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Mexican War Veterans Still Drawing Pensions Washington.—The federal pension list decreased by 7,200 names during the fiscal year ended June 30 last, the pension bureau announced recently, but expenditures increased \$9,205,000. Pensions to Civil war veterans decreased from 193,851 in the previous fiscal year to 168,623, while the number of widows of Civil war veterans drawing pensions was reduced in the same period by 7,614. Pensioners of

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—Superintendents of seven of the ten state institutions in Oregon showed marked reductions in the per capita cost of conducting their institutions during November, 1923, when compared with November, 1922.

Grants Pass.—Snow was blanketed over the entire Rogue river valley Saturday. The snow started to fall Friday night and continued intermittently until about a half-inch covered the ground. It had melted away before late afternoon.

Portland.—The continued high lumber production which has shown well into the winter season has commenced to evidence the belated effect of the winter season. Some slowing down of production, especially on the part of the smaller mills, is indicated.

Oregon City.—The board of road viewers of Clackamas county, which is composed of the county surveyor and two other disinterested parties, have been called to make extensive surveys and assessments of roads in Clackamas county for the month of January.

Eugene.—The deal for the sale of Hotel Osburn, pending for several days, was closed Saturday and the new proprietors, J. A. McLean and Mrs. William Hodes, took charge. They succeeded Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Osburn, who have managed the house since it was erected 18 years ago.

Salem.—Consolidation of the Boy Scout movement in Linn, Polk, Benton and Marion counties has been proposed as a means of increasing efficiency in management and bringing about a reduction of overhead expenses. Under the plan one scout leader would be employed in the four counties.

Cottage Grove.—It seems impossible to keep things from growing in the Cottage Grove country. Despite the light frost several night ago, strawberries and blackberries continue to ripen and because of the small amount of moisture so far this year their flavor is practically the same as in mid-summer.

Pendleton.—Emmett Graham Saturday pleaded guilty to a charge of illegal possession of liquor and to a charge of owning and operating two stills and was fined \$450 and sentenced to serve 30 days in the county jail here. Jim Dodson, arrested with Graham, pleaded not guilty and will fight the case.

Eugene.—A contract was entered into Saturday by the Lane county court and M. D. Nease of Portland whereby the latter will cruise 100,000 acres of Lane county timber during 1924 for \$25,000. The purpose of the proposed cruise is to shift the burden of taxation from other property to a certain extent upon timber.

Salem.—Forest fire loss resulting from the destruction of timber, logs, logging equipment and other property in Oregon for 1923 aggregated \$187,545, according to the annual report completed here by Frank A. Elliott, state forester. The net loss for the year was less than one-half what it was in 1922, the report indicated.

Hood River.—The season's apple shipments of the Apple Growers' association, which handles the heaviest tonnage of any other Oregon agency, exceeded the 1,000,000-box mark Saturday. The total shipments from the valley have passed the 2000-car mark. The association, up to date, had received from growers 1,481,779 boxes.

Salem.—Continuance of state highway contracts previously awarded and closing up a large number of gaps on through routes comprised chiefly the operations of the state highway department during the fiscal year ended November 30. This was set out in a report prepared by Roy Klein, secretary of the state highway commission.

Hood River.—Howard Blackman, son of County Commissioner and Mrs. F. H. Blackman, died Sunday following electric shock sustained when a radio aerial he was stringing came in contact with a high voltage power line. The current seared the young man's hands and arms. Efforts at resuscitation were continued for two hours.

Pendleton.—An equestrian statue as a memorial to Tilman D. Taylor, Umatilla county sheriff, who was killed in the discharge of his duty here in July, 1920, has been authorized by the Til Taylor Memorial association. The action of the association in deciding on the form the memorial should take preceded the action of the city council of Pendleton, which has designated a city park in the east end of the city as the Til Taylor Memorial park.

Man's Best Capital. Men talk of "capitalizing" this, that and the other thing. This is well as far as it goes, but would be more easily done if character and reputation were what they should be. These are men's best capital.

Wanted Old-Time Romance

By SILVIA L. BERKMAN

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"Sometimes, Lynette, I feel like shaking you, and shaking you hard to get some of those foolish ideas out of your head!"

Jerrold Deane spoke with vehemence and heat. It was evident that this was not the first time the subject had been discussed by the youth and the maiden.

"I have a right to my own views," Lynette insisted stubbornly, "and I won't give them up just because you, with your Twentieth century sophistication, think I'm a few centuries behind the times. I just know that I'm right, and some day I'll prove it to you."

"Lynette, please. Why did you start this thing again? We've talked it over so many times and we always end at the same place. I came out here for a pleasant evening. The evening was all right. The place"—indicating the still, fragrant garden, flooded with silver moonlight—"was all right. Only you had to start that old argument again."

"I started! I think you've been horrid and insulting all evening, Jerrold Deane; and let me tell you now, the more you try to force me from my ways, the more I'll stick to them!"

Jerrold gazed at her pure profile, thrown into sharp relief by a nearby clump of dark shrubbery, the little mouth, always an indicator of her emotions, struggling bravely to maintain a defiant expression, but turning downward at the corners with hurt pride.

She was so slight—so little—so pathetically stubborn, that all his exasperation vanished as he watched her. "Lynette, dear," he said gently, "I'm sorry I was so rude. We'll go over it once more, just once more, and this time we won't quarrel about it. We'll discuss it just as if it concerned two other persons and not ourselves. Are you willing?"

"Very well," she answered wearily, "but it won't do any good. We've talked it over so many times, starting out with such lovely intentions of a peaceful discussion, but it always turns out the same way. We both get angry and say things we don't mean."

"This time we won't," he told her, still gentle. "Now, dear, you know, 'cause I've told you thousands of times, that I love you better than anything in the world. I've asked you to marry me almost as many times as I've told you I love you, but you always drag in those foolish notions of yours—"

"They aren't foolish, I'll believe what I want, and if I choose to believe that romance still exists I'll believe it."

"There's where the trouble is. You insist that romance is still alive, yet you won't accept it in its present form. Romance still exists, I'm not saying that it doesn't, but it's up-to-the-minute, hustling romance of today, not the Sir Launcelot-and-Elaine form of yesterday or the day before. Why, if you'd only believe it, in one apartment house in New York there's more romance in one week than all the accumulated romances of a year in King Arthur's time."

"But I don't want today's romance, Jerry. I want yesterday's. Damsels in distress—clanking armor—shining shields—tournaments—fair ladies—Oh, I am sure that some day I will find some instance that will prove to you that that ideal sentiment still is."

"Lynette, dear, I hate to make your thoughts seem ridiculous, but can you imagine what would happen to a person if he should come riding down one of our main thoroughfares clad in clanking armor and looking for a damsel in distress? The damsels would laugh at him and the knight would be gently but firmly conveyed to an institution especially founded for those of a deficient mentality."

"Jerrold, you're sarcastic and I hate you when you're sarcastic. You've talked for your side long enough. Now listen to me. Ever since I was a little girl I have believed in these 'foolish notions' and have dreamed about them. From these dreams my ideal was born. I pictured him to myself, Jerry. He is a knight, young and beautiful—so beautiful. I was certain that he would come some day and I still believe he will. I love all the old romance of yesterday as you call it. I love it and I want it more than anything else."

She clasped her slender fingers tightly and turned on him earnest, gray eyes. He could see that her slim little body was rigid with the intensity of her desire. A sudden wave of passion made him tender.

"Lynette," he whispered against her soft hair. "Oh, Lynette, why can't you see my way? I can't express my love in the terms of yesterday, because I don't know them. Can't you find in me even the slightest resemblance to your knight?"

ting old enough to put aside all those childish fancies. I love you, but I'm telling you now if you prefer to wait for this make-believe knight, twenty years from now you'll still be Miss Lynette Randall."

"You are positively insulting, Jerrold, and I won't stay out here another minute. Take me to the house immediately."

The tell-tale mouth was again Lynette's undoing. Jerrold looked at the soft quivering lips and once more humbled himself.

"Lynette, Lynette, why can't we agree? But I have a plan, dear, and if you'll only consent to try it we may be happy after all. Will you listen?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, then, I'll give you your knight the next month in which to arrive. If he doesn't come by that time, we'll bury him forever and never resurrect him. He's kept you waiting long enough. Will you promise to do that?"

Lynette thought rapidly. She hated to yield, yet she was growing fonder of Jerrold every day. Then, too, in her secret heart she knew that Jerry was right. She had maintained her ideals lately for the most part through stubborn loyalty.

"All right," she said slowly, "if he doesn't come within the next month, I'm yours."

"And the knight dies?"

"Yes, but I'll hate to bury him, Jerry."

"I'll make it the merriest funeral ever was."

"Then shake on it, to make it a real promise."

"Right-o, little pal. A real promise it is. But even if the old codger does turn up, I won't promise to fade from the horizon."

"I don't believe I'll wait you to, Jerry. Sometimes you even outshine Sir Knight."

"Brave little pal. Let's kiss on it."

They did and somehow Lynette felt more reconciled to the possibility of losing her knight.

The last day of the allotted month had come, but with it no knight.

Lynette, curled up in the porch swing amidst a nest of cushions, was reading her favorite volume, "Idylls of the King."

"I wish the knight would come today, kitty," she told her little, blue-eyed kitten. "I haven't wanted him so very much lately and I'm rather ashamed of being so disloyal, but today, after Jerry's confident conceit last night and this lovely poem, I want him almost as much as before. If he would only come to show Jerry that I am right, I could send him away and be happy with Jerry forever. Do you suppose he will come, kitty?"

Kitty's soothing purr, together with the lulling motion of the swing, sent Lynette into a light slumber.

She awakened at the sound of footsteps on the porch and looked up with half-opened eyes at an unknown but familiar face. Her knight! She rubbed her eyes like a sleepy child.

He was perfect. Light hair waving back from the broad forehead, classic nose, lips tender yet firm, finely modeled chin—he could not be mistaken.

Through the side of the vine-covered porch she could see the vague outlines of a white horse with something bright in his mane gleaming in the sun. Behind him was another white, indistinct form—perhaps another horse for her.

She did not note his clothes—only stared at his face.

"You did come, didn't you?" she said softly. "Now I can show Jerry. I've waited so long for you."

He smiled wondrously, beautifully. "I know I'm late," his voice was more than she had dared hope for—"but I had a little accident on Greene street."

"But you came just in time."

"I'm glad I'm in time, but I can't stop to talk, ma'am; I'm late now. How much do you want—twenty, or thirty, pounds? I'm the new iceman, you know."

"So he's dead and buried?" asked Jerry that night. "And you held the funeral without letting me dance at it?"

"He wasn't left to be buried," Lynette answered with a laugh. "The iceman blew him into such small pieces that he didn't even come down!"

Mrs. Mary Diefendorf



OREGON MOTHERS HAVE HEALTHY CHILDREN

Salem, Ore.—"During my first expectant period I was weak, nervous and all run-down. I had severe headaches, suffered with nausea, or sick stomach. I was so weak I could not do my work, but after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription my health gradually improved. I became strong and felt fine. I had comparatively no suffering and my baby was very strong and healthy."

"When my daughter was growing into womanhood she caught cold. I gave her the 'Favorite Prescription' and it built her up in good health and completely regulated her condition so that she had no trouble, but grew naturally into womanhood.—Mrs. Mary Diefendorf, 825 S. 22nd St.

Get the Prescription today from your druggist—liquid or tablets, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free medical advice.

Altitude Record Made.

Paris.—Jean Le Porte, the French aviator, established a new world's record for altitude for a hydro-airplane by ascending Saturday to a height of 5535 meters, thus bettering the record held by Lieutenant C. F. Harpe, American navy flier, of 4236 meters, by 1299 meters. Le Porte's flight was made at Argenteuil. His face was frost-bitten.

Always Some Cause for Gladness.

It avails us nothing unduly to bemoan our errors or losses. For happen what may to the man of simple faith, still, when the last minute comes of the sorrowful hour, when the week or the year is ended, still will he find some cause for gladness as he turns his eyes within.—Maeterlinck.

Chickens Got the Water.

I asked my little son, not quite four, to carry a pan of water down to the chickens. He soon returned with the empty pan. I said, "Why, Paul, I wanted you to give that water to the chickens." He answered, "I did. I threw it through the gate."—Exchange.

Show Every Species of Wild Life.

The 157,000,000 acres within the national forests, of wide geographical distribution, embrace in part the natural ranges of every species of wild life known to have existed in the continental United States, says the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture.

Next Man Up.

Reggie was hard hit. "Will you marry me?" he asked. "This is so sudden," assented Peggie, "and do you love me enough to wait a few days?" "Of course I do," declared Reggie, "but why wait?" "Well, because," replied Peggie, "I am married at present."

In the Majority.

The pessimist looks regretfully back; the optimist looks joyfully forward; the ordinary mortal just groans and smiles through today.—Boston Transcript.

Can Be Made So.

Flattery may be a vice, as one of the ancient philosophers said, but sometimes "plain speaking" almost seems to be.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

True Greatness.

To be popular at home is a great achievement. The man who is loved by the cat, by the dog, by his neighbors' children and by his own wife is a great man, even if he has never been mentioned outside of the circle of those who love him.

Man Owes Much to the Birds.

Birds help keep down many insect pests even when they are not sufficiently numerous to exterminate them over a large area of infestation, and there are many instances where the saving of a crop appears to be entirely the work of birds.



Red Cross BALL BLUE used for baby's clothes, will keep them sweet and snowy-white until worn out. Try it and see for yourself. At grocers.

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