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When is Woman Capable of Deepest Affection?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
The old, old question is again propounded: "When is a woman capable of the deepest affection?"

When are the emotions at their ripest? Woman is always a difficult and complicated subject to analyze, and at the best we can only generalize.

One fact is too obvious to need more than merely stating—the girl under twenty is wholly incapable of forming a lifelong attachment.

If she does form one which lasts through all the vicissitudes of maturer years, it is merely a happy chance which has aided her, not the result of her ripened judgment, fine intuition of mature emotions.

One, however, might let this statement cover all attachments—at what ever age—since marriage is so evidently a lottery. An engagement of seven years, where the lovers saw each other daily has been known to end in separation after a year of married misery.

Nevertheless, as a rule, a woman of twenty-five is better able to form a correct idea of a man's character than a girl of eighteen, and she is capable of a deeper love and a more practical expression of it.

So far as the real intensity of a woman's affections are concerned, they are rarely at their strongest before thirty-five. A woman of that age is to all earlier ages what August is to April, May or June. She craves affection more than she craved it in her adolescence, and she is better able to appreciate and reciprocate.

This is why so many seemingly happy marriages result in a climax of disaster in middle life. This is why so many women of thirty-five or forty figure in scandals and divorces of the day.

Men who delight in assuring us that they are our mental superiors in all the sciences and arts, men who have developed their brains and grown great and wise and wonderful in every direction save one, have yet to learn that a wife of middle age—which is the very zenith of life—is no more ready to "settle down" into the dull commonplace of "understood" affection than is the sun at midday ready to set behind the western hills.

Every day we meet bright, intelligent men whose lives are filled with worldly aims and ambitions, and who are supremely unconscious of or indifferent to the fact that their wives are starving for expressed affection.

We have heard men laughingly refer to sentiment as a thing outlived or submerged in the sea of reality, and use the plural indicating that they believed the condition was mutual, when we know at the same time of the heart hunger and restless discontent of the wives who were included in this plural reference.

Thousands of American men today believe they are the most unselfish and devoted of husbands because they are giving brain, mind and body to business with the idea of bestowing luxuries upon their families.

The middle-aged man may be satisfied with his ambitious aims, but it is the middle-aged woman who craves and feels the deepest love.

Unfortunately this is the era of the middle-aged woman; it is her hour of action and achievement.

The last decade has shown a marked progress for the woman of maturity toward a broader, higher plane of usefulness than she has ever before occupied.

Everyday new doors are flung open for women whose homes are disappointing and whose hearts are unsatisfied; doors which lead to agreeable busy days well employed.

And this larger outlook for women is making her a better companion and lessening the chances of her occupying the unenviable position of a neglected wife as the years go by.

It is helping her understand men better and perhaps by this better understanding she will come to realize just wherein she failed of old to keep his affection.

For when all is said and done, this fact remains—No absolutely lovable woman ever goes unloved through life.

PASSENGERS TAKEN OFF WRECKED STEAMER OFF ALASKA

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 26.—A message received here at noon today said the Canadian Pacific Steamship Sophia, southbound from Skagway to Vancouver, B. C., is ashore in Alert Bay, at the north end of Vancouver Island. Steamer Alki, southbound from South-eastern Alaska, to Seattle reported taking off the wrecked steamship's passengers. The Sophia is of 3319 tons capacity and accommodates 500 passengers. It is not known how many passengers were aboard, however.

The one sure thing that comes to him who waits is old age.

Being an Economist

BY ADA PATTERSON.

No, I shall not speak first of saving money. I shall place that last, where important things are often found. But you who read this want to be successful, and I assure you that successful folk are always economists of some sort, or several sorts.

No one is truly successful who is not an economist of strength. The person who passes through life, under the weight of serious physical ailments is like a convict who drags a ball and chain behind him, hindered at every step. Your health is worth more than a bank account, of greater value than a brilliant, high pressure working brain. It is better than any other asset you could have, save a sturdy character.

Save your strength which is your health, on every occasion as you would save your last nickel that stands between you and a walk from the Bronx to the Battery to your work tomorrow. Think of it as your most precious possession. Have you a ring or pin with a "real stone" in it? You never fling that about. You are careful that your glove or lace on your jabs do not detach it. One of your chief cares is that stone, and yet you never deny that it is worth all the care you give it, and much more. So with your health.

The Right Choice.
If you must choose between a long walk on the Palisades or climbing the Staten Island hills and a day of lying about in your kimono with the companionship of a novel, go to the Palisades or Staten Island. Even though you think you are tired and it is an effort to prepare for the walk, you will come back glowing as to cheek and eye, and with new hope in your heart and new ideas in your brain. Make it to polish—that most precious jewel you can ever possess, even though the wheel of fortune toss the wealth of one of the Rothschilds into your lap. A billion-dollar offer to a million to his physician if he could make him enjoy his dinner once more, and he said it would have been cheap had the doctor been able to provide him such a prize.

Be careful to eat only such food as keeps you feeling fit for the day's work, such as wards off more than occasional "tiredness." Eat the energy-making foods. You yourself can discover what they are by observing the effect of certain foods upon your constitution. Manage to get all the sleep you need, and in the case of sleep a rule holds that does not apply to food. Eat a little less than you want, but sleep as long as you desire to sleep. Take both kinds of baths, air and water, every day. If you haven't a stationary bathtub with flowing water in your flat or room, be ingenious. Contrive substitutes, as the towel dipped again and again into a pitcher of cold water and passed briskly over the body, or invest in a portable tin tub of your own. The money will be well invested, and carrying the water to half fill the tub will be perhaps needed exercise.

Your Thoughts.
That one who desires to be deemed successful is economical in thought, not in the amount, but the direction of it. Thoughts are the shapping hands that mold this life. He obeys the wise man who wrote: "Think only those thoughts that yield fruit in action." Thought is valuable life ammunition. No good marksman ever shoots wildly. Nor should you waste your thought stuff. Think about how you can make your work better instead of how you can induce "the boss" to raise your salary, for it is an almost universal law that the better the work the better the salary.

Think about how you can become a finer woman, broader of mental range, deeper of tenderness and sympathy, with an ever-increasing stock of useful and helpful information in the storehouse of your mind, useful to yourself and helpful to others. Think of how your relations to your family may become stronger and sweeter. Think of George, who tells you you have beautiful eyes, but not unduly, not more than you can help, for nature and instinct take care of such thoughts.

There will be plenty of them. You will find them embarrassing enough without encouragement. And don't dwell too much on marriage. You may decide not to marry. The term "old maid" is becoming obsolete and with it is passing the dread of single life. Better single peace than wedded discord.

The Emotions.
Be economical of emotion. No, I am not counselling you to become hard-hearted, an oyster of humanity. I am simply pointing out that emotion as other good things of life may be abused and wasted. Be of quick sympathy, but don't overtrain your sympathies by pitying the unworthy. Don't believe in ill luck tales. If so-called ill luck steadily pursues anyone, be sure he beckons it. Now and then circumstances seem to combine against everyone, but the brave soul pushes his way through them. Dark days, evil months, unprofitable year or years, may be the portion of anyone, but a life-long train of "ill luck" is caused by some inherent weakness or vice in the person so pursued.

If you are living at home and contribute little or nothing to the family revenue, you should be able to save a little even out of the first salary. Be ambitious to be a capitalist. The pres-

WIND CAUSES MUCH DAMAGE TO TREES

Lumps Are Blown Off and in Number of Cases Trees Are Uprooted, But No One Is Struck.

WIND ESTABLISHES NEW RECORD FOR THIS WINTER

Some Expected to See Willamette Bridge in River, But It Survived Strenuous Night.

The local atmosphere was shattered into a million pieces again last night by the tail end of a big blow originating somewhere south of here, and it was so much more active than the one visiting the city before was but a little whiff in comparison. An open window last night after 6 o'clock meant a paneless one this morning, a loose gate a wreck and even shingles on the houses experienced great difficulty in remaining in place.

Sturdy oaks, big firs and even smaller and less top heavy trees suffered from the blasts. One of the mighty oak trees near the John H. Albert place in Yew Park succumbed to the wind early this morning and went crashing to the ground. A big fir almost in the center of Marion square toppled over and is now lying with its long roots sticking up. Two strong locust trees on North Church street fell for the playful breezes, while many fruit trees were either broken down or blown over.

Has Speed Record.
It is said today by those who were compelled to be out last night at 12 o'clock that at times the wind sailed through the Salem streets at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and it was with difficulty that a pedestrian could walk facing it.

The danger lights which were set up over open excavations and other places where the streets are torn up, were plucked from their respective resting grounds and rolled northward. The street and residence lights winked, fretted and at times went out for a short while, but were not put out of commission for good.

It was fully expected by some that the Willamette river wagon bridge would be down in the water this morning, but the old structure is still standing, and, with the exception of a few telephone wire twisted and wrapped about the steel girders by the wind, it is apparently in the same condition as always.

The lookout in the little house on top of the railroad bridge thanked goodness that the workmen had done a good job in securing the shelter last night. He declares that the wind shrieked and howled all night, and that the river was thrown in big, choppy waves by the gusts.

The water gauge at the Oregon City Transportation company's dock this morning showed the Willamette river to be at the 13-foot, 5-inch mark. This is a record stage so far this season, but the water was falling at noon, and it is expected that the river will return to its normal height within a short time.

Unless the recent rains have dislodged the snow in the foothills up the valley, no great raise of the river is predicted.

Library Building Crushed.
A monster oak tree which stood south of the employes' library building at the Salem Woolen mills blew over last night and striking the building crushed it to the ground as though it had been an egg shell. Fortunately no one was in the structure when the oak dropped and the only damage was the complete demolishment of the library.

Waiting Room Moved.
The station at Hazelan, on the Oregon Electric, two miles south of Salem, was blown to the edge of the river. Wires held it from toppling into the river.

UTILIZING RESOURCES

"Is your wife going to give any parties this winter?"
"I suppose so. She has a whole lot of fine furniture and it does seem as if somebody ought to sit on it once in a while."—Washington Star.

ident of one of the largest savings banks in the city told me that anyone who has a dollar in the bank and owes nothing is a capitalist. Be ambitious to have a servant. The dollars you have placed in the bank are your servants. They work for you. The figures written in red ink after your saving account every January and July prove that. Don't be discouraged because the amount at the beginning is small. Every worthy beginning is small. What is of enormous value to you is the habit of planning how to save. Form that habit now if the bank is only one of the penny or dime sort, for the habit may mean a fortune in the future.

You are living at the beginning of an era when women acquire fortunes by their own efforts, and those not the efforts of husband catching. At any rate, the habit of saving will mean a sense of security now and probably a competence when you will most need it. Save in life's morning for its evening and its late afternoon.

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- Men's \$4 Rubber Boots, now go at **\$2.95**
- Men's \$5.00 and \$5.50 Rubber Boots, now go at **\$3.95**
- Men's \$7 and \$7.50 Hip and Thigh Boots, now go at **\$5.95**

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NAZARENE CHURCH IS DEDICATED SUNDAY

Several church events of interest were features of yesterday. The Nazarene church members dedicated their house of worship in the afternoon. Rev. Delance Wallace, of Walla Walla, preached the sermon and gave splendid encouragement to Pastor Little and his rapidly growing congregation. The Salvation Army headquarters was the scene of special services of unusual interest Sunday evening, when Lieut. T. W. Scott, Seattle, and Captain Andrew, of Portland, were here. It was an oldtime Salvation Army meeting. Colonel Scott had a busy day. In the morning he conducted services at the state penitentiary, while Captain Andrew spoke at the Jason Lee M. E. church.

In the afternoon there was a mass meeting at the Methodist church and the colonel explained at some length the work of the army. Special music was provided for this occasion and it was a big meeting. The program was arranged by Captain N. H. Lorenson and the visitors were kept busy. The Salem Mission was opened at Center and Commercial streets Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and Dr. D. N. McInturff preached both afternoon and evening.

EMPOWER PRESIDENT TO LEASE ALASKA LINE

[UNITED PRESS LEASER WIRE.]
Washington, Jan. 26.—By a vote of 44 to 17 the senate yesterday afternoon decided to empower the president to lease the proposed Alaska government-owned railroad if he sees fit to do so. The amendment introduced by Senator Cummins providing that the road could be leased only to the Panama railroad company, the stock of which is owned by the government, was defeated by the same vote.

President Wilson's message and Secretary of the Interior Lane's report, both favoring government operation, as well as government construction of an Alaskan railroad, were quoted from by Senator Norris, of Nebraska.

Friends of the bill united with opponents of the principle of government operation in defeating the Cummins' amendment. Later an amendment which would permit the president to lease the Alaska railroad to the Panama railroad was adopted by a vote of 43 to 12. An effort to strike out the provision allowing the government to purchase existing lines instead of building a railroad was defeated, 46 to 5. The senate then took a recess until noon today.

TELLEGEN IS SEEN AT HIS BEST IN PLAY

"Maria Rosa" Has French Actor Who Was Formerly With Bernhardt in Leading Role.

MIZZI HAJOS' LATEST NOT OF ANY GREAT IMPORTANCE

Bean Rialto Finds Nothing to Comment Her As An Actress In and Says She Is Rather Grotesque.

BY BEAU RIALTO.

(Written for the United Press.)
New York, Jan. 24.—A pretentious opening of the week was "Maria Rosa," a romantic drama at the Thirty-ninth street theatre, in which Dorothy Donnelly is supported by Lon Tellegen, the French actor who was associated with Sarah Bernhardt. Unnoticed, almost incognito, Tellegen slipped into this country early in the season. New York managers knew nothing of the actor's presence until he was on Broadway, looking for an engagement. Tellegen picked up English while he was touring America with Bernhardt on her two last visit here, and became so enamored with the land as the tree and the home of the brave that Paris seemed tame by comparison when he returned to that dear France. With Miss Donnelly in "Maria Rosa" Tellegen is seen at what Americans consider his best.

Hungarian-goulash. That's all that can be said for Henry W. Savage's "Sari," (pronounced "Sherry," by the way) at the Liberty. There is a little good Viennese music, a few catchy songs, a bewildering display of risqué Parisian costumes, a bit of novel scenery—and Mizzi Hajos. That's the sum total. The piece is utterly innocent of plot and its separate actions do not hang together at all, the ensemble being more like a light opera. That leads up to a natural query: Why is Mizzi Hajos?

The little Hungarian has a pleasing appearance, but a voice not above the average. By reason of her natural smallness and her grotesque movements she is comical. But as an opera star she has nothing to commend her. Still we wonder that American girls with winning figures and faces, superb voices and real ability to act, are discouraged when Europeans with nothing but a burlesque gait and unpronounceable names to recommend them can come over here and command instant vogue and three figure salaries. Miss Hajos is a likeable person, with a few amusing antics, but that hardly accounts for her starring in two musical shows and a vaudeville sketch during the current season. Before the 1913-14 era goes into the limbo of things that were, Miss Hajos may have a chance to increase her musical score. Unless all signs fail in dry weather.

Those who have seen the remarkably attractive setting of the second act of were reminded forcibly of the illustrations used in the advertisements of the "Johnwalker" stores.

For a beginner in the Pamphletor's art Johnson Forbes-Robertson, now winding up almost a half a century's career on the stage with a farewell American tour, is remarkably comprehensive as well as modest. An article by him in a current magazine is the first he ever wrote for publication and appears under this pretentious caption: "The Theatre of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." Forbes-Robertson says in

introduction, "I might preface my remarks on this subject by the statement that during my career of forty years on the stage, I have never previously contributed an article to a magazine or put my name to a book, which is something of a record in those days, where every man is his own Boswell."

At last it has come—the actor's union. Under the name of the Actors' Equity association some of the leading thespians of Broadway have organized for mutual protection, and they are weekly embracing within their ranks the leading players of America, both men and women. The stage hands organized themselves into the Theatrical Mechanics' association and by sheer numbers obtained improved conditions for themselves. They got more pay and less work. The vaudeville performers formed themselves in the shape of transportation, more stable contracts, more efficient stage assistance from the theatres and other improvements. Now the legitimate actors have formed an association for the purpose of insisting on their rights. Francis Wilson is the president of the new organization. Henry Miller, who is, is not, is—have it your own way—going to retire, is vice-president; Bruce McRae and Howard Kyle, secretaries, and Howard Purdy, treasurer. George Arliss, Digby Bell, Jefferson De Angelis, Robert Edson, Wilton Lackaye and such well known actors form the council of the association. Here are a few things that the Actors' Equity association will work for:

Transportation for actors from New York when they join a road company out of town and transportation back to New York when the show strands or the actor is given his notice. To limit the period of free rehearsals. To re-establish the two-weeks notice clause. To protect an actor who shall be given more than a week's rehearsals, from being discharged without compensation. To prevent the increase of extra performances without pay. To get full pay for all weeks played. To seek an adjustment with regard to the cost of woman's costumes. There are reasonable demands say the actors. As matters now stand, actors frequently are hays so far as the coast to join a show. They are given their fare to the point where they join, but when they close, they have to pay their own fare back to New York. Often they have not the money. The traditional two weeks' notice is often overlooked by the managers, but the players are never allowed to ignore it. Actors now rehearse indefinitely without pay, and if the production falls in the first week, the performers get no pay.

ALASKA BILL PASSED.
[UNITED PRESS LEASER WIRE.]
Washington, Jan. 26.—By a vote of 46 to 16 the senate late Saturday passed the Chamberlain bill for construction of a government railroad in Alaska. The vote came at the end of the day's debate. Previous to the vote on the passage, the senate had rejected the Poindexter substitute, providing not only for government construction, but ownership lines and mines in the territory.

EXAGGERATION.
"I'm the victim of financial exaggeration."
"I don't understand you."
"The bank has just informed me that I've overdrawn my account."—Detroit Free Press.

A CONTRADICTION IDEA.
"There is one very peculiar idea of actors."
"What is that?"
"If you have a long success at one stand they call it a run."—Baltimore American.

"Doing it now" is the root of success.