

EXTRAORDINARY SALE

In our fashionable Ready-to-Wear section. More style, garments, and a wider range of selection than you can find elsewhere and then the price—here's where you save—is just

ONE HALF

Of what the garments are priced regular. Remember we are showing THIS SEASON'S STYLES and they are included in this magnificent offer.

Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Jackets, Waists and Children's Dresses.

Are being offered as a grand closing to this year's business. They are all reduced

ONE HALF

\$10.00 Tailor made suit reduced to	\$5.00
\$20.00 " " " " " "	\$10.00
\$25.00 " " " " " "	\$12.50
\$30.00 " " " " " "	\$15.00

UMBRELLAS

A continuous necessity. A most acceptable gift for either lady or gentleman. Here can be found a grand assortment in all the wanted kinds. Ladies' umbrellas in colors—red, navy, green, plaid, changeable and polka-dots

\$2.75 to \$5.00

Blacks with all manner of pretty handles. The best

45c to \$12.50

The staple articles for men's needs are here in great variety

75c to \$8.50

DRESS GOODS

VELVETS—Plains and figured for waists and shirt waist suits. The newest effects..... **75c to \$1.25**

CHIFFON—The newest novelties in figured chiffon, 44 inches wide, in great variety..... **\$1.75**

LACE ROBES—The swiftest garments for evening wear; in white and black..... **\$18.50 to \$30.00**

DRESS PATTERN—Beautiful fabrics of dress goods for mother or sister is by far the best and most practical gift you could select. We have a splendid variety in blacks and colors.

HANDKERCHIEFS

In great varieties. No lady has too many. Our variety offers a wide range of selection

1c to \$5.00

WRIST BAGS

Are in great demand as gifts for women and among the newest novelties are the

ENVELOPE BAGS—and card cases in brown and blacks, with all necessary fittings, lined with figured silk..... **\$1.25 to \$2.50**

"PEGGY FROM PARIS" is another very popular shopping bag. We have them in all wanted colors and sizes..... **75c to \$7.50**

INDIAN WAMPUM BAGS—In colors, red, green and grey. The new novelty bag finished with stringed beads..... **75c to \$1.25**

GLOVES

Beautiful line of Christmas gloves in all sizes and shades. A very pleasing gift to your lady friend. Never mind the size—get a certificate and let her make her own selection

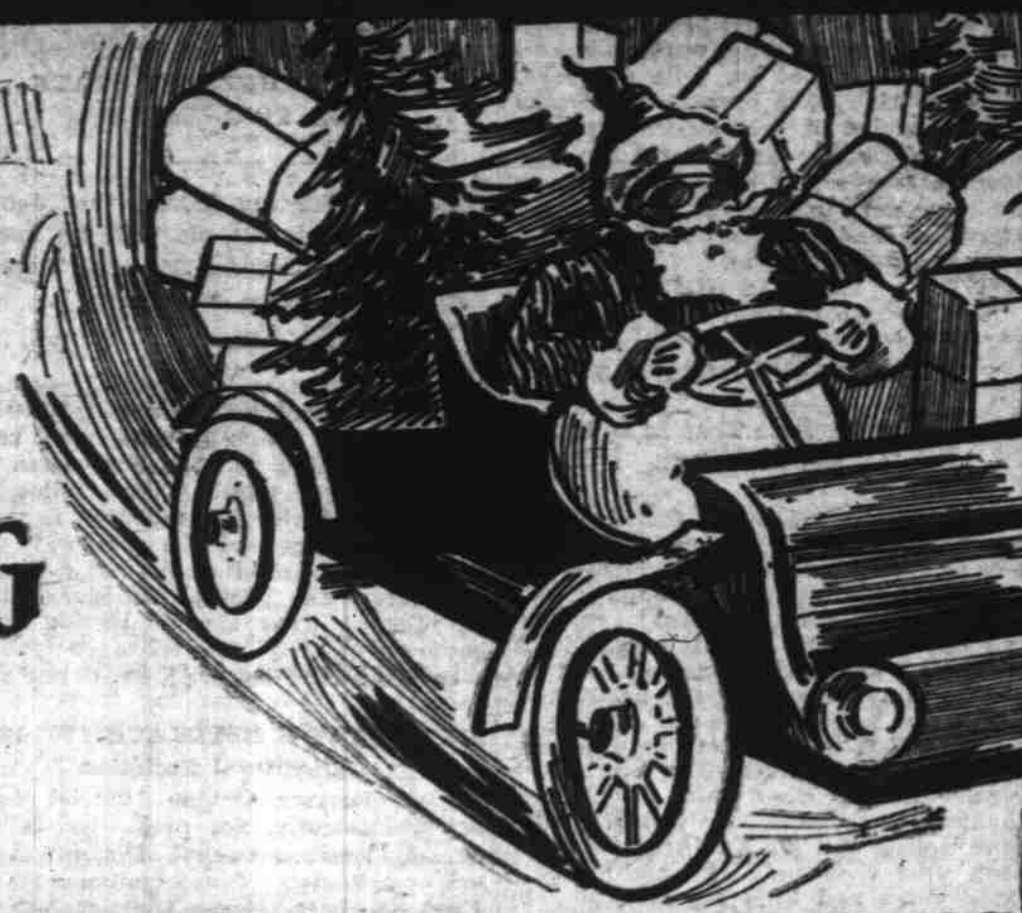
\$1.00 to \$2.00

RIBBONS

The newest effects in ribbons are found here first, such as

DRESDENS PERSIANS FLORALS AND FANCIES

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING



URRAH for Santa Claus and for all the wonderful things he brings. This busy store is full with hundreds and hundreds of choice presents for everyone. Remember now is the time to make your selections as stocks are still complete and they may not be when the rush is on. JUST SIX SHOPPING DAYS IN WHICH TO FINISH. Perhaps we can help you solve some of the perplexing questions by offering numerous suggestions in this announcement where everything is as represented and prices much lower than elsewhere.

TOYS FOR BOYS

Just a hint of the many things for boys presents.

- Steam Engines
- Steam Boats
- Locomotives
- Magic Lanterns
- Battledoor and Shuttlecock
- Mechanical Toys
- Rubber Ball
- Sword, Gun
- Building Blocks
- Rocking Horse

WEDNESDAY ONLY

Special Sale No. 207

Last week's picture sale was such a phenomenal success we have decided on another which eclipses all former efforts. For Wednesday we offer a line of

PICTURES

Rauging in price from 50c to 75c and bargains at those prices

25c

TOYS FOR GIRLS

Just a few of the many fine gifts for girls

- Dolls, Doll Bed, Doll Crib, Shoes, Go-Carts, Work Box, Glove and Hat Box
- Jumping Rope
- Toy Piano
- Horn, Cup and Saucer
- Pretty Vase
- Games, Stove
- Pictures

Shop in the Mornings

Jos. Meyer & Sons

SALEM'S GREATEST STORE
THE "WHITE CORNER"

Shop in the Mornings

RAIN COATS FOR MEN

No other mercantile establishment offers such grand bargains in men's serviceable rain coats as can be found in this great shopping center. These garments are all of this season's showings and are made up of rainproof goods including the justly famous "Cravenette" goods in colors, tan, grey, Oxford and dark mixtures.

\$12.00 Raincoats Reduced to	\$9.85
\$16.00 " " " "	\$13.50
\$20.00 " " " "	\$15.00
\$22.00 " " " "	\$16.00



CARD CASES

A fine showing of the newest and best leather articles for holiday presents for men.

Leather pocket books Leather Card Cases

In sizes, shapes and prices to suit any fancy or purse.

NECKWEAR

A superb exhibition of special holiday neckwear for men including the staple and always wanted

FOUR-IN-HANDS TECKS, PUFFS, AND ENGLISH SQUARES

In almost endless variety. 'Twill be easy to please you with this elegant assortment.

25c to \$2.00

SUSPENDERS

Of every description. Hosts of styles to choose from, from the boys' size to the full size; fancy embroidered ones specially made for gifts

50c to \$2.00

HANDKERCHIEFS

Of all kinds. No need to be without one when you can get them here for such little prices. Mention is made of a few.

JAPANESE INITIAL..... **10c**
LINEN INITIAL..... **25c**
Other values up to..... **\$1.00**

Tamoshanters

The wooly kind. Regular 50 and 75c values, special

25c

Store Open Evenings Until Xmas

Seven Ambitions of Woman

A woman's longing for a career is either a manifestation of abnormal vanity, pinching poverty or domestic misery. The natural woman cares little for fame, or philanthropy, and when she starts out on a still hunt for the laurel wreath, or undertakes to reform the sins of the world, you may depend upon it that there is a pebble in her shoe somewhere, and that she is trying to distract her thoughts from her sufferings by outside diversions.

1. To be loved madly and romantically.
2. To be the only one.
3. To be loved.
4. To marry her ideal.
5. To get married.
6. To be a perfect wife.
7. To get along in reasonable peace.

It's rather a sliding scale, but most things in life are. When a girl first begins to think of love her standards are those of the novel and the stage, and she wants to be wooed in a language by a lover who will clutch her to his manly breast in a way that will loosen her back hair. This is a time when good little girls, who do not mean any harm in the world, answer advertisements in the papers, and have clandestine appointments with men their parents never heard of, and then they write letters that their fathers have to pay out good money to get back sometimes. They are simply hypnotized, drugged, doped, on romance, and, like Lydia Languish, are ready to marry anybody who will clope with them.

While the frenzy lasts a girl will pass by a worthy, honest-hearted young fellow, who really loves her and would pay her bills for her the balance of her life without complaining, but who halts and stumbles and threatens to choke on his Adam's apple in his love-making for any kind of a picturesque wretch for a night. This is the time when she thinks love is enough, and that it would be simply sweet to starve with a man who passionately adored her, but wouldn't work for her, or to live in a garret with an unappreciated genius and be his inspiration. Nothing short of a man threatening to commit suicide if she won't return his affection goes with her, and it fills her with bitter scorn to observe that after she has refused a suitor he goes on eating three meals a day, and apparently enjoying good health. Fortunately most girls have sensible mothers who see them safely through this crisis of their existence, and they live to marry some man who is short on poetic language, but long on faithful affection, and who pops the question across beefsteak and onions at a restaurant by saying:

"Say, Sallie, I'll furnish the grub for life if you'll come and sit opposite me. What do you say. Is it a bargain?"

By the end of her first season the girl has generally abandoned her first ambition to be madly, poetically and romantically loved. She's begun to get a little acquainted with the world as it really exists, and she has found out that romance is a blanket that covers a multitude of vulgarities. It doesn't strike her as romantic any more to meet a drummer in the park, or get letters that are addressed to a false name. It seems downright common, and indecent, and servant-girlish. She has also ascertained that whatever other charms and fascinations the average man has, making picturesque love is not one of his accomplishments. No English or American can do it. They aren't built that way. They can be earnest enough and forceful enough, but they can't get down on their knees without feeling idiotic and looking the part.

In consequence of all these drawbacks the girl revises her ambitions. She doesn't care so much for the mere words of love, but she yearns to be the Only One. She wants to feel that up to the time a man met her his heart was as impenetrable as the walls of a castle, and that he would never love again. They aren't built that way. They can be earnest enough and forceful enough, but they can't get down on their knees without feeling idiotic and looking the part.

This curious vanity of women, in wanting to think that they are the only ones who could inspire affection in a man, is so well recognized that men generally head off the inevitable question: "Did you ever love before?" by starting out with the mendacious assertion that the girl they are courting is the first one. My dear child, don't believe it if the man is over 18, and it doesn't make any difference anyway. Love is like a garment. It isn't made over to fit each individual. It is always new and fresh. The quality that attracted a man in his first love and the quality that holds him in his last may be entirely different, for love is progressive, and the calf love of the boy is no more to be compared to the deep passion of the man of forty than water is to wine.

Only debutantes, it may be said, believe a man when he tells them he never loved before, and by the time a girl reaches her second or third season she isn't so particular about being the first. She has found out that love isn't so common, or so easy to get, that one can be too fastidious about it, and so her ambition becomes a chastened one. She only wants to win some faithful heart, to be loved truly and honestly. Love isn't so particular about being the first, and she is willing to cut out and loyally. And the passionate wooing, and even to accept a lodging in the much-occupied heart of a three-times-

widower, if only she can be assured that the affection she is getting is genuine.

She still clings to one idea tenaciously, however, and that is that she will not marry until she finds her ideal. She doesn't know exactly what that is, but it is something between a demigod and a court of Monte Cristo. He must be big and strong and able to command events. He must be so stern that others tremble at his frown, yet so sweet must be able to bend him to her slightest wish. He must rule her, yet never let her perceive it. He must be soulful and intense, yet able to make money, only, of course, you must be able to smell the grocery or the dry goods on the money. He must be a man of the world, yet a model of all the virtues.

She doesn't find that kind of a man. He doesn't exist, and though it comes with a wrench, she finally tears the ambition out of her heart to marry her ideal. She begins then to think of matrimony on a common-sense platform, and to realize that a plain, practical husband who is willing to stand for her shopping ticket, is worth having, even if he hasn't any yearnings after the whiteness of the what, and knows more about the price of salt codfish than he does about Browning. Moreover, she begins to find out that she can be exceedingly fond of a fat, freckled-faced, sandy-haired man, who doesn't make waddy a million miles of realizing her girlish dreams of the sort of a man she would permit to lead her to the altar. Now and then, it is true, as long as she lives in times of domestic stress, she will think tenderly of the ideal she didn't find, and who would have understood her, but she never really regrets him.

There is one thing remaining—her fixed intention of being a perfect wife. Strange to say, no woman ever doubts her ability to do this until she marries. When a girl looks at a married woman and sees that she has gotten dowdy and slovenly in appearance, that she has lost that ineffable charm that comes from a woman trying to please, that she nags, and frets at her husband, and shows him all the unlovely angles in her character, and that she has apparently come to look upon the man she married as nothing more than a piece of household furniture that it is indispensable to have about, but not valuable enough to take care of—when a girl, I say, sees a married woman in that state of disillusion and disillusioning, she is honestly shocked. She no more believes that she could reach that state than she believes she could become like the ragged beggar woman on the street, or the criminal behind the bars.

She sees herself always attractively gowned, welcoming a husband home with a sweet smile, and to a dainty dinner, always amiable, serene and competent, managing a home that runs along on greased skids, and it is only after she is tired and worn with wrestling with incompetent servants, and

feeding babies, and a husband whose temper is like a train of fireworks, that she realizes that she, too, has fallen short of her ideal, and failed in her ambition to be a perfect wife.

Her last ambition, and the only one of all she started out with, that she ever achieves, is when she finally makes up her mind to accept life and love as they are and to make the best of them. By this time she has discovered the hollowness of things. She knows romance is nothing but the glamor youth throws over commonplace objects, and that like poor silver plating, it soon wears off; that one's ideals are broken records on which to lean, and that love has to be bolstered up on bread and butter. By that time, also, a woman learns to quit trying to reform her husband's little ways, and make him take soulful views of things. She takes him as he is and when the hour arrives when, instead of sitting up for him at night with her heart in her mouth, she can go calmly to sleep, it marks the end of things, as the sentimentalist might think, but the beginning of peace and the real enjoyment of life and matrimony.—Dorothy Dix, in Globe-Democrat.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF NATURE

This writer predicted several years ago that the time is coming, and not far away, when the unlimited water power going to waste in the Columbia river at the Dalles, Celilo and the Cascades will be utilized as a motive power for all trains running between Huntington and Portland. And the time for this prophecy to take tangible form is likely to be nearer than most of us anticipate. The attention of railroad magnates and outside investors, as well as being drawn to the incalculable possibilities of this immense power of gravitation which flows on and on, unused, as when the sound of its own dashings was associated only with the warwhoop of the maddened Indian or the yelp of the skulking coyote.

The power furnished by the mighty waters of the Columbia as it makes its way by the channel itself has worn through the Cascade mountains, will be much greater than the entire possibility of the Niagara falls in that respect. It is too valuable an asset in the great problem of transportation to be much longer neglected. It is on the direct line of the great trans-continental route which will finally be the leading one following the only water level passage to the sea, and its measureless value will be one of the great elements finally permanently solving the important question.

When this comes to pass we shall see the curious phenomena of the great River of the West furnishing not only the means of railroad transportation along its banks, but the water transportation which will prevent railway extortion in rate matters for either freight or passengers.

And thus will the great and puzzling forces of Nature interpose to maintain that equipage which guarantees fast two and two shall never make five!

The Street Urchin's Chance in Life

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1904.—One of the largest Christmas parties in this great city this year will be held in a stone building on Washington Heights, where over 1,000 little folks will gather around two great Christmas trees laden with toys and the good things appropriate to the season. After these gifts have been distributed, there will be an entertainment, in which very likely a sleight-of-hand performer or ventriloquist will be the central figure. To many of this regiment of children, the gathering will be the first Christmas party in which they have been included among the guests. They have come mostly from the crowded East Side to be made into good Americans by the New York Juvenile Asylum, an institution which in the 50 years of its existence has sent out into the world 37,000 boys and girls.

The party on Washington Heights has an especial significance this year because by the time another Christmas comes, the work of the institution will have been transferred to a new home which, when completed, will represent an expenditure of three million dollars, capital invested in what may be described as the business of transforming the raw material of the slums into the finished product of good citizenship. The great majority of children received into this New York asylum are the victims of misfortune to which they have not themselves contributed, and they do not enter the building on Washington Heights through the police courts. Among them are only a few who have been committed to the asylum because of misdemeanors. They are mostly the orphans of the tenements or the children of parents who have found the struggle of life too bitter to enable them to keep their families together. These children of today constitute the raw material from which are to be made the men and women of tomorrow. Left to themselves or to chance charity in the crowded streets they would be in constant danger of falling into wrong-doing. Under the care of the asylum they are brought under healthful and helpful influence both in the institution itself and in the homes which are found for them.

In every state and territory in the Union, including far-off Alaska, are men and women now prosperous and successful who recall similar Christmas parties in the asylum building on the Heights. One of the Christmas sermons which will be preached in New York this year will be delivered by a former pupil of the asylum, for he is now the rector of a large church in Brooklyn. Another graduate, who a short time ago added to the Christmas cheer of the directors by sending them a generous check, is proceeding to be added to the graduates' building fund, is a prominent lawyer in a Western city. In his case it may be truthfully said that he got his start in life by stealing apples from a push-cart on the Bowery. He was only six years old, a street urchin growing up among evil

influences from which he was removed because of his theft of the apples, a fact to which he jokingly alluded in the letter accompanying his check. He said that while it might be true that Eve's fall came through eating an apple, it was certain that his own regeneration was directly traceable to the same cause.

Still another of the asylum boys who keeps in touch with the institution where they received their early training is now a county judge in a Western state and has been prominently mentioned as one who is likely to be numbered among its future governors. He was only seven years old in 1861 when he became an inmate of the asylum. After remaining there a little over a year, he was sent West with a number of other boys and girls, a home being found for him in the family of a well-to-do farmer. The boy's foster father had two sons of about the same age as the little waif from New York. Years passed and when the three had finished their education in the schools of the nearby town, the farmer offered to send one of his sons to college, but neither cared to go and so it came about that the former street urchin had the benefit of the higher education. After graduating, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He has since made a name for himself, has been prominent in politics of his state, serving in the upper branch of the legislature, and numbers among his friends many of the leading men of the country.

Many other instances might be cited of the beneficial results which the institution has brought about in the lives and characters of its charges. At least one of its former pupils has actually held the office of governor, serving as chief magistrate of one of the territories, and there are today hundreds of men and women occupying positions of usefulness and responsibility in the community who gratefully acknowledge that they owe most of their success in life to the early training they received at the asylum and to its efforts in finding homes for them in the West.

Strange stories are sometimes brought to light in the history of these little waifs of a great city, but as a rule the tale would be a monotonous recital of hardships and poverty. There is little that is romantic in the daily life of the garment worker, street peddler, factory hand or dock laborer living in the tenement districts of the American metropolis, but now and then there comes to light a bit of family history which serves as the exception to prove the rule.

Four years ago three small children, two boys and a girl, were sent to the asylum and, after the usual period of training, homes were found for them in the West. There these children were heard speaking of a wealthy New York woman who had recently died. They said that she was their aunt. A lawyer was consulted and the officials of the asylum were appealed to for proofs of

the alleged relationship. These were obtained and with the identity of his clients thus established the lawyer filed a claim upon the property and confidently expects that it will be sustained by the courts. If this happens the children will each be the possessor of a comfortable fortune.

The work of such institutions as this New York asylum is of particular interest at this time when papers and magazines are filled with accounts of the increase of crime in the cities. Not only are the asylums taking homeless and neglected children from the slums and turning them into good citizens, but they are sending them out into the country to take the places of the young people drawn from the farms by the glamor and glitter of city life. More than ever before it is becoming the policy of the managers of such establishments to early implant in the minds of their young charges the love of country life, and the New York Juvenile Asylum, in carrying out this idea, is now completing what will be perhaps the most complete establishment of its kind in the world. Christmas will be observed with a greater lavishness than usual at the asylum this year in recognition of the fact that this is the last celebration of the holiday to be held in the building which has been the home of the society for the last 53 years.

Early in the spring, the asylum will move from New York to Dobbs Ferry where its new cottage colony is being built on a tract of 277 acres located on high land near the Hudson river. York & Sawyer, the New York architect, have prepared plans which call for the erection of 75 cottages, school buildings, club houses, a gymnasium and an electric heating and power plant. Each of the cottages is arranged to accommodate twenty boys to be under the care of a "house mother" and a "house father." At present only fifteen of these cottages are ready for occupancy but the power plant and one of the school buildings are finished and the remaining cottages will be built as fast as the money for them is forthcoming. Of the \$3,000,000 needed to complete the work, at least \$2,000,000 must be raised by outside subscriptions.

In this new home the children will live in what is virtually a rural community. They will have a taste of country life in the making of gardens and the gathering of fruits and crops, and the love of home will be stimulated by dividing them into families each of which will occupy a home as well built and attractive as those in which live the children of the well-to-do. It is believed that great as has been the success of the asylum in the past, in fitting its charges for useful lives, it will attain an even greater measure of success in the future.

The rubber exported from the Amazon river in the season of 1903-04 amounted to 67,143,114 pounds.