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Commercial St.

Rostein & Greenbaum's Prices

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ARE ALWAYS LOWER THAN OTHER STORES, COMPARE THEM

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS

500 coats to choose from, representing the best values made by six manufacturers.

Children's coats, 6 to 12 years, in blue or brown, only \$1.50.

Large line to choose from in sizes 6 to 16 years, prices \$1.50, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.25, \$5, \$5.50, 6.25, \$7.

Ladies' black coats, \$4.25, \$6, \$8.50 and \$14.00.

Ladies' Cravenette coats, \$5 and \$7.50.

Ladies' fancy mixed and plain color coats, prices \$4.25, \$5, \$6.50, \$7, \$8.25, \$8.50, \$10, \$12.50 and \$13.50.

Men's heavy cotton pants, 90c and \$1
Men's part wool pants, \$1.40 and \$1.95.
Men's leather gloves, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.
Men's canvas gloves, 3 pair for 25c.
Men's heavy work shirts, 40c and 45c
Men's medium weight gray socks, 5c pr
Men's heavy gray socks, 3 pr for 25c
Men's extra heavy part wool socks, 18c pair.
Men's heavy ribbed underwear, 45c
Men's all wool Cardigan jackets, \$2.
Men's calfskin shoes, \$2 and \$2.50 pr
Men's heavy oil grain shoes, \$2.90 pr
Men's all wool underwear, \$1.
Men's negligee shirts, 50c, 65c, \$1.

Ladies' Skirts, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$3.25.
Ladies' union suits 50c, 75c, \$1.75.
Ladies' underwear, 25c, 50c, \$1.15.
Ladies' black hose, 12 1/2c, 15c, 18c 20c and 25c.
Ladies' heavy gray hose 12 1/2c pair.
Corset covers, new lines at 25c, 65c.
Outing flannel 6c, 7 1/2, 9c and 10c yd
Heavy daisy cloth, 10c yd.
Sample fascinators, only one of a Large fascinators only 25c.
Sample line of fascinators only one of a kind, marked at 25 per cent less than regular price, 20c to \$4.

Our New Fall Millinery is now ready for your inspection. Place your order now while we have a complete line of the latest shapes and colors and largest assortment of fancy feathers and plumes in Salem.

We have hundreds of pretty pattern hats for you to choose from.

A GLOWING SKY AND BEACH FLOTSAM CAUSE THE COLONEL TO RUMINATE

Old Sol Blushes As He Goes to Bed—Angels in Pink Tights, the Family Dog, Spooney Young People and An Antique Maiden Lady. Get Mixed Up in His Musings

Newport, Sept. 6.—To my mind September and October are the most delightful months of the year at the ocean. The evergreen hills are hung with smoke, dotted here and there with clusters of flaming red copes of vine maple. The waters have a different color, and are alive with marine and animal life. To be sure there are more of the gun-flends ranging the beaches, and shooting and maiming and killing innocent, harmless and useful birds and animals. There should be an example made of one of the murderous gentlemen, who are gradually stripping the seashore of one of its greatest attractions. Yesterday we drove on the beach and counted half a dozen sea gulls, dead or wounded. To see the bird-killer in the act and have one witness to prove it would make a case, and, while I have never prosecuted a human being in my life, I would really enjoy dragging such a fellow into court, and making him pay all the fine and costs possible. When their beaches are denuded of all the sea birds, when the seal and sea lion have been rendered extinct, the managers of summer resorts would pay great sums to have them back. The state game warden would confer a great favor on the summer visitors by appointing a special deputy to patrol these beaches.

Indescribable Sunsets.

Of late I have been cultivating sunsets more than society, and hence if you find less about the arrival of prominent politicians and excursions and dances, and more about the way Old Sol goes to bed, you will know the reason why. To see a sunset right, get a comfortable seat on the dry sand with a log of driftwood at your back, down where the surf breaks gently and you have an unobstructed view of the west, where the hazy, yellow mists begin to blush at the disrobing of the king of day. I have built a little beach fire of driftwood, and there is not breeze enough to make it roar, but it takes the chill off the evening air. My only companion is the family dog, an adopted tramp of priceless value, in the estimation of a little girl I know. Circling overhead in the purpling mists are colonies of gulls, gathering to scud away to some inaccessible rocks up the coast, where they can roost in security. They live by scavenging the beaches, with an evening desert of salmon flies taken on the wing.

Young People's Pleasures.

Boating on the bay and driving on the beaches and lolling on the dry, warm sands after bathing in the surf are the principal out-door pleasures of the young people. Most of the

young people pair off more or less, seeming very slow to taking any deep-seated aversion to each other, and yet I hear of no misconduct on the part of any. It is a blessing to think that, while laws can be passed against sports generally, here is one sport that the poorest can enjoy, and that can never be successfully monopolized by a trust, or legally prohibited, and there is not a better place than Newport for young people to congregate. But away with sentiment, and I shall make another attempt at describing the sky-effects in autumn.

Like a Department Store.

It would be highly unpoetical to describe the ocean as a great dishpan and the western horizon as a department store. But as the winds play up gently from the southwest, the air at evening is soft and balmy, there is a haze over the sea and the forests, the Coast range mountains are lost in the distance, and the sky is a great department store of colors, where the most delicate tinted fabrics of aerial texture are hung out for display, and the assortment is constantly varying. The sun changes from yellow gold to deepest, darkest, crimson as it nears the jumping-off place, and you can imagine a ballet of angels in pink tights and gossamer wings singing a hallelujah chorus in the dull red glow, where it plunges out of sight, as though the myriad-color children of the great mother of lights hated to let her go out of their sight, and still more hated to let go themselves.

The Beauties of the Afterglow.

Darkness settles about you on the sands, the waters lap and murmur with a sadder music, the earth is submerged in unheard minor strains, but overhead all is joyous color. The sky is azure purple, changing into heliotrope and lavender to the north. To the west it is lighted with pale saffron and smoky topaz tints, ending in a grand salmon-pink aura where the sun went down. It is an hour after that event, and still the west is an atmospheric sea of colors. There is a great arch over the western sky, of rich and yet delicate wine color, reaching far toward Alaska and deepening toward the north. A headland shoots out between me and the ocean to the north-west, and behind this rises the solid wall of gorgeous color work, the hills outline with a sharp skyline of dark green, jagged tops of the firs and spruces. The harbor beacons are burning, launches with colored lights are fitting back and forth across the bay to bring belated travelers from the south beach, while the lighthouse on Cape Foulweather is sending its

steady silvery rays far across the ocean to cheer the wave-tossed mariners. There is music and laughter over the waters where a party of young people is taking an excursion on the beautiful Yaquina bay. Newport sits in a semi-circle of glittering lights reflected in the deep blue tides that constitute its water front.

Reviving Some Memories.

There is a peculiar charm about a driftwood fire on the beach, as each piece of fuel cast up by the waves could tell a tale of travel, and has a history tinged with adventure. Here is a bit of circular board, that was doubtless part of the pilot's wheel on some ill-fated craft. Human hands have sent it spinning on its way, directing a cargo of precious freight bound for the ports of commerce, and perhaps wrecked on some wild and inhospitable shore, not even graced with a space in the newspapers. In the heaps of driftwood, half buried in the sands, are some old beer kegs, that I am adding one by one to make a bonfire for myself and the dog in this dry country of Lincoln, whence it is hoped the soul of the man it is named after has not so completely fled as the spirit of John Barleycorn has left these iron-bound, oaken shells that are crackling to keep us warm. The dog is looking anxiously toward the village, where the family has gone for new supplies of grub, and I am gazing sorrowfully into the ancient receptacles, crumbling into coals and ashes, trying to recall the merry scenes enacted by the old-timers who will recall the memories of the old brewery on Yaquina bay. Under the new regime John Barleycorn holds his sway as bottled goods shipped in from Salem, which have displaced the home product.

Cactus on the Beach.

My reveries on the beach are interrupted by a Portland maiden lady of 60 odd summers who has wandered down to our campfire, and I have persuaded her to bear me and the dog company. This cactus on the wastes of single blessedness has a natural acerbity and tartness of temper that reminds me of the wild crab apple that grew back East when I was a boy. They were not bad eating when they had survived a few sharp frosts, but from the way this lady roasts people right and left, no unkindly frosts of matrimony or social ambitions disappointed have mellowed her temperament, and she has accumulated real estate while she has retained her virtues and her temper, and she seems to be unwilling to part with either until the right man comes along. I will bet a cookie that, with all her circumspection, if ever she does marry it will be to some man who will squander her patrimony, and turn her out of doors when it is gone, but she will be welcome to a seat on the log by the driftwood fire. Her talks are all of financial troubles with her agent. Heart troubles she has never had—she is too repellant, and by nature too much like the prickly pear of the desert. The latter is more charming, for at certain seasons it has beautiful blossoms. In one respect this aged maiden bears out Stevenson's recipe for a woman to be a good conversationalist—she must be "well-sunned, ripened, and, perhaps a little toughened." As to the latter, I

do not know. My folks have returned. My dog has been growing too familiar, as it did not take him long to discover that she has a dog of her own, a white spitz poodle, that, by some strange mischance, does not accompany her this evening.

Wierd of the Pacific.

There is something wierd about thus sitting by a fire of driftwood on the shores of the Pacific—a great ocean whose waters are fraught with unknown destinies to our country. Shall expansion into its unknown depths bring us war or peace, weal or woe? Have we, too, reached the limit of our national growth, and shall we go down as have the empires of old, and drop like a ripened fruit into the oblivion that awaits outlived usefulness? Shall get-rich-quick corporations and the four hundred swamp our national spirit with the corrosion of idleness, and shall our ship of state have her hull coated with barnacles until she drags a help less hulk through the seas of dishonest dollars and we be overrun like imperial but degenerate Rome by the Huns and Vandals of the Orient, the Malays and Tartars of Japan and China? The old man with the scythe alone can tell, and the question is too serious for seaside cogitation. I leave it to Teddy and the telegraph editor.

THE COLONEL.

"Regular as the Sun"

is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by J. C. Perry, druggist, 25c.

Saratoga Welcomes Grand Army.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 9.—The streets of New York's famous spa blossomed out in a sea of patriotic colors today in honor of the thousands of aged boys in blue who descended upon the village as delegates to the national encampment of the Grays Army of the Republic.

All the visitors were met by reception committees as they arrived and quartered at the various hotels and boarding houses. Official headquarters have been established at the United States hotel, with Commander in Chief R. B. Brown in charge. Every indication points to a hot fight for the chief executive office, the candidates including General Charles G. Burton of Missouri, Patrick Coney of Kansas, General W. T. Wilder of Tennessee and Chester Burrows of New Jersey.

The formal opening exercises will be held tomorrow evening, when Governor Hughes will deliver an address of welcome. The annual parade is scheduled for Wednesday. The route will be a mile and a quarter, down tree-lined Broadway, affording both the shortest and most comfortable parade the veterans have ever had. The great campfire will be held in Convention hall Thursday evening.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kied You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*

KELLY BREAKS RECORD

Is Unplaced in Speed Events—Smithson of Portland Takes 120 Yard Hurdles

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 7.—Contrary to expectations, Dan J. Kelly, crack sprinter of University of Oregon, and former champion, failed to be in the running today in the 100-yard dash. He finished fifth. Huff, of Chicago, was the winner of this event with W. D. Eaton of Boston second and Charles Parsons, of the Olympic club, San Francisco, third. The time was 10 1-5 seconds. Today was devoted to the senior championship events at the athletic field on the Jamestown exposition grounds. Some of the most noted athletes in this country and Canada took part. The weather was ideal, being clear and not too hot and the attendance was large.

After the 100-yard dash, the half-mile was pulled off and was easily won by M. W. Sheppard, Irish-American Athletic club, New York, the present champion for this distance; Andrew Gardner, of the Olympic club, San Francisco, second. Frank Sheehan, of South Boston, third. Time 1:55 1-5. This beats Sheppard's formerly record by 1 1-5 seconds.

The third event of the afternoon was the 16-pound shot-put. In this Ralph Rose, of the Olympic club of California, broke the world's record by 1/2 inch. His put was 49 feet 6 1/2 inches. W. W. Coe, Boston A. C., was second, with 45 feet 2 inches; W. W. Gilmore, Olympic club, San Francisco, third, with 43 feet 3 inches.

The other events follow:

Fourth event, 120-yard hurdles—Forest Smithson, Multnomah club, of Oregon, first; time, 15 3/4. A. B. Shaw, of Chicago A. C., second; W. R. Cullough, N. Y. A. C., third. Smithson ran with an injured leg. Fifth event, one mile run—James P. Sullivan, Irish-American A. club won in a canter; S. A. Rogers, N. Y. A. C., second; Charles Bacon, Irish-American, third; time, 4:29. The former time was 4:29 4-5. Sixth event, 440-yard run—J. B. Taylor, University of Pennsylvania, first; G. B. Ford, N. Y. A. C., second; Andrew Glarner, Olympic, third; time, 51. Taylor is a negro.

Seventh event, throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by John J. Flanagan, I. A. A. C., distance 171 feet 3/4 inches; M. P. McGrath, N. Y. A. C., 159 feet 7 inches; M. F. Hoor, I. A. A. C., third, 154 feet 4 inches.

Eighth event—Running broad jump won by Dan Kelly, University of Oregon, distance 23 feet 11 inches; second E. L. Cook, Jr., I. A. A. C., New York, 23 feet 2 1/2 inches; third G. F. O'Connell, N. Y. A. C., 22 feet 11 inches. Kelly's record beats that of M. Prinzstein, I. A. A. C., former champion, by 1 foot 7 inches. Ninth event—Throwing discus, free style, won by Martin J. Sheri-

dan, I. A. A. C., distance 125 5/8 inches; second A. K. Dean, N. Y. A. C., 121 feet 10 inches; Leo Talbot, I. A. A. C., 121 feet.

Tenth event—Five-mile run by J. J. Daley, I. A. A. C., 17 minutes, 4 seconds; George B. I. A. A. C., second; Thomas C. I. A. A. C., third. Daley beat record by 15 2-5 seconds.

Eleventh event, pole vault—Cooke, I. A. A. C., won the jump and C. A. Allen, I. A. A. C., 12 feet 3 inches. E. C. Glover, Chicago A. C., third 12 feet.

Twelfth event, 220-yard hurdle won by John J. Eller, Jr., I. A. A. C., time, 25 1-5 seconds; A. B. Chicago, A. C., second; W. S. Y. A. C., third. Eller's record event beats that of former champion H. L. Hillman, N. Y. A. C.

Thirteenth event, 220-yard run won by H. J. Huff, Chicago, time 22 1-5 seconds; P. C. Gett, Olympic club of California, second; C. J. Seitz, N. Y. A. C., third. Time beats by 1-5 second the former champion H. L. Young.

Fourteenth event, throwing pound weight—Won by John Flanagan, I. A. A. C., distance feet 8 inches; P. M. McDonald, A. C., second, 35 feet 3 inches; R. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., third, feet 11 inches. Flanagan's 18 inches the former world's record held by himself.

Washed Overboard.

It has been reported by local people, who have returned from port that one of the crew of the *Gazelle* while taking a party over the bar the other day was washed overboard by a mammoth wave but rescued by the use of a preserver which were thrown from the sea-going boat. The *Gazelle* gasoline boat which has been excursionists over the bar, but deck is so near the water of the craft that a large wave would completely over the boat. It is to draw but four feet of water considered by many unsafe for ocean voyage.

Sports on Pacific Coast.

San Francisco, Sept. 9.—The annual regatta of the Pacific club Yacht association will be here today and has attracted attention among the yachtsmen of coast.

Another notable Admission sporting event is the football between the University of California freshmen and the Barbarian strong local team, marking the gift of the Rugby season on coast.

Lame Back.

This is an ailment for which Chamberlain's Pain Balm has proved especially valuable. In almost every instance it affords prompt and permanent relief. Mr. Luke LaGrange of Orange, Mich., says of it: "After using a plaster and other remedies for three weeks for a bad lame back, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and two applications effected a cure." For sale at Dr. Stone's drug store.

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