

# Laurelhurst

## The Addition with Character 1200 PLEASED BUYERS

OVER 1200 PURCHASERS have seen Laurelhurst and have acknowledged that it is by far the best investment in Portland.

OVER 1200 PURCHASERS have visited the property and studied carefully the question of transportation. They have seen and ridden on the four different car lines that serve Laurelhurst. They know the service is there NOW.

OVER 1200 PURCHASERS have seen the tremendous work that is going on NOW in Laurelhurst. They have SEEN our workmen laying eight-inch water mains and 10 to 24-inch sewer mains. They have SEEN the shade trees and the nine-foot

parking strips. They have SEEN the boulevards and have SEEN the asphalt plant, with tons of asphalt, all ready to be placed in the 28 to 48-foot streets. They have SEEN the men laying the cement walks—so they KNOW that everything claimed for Laurelhurst will be done this year.

OVER 1200 PURCHASERS have studied distance from town as compared to other tracts, and they KNOW Laurelhurst is close in. They have seen what Nature has done and they have seen what improvement work is doing, and they have acknowledged the justice of our claims that Laurelhurst

is the most highly improved and highly restricted residence property in Portland.

OVER 1200 PURCHASERS have compared Laurelhurst prices with prices of other lots, and they know that the prices in Laurelhurst are 50 per cent too low, as compared to what others are asking for lots not nearly so well improved, located, or restricted.

OVER 1200 PURCHASERS have backed their judgment with investment, for they realize that values will double over present prices in Laurelhurst in a short time.

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Chas. K. Henry, president Chas. K. Henry Co., Portland; owner Henry Bldg.  
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 George J. Dekum, of Chas. K. Henry Co., real estate.

LAURELHURST CO., 522 Corbett Bldg  
 Portland, Oregon.

Kindly send me by return mail the above described literature on Laurelhurst.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

## INTRA AND INTER DEFINED

### SHIPMENT TO LA GRANDE IN ORIGINAL PACKAGE CAUSE

#### Portland Judge Hands Down Important Decision on Freight Rates.

Distinguishing between intrastate and interstate commerce as applied to shipments in the original package, Judge Wolverton of the United States district court rendered a decision this morning in a suit of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company against the Oregon railroad commission, says a Portland paper.

The suit involves three shipments of merchandise in the original package by Allen & Lewis of this city to merchants at La Grande and Pendleton. Because of the goods having been shipped in the original package in which it was packed when received by Allen & Lewis, the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company contended that it was interstate commerce and collected a higher freight charge than that fixed by the state railroad commission.

In the decision the court laid down the rule that commodities shipped from another state into Oregon, which here became a part of the common stock in the trade of the buyer, could not come under the head of interstate commerce when reshipped in the original package to another part of the state. Such shipments, according to the decision, are subject to the freight tariffs promulgated by the railroad commission. Judgment was given against the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company on account of all three shipments involved.

Big new fireproof hotel for Klamath Falls is now assured, says the Chronicle.

A stock, grain and alfalfa ranch of 2800 acres near Mitchell sold for \$9 an acre.

**Redundant.**  
 Joseph was an excellent cook, but he was not what might be called an accomplished literary man. At the same time he conceived the idea that a cookery book from his pen would fill a long felt want. He set to work; but, feeling that perhaps he had made some mistakes in composition, he submitted the work to a prominent literary critic, who promised to get through the work and correct it where necessary.

After a day or two he brought it back.

"Yes," he said, "it's all right so far as I can see, but I rather fancy you've been a little superfluous in your recipe for lemon pudding."

"Have I? How's that?"

"Well, you see, you say here, 'Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.' Now, I really do not see how any one is going to sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly, so I think you can do without that sentence, don't you know?"

**Bewildering Recompense.**  
 Aunt Martha laid down her weekly newspaper and, assuming a pensive attitude, addressed her husband.

"Josh," she said, "I don't see how it is some folks get paid a lot of money for not liftin' a hand. As an example, this paper tells how a certain celebrated tenor was paid a thousand dollars just for appearin' at a concert in Chicago!"

"I've read such things afore, and they keep me a-scratchin' my head, too," rejoined Uncle Josh with a sigh.

"Why, only a couple o' weeks ago I read where a well known prizefighter was offered \$10,000 simply to meet another fighter in his own town!"—Lip-dinnett's.

**Mobson's Choice.**  
 A well known southern judge reviews a story about a white man who during reconstruction times was arranged before a colored justice of the peace for killing a man and stealing his mule. It was in Arkansas, near the Texas border, and there was some rivalry between the states, but the colored justice tried always to preserve an impartial frame of mind.

"We've got two kinds of law in dis yer co't," he said. "Texas law an' Arkansas law. Which will you hab?"

"Hold on a minute, judge," said the prisoner, "better make that Texas law."

"Den I discharge you fo' stealin' de mule an' hang you fo' killin' de man."

"Hold on a minute, judge," said the prisoner, "better make that Texas law."

"All right. Under de law of Texas I fin' you fo' killin' de man an' hang you fo' stealin' de mule."

## The Scrap Book

**A Business Brand of Booze.**  
 In the old bonanza days a raw tenderfoot entered a mining camp saloon and ordered whisky. Whisky in those days and in those parts was a very weird drink. Queer effects were sure to follow it. The tenderfoot knew he must expect something out of the common, but for all that he was taken aback when the bartender handed him a small whisk broom along with the bottle and glass.

STOOD THERE AND FIGGLED.

Tenderfoot-like, he didn't care to expose his ignorance by asking what the whisk broom was for, so he just stood there and figgled. He didn't drink. He waited in the hope that somebody would come in and show him what was what.

Well, in a few minutes a big chap in a red shirt entered. He, too, ordered whisky, and he, too, got a broom.

The tenderfoot watched him closely. He poured himself a generous drink, tossed CAREFULLY CLEANER it off and, taking THE FLOOR, up his whisk broom, went over into a corner and carefully cleaned on the floor a space about seven feet by three. There he lay down and had a fit.

**Star and Soul.**  
 A star circled on its sphere  
 Unseen, for the sun was on high,  
 And open looked up, and they said,  
 "There is not a star in the sky."  
 But darkness came, flinging its curtain afar,  
 And behold in the heavens a luminous star!

A beautiful soul upon earth  
 Was dulled by the shine of its joys,  
 Obscured by the radiance of mirth,  
 And hid by the world and its toys,  
 But sorrow came, flinging its blackness afar,  
 And the beautiful soul shone out like a star.

—Anon.

**SPURGEON'S MISTAKE.**  
 A Cheerful Correction When the Preacher Learned the Truth.

One day the mayor of Cambridge, who had tried to curb Mr. Spurgeon's tendencies to sensationalism, inquired of him if he had really told his congregation that if a thief got into heaven he would begin picking the angels' pockets.

"Yes, sir," the young preacher replied. "I told them that if it were possible for an ungodly man to go to heaven without having his nature changed he would be none the better for being there, and then, by way of illustration, I said that were a thief to get in among the glorified he would remain a thief still and he would go around the place picking the angels' pockets."

"But, my dear young friend," asked the mayor seriously, "don't you know that the angels haven't any pockets?"

"No, sir," replied young Spurgeon with equal gravity. "I did not know that, but I am glad to be assured of the fact from a gentleman who does know. I will take care to put it all right the first opportunity I get."

The next Monday morning Spurgeon walked into the mayor's place of business and said to him cheerfully, "I set that matter right yesterday, sir."

"What matter?" he inquired.

"Why, about the angels' pockets."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, sir, I just told the people I was sorry to say that I had made a mistake the last time I preached to them, but that I had met a gentleman, the mayor of Cambridge, who had assured me that the angels had no pockets, so I must correct what I had said, as I did not want anybody to go away with a false notion about heaven. I would therefore say that if a thief got among the angels without having his nature changed he would try to steal the feathers out of their wings!"

**Standing Room Only.**  
 A manager met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral."

The manager expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "He had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Were there many there?" asked the manager.

"Many there!" cried the actor with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"—Success Magazine.

**An Urgent Call.**  
 In a Scottish village a small boy once raised a hubbub in the parish church. His mother had bought a sheep's head and left it to cook, telling him to watch it while she went to church.

The minister had reached his "pithily" when the boy thrust his head in at the door and whispered, "Mither!"

The good woman recognized her son instantly and made signs to him to go away.

"Mither!" again came the whisper.

The mother shook her finger at the boy and her head too.

But the boy was in earnest. Raising his voice, he shouted, "Mither, ye needna wink an' blink at me, but ye'd better come awa' hame at once, for the sheep's head's buttin' a' the dumplings oot o' the kail pat!"

**Caught the Fever.**  
 An Irish policeman who was also something of a sportsman had been posted on a road near Dublin to catch the scorching motorist. Presently one came along at twenty miles an hour, and the policeman saw it pass without a sign. Next came a large motor traveling at forty miles an hour, and the eyes of the guardian of the public brightness. And then one passed at the rate of a mile a minute. "Begorra," said Pat, slipping his thigh, "that's the best of the lot!"

**Didn't Inspire Him.**  
 When Lafayette visited Virginia he was entertained with other eminent guests by President Monroe at Oak Hill. Leesburg, too, the historic town nine miles from Monroe's country seat, accorded him honors on that occasion, and at a dinner at that town John Quincy Adams delivered a famous toast to the surviving patriots of the Revolution, who, he said, were like the sibilant leaves—the fewer they became the more precious they were.

On the return to Oak Hill another of Monroe's guests said to Mr. Adams: "Excuse the impertinence, but would you not tell me what inspired the beautiful sentiment of your toast today?"

"Why," replied Mr. Adams, "it was suggested this morning by the picture of the sibilant that hangs in the hall of the Oak Hill mansion."

"How strange!" remarked the less brilliant guest. "I have looked at that picture many times during the past years, and that thought never occurred to me."

**Quick Witted.**  
 A number of years ago, when the then Chicago Record was placing its foreign correspondents, George Ade

was sent abroad by Victor F. Lawson for the purpose of selecting the best men he could find. Ade did all right until he got into Serbia. There he found all the newspaper men in jail for political offenses. He was in a quandary, so he cabled to Mr. Lawson: "Newspaper men all in jail. Press censor very strict."

Lawson promptly cabled back: "Make press censor correspondent." And Ade did it.

**He Got the Crowd.**  
 In a crowded section of an eastern city there were three little clothing stores in a row. The proprietors of these shops were bitter enemies and



CALLED UP SOME ONE OVER THE TELEPHONE.

business rivals, and each taxed his brain to the bursting point to outwit the others in attracting customers.

The proprietor of the store in the middle one day found himself momentarily beaten on getting downtown one morning, when he discovered that the owner of the store on his right had placarded his shop with sensational announcements of a "great fire sale," while the man on his left had covered his store with huge banners proclaiming a "receiver's sale." His face dropped. Then his features relaxed in a gradually expanding smile. He rushed to the back of his store and called up some one over the telephone.

One hour later the crowd that had been attracted to the scene by the "fire sale" and "receiver's sale" proclamations flocked into the store between the two. The proprietor had caused to be stretched across the top of his entrance a sheet on which were painted in letters two feet high the words "Main Entrance."