

# HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

## THE MISSING MESSENGER

IT WAS on June 14, 1904, that Kent Loomis, brother of F. B. Loomis, the assistant secretary of state, sailed from New York on board the Kaiser Wilhelm II, bearing with him the text of a treaty between the United States and Abyssinia—a treaty concerning which there had been much conjecture and speculation on the part of certain European powers.

Under ordinary circumstances Loomis would have taken his wife and child with him; on this occasion, he considered it best to leave them behind in Parkersburg, W. V., both on account of the fact that he was on a diplomatic mission and because he intended to participate in some big game hunting after delivering the treaty to King Menelik.

Nothing unusual occurred on the trip until the morning of June 20, the day on which the steamer was due to dock at Plymouth, England. It was then noted that Loomis' seat at the captain's table was empty and a steward was sitting at the table next to him. A few minutes later the steward returned with the news that Loomis' berth had not been occupied and an immediate search of the ship was ordered—but without bringing to light the slightest trace of the representative of the American government.

Several passengers volunteered the information that they had seen Loomis on deck shortly after midnight and William E. Ellis, cabin-steward and traveling companion of the missing passenger, declared that his friend's absence from the cabin had not alarmed him because of the fact that Loomis had come in at a fairly late hour on several previous evenings. British officials at Plymouth and the French officers at Cherbourg repeated the search of the steamer, but in vain. Nothing was missing from the cabin save the suit which Loomis was wearing at the time and even the flat dispatch box which contained the text of the treaty was found concealed beneath a pile of clothing in one corner of Loomis' trunk.

Investigation developed the fact, however, that the State department message had been in the habit of carrying this box in his pocket and had laid it aside on the previous evening only because it made an unseemly bulge in the dress clothes which he had donned in honor of the captain's dinner.

During the next few weeks rumors of all kinds filled the press on both sides of the Atlantic. Loomis had gone suddenly mad and had been placed in a sanatorium. He had slipped off the steamer at Plymouth disguised as a second-class passenger. He was the victim of a clique of international spies who, balking in their attempt to secure possession of the text of the treaty, were holding him for ransom. He was still confined in the hold of the Kaiser Wilhelm—and so on to the limit of the imaginations of those who like to use fact as a basis for fiction.

But all these reports were set at rest when, on the morning of July 16—just thirty-two days after Loomis had sailed from New York—a body was washed up at Warren Point, about fifteen miles from Plymouth. Believing that the body was that of a common sailor, the local police were about to inter it without further ceremony when, from the watch-pocket of the trousers there dropped a water-soaked bit of pasteboard, upon which was barely discernible the name, "Kent J. Loomis."

Careful examination of the body developed the fact that, under the right ear, there was a circular wound which appeared to have been inflicted before death and a post-mortem examination of the lungs of the dead man showed conclusively that death had been due to the blow which had resulted in this wound, rather than to drowning. The physicians were divided in their opinion as to whether the blow had been delivered by an instrument similar to a blackjack or whether Loomis might have fallen and struck his head against a projecting portion of the ironwork on the steamer. Examination of the Kaiser Wilhelm's log showed, however, that the sea had been extremely calm on the night that Loomis came to his death and that there had not been enough roll to cause anyone to lose his footing. Besides, there was the evidence of the manner in which the body was clothed. The coat was missing, the collar had been torn partly away and there were other signs of rough treatment before Loomis had struck the water.

It was therefore practically certain that the messenger had been murdered. But who had killed him—and why? Had he been struck down on account of the money he was carrying or because of the treaty? Was his death a forecast of the World War which was to follow twelve years later?

These and all the other questions which surrounded the mystery remain as one of the unsolved riddles of diplomatic intrigue.

## NOT 'FINGER-PRINT' INVENTOR

Dr. Jacques Bertillon Has Been Given Credit Which Properly Should Belong to Englishman.

Coupled with the announcement of the death of Dr. Jacques Bertillon in Paris was the erroneous statement that he was the inventor of the "Bertillon system" of fingerprinting. In collaboration with his elder brother, the facts are that the system was invented by his younger brother, and that it had nothing whatever to do with fingerprinting, which was introduced as a rival system of identification by the late Sir Francis Galton, the cousin of Charles Darwin, who also invented composite photography and the now familiar term "eugenics."

Alphonse Bertillon, born in 1855 and died in 1914, for many years the head of the criminal investigation bureau of the city of Paris police department, was the inventor of the so-called "Bertillon system" of anthropometry for the identification of criminals. It had nothing to do with fingerprinting, but consisted of an elaborate series of measurements of parts of the body with instruments of precision.

The making of these measurements required delicate and costly instruments and the work of skilled men, and it was, moreover, found that changes in even adult bodies made the system far from infallible. For these reasons the system, though still employed in France, has in America, Great Britain and elsewhere largely been supplanted by Galton's system of fingerprinting or thumb-printing.

## WAS BORN "IN THE PURPLE"

Known Now That John Wesley Was of the Same Descent as the Duke of Wellington.

A movement to restore the tomb of John Wesley, which is in an advanced stage of decay, and the renovation of his chapel on the thoroughfare known as City road, London, is already under way in England, and an effort is being made to interest American Methodists.

The tomb, the chapel and Wesley's house occupy a site given to him in 1775 by the city of London, not far from the old cannon foundry on Finsbury square, the first home of Methodism in London. Wesley's death occurred in 1791, in the house granted him by the city.

Notwithstanding the popular belief that Wesley was of humble origin it has been established that he was related to one Guy of Wessex, who was created an earl by King Athelstane in the Tenth century, Wesley is descended, according to these findings, from the same ancestor as the duke of Wellington.

In 1735 John Wesley came to America and settled in Georgia, and started the "Second Rise of Methodism," the movement having been founded at Oxford from which Wesley was a graduate, ten years before.

Waitress' Name on Card.  
The old "Is that our waitress?" problem has been solved by the management of a tea, sandwich and ice cream room in one of the midtown hotels popular with theatrical folk. The patron is never at a loss to know how to address his servant, or waitress, for under the glass of each table is slipped a neatly lettered card giving the name of the waitress assigned to it. Thus:

"Your waitress' name is Mary," or "Your waitress' name is Lillian."

"Yes, it is a great improvement," mused one patron the other evening as he lingered over a beverage blasphemously listed as mint julep. "But remember in the old days in this same place they didn't have to have a card on the mirror saying: 'The bartender's name is Dave.'"—New York Sun.

Bands on His Cigars.  
Mr. Blake hesitated at the entrance of the cigar store for a few minutes, looked up and down the street carefully and then cautiously went inside and shook hands with the proprietor.

"Well, Jim, old man, what'll it be today? Same old brand?"

"That's just it," whispered Blake. "That's why I came to see you today. You see, this is my birthday and the wife is on the way here to buy me a box of cigars. Would it be too much trouble for you to put some of those pretty cigar bands on my favorite brand?"—New York Mail.

A Contradiction.  
President Ethel Enders Ellison of the Housewives' league, said in an address in Denver:

"Oh, these egg profiteers! Drat 'em!"

"They tell me the Chicago egg exchange sells more eggs every hour than all the hens of America could lay in a year. And every time an egg is sold its price, of course, goes up a little, while its real value goes down."

# HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

## THE PUZZLE OF THE PEASANT EMPRESS

ALL the mystery and intrigue for which the East is famous could easily be epitomized in the strange, almost uncanny story of Tsu-Hsi, dowager empress of China, and for years the power behind the throne of the Celestial Empire. Where she came from, how she exerted her almost perpetual power, the way in which she managed to substitute the first cousin of her dead son in the place of the baby emperor, the manner of her death, and the very disposition of her body, are all veiled in a cloud of uncertainty, from which emerges only the fact that Tsu-Hsi deserves to be ranked with Catherine of Russia as one of the few women who ever completely dominated a vast, half-savage kingdom.

The first that was known of Tsu-Hsi was when she arrived in Peking, unheralded, to take her place in the ranks of the wives of the emperor, Hsien-Feng. Her beauty and her charms attracted the favorable attention both of the dowager empress and the first wife of the emperor, and she was soon accorded the comparative position of honor as fourth wife to the emperor, taking the place of the second wife when the latter died some months later.

Two years after Tsu-Hsi entered the palace she gave birth to a son—a boy who succeeded to the throne upon the death of his father five years later, the first wife of the emperor being childless. Long before this time, however, official Peking was boiling over with gossip as to the origin of the "peasant empress," as she was known on account of the fact that her feet had never been bound. According to one story, she was a slave-girl whose beauty had attracted the attention of the emperor. Another rumor maintained that she had been given to the governor of a southern province in return for a favor conferred upon her mother and that the governor, wishing to secure favor in the eyes of the emperor, had sent her to Peking, where she soon ruled the court by virtue of her overpowering personality. A third report— and one which was most generally accepted—was that she was the protégée of Li-Hung Chang, who was supposed to have placed her in the imperial palace to further his own ends, knowing that she was the daughter of a Tartar general, a heritage which would have accounted both for her brains and her ability to dominate those around her.

But, no matter what her origin was, high or low, the fact that Tsu-Hsi ruled the imperial palace with a rod of iron is a matter of record, and in the dramatic manner in which she foiled the plot to wreck her power through the murder of her son shortly after he had ascended the throne, the conspiracy was successful, so far as the death of the boy was concerned, but no sooner had he succumbed to a very brief illness than the empress left the bed where his body lay and proceeded at once to another part of the palace, snatching up the three-year-old cousin of the dead emperor, Kwang-Hsi, and presenting him to the assembled mandarins as the new ruler of China—a coup which the empress is said to have engineered by means of threats of personal violence against the mandarins and an oath that she would encompass the death of any who dared oppose her wishes. From this time until the death of Kwang-Hsi, in 1908, Tsu-Hsi was the real head of the kingdom—not only as dowager empress, but as the power which dominated the emperor by means of the lash whenever he showed a disinclination to fall in with her wishes.

As befitted one of the most remarkable women in history, the death of Tsu-Hsi was as dramatic and mysterious as her origin and early history. On November 3, 1908, the court assembled in the celebration of her seventy-fourth birthday—an occasion in which she appeared to be in the best of health. Less than a fortnight later, however, it was announced that the empress had suddenly died, and at the same time, a bulletin was issued stating that the emperor had passed away on the preceding evening. Those familiar with the intrigue surrounding the Chinese court shook their heads wisely and smiled with more than a trace of grimace at the thought of the fate which had overtaken Tsu-Hsi and her protégé.

"The death which she had meted out to others has overtaken her at last," was the popular verdict, but beyond this nothing was discovered. Thus passed, as mysteriously as she had lived, one of the most remarkable characters in history—an autocrat whose birth, life and death were all shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Still on Outsider.  
Long—I dined at my fiancée's home yesterday.

Short—I suppose they regard you as one of the family by now, don't they?

"Not exactly. They haven't reached the point where they shriek at me if I make a spot on the tablecloth."—London Answers.

Some People Are Born Lucky.  
North—Did you enjoy the banquet?

West—Very much. I wasn't hungry anyway and a telegram called me away just as the speeches started.

Member Builders Exchange  
W. P. Greene & Son  
Contractors & Builders  
625 E. BUCHANAN STREET  
Portland, Ore. Phone Empire 1025

Berenice McCall  
PIANO LESSONS  
High School Credits Given  
310 W. Fessenden St.

## BASIN THAT FIRES BULLETS

New and Frightful Weapon of War is Operated Without the Aid of Any Explosive.

Can you imagine a gun which makes neither noise nor smoke, uses no explosive, is worked entirely by a petrol engine, and can shoot 1,200 rounds a minute at ranges up to 2,000 yards? Such a weapon is being tested by the British military authorities. It works on the principle of centrifugal force—the same force that flings mud onto your back when you are cycling on a wet day, or causes giant fly wheels in factories to burst suddenly into hundreds of fragments. Anything that is placed upon a revolving wheel is carried to its edge and then hurled off.

The new gun consists of a metal basin in which are placed a quantity of round steel bullets. As the basin is whirled at enormous speed by a petrol motor the bullets are allowed to escape from an opening in the disk. Shutters are provided which prevent the bullets from being thrown out except at one point.

One feature of the gun is that it can be regulated to meet the requirements of the occasion. Spin the magazine rapidly and its missiles will crash through an iron plate a mile away. But let it revolve at a low speed and it will pour out a stream of bullets which stun, but do not kill, at even such a short range as 20 yards.

## NEED NOT HAVE ADVERTISED

Either Actor Was Exceedingly Popular or the Man in the Box Office Was a "Kidder."

A member of an actors' club told of a one-night stand in North Dakota played by a company with which that actor was once connected. He always remembers the place on account of several queer localisms used by the natives in conversation.

As he often does on such occasions, this actor strolled up to the box office on the afternoon of their arrival and inquired as to the prospects indicated by the advance sale.

"You look ain't very good for tonight," said the ticket seller, and the actor thought he noticed just the shadow of a twinkle in his keen eye. "Here's half a dozen seats right here ain't even been sold yet and now I'm blamed sorry I spent so much money on advertising."

"Why, what on earth do you mean?" asked the actor.

"Well, I just nosed it around that you were coming to see us, and ding me if the house didn't just about sell out three days ago."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Resignation.

The clumsy girl, who had been acting as waitress for the Jenkins family, had broken dish after dish, and at last the mistress of the house spoke to her decidedly.

"If you break any more china or glass, Mary, I shall be obliged to dismiss you," she said, "for I cannot afford to keep you."

"That very night at dinner there came the sound of a fearful crash from the butler's pantry."

There was a moment of deathly stillness, and then Mary appeared, removing her apron as she emerged from the closet.

"The plates and all is in shinders, miss," she said, calmly, "and I'm off!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Few Millionaires in Italy.  
Only 21 Italian citizens according to tax returns, could qualify in the United States today as millionaires. On the basis of lire there are 5,118 Italians who are worth more than a million, but a million lire at the present exchange amounts to only \$50,000. Three-fifths of the Italian millionaires have no more than this amount, and only 20 have more than ten million lire (\$500,000). Only two men possess more than fifty million lire. Rockefeller, by these figures, is thus worth at least twice as much as all the Italian millionaires put together. Two-fifths of the Italian plutocrats live in northern Italy in the two provinces of Lombardy and Piedmont.

# HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

## WHO WAS KASPAR HAUSER?

WHEN the police of Nuremberg first discovered this youth, apparently about eighteen years of age, leaning up against a wall in one of the public squares with his hands over his eyes to protect them from the glare of the sun, they at first thought that he was some idiot who had escaped from a sanitarium. But investigation soon developed that there was a case as unique as that of the man in the iron mask, and resembling it in a number of ways.

Not only were the boy's eyes veiled, but his muscles were as flabby as those of an infant and the soles of his feet were convex, like those of a baby that has never learned to walk. He had to be carried bodily to police headquarters and even there, the sight of the commonest objects appeared to terrify him, while the slightest of sounds caused him to cover his ears and wince as if his ear-drums were accustomed only to soft silences. On the other hand, his face indicated that he was of good parentage, and the clothing which he wore was fashioned of the softest, finest materials.

In an effort to discover something about his identity, one of the police officials offered him a pencil which, he seized and wrote the two words "Kaspar Hauser," which, as it afterwards developed, was the only clue he could give to his past.

Prof. G. F. Daumer of the University of Nuremberg, hearing about the strange case, took the young man to his home—amazed not only by the fact that he could neither talk nor walk, but that he would eat nothing but bread and water. The professor, however, started to educate him at once and in a surprisingly short time the youth had progressed sufficiently to give a graphic story of his experiences.

For as long as he could remember he had been confined to a dark cell, into which the sun had never penetrated. He had been visited once a day by a man who washed and dressed him and fed him a ration of bread and water. It was this man who had taught him to write the words "Kaspar Hauser," which Professor Daumer believed to be a false name given to him in order to mislead the authorities and to conceal his real identity. Finally, he declared, he had been blindfolded and led into the street where the police had found him.

The young man's story naturally created a vast amount of comment in all sections of Europe and the Daumer house became the center of attraction for the curious, many of whom maintained that they might be able to identify Hauser, but none of whom were able to produce the proof of their contention.

The next development in the mysterious chain of circumstances surrounding the youth, came about five months after Hauser's discovery by the police, when he staggered into Professor Daumer's library, half-blind and by the blood which dripped from an open gash in his forehead. It was some time before he recovered consciousness sufficiently to state that a tanned man had struck at him with a saber, that he had dodged the blow and that his assailant had fled before he could give the alarm. The inference which the police drew from the attack was that the same person who had imprisoned the boy was now striving to kill him, lest he divulge the secret of his birth.

Shortly afterward, the case came to the attention of the wealthy Lord Stanhope, who, convinced that Hauser was of aristocratic and perhaps of royal parentage, adopted him and sent him under guard to Aushpach, where he was educated. Some three years later, Lord Stanhope arrived in Aushpach with the intention of taking his protégé back to England with him. On the morning of the day that they were to leave Hauser received a note, telling him to come to a certain place where he would learn the secret of his birth. Less than an hour later the English nobleman heard moans from outside his apartment and, opening the door, was just in time to catch Hauser as he fell, blood welling from a knife wound in his side. He had barely gasped the words, "Uzen monument—palace grounds" when he fell dead.

Lord Stanhope hurried to the Uzen monument and found there a slip of paper bearing in the young man's handwriting the cryptic message: "Kaspar Hauser—murdered at the age of twenty-one. Know by this that I come from the Bavarian frontier on the river. The initials of my name are M. L. H."

And not even the offer of a reward of 5,000 dollars by Lord Stanhope nor the investigations of countless amateur and professional detectives could ever throw the slightest light upon the birth or death of this human enigma.

His Complaint.  
"As the socks has it, we are only poor weak mortals, after all."

"Admitted," said Mr. Grumpton. "What I object to is the large number of persons with no other visible means of support who draw fat salaries for telling us how weak we are."

## LET THE GOLDFISH DO IT

New York Health Commissioner Gives Advice to Those Who May Be Bothered by Mosquitoes.

Have you a little goldfish—fish, not digger—in your home? Which same is not the title of a Broadway unmusical comedy or of the latest spasm from Tin Pan alley. It is a serious inquiry addressed to a suffering population by the state health commissioner, Dr. Herman M. Biggs, observes the New York Herald. If little culex piptens, homestead New York mosquito, is what's biting you, go get a goldfish or an oil can. They are the only known cures for the mosquito plague, Dr. Biggs says. It's a case of patrolling the standard oil company or the pet store.

The doctor is not dogmatic in advising purchase of a goldfish to catch and eat mosquito eggs and infant mosquitoes before they grow up and develop augeus. Most any fish will do—minnow, tarpon, tuna, landlocked salmon, squaretail trout. Goldfish are suggested not only because they add to the beauty of scenes, but because they are so affectionate, resembling nothing so much as an Albatross.

All fish are fond of mosquitoes as hors d'oeuvres. Choice is optional. That is the substance of the advice to tortured citizens on the verge of losing their religion by Commissioner Biggs in a series of bulletins and health talks.

## SEEK LIVES OF USEFULNESS

American-Born Chinese Girls Work Hard to Fit Themselves to Help Less Fortunate.

Few people are acquainted with that unique type of girl, the American-born Chinese. She is far different from her sisters in the Orient: As a rule she has made the most of her opportunities in America.

The Chinese have the genius to make work a pleasure and an art. Their student life is full of delight. Study for them seems to be an instinct.

Miss Edna Cameron, who has taught a great number of Chinese girls in Portland (Ore.) schools, recently said that she found them honest, diligent, fair-minded and always polite and kind.

"It would seem quite impossible for them to be unkind or to do an unpolite act. By nature they are honest, contented and hard-working and express gratitude for their education," she said.

Many Chinese girls in America are fitting themselves for business, either in the Orient or in this country.

There are scores of young Chinese girls in America who have attained a vast amount of the good offered in this land and who now are dreaming of going to the land of their ancestors to teach and help the girls there.

Bible Verse Called "Code."  
Owing to the ruling of the signal corps, United States army, that code messages will not be accepted for transmission over the cable to Alaska, a telegraph clerk recently refused to take a message for Nome which read: "Third Epistle of John, verses 13 and 14." The sender said he figured he could get his message in the limit of the ten-word special rate, the dispatch being designed to notify his son that he would soon arrive in Alaska.

The Bible text indicated that these words: "I have many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee, but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face."—New York Sun.

Nothing Doing.  
Old Moss carefully knocked the ashes from his corncob and put it on the mantelpiece.

"Mandy," he remarked, "I think Ise gwine put on mah bes' clothes an' go down to de theater tonight to see de chorus ladies dance."

His wife turned a stony eye on him. "Moss," she said slowly, "listen here! If dat am what you thinks, then yuh'd better think agin. Nianah, yuh ain't gwine put on nothin' to go no place no time to see nobody do nothin', never, no how an' not at all. Does yuh understand?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Merely Curious to Know.  
An elderly woman who was sitting by me on the train one day got up hurriedly and left. As she was walking down the aisle I noticed that she had forgotten her spectacle case.

## HOLMES LODGE NO. 101

Meets every Friday night at 7:30 o'clock in TUCKER HALL. Visitors always welcome.

## PENINSULA CHAPTER

No. 43 B. A. M. Stated meetings on the first Monday of each month in Masonic Hall, Visitors Welcome.

## Laurel Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Meets each Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Masonic Hall. Visitors welcome.

## St. Johns Camp No. 7546

Modern Woodmen of America. We heartily solicit the attendance of our members at our regular meetings every 2d and 4th Thursday evening.

## Woodmen of the World

St. Johns Camp 773. Good free meetings every Monday evening in Becker Hall, 210 Congress St. Visitors always welcome.

## DORIC LODGE NO. 112

A. F. & A. M. Meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall, Visitors welcome.

## Minerva Chapter No. 105, O. E. S.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic Hall, Visitors welcome.

## The Fraternal Boosters

Meets every First and Third Wednesday in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Join and Help Boost.

## Dr. E. P. Borden

DENTIST. Painless extraction of teeth under nitrous oxide gas.

## PENINSULA TITLE ABSTRACT & REALTY CO.

H. HENDERSON, Manager. 402 N. Jersey Street. Abstracts of Title Prepared. Titles Examined.

## Poff & O'Neil

TRANSFER AND STORAGE. Sand and Gravel. Daily Trips to Portland. Phone Empire 0308. 200 N. JERSEY ST.

## Frank A. Rice

LAWYER. Office 107 N. Jersey Street. Phone Emp. 0887. Res. Emp. 0191.

## All Kinds of Truck and Team

Work, Furniture Moving, Basement Digging, Sand and Gravel, Wood for sale—Cordwood \$7.50; Planes, Trimmings \$5.50.

## W. S. JEANS

Empire 722. 510 B. Park St.

## ELMER SNEED

Violin Instructor. STUDIO, 215 N. SYCAMORE STREET. Phone Empire 6302.

## Dr. W. J. Gilstrap

Physician & Surgeon. Glasses Accurately Fitted. X-ray Laboratory. Peninsula Security Co. Bldg., St. Johns.

## Geo. W. Mulvan

Contractor and Builder. Plans and Specifications furnished. Free where I build. Residence address 108 Smith ave. Empire 9422.

## Piano Tuning and Repairing

ERNEST HAROLD. Reliable Work. Shop at 107 W. Park. Phone 527.

## DEARING'S

For Fine Chocolates, Ice Cream, Tobacco and Cigars. 311 South Jersey Street.

## LOLA MURPHY

Soprano Soloist. Teacher of Voice and Piano. Studio—837 N. Kellogg Street. Phone Empire 0256.

## I Buy or Sell St. Johns Property

A. W. DAVIS. Real Estate. Fire Insurance and Notary Public. List your property with me if you desire to sell quickly.

## R. G. Muck

Phones Col. 1284. East 5521. 907 Fessenden Street.

## A. A. Muck

Phones Col. 115. Main 4201.

## Sand, Gravel and Crushed Rock

Members of the Builders' Exchange. Trade at the home stores.

## Piles PERMANENT RELIEF

Legal Guarantee Given. No need of knife-no pain—contains work. Ask to see Gleason's Pile Treatment.

## Big Load of Box Wood and Planer Wood

Empire 1475. 403 N. Jersey St.

## HAZEL EICHELBERGER

Teacher of Piano. Phone Empire 1687. Clarendon St. 1710. Near Portsmouth Ave.

## Nettie Leona Foy

Pupil of Gabriowitz. STUDIO—207-8 Tiford Building. Phone—Broadway 2507, and East 1680. St. Johns Representative, Mrs. Maud Stewart. Home Studio, 401 Oswego St. Phone Empire 0965.

## W. P. Greene & Son

Contractors & Builders. 625 E. BUCHANAN STREET. Portland, Ore. Phone Empire 1025.

## Berenice McCall

PIANO LESSONS. High School Credits Given. 310 W. Fessenden St.

## Pulley & Zurcher

Pumbing, Heating & Tinning. We Repair Aluminum Ware. Phone Col. 92. 207 S. Jersey St.

## Bon Ton Barber Shop

CALDWELL & SON. The place where good service and courteous treatment prevail. Children's hair cutting receive special attention. 109 BURLINGTON STREET.