Representatives and all intelligent people go to Westcott & Irwin's Restaurant.

\* \* \*

No, it was not a cyclone—it was only

## Salem's Greatest Store.

### Our Grand Inventory Sale

is making many holes in our big stock. Pick the many choice bargains. A saving of from 10 to 50 per cent. sounds big but it's being done.



$\frac{1}{3}$  **33 per cent**  $\frac{1}{3}$   
**Discount**

on our entire line of Jackets, Capes, Mackintoshes and Suits, divide the price by three. Everything marked in plain figures.

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for a line of fine Percalé and Madras Shirts, values heretofore at \$1.25 and \$1.50

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**Jos. Meyers & Sons,**

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the girls talking, when they found that the cake had been "lifted."

\* \* \*

Have you heard anything about the "Old Maids'" club?

\* \* \*

The new electric bell, placed in the recitation room in the east basement, was a success—a howling success.

\* \* \*

The smoothest thing in town—the steps by the west approach to the building during the freeze.

\* \* \*

Prof. M. T. Cochran in Literature class, studying Milton, to Mr. Wilkins: "Satan is still speaking, you may continue."

\* \* \*

Patronize The Cronise Photo Studio and get reliable work at reasonable prices. A word to the wise, etc.

\* \* \*

Will W. Skinner, an old W. U. student who has recently been studying music in San Francisco, was a recent chapel visitor.

\* \* \*

These rainy days and nights should be spent in eating some of those delicious confectionaries and nuts at Strong's Restaurant.

\* \* \*

Mr. Ackley dreamingly, "Yes, sir, Christmas and New Year came on Sunday, so did Thanksgiving and Easter Sunday come on Saturday."

\* \* \*

G. W. Johnson & Co. are now getting ready to occupy their new quarters on Commercial street, where you will find them, after February 1st, with a full line of Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishings. Until then they continue the special sale on all lines. Special bargains in Underwear and Mackintoshes. Also a few exceptional values on hats. See Hat Window.

## PERFUMES!

LARGEST ASSORTMENT.

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cancies last season. Unsurpassed facil-  
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ton, D. C.

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Day and night sessions. The Budget system of bookkeeping and the Intercommunica-  
tion system of Business Practice is used. Our students and offices are in communication, through  
the mails, with business colleges at San Francisco, Oakland, Stockton, Portland and Seattle.  
This school is noted for its

## THOROUGHNESS AND PROGRESSIVENESS.

That a thorough training received at this institution pays, is evidenced by the num-  
ber of former students holding lucrative and responsible places. NOW is the time to prepare for  
the incoming tide of prosperity which will create many new openings for young people who are  
qualified.

Wanted—At College of Music—  
Some good woman to act as step-  
mother. Apply to Dr. John Parsons,  
Financial Agent, W. C. Hawley, Presi-  
dent, or R. A. Ackley, Chief-cook.

\* \* \*

Miss D Gans entertained a few of her  
friends on the evening of Jan. 5th.  
Games and music followed by a delicious  
lunch were the means of passing a most  
pleasant evening.

\* \* \*

#### THE PICKERILL CO.

Have opened a first-class ground-  
floor Photograph Gallery at 243 Com-  
mercial street, the finest, largest and  
best on the Northwest coast. To intro-  
duce their up-to-date work they will for  
a short time make their best Enamel  
Cabinets for One Dollar per Dozen;  
their Peerless Carbonette Mantello size  
also reduced about one-half; from \$1.50  
to \$2 and \$3, according to size.

\* \* \*

Those young people of the third year  
class have probably learned by this time  
that it is considered highly improper for  
children to wander aimlessly about the  
streets—when they should be in school.

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small machinery.

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out laying over. Leaving Corvallis  
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For any information concerning the University, write or send for catalogue to

**WILLIS C. HAWLEY, A. M.,**  
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## Steiner's Cough Cure

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Christianity."  
—Lincoln.

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Offers unequalled bargains in all lines. Mackintoshes, Capes and Collarettes, Dress Goods, all at special clearance prices.

## Mackintoshes

\$2.25	Garments to close	\$1.80
3.00	" " "	1.98
4.00	" " "	2.75
5.00	" " "	3.85
8.00	" " "	5.50
10.00	" " "	7.15
12.00	" " "	8.25

## Black Dress GOODS

We offer better values in new figured and plain black goods than ever.



## Plush and Cloth Capes

\$2.50	values to close	\$2.10
3.00	" " "	2.25
5.00	" " "	4.00
10.00	" " "	7.95
20.00	" " "	15.00

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Every garment reduced. You'll not have another opportunity this year to buy such well made, perfect fitting clothes at the prices made during this sale.



## Gloves

All of our button gloves offered in this sale at

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\$8.00	Suits, reduced to	\$6.60
9.00	" " "	7.50
10.00	" " "	8.25
15.00	" " "	11.60
20.00	" " "	15.40

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