

FLED WITH YOUTH

Advancing Years Destroyed Illusion of Old-Time Fair.

Gilded Caravans, With Their Wonderful Contents, Which Entertained the People of English Villages, Recalled to Memory.

The fair always appeared at the same date and at the same place in the particular town each year, in obedience to some mysterious calendar that probably never got into print, but that, nevertheless, was perfectly well known to the show folk. No one knew exactly, or cared exactly, whence these showmen and show women came. They seemed to comprise a veritable peripatetic army, whose whole duty was to travel from one end of Great Britain to the other and entertain and instruct less fortunate people. Judging from the glaring posters on their wagons, but more particularly from the huge paintings which adorned their show fronts, they had traveled to the uttermost parts of the earth, in order to find the subjects for their "unique and refined entertainment," and had been rewarded by the patronage of most of the crowned heads of Europe and the presidents of the American republics. They rode for the most part in showy caravans, adorned with pictures and neat little white curtains drawn across little windows, and topped by smoking chimneys. Or they drove wagons piled with properties, or vans the front ends of which could be let down and transformed into an imposing show front, while the opposite end could be mysteriously elongated, and in there sprang into being, within the space of a few minutes, a long, tubular rifle gallery!

The news of the arrival of the first wagon, or the first gilded caravan, or of the setting up of the first tent pole, the sure sign and symbol of the coming of the annual fair, was always a source of intense interest and expectancy to the young generation in the town. Straggling detachments of boys and girls would soon be moving toward the fair ground to get first impressions of the pleasure to come.

And when the opening day of the fair had actually arrived, or, better still, when the day of days, which was market day, had come, and the grounds were packed with people, and one had already "done" the circus twice, watched the gorgeous street procession of "lords and ladies" and howdahed elephants, and had almost beggared oneself for the sake of seeing the "greatest wild-beast show in the world, with the only live gorilla in captivity," at feeding time, which of course was the most expensive time, there was nothing to do but to go through the fair once more. The last penny for that day had been spent, it was true, but one might have the good fortune to come across, in some corner or byway of the fair, the awesome person who "ate fire," or the wonderful man who lifted heavy weights like tops, or "swallowed swords."

Never, so it seemed, could there be so much for one to do or to enjoy; never could there be again, or anywhere else, so much delight as was crowded into those avenues of noise by day and noise and flaming naphtha lights by night, where a dozen brazen bands played simultaneously, a dozen organs screamed and trumpeted and a dozen big drums banged from the steps of the shows; where hundreds of rattles rattled, and stentorian voices bellowed to the crowds to patronize this and to look at that.

That the old-time fair was always sure to be much the same, year after year, did not much detract from its gorgeousness or fascination in the eyes of those youthful patrons who had been "saving up" for weeks to enjoy its prospective delights. Yet it is true that, as time went past, something of the charm of the fair went with it. The "kings" and "queens" seemed to be less royal, the gold more tinsel, the colors more garish, the noise more apparent, the music more cacophonous and the show people less interesting. Then it was that the interest lagged, disillusion crept in, and at last the fair ceased to attract. It had, indeed, become a very ordinary thing.

Not Wholly German Rivers.

Not only is the Rhine not the boundary river of Germany, but neither its mouth nor its source is in German territory, as Charles M. Pepper points out in the Washington Star in the course of a discussion of the Rhine as a factor in peace negotiations. This has long been a cause of mortification to Germany, and to it is partly due the rise of the Pan-German movement and the dream of a Mitteleuropa. The Rhine flows into the North sea at Rotterdam in Holland, just as the other great German river, the Scheldt, flows into the North sea through Belgium. Even the Danube pours into the Black sea, but this fact was not felt as a humiliation by the Pan-Germans because of the subservient relation of Austria to Germany. But for a long time it has been their custom to assert, sometimes in the most offensive language, that Germany must control the Rhine and the Scheldt to their mouths.

Indigestion.

He reported sick. "What's the matter?" asked the doctor. "Indigestion, I guess," said the Yankee. "That dispatch I ate when I thought the Germans were going to get me didn't seem to agree with me."

KEEP WATCH ON EXPRESSION

One's Face Pretty Generally Reveals the True Thoughts and Feelings of Its Possessor.

No doubt you would readily recognize your features if you met them in the street. You see them in the glass daily and many times a day, and probably you think you study them with peculiar care. But that is just the point. Whenever you see them, you are studying them. The expression is conscious, artificial—the expression of a person who is being watched and studied. You know what the photographer's "look pleasant" produces. You know how you feel and can imagine how you look when you are aware that someone is observing you.

Think of the expressions you watch on others' faces when they are completely unconscious, not giving a thought to how they look. Some faces are sweet, kindly, sympathetic, delightful. Some faces again, often the same faces, are sad, anxious, dreary; others still are harsh, bitter, angry or selfish. Remember that all those expressions are likely to come on your own face, too. When you look in the glass you do not find them there. Your mere curiosity erases them as a wet sponge erases figures on a slate. But they come just the same.

Remember how you love to watch the kindly look in others and how you shrink and turn away from the ugly and the hateful. Perhaps the memory and the consciousness will help you to control the uncomely expressions in yourself. Or, since expressions are not easily controllable and are in any case an unfailing index of the feelings that produce them, perhaps you will set more busily about the task of repressing and subduing feelings that make faces look as you wish that they should not.

The great secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, once refused to be introduced to a man because he did not like the man's face. "But," urged a friend, "he is not responsible for his face." "Every man over forty years old is responsible for his face," answered the secretary.—Youth's Companion.

Comma Once "Killed" a Bishop.

A Kent (England) urban council, it is believed, has about reached the limit of "war economy" by forbidding the use of punctuation marks in all official documents, with the result that reports of its proceedings are published without even a comma. But the absence of punctuation may prove perilous. Hill 70, on the western front, was "taken" by a missing comma. Worse still, a bishop, for want of a comma, was temporarily killed. The present bishop of Bath and Wells, when he held the see of Adelaide, found what he thought was a dead sea serpent near Coffin bay, at a time when an influenza epidemic raged in that district. He was pardonably proud of the "discovery," which was wired to England in a portmanteau telegram which ran: "Influenza prevalent numerous deaths Bishop Adelaide found dead sea serpent 60 feet Coffin bay." A news agency thought the last six words a separate message, and announced the death of the bishop.

Sense of Speed.

W. P. Beazell says in an article in a New York paper, telling some of his flying experiences: "Very little sense of speed comes to one in the air. There is, of course, the tremendous rush of air past one's face, but a whirling propeller will give that before one has left the ground. There are no landmarks in the air, and it is by landmarks that we measure the speed of trains and automobiles, for instance. The earth is so far below that it seems to be passing at about the rapidity of a horse car. After a time the landlubber begins to realize that what he was regarding as suburban plots are really farms, that the fish ponds are town reservoirs, that the brooks are rivers, and that by holding out his hand he can blot from view a county. When that happens he begins to get a proper perspective of himself."

Passive Resister, Perhaps.

A few months ago Jeffersonville received some new city cars which excited much admiration. They are fitted with all the newest devices, safety doors that will not open until the car stops and that will not let the car start again until they are closed, pay-as-you-enter arrangements and so forth. But pride had a fall a few nights ago when one of these nice new city cars tried to buck a small automobile of a make of widely known repute, and supposed to be as addicted to the way of peace as the man whose name they bear. The automobile was standing perfectly quiet—just like "tar baby"—and "not sayin' nuffin," when the car bucked it. When the fracas was over, the auto had a slight lump in its rear parts, but the city car was derailed by the impact. Honors were given the gasoline vehicle by the police.—Indianapolis News.

Hobson's Choice.

One afternoon a noncommissioned officer found and awoke two stragglers behind the American lines in France. They had visibly a bottle of champagne.

"Where did you get that champagne?" asked the officer (with motives beyond question).

"Well," explained the smaller of the pair, "we hadn't had anything to eat but iron rations for five days, and not much of that, then we lost our outfit, and when we landed here we started out to buy something. The only thing for sale in the whole town was a bottle of champagne, so we bought that."

Furniture Specials

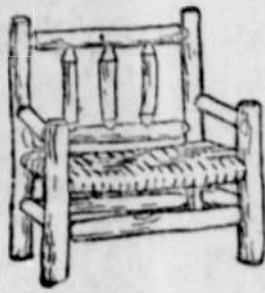
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\$22.50 Solid Oak 6-ft. Extension Table	17.50	\$47.50 Golden Oak Spanish Leather Davenport, Mattress Inside	35.00
\$18.00 White Enamel Desk	14.50	\$15.00 6-ft. Solid Oak Extension Table	10.75
\$22.50 Reed Rocker (Cretone Upholstered)	14.95	\$4.50 Large Pillows, Pair	2.50
\$17.50 2-in. Post, Simmons Beds, Any Color	9.75		

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Lyons News

Miss Myrtle Brown and Mrs. Willis Brown visited at Mill City last week.

Those visiting at the Edward Jackson farm the first of last week were Albert Bass and wife of Portland, Mrs. E. E. Trask, Mrs. M. Martin, and Miss Ethel Swank.

Miss Alta Brown and Mrs. D. Brotherton visited at Gooch last Friday.

Mrs. A. Ring called on Mrs. R. Brown last week.

Well, the flu is about over around Lyons. Those that were down in bed with it were: W. H. Trask, J. H. Johnson, Mrs. Frank Johnson and son Paul, S. D. Brown and son Denton, Chas. Hiath, Edward Jackson and Mrs. L. D. Watterman. All are able to get around again. We are lucky not to have any deaths. Mehama had two, R. F. Shire and wife, three days apart.

Mr. and Mrs. Blakely of Mill City visited at the E. E. Trask

home.

Ed Jackson had less than an acre of land planted in potatoes on his farm and got 60 bushels of potatoes, all nice large ones. That seems pretty good as this summer was so dry.

Alta Hiatt of Gooch was in Lyons' Sunday visiting home folks.

Mrs. Fred Merral got word that her brother Glen Little was killed in France Oct. 5th.

Mrs. Alice Huber visited at Grandma Shelton last week.

Mrs. Ed Jackson called on Mrs. S. D. Brown last week.

Mrs. George Reading has been on the sick list.

Silver Creek Falls

Fred Volz was a business caller in Silverton Monday.

Mrs. John Peterson and Miss Elizabeth Wilkens called at the Lewis Lang home Sunday evening.

Charles Cieslak is on the sick

list this week.

Lew Lang was in Silverton Monday transacting business.

Miss Idris Rossell of Stayton is visiting relatives in this neighborhood this week.

Mrs. H. A. Brown called on Mrs. L. Lang Tuesday.

Gabriel Volz called at Chas. Cieslak's Tuesday.

Mrs. Cieslak was a guest at the Volz home Monday.

(Too late for last week)

Messrs. John and Lew Peterson called at the Lewis Lang home Monday.

John Rossell is busy moving J. E. Kimsey's to their farm at Macleay.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rabens of Stayton motored up to Silver Creek Tuesday.

John Kimsey of Macleay motored up to his ranch at the Falls Tuesday.

The ladies of the S. C. F. A. R. C. A. met and spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Bert Neal.

Mrs. Chas. Heater called on

Mrs. Lietz Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Seiverson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson.

Miss Waisle Miles called at the H. A. Brown home Sunday afternoon.

Harry Tolz made a business trip to Silverton Monday.

Mrs. Lew Peterson and son Elling made a business trip to Silverton Saturday, returning Sunday accompanied by Leonard Peterson and Loren Miles both employees of the Silver Falls Camp.

Clarence Peterson and Vincent Neal are victims of tonsillitis this week.

Mrs. John Peterson and Miss Elizabeth Wilkens spent Tuesday evening at the Lew Peterson home.

Mrs. Lew Peterson and family left for Toledo Thursday, where she will join her husband who is employed in that city and they expect to make their home there.

Chas. Cieslak made a business trip to Silverton Thursday.