

AUCTION SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Saturday, December 23

DALLAS, POLK COUNTY, OREGON
On the Premises

One hundred choice lots, 50x100; also 2 blocks containing 28 very choice lots; one 9 room house, large basement with fine furnace, windmill and tower and large tank. This is one of the finest houses in Dallas. The elevation is 60 feet above the main portion of the city. Also 40 acres of the finest fruit land in Oregon, which will be sold in 4 and 5 acre tracts, with streets 60 feet wide, so that you will have a road to each tract. This property is known as

City View Addition to Dallas

and is located in the Southwest part of the city and is very choice property. Come one, come all, come everybody. Come Farmers and buy one of these fine homesites, for some time you will want to come to Dallas to live, for I think Dallas has a good future. Young men, come and buy one of these choice lots and give it to your best girl for a Christmas present. Mr. Wilkins, the owner of the tract, can be found at the Hotel Gail with maps of the property, and will take pleasure in showing you this very choice addition. Will give you abstract with perfect title. Notice to Speculators and Real Estate men. Come to this sale and you will have an opportunity to get some property that will bring a good profit.

Terms of Sale: On all lots, \$10 down and \$10 per month, with interest at 8 per cent. The acre tracts will be sold one-half cash and the balance in 3 years with interest at 7 per cent. The blocks and house \$1,000 cash, the balance on payments, to be paid in three years with interest at 7 per cent.

Notice to the Public: Every person from Portland or way stations coming to Dallas on Saturday to attend this sale and buying one or more of these lots, or the house or one of the acre tracts will have his railroad fare deducted from the price paid for the lots.

Come Everybody

Prospective purchasers are urged to select their lot before the sale as our time at the sale will be limited.

W. M. WILKINS

Will trade some of these Lots for a good Auto or a good team of Horses

CHRISTMAS IN NEW YORK.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.
(Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.)

MOST of the 5,000,000 people living within the twenty-mile radius of the American metropolis "sit up and take notice" on the approach of Christmas. They do more. They rally forth in great droves, buying things to give away, to eat, and what not. They make life a burden to the expression, the postmen and the department store clerks. The feminine New Yorker is especially in evidence. Sometimes she goes it alone, sailing into the bargain counter scrimmages like a regiment going into battle. At other times she drags along her bored looking husband, or some other male member of the family, who executes all shopping and who sweats under his breath or looks as if he wanted to. In companies, battalions and divisions goes forth the shopping army, marching through the streets, deploying up and down the aisles, making attacks and counterattacks upon the candy department, the millinery department, the toy department and everything else in sight. Salesmen grow haggard and wan under the onslaught, and great wagon trains haul away the spoils of battle.

Christmas in New York is pretty much as it is in all other cities, except that there is more of it. There is so much of it, in fact, that the figures which make up the holiday statistics stagger and wobble under the load. Big figures never did have to bear up under such burdens as they do in America. In companies, battalions and divisions goes forth the shopping army, marching through the streets, deploying up and down the aisles, making attacks and counterattacks upon the candy department, the millinery department, the toy department and everything else in sight. Salesmen grow haggard and wan under the onslaught, and great wagon trains haul away the spoils of battle.

The winter solstice is hardly the time that one would look for blossoms, yet at about that season the streets of New York bloom with holly and evergreen. There are festoons of ivy and wreaths of mistletoe. The green is in the windows and over the awnings. The street vendors are along the curbs with all the latest novelties to gladden the heart of the small boy. Last year's dolls are trotted out into show places, and the toy stores do a land office business. Even the east side, where congregate all the nationalities of the earth, is not without sparkle and color. The Chinese quarter, it is true, does not show much more than the usual animation. About the only time the Chinese break toys are also in evidence at the time of the Chinese New Year, but then they so riot in color and sound that they make up for the rest of the year.

A trip through the east side a few days before Christmas furnishes an interesting side light on the universality of the holiday. Here peoples of all lands will be found preparing for the celebration of a common festival. Russians at home, because of the difference in the calendar, do not hold their Christmas until some time after Christmas, but Russians in New York are coming more and more into American customs and are adopting our time in place of their own. The same is true of those from other Slavic countries. As for the Germanic and Latin nations of northern and southern Europe, Dec. 25 is their day for celebrating the Nativity, so that no change is necessary with immigrants from those lands. The vast numbers of these peoples in our chief city may be realized when it is reflected that last year over a million foreigners came to our shores, and a vast portion of these stopped on the east side in New York. Because of poverty Christmas with the tenement dwellers is not what it is with the middle classes and those better situated, yet the day passes in few even of the poorest quarters without some token of remembrance.

The omniscient street vender is present in the east side as elsewhere. For the most part he has lace, rugs and wondrous fabrics for sale, but on Christmas break toys are also in evidence. Mechanical dancing bears, fighting cocks and prize sparrers are made to do their evolutions on the pavements and are offered for a nickel



VOLUNTEERS REPRESENT SANTA CLAUS. To whomsoever will buy. Dolls of the poorer quality are placed in tempting array. Christmas tree ornaments are arranged in glittering profusion. These dazzle the eyes of the bareheaded and dirty arches that are as thick as flies on the streets. Here a son of southern Europe, master of a soft and silken brogue, English, speaks now a rubber ball from which a figure springs



Why Do You Buy Your Candy at a Grocery Store??

When a confectionery store is in better shape to handle it? It is always fresher, nicer and better when purchased here. Look at the cheap sugar candies in the window of the grocery store, and then come and look at

THE BON MARCHÉ

Line of Sweets. We handle a line of

Home Made Candies

Made by the ladies of Dallas. Give us a chance to bid on your Christmas order. Call and see

Boots Kersey
before placing your
Holiday order.

out, ejaculating with each squeeze, "Santa Claus—fer Christmass tree." Two organizations in evidence at all times, but more so than ever at the Christmas season, are the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America. These are rivals, in good works and otherwise, so wherever one has out an aim for the other is generally found but a few feet away. The representatives of the Salvation Army have on the regulation caps and stand beside a kettle, invitingly open to small contributions, under which is the invariable legend, "Keep the Pot Boiling." The Volunteer representatives each have a chimney with a small hole in the top for receiving the coins of the passerby. Christmas week these Volunteers are dressed to represent Santa Claus. The omnipresent small boy, dirty and bareheaded, as usual, pauses beside one of these. "I know a better Santa Claus as you skinned for a Santa Claus." The Salvation Army and the Volunteers feed thousands each year at substantial Christmas dinners. Other charitable organizations innumerable also spread elaborate feasts for the poor and homeless, thus making the day one of good cheer "even to the least of these." The newboys give a veritable feast on Christmas day.



THE OMNISCIENT STREET VENDER. The holiday gives most everybody in New York the chance for at least one square meal, even if he does not have another during the entire year. Emerging from the swarming tenement district by the cross-town route, the festooning increases as one approaches the shopping area until at Sixth Avenue it grows a perfect riot of green and red. Here are the great department stores, lining both sides of the thoroughfare from Fourteenth street to above Twenty-third. If one would see Christmas activity at its

best—or its worst—he can see it here. Fashionable dames in their trimmings from uptown, women carrying babies from the lower downtown sections, wives of commissioners from up the Hudson, from Connecticut, from Long Island, from Staten Island and from Jersey, here charge and countercharge, swarm through the aisles, crowd the elevators, scramble to get to the counters, overflow into the street and sweep in eddies and currents, here, there and everywhere, a never ending human stream.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN CALABRIA.

By PAUL LOUIS COURIER.
(Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.)

ONE day I was traveling in Calabria. I had as companion a young man who had had less experience than I had in this little known part of Calabria. He was one of the most careless and happy persons in the world. In these mountains the roads seem to be precepted, down which our horses slid and plunged dangerously. My comrade went first, taking a path which seemed to him to be shorter and easier than the regular road, which, however, could not have been worse. In doing this he became lost, and night was fast approaching. We had hoped to reach the railroad which would take us to civilization, as I termed it, where we could spend our Christmas more pleasantly than we now expected to.

As long as it was light enough we struggled along, and suddenly, just as it grew too dark to see anything twenty feet away, we came to a hut black and low. It looked sinister to me, but Jules was so glad that he just shouted.

In answer to his shout the door opened, and we saw a whole family gathered around a table on which was a white cloth.



"Come in, come in," said the oldest man of the party, but his looks were far from being as inviting as his words. He was black with the penetrating blackness of dry charcoal, but as we were very weary and hungry and our horses worn out we accepted the invitation. There were five cabbage soup, baked potatoes and a chicken fritters, with home baked bread such as falls in one's hands but too rarely. For dessert was had some chocolate, while the children were hurried off to bed after having placed their little wooden shoes by the side of the chimney.

The horses were well taken care of, and Jules was laughing and singing with the children until they were taken out, and then he gave himself up to telling the men, of whom there were four, of our adventures. One man in particular struck me on account of his somber silence. He spoke to no one and eyed us in a sort of sullen manner.



"This was a charcoal burner's home, and the man who owned this house was the one who seemed so somber. The old man was his father. The woman finished her work and brought out a few cheap toys and some bonbons and a few other little things such as

"I saw in his right hand the gleam of a sword. He was a soldier, and his mother managed to find no one knows where or how. The little shoes were filled, and we saw that all were slippers. We, too, being so weary, were willing to retire, so the old man took us up a ladder to a loft above the room where we had been sitting.

To reach our sleeping room we climbed a ladder and there found a sort of pallet of straw, clean, and with sufficient covering.

In this little I saw by the feeble light of a candle a homemade candle quantities of dimly outlined things hanging from the rafters, but could not make out exactly what they were. In the darkness I thought they looked like men hung along there. There were rats for I saw one. I have a horror of rats, and the thought that one might run across my face kept me awake. Even had my mind been free from other fears I should still have lain awake long after Jules was sleeping heavily. I could not sleep, so I tried my mind with the recollection of the tales I had heard of the lawlessness of these charcoal burners, who were but brigands after all.

I lay close to the chimney, which made the place quite warm, and soon I found the notes of those below could be distinguished clearly by lying near the crevice. I heard the sullen man and the woman talking. They seemed to be discussing something. The discussion was almost a quarrel. The man said:

"So, then, must we kill them both?"

"Yes. Then they apparently slept. That is more than I did. I grew cold from head to foot. I must have looked like a dead man. Even today I grow cold when I think of it all—the little children put to bed, with their hearts filled with joyous thoughts of the expected visit of the Petit Jesus, then ten or twelve lawless men and the bloodthirsty woman, and we shut in that attic, from which there was no escape and almost without means of defense. I did not even dare to try to awaken Jules, for they would have heard us below, and that would only have precipitated our death. And even if we could have got out of the window, there were dogs—big heavy ones—below. No; we had no possible chance, and I expected death each instant.

At the end of the longest quarter of an hour that I ever lived through I heard steps on the ladder and in a moment above saw the light which was carried by the sullen man from below. I saw in his right hand the gleam of a long knife. His wife came behind him, and she took the lamp from his hand. He was barefooted, as well as the woman, and she hid the light of the lamp from my face by shading it with her hand. I lay there too overcome by fear, I admit, to move. What could I have done in any case?

Whispering softly, the couple passed by where we lay and on to where I had seen the shapeless masses hanging to the rafters, and they uncovered a sack filled with hams—their provision for winter, as I now know. They cut two slices from one of the hams and disappeared again down the ladder with caution not to rouse us.

After this, while saying to myself that I must not let myself sleep, for this might have been a feint, I did go to sleep and knew nothing more until Jules roused me.

"Noel, Noel!" he shouted and ran down the ladder to the room below, where the children were doing as other children do on this day, examining and comparing their presents and eating a lot of sweet stuff not at all good for them. I soon followed and had a pleasant greeting from all.

After a good breakfast of ham and eggs and coffee our horses were brought. They had been well cared for and danced about. All the little company of men, the children and the

Annual Clearance Sale . . .

Tuesday Morning,
December 26th
We Start Our Annual Clean-Up Sale

Our entire stock of Bishop's Ready Tailored Suits and Overcoats will be offered the public at a
20 per cent Reduction

This includes every suit and overcoat in the store, nothing reserved.

On account of the mild winter we have had we find ourselves really overstocked with winter clothing.

The result is, you get your pick of a great stock of new and up-to-date clothing at the lowest possible price.

Whether or not you really need a suit or overcoat you cannot afford to pass this chance up.

SALEM WOOLEN MILLS SALEM STORE OREGON

Largest Clothing Store in the Valley

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Lodge Directory.
Cards under this heading will be charged for at \$3 a year.

Dallas Assembly No. 46, UNITED ARTISANS
Meets every first and third Monday evenings in Woodman hall.
J. E. MILLER, Master Artisan,
WILLIS SIMONSON, Secretary

Dallas Camp No. 209, W. O. W.
Meets every Tuesday at Woodman hall, corner of Washington and Jefferson streets. Visiting neighbors welcomed.
TRACY STAAZ, Consul Commander,
W. G. VASSALL, Clerk

City Express & Transfer Co.
LON MERCUTY, PROPRIETOR
All kinds of hauling at reasonable rates. Phones orders promptly attended to. Headquarters at Webster's confectionery.
Phones: Bell 264, Mutual 254
Barn Phone Mutual 245

DALLAS CITY BANK
Dallas, Oregon.
R. E. WILLIAMS, President
W. G. VASSALL, Cashier
DIRECTORS:
R. C. CRAVER, I. N. WASH, M. M. ELLIS
W. G. VASSALL, R. E. WILLIAMS,
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This bank is pleased to place at the disposal of its customers the facilities gained during many years of continuous service and growth.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

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First—**Polk County Itemizer**

A virile, newsy newspaper with the interest of the entire community at heart. Issues of the day are handled without fear or favor. You will find in this paper an up-to-date department for each member of the family. Clean, honest, straightforward—it is a paper your family should not be without.

Second—**Technical World Magazine**

is the magazine that not only entertains in a fascinating manner, but which also instructs. It is the magazine for the busy business man, or for the person who wants to kill away a summer's afternoon, and be profitably informed at the same time. It is profusely illustrated, and tells in a simple and interesting way of the discoveries of scientists, the achievements of inventors, the feats of engineers and explorers, and the opening of every new field of human endeavor. What does London say?—I have just changed upon my first copy of TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE. There isn't anything like it. I want more, and I cannot wait for slow to come, so I am sending you herewith check for which please enter my subscription and send me immediately the last two years' back numbers.

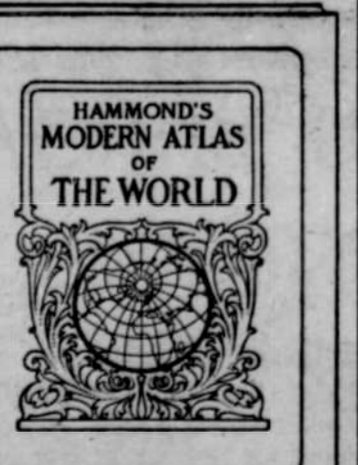
Third—**A Fine Atlas**

This one is just off the press. This is the year to obtain a new atlas. The 1910 Census has just been completed, this atlas contains the official figures, 128 pages of 3 color maps brought right down to date—every map giving the results of the most recent surveys. All railroads are shown and named and maps of all large cities are included. There are 41 double page maps showing in detail portions of the U. S. and Canada. Dimensions 9 1/2" x 11 1/2". Bound in stiff linen—Silver Leaf Title—printed on heavy plate paper. Sells regularly for \$3.00. A splendid gift.

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Wanted—Tatoes. See 1 company.

We sell dress For front quarters 5 1/2-

Country Chest and best earth, for 25 store.

C. L. Starr spent Sunday parents, Mr. Morrison.

Forest Cra at Rieckrell will make a credit to For Rieckrell.

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