

HEART IDEALS OF EUROPEAN WOMEN

Much we hear these days of wonderfully attractive, popular women; many nice qualities that are needed for the winning of the title. We may not be aware of the fact, but it is true that women have equally definite though different opinions as to what a man should be. This is far truer in European countries than in our own; for in America girls show their own taste and judgment in forming their conceptions of what a man should be, but in the foreign countries the government, public opinion, advice of friends and relatives create standards for them.

This truth was brought home to me with great force in Berlin. One day a young German girl, my traveling companion, and I were walking along Unter den Linden. It was Whit Sunday, and the streets were so thronged with merry-makers that we had great difficulty in worming our way along. After walking some distance we stopped before one of the cafes so we might watch the people as they passed. We had not been seated long when our German friend called me if I had seen the German emperor and what I thought of him. I told her though I had been to Potsdam I had not been given an audience with Emperor William. She laughed at this bit of sarcasm and said, "O, really, it's too bad you haven't seen him; he's a splendid looking man; so well built and his features show such strength and determination. But why shouldn't he be all that?" she continued. "He's the father of our country, the head of the nation's army. I do like army men anyway; don't you? See how handsome they look in their dark uniforms, light trappings, and swords dangling at their sides. Any girl in Germany who is married to an officer counts herself fortunate."

To this I suggested they must be considered superior men to be held in such favor. "Indeed they are," she retorted. "They are oftentimes the sons of noblemen and belong to some of the best families in Germany. You know that a man to be an officer in our army must have a splendid education speak three or four languages thoroughly, and be a remarkably well trained soldier."

"Do they go for a good price?" I queried in a way that showed I appreciated the story. "I should think they did," came the reply. "No officer can marry unless he has \$25,000. He has to give a bond of \$15,000 so if anything happens to him his family can live in proper style. But if she would marry an officer of superior rank she must do more than that. A friend of mine was married to an army man recently; her father gave them \$50,000 as her wedding portion and paid his debts, which amounted to \$10,000 or more."

I hinted that \$50,000 was a good deal to pay for the privilege of being an officer's wife. "Yes," she added, "but he could have had many another at the same price. The title is one we all covet; it gives one entrance into the best society. It must be considered worth having or so many American girls would not be so eager to capture it."

There are no men found anywhere that are more spoiled than the Austrian soldiers, especially the cuirassiers. I confess that they make a fine showing with their bright red coats, caps, and light trousers. A woman in the gay Austrian capital considers it a great privilege when she drives in the Prada of an afternoon to be greeted by the presence of some attractive soldiers. She holds it a greater privilege to go with him to the Vinedry, a summer garden which is the rendezvous of the fashionable world. It was one summer evening while we were at the Vinedry that an officer of superior rank and his wife made their appearance. In promenading she gave herself an air as though she owned the eighth wonder of the world. His friends saluted him with little less respect than if he was a king.

Though officers in England do not hold this exalted rank, still they are much esteemed, and no large social function is regarded as complete unless some young army men are present. The English women are much elated when they talk about their friends among men who commanded certain regiments in the late Boer war. While in southern France last year I had the pleasure of meeting a charming English girl; she declared that she would live and die a spinster unless she could be married to an army man. She was sure she was unsuited for a business man, as they were so prosaic, but she cared equally little for a professional man. They were so dreadfully earnest and allowed their minds to work in narrow grooves. But an army man was after her own heart. He possesses plenty

of courage, and battlefields teach him self-control and whizzing bullets alertness.

The Swiss women do not lionize their officers as do the women in the other European countries. This is partly because the standing army of the country is comparatively small and the rank is obtained through superior ability rather than by prestige. In this small republic all classes of men are called into active service every two years. In the ranks a road builder and a lawyer are often seen standing side by side; both have the opportunity of becoming officers.

Though in France the army has much political power the women do not dote on army men nearly as much as in England, Germany, and Italy. A French girl of high social standing much prefers being married to a member of the Ecole des Beaux Arts or an instructor in the Sorbonne. For in France the army men vie for honor with scholars and painters.

It is more than likely that with the importing of certain foreign political ideas, hats, frocks, etc., we shall soon accept the idea that an officer is an important social factor. The American girls will then count as naught men who are interested in wheat, stocks, law, and medicine; but instead the tall, sturdy, fearless army men will be the idols of their hearts.

Meddlesome Matty.
Oh! how one ugly trick has spoiled the sweetest and the best!
Matty, though a pleasant child,
Oso ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch—
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grand-mamma went out one day,
And by mistake, she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try
them on."

As soon as grand-mamma is gone,
Forthwith she placed upon her nose,
The glasses, large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff box, too, she spied,
"O what a pretty box is this!
I'll upon it," said little miss.

"I know that grand-mamma would say,
"Don't meddle with it dear;"
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Besides what can there be amiss,
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work,
To move the stubborn lid;
And, presently, a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,—
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes;
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grand-mamma she spies.
"Hey day! and what's the matter now?"
Cried grand-mamma with angry brow.
Matty, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

One Good Reason.
There was a visitor at the school,
and the children were being given an opportunity to show off. The visitor's thoughts evidently ran in a religious turn, for he questioned the children first upon their knowledge of the Bible.

"And where was the infant Jesus born?" he asked, and a chorus of voices answered immediately, "in a manger."

"And why was he born in a manger?" was the next query. There was a moment's silence, and then a little Scotch boy in the back seat piped up, shrilly, "Because his mother was there." And the reply was too obviously correct to admit of any further questions on that subject at least.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Information Wanted.
"I want to introduce you to Prof. Baton, one of our greatest conductors," said the host at an afternoon musicale. "Indeed!" said the woman who had recently butted into society. "Band or street car?"—Yonkers Statesman.

OPPOSES CHANGE IN FAIR DATE

Legislature Fixed the Term of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Says I. N. Fleischner, Who Doubts the Right of Directors to Alter it.

It was decided at the monthly meeting of the directors of the Lewis and Clark centennial exposition yesterday afternoon that the exposition should open June, 1905, and close October 15, instead of opening May 1 and closing November 1. The reason given for the change is that the weather in May and late October is likely to be bad. I. N. Fleischner and several other directors put themselves on record as radically opposed to the change in the date, as it was in accordance with an act of the legislature and the plans originally deemed best.

Ma Fleischner said today: "I oppose the change in date on the grounds that the stockholders have subscribed their money to the enterprise on the basis that the fair was to be open from the first of May until November 1. The shortening of the time would not be doing justice to them, or complying with the terms of the original agreement. Along the latter part of October the movement of eastern tourists is westward, to spend the winter on the coast and in California. If the fair is open at that time they will visit Portland. Again the hop and fruit industries, which are important factors in the state, experience their greatest activity in the month of October and it would be policy to let the original date of closing stand and give these interests a chance to attend and participate in making a success of the venture."

The directors yesterday agreed to ask the state commission to turn to them the supervision of all state buildings, the corporation to contract for them and supervise their construction. The executive committee was increased by the addition of four members, A. H. Devers, I. N. Fleischner, J. C. Alsworth and Samuel Connell, and the new headquarters at the Stearns building were definitely approved.

L. N. Fleischner presided. The board directed that 50,000 buttons of the fair be sold at a small profit that the bill of the Hammond company for the dredging of Gull's lake, \$9,500, be paid; that 1,000,000 advertising "stickers" be disposed of to a local wholesale house; that the contracts for water tanks and bulkheads to F. Fluger and R. Wakefield be approved.

Volcano as a Sulphur Mine.
A current report has it that negotiations are on foot for the transfer of the title of the famous volcano, Mount Popocatepetl, in Mexico. Its present owner, General Gaspar Sanchez Orchoa, received it from the Government of Mexico in recognition of certain political and military services, and is said to have offered it for sale at merely \$5,000,000—a bargain, considering the millions of dollars' worth of sulphur it contains. Two parties are declared to be bidding for it, one backed by John D. Rockefeller, and the other by John P. and Samuel Green of Pittsburg. There are two schemes by which it is proposed to work the sulphur mine; one is to tunnel into the volcano at about 600 yards below the crater, and to remove the sulphur by a mechanical agent in the form of a cable conveyor consisting of a one-inch steel cable carrying buckets 100 feet apart. These will dip into the red-hot molten sulphur and bring it out, the buckets traveling at the rate of 200 feet per minute. The estimated cost of this equipment is about \$500,000. The other scheme proposes to send a cog-wheel railway over the lip of the crater directly down into the sulphur lake, but it is questionable if sufficient foundation is available to sustain the heavy supporting members that would be necessary. For many generations this sulphur has been mined in a crude fashion, and it is believed to be inexhaustible, as it is apparently replenished as fast as it is removed. Its market price at present is \$40 per ton; but there is no danger of the price falling by overproduction at this source if the rumored speculators acquire the mountain.—Page's Magazine.

Worship the Devil.
Parisians are exulting in a new sensation, the discovery that the cult of devil worship is extensively practiced here. The first hint came from disclosures in the trial of youthful dilettante degenerates, Baron Adel S. Ward and Comte de Warren are charged with a variety of eccentric offenses. There are believed to be about 30 so-called chapels where the cult is practiced pretty regularly.

Two prominent newspapers are booming the subject. One positively declares it is able to name the high priest of the diabolical religion in Paris; the whereabouts of the temples or chapels; dates of regular service and details of rituals, but has not yet published the details. Researches and inquiries appear to justify the statement that more or less concrete form of devil worship has existed in Paris for 300 years, sometimes flourishing and sometimes moribund. The cult is in three forms. The first enables clairvoyants of love and alchemists to delude and terrify clients; the second is a fantastic form of vice; third a sincere performance by intellectual cranks or religious maniacs believing the god of evil requires worshipping as well as the god of good.

The three sections each have votaries in Paris today, the second being much more numerous, including many aristocrats, and not a few criminals. The third numbers more than 40 today, but they take themselves very seriously. The elaborate ritual is said to be 200 years old. It is doubtful if the police are entitled to interfere with them. The newspapers are trying to kill them with ridicule, but it really looks as though publicity will increase the adherents.

Once More, Hilda Hobson.
Once more Hilda Hobson, with the baby stare and ingenuous look that quite takes the casual bystander off his guard, is in town. This is her first dalliance in the limelight of local publicity since her blustering and meteoric debut about two years ago. The general public still has in mind a hazy recollection of her checkered career, of fitful cross-country jaunts in appropriate turnouts, with the entire force of constabulary swarming in hot pursuit. In each case some domestic or financial episode figured as an incentive to make the change of scene. Hilda has added a crutch to her alleged assortment of afflictions. With those wedding-breakfast glances on full voltage yesterday she handed around "good luck" cards supplemented with a new coin talk about trying to raise money with which to take a business course. Some of Eugene's staid old bachelors neglected to get vaccinated, and those sassy glances "took." Out came old wazael skins phlegoric of puff, whereas the festive Hilda gleefully stowed away the ducats, meanwhile vociferating in sotto voice, "Oh, isn't this a pipe, a tapoca!"—Eugene Register.

Mormons in Eugene.
The church of Jesus Christ, Latter Day Saints, have established regular headquarters in Eugene and will hold services every Sunday at 2 p. m. in the hall, corner of Eighth and Olive. The ministers in charge of the Eugene organization are, Elders John Walter Smith and F. J. Graham. The church already has a number of followers in this city.

On a Port Tack.
San Diego, Dec. 14.—Joseph H. Greer, a wealthy citizen of Fort Wayne, Ind., died here yesterday of blood poisoning. He stepped on a tack in a Pullman car on his way out. He was heavily interested in oil and land business in Indiana.

Got a Government Contract.
Washington, Dec. 14.—Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the celebrated Massachusetts divine, was selected as chaplain of the senate at the caucus of Republican senators this morning.

Try Our Rough Dry Or Pound Wash
Which includes the entire family washing, except shirts, collars, cuffs and lace curtains, which will be charged at list price, and put in separate packages. All starched pieces will be starched and dried, and all flat pieces, from spreads to handkerchiefs, will be ironed ready for use. Let our solicitor call and explain this system in full. You will do away with washing and starching at home.

Salem Steam Laundry
Phone 411 230 Liberty St.
Or a postal card, and the wagon will call.

'Was Ever Thus
Try our beer, it's light, healthy, tasty, bright and SPARK-LING, refreshing and exhilarating. Our beer is a beverage you'll enjoy at your meals. Let us send you a case bottled. We deliver. Phone us, Main 2131.

Salem Brewery Association
Main Office 174 Commercial St. Salem, Oregon.

Closing Sale

149 State Street
The time which we advertised to continue this sale is very short. Only a few weeks, and we do just as we advertised—close this sale. You, who are not buying now are missing opportunities to purchase goods that will not probably come to you again. You can now get

\$15 Overcoats for \$10.00 Overcoats Worth \$7.50 for \$5.00
Suits worth \$15 for \$10.00 Suits worth \$10 for \$7.50
Pants worth \$4 and 5 for \$3.50 Pants worth \$1.50 for \$1.00
Sweaters worth \$1.50 for \$1.00 Sweaters worth 75c for 50c
A good line of Hats left and Gents' Furnishing Goods that will please the most critical.
A few Bargains left in Quilts and Blankets, Trimmings and Fringes in Jet and Silk. Great bargains at small prices.
Rope silk and Embroidery silk at 1c per Skein. 100 yard spool silk at 5c
A small line of dry goods to be cut in, prices in order to close. If you want to get bargains Good goods, Money placed in your pocket come to 149 State street and invest before Jan. 1.
S. FRIEDMAN

Closing Out Sale at the Fair Store

Everything, including general racket store goods of every description; also the largest stock of toys and holiday goods in Salem.

MORE DOLLS
Than all other houses in Salem combined. I mean business, and, realizing that, while it will be a loss to me, it will be your gain. Must be sold within two weeks.
Business elsewhere demands my attention, and everything must be closed out. Do not miss the great opportunity to get your holiday goods and winter supplies. The Fair Store, 274 Commercial St.

O. P. DABNEY, Proprietor.
STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES

Toys, Books, Chinaware
Steel Beds in Abundance

Variety Store, Miss A. M. Welch, Proprietress.

May Die Tonight.
St. Louis, Dec. 14.—Attorney-General Crow may not survive the day, being in the grip of pneumonia. Owing to his illness the case of State Senator Farris, indicted for bribery in the baking powder scandal, which was to open this morning at Jefferson City, has been continued.

Won His Case.
Paris, Dec. 14.—Tod Sloan today won his case against the French Jockey Club, for ruling him off the French turf a year ago. Sloan brought suit for damages and the court condemned the club to pay the costs. It will be the amount of damages later.

If Old Santa Claus

Wants Anything in the Line of FURNITURE He will Know just Where to Get it

We have had new goods arriving every day during the last two weeks, and are well prepared to supply the demand for holiday furniture.

- SIDEBOARDS.
- CHINA CLOSETS.
- BUFFETS.
- DINING TABLES.
- BOOK CASES.
- DESKS.
- LIBRARY TABLES.
- PARLOR TABLES.
- IRON BEDS.
- DRESSING TABLES.
- CARPET SWEEPERS.
- FANCY ROCKERS.
- COMFORT ROCKERS.
- DINING CHAIRS.
- MORRIS CHAIRS.
- COUCHES.
- LOUNGES.
- DAVENPORTS.
- PICTURES.
- HALL GLASSES.
- HALL BENCHES.
- PORTIERS.
- RUGS.
- CARPETS.

BUREN & HAMILTON
House Furnishers