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**OLD FORM OF TELEGRAPHING**

Crude Method Employed by Ancient Peoples, but it Conveyed the Desired Information.

Practical telegraphy is not so entirely a product of modern science as many may suppose. It is tradition that Agamemnon telegraphed the fall of Troy to Greece by means of bonfires on the mountain tops. Although there may be much doubt as to whether this is not a mere legend, there can be no question that in the second century before Christ there was a system of telegraphing in Europe by which messages were sent from one place to another by means of fire, the words being spelled out letter by letter.

The letters of the alphabet were arranged in five columns, so that any letter could be designated by stating in what column it was contained and its number in that column. To convey this information to a distance two men, each having five torches, were stationed behind two barricades; the first, by holding up the necessary number of torches, indicated the number of the column that contained the letter he was sending, and the second indicated similarly the actual numerical place of the letter in that column. It is evident that by a series of stations messages of any length could have been sent—say from Rome to Athens.

**HOLD VARIOUS BIRDS SACRED**

People of Many Lands Strongly Superstitious Concerning Some of the Feathered Tribe.

Some Indian tribes will never hurt or even touch certain birds, regarding them as the abode of the animated souls of their dead chiefs. In England and Scotland, especially, the robin is regarded as sacred. Its red breast is supposed to be of that color because a drop of Christ's blood fell on a robin, and thenceforward all robins were so marked.

It is deemed unlucky to kill a swallow or to destroy its nest. That is because swallows were said to have flown round the Cross of Calvary crying "Svala Svala!" which means comfort. It will be noticed that the swallow gets its name from this peculiar cry of "Svala."

The wren is another sacred bird, because, according to an old belief, it brought fire from heaven to the earth when the human race had no knowledge of how to create fire.

The thrush is a bird of luck, and to have one build in the garden of one's home is said to be a sign of coming good fortune.

Peacocks are unlucky.

**Woe in Flower Language.**

The language of flowers in the Near East is no simple form of speech that anyone may understand. Long and elaborate communications may be sent by bouquet if the lady is not too lazy to learn a complicated code. There is, say those Turkish who claim to understand it, a direct and an indirect form of flower message.

The indirect message goes by words that rhyme either with the name of the flower or with the meaning of the name of the flower. They go to lengths in selecting and collecting posies for bouquets to be sent singly and in series that would be quite too much trouble to the average American. To the average American girl it sounds too complicated to interest anybody but a lady shut up in a courtyard without a telephone.

**Sources of Folk Songs.**

Because of the harmony of its language and the beauty of its natural associations, Italy is pre-eminently the land of poetical and musical compositions, says Raoul S. Bonanno in Christian Science Monitor. To write and sing sonnets appropriate to every event is among the instincts of the masses.

Two forms of folk songs are to be distinguished: One spontaneous and plebeian in origin, the other more literary and less spontaneous. The first can be traced in Italy to the very source of the language, the second is not older than three or four centuries.

Nicely considered the source from which all poetry, natural or cultivated, sprang and passed into the rest of Italy. Its songs, through assimilation, became essentially and commonly Italian, although to become such they had to lose their original dialectical form.

**Denatured Alcohol.**

Denatured alcohol is grain alcohol made up for use as a beverage. Completely denatured alcohol is made by adding ten gallons of wood alcohol and a half gallon of benzene to 100 gallons of ethyl alcohol. This is free from government tax and may be bought by any one for use as fuel or light.

The denaturing must be done when the alcohol is produced and in bonded warehouses used exclusively for the purpose and for storing denatured alcohol, and is done under the supervision of the government, according to the law. The grain alcohol may be made from grain, corn, potatoes or similarly starchy products, but the conditions under which it must be produced make it impracticable except for well-equipped factories.

**Daily News.**

"I look at the paper every morning," said Mrs. Housely, "to see what casualties have happened to my friends."

"What paper?"

"The fly paper,"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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**SYMBOL OF RUSSIAN TRAGEDY**

The Bourgeoisie, Popular Invention, Shows to What Depths the People Have Been Reduced.

A bourgeoisie is a small sheet iron stove, writes Eleanor Franklin Egan in the Saturday Evening Post. Or it may be only a 5-gallon gasoline can with a little door at one end and a hole in the top to let out the smoke. It is an institution in soviet Russia and is an invention of the kind of which necessity is the mother.

In the communitate habitations of the ruined and homeless bourgeoisie it takes the place of both heating arrangements and the kitchen range. Nearly everybody makes his own bougie out of whatever materials he may be able to come by, and in social circles it provides a topic of conversation of never-ending interest. Their habits and the various methods employed to regulate them are matters of primary importance.

Its name, bestowed upon it in ironical derision, denotes its relationship to the general scheme of things. It burns nothing but tiny bits of wood and is therefore very economical, but when it is first set going it smokes considerably, with the result that practically every bourgeoisie home in Russia—as much as it is—smells as though its flues were badly out of order.

It is capable of bringing the average winter temperature in a fair-sized room up to zero, or maybe to 10 degrees above, and this is as much comfort as the bourgeoisie are expected to require, but it is not. It would be impossible to exaggerate any phase of the tragedy that has befallen Russia.

**FORCED TO GIVE UP HAREMS**

Financial Necessity Really the Mother of Any Turkish Reform in That Direction.

The word "harem," for all its rich connotation, is now simply the name for the women's quarters in the Turkish home. Poverty in the palaces and out of them is more responsible than western ideals for the changed condition there.

Education and the world movement for broadening the freedom of women have, of course, had their influence. The French novel also put a window of a kind in the Turkish harem, and many Turkish men are vigorously protesting the notions of freedom which they have put into the heads of the women.

But necessity, rising out of the long, protracted wars, is the real mother of freedom for Turkish women. The Turkish coffers, both public and private, are too depleted to permit the expensive establishments of the old days. Men are no longer able to maintain women in idleness, and war, with its demands on man power, has made women labor an actual necessity.—Bessie Beatty in the Century Magazine.

**The Sunday Picnic.**

The late Mrs. George Gould was not narrow-minded, but she hated any desecration of the Sabbath.

One summer Sunday, while motoring in Lakewood, she came upon a rich Lakewood family, the Smiths, principal stockholders in the well-known Smith asbestos firm.

The Smith family was picnicking. The father and the three sons in their shirt sleeves were drinking whisky and playing poker, while the daughters and the mother smoked cigarettes and played bridge for high stakes.

"Well," said Mrs. Gould, "I wouldn't have believed that you Smiths had such faith in your asbestos."

**Chemicals From Corn Cobs.**

By developing new methods of extracting furfural from corn cobs, chemists of the Department of Agriculture have greatly reduced the cost of making this chemical, which is used in the manufacture of soluble and insoluble resins for stains, varnishes, insulating material, printing plates and many other articles. Furfural has been made commercially from about 50 cents a pound, but when made from cobs it is estimated that it can be manufactured at a cost of about 10 cents a pound. Cobs give the greatest yield of furfural of any of the common agricultural materials that contain it.—Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

**She Had Felt It.**

A visitor was admiring a beautiful monument in an ancient church. Gazing at the effigies of a ruffled knight and stately dame, with a kneeling train of children behind each figure, he mused aloud: "Surely such surroundings must have a purifying influence!"

"Yes, indeed, sir," was the startling reply of the church cleaner, who had walked up unobserved. "Many a time I've washed them images' faces for 'em, when a flick of a dust was all that was expected of me!"

**Birds Travel Far.**

Many of our feathered voyagers make single flights of 500 to 700 miles, and migrations of over 4,000 miles. The annual pilgrimages of such old friends as the bobolink, the purple martin, the scarlet tanager, cliff and barn swallows, night hawks and black-poll warblers all exceed 4,000 miles in both spring and fall.

It is rather humbling to think that brave and self-sufficient world travelers are some of our tiny feathered friends are.

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**COLLEGE BOY REAL SALESMAN**

Bright Idea That Enabled Him to Dispose of the Last Egg Cups in Stock.

Two college boys were peddling odds and ends of china in an unfrequented farming district. They stopped their ancient chugging truck before a typically unpretentious establishment. A round, solemn woman with her arm rolled up in her gingham apron approached the automobile, only mildly interested. The lad with the keen blue eyes and the quizzing mouth asked in a brusque tone, "Is there anything you would like in coffee cups, soup bowls or milk pitchers?"

"No," responded the woman disinterestedly, then brightened slightly as she added, "but I'd kinda like to look at some egg cups."

"Yes, madam," said the boy as he deftly slid the cover off a box containing five dusty but dainty receptacles. "You're lucky to get these, too; there are only five left."

The woman shook her head dubiously. "Can't use 'em. Five aren't enough. There's eight in our family." And she started back to the house.

"Wait a minute," called the boy and frankly as he saw the possibility of a sale disappearing without a struggle. "Perhaps all of your family don't eat eggs."

The woman reflected a minute and then came back. The merest suggestion of eagerness was registered on her placid countenance. "That's right," she said. "Five is all I do need. I'll take 'em."—Chicago Journal.

**BARON BELIEVED HIS YARNS**

Munchausen Said to Have Deceived Even Himself by His Tales of Wild Adventures.

Baron Munchausen was the imaginary author and hero of a series of wonderful tales entitled "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen." They were first published in England in 1785 by Rudolph Erich Raspe, an expatriated German, and were followed by translations and imitations in German and other languages.

The name of the hero is said to be derived from Jerome Charles Frederick von Munchausen, a German officer in the service of Russia, who became notorious for his ridiculous tales of adventure. It is said that by dint of repetition he came finally to believe implicitly in the truth of his most extravagant stories.

The authorship of these tales is in dispute, although one authority says "the author is Rudolph Erich Raspe, and the sources from which the adventures were compiled are Hebel's 'Fables,' Castiglione's 'Cortegiano,' Bidermann's 'Utopia,' and some of the baron's own stories."

**Return of the Trencher.**

The poet's fable was set with very old plates—they were blocks of wood a foot square and two inches thick, wherein the plate proper was hollowed or dug.

"These," the poet said, "are trenchers, real old medieval trenchers. We derive from them the phrase, 'a good trencher-man,' you know."

As he spoke he served his guests with the hush of meat and potatoes that composed the frugal luncheon.

"The high cost of servants," he went on, "makes the revival of the trencher a necessity for our poor poets. Now, friends, clean your trenchers like good trenchers; sop the gravy up with bread; then turn them over for the pie course."

The guests duly turned their trenchers over, and there on the other side was another plate, dug or hollowed out of the wood, just like the first one.

"Two plates in one," said the poet delightedly. "What a saving, eh?"

**As Night After Day.**

The scene was a bedroom in a suburb, and a wearied parent was prostrating the floor at a weird hour of the early morn, with his first-born in his arms. Many vain endeavors to soothe the infant's cries had been made, but the little one was laboring under the impression that things needed waking up and that he was the person to do it.

"It seems to me you knew what you were about," groaned Pickelbury to his wife, "when you insisted on the child being called 'Hugh.'"

"What has his name to do with his fretfulness?" asked the unsuspecting wife.

"Everything!" replied the wretched man. "You would call him 'Hugh,' you know, and where there is a h in there's always a cry."—London Tit-Bits.

**Our English Language.**

Misplaced phrases cause many misunderstandings. Here are some collected by Everybody's Magazine from publications all over the country.

The owners of apple trees, some of which have not been looked after for years, are undergoing pruning all through this section.

"Special dining-room for ladies, steaks and chops."

For Sale—Five-room house, all modern. Good chicken-house.

A physician advises parents never to speak a child on an empty stomach.

**Just a Gesture.**

"What good did it do you to empty your shotgun at that aviator? You couldn't possibly hit him?"

"Well," replied the irate farmer, "I'm gettin' tired of them fellows flyin' low over my property. He couldn't hear me cuss. What other way did I have to express my sentiments?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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**MANY ARE ABSENT-MINDED**

Great Numbers of People Just as Absent as the Famous Professor of the Jokesmiths.

The absent-minded professor, favorite of the humorists, is familiar to us all. His strange misadventures, his tumbling into coal holes, his locomotive difficulties as he walks with one foot in the gutter, his use of his cane for an umbrella, and so on—all these are the raw material of the joke-smiths, observes the New York Tribune.

But real people, however absent-minded, are not, are never so absurd. No? What shall be said, then of Charles Krudak of Port Kennedy, Pa., who the other day took his baby girl on a trip to Philadelphia, and when he got off the return train left her aboard? How could he forget? The child was obviously not doing her vocal duty.

Without stopping to explore a possible connection between Mr. Krudak's experience and the fact that he had just been to Philadelphia, let us consider the case of Raymond Bentley, recently reported from Omaha. This gentleman was to be married the other day. To guard against his weakness he kept saying, "Wedding, wedding," to himself as he prepared for the ceremony. But setting out for the church he came to another church where a wedding was in progress. Mechanically he turned in, took his place among the guests, waited through the ceremony, congratulated the happy couple and then returned home. It is pleasant to read that his bride, a young woman of firm character, instead of fainting, presently arrived with a minister, and a second marriage occurred.

**ALASKA HAS MORE WOMEN**

Sex Ratio is Gradually Being Equalized in the Far Northwest Possession of America.

Whether modern girls are becoming more adventurous or Alaska more tame, statistics recently published by the Eugenics Research association indicate that our northern territory is becoming less a nomadic land of single cussedness and settling down more to starting the home fires burning. There has been a continually approaching balance in the number of males to 100 females. In the total population this ratio has moved as follows: In 1900, 258.9; in 1910, 247.9; in 1920, 108.5.

"Industrially, eugenically and socially, the great need of the territory is settlers who move into the region with their families," says the report, according to the Syracuse Herald.

"Perhaps the distribution of age groups with sex ratios indicates approaching stabilization of population. In 1920 the sex ratios by age groups were: Forty and more years of age, 304.5 males to 100 females; twenty to thirty-nine years of age, 171.1 males to 100 females; under twenty years of age, 100.7 males to 100 females."

**They Gazed With Scorn.**

It was my first job—in a library. I was on evening duty, and after hours I was going to dance. I'll admit my thoughts were more concentrated on the dance than on my work.

A crusty old man came in and asked for a certain book. I went back to the stacks, gazed at the shelves, but didn't see it.

"I'm sorry," I said, glibly. "It's not in."

"He gave me a long, suspicious look—my expression must have been particularly blank—and walked back to the shelves.

"Here's the book," he said, with the utmost scorn in his voice. "It was in the right place."

Just at this crucial moment in walked the chief librarian, of whom I stand in awe. I shall never forget my feelings at the concentrated disdain with which they gazed at me.—Chicago Tribune.

**By Way of Inference.**

"Peaches and cream, bacon and eggs, dry toast and coffee," said the dining-car patron with a conspicuous badge on his coat.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter.

"I want three eggs, mind you, plenty of bacon and a double order of toast."

"Yes, sir," repeated the waiter with a grin. "Now, I'm not saying the delegation you're traveling with are drinking gentlemen, but you're the first member of the party who's showed up in the diner this morning with an appetite."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Can't Beat This Barrier.**

The officials of the town of North Adams, Mass., are effectively enforcing the antipeed ordinance with an original road barrier. A policeman stands at the side of the road with a red lantern. Speeding drivers are halted and cautioned to use discretion, providing they stop. If they fail to stop the policeman blows his whistle, and farther along the road a belt, filled with short spikes, is stretched across the highway. No one has run past it as yet.

**Land of Quercus Beasts.**

Australia has long been noted for the peculiarities of the animal life found there. Practically all the forms of mammalia which abound in other parts of the world are missing. Their places are taken by large marsupials of numerous varieties, these animals being nowhere else represented except by the opossums of America.

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**RUBENS-ROGERS.**

**TOO MUCH EVEN FOR IMAGES**

Statues on British Parliament Buildings Unable to Stand Awful Climate of London.

The outer walls of the houses of parliament in London are crumbling. Hundreds of carved images, mostly of imaginary royal figures, have been unable to withstand the ravages of the weather, combined with the smoke-laden London atmosphere. They suffer also from the lack of respect shown them by hundreds of pigeons which roost on the scepter and sharpen their beaks on the noses of kings.

Scarcely a day passes but a monarch's hand or toe falls into Palace yard. Not long ago a king's head was found in fragments on the terrace.

During the recess scaffolding will be erected and many workmen employed, at a cost of \$55,000, picking off the loose bits. Thus may one man in a day uncover scores of kings.

Sir John Gilmour, who represents the government department that looks after public buildings, is of the opinion that none of the kings or other distinguished folk will be allowed to stick it out much longer on the outer walls of parliament. "I think the day will come before long," he says, "when all the statues will have to be taken away. The situation does not agree with them."

**USED ODD WEDDING COACHES**

Steam Plow, Tractor Engine, Tramcar, and Other Vehicles Have Transported Bridal Parties.

An American bridegroom who made his journey to the altar in a steam plow has had many rivals in matrimonial carriages.

It is not long since a bridal couple and their guests made a dramatic appearance in a Kentish village on a traction engine, and a procession of trucks gayly decorated with flags, flowers and evergreens, says London Answers.

A wedding party drove up to St. Mark's church, Birmingham, one Easter Sunday in mourning, the coaches and the horses being incongruously adorned with white rosettes. A prettily decorated tramcar was the chosen vehicle of a Wolverhampton bridal party, the driver and conductor wearing white gloves and smart button-holes and the journey to the church being heralded by the explosion of fog signals.

But perhaps the most novel journey of all was that of a young Austrian couple, whose wedding procession slid down a steep hill from the bride's home to Paysbach church on seven toboggans decorated with pine branches and flowers.

**Re-Proofing Your Raincoat.**

Whatever the time of year, one needs a reliable raincoat in the country, but unless of a rubbered variety, many raincoats quickly lose their rain-proof qualities, and are useless for the purpose they were intended to fill. Here is a method of re-waterproofing cloth that will be found quite successful and easily carried out at home.

Take one and a quarter pounds of alum and dissolve this in five gallons of boiling water. In another bath dissolve one and a quarter pounds of sugar of lead. Then mix the two solutions.

Place the coat in the mixture and make sure that it is saturated with the liquor. Without wringing, put the coat in a hanger and dry, plunge into cold water and then hang out to dry again. This time it will be fit for use, and will withstand ordinary rain.

**The Patriotic Spirit.**

Animated by this spirit the patriotism is enlarged into patriot. Before the lines of party sink into heavy obscurity, and the horizons which bound our view reaches on every side to the uttermost verge of the great Republic. It is a spirit that exalts humanity, and imbued with it the souls of men soar into the pure air of unselfish devotion to the public welfare. It lighted with a smile the cheek of Curtius as he rode into the gulf; it guided the hand of Aristides as he sadly wrote upon the shell the sentence of his own banishment; it dwelt in the frozen earthworks of Valley Forge; and from time to time it has been an inmate of the halls of legislation.—Thomas I. Bayard.

**Darby and Joan.**

"Darby and Joan" was first applied to a very happily married couple who lived in the Eighteenth century and bore those names. They were John Darby, printer, of Bartholomew's Close, London, England, and his wife, Joan. The constancy and devotion to one another of this old-fashioned, simple, and virtuous couple so impressed Henry Woodfall, who had served his apprenticeship with the printer, that he wrote a poem, "Darby and Joan," in commemoration. This poem was printed in the London Gentleman's Magazine, and received a good deal of notice. The expression then passed into the English language as symbolizing the eventide of happy wedlock.

**Big Demand for Radium.**

The principal use for radium in the commercial world is as a luminous material on watch and clock dials and so on. It is not the radium that glows, but other substances which become luminous in the presence of very minute quantities of radium. More than four million watches and clocks alone have been treated, and hardly a third of an ounce of radium has been used in the production of the luminous material required.

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