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GARLAND SECONDS NOMINATION OF LAIR THOMPSON

Linn County Senator Gives Reasons For Participating in Republican Causus.

The following speech was made by Senator Garland, of Linn county, seconding the nomination of Hon. Lair Thompson, as president of the senate, January 11, 1915.

Senator Garland: Mr. President, and gentlemen of the senate. As long as I can remember it has been the custom of the majority party in all legislative bodies to organize those bodies, and whether or not this body has been organized in the Imperial Hotel in Portland, or in this city, makes no difference. The people are not interested in where you organize, or how you organize, but in what your organization is going to do after it is organized.

It has been the custom of the minority party in this legislature, Mr. President, to go through the hollow formality of nominating a president from its party. Possibly the distinguished gentlemen who comprised the minority party in this senate in the days gone past thought that this was necessary in order to keep together, and to keep intact their

party organization. Speaking for the Democratic minority in this senate—the senator from Baker and myself—we feel that we are too sure of our Democracy to make it necessary for us to nominate one of us for the presidency of this senate. We do not believe, Mr. President, in bringing politics into the senate. I hope I will not be reminded while in this senate that I am a Democrat. The people did not send us here to play politics, but to work for their eternal good, and few as we are, the Democratic minority, propose to do that.

I am not personally afraid that the great Republican party will swallow me if I do not call the attention of the members to the fact that I am a Democrat. In fact, Mr. President, due respect for your digestive organs would make you hesitate about swallowing me. I feel satisfied that the factions in your own party will keep your digestive organs in action, should mix your diet by swallowing a Democrat while, perchance, some of our Democratic friends throughout the state of Oregon should feel inclined to criticize the senator from Baker and myself for not playing partisan politics. I want to say that we propose to practice what the Patron Saints of Democracy preached for years and years. I do not believe, Mr. President, that you should play partisan politics, especially if you are in the minority.

Now, Mr. President, I think I have

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Any bank combining any of the business of a commercial bank, trust company and savings bank shall keep separate books or accounts for each department, and shall keep all moneys received as such deposits, and the funds and securities in which the same are invested, at all times segregated from and unmingled with the other moneys and funds of the bank, and all bonds, warrants, notes, mortgages, deeds and other securities of every nature of such savings department shall be marked, stamped or labeled "savings department," or some similar words. All funds, investments and other assets of the savings department shall be held solely for the repayment of the depositors in said department and shall not be liable for, pledged as security for, or used to pay any other obligation or liability of the bank until after the payment in full of all depositors of said savings department.

The savings deposits of any bank maintaining a savings department may be invested only in bonds, warrants and mortgages.
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led his host through to the land of promise. The Republican party, my friends, by their great patriotism, cleverly and nicely and evenly parted in the last election and permitted a law-giver and statesman to bring the people of American between the contending factions into the land of promise. Mr. President, the Republicans of the state of Oregon are particularly patriotic. They helped to put Wilson in the presidency, and thus won my gratitude, and so devoted are they to the policies of President Wilson, and so anxious are they that those policies be carried out to the end, they have for years maintained in the senate of the United States, two rock-ribbed Democrats to carry that policy through, and in order that these policies may be continued they have repeated the operation. Now isn't that a reason why I should be grateful? But coming down locally, Mr. President, the people of Oregon have maintained in the governor's chair for long, long years patriotic Democratic governors, thus assuring to the state of Oregon good government. Isn't that some reason why the Democratic minority of the senate should show their gratitude by voting for the Republican nominee?

I second everything that was said about Lair Thompson. I think I know him as no one of these people know him. They have known him in a political way. I knew him as a bare-footed boy selling papers on the streets of Albany, and he sold papers too—sold many of them; I knew him when he was struggling for his education; I knew his old father, and at the knee of that old father he received lessons in honesty, integrity, and in patriotism. The old father could not give him money, and it was necessary for Lair to use these qualities that he had gotten from his father by precept, by example, and by inheritance, in order to educate himself, and he has done it. And I tell you, Mr. President, whether he be Democrat or Republican, or what not, I take off my hat to the young man that puts temptation behind him and in his poverty grows in strength and makes of himself the man that Lair Thompson has made.

I am told by Mr. Thompson,—I am assured by him, Mr. President, that he recognizes the burden under which the people of the State of Oregon are laboring, and that he recognizes the fact that the people have sent us here to lessen and lighten those burdens, and he has assured me that he intends to bring to the high office that you temporarily occupy all the powers he has to carry out the promises that he made and I made to the people. I believe him because he never told me a story; and believing him, just so long as he follows out the policies he has enunciated to me, just so long will I give him the encouragement of my support and my vote. Mr. President, I pause to say in all fairness, if the time comes, and I do not think it will come, when I am convinced that he and the gentlemen that are back of him are forgetting the promises they made to the people and putting them behind, and are attached by new Gods, then will I contend, and fight with all that is in me, to defeat those policies.

Mr. President, I take pleasure in seconding the nomination of Mr. Thompson.

AUSTRIANS HAVE HARD TIME TRYING TO CHECK RUSSIANS

By William G. Shepherd
(United Press Correspondent)
Buda Pesth, Dec. 2.—(By mail to New York).—What's the use of wishing good luck to a man who's going to die? There's no luck about that. But I did it just the same, in those last two days at Przemysl; in those last forty-eight hours before we piled helter skelter out of the city, before the Russian onrush. It was hard business, too. These men were going to stay in the city, to defend it. There were thousands of us who had been ordered out but these men were of the few thousands who had been ordered to remain and to fight to the last drop of their blood. They couldn't go. They must hold Przemysl or die.

I had dined three daily for several weeks with some of these officers who had received the orders to remain and saying goodbye to them was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. I knew their smiles, I knew their voices, I knew their jokes, their favorite wives, their favorite cigarette, something about this fellow's home life, something about this chap's three children, I had dipped into their lives just enough to know and to form friendships. And then the end of the Russian line began to snap around the circle of Przemysl's forts, like a whip around a sapling, and Przemysl was doomed. And that last evening, when I said goodbye to these men, who must stay in Przemysl

through the siege, my smile must have been glassy.

I saw one of them once more. It was the next morning, at 7 o'clock, in the Przemysl cathedral, barely daylight. The evening before the man who is to be the next emperor of Austria, had come into Przemysl in his automobile, after a hundred mile ride. He had come to go to church with these men; to join them in a farewell mass; to say good bye to them and to tell them that Austria Hungary depended on them to hold the forts of Przemysl or die in their wreckage.

And, in this audience of officers, I saw a few of my Austrian officer friends, earnest-faced, devout, kneeling, bowing, crossing themselves, reading the prayers, partaking in the death-mass with a man for whose kingdom-to-be they were going to give their lives. I thought of the storm of Russian shell and shrapnel that would beat over Przemysl as soon as our batteries had been brought in from the outskirts and this quiet mass seemed to me like the moment of calm before a tornado.

When the mass was ended the emperor-to-be climbed into his auto and was whirled out of the rings of forts a hundred miles away to the safe shelter of the Carpathians at Neu Sander. The streets of Przemysl were filled with marching soldiers. They had been brought in from the rifle trenches some miles outside of the city and were to be rushed away from Przemysl to some other part of the line; at least were not to die in Przemysl. Then, later in the morning, the artillery began to come into the city. This was the beginning of the end. It meant that the outer defenses of the city had been withdrawn; from the farms and the hills and the valleys, where I had seen these batteries holding back the Russian tide, they had been rolled to the roads and dragged into the city and now they were being taken to the railroad yards to be loaded onto cars that would carry them out of the reach of the Russians.

The safety of Przemysl could not last many hours. It wouldn't take the Russians long to notice that the Russian field batteries were silent and it wouldn't take them much longer to send out their Cossack patrol to discover why the Austrian guns were keeping the peace. Then, after that, it would be only a matter of a few hours for the Russians to advance.

That evening when I dined in the officers' casins there were no officers there. They were out in the great steel forts, ready to begin their resistance to the Russian storm.

We left that evening in a Red Cross train. The Russian guns were sounding nearer than they had ever sounded before. The sound of a rifle battle came to our ears some miles outside the town; the noise of some Austrian infantry regiment holding back the Russian onrush until the last possible man, gun and horse would wouldn't be needed in the town could get out of it.

Before the sun set the next day the Russian army had surrounded Przemysl and my friends in the great steel, round-roofed houses were working their guns for their very lives. But only a few tens of thousands of Russians hovered around Przemysl. More of them went on into Galicia and, within a few days they were a hundred miles nearer Vienna than they had ever been before.

Przemysl is still an Austrian island. Enjoy one of those St. Francis 35c Merchants noonday lunches, served every day from 11:30 to 2 p. m. jstr

in the Russian flood. It's forts have not yet been battered down. Daily it sends its wireless message over the Russian armies, over the Carpathians, saying "We are still holding out." But it is now an island a hundred miles from an Austrian shore and some day, if the wireless doesn't come we'll know that the steel of the Russian shells was stronger than the steel of the Przemysl forts, or the hearts of those brave Austrian officers who stayed in Przemysl to hold it or die.

CAST OF "SEPTEMBER MORN" SHOWS EXCELLENT TALENT

One of the season's biggest hits! The musical comedy sensation or intoxication — "September Morn" which enjoyed an immensely successful run at the LaSalle Theater, Chicago, comes to the Opera House for an engagement of one night, Jan. 17. The cast includes Julian Rubell, Grace Childers, Russell Price, and an unusually pretty chorus of dancing and singing girls, charmingly gowned, who fit into the scenic framing beautifully. Rowland & Clifford have given this—their greatest musical effort—an expansive and elaborate production, resulting in a triumph complete. The X-Ray Futurist Twist and other Tango ideas in sensational dancing are among the lively and joyous Turkey-Trot effects.

P. D. Gilbert went to Salem last night on business.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Slater, were in town this morning on their way home to Corvallis after a visit spent with friends in Lebanon.

W. D. Mixer went to Salem this morning on business.

P. A. Young is spending the day in Portland attending to business matters.

G. D. Burdick, of Salem, spent last night in Albany and returned to his home this morning.

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Drama Class—
The Modern Drama course will resume sessions this evening at the Albany College chapel at seven o'clock. The plays for discussion are Bernard Shaw's "Candida" and "The Doctor's Dilemma"; there will also be a discussion of this much discussed author by President Crooks. Mr. Shaw has been called the greatest force in present day literature. His utterances concerning the present war have received the widest discussion.

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