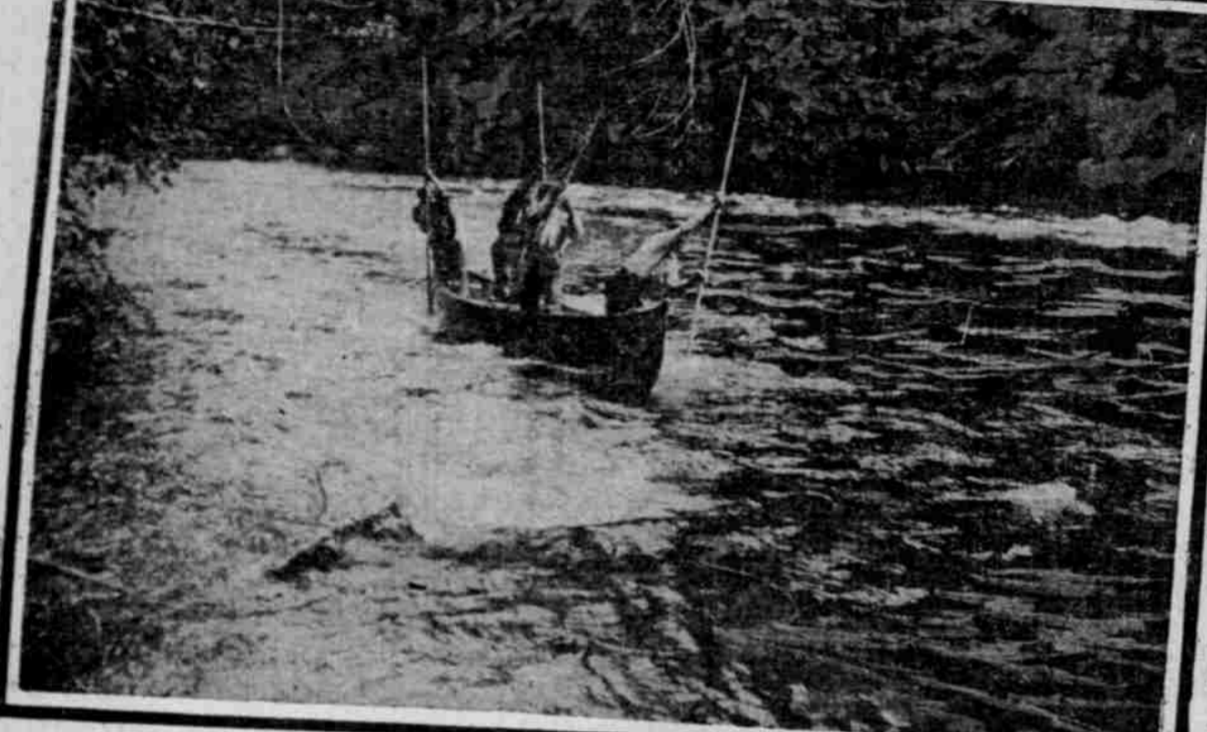


BRITISH COLUMBIA WILL BUILD NEW ROADS

More Important Project Is That for Highway Leading to National Park in Heart of Beautiful and Untraveled Vancouver Island.



THE EVERLASTING SNOWS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND, ESPECIALLY THE BUTTLES LAKE RESERVE.



UP CAMPBELL RIVER ON LINE OF ROAD TO BUTTLES LAKE.

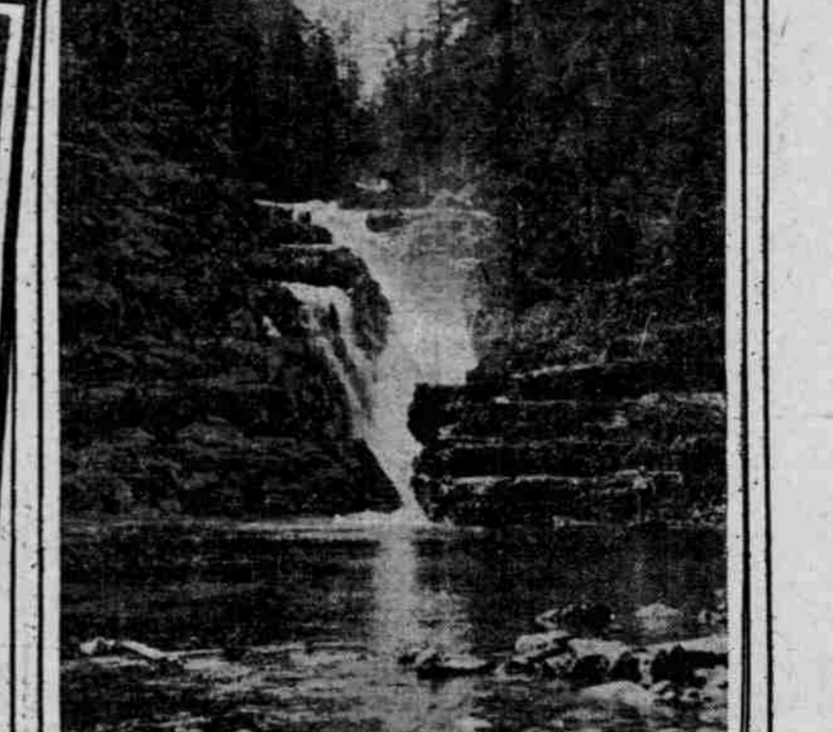
INTEREST of the practical kind is beginning to manifest itself in road-building in the Province of British Columbia. This is attested by the fact that several projects of great importance to the future development of the province are already under way, while many others have been decided upon. The most important of the roads now contemplated is one leading to the recently established Battles Lake National Park reserve on Vancouver Island. Altogether the Province of British Columbia contemplates the expenditure of \$4,000,000 in road building.

Richard McBride, premier of the province, is at the head of the movement for better thoroughfares. Associated with him are Thomas Taylor and Prince Killison, members of his cabinet. The former, whose portfolio is that of Minister of Public Works, has already earned for himself the sobriquet of "Good Roads Taylor," so great has been his interest in provincial highways.

The scenery of the interior portion of Vancouver Island, especially in the district which includes the new national forest reserve already referred to, is not overtraveled by that of the Alps. Occasionally a photographer has waded



BUTTLES LAKE VANCOUVER ISLAND B.C.



MYRA RIVER AND FALLS

and thousands of square miles adjacent to it, has as yet been scarcely trodden by the feet of white men.

Agriculture, it is admitted, will eventually be the main basis of prosperity for the island, which includes in its area much rich and valuable agricultural land. To make this accessible it is necessary that roads be built. That the people of the island are alive to this fact is apparent from the interest being taken in road matters. The outlook is indeed encouraging with the provincial government also fully awake to the possibilities of Vancouver Island with proper transportation facilities. The people

LOS ANGELES' SANTA ALWAYS ON JOB WITH ARMY OF ASSISTANTS

Huntington's Dream of Great Port at Santa Monica Shattered—Pasadena Romance Aired in Court—Scandals in High Society and County Politics Subject of Gossip.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 24.—Santa Claus lives here. He lives in other cities, too, but the Los Angeles Santa Claus never changes his identity. He is always on the job and is particularly active from early in December until his day arrives.

Motley H. Flint is the name the Los Angeles Santa Claus uses for 11 months in the year. He used to be postmaster, an active Shriner, banker, lawyer and other things, but he has been elected unanimously the Los Angeles St. Nicholas and apparently has life tenure on the job.

Just how Mr. Flint came to be Santa Claus is too far back in history to ascertain. But when he first became postmaster he was impressed with the importance of his position, for to him came the thousands of letters from trustful little folks to their beloved saint.

Then Mr. Flint proceeded to put his Santa Claus business on an organized basis. Being a high official in the Shriners' organization, he put it up to Al Malakah Temple, and from that time the Myrtle Shrine has been his organized Santa Claus trust.

Contributions of cash and gifts are received at the Shrine's Christmas headquarters and all the mail addressed to Santa Claus is put in Mr. Flint's box. Tragedy, pathos and humor are related in these letters and Santa Claus has systematized the publication of these letters to open the pockets and loosen the purses of the Messrs. Grinch and Tightwad in marvellous fashion. He does not publish all the letters that he receives, but he hands out judiciously to the newspapers. Like regular press agent, and the results are surprising as well as gratifying.

Resolving a gift for every child who would otherwise lose faith in the merry Christmas saint, candles and nuts and fruit, crutches for cripples, blankets for the cold, food for the needy, food for the hungry and medicine for the sick—everything goes where it is wanted, for Santa Claus Flint seems to know the needs of everyone. Dolls that talk go to little mothers whose hearts are set on them, even bicycles for little boys whose eyes have been filled with envious tears at the sight of their more fortunate neighbors are distributed by Santa through the Shrine headquarters.

Every day for weeks before Christmas Mr. Flint's agents are busy investigating the information conveyed in these letters to Santa Claus. It would not do to answer the letters without investigation, for Santa Claus is an honest old saint and might be imposed upon. And everyone knows that children who do not tell the truth are not in favor with Santa and get no presents. Among the miscellany received this year was one from a little

dashing young woman who knew familiarly the attractions of New York's gay set, was the bride, and young Turner appeared in the classic quiet of Pasadena, the groom.

The young people met while Turner was on a visit in the East. They were attracted to each other and after a touch of the gay life in New York the engagement was announced. The marriage quickly followed in November, 1908, young Turner brought his wife to Pasadena, where they settled down to the lovely quietness for which that city is famed.

It was not like the Great White Way by several degrees. Mrs. Turner became restless, and within three days had determined, in the immortal words of the prophet, "I will build me a bummer in New York than a millionaire in Pasadena." She demanded and obtained sufficient money from the father of her husband to take her back to New York. Once there, the young lady's funds were short-lived and she soon asked for more. This was not forthcoming and within a few months she again appeared in Pasadena, and made a formal and futile demand for cash. She left Pasadena and came to a swell hotel in Los Angeles to live. It was alleged in the case which followed that she had a large sum of money, which she had hidden away in the hotel, with which the Turner family is still wrestling in the courts.

Last Fall Mrs. Turner entered suit in the local courts for support. She failed to appear when the case was called, and several times it was postponed on one plea or another. Finally it was dismissed because of the non-appearance of the plaintiff. Mrs. Turner again appeared and again disappeared, and the disconsolate (?) young husband knew naught of her whereabouts. A few months later his father met her on the street in New York, but she did not recognize him.

It was alleged in the case which followed that Mrs. Turner was married under an assumed name, and that she had been previously married to a brother of Captain Richard Pearson, Holbrook of Merrimac fame.

Turner testified that he offered to provide an allowance of \$50 a month for her support, but that his wife told him that she had much money and would last her a minute along the Great White Way.

Turner won his decree after a statement had been made by a lawyer to the effect that an effort had been made to get money out of Turner's father by a well-known attorney acting in behalf of Mrs. Turner. In settlement of her claim against the young man. The elder Turner "refused to be led," as he put it.

Society Scandal Whispered.

Pasadena society is enjoying a whispered scandal, little of which has found its way into the local papers because of the prominence of the parties concerned, although a great portion of it is now a matter of court record.

F. S. Allen, a wealthy Pasadena architect, known in professional circles

MERRY Christmas TO ALL

We wish all our old and new friends a "Merry Christmas," and take this occasion to thank them one and all for such favors as have been extended us. We desire to serve you better than ever and are planning a greater future for this store, and trust that we may continue to merit your patronage.

STORE CLOSED TOMORROW

See Tuesday's Oregonian for Great Clearance Sale Announcement

Stock-taking will be completed and old prices will be "knocked to a frazzle."



Handley, who has been nominated by the Council to succeed him, and in order that the settlement between the two may be final. All in all, it looks as if the change in officials will create something of a flurry in City Hall circles.

TURKS ARE PROGRESSING

Egyptian Prince, in Automobile, Amazes the Natives.

BY CAPTAIN A. GATHORNE.
ADRIANOPLE, Dec. 24.—The new Turkish army's maneuvers, just finished, demonstrate improvement.

The first corps, the "Reds," from Constantinople, wore red fezes; the second corps, from Adrianople, the army of the West, is called the "Blues."

A feature of the maneuvers was the automobile service. A dozen machines, French and German, with officers, attaches and correspondents, fled over prairie roads and bounced across cornfields and thistle brakes.

Aziz Pasha, the Egyptian Prince who commands a cavalry brigade in the Turkish army, was conspicuous in a large red car and drove swiftly. Villagers will tell, to their dying day, the wonders of that car.

The review by the Sultan was a great show of fighting strength.

A grand banquet, presided over by the Sultan, was given in a tent, and the sensation of the day came when Mahmud Shevket Pasha, creating a precedent, addressed his majesty. He said in part: "Glorious Sultan! Since the blessed day of your ascent to the throne you have followed the lines of your noble ancestors by the high and magnanimous favor of your constant contact with the Imperial troops, by your visit to the grounds and by your presence at the maneuvers."

The Sultan made no reply, but made amiable salaams.

"My Lord, the Carriage Waits."
Harvard Lampoon.

"The carriage waits without, my lord." "Without what, gentle sir?" "Without the left-hand running board, without the French chauffeur, without a drop of gasoline, six nuts, the can of oil, four pinions and the innominate, without the brake, the horn, the clutch, the car has been repaired, in fact, one cylinder—it beats the Dutch. How much there isn't here! The car has been repaired, in fact, one cylinder—it beats the Dutch. The garage sent it back, my lord, in perfect shape throughout, so you will understand, my lord, your carriage waits without."

WHY MEN DRINK WHISKEY

Do Men Who Are Addicted to the Liquor Habit Attain the Same Success in Life as Those Who Are Not?

Every man who has drunk whiskey for any length of time can look back and see what good or ill it has done him. If he will take the time to sit down and think the matter over carefully, he will see that it has not been a help to him in any way, either in his business or his health. He can compare his own position in life with others of his acquaintance who have not drunk, and draw his own conclusions. He does not need to be told that while he may not be a total failure, that he has not made good either in a business way, or to his family (if he has the good fortune to still have them with him).

If you ask him why he drinks, he will say that his health is not good and he needs a stimulant, or that he has had bad luck in some way, or one or more imaginary reasons that a man has for drinking. He will not say right down in his own heart that he knows he cannot quit, but would if he could. He has gone so far that it has the upper hand of him and struggle as hard as he will against the craving for liquor, it still gets the best of him and he will go over the same thing time after time. When he gets sober and remorse gets hold of him, he vows that this is the last time and he will not touch it again. When this has happened time after time and his wife or friends ask him to take a cure for the liquor habit, what does he say? "I can quit if I want to. I cannot spare the time. It will do me no good. I have heard of men who have taken a cure and have been wrecks afterwards," and a hundred and one foolish excuses. He thinks it is a disgrace to take a liquor cure. He does not stop to think it is far more of a disgrace to get drunk than it is to take a cure. He does not stop to think that whiskey will do him more harm than any cure that was ever originated. He thinks it an acknowledgment of weakness of will-power, or of loss of manhood to accept aid to stop drinking. Would he think it if he was afflicted with any deadly disease? No, he would hunt help at once and not stop until every recourse had been exhausted. He does not stop to think that he owes it to her who has stayed with him through these years of suffering and neglect, or his children who are growing up around him.

The divorce records will show that liquor is directly or indirectly responsible for a great majority of the divorces. The criminal records will show that almost every criminal is addicted to liquor.

Almost every day a wife, mother or sister will call at the Neal Institute and relate the story of their loved one. Do you, the man who drinks, know what that story is? It is invariably of a good man, if he did not drink. They see with sober eyes that drink is hurting him. They want to be convinced that the treatment will cure and then how they can convince him who needs help and that he should be cured, for the man who drinks never sees, never needs help and does not want help. Is there any earthly reason why your mother or wife or sister wants you to be cured except she sees without any prejudice that whiskey is hurting you and that you cannot stop?

The strongest men, the best-known and the most brilliant men have been downed by whiskey. Excessive drinkers rarely see themselves as others see them. They realize, of course, that this craving for drink is stronger with them than it once was and that they are compelled to drink oftener to satisfy that craving, but they do not know how often, or that the growing habit is the cause of much concern to their friends and those who are interested in their welfare. Many men, once excessive drinkers, who are absolutely free from the bondage of desire for drink by a "three days' stay at the Neal Institute, do not go of their own accord. They were persuaded to take the Treatment by intimates who could see what strides they were making towards bankruptcy in health and fortune, because the business instinct once bright was growing dull under the poisoning effect of alcohol.

Those who have carefully investigated the Neal Treatment are the most enthusiastic about it. Investigation is most earnestly invited. The Neal Institute guarantees satisfaction or refund of the money.

If you have a friend who would like to rid himself of the drink habit, write, call or telephone the Neal Institute, 354 Hall street, Portland, Oregon, for further particulars and book. Telephone Marshall 2400. The Neal Institute is open night and day.