

NEW PERKINS HOTEL

Fifth and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

The homelike stopping place for those who appreciate the dollar's full worth.

Room with Bath . . . \$1.50
Room with Detached Bath . . . 1.00

Breakfast and Luncheon . . . 25c
Dinners . . . 35c

HELP

A \$50,000 Corporation desires to secure within next ten days the services of High Grade Representative in each town. No canvassing, soliciting or selling references; experience unnecessary. Guaranteed income to right party. Dept. 6, 628 Pittock Block, Portland, Oregon.

W. S. HURST & CO.

302 Alder St., Portland, Or.

WHOLESALE PRODUCE
Wheat, Oats, Burbank Potatoes, Onions, and Onions Sets in Car Lots, Warehouse at Hubbard, Aurora, Canby, Oregon.

Highest Market Price Paid for All Kinds of Produce

Portland Y. M. C. A. Auto School

Day and night classes. Expert training in repairing, driving and machine work, including forge, lathe, shaper, drill press, tractor, etc. Time limited. COMPLEYENT CHAUFFEURS AND MECHANICS SUPPLIED. WRITE US.

HAWTHORNE AUTO SCHOOL

The only Automobile School on the Pacific Coast maintaining a Gas Tractor Dept., Using Holt Caterpillar, C. I. Best Tractor and Wheel Tractor, both in the school and operating field.

445 Hawthorne Ave., Portland, Or.

GOOD MONEY FOR BUTTERFAT

Exchange your Produce for Good Prices. We want Cream, Eggs, Poultry, Dressed Meats. Make us your next shipment.

HAZELWOOD CO.

Portland, Oregon.

Double Tread, Puncture Proof Tires

Made from your old ones. Last longer as new tires. WE ALSO BUY OLD TIRES. We pay as high as 10c per lb. for such as we can use in Double Tread work, and the highest market price for the rest. Ship your Tires at once or write us.

628 1/2 WASHINGTON ST., 530 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND, OR.

A Cartoon Jab From India

Many nations have expressed their bitterness against Uncle Sam for "making money out of the war." We have been held up to ridicule impartially by England, Germany, Greece, France, Italy and Japan. Now India may be added to the list. In a cartoon from Hindi Punch, of Bombay, reproduced by Cartoons Magazine, Uncle Sam and Japan are seen, each with large money bags under his arms. The caption reads: "Make Hay While the Sun Shines," and underneath we read: "Jap: 'I'm filling my bag with Indian silver while the Austrians and Germans are busy with the war. And you?' Yankee: 'Ditto, ditto. And something more. I'm filling mine with the gold of the allies, besides.'"

Welsh Product

E. G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel company, said in Washington: "Though we can get any price we ask for our munition products from Europe, we haven't increased our price to the American government one cent. 'Tet there are people who, in the face of this, accuse us of overcharging Uncle Sam. These people are as ludicrously ignorant as the schoolboy who was asked: 'What do we get from Wales?' 'Jonahs,' the schoolboy answered."

A Fireside Grouch.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Yorkins, "you can never complain that I am a frivolous society woman."
"No. Your idea of a pleasant evening is to sit down and ask me to explain all about preparedness, the balance of trade, orders in council, and the submarine controversy all in two hours and a half."—Washington Star.

He Knew.

"Did you ever know that there is a lot of symbolism connected with a deck of cards? Hearts, for instance, signify love."
"Yes, I know. Last night I held a double flush against four aces and I had to dig."

Never Mixes 'Em.
"Have you studied political economy?"
"No, sir. Economy is all right in its place. I'm one of those who believe keeping business out of politics."—Washington Star.

P. N. U. No. 14, 1918

Pull those Stamps Alone

with a **Kirstin**

You can do it with our new Double Lenzner & Babler KIRSTIN. Shave and operate it alone. Outputs 100 watts. Guaranteed. Guaranteed or your money back. 7 models to choose from.

100 Low Prices Will Surprise You.

Feminine.

"There is one good thing about buying a really handsome and expensive dress," said Mrs. Bunting to Mrs. Larkin.
"What is that?"
"Why, you feel as though you really ought to buy another not quite so good to save your best one."—Puck.
Even the Children.
"An embusque in French, a slacker in England, means a man who shirks the dangerous duties of war, and among the warring nations the pursuit of embusques and slackers goes on relentlessly."
The speaker was Edna Wallace Hopper, who has just returned from France. She continued:
"Even the little children take their small part in this relentless pursuit. They tell a story about a little girl in Paris whose mother said to her in the Bois:
"Look—in that big automobile—that is Gen. Joffre."
"The little girl looked at the venerable commander-in-chief and frowned.
"Mamma, she said severely, 'why isn't he in the trenches?'"

Ice Is Used in Orchards to Retard Budding.

Near Luling, Texas, a number of orchardists are trying out a rather interesting plan of retarding the budding of their fruit trees until all danger of damage by late frosts has passed. The experiment consists of burying about fifty pounds of ice around the base of a tree when the weather becomes mild early in the season. The supply is replenished at intervals of two weeks until it is safe to allow the trees to burgeon. Ice is being supplied to several growers by a local producer to encourage the test with a few trees. Although a considerable expenditure would be represented were the scheme carried out on a really large scale, it might not prove excessive if successful in preventing crop losses. Late frosts are a source of much anxiety to growers of early fruits, not alone in the South, but elsewhere as well.—From the April Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Hanford's Balsam. Economy in large sizes. Adv.

J. P. Morgan said at a dinner in New York: "The German financial position is desperate. The remedies proposed for it reminds me of the horse-thief."
"Two men were sentenced by a vigilance committee to be hanged for horse stealing, and the rope was swung from a bridge over a river. The noose slipped, he fell into the water and swam down stream to safety."
"When they came to deal with the second horse-thief, he said anxiously, as they tied the rope 'round his neck: 'Make sure o' that noose this time, won't you, gents? I can't swim.'"

Hopeless Remedies.

Better than a plaster—Hanford's Balsam when thoroughly applied. Adv.

Fair Enough.
"Look here, Hiram," said Sl, "when you go in' to pay me them \$3 for pasturin' your heifer? I've had her now for about 10 weeks."
"Why, Sl, that critter ain't worth mor'n \$10."
"Well, s'posin' I keep her fer what you owe me?"
"Not by a jugful! Tell you what I'll do; keep her two weeks more and you can have her."

Troy Well Worth a Visit.

As the theater of the world's greatest epic poem, Troy deserves a visit any year, every year. In the thoughts and emotions it revives and stimulates in the aroused sense of indebtedness of all subsequent literature and art it richly repays a visit. The classical student will leave it in a daze of meditation upon things more real to him than the actual things he has seen and touched.
On the site where the German savant, Schliemann, unearthed Homer's Troy, nine layers of old-time cities were found, one above the other. They were builded, destroyed, and forgotten here during the more than 5,000 years that civilization has lived upon the products of the fertile valley. The topmost layer contained the remains of the Roman city of Ilium; two Hellenic villages were found directly beneath it, which flourished here between 1000 B. C. and the Christian era. The sixth city from the bottom was identified as Homer's Troy. The bottom layers contained the remains of prehistoric settlements, unimportant villages that have escaped every memory except these few, uncovered, decaying stones. In the second, or burnt city, probably 800 years before the time of Troy, was found a considerable mass of buried treasure, silver jars, gold daggers, and wonderfully wrought diadems of gold. Describing the country around Troy, Mr. Conner continues:
Yonder is the summit of Mt. Ida, where the gods in solemn conclave so often sat, where "cloud-compelled Zeus" sometimes "thought two ways in his mind at once," or else ended all debate with a nod that shook high Olympus and caused the heavens to reverberate and glow with the flash of his thunderbolt.
Famous Rivers Only Creeks.
Away over yonder, skirting the ridge of Ilium, is Simois' stream, or should be; but the bridge across it shows upon our approach that modern Simois is no more than a creek. Worse than that; following its attenuated course, less than a mile downstream, we discover that it ends in a morass instead of the Scamander as of yore. And the latter stream is scarcely less disappointing, for it is no more dignified in size or appearance. In fact, their sluggish currents united can scarcely boast of banks except at occasional intervals, for both streams are now only broad swales merging with the

Adjacent Plain.

adjacent plain, with no continuous current toward the sea except in seasons of high water, if such are ever known. And such beautiful plains! They were well worth fighting for, gently undulating as they retreat from the former river courses, and most homelike, cultivable places for peaceful abode. Little rounded oak trees are studded about the plain in solitary, independent fashion—oak trees resembling apple trees in size and periphery.
Behold the ruins at last! A long, low ridge, some four or five miles in length, ends abruptly like a promontory projecting into the sea, above which it rises about 30 feet. The ridge is the so-called "Hill of Ilium," the sea is the focal plain of the Simois and the Scamander, historically known as the plain of Troy, and the promontory, with its crown of ruins, is Troy itself. You walk around the ruins and make the surprising discovery that if the walking were good you could easily do it in ten minutes. Astonishing! Is this all there was of Troy, and did this little stronghold withstand a nine years' siege and still remain unconquered by force? Impossible! The whole hill of Ilium may have been fortified and to some extent populated; otherwise how was the garrison provisioned? Unpoetic details like these never troubled Homer, so why bother about them?
Within sight, almost, of Tenedos, the island base of the attacking allied armies, and within sound and reach of the big guns, the old ruins are watching over the present fighting, a greeting from the days of the first great western siege to the greatest siege of modern times.

Sounds of Desolation.

You proceed a little farther in Ares to a large circular place, once imposing. Every house in it presents the same blighted aspect. There is no urban stir! but in the brief intervals of the deafening cannonade can be heard one sound—blinds and curtains fluttering against empty window frames, and perhaps the idle, faint banging of a loose shutter. Not even a cat walks. We are alone—we and the small group of staff officers who are acting as our hosts. We feel like thieves—like desecrators, impiously prying . . .
Continually came the hollow sound of things falling and slipping within the smashed interiors behind the facades. And then came the sound of a baby crying—for this city is not, after all, uninhabited. We saw a woman coming out of her house and carefully locking the door behind her. Was she locking it against shells or against burglars?—Arnold Bennett in Saturday Evening Post.

A Large Order.

"He shared his umbrella with her on a rainy day and now they are married."
"That's the way it goes," replied the cynic. "I have no doubt he started out merely with the idea of keeping her dry for a few minutes and now he'll probably have to keep a roof over her head for the rest of his life."

When Death Supervenes.

Indicating that the old and the young are most subject to the call of death, the Springfield (Ill.) survey of the Russell Sage Foundation shows that in 1910 in that city 149 infants died to each 1,000 infants less than one year old, 67 died to each 1,000 more than sixty-five years old and only seven died to each 1,000 from twenty-five to forty-four years of age.

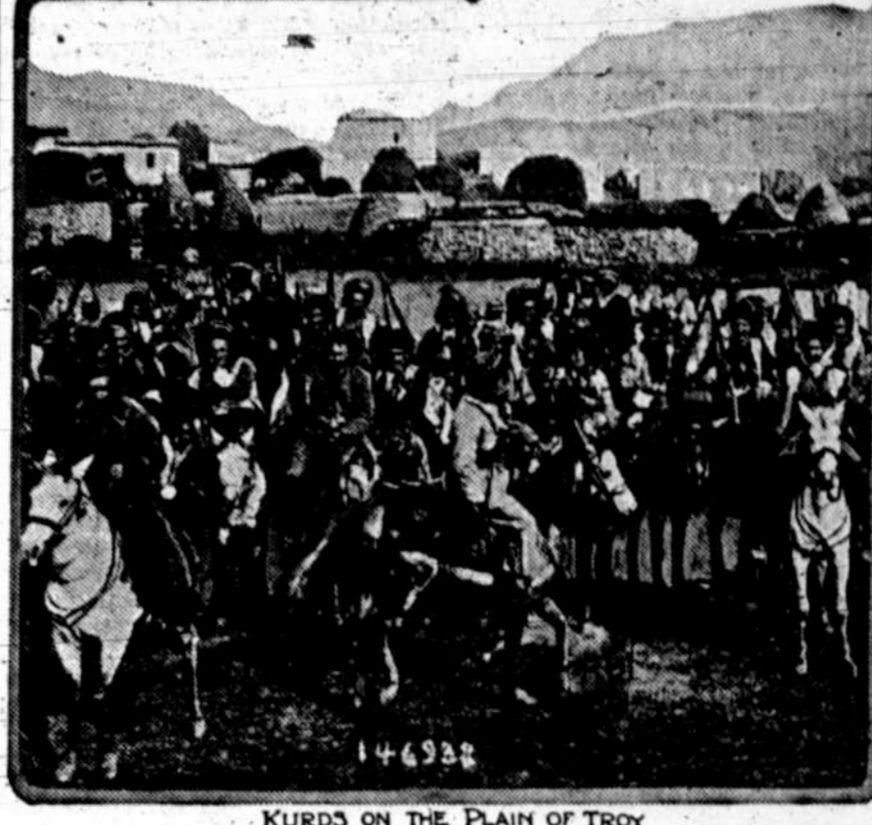
Glad Tidings.

"It must have been a glorious moment for Isaac Newton when the apple hit him on the head as he sat under the tree."
"Yes," replied Farmer Corntoassel. "He not only discovered the law of gravitation, but he found convincing evidence that the fruit crop for that year was not a failure."

New Zealand Has Only One Town.

New Zealand has only one town with a population of more than 100,000.

PLAINS of ILIUM



KURDS ON THE PLAIN OF TROY

ANNON awakening the echoes over Ilium's plains, where the allies have been trying to pound their way beyond the Dardanelles, stir many legendary memories of this historic battle region and bring to mind the oddest contrasts. Here, where now modern ordnance is hurling its messengers of destruction, Homer's heroes waged their spectacular, single-handed combats, while admiring armies grouped themselves around to watch. It is a far cry from the romantic siege of Troy to the terribly impersonal battle of today. Yet the old walls of Troy must bring some sort of inspiration to the soldiers fighting in their shadows, soldiers of the allies or of the Turks. Excavated Ilium, near one of the present war's great battlefields, is described in a communication to the National Geographic Society by Jacob E. Conner.

The Trojan walls are still in evidence; those same walls that defied the onslaught of Agamemnon and Menelaus, of Ajax, Nestor, Diomed, Odysseus and Achilles, to fall at last by stratagem. They remain as a ruined and abandoned stage minus its paraphernalia, whereon was played so many centuries ago an insignificant little drama compared with modern events, but it was a drama so big with human interest divinely told that the world has never known its equal.
Wars in these crowded times are for gain, but in the youth of the world, if we take the Iliad literally, men could afford to fight for an ideal. Hence the Homeric warfare was a beautiful, a poetic pastime, seriously resulting to some happy few, who were thenceforth rewarded with immortality in song.

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MEANT A LOT TO FATHER

Message That "Baby Has a New Tooth" Set Him to Thoughts of the Future.

"Baby has a new tooth," came faintly over the wire. The mother laughed. She added something, but the girl clerk did not understand. The phone did not work well.
"Baby has a new tooth." The news went round the office. All the clerks stopped to listen. They, too, laughed.
"Baby has a new tooth," announced the girl clerk in the doorway of the private office. She withdrew.
The chief laid down a paper. It was covered with figures. Most of them were in terms of dollars and cents. The table was littered with papers. On another table were other papers; these, too, were covered with figures and most of them were in terms of dollars and cents.
He wasn't growing old, in fact he was in the prime of life—just old enough to mix sober judgment with youthful energy and do things to count in a bustling, bustling world of rapid changes and big achievements—he felt that his opportunity had come and that he was going to be a success. But a streak of gray showed in his hair—his wife had commented on it only that morning—and there was so much to do, far more, he knew now, than his youth had reckoned. He looked out a window. The wind was blowing; he noticed that a weather-vane pointed northwest.
"Baby has a new tooth." With a shock it came back to him: It was his first born. He thought of the child and he thought of its mother. Soon the baby would have two rows of teeth in his head; then he would grow up and, his mother's work finished, he; and in turn his son, and his son, and all the generations after, like he, the parent of them all, would lay their little coral lives on his, and in time the island of his dreams would rise above the ocean of ignorance and fear and constitute in the sunlight of truth a new and more beautiful world than what he knew. His head lifted and his heart lightened. After all, he reasoned, there is use in work, and he turned to his desk.—San Antonio Express.

Many Are Four-Flushing.

There's many a Broadway posing as ready money who only has two changes of raiment—on and off. Yet the tailors here decree that a man must spend \$5,000 per annum for sartorial effects if he must pose as a gentleman. First he must have a cerebral suit of broadcloth or velvet to wear in the morning when he eats his roasted seaweed. And then he should have a suit for every occasion after that. Here's the dope for the swell dresser—twelve sack suits, cut-aways, full evening clothes, dinner coats, six or seven overcoats, attire for riding, polo, yachting, golf, tennis, a dozen or so fancy vests, in fact, a suit or two or six or eight for each and every occasion must be included in the wardrobe, and it can all be done for the trifling sum of \$5,000 a year, or \$100 a week. It's very simple when one knows the system, the molders of fashion say. Some of the fellows who have a suit for every day in the week, and that is the one they are wearing, are thinking of establishing credit with their tailors and go to it. The tailors then may alter the aforementioned decree.—New York Times.

Astronomical Observatories.

Plans are on foot to erect an astronomical observatory on Volkolien, one of the highest mountain summits in Scandinavia. A citizen of Duluth, Minn., Mr. J. H. Darling, has undertaken to erect an observatory on one of the public playgrounds in that city, and to equip it with a nine-inch equatorial refractor. Plans have been drawn for an observatory in Toronto to serve as headquarters of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. The building is to be erected in a public park, and maintained by the University of Toronto. The proposed equipment includes a 20-inch telescope. This project is at present in abeyance, on account of the war.—Scientific American.

Literary Centenaries.

The year 1918 will be a remarkable one for anniversaries. First and foremost is the Shakespeare centenary; July 7th will mark the centenary of the death of another of our greatest dramatists, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who died in the greatest poverty, but was accorded a magnificent funeral in Westminster abbey. Other literary anniversaries are those of Charlotte Bronte, who was born in 1816, and Thomas Gray, the poet, who first saw the light a century earlier. This year also witnesses the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Philip James Riley, a poet who has always met with far greater veneration in the United States than in his native country.—London Tit-Bits.

Dog Caused Baby's Death.

The death of a ten-months-old child at Birmingham, England, caused by a chained dog, was investigated by the coroner a few days ago. The two companions were left alone for a time, the baby secured in a chair and the dog chained to the door close by. When the baby's mother returned she found the little one lying on the floor strangled. The dog had apparently leaped on the chair, probably in play, and in his antics the chain had been passed round the baby's neck, gripping him tighter and tighter as the dog struggled for liberty. A verdict of "accidental death" was recorded.

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