

Compensation.

We hear the story of distress Repeated o'er and o'er, "I want my taxes to be less And some one else's more."

Feeding the Family.

Mrs. Hiram Offun—These little fish are delicious but you should have served more of them. The New Cook—That's all there was swimmin' in the little glass tank in the livin' room.

Protection.

"Do you feel safer since you put up lightning rods?" "Kind of," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "I at least know they'll keep any more agents from comin' around to sell 'em."—Washington Star.

Well, Now.

"Well, now, I don't approve of this scanty attire for bathing girls." "What's amiss, mother?" "That Miss Oddgirl. She's going in without her necklace. Well, now."

Globe - Albany

Special Xmas Program SPECIAL MUSIC a special feature Daughters of The RICH with Gaston Glass Ruth Clifford Ethel Shannon Stuart Holmes Miriam Cooper Joseph Swackard Its worth waiting for RICHARD BARTHELESS in "FURY" SOON



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Christmas Carol

Of new is come our joyful feast Let every man be jolly. Each room with ivy leaves is dressed, And every post with holly. Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke, And Christmas blocks are burning; Their avens they with hok't meats choke, And all their spits are turning.

In Memory of Her Little Girl

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

Nellie, the Shop Girl, Reminded Mother of Daughter and Was Showered With Lingerie NELLIE was exhausted, just as were all the other clerks in the Rumson department store at five minutes of ten this Christmas eve. But there were still five minutes more in which she must serve. There were several shoppers pressing about her counter handling and examining the beautiful French embroidery of the lingerie there. They swam before Nellie's tired eyes almost dimly as in a dream. Tired, aching feet can do that to eyes, you know.

How trying they were, these customers! How slow about coming to decisions; how impossible their questions. How did Nellie know how this or that garment would launder, or wear? How could she know? Nellie never in her whole life had possessed a stitch of such costly stuff. And still these crowding, high-voiced women expected her to prophesy the whole future life of their purchases! They were certainly better judges than she of such things. They ought to know.

But there was one lady, a lady with soft brown eyes, half smiling brown eyes, who patiently stood and waited her turn. Because of her patience in that Christmas rush, she came last. But if she had been patient in waiting her turn, Nellie now had to be patient in waiting on her. For although it was already ten o'clock and time for the counters to be draped for the night, she took her time. Very carefully she chose two whole sets of lingerie. Every piece she examined closely to make sure of the quality, and the beauty of the design. Nellie thought she would never be done. In fact, Nellie found it hard, just as the brown-eyed lady was hovering over the choice of the last piece, not to cry out at her, "For Heaven's sake, make up your mind! Can't you see I'm dropping?"

But of course Nellie cried out no such thing. She just shut her young lips together, and winked back childish tears of irritation and exhaustion.

"I'll take this one, then," the lady at last said at two minutes past ten. And then she looked up, smiling into Nellie's eyes. "And will you take the lot, dear child, as a Christmas present from me? I had a little girl once, something like you and your age. Since it is Christmas you will not deny me the happiness of giving you this present in remembrance of her. She loved pretty things just as you do, I know."

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Detours.

So long as there are roads to drive streams and lake So long as motorists are alive There will be detours we must make.



Xmas Suggestions For Dad Ma and The Kids

Mens, Ladies, Boys and Girls slippers, ecties, hose and handkerchiefs. Mens and Boys shirts. Bath towels, towels, gloves stationary, jewelery. Mackanaws for Men and Boys

Hibler & Gill Co.

Striker Out.

"Our second baseman would make an excellent swimmer. "Why so?" "He strikes out so badly."

Knocking Our Hooch.

Punch—We have just heard of an American who drank a quantity of prussic acid in mistake for bootleg whisky. It was a careful escape.

JUST FUN



TOO MUCH

He was of the stern, lean variety, but having reached years of discretion, and acquired a substantial bank balance he fell in love. She was very beautiful, but had not been educated at college. How eagerly he waited for the first love letter, and with what frenzy of anticipation he tore it open—a dainty shell-pink envelope! "My darling angel face," she began. That was too much. So a promising romance was ended.

Hurried Away.

"I want to see the court missionary," said a woman at court. "He is sitting over there," replied the magistrate. Woman (surprised)—Oh, I didn't know he was a man. I wanted to show some bruises caused by my neighbor. Good morning. And she hurried from the court.

THE LATEST MODEL



Aunt Lucy—I'm thinking of getting baby a silver rattle for his first birthday gift.

Mrs. Prondmother—Don't do it. We're going to give him a silver perambulator.

Serials.

There is so much to talk about. There are so many questions vexed. That every conference turns out "To be continued in our next."

Why Teacher Didn't Bathe.

"Mother, I heard that our Sunday school teacher doesn't take baths." "Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" "She said that she never did anything in private that she wouldn't do in public."

Luggage Was Wise.

Scene—Highland Junction. Londoner—Portah! Portah! Where is my luggage? Porter—Aye, mon, yer luggage has mair sense than yersel'. Yere in the wrang train!

A BIG HANDICAP



Bug Athlete—Look here, Mr. Grasshopper, it isn't fair for you to compete in the high jump in our field meet.

Easy Money.

If paper marks were any good in a commercial neighborhood. A fortune I'd enjoy, I guess. If I could buy a printing press.

Valuable Assistance.

The Officer—A coal driver's assistant, are you? What are the duties of the job? The Fat Party—I sit in the wagon while the coal is being weighed.

Spoonsy.

A.—He and his sweetheart are mad about golf. B.—Yes, they're a regular pair of tee-spoons.—London Answers.

Making Herself Interesting.

"She is always talking about baseball. Does she understand the game?" "No," said Miss Cayenne. "But she understands men."—Washington Star.

CEILING WHACKS

Willie Jones, the office boy, had a poor memory. One day his employer sent him upon an errand to the stationery store.

Entering the shop, Willie turned to the man behind the counter and remarked with a puzzled expression: "I can't remember what it was the boss sent me for."

"Look around," suggested the clerk. "Perhaps you will see it on one of our shelves."

At that moment the man noticed a number of flies on the ceiling. Seizing a broom, he made one swipe and the flies disappeared.

"Ah, I have it," exclaimed the boy. "Ceiling whacks."

NOT SUPERCILIOUS EITHER



"At one time or another he's looked down on everyone in the place." "What, that shabby fellow?" "To be sure—he's the steeplejack of the town."

Greetings

I take this opportunity of thanking you my friends and customers for your loyal support for the year 23 we appreciate your business. Wishing you all a merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous year for 1924.

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