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Twenty years of successful business in Salem.

Newest and up-to-date establishment in the Valley.

252 NORTH HIGH ST. Salem, Oregon.

**Standard Liquor Co.**

Through square dealing the Standard Liquor Co. has built up a most excellent business. It is an old adage that when one has business dealings with another he expects to get skinned if the other fellow is smarter than he. Through the able management of the Standard Liquor Co. by Mr. A. G. Magers, this firm has demonstrated that this is not true of all firms. Mr. Magers believes that honesty is the best policy, and, using this policy, he has built up trade that is exceeded by very few houses in the state. Their goods are absolutely honest, likewise their prices.

Their line is large, including everything which may be required by the trade or for family use. Exceptional facilities are enjoyed whereby all orders may be promptly and satisfactorily filled, careful attention being given to the requirements of every customer, whether order be large or small—and with a full line of wines, malt and spirituous liquors, cigars, etc., of the highest grade this can be done. They have a large trade with the retailers in the territory contiguous to Salem—besides a large local patronage.

Mr. Magers, the president, is a loyal and progressive citizen, doing everything within his power for the advancement of his interests. He supports every enterprise that is for the city's advancement.

Their place of business is advantageously located for the transaction of business. A number of men are employed locally, besides several on the road, looking after the outside trade.

Through relations with the leading manufacturers of the country the Standard Liquor Co. can offer better prices than any wholesaler can.

The premises are located at 148-156 South Commercial street.

**"JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS"**  
BY EUGENE FIELD.

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will.  
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellows call me Bill.  
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy  
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Faunteroy!  
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—  
Hate to take the castor ole they give for belly ache!  
'Most all the time, the whole year round, they ain't no flies on me,  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;  
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she's at!  
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids go out to slide  
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!  
But sometimes when the groceryman is worried an' <sup>CROSS</sup>  
He reaches at us with his whip an' larrups up his boss,  
An' then I haff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.



EUGENE FIELD.

Grammar says she hopes that when I git to be a man  
I'll be a missionary like her eldest brother Dan,  
As was et up by cannibals that lives on Ceylon's isle,  
Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile.  
But grammar she has never been to see a wild west show  
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone or else I guess she'd know  
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

An' then old Sport he hangs around as solemn-like an' still;  
His eyes they seem a-sayin', "What's the matter, little Bill?"  
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become  
Of them two enemies of hern that use to make things hum!  
But I'm so polite an' 'ten' so earnestly to biz  
That mother says to father, "How improved our Willie is!"  
But father, havin' been a boy himself, suspicions me  
When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots and lots of candy, cakes and toys,  
Was made, they say, for proper kids and not for naughty boys;  
So wash yer face an' brush yer hair an' mind your p's an' q's,  
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;  
Say "yessum" to the ladies an' "yessur" to the men,  
An' when there's company don't pass your plate for pie again,  
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,  
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

**CHRISTMAS AMONG THE MIKADO'S PEOPLE.**

WORDS adequate to a description of the festive season in Japan are difficult to command. Even the camera and brush would fail to do justice to a scene of such gay activity and color. As Christmas approaches city, town and village take on a new appearance, and the diversions of the people a new turn and tone. In Japan Christmas is not a mere holiday. It represents a holiday season in the fullest sense of the term.

For weeks before the dawn of Christmas day preparations elaborate in kind and degree are under way. Men in tight fitting costumes, their professions, or the contractors' names printed on their backs, spend day after day decorating the streets and houses. Stands for the lanterns and the festive greenings must be erected, and a thou-

in shape something like a Christmas tree, for the young pine is the emblem of a loyalty and life that are ever fresh and green.

In addition, over the door of each house is set up a lobster attached to an orange. These are usually the gifts of a friend to express the good wish that the recipient will live till the lobsters are bent up like a lobster. Whether the orange represents orange blossoms and plenty of weddings in the family is not clearly known. Above the ornaments of the doorway is stretched a piece of artistically woven straw rope, the shinto sign of reverence for the ancestral gods. As one goes along the streets they seem gradually to be transformed into long and winding avenues of trees, suggestions of the ancestral hunting grounds, and at night the whole is lit up by innumerable lanterns that shed a varicolored light on the decorations and the crowds that throng the thoroughfares. The blaze of lantern color lends the scene a mangle touch that charms the Japanese mind and has no little attraction for the foreigner.

To tell of the endless array of gifts that at this season pass between friend and friend, neighbor and neighbor, would be impossible. Among the more common may be mentioned a basket containing a dozen eggs or oranges, a box of sponge cakes, or a cake of soap, the latter gift being in no way intended as a reflection on the beneficiary.—New York Post.



THE STREETS RESEMBLE WINDING AVENUES OF CHRISTMAS TREE.

**Let Her Pass.**  
See the merry Christmas shopper,  
But for goodness' sake don't stop her!  
Let her hike along her pathway,  
Let her pass you with a smile.  
Though you know her, don't detain her,  
For the fact could not be plainer  
That if you two get to chaffing  
You will merely block the aisle.

Do not ask her how she's feeling,  
If her sister's baby's peeling  
From that awful scarlet fever  
Or if 'twill affect her mind.  
Don't inquire about her mother  
Or her nephew or her brother.  
Can the life goest, lady,  
'There's a crowd of us behind.

Do not ask her what's she's knitting  
Or crocheting for a fitting  
Little Christmas gift this season.  
If you get her started she  
Will relate her whole life story,  
All its tragedy and glory,  
And there's full two hundred people  
Trying hard to walk on me.

See the merry Christmas shopper,  
But for goodness' sake don't stop her!  
There's no chat that you can think of  
That is really now worth while.  
Let her go about her buying,  
Though to speak to her you're dying,  
Cut it out this Christmas season,  
Let's have freedom in the aisle.

**Suffragettes Are Game.**

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]  
Peekskill, N. Y., Dec. 15.—With a sixteen-mile hike before them, the quartet of suffragettes, all that remain of the original 37 who set out on foot to march to Albany to present a petition to Governor-Elect William Sulzer, were greeted by a downpour of rain as they trudged toward Fishkill, from here today.

Undaunted by the deep mud, "General" Rosalie G. Jones and her three followers declared they will tramp to Albany, "if it takes all winter."

**CHRISTMAS AT THE PRISON**  
By Governor Oswald West.

Christmas in a prison! To many minds the thought seems incongruous. To such people, men go to prison to be punished, therefore why grant respite for a day? Men are sent to prison so that their neighbors will thereby have an example placed before them, one that will set the seal of the fear of the "law" upon their hearts and deter them from breaking its statutes; men are sent to prison so that they cannot infringe upon the rights of their human brothers; as if any of us were worthy to cast the first stone.

But when we go back in thought across the lapse of many centuries to a tiny cradle and see the wisest of men paying homage to one in whom they recognized their peer; when we recall the incidents of his life which consisted in carrying hope to the weary and discouraged, in serving men and giving, from the fullness of his great heart, all that he had that he might bring them to the appreciation of their divine heritage; we realize that those who are in prison, of all people, need to have their hearts touched by the vitalizing force of love which this glorious season of Christmas symbolizes.

So potent, though, is this force of good-will and benevolence, of kindness and cheer which pulsates through the hearts of all and throbs in the very air at this joyful season, that even prison walls cannot restrain it or prevent prisoners from feeling its vivifying force.

At this time some of the men are remembered by their friends, but most are friendless and forlorn. The state endeavors to remind them of the day by serving a little better dinner than common and usually the managers of the local theatres kindly furnish a show, thus turning their minds from the consideration of their troubles, out and away, into the liquid depths of imagination and back to the time when they were boys, when innocence reigned supreme in their hearts and the day was clothed in magic and mystery, bringing into their hearts for a moment the true meaning of Christmas, and reminding them that there is more real pleasure in giving than in receiving or taking.

**SALEM A WIDE AWAKE CITY.**  
By Louis Lachmund, Mayor.

After sleeping peacefully in the arms of Morpheus for a period of 20 years, dear old Salem woke up, stretched itself, wiped its eyes, ate a hearty meal and determined to get on the map, and who can gainsay but that it made good. From a "dead as a door nail" town to a live, wide-awake community is a wonderful and remarkable transition, but we have the "goods" to show for it and are willing to enter a plea of guilty. Let the old-timers look back to Salem as it was and compare it with Salem as it is today, and note the amazing growth which has taken place "right down the line." Compare our streets of today with the middleholes of the past, compare our modern buildings of today which have superseded the shacks of the past, compare the prosperity of the merchants of today with the traffickers of the past, compare the live, wide-awake character of our present citizenship with the mossback-don'ting element of the past and you will readily understand why our splendid city has made such remarkable strides along progressive lines. Our wide streets, most of which have been paved, are the envy of the whole country; it appeals to the newcomer. The splendid agricultural country surrounding our city is the fountain-head of our prosperity and the railroad lines already constructed and in the course of construction are an absolute guarantee that Salem is and always will be a veritable Garden of Eden.

The present administration has been unselfish in contributing its best efforts to make Salem a bigger and a better city in which to live. It has ever been on the alert to minister to its wants, careful and conservative in the expenditure of the moneys entrusted to its care, and ready and willing at any time to render an accounting for its deeds. Salem has ceased to be a town; it is a live, wide-awake city, a Greater Salem would be correct, and largely brought about through the efforts of our splendid citizenship, coupled with a body of administrative officers the like of

**THE SALEM ICE CO.**

Wishes its customers, both old and new, a Merry Xmas.

**Xmas Presents**

We have a beautiful line of candy boxes filled with delicious fresh candy, that will make as nice Xmas presents as you can get, inexpensive and will be appreciated.

**THE SPA**  
382 State Street.

which along progressive lines will be hard to duplicate.

As all good citizens, we have a motive and admitting it to be selfish, which is to make Salem what it is today and what we all want it to be, the second city in Oregon and the Queen of the Willamette Valley.

**POPULAR CONCERN INCREASES CAPACITY**

During the past twelve months, the Salem Construction Company has increased its capacity and has inaugurated several new improvements. The plant as it stands today is one of the best equipped institutions in the state.

Originally the company confined its operations to excavating sand and gravel from the river bed, depending wholly upon that source for their supply; this was found to be inadequate and a rock crusher has been put in operation and the concern can now furnish sand and gravel of any size and for any purpose.

The office of the company is located at 464 Court St., and anyone may obtain prompt service and courteous service by calling Main 796.

**ARENZ & SON.**

General contractors, have operated in Salem about one year and all their work will bear close inspection. It is a pleasure for them to turn out good work, as this is their home town, and they believe in employing entirely home labor, and place as many married men on their payroll as possible. The payroll averages \$3900 a month. As they employ only home labor, this money is kept in circulation in our own town. It seems as though the people of Salem should consider all these things and give as near as possible (considering price, material and workmanship) firms making and spending their money in Salem in preference.

Young Mr. Arenz is now building a home in South Salem and is very enthusiastic in regard to the growth and prosperity of the Capital City.

**Vessels Still Barbound.**  
[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]  
Marshfield, Ore., Dec. 19.—Three vessels are still barbound on account of the condition of the Coos Bay bar. Tuesday night the officers of the Nann Smith, Redondo and Alliance gave a dance and banquet at the Hotel Empire on the lower bay, which was attended by the passengers and many from the bay cities. The boats have been in the bay for about a week.

This is the longest that vessels have been barbound here for a long time, and is due to the shoaling of the bar.

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**USE Drain Tile**

Made by the Salem Tile and Mercantile Company, in North Salem. Salem tile received the GOLD MEDAL, the highest award, at the Lewis and Clark fair, 1905, Portland, Oregon. Also has taken the first premium at the Oregon State Fair for the last twelve years. Send for free booklets and other literature.

OTTO HANSEN, President C. A. WARNER, Vice-President  
W. E. WILSON, Secretary-Treasurer

**A Merry Xmas Dinner at the ROYALE CAFETERIA**  
465 STATE STREET

All the delicacies of the season will be served.  
**Please Santa and Eat Down Town**  
DINNER FROM 12 TO 4

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