

# LOCAL BREVITIES

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McIntosh, Mrs. A. D. Davidson and M. S. O. A. Kreamer were in Salem Monday.

Mrs. H. W. Withrow entertained the members of the B. Y. P. U. at a Hallowe'en party Friday night.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Fredrickson Tuesday morning. The young hopeful has been named Charles Freeman.

L. Dauman left Tuesday for Prineville and other Easter Oregon points where he will visit relatives about a couple of weeks.

Read C. S. Hamilton's ad on "Raleigh's Gift to the Queen." The story is pleasing and the furniture will be even more pleasing.

A number went from Independence Monday night to see "Robin Hood" at the Grand Theater in Salem. They were more than delighted with the production.

## BLOOM KNOWN TO CONFUCIUS

Great Chinese Philosopher Wrote of the Chrysanthemum Five Hundred Years Before Christ.

The florist would doubtless be puzzled if a customer asked for a dozen L-Ki, yet that is what Confucius called the chrysanthemum when he wrote about it in China some 500 years before Christ was born. And that's how old, at least, the chrysanthemum is—something like 2,500 years.

The beauties of the bloom have been bettered rather than decreased with age. The Japs have known it for at least 2,000 years. But in earlier centuries it was not the imposing mammoth head hundreds of years of cultivation has brought it to be. It came to Europe from Japan and China some time in the Seventeenth century, and the florists of those days began its intensive cultivation and developed the large flowers from which have come down the chrysanthemums of this day.

The name itself is from the Greek and really means "golden flower," which is not far from a good description in the light of the great lemon-and-orange colored blooms which have been developed in recent years.

## AUTOMOBILE MENACE

A New York magistrate before whom many speeders are brought for trial, recently pointed out the serious growth of the automobile as an instrument of death, says a writer in the Thrift Magazine. He alluded to the fact that during the 19 months of American participation in the war, 48,000 of our soldiers were killed or died of their wounds in France. During that same period 91,000 persons, mostly children, were killed on the streets and highways of this country by automobiles.

We have learned through the centuries to regard Mars as the symbol of ruthless cruelty and death. Today we must consign the old war god to a quiet and comfortable seat in a rocking chair while Mercury assumes the role of the bloody butcher.

## BUENOS AIRES UP TO DATE

Residents of Gay South American Capital Rightly Proud of Their Beautiful City.

Buenos Aires believes strongly in public utilities competition. It has four telephone companies, with resultant cut rates to subscribers. Automatic telephones are being installed, and it is said the South American metropolis is likely to beat New York to the use of these per capita.

In many ways Buenos Aires is as up-to-date as any city in the world. It has all electric street car lines and also an honest-to-goodness subway, where the passengers have to hang to straps and are packed in like sardines in a box. It maintains a complete communication system with all agricultural, industrial and commercial centers through South America and handles a large proportion of all the exporting and importing trade south of the equator. It supports grand opera, and its women are as smartly and expensively dressed as any who can get the fashion news from Paris.

But the horse has not been superseded by the automobile. There are four times as many horses and carriages on the street as private motorcars, seven times as many horse-drawn cabs as taxis and thirty-eight times as many wagons as auto-trucks.

## INDIAN MARINE CAME FIRST

Honor That Has Seemed to Belong to Australian Navy Must Be Surrendered.

The belief that the Australian navy was the first branch of the royal navy thrown out by Britain in the outer waters appears to rest upon a misunderstanding. The honor belongs to the Indian marine, which was originally founded at Surat in 1613. It was once maintained at the cost of the East Indian company. It protected the company's merchantmen from the depredations of pirates, of whom Joasmi, Cutch and other bold freebooters gave the navy the most trouble. When the naval tide of war swept into the Indian ocean, the Indian marine was as much a part of the British navy as the Royal Australian navy was in the great war. But if the Australian navy cannot claim the distinction of priority, it may, none the less, take heart. In these days, with disarmament in the air, it may claim, the world will hope, the distinction of being the last of the British auxiliaries needed to win a definite place on the sea.—Christian Science Monitor.

## HOW SHE ARRIVED

Winifred was at her grandmother's one day having a good time playing all by herself. Her uncle, going out to the back yard, found her up on a high workbench, where it seemed impossible for her to get without help.

"Why, Winifred!" he exclaimed, "how did you get up there?"

"I got up here on my determination," was the quick and spirited reply.—Exchange.

## HEAT FROM STONES

At a school in Canada advantage was taken of the heat-retaining property of stone. The large space at the back of a boiler, connected with the steam-heating system, was filled with stones, and it was found that when the stones were once thoroughly heated the fire could be allowed to go out, and the stones would keep up steam for a considerable time. Tests were made with two boilers, one a new one and the other old, and it was found that the new boiler kept up steam for 20 hours after the other boiler had ceased to give out heat.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## FOR HIM

By MOLLIE MATHER.

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She was a small creature with wide appealing eyes of blue. And what the men found to so admire in her was more than other women could see. Among themselves they discussed her as a vampish person to be righteously avoided.

Certain it was that from the moment Meda Brown became a member of the Husted house party, swains old and young left their formerly adored to follow in her train. And, Meda Brown; what a plain name.

Nevertheless, the demure one triumphed easily—everywhere. The strange thing was that she did not try for the triumphs, or seem to care. Usually she had to be hunted out in some secluded corner, or forestalled on one of her customary walks down the road. Gwen Person's fiancé was continually seen in the unwelcome Meda's company, and of late Marion Grovener's heretofore faithful attendant was usually to be found there too.

The women's cool attitude toward the interloper showed their displeasure. What right had Julie Husted to bring this unknown relative of her husband's among them?

When Tom Lacy met her, Meda was plinking with her Husted cousins on the bank of a stream. She talked to Tom, as he happened along, while her cousins fished. And though Tom Lacy believed himself to be in love with Marion Grovener, he lingered and thought the little Meda Brown person very entertaining, indeed.

It was always that way. As days passed he planned and schemed for them eagerly.

Meda was so delightfully surprising. She could be gravely, wisely sympathetic or infectiously gay and merry. "I suppose," Marion contemptuously remarked to Tom, "You believe that flattering interest in yourself and your engrossing business is genuine. She puts it on for everyone like a cap. And then laughs at you for your pains. Why you all humor her in her self esteem is more than I can see. She's just a little cat without a thought beyond her own amusement. And if you care for me—"

Tom knew the rest. He had heard it before. If he cared for Marion his friendliness with the pleasing Meda must cease. The trouble was that he did not know this could be done. Meda was so different from flirtatious maids he had known. His friendship for her was a real and vital thing. Or was the deep feeling merely friendship? Then Tom Lacy knew—it was love. He told her frankly, as they sat together, that he had intended to marry Marion, and that he had thought he cared for her until Meda came. And, he recalled as he spoke, the many bitter things Marion had said of the girl, who now listened; the unkind tale of her unscrupulous conquests, her heartless triumphs, and he felt that the revelation of Marion's nature, with her unreasoning jealousies, had killed, at its beginning, any love that might have been. Tom, in his eloquence, was not aware of all that he said. He impressed upon Meda Brown his own belief in her, despite Marion and all others. And when he had finished, waiting breathlessly his fate, Meda, her soft eyes suddenly aglow, threw back her head and laughed. Tom stared, growing very white.

"You, too," laughed Meda, "so you had to love me. Though before we met you intended to marry Miss Grovener."

Still smiling, Meda looked back at him, "Go and marry her, my dear friend," she said, "for I have finished."

Tom sat, after she had gone, trying to understand. He had not known that love could so make one suffer. Love, how little he had realized its meaning. So they were right, Marion and the rest of the women; it was unbelievable.

Tom Lacy stood undecidedly. He did not want to go back to the house. A little cottage stood at the end of the country lane. He and Meda had stopped there sometimes to visit a solitary old woman. Meda liked to play for the lonely one on her old piano. His steps led him there now, unconsciously. Absently, he dropped on the wooden bench outside the cottage window. The tinkling tones of the piano came to him. Meda's voice was singing a sweet little song. Its each verse beginning with "Somebody." He listened, wondering vaguely at the tremulous catch in the still loved voice: "And somebody's dream. If dreams can come true, is only a dream of gladness for you; my dream is for you."

Then all at once Tom Lacy understood. The despised girl would willingly efface herself and her love, that she might give to him what she believed to be his own dream of gladness. To him, and to Marion, who so misjudged her. So she had acted for Marion's sake, the part Marion gave to her. And through all she cared. His heart sang at the thought. For a moment he stood thinking of the two women—Marion, whose selfish exactions had marred their happiest hours, and this other girl, with her dream of gladness but for him. Tom Lacy went boldly into the room. Meda's eyes welcomed him. He took her into his arms.

## Enterprise.

"You print the latest happenings?" "Yes," said the New York publisher, "and we even try to anticipate a few." Louisville Courier-Journal.

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This Sale starts MONDAY, NOV. 7th, and you will be more than repaid by visiting our store. We do not attempt to list all articles that are on sale; you will appreciate the values more when you see them.

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