



H.J. PARKISON
LAWYER

Rooms 1 and 2, 165 1/2 Third Street
Opposite Roberts Bros.
Telephone, Marshall 3096

HOW SAVINGS GROW

In order to illustrate the rapid growth of savings with 4 per cent compounded interest added, we have prepared the following table:

Rate of Interest	Will in 1 Year	Will in 2 Years	Will in 3 Years	Will in 4 Years	Will in 5 Years
100	104	108.16	112.67	117.46	122.53
200	208	216.64	225.34	234.28	243.47
300	312	324.96	337.01	349.79	362.31
400	416	432.64	445.38	458.91	472.20
500	520	540.80	553.01	566.36	579.94
600	624	643.20	655.01	668.91	682.94
700	728	745.60	757.01	770.91	784.94
800	832	858.00	869.01	882.91	896.94
900	936	960.00	971.01	984.91	998.94
1000	1040	1060.00	1071.01	1084.91	1098.94

\$1 OPENS AN ACCOUNT
(Established 18 Years)

BERNIA SAVINGS BANK

SECOND AND WASHINGTON STREETS
A Conservative Custodian
Open Saturday Evenings, 6 to 8

GOLDEN WEST

COFFEE
TEA SPICES
BAKING POWDER
EXTRACTS
JUST RIGHT
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE
CLOSSET & DEVERS
PORTLAND, ORE.

Standard SHIRTS

Manufacturers of
"BOSS OF THE ROAD"
OVERALLS

Salesroom, Fifth and Ankeny Streets
Factory, Grand Ave. and E. Taylor St.

The Co-Operative Shoe Store

Only Union Store in Portland
owned and controlled by Union men
on co-operative basis.

126 SECOND STREET
Near Washington

OLSEN-ROE TRANSFER COMPANY

J. W. Taylor President
Res. Phone Tabor 1118.
W. L. Gray Secretary

TRANSFER AND STORAGE

SAFES, PIANOS, FURNITURE & BAGGAGE MOVED, PACKED AND SHIPPED
Office and Storeroom, 87-89 Front Street
Phone Main 547, Home A 2247
PORTLAND, OREGON



M'CREDIE BILLIARD PALACE.
Second floor Yeon Bldg.
The finest equipped billiard parlor in the world—a credit to our city.

PLAZA BAR

Fred Nelson and Harry Emde
226 MORRISON STREET



This union label if attached to your ready-made clothing and garments, guarantees to you that the makers thereof have a clean, dry, properly equipped, sanitary workshop, proper hours and a living wage. Garments not bearing this label are, in most cases, made in prisons or sweatshops. Demand the union label and thus assist our women and men garment workers in raising labor above the condition where placed by competition and the desire for profit. Help us place womanhood and manhood above dollars by demanding the union label.

See That This Label Is On Every Package



It Stands for Good Wages and Fair Conditions

Are You a Union Man?

Then See That the Label Is On



your custom-made clothing. Demand it. It is an indication of fair conditions, and takes the place of boycotts, strikes and lockouts.

Further the Home Industry Movement by having this Label appear on your printed matter. It stands for good workmanship, good citizenship, fair wages and the upbuilding of the city.

Allied Printing Trades Council Composed of:
Typographical Union
Web Pressmen's Union
Printing Pressmen's Union
Press Assistants' Union
Stereotypers' and Electrotypers' Union
Bookbinders' Union
Bindery Women's Union
Mallors' Union
Photoengravers' Union



PHOTO ENGRAVERS

First-class photo-engraving, with the union label, can be obtained at the following Portland houses only:
Hicks-Chatten Engraving Co., Blake-McFall Bldg.; Beaver Engraving Co., First and Ankeny; Oregonian Engraving Department, Oregonian Bldg.; Oregon Engraving Co., Journal Bldg.; Sandvall Engraving Company, 133 1/2 First Street; Photo Zincograph Co., 605 Goodnough Building.

Bartenders Wear This Button



Go to Hofsteater Photo Studio

For your photos and postcards. Fine cabinet photos from \$2.00 to \$6.00 per dozen.

Our postcards are of the best—\$1.00 per dozen—retouched.
One large Cabinet Folder Free with each dozen.

165 1/2 THIRD STREET
Bet. Morrison and Yamhill. Marshall 2751

SCHILLER CIGAR FACTORY

Wholesale Dept.
446-448 Stark Street
BOX TRADE A SPECIALTY
Phone Main 5555, A 5443

If you are particular about your

DRUGS AND MEDICINES
Let me be your druggist

ALBERT BERNI
229 Washington Street, near Second

EMIL THIELKORN

Pupil of Sevcik. Teacher of Violin. Thirty Years' International Experience. 207 Fliedner Bldg. 10th & Wash.
Phone Marshall 1629, A 4160

SCHWAB PRINTING COMPANY

Ben F. Greene, President
Solicits Your Printing 245 1/2 Stark

The University of Oregon

is organizing FREE EXTENSION COURSES in the following subjects, to be held at the NEW FAILING SCHOOL each Friday evening:

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING **GENERAL ENGLISH**
MATHEMATICS **SHORT STORY WRITING**
MECHANICAL DRAWING

Other courses if demand is sufficient. Dean McAllister will be in the office of the New Failing School each Friday evening at 7:30 for consultation and Dr. Rebec will be at the Portland Public Library each Thursday afternoon from 3 to 5 and from 8 to 9:30.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON EXTENSION DEPARTMENT,
Portland Office 309 Journal Bldg. Phone Main 2869.

Weinhard's Beer

The favorite beverage of the laboring men because of its health and strength giving qualities

Phones MAIN 72, A-1172 **HENRY WEINHARD BREWERY**

UNION PLEDGE

STRAIGHT WHISKEY

Gives employment to Union Labor. Every package has the union stamp on label and bottle

Gold Seal Liquor Co.
Sole Distributors,
Labor Temple Building,
Second and Morrison Streets.
We Give S. & H. Green Stamps

EASTSIDE FUNERAL DIRECTORS

F. S. Dunning, Inc.

The highest class of service and goods offered at moderate prices, with a new conservatory chapel and motor service at command of patrons day and night. There is no extra charge for these conveniences. Our parlors are never closed. Lady attendant.

414 EAST ALDER ST., COR. OF SIXTH.
Telephones, East 52; B 2525

Union Avenue Market

Joseph Badura & Co.
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL AND POULTRY
Keeps only very best and choicest meats
439 Union Avenue N.
Telephone East 508.

MOTHERS' RESTAURANT

All White Help.
97 Russell Street

GEO. BAKER & CO.

Auctioneers and Furniture Dealers
Phones Main 3332, A 2567
Auction Sales Conducted at Residences a Specialty—All Sales Promptly Settled
166-8 PARK STREET.

STATE MARKET

Phones: Main 1657; A 1625
Chas. Budeen, Prop.
Dealer in
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, POULTRY, BUTTER AND EGGS
221 First Street, Corner Salmon

The Elite BILLIARD PARLOR

A. T. Lewis, Proprietor.
Rotation, 2 1/2 Per One.
348 Washington St., Portland, Ore.
Morgan Building.

LIQUORS

Weinhard's Brewery, Thirteenth and Burnside. Every Keg of Beer and Every Barrel of Bottled Beer From This Brewery Bears the Union Label

Main 6133; A 2235

ERICSON RESIDENCE UNDERTAKING PARLORS

445 MORRISON STREET.
Prices Reasonable.
Guarantee embalming for shipment.

THE COLUMBUS

California Wine Depot
Fine Wines 5c Per Glass. Chefs' and Kitchen Helpers' Headquarters.
285 Yamhill Merchants' Lunch 11 to 2

KRATZ BUFFET

Third and Alder Streets

THE ANHEUSER CAFE

Second and Morrison Streets

SEWING MACHINES

New and second-hand machines of all makes for sale and rental. Terms if necessary. Expert repairing, guaranteed.
Sewing Machine Emporium
Phone Main 9431
190 THIRD STREET

When the Strike Paralyzes Industry

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in The Progressive Thinker.

The world will never forget the great catastrophe of 1913. By the side of it, the losses of fire, earthquake, plague and battle in all the centuries fade into mere incidents. The recovery from this overwhelming disaster took years of patient and painful labor, but perhaps the lessons it taught will be worth all the tragedy that is now passed into the world's greatest chapter of loss.

It began in an absolutely obscure and unknown man who was shoveling coal in a furnace which supplied power for a machine shop in New York.

The man complained, one night after work, of a strange feeling in his hands. It was not pain or numbness, but an inability to open and shut his fingers. When he went to his work the next morning he found that he could not pick up his shovel. He was promptly discharged and another man was doing his work before he was out of the shop.

The man afflicted with the trouble went home and told his wife. She could not see any signs of trouble and scolded him for being lazy. But before night she herself was complaining of the same inability to open and shut her fingers or use her hands in housework. These people were too poor to hire a servant and the wife did all the work of cooking, washing and general house labor.

The disease spread throughout New York and the hands of all the workers were made useless.

Twenty-four hours went by, and the third day after the furnace man had found himself unable to pick up his shovel all New York papers were giving whole pages of accounts of the new and astounding disease, if disease was the right word to use. Every paper in the city was hysterical over it. For once every daily was characterized as a red-ink shriek of mingled sensationalism and anger combined. One of the New York dailies contained a front editorial in letters an inch long demanding that Congress suspend all other business and that the powers of the entire nation be centered upon some solution for what promised to be, if something did not stop it, the greatest human tragedy since the world began.

In the first place, not a single daily paper in the city was fully printed. The Times appeared with four pages, and not a line of foreign news. The Tribune had an issue of three pages and a half. Subscribers who secured copies looked in dazed wonder at the blank spaces. The Sun had started with an issue that looked like a cheap weekly, but the net result was two pages of printed matter, nearly every line of it a hysterical account of the catastrophe.

But the papers were only an item that third day of the hand failure. The civilization of ages was beginning to come to a standstill. Before night of that day not a wheel was turning on the elevated, in the subway or on the surface railroads. Not an elevator was running, except with the rare exceptions, in any of the skyscrapers or hotels. Ocean steamers lay still at the docks. Others that had been overdue could be seen tossing, curiously about all over the harbor. The ferry boats were either still in their slips or floating helpless on the river. Automobiles and carriages presented the same curious picture in Broadway and throughout all the streets. Some were standing perfectly still across the car tracks. Others were being driven by men who bore on their faces marks of a white terror that before the week was over was the most vivid thing that stood out clear to the bewildered consciousness of the multitude.

For when the next twenty-four hours had passed, men and women of all ranks of life realized that the common, dirty human hand of every-day toil had ceased to do its work.

Weeks after, when the regular work of the world had been resumed, certain facts were made clear, among them the following:

The strange disease, for which no name was ever found, affected only the hands of the men and women who were engaged in what may roughly be called common labor, i. e., labor for which day's wages is paid, or labor which was daily handling tools. It may interest our readers who have only heard of the great catastrophe to see a list of those who were afflicted all over the world. It must be remembered that the disease did not impair any other faculty or organ of the body. These were not hospital cases. The hands simply ceased work. The could no longer hold tools or do the common task required of the hands.

The people generally affected all over the world were:

Stokers, servants in hotels and private houses, railroad firemen and furnace men, farmers, elevator men, men in machine shops, newspaper men in the machinery part of the press work, cooks and their helpers, drivers of trucks, carriages and automobiles, servant men and women in every department of labor, men engaged in sewer and street construction, carpenters and sailors, firemen, garbage handlers, and in general all men and women whose living was made by doing the dirty, dangerous or common work of the world which simply call for physical labor and the hourly use of the human hand.

It was noted afterward that men and women who lived without using their hands as the first means of a living

were exempt from the strange disease. Ministers, newspaper editors, authors, singers, lawyers, business men, financiers, magnates, Wall street brokers, speculators, politicians, actors and society leaders were immune.

But before another twenty-four hours of that eventful week the most astonishing sights were witnessed in New York and all over the world.

The rich people in the big houses on Fifth Avenue were trying to cook their own meals and make their own beds and scrub their own floors. Libraries of interesting books could be written about their tragic attempts to take care of their own bodies. Not a servant could be found who could use his hands to cook, drive, dress or care for these people. Men who had not blacked their own boots for years at first made the attempt, but before the week was over the tragedy about them made them forget and ignore all such superfluities of living. For New York was dropping down into literal ruin. There was no one any longer to run the machinery that brought light, heat or power to the city. No one left to provide for the carrying off of garbage, sewage or filth. No woman to be found to scrub the floors of hotels at night. The churches were closed. The great hotels contained dazed, jostling, half-insane, richly-dressed millionaires who were going made for common bread, which could not be bought for any price.

The money kings of Broadway and the Stock Exchange members, presidents of banks and financiers held a great meeting out of doors in Central Park.

They were absolutely powerless to suggest a single remedy for the tragedy. The value of money was absolutely nil. One of the richest men in New York offered \$100,000,000 for a cook to come to his house and start a fire in a little coal stove and bake a loaf of bread. The richest man offered to do it for \$200,000,000 if the other would make 5 cents' worth of fresh yeast, and the man was unable to find a single hand in New York that was able to bring forth the materials for such a ferment.

This was at the close of the fifth day, when New York began to be aware that it was starving to death.

Food, fresh food, of any sort was not to be obtained at any price. Those human hands that ordinarily worked so incessantly and unknown to bring food luxuries to the leisure and pampered and the idle class, and common food to the poor as well, failed to produce food of any sort.

Civilization was dying. And all on account of a failure on the part of common human hands to open and shut their fingers and handle tools of labor and bear back and forth burdens. And there was no plague. No pestilence. No famine. No war. The men and women affected, for the most part plain, common unknown people, were not suffering any pain and were not in need of hospital attendance. They walked the streets with the rest of the multitudes that swarmed there, driven from their homes for lack of light and heat and comfort, out of the houses and hotels that were with bewildering rapidity becoming uninhabitable on account of absolute neglect, the neglect that followed the inability of the common hand to do its common work.

How long did you say? Just one week! One short week of the world's civilization, the scarred, roughed, coarse, wrinkled, hard, broken-nailed, dirty hands of the world's unknown and often despised hands held no tools, performed no day's work. And, oh, for the losses, the frightful ruins, the desolation and world-wide tragedy of that short week!

GLORIES OF PEACE.

In the course of a great speech on the Russian war delivered in the English House of Commons in 1854, John Bright pointed out that, had England adopted, 70 years before, the principles of non-intervention in every case where her interests were not directly or obviously assailed, the government and the country would have been saved much trouble financially, socially and industrially, and he concluded his speech with these significant words: "This country might have been a garden, every dwelling might have been of marble and every person who treads its soil might have been sufficiently educated. We should indeed have had less of military glory. We might have had neither Trafalgar nor Waterloo; but we should have set the high example of a Christian nation, free in its institutions, courteous and just in its policy on the unchangeable foundation of Christian morality."

Time-Saving Barber.

"You want a hair cut?" asked the barber in the rush shop. "Den I calla my brother Petro." "Is Petro better at haircutting than you?" asked the new patron. "Petro much better. He tella da wonderful ghosta story an' makka da hair rise, an' he no losa da time holdin' in up wid ad comba."

A Life Saved.

Ethel—Jack said last night he'd kiss me or die in the attempt.
Kitty—Good gracious. And did he kiss you?
Ethel—Well, you haven't heard of his death, have you?—Boston Transcript.