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Lecture to our Business Men.

What is the matter with the business man in the smaller towns of this country? Why is it that he is everlastingly asleep?

The country merchant represents the very best development in American manhood. He is healthy, strong and unusually intellectual, but he simply will not get out of the rut made in the road of his kind of trade by the footsteps of his predecessors.

Here is the whole story in a nutshell; contrast the following examples:

On the one hand we have the present prosperous condition of the country, originating in extraordinary good crops. We never had better. Then there must be demand. An over supply without a market is almost as bad for the farmer, as no crops at all. The demand, as well as the price, were never better than at present.

Next comes the wage earner. His condition is undeniably better than it has been for years. Because of the vast sums of money that must change hands during the next six months, to gather and transport the great crops, the laborer's services will be well paid for. Money sent to the farmer from the purchasers in the east will be used for improved equipment. Old farming implements will be discarded and replaced by new. The harvesting machinery business is a good barometer indicating this condition.

Now comes the country merchant, the doctor, lawyer, hotel man, etc., and the amusement man. Their share of the harvest depends entirely upon their ability to keep abreast with rapidly changing conditions. The merchant in the rural districts, who imagines that he can handle his business on the same slipshod plan as that employed by his predecessors forty years ago, is badly mistaken. He has new conditions to face, new forces to contend with; almost unsurmountable obstacles to overcome.

First of all there is the bugaboo of the mail order house in the big cities, next is the parcels post, then comes the interurban car, the automobile and good roads. Rapid and easy means of transportation makes it comparatively easy for the farmer to get to the larger cities and entirely overlook the dealer in the smaller place.

The merchant or business man in one of these smaller places is quite likely to see customers pass his door en route to the city, if he is willing to rest content with the methods employed by predecessors. Some are equal to the emergency and promptly lay plans to get their share of the prevailing good times. Others do not.

Now then, here is what we have as a remedy for the disease:

Meet city competition with the city man's methods of getting business.

The country merchant and amusement man have one common interest, and that is, make a trade center; get the people to come to town, amuse and hold them; secure the trade of the surrounding country and prevent its going to the larger cities by way of the interurban cars.

That is the first proposition. Everybody is agreed on that score.

How do the big stores in the cities get the orders of the country trade?

First by full page display ads in the big daily papers. These are almost a complete catalogue of each of the various departments of the entire store. Think of it, a daily issue of a well illustrated catalogue with catchy descriptions and skilfully phrased talk about cut prices, spread out daily before 75,000 to 200,000 women, who have money to spend and who need the goods.

There can be but one result, which means a sale.

Then again, these same big stores all have their mail order departments, through which catalogues are mailed in great quantities to the farmers and residents of the smaller towns. How long could these big stores exist if they did not use these advertising pullers to draw trade?

The answer is self evident. Their expenses would eat them up and put them out of business inside of ten months.

Suppose, for example, the big department stores of Portland should adopt the methods of the average country merchant, cut off their advertising in the daily papers, discontinue soliciting orders by mail, refuse to send out samples and all of the proprietors should sit quietly down and wait for customers to happen along, as is usually done by the country stores. Can anyone doubt the result? Contrast the difference between the two methods and the remedy is as plain as the sun in the sky.

Of course, the answer is, that the small store in the country town cannot afford high priced advertisements, costing \$5,000 to \$10,000 per day, neither can he afford to issue a catalogue or have a mail order department. That's perfectly true and nobody will try to dispute it, but he has his local newspaper and its working force at his disposal, and its the greatest and best working force in this entire world.

Let us repeat that the country newspapers, if properly used, are positively the best advertising mediums in the world for the money.

Mr. Merchant, just store this thought under your hat—every country town that has a daily or weekly newspaper is missing a harvest if its merchants do not make it their mail order catalogue. Every inch of it should be used. It is a gold mine. Mind you, it should be the cut price catalogue, with a good illustration and a catchy description of every article of merchandise carried in stock in your town, no matter whether it be a package of onion seed, a gas engine, hay scale or a flannel shirt, and every article shown should be quoted at a price that compares favorably with the prices in the advertisements of the city concerns.

There is not a country town in America where three or four pages would not boom the local trade and put the city stores out of business, as far as orders from that locality are concerned. Their advertisements should resemble a catalogue, not bill poster's efforts.

Every merchant should make it a point to advertise his goods and prices instead of his name.

Those whose business is such that they have no catalogue to publish and their little display advertisement used in the plan herein suggested, would be of little value towards promoting the general welfare by pulling the country orders to town, therefore, you should do your share in some other way. Yours should be the part of the booster.

Get together and put your shoulders to the wheel; encourage life in the town by promoting amusements. Some towns make the mistake of suppressing them. Remember that idle minds create indolence, the plague before which empires fall. Avoid the fallacy of all talk about patronizing home industry. Let it be known that you are a lot of good fellows with the latch string on the outside, who fight to the last ditch in politics, but welcome the competition of the world in cheap prices, qualities, and in everlasting hustle, enterprise and go-ahead progressiveness, and you can bid defiance to the bugaboo of the parcels post and the threatened invasion of the

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big store monopoly of the great cities.

Do it now. Start the weekly catalogue in the very next issue of your local papers and keep it up until every item of merchandise in your town is listed for the inspection of the buyers of the county. Your share of the present prosperity will follow just as sure as the light follows the sun.

EATING AND ELOQUENCE.

An Englishman's Protest Against Post-prandial Garrulity.

All men eat, most men speak; but though all men eat a dinner, only the few speak after it, while the many hsten and suffer.

To say that eating and eloquence go hand in hand may be a solecism, but it is a fact, at any rate a condition. In these days and these latitudes. After dinner speaking is an evil peculiar to no land. It is an affliction that obtains a wider vogue in civilized countries than in those that are still close to the primitive ideal. The savage has not reached that stage of degeneration where he imagines that the processes of digestion are aided by discussion and stimulated by dullness. The primitive man clings to tobacco and repose as the pleasurable adjuncts of his victuals.

Post-prandial garrulity reaches its most virulent development among the English speaking peoples. It has become almost a ritualistic and religious function with them, and the resolute Englishman or American goes to his feeding function, his banquet to eat, drink and be talked at seriously and solemnly.

To gorge a man with dishes and delicacies as a preparation for gauding him with delirious and dullness is the substitute which a modern civilization provides for the Roman holiday, for, though this age abhors blood and slaughter and shudders reminiscences over the memory of gladiators, Numidian lions and Christian martyrs, it does not hesitate to make martyrs of its guests and throw them to its lions, the after dinner spouters—London Truth

HUNTING THE HIPPO.

Methods of the Wily Native Hunters of North Africa.

As hippopotamus hunters the Shollas of the Sobat region, North Africa, stand alone. A native hippo hunt is an exciting and dangerous sport. The hunters are in dugout canoes; two or three paddle while one manages the harpoon or barbed spear, to which are attached a stout rope and a float of ambatch.

When the hippo comes to the surface to breathe an attempt is made to steal upon him with the harpoon; when this is accomplished the hunters make a hasty retreat from the enraged beast, and in turn engage his attention while attempts are made to spear him by those in the other canoes.

When severely wounded a hippopotamus goes ashore to rest or to die and not to attack its assailants, as has been so often reported. The native hunters wait for this, and when the animal goes up out of the water a volley of spears is thrown into it, and slowly the huge beast bleeds to death. The hunters do not always escape. Sometimes the life or a limb of one of them is sacrificed to their daring.

The hide of the hippopotamus is cut into strips and dried to be sold to Arab traders, who, in turn, sell it to the whipmakers of Omdurman in Egypt. Certain portions of the hide are much prized as shields. The flesh is cut into long, narrow strips and dried in the sun; its taste resembles that of course beef.

Unmasked.

"I was introduced to your wife to-day, and she gazed at me."
 "I can't account for that."
 "I can. I suppose I'm your scapegoat, you old fraud!"—Kansas City Journal

BUSY TAIL OF A WHALE.

Legend of the Origin of the Idea of the Screw Propeller.

The following extraordinarily interesting story is printed by the Marine Journal with the express stipulation that it cannot guarantee its authenticity, but gives it for what it is worth:

"Way back in 1858 the stout Dutch work Groote Marlo, Captain Van der Broeck, bound from Amsterdam to the East Indies, became dismantled in trying to round the Cape of Good Hope and, because of high seas, was in a generally bad plight. Just as things were looking particularly black an investigation of a terrific blow received by the vessel on her high, square stern revealed the fact that a large whale had crashed partly through the rear boards and had got caught in the timbers. Fortunately water which was pouring into the aft hold was promptly blown out through the open hatch way by the struggling animal, and in endeavoring to release itself the big mammal lashed the water with its tail so violently that it propelled the bark ahead at seven knots an hour into Cape Town harbor.

"It was in watching the mighty effect of the whale's tail that the good captain conceived the idea of a screw propeller, but neither the Dutch merchants of Cape Town nor his brother skippers of Amsterdam were sufficiently interested in his tale to unite with him in patenting the device."

THE KING IS KING.

No "Power Behind the Throne" in England, It is Said.

It is often asked who really inspires the king's attitude upon current questions of the day and, more particularly, who writes his speeches?

The king takes, it is possible to state, the closest interest in every leading question of the day, and, while he must of necessity take the advice of his responsible ministers, he has views of his own that he does not hesitate to pronounce whenever the occasion calls for it, while his speeches are "roughed out" entirely by himself.

This draft of what his majesty desires to say is then passed on to the officials of the private secretaries' office, who prepare the speech in set form and submit it to his majesty in formal language. This he goes through most carefully, and it often takes two or three rewritings before the king is thoroughly satisfied with it.

It may be said at once, however, that no words uttered by the king are approved until they have passed his most careful scrutiny. It is likewise possible to add that his majesty is an extremely good impromptu speaker and that some of his most notable utterances have been made without any previous preparation of any kind—London Gentlewoman.

Didn't Stop.

A young man who was with a party of motor tourists making a trip through the mountains decided to stop over in an attractive place for a few days and went into the hotel to ascertain the rates.

"What are your rates?" he inquired.

"Seven dollars a day, sir," was the reply.

"If I stay," went on the man, "I shall want a room on the parlor floor."

"That will cost you \$1 extra," said the clerk.

"I shall also want a room with a fireplace, where I can have a fire these chilly evenings."

"One dollar more, sir."

"And, of course," said the tourist, "I want one with a bath also."

"A dollar additional, sir."

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "how much will you charge to let me leave the hotel just as I am?"—Pulitzer Magazine.

Schoolboy Aspiration.

A schoolboy wrote the following essay on soap: "Soap is a kind of stuff made in cakes what you can't eat. It smells good and tastes orful. Soap always tastes worse when you get it in your eye. Pather says Eskimose don't never use soap. I wish I was an Eskimose!"