

PORTLAND HOSPITAL WARDS OFFER BIG FIELD FOR DEEDS OF KINDNESS

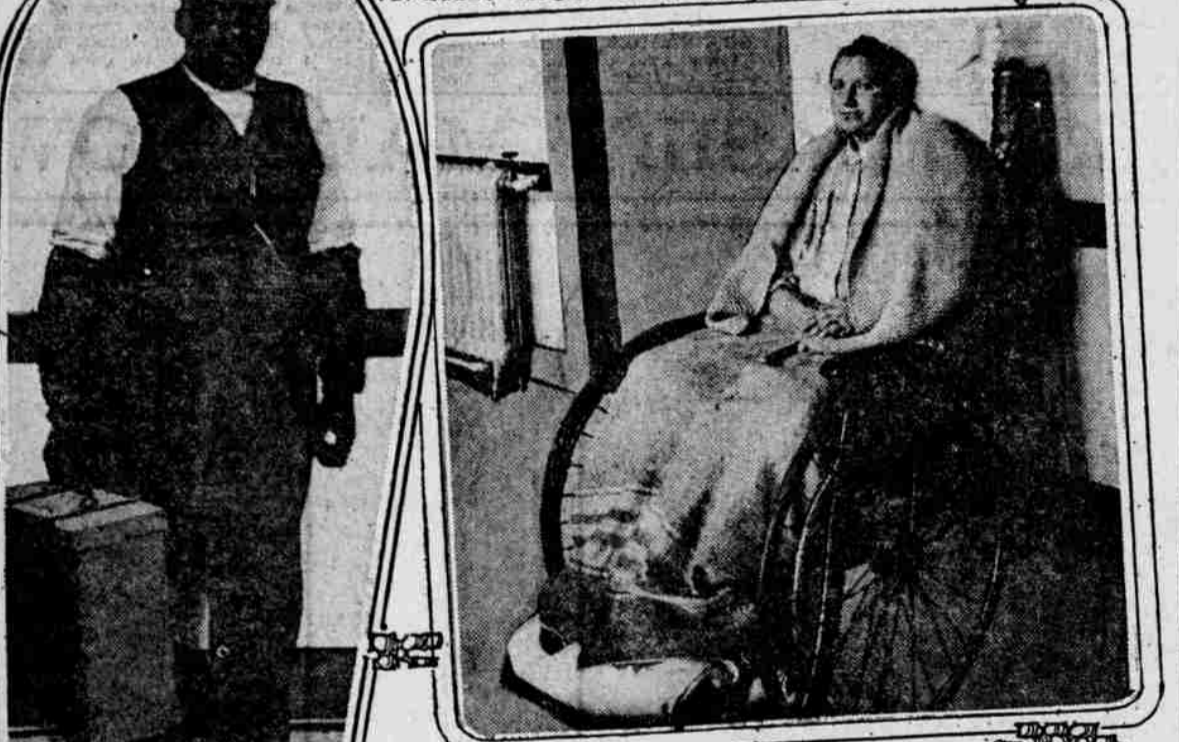
Magazines, Music, Funny Papers and Visitors Welcomed—Foreigners Long to Hear Native Tongue Spoken, and "Kiddies" Gratefully Receive Extra "Goodies"—May Kelly Gives Insight Into Institutions.



Game of Cards By The Cripple Brigade.



Corner of Children's Ward—Viva And Wilbur in the Foreground.



Mrs. Bruce, Who Has Been in Hospital 13 Years.

ings are suffering or are even worse off perhaps than they are. The other half is doing "its fairly well the life in the great hospitals of any city. How many of the patients in their comfortable private rooms surrounded by gay flowers, recent magazines and rays of anxious visitors, ever give a thought to their fellow sufferers in the big wards on the floor above, or below, as the case may be.

Your wealthy citizen or well-to-do one either, at the doctor's orders, comes to the hospital reluctantly, deploring the loss of time from his business or pleasure, but he at least, has the privacy of his own four walls for groans and imprecations, with no danger of being offended by like ebullitions from a neighboring cot, as he would be if in a ward. Also he has the constant attendance of a pretty nurse to sympathize with each symptom, and his frequently and informed just how fast his heart is beating, and how many beads of perspiration are upon his brow.

Members of the different charitable organizations in the city go regularly to the hospitals to distribute fruit, flowers and magazines in the wards, and these visits are greatly appreciated by the invalids. It is not the material kind only that occasion pleasure, but the great thing is the contact with some one from the outside world; the thought that strangers are interested in them and sympathize with them; also the chance of telling their

troubles and talking over their mis- haps cases their burdens very greatly. The formula these visitors use gener- ally is: "Would you rather have a funny paper or a magazine?" and the answer almost invariably comes: "Oh, give me something funny with pictures to look at. I can't read much."

So that Puck, Judge and Life are al- ways popular, and the church soci- eties sometimes find it difficult to ac- cumulate enough of them to satisfy all the wards.

Of course each patient, foreigner or otherwise, is asked courteously which magazine he would prefer, even when his face shows that an A B C book or sheet of blank paper would best fill his requirements. The other day a pa- tient, an American, replied that he would be glad to have a funny paper, so the black Bulgarian next to him screwed up his features imitatively and said "I take funny paper" with the fact boldly blazoned on his countenance that he hadn't the faintest idea in the world what he said.

So the lady hastily dived into the shallow depths of her knowledge of Italian, emerging with "Buono giorno! Come stai?" to the great delight of the little man from Italy, who immediately broke into a torrent of voluble Italian, leaving the visitor as far in the rear conversationally as a clanking motor- boat does a two-oared skiff. But the Italian cared not, so long as he could once more speak his beloved tongue, and smiled all the rest of the afternoon in remembrance. The lady smiled too,

probably at thought of the successful imitation of a linguist she had just given!

A Chinaman who has been in one of the wards for some time has been amusing, for as soon as the visitors get anywhere near him, he lifts himself up as far as he can and reaches out for a paper, jabbering away in some jargon of his own. The men in the other cots say that he can't read—but he wants everything going, and takes no risk of being overlooked. So the Literary Digest generally falls to his share, for that is not much in demand, and it is truly edifying to see him clutching closed its pages with a close Oriental look—which deceives no one, however.

Most of the disabled men are very cheerful, and the young men who are jokingly refer to the "cripple brigade" if there are a good many lame ones in the same ward. One day when offering a magazine with baseball pictures to a man whose leg was bandaged up, he replied that they had a baseball nine of their own right there, all one-legged men who could swing an arm if they couldn't beat it out to first!

Another time a man in one of the cots who had just finished reading the paper called out to a passer-by farther down the line, also heavily bandaged: "Come on over here and get the paper, old sport. If you want it."

Woman In Patient 13 Years.
Most of the regular hospital visitors know Mrs. Bruce, who has been a patient in one of the women's wards for 13 years. If a Carnegie medal was offered for patience and cheerfulness, she would capture it, for during all this time her orphaned children have been growing up without her care and watch- fulness, and as their home is on the Columbia River, she cannot see them very often.

One daughter is just approaching womanhood, and the other is a busy nurse in the city, and she is constantly thinking of this girl, wondering what she is doing, and very anxious when she comes to give her the best advice possible about the hundred-and-one things a girl ought to know.

The children always spend Christmas with her, and any other time they can come to the hospital, and she is glad to see them at the hospital where they can be stowed away.

Old Andrew, the genial factotum and errand boy of the Samaritan Hos- pital for the last 27 years, is a favorite with both guests and patients, and as necessary to the hospital atmosphere as its oxygen.

Andrew came as a patient. He was totally blind, but a skillful operation made by one of the best-known sur- geons in the city restored his sight, and he was very glad to remain and earn his living among the doctors and nurses who had come to mean so much to him.

In the children's ward there is a table on which no one has a hand with the babies like old Andrew. He can pick up the most fretful one at any time and immediately "puts up," delighted with its ebony nurse.

One of the many things that can be done for the inmates of the wards is to furnish them with some of the best dominoes, anything of the sort. Often after a bridge party, the hostess will send over the decks of cards that have been used, and these go with a great deal of time in card games. One generous-hearted young man in Portland has niched himself in the hospital, and he has a card table for the patients from time to time. Any attractive picture is pasted on card- board and then cut up with scissors, and the fragments are scattered about and are momentarily forgotten while putting the fragments together again.

A unique sight is seen when a Hindu or Hindu with their shoulders stooped over a board, and eyes glued on a puzzle which may turn out to be a picture of Abraham Lincoln or some annual football team.

Music Much Appreciated.
Another thing the ward patients ap- preciate is music, and one doesn't need to be a great singer to give them a few minutes of pleasure. Young men from one of the ward papers used to take time from her busy life to come out regularly and sing in the wards, just popular songs, but when a young man from one ward to another by men on crutches and women in wheel chairs who couldn't get enough of her music still mounted up very sincerely when she moved away.

Two girls with a mandolin and guitar play sometimes for the invalids, but the formula these visitors use gener- ally is: "Would you rather have a funny paper or a magazine?" and the answer almost invariably comes: "Oh, give me something funny with pictures to look at. I can't read much."

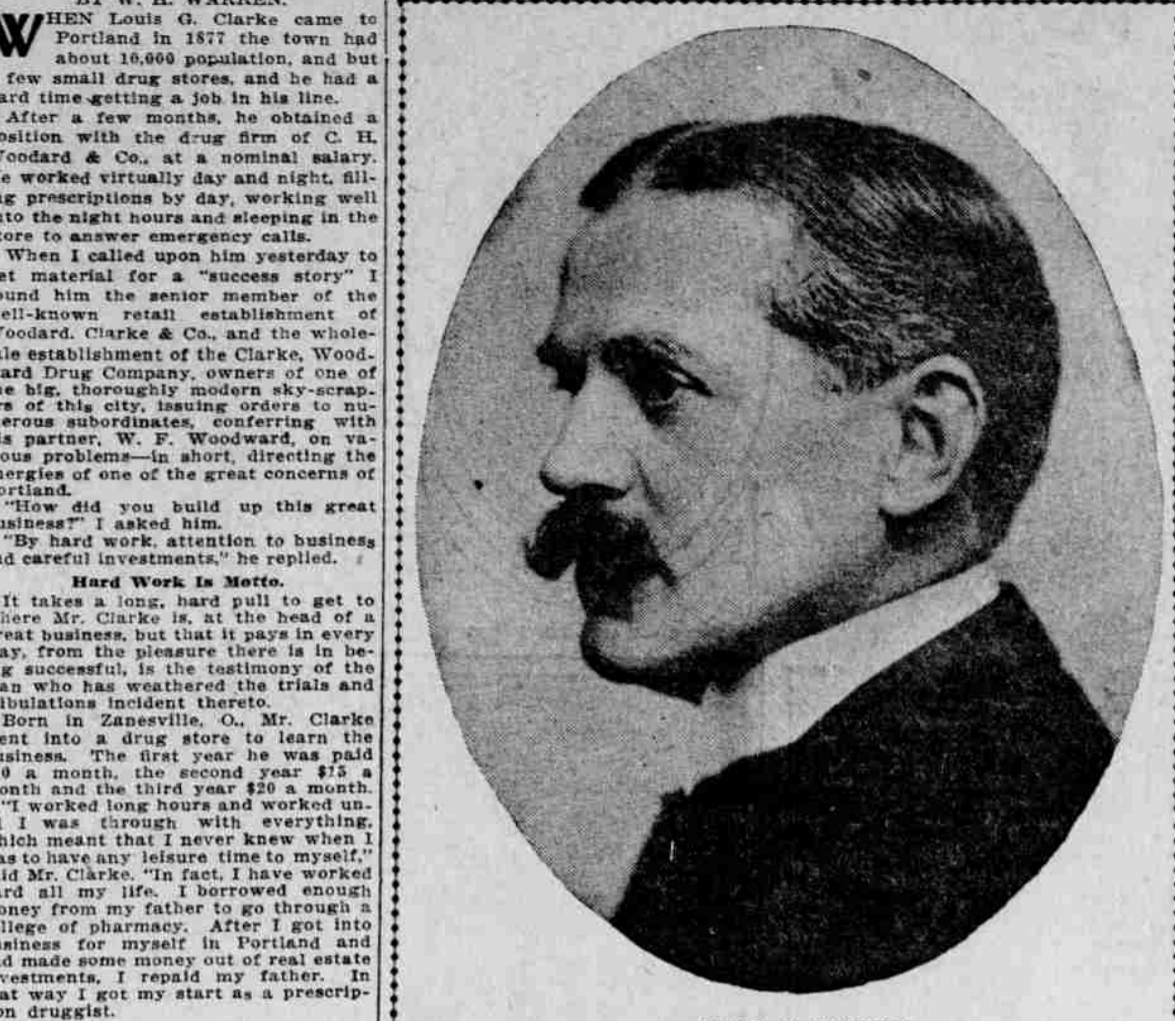
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SUCCESS DECLARED REWARD OF INTELLIGENT AND PERSISTENT EFFORT

Louis G. Clarke Gives Encouragement to Youth by Telling of Activity Resulting in His Elevation From Poor Drug Clerk to Directing Head of Two Great Companies Operating in Portland.



LOUIS G. CLARKE.

WHEN Louis G. Clarke came to Portland in 1877, the town had about 16,000 population, and but a few small drug stores, and he had a hard time getting a job in his line.

After a few months, he obtained a position with the drug firm of C. H. Woodard & Co., at a nominal salary. He worked virtually day and night, filling prescriptions by day, working well into the night hours and sleeping in the store to answer emergency calls.

When I called upon him yesterday to get material for a "success story" I found him the senior member of the well-known retail establishment of Woodard, Clarke & Co., and the whole- sale establishment of the Clarke, Woodard & Co. drug company, owners of one of the big, thoroughly modern sky-scraper of this city, issuing orders to numerous subordinates, conferring with his partner, W. F. Woodard, on various problems—in short, directing the energies of one of the great concerns of Portland.

"How did you build up this great business?" I asked him.

"By hard work, attention to business and careful investments," he replied.

Hard Work Is Merit.

It takes long, hard pull to get to where Mr. Clarke is, at the head of a great business, but that it pays in every way, from the pleasure there is in being successful, the testimony of the man who has weathered the trials and tribulations incident thereto.

Born in Zanesville, O., Mr. Clarke went into drug stores to learn the business. The first year he was paid \$10 a month, the second year \$15 a month and the third year \$20 a month.

"I worked long hours and worked until I was through with everything, which meant that I never knew when I was to have any leisure time to myself," he said. "In fact, I have worked hard all my life. I borrowed enough money from my father to go through a college of pharmacy. After I got into business for myself in Portland, I had made some money out of real estate investments. I repaid my father. In that way I got my start as a prescription druggist."

Newspaper Office Haven.

"I was but 14 years old when I went to work in a Zanesville drug store, and I was only 20 years old when I came to Portland. That was in 1877, when the city of today was but a small town of approximately 10,000. Had graduated as a pharmacist, but I found it quite difficult to obtain a position here, as there were but few small drug stores in fact. It was unable to learn the business, so I got into my business here, and filed in the time working for the Pacific Christian Advocate as an office assistant for my room and board.

"However, at the end of about six months, I secured a place with the old firm of C. H. Woodard & Co., as a prescription clerk, I also looked after the special lines, such as photographic sup- plies, etc., and worked hard, filling pre- scriptions during the day. At night I cared for the drug correspondence and kept in the store to be on hand to answer emergency calls.

No Regrets Experienced.

"Of course, it was hard work and plenty of it, but I look back over the years and I have no regrets as to a business, I have no regrets as to the number of hours a day which I devoted to the work of my employer; indeed, I am so satisfied that I was a good thing for me, as hard work is the best thing for a young man. There is nothing like it and I recommend hard work to every young man who wishes to be a success, no matter whether he aspires to be an employer and conduct his own business or whether he shall remain an employe.

"After working for the firm for three years, I was taken into partnership and the name of the firm was changed to Woodard, Clarke & Co.—the same name the retail store bears today.

"Never in my early experience did I have much time to idle away. I was never idle, and I was never idle. It was an attraction to me and I seldom ever went to any such thing as a dance or a theater. I never had any other amusements, as it kept me busy attending to my duties. Even when I did go to a dance or any social affair, my mind was never so far from my work as the particular amusement of the hour.

Fraternal Society Recommended.

"I do not recommend to young men the taking of time for amusements, as it is not what I consider the best thing for a young man who would be suc- cessful in business, but by this I do not mean that one should not have any amusements, I simply wish to impress upon the young man of today that it is more important to work hard, save and invest one's earnings than to squander them for the theater or any other attraction.

"I would prefer to recommend membership in some good fraternal organization, as by this means a young man can get into fel- lowship with good men, who will be of great help to him, and he can have ac- cess to affairs that will assist him in getting along well in his life. It is a habit for success and is of everlasting benefit to him.

"Of course, it is a well-known fact that not every man can become an em- ployer, but every man can be in busi- ness for himself and, in this connec- tion, I will say that I believe every man should work hard to get a home, as this will give him something around which to center his activities, and it is the most practical thing a young man can do. It will steady and balance him and make him a better man, no matter whether he be an employe or an employer.

Married Men Favored.

"Every man should have a home. In fact, when we employ a man in this establishment, we first ask him if he is married; we encourage marriage among our young men and we try to make it an object for them to marry and get their homes. We give the young married man preference in the promotions and in the promotions, all things being equal, and it is to the advantage of our male employes to be married.

"I also recommend investment of money in Portland real estate. I do this because of my own experience, which has been profitable along this line. The first \$500 which I saved I put into some property over in Albina and, after holding it for about three years, during which time I had paid nothing for it, I sold it for double the amount paid for it. I have been ex- ceedingly fortunate in my investments in Portland property. I know of nothing at the present time that is quite so substantial and that will yield so much return on the investment as realty.

Avarice Declared Dangerous.

"I would advise every one should always choose something not too allur- ing, such as mining stock, etc., and there is nothing more certain than re- turns on Portland realty, and nothing less certain of no returns on invest- ment than many of those propositions which are put forward by crafty per- sons to catch the unwary.

"I cannot say too much regarding the opportunities for young men in Oregon, and I would like to see the world but come here and put in their best energies, there are fortunes awaiting them. The opportunities are fully as great now as 25 years ago.

INDIAN'S DEATH RECALLS TALE OF REAL ROMANCE

William Strong, of Toot-toot-na Tribe in Oregon Who Recently Succumbed, Picturesque Character—Poor Judge but Good Temperance Advocate.

THE true Indian stories are fast be- coming history and legend but the following told by R. A. Bessell, of Newport, and published in the Newport Signal, which is edited and published by T. F. Kershaw, is as romantic as that of the Black Douglas or Rich- ard Coeur de Lion. Mr. Bessell was an Indian agent in the early days and 50 years' experience with the Indians of Oregon has made him acquainted with many interesting stories which will soon be forgotten if not recorded. He once served with Phil Sheridan. This story is about an Indian, who died last month on the Siletz reservation, and his relatives.

"The death of William Strong, a Toot-toot-na chieftain, marks the end of a notorious family. Shell Head, whose Indian name was Oneatta, was chief of the Toot-toot-na tribe. His family consisted of Jim, Jack, Bill, Donnie and Mary. Shell Head, or Oneatta, and his son Jim, died at the agency. Jack was killed at Newport. Bigheaded Bill, afterward named William Strong, the subject of this sketch, died on Feb- ruary 17 at the agency, about 70 years old.

"The first four named lived at the breaking out of the war of '55 and '56 at the Toot-toot-na village on the north side of Rogue River. The three men and Jennie, who was a good-looking squaw, took an active part in the killing of Ben Wright, who was with a few others, attending a dance on the opposite side of the river and below the Toot-toot-na village.

Great Strength Shown.

"Jennie has always been credited with eating a part or all of Ben Wright's heart. She was stout stocky built and many stories are told of her strength and endurance. One is that she carried 200 pounds of flour from the King's Valley mill to Siletz. Of my own personal knowledge, she carried an anvil, weighing 150 pounds, on her back, from the Government depot to the Siletz, over the mountain road, in less than a day. She was a hard worker, shrewd in trade, and always had a few hundred dollars on hand. She no doubt had, in a large degree, the jealous and revengeful disposition of her kind. There is reason to believe she knew more about the murder of Wright than she chose to tell.

"In 1875 I was detailed to go with

G. W. Collins, sub-Indian Agent, at Yachats, south as far as Smith River, and returning, gather all the Indians that had left the reservation, and bring them to the agency. As soon as Jennie and William Strong heard of this, they applied to the agent, Ben Simpson, to be allowed to accompany the expedition, giving as a reason that they had left a 'cache' there when they were moved to the agency. Simpson demurred at first, because the people have the Rogue River and threaten to kill any of the family on sight, but he finally consented.

"When we reached the vicinity of the old village, every old settler ail- ing at the camp was watched by Wil- liam and Jennie, and several did not hesitate to say bad words.

"On the south side below the house where Wright was killed, there was a willow swamp. Into this swamp Wil- liam and Jennie went, hunting here and there, noting the older trees and landmarks. All day long this quest went on. But high water had, years before, covered this low place and obliterated any mark these two may have had, by which to locate the cache. Now the question is, how did they have something to hurriedly hide on that side of the river, when they lived several miles up the river and on the opposite side?

"Mary was a child at that date and grew to be a rather handsome woman. Because of her good looks she was called 'Highland Mary,' and for the same reason, ran a meteoric course, died young, and was buried with her sister Jennie.

Temperance Is Urged.

"Now we come back to the last of the family. He was a carpenter for a time and worked for the Government. He was a strong temperance advocate and deplored seeing his people drink- ing so much liquor. When General Joe Palmer was made agent under the 'New Dispensation,' he sought to in- struct the Indians in civil government, and established Indian courts. Strong, probably on account of his large head, was made Superior Judge. His ideas of justice may be understood by the decision he made in a divorce case. The judge had lost his wife a few weeks prior to that, and decided to grant the lady a divorce, provided that she marry him. This she refused to do. How fortunate for the purity of the empire, that the recall was not in vogue."

SCULPTRESS IS POPULAR

Invitations to Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's Studio Are Sought.

LONDON, March 8.—(Special).—Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who is a great favorite in English society, will be visiting London during the week, but she does not care to be called a society woman. Her intellectual interests are numerous and varied and she is a most devoted student of her studio in which she has lately been carrying out some interesting sculpture.

"I simply adore my work," she recently said more and more devotedly, and I am never so happy as in my studio."

It is understood she means to send a group of exhibits to the British Academy in May. She has latterly made splendid progress in the plastic art and has been having lessons from some of the most famous sculptors in the world. Her beautiful studio in Paris is the rendezvous of the most interesting people in art and society and invita- tions to it are eagerly sought, indeed, she has a waiting list of people who are waiting to be introduced to her. Recently she met Princess Louise, who is the Duchess of Argyll, another sculptress of distinction, and she is a long conversation on the pursuit of art to both. In the end her Royal Highness promised to pay Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney an early visit at her studio when passing through Paris.

London unfortunately does not suit Mrs. Whitney, but she intends to take a house a little way out, either at Putney or at Chelsea, and more devotedly fashionably lately, or Rehampton.

Germany to Increase Airships.

BERLIN, March 8.—(Special).—The newspapers announce that the War Of- fice has completed its estimates for strengthening of the army's air force. The estimates total about \$5,000,000 and will form part of the new army bill to be submitted to the Reichstag after Easter.

GIRLS! GIRLS! SURELY TRY THIS! DOUBLES BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

All You Need Is a 25c Bottle of "Danderine"—Hair Gets Lustrous, Fluffy and Abundant at Once.

Immediate!—Yes! Certain!—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair cleanse. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

A delightful surprise awaits particu- larly those who have been careless, whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Be- sides beautifying the hair, Danderine cleanses every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use of Danderine, when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.