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Says Marriage Never Alters Man or Woman

By Dorothy Dix
A young girl is engaged to be married to a young man who comes to see her nearly every evening, but who never brings her a flower, nor a box of candy, nor takes her to any place of amusement, except very occasionally to the "movies."
This girl is a nice girl. There isn't a bit of the grafter about her, and she would know the first principle about how to go about "working a man," but she's young, and gay of heart, and she loves the amusements that belong to her time of life, and she finds it a trifle dull to spend all her evenings conversing with even her sweetheart.
She would like a little diversion thrown in on one side, and she wants to know of me if I don't think it "queer" that her fiance never takes her to a dance, or to the theatre, or out for a little supper.
I think it is more than "queer." I think that this girl's guardian angel is strictly on the job looking out after her, and that she has received a solemn warning not to marry that man, and that if she doesn't take the tip she will rue it to the longest day she lives.
This young man is giving her before marriage a very small sample of the line of conduct he would pursue after marriage. If, when he's courting, he shows that he's a tightwad, he will make one of the skin-flint husbands who expect a wife to run a house and keep a good table on air, and who asks a woman what she did with the quarter she was given week before last.
If, before marriage, a man neglects the little delicate attentions that please a woman, after marriage he will be brutally disregarding of her feelings and tastes.
The difference between having a husband who remembers your birthday and one who forgets it is the difference between matrimony that is angel's food and matrimony that is plain corned beef and cabbage, but the difference being married to a man who is anxious that you should always be pleased and happy and being married to a man who doesn't care whether you are happy or miserable is the difference between heaven and hell.
When a man is wooing a girl he is ordinarily wants to do just what she wants to do—or at least he pretends to—and so, if in his courting days he isn't willing to take her about, but wants to stay in a comfortable chair in a place where somebody else is paying the rent and the electric light bill, he will make the sort of a husband that you can't move out of his corner with a blast of dynamite.
The girl who marries him may bid adieu to all social life and entertainment at the altar. He won't want to go to a concert, or a lecture, or to see a play, or to play a game of cards with a neighbor or to any sort of a diversion and he won't see why his wife wants to go, either. It will be home for her, and the society of a husband who will spend his evenings reading the paper, and who will think that it's pleasure enough for her just to sit up and look at him.
In picking out their husbands girls will do well to remember that when a man goes courting he always puts his best foot foremost and that best foot is a cloven hoof, if they're wise they will take warning from it, and have nothing to do with him.
Marriage doesn't change people. It simply brings out whatever is the strongest quality in them, whether that quality is good or bad. It intensifies virtues and magnifies faults.
Of course, marriage is really the big gamble. All do not know what they are getting in a husband or a wife until they have taken the package they drew in the lottery home and examined it but observation hands us a good many tips on a man's or a woman's character that enable us to give some rather shrewd guesses.
By listening to the things that a man laughs at you can get a good working model of the kind of a husband he will make. If he laughs at cruel speeches that stab like a knife, he will make his wife the butt of his sarcasm. If he laughs at coarse, vulgar stories, he will make the kind of a husband who has no delicate appreciation of a woman's nature.
If the sight of other people's misfortunes fill him with mirth, there's nothing on earth that he will sympathize with except himself, but if he has the kindly humor that can gild every misfortune in life, and if his smile at others' weaknesses is full of tenderness and understanding, then he is a man to tie up with, no matter whether he's rich or poor, or of high or low estate. He'll make the kind of a husband that'll keep a woman on her knees thanking God she's got him.

What Panama Canal Travelers Will See

By William Hoster.
What will the world traveler see who makes the journey from Colon to Balboa through the Panama Canal? Approaching the old City of Colon, formerly Aspinwell, from the Atlantic end, the ship will enter Limon bay, passing Toro Point, somewhere behind which, in a grove of magnificent cocoanut palms, are hidden the fortifications, which guard the Atlantic entrance to the "ditch." On the left are the red roofs of Colon.
The line of the canal is easily picked up through the buoys which mark the channel. Under its own steam the ship will proceed slowly southward, passing in transit the new American town of Cristobal, built by the canal commission and so on into the canal itself, one thousand feet wide, across a six mile stretch of lowland—the only unattractive country traversed throughout the entire forty-eight miles of waterway.
"Finding the Lake."
Already, however, the tourist will have noticed looming up straight ahead of the gray walls of the first flight of locks at Gatun. Through these marvels of mechanical skill and construction, by successive stages the ship will be lifted up the three flights of locks, a distance of eighty-five feet, and, finally, the upper level having been attained, will be floated out upon the broad surface of Gatun lake.
A tourist being shown about the canal recently said to Colonel Goethals: "How fortunate you were in finding this lake here."
It was a remark illustrative of the popular ignorance of the work which has been done here. A few years ago a broad, populous valley stretched away from the point where the locks begin. There were half a dozen busy little communities between the two hills where the lake now rests. Then the canal diggers came along, built the dam across from hill to hill, and by slow degrees this magnificent lake took shape. Off to the left from where the ship emerged from the final lock for a mile and a half stands the famous Gatun dam, which it was said was an impressive engineering feat, and which rests so naturally in the scheme of things now that it has to be pointed out before any one realizes that it is a dam and that this lake, which extends down across the isthmus for a distance of

The Nice Little Girl Without a Beau

BY DOROTHY DIX.
Among my acquaintances there is a dear little girl who is everything that we sum up in the adjective, nice. She belongs to a nice refined family, she has been nicely brought up. She's no beauty, but she's nice and pretty, and wholesome looking, and she dresses nicely and she has been taught not only all the useful domestic accomplishments, but is a fine musician and performs equally well upon the gas range and the piano.
This girl is exactly the sort of girl that every mother and sister would like to see her son or brother marry. She's the very type of a young woman to make a good wife, but for some reason that nobody can explain she doesn't attract men at all. She never has a beau. She is never invited to go any place of amusement by a man and she's left looking wistfully after the other young people when they go trooping off without her to have a good time.
Naturally, this distresses the girl very much. She's young, and she craves the enjoyment that belongs to her time of life, and she wants to know if there is anything that she can do to take herself out of the wall-flower class, and get into the bunch so to speak.
Of course nobody can really tell what it is that attracts a man to a maid. In its essence it is that illusive something that we call personal magnetism, and that is the gift of the gods.
Personal Magnetism.
We have all seen girls who were homely and commonplace to the last degree, who had neither conversation nor wit, and yet men flocked about them as bees about a honey pot. We have seen other girls beautiful, attractive, intelligent, and adorned like Solomon in all his glory, that no man ever gave a second thought to, and the explanation of the phenomenon lay in the fact that one girl had that mysterious attractive power for men, the come-hither look in her eyes that draws men on, while the other had it not.
Personal magnetism is the result of nature, not of cultivation, and yet a girl can do much to make herself attractive to men, for, after all, men are simple creatures and easily pleased.
Any girl with ordinary intelligence can learn enough about the things men care for to talk interestingly; she can acquire the art of listening with an expression of absorbed interest while a man talks to her, and unless she is an utter fool she can lead a man to talk about himself. So vast is human vanity that every man or woman we meet within five minutes gives us a tip on his or her peculiar weakness, and we have only to follow that lead in order to make ourselves agreeable to that particular individual.
Most of the girls that I have known who never had a beau had only themselves to blame. They were girls that terrified men by either being so self-conscious and shy that man had to do all of the entertaining himself, or else they were girls who were so monopolistic that they made a man feel as if he had been kidnapped, and was in danger of being dragged to the altar by his captor.
However, in a case like that of my little girl friend who wants to have a good time, and who is left out of all the frolics of the girls and boys about her, the difficulty is squarely up to her mother. There isn't much that a girl can do herself to help the situation, but her mother can do everything.
What this girl needs, and the only thing she needs, is opportunity, and that her mother can give her. If her mother will get busy giving the girl a series of little parties, she will force the other girls to invite her daughter to their parties, and the young men to pay her attention.
Mothers to Blame.
The other boys and girls can't go off and leave Mable sitting at the window watching them if they have just been entertained at Mable's house, or are expecting to be entertained there.
Many a girl's social success rests on a basis of her mother's cakes and sandwiches. If nothing for nothing is the rule of the world, it is equally true that something for something always goes, and we can always get what we want if we pass the legal tender over the counter.
Mothers can make or mar her daughter's popularity in society, and it is well for them to remember that you can make people fight for any kind of a package of tea if you will give an atmosphere of trees, but far out of the reach of man.
Tropical birds of brilliant plumage float through the air; glistening fish at play leap from the water just ahead of the ship's bow; we get a hasty glimpse of an alligator catapulting with electric speed from the bank into the water. If one is lucky he will get a flash even of a family of monkeys hanging by each other's tails off there in the tropical jungle. And over all a brilliant sun, whose rays are tempered by a soft breeze, spice-laden and aromatic.

Little Bobbie's Pa

This is awful interesting article in the paper to-day, sed Ma to Pa last nite. It was wrote by a man named Martin & it tells about the danger of being a social blunder-er. He says that the newly rich is a men-ace to the four hundred.
Is that a fact? sed Pa. I dident know that anything cud be a men-ace to the four hundred. Pa sed, beakus I always thought folks had to know something befoer they becam alarmed at anything. What else does Mister Martin say?
He says that a real member of society, in giving a dinner, is awful careful to have all the peopul that she invites be congenyal to each other. He says that there is nothing so distressing to society as a mixed crowd at a dinner. I agree with him there, sed Ma. I shall never fertit the nite you had that im-promtoo dinner & invited Kid Broad & sum show girl & introduced them to Mister & Missus Blake of the church crowd I go in. That was about as mixed as any crowd that I ever saw, sed Ma, & I guess I was moar than glad wen the last guest had went away from the feast.
Ha, ha, sed Pa, I remember that party That was wen I used to hit it up a littel, wasent it? That sure was a mixed up gathering, but if I remember rite, sed Pa, it wan Missus Blake & not old Blakey that wanted to go hoam. He seemed to talk quite a interest in the show gurls that nite, the old rascal. I I supoas they was the first ones he had ever saw, too. That is one beany about a mixed party, Pa sed. Everybody at a mixed party knows moar after the party has broak up than they knew befoer the party. Now take a congenyal party of the four hundred, what do they lern at a dinner! Every one of them knows what the others know, wich makes them congenyal, so they set around & maintain the polite silence which is always shown by folks that doesn't know anything moar to say.
Mister Martin says that it a bad form to use such words as "wealthy" & "elegant" & "homely," sed Ma.
Mister Martin is raving, sed Pa. What in the world is wrong with the using the word "homely"? It seems to me that Mister Gray, who rote the Elegy used the word "homely" and no body seemed to thing it was bad form, eother. I suppose he used bad for a wen he rote The path of glory leads but to the grave, sed Pa. Maybe he used bad form, but I wish I cud buy a cupul of lushels of that kind of bad form. If I cud, sed Pa, I wud make a present of it to th efour hundred. What else does this Mister Martin say?
He says a keen sense of humor helps the members of the four hundred to be patient with the social blunderers tht are knocking at the gate between the n & good society.
Well, well, sed Pa. If one of the members of the four hundred had a keen sense of humor he wud hand in his resignation & be a regular man, jest as his old grandpa had been befoer

him. You can't have a very keen sense of humor & go along changing your clothes ten times a day wen reel men are out in thare rough suits blding & doing the work of men, sed Pa. Imagine Abraham Linkun or Oliver Cromwell stopping ten times a day to change thare clothes, sed Pa.
I am sorry you dont agree with Mister Martin, sed Ma. I have affen thought that I wud like to get into the four hundred. I bet I wud know enuff to have peopul at my dinner parties that was congenyal. Mister Martin says that a good hostess knows how to "mate" her guests in the four hundred.
I guess that is so, sed Pa, judging from the number of divorces.
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