

Unless It's a Good Store It Will Not Pay to Advertise It

UNLESS you know a person—unless that person comes into your life in some way—you are not greatly concerned about whether he is good or bad, desirable or objectionable.

It's so with a store or business. The people who never visit it care nothing about it one way or another. It doesn't exist—for them. But—when they are persuaded to patronize it—when they come to turn the spot-light of their attention on it—when it comes to have a part in their lives, as some stores must have in all lives—then it's different. Then it DOES matter whether it strives to win confidence. It does matter whether or not its price concessions are genuine, dependable.

If it meets all tests that a good store must stand when it is advertised—when it thus invites the critical attention of people—then advertising "makes" the store. If it fails in most of the vital things—if it proves, under the light of publicity, not to be much of a store, THEN ADVERTISING WILL NOT PAY—for it will emphasize shortcomings as well as merits.

For these same reasons it is generally assumed that the store or business which does not advertise is seeking to avoid close inspection and comparison, and that the store or business which does is courting them.

Pull Together



Discension in a town makes the grass grow in the streets.
Unity makes the trade grow in the stores.
Other things being equal, a city is usually as big as the faith of its people.

If they believe in it enough to sink all differences and pull together you can bet dollars to doughnuts that town is on the up grade.

When all the merchants unite for the good of their burg it is a safe gamble that home trade will unite itself to them.

It is better to have the long green in the tills than the grass green in the streets.

Unity makes the long green grow.

The town that does not pull together will be pulled to pieces.

HILLMAN

Mrs. T. W. Taylor returned to Portland after a few days' visit here.

Miss Florence Deitrich arrived here from Spokane Friday for a visit with her parents.

T. W. Taylor is in Portland on business for a few days.

Mr. Prickett and family are now occupying their building recently bought here.

There has been some trouble in regard to changing the name of Hillman. At one time Smithrock

was decided on, but that not being accepted by the railroad company it has been decided not to call it that. Until further notice the town will retain the name of Hillman. President Gray of the Oregon Trunk railroad is in favor of the name Terrebonne for the town.

The Pow-Wow club of Hillman ate Sunday dinner at the D. C. Hall home. A most excellent meal was served, and a good time is reported by all present.

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CUTTING MAHOGANY.

Hard Work to Find, Fell and Transport the Tree Trunks.

In Mexico, Honduras and Central America the contractor gives \$5 for a mahogany tree. This seems cheap, but it is the expense of getting it out, says a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, that makes mahogany an expensive lumber. The tree stands deep in the forest in the midst of an almost impenetrable jungle. There are no groves. The trees are scattered, perhaps not more than two to an acre, and it may be that there is no water course at hand on which the logs can be floated to port.

The tree has to be found by the "hunter," whose business it is to roam through the forest in search of mahogany trees and to blaze a way to them, so that they may be found again. Then the workmen must cut their laborious way to the tree, using for the purpose the machete, which is both the ax and the weapon of the American tropics, and in time the men reach the tree.

It is a beautiful growth, tall and shapely, with the lowest branches at least sixty feet from the ground. At the bottom is a huge swelling, after the manner of the cypress. The tree has to be cut above it, six or eight feet from the roots.

The first work to be done is the building of a platform around the trunk, so that the cutters can stand upon it and wield their axes, but the work is slow and laborious. Nevertheless in due course the monarch comes crashing down through the thick growth around it.

The workmen trim off the limbs, cut the trunk into suitable lengths and manage to get them hauled and rolled to the nearest creek. There they must await the floods of the rainy season, which will lift them and carry them down stream and on to the ocean port.

There the logs are piled on the beach to wait for a vessel. When it comes they are rolled back into the water and rafted and pulled out to the vessel's side, always a dangerous undertaking, for the water is usually rough.

When the logs are once beside the vessel the derricks are put to work and the logs lifted over the side, one by one, and lowered with much difficulty into the hold.

Ten million feet a year come into New Orleans and are partly manufactured there. The saws in the mahogany mills of Louisiana run day and night in winter. During the twenty-four hours 60,000 feet of lumber are cut by some of the mills.

There is no such thing as bringing the logs in ballast. They compose the ship's entire cargo, and the average is about twenty cargoes a year. A great many ships are engaged in the enterprise.

The Umbrella Tree.

The umbrella tree is found in Ceylon in greater profusion than anywhere else in the world. As a matter of scientific fact these trees grow to their greatest height and attain to their greatest size in very wet, rainy countries. This growth frequently is due to the fact that the tree requires a great deal of moisture and not because it is needed to keep off the rain. The tree forms so complete an umbrella that a number of persons might take shelter under its spreading branches. The foliage is, as a rule, so thick that it serves to keep off the rain almost perfectly, even in a heavy downpour.

It Wasn't the Cat.

"I can't make out where my husband has got to this evening," an anxious looking woman remarked to a neighbor. "He went out nearly three hours ago with our cat, a bag, two bricks and the clothesline. He was going to the river to drown the cat. Oh, what can have happened to him?"

"Don't worry, dear," said the sympathetic neighbor. "Cats take an awful long time to drown, you know."

"But it can't be the cat that's keeping him," sobbed the worried wife, "because the cat came back over an hour ago."

A Drama of Real Life.

"Look here," the angry manager exclaimed, "what do you mean by turning in such a play as this to me? You let the villain marry the heroine and permit the hero to get the worst of it all around, although he is an exemplary young man who has always led a blameless life."

"Well, you said you wanted a play that was true to life, didn't you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Realistic.

Star Actor—I must insist, Mr. Stager, on having real food in the banquet scene.

Manager—Very well, then; if you insist on that you will be supplied with real poison in the death scene.

OATH OF HIPPOCRATES.

It Has Long Been the Pattern of a Physician's Obligation.

Hippocrates, styled through the ages the "father of medicine," was born on the Isle of Cos about 470 B. C. and lived over ninety years. He was the contemporary of Pericles, Socrates, Zenophon, Plato, Herodotus, Thucydides, Phidias and many other illustrious men. Himself a descendant of Asclepius, he studied medicine under Gorgias and Democritus and also under the Herodius who first taught that systematic exercise was a cure for many ailments.

The oath of Hippocrates, long the pattern of a physician's obligation, ran as follows:

"I swear by Apollo, the physician, and Asclepius, and I call Hygieia and Panacea and all the gods to witness, that to the best of my power and judgment the solemn vow which I now make I will honor as my father the master who taught me the art of medicine; his children I will consider as my brothers and teach them my profession without fee or reward. I will admit to my lectures and discourses my own sons, my master's sons and those pupils who have taken the medical oath, but no one else. I will prescribe such medicines as may be the best suited to the cases of my patients, according to the best of my knowledge, and no temptation shall ever induce me to administer poison. I will religiously maintain the purity of my character and the honor of my art. Into whatever house I enter I will enter it with the sole view of relieving the sick and conduct myself with propriety toward all the members of the family. If during my attendance I hear anything that should not be revealed I will keep it a profound secret. If I observe this oath may I have success in this life, and may I obtain general esteem after it; if I break it may the contrary be my lot."—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

The Same Old Children.

In a book written by Bartholomew Anglicus about 1260 one of the most amusing chapters is on the children of his day. Of these he writes: "They dread no perils more than beating with a rod, and they love an apple more than gold and make more sorrow and woe for the loss of an apple than for the loss of a heritage. They desire all that they see and pray and ask with voice and with hand. They keep no counsel, but they tell all that they hear and see. Suddenly they laugh and suddenly they weep. Always they cry and jangle and jape; that uneth they be still while they sleep. When they be washed of filth, anon they defile themselves again. When their mother washeth and combeth them they kick and sprawl and put with feet and with hands and withstand with all their might." All of which sounds very modern and up to date.

The Way Charlemagne Was Buried.

Charlemagne died in the forty-seventh year of his reign and the fourteenth of his title "emperor of the Romans." He was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle. His body is said to have been disposed of in the following manner: He was seated upon a throne of gold, clad in his imperial habits. He had a crown upon his head and was girt with his sword. He had a chalice in his hand, the book of the evangelists upon his knees, his scepter and gold buckler at his feet. The sepulcher was filled with pieces of gold, perfumed and sealed, and above a triumphal arch was raised with this epitaph: "Here rests the body of Charles the Great and orthodox emperor, who gloriously enlarged the kingdom of the French and governed it happily for forty-seven years."

Not a Cheap Skate.

They were seated at the breakfast table.

"John, dear," said the young wife, "this is my birthday."

"I'm glad you mentioned it, darling," rejoined her husband. "I'll buy you a present the first thing when I get downtown."

"Well," she said, "I hope you won't get any cheap ninety-eight cent affair."

"Of course I won't," he replied. "Why, I would be ashamed to present you with anything that cost less than a dollar."—Pittsburg Press.

Playing Safe.

Brown—Why on earth do you offer such a large reward for the return of that horrid, yapping, snapping dog of yours?

Jones—To please my wife.

Brown—But such a large reward will be sure to bring him back.

Jones—No, it won't. He's dead I drowned him myself.—Stray Stories.

Redmond Steam Laundry

I wish to announce to the people of Redmond and vicinity and surrounding towns that I have started a STEAM LAUNDRY in Redmond on 9th street between D and E streets, and solicit their patronage.

PROMPT ATTENTION TO ORDERS.
PRICES REASONABLE.
GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.

Packages Called for and Delivered.

MRS. W. A. GOLDEN, Prop.

LAMB FEED CO.

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Roller Mill and Feed Grinding

Dealers in Chop Feed of all kinds, Baled Hay, Timothy, Alfalfa, Clover, Seeds and Seed Grain. TOLL CHOPPING DONE.

Manufacturers of Graham Flour

THE PIONEER MEAT MARKET

IN OUR NEW LOCATION ON 6th street between D and E streets we have every facility for conducting a FIRST-CLASS MEAT MARKET. All of our meats are kept sweet and clean, and we make it a point to accommodate our customers in every possible manner. We have established a STRICTLY CASH SYSTEM, which makes it better for all concerned.

Bologna and Weiners, Fresh Daily
Fresh Vegetables Always on Hand
CASH Paid for Butter and Eggs

Try Us for GOOD SERVICE

TEMPLETON & KAER, Proprietors

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