

POULTRY SHOW

Friday and Saturday at Oregon City

DO-NOT-MISS-IT

Our Clearance Sale Extended for the remainder of the week, Saturday being the last day. Do not fail while in town to come in and see our big wind-up of our Annual Clearance Bargains.

EVERY ARTICLE REDUCED

We use the favorite expression "Make Hay While the Sun Shines"

J. LEVITT

Ask for Free Premium Tickets. Oregon City

DR. CARLL LEFT ESTATE TO FRIENDS

MISS KATE BARCLAY GETS \$2,000 AND MISS DOLLY PRATT \$1,000.

DR. C. H. MEISSNER IS REMEMBERED

Oregon City Lodge of Elks Given Library With Exception of Books Relating to Medicine.

Miss Kate Barclay, Miss Dolly Pratt, Dr. C. H. Meissner and the Oregon City Lodge of Elks are the chief beneficiaries of the will of the late Dr. Walter E. Carll that was filed for probate here Friday afternoon.



Dr. Walter E. Carll, who remembered friends in will.

Dr. Carll had a very valuable library, which cost him about \$8,000. Frank J. Lenzman, an attorney of Portland, and James P. Lovett, a lifelong friend of Dr. Carll, residing in Oregon City, are made executors of the will, without bonds.

Miss Kate Barclay, \$2,000 insurance policy in Willamette Falls Camp, No. 148, Woodmen of the World.

Miss Dolly Pratt, \$1,000 insurance policy in Willamette Falls Camp No. 148, Woodmen of the World.

Dr. C. H. Meissner, medical library and surgical instruments and appliances.

Oregon City Lodge, No. 1189, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, library, other than medical books.

Rev. A. Hillebrand, set of Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America.

Thomas Lovett, all jewelry, including watch, stick pins, etc.

Norman R. Lang, Jr., binocular field glasses.

Mrs. W. E. Pratt, Andrews History of Scotland, and all pictures and furniture, except office furniture.

John Tucker, son of Dr. Tucker, of Portland, silver loving cup.

Prominent Young People are Wed in Idaho.

A marriage ceremony of much interest to Wilsonville residents was performed at Gooding, Idaho, on Wednesday, January 24th, at the home of the bride's parents.

BEN SELLING HAS SENATORIAL BEE

PORTLAND MAN WOULD LIKE TO WEAR TOGA THAT ADORNS JONATHAN BOURNE.

PUBLIC PULSE BEING FELT BY HIM

Residents of Oregon City Get Letters From Aspirant Asking What They Think of His Chances.

Ben Selling has the United States senatorial bee buzzing in his fedora. Mr. Selling has been a factor in Oregon politics for years.

Copies of the following letter were received by several prominent men here Thursday:

"It has been suggested by a number of prominent Republicans that I enter the race for United States Senator, to succeed Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr. It is claimed that the latter is not truly a representative of the state of Oregon; that he is not really an actual resident thereof, having visited this state only once or twice during the past four years and then only for short periods; that his interests are more identified with the East than with Oregon; and that he is identified more with the class of 'Aldrich Republicans' than any other Republican, while he claims to be a Progressive.

"As you may perhaps know, I have been identified with the Progressive Republicans for practically twenty years, having led the fight for State No. 1 in Multnomah county four years ago. I have resided in Oregon fifty years; have been in business since 1868, and all my interests are here. Have been state senator two terms and president of the last State Senate; I am also a member of the Portland Dock Commission.

"This is to respectfully request an expression of your opinion as to the advisability of my entering the race, claiming as I do, to represent more nearly than Senator Bourne, the interests of all the people of this state. I will appreciate an early reply whether favorable or otherwise, and trust you will see your way clear to give me your unbiased opinion.

Very respectfully, "BEN SELLING."

WILLAMETTE TO BE INCORPORATED

PROPOSITION TO BECOME CITY IS CARRIED BY SCANT TWO VOTES.

T. J. GARY AGAIN ELECTED MAYOR

H. Leisman Chosen Recorder and A. Bremer and J. C. Edmonds. Treasurer and Marshal Respectively.

The citizens of Willamette at a special election Monday called by the County Court voted to incorporate the town as a city. The vote was close—28 to 26.

Because of the failure of the County Court to canvass the returns of that election, the incorporation was recently declared invalid and another election was called. There is some doubt as to whether the town has a right to incorporate as a city under the existing state laws, and the courts probably will be called upon to make a decision.

The officers elected Monday are as follows: Mayor—T. J. Gary. Recorder—H. Leisman. Treasurer—A. Bremer. Marshal—J. C. Edmonds. Councilmen—G. L. Saldow, H. T. Shipley, William Critcher, John Ream, Sr., Frank Oliver and D. A. Duncan. The County Court will canvass the returns the latter part of the week.

A Serum Of Youth

A German Professor Gives His Reasons For Disapproving of Its Use

By F. A. MITCHEL

"These American scientists," said Dr. Holwig-Sheiberg, original inventor at the University of Bonn, "make me tired. I have just read an article copied from an American journal stating that one of them has discovered a method of preventing decay in living organisms, or rather of renewing the primary condition, which is the same thing. He has been experimenting on bacteria and from bacteria hopes to lead up to more complex organisms. Thirty years ago I began where he is beginning today and in ten years had reached a point where I was able indefinitely to perpetuate youth in human beings."

"You did that?" exclaimed Professor Schroeder, taking his pipe out of his



"WHEN I SAW HER AGAIN I WAS SHOCKED"

mouth and looking through his spectacles at Dr. Holwig-Sheiberg in astonishment.

"I did," replied the other.

"Why, then, did you not announce your discovery?"

"Because the only case I ever perfected demonstrated that it is not best to interfere too radically with natural processes."

"You had an experience?"

"I had; one that admonished me to permit persons to grow old in the natural way."

"Do tell me about it; I am dying of curiosity."

"Well, I began just where this American began. I made cultures of bacteria, observed the cause of decay and hunted for a serum to prevent it. I failed in this, but discovered one that would kill the decaying bacteria for a certain period and capable of continuing the process ad infinitum. I will not attempt to give you in a nutshell investigations extending over a period of ten years whereby I at last succeeded in applying my discovery to human beings. All I shall attempt to do now is to give you the principal reason why I did not announce my discovery to the world.

"When I had succeeded in keeping monkeys young and frisky my next step was to try my serum on the next and highest type of animal life—man. I had received pecuniary support in my investigations from Baron Wobbel and, after trying two or three experiments on subjects, announced to him that I could keep a man at the same apparent age from the moment I began to treat him for an indefinite period. The baron was much interested and asked me many questions concerning my process—what danger there might be to the patient, my ability to continue it and what would be the result for him after my death. I satisfied him on most of these points, whereupon he told me that a commoner, Herr Schoffenholler, enormously rich, was desirous of uniting his wealth to the baron's title. Herr Schoffenholler had a daughter aged twenty, and the baron had a son aged two. These were the only children born to either family. The only way to unite the wealth and the title was to marry these two. But the difference of age was an insurmountable difficulty.

"Now," said the baron to me, "if you can keep Fraulein Schoffenholler at her present age till my son is old enough to marry the two interests may be united."

"Here was a chance to try an experiment under favorable conditions. After numerous family councils at which a great deal of opposition was raised Herr Schoffenholler decided the matter by compelling his daughter to submit to my treatment. I was not informed of this compulsion or that the fraulein was in love with a young guardsman, a few years her senior. Had I been I would not have consented to act in the matter.

"I began my treatment on the fraulein's twentieth birthday. She responded admirably, and I saw at once

that the serum which I injected under the skin of her arm was taking effect. I found that these injections needed to be made once every twenty-two days, for on the twenty-third day a new birth of cell destroying bacteria came up to recommence the process of decay.

"It was not long before I learned of the love affair between the guardsman and the fraulein and that clandestine meetings were taking place at long intervals to be sure—between them. Since the fraulein remained youthful and the guardsman was growing older his love for her grew in proportion as the difference in their ages lengthened. What effect this increasing difference had on the fraulein I did not learn, for she kept her feelings to herself. I offered to decline to continue my treatment, if she wished it, but she told me that, having acceded to her father's order, she would carry it out to the end.

"Seventeen years passed. The baby boy Wobbel was nineteen, the fraulein thirty-seven and the guardsman forty. The latter had never married, and his love for the fraulein had grown to be a dominant passion with him. He was getting gray and bald and showed other signs of coming old age. On the contrary the girl he worshipped had all the freshness of youth. Her beauty had not been in the least impaired. It was quite natural that a man who was now too old for other girls of the fraulein's age should cling to her, especially as she had kept pace with him in that experience which matures the intellectual powers.

"Baron Wobbel would not consent to the marriage between his son and Fraulein Schoffenholler till the former came of age. The young man was within a few weeks of twenty-one, and preparations were being made for the wedding when I received a hurry call to the fraulein very ill. This was unfortunate, for within a few days it would be necessary for me to give her an injection of the serum, and in her weakened condition I did not know what the effect would be. Indeed, I dare not administer it.

"For a time the fraulein's life hung in the balance. Then she began to mend. I left her under the care of the family physician and did not see her for a month. When I saw her again I was shocked. From a girl of twenty she had become a woman of over forty, and her illness had made her look ten or fifteen years older than that. Her hair was almost white, her skin yellow and wrinkled, her teeth badly decayed and her figure bony and angular. Indeed every feature which would have disappeared gradually without my treatment had been down with it in a brief period.

"There was an embarrassing situation. Young Wobbel had shown every willingness to marry the girl his father had provided for him, not only on account of her fortune, but because of her beauty, which was that of a girl, and her intellect, which was that of a mature woman. But now what would he say when he should see her? Her father begged me to restore her youth and when I told him that I had no power to do so, stormed at me for a fool and an idiot.

"Young Wobbel was not permitted to see his fiancée till a few days before the proposed wedding. When he met the woman who looked to be over fifty, and much broken at that, he collapsed. There was no use in trying to induce him to marry her. Indeed, at her age a marriage would be fruitless and its object defeated.

"I was placed in a very unfortunate position. Every one seemed to consider me to blame for the affair, though I had done only what I had been requested to do. I felt very sorry for Fraulein Schoffenholler, for I was obliged to admit to myself that had I permitted her to grow old as nature intended she would not now have been suddenly plunged into her present distress. In order to make amends I wrote a note to her guardian lover, informing him that the lady he had so long loved was now free to marry him. However, I thought it best to permit him to observe her changed condition for himself. He replied, thanking me for the information, which he declared had thrilled him with an ecstatic happiness.

"He called upon her. When the poor woman saw his shocked expression at her altered appearance she held out her arms to him, putting or just such an appealing smile as would be seductive in a girl of twenty, but was barbolic in a broken down old woman. He tried to respond, but failed. After a brief interview he excused himself and has never seen her from that day to this. Recently I received his wedding cards and have learned that he is to marry a girl of sixteen.

"As for the fraulein, who had it not been for my interference with nature's laws would now have been the wife of the guardsman and the mother doubtless of grown sons and daughters. She is a withered spinster. I can never forgive myself for being the cause of her misfortune.

"This is the reason why I have never either prosecuted my discovery or given it to the world. It remains for those Americans who are upsetting the traditions of centuries to proceed in their reckless course to defy nature's laws and to make themselves generally disagreeable to the rest of the world. I would like to get this fellow who has made this so called discovery, keep him young for a matter of thirty or forty years, then let old age come upon him at once, to see how he would like the transition. So long as they confine themselves to colonies of bacteria or to guinea pigs or monkeys there is no harm done, but when it comes to jumping a young girl into an old woman's place excuse me. I've had enough of it."

Indian Killed on Track.

Near Rochelle, Ill., an Indian went to sleep on a railroad track and was killed by the fast express. He paid for his carelessness with his life. Often it is that way when people neglect coughs and colds. Don't risk your life when prompt use of Dr. King's New Discovery will cure them and so prevent a dangerous throat or lung trouble. It completely cured me, in a short time, of a terrible cough that followed a severe attack of Grip.

writes J. R. Watts, Florida, Tex., "and I regained 15 pounds in weight that I had lost." Quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

The Round World. "I hear you have a brother abroad?" "I have."

"Is he a long way off?" "Yes, he could hardly get any further away without coming nearer."—Boston Transcript.

An Exception. "A good man always is found on top of the heap." "Not always. For instance, in a football game the best man is usually found at the bottom of the heap."—Exchange.

THE SALVE OF LOVE

By SARAH W. CHAMBLIS

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Every morning after my household duties have been attended to I go out to make my purchases of the day's supplies. I pass a little brick house in a window of which sits, sewing, a woman whose expression I have often studied, but always failed to interpret. It may be best described as the expression of one who has been disappointed, but has accepted the disappointment philosophically. The most surprising thing on the premises is a doornote on which are the words, "Matrimonial Agency."

Now, I am a happily married woman and in no need of a husband, for mine is the best man in the world, and I am the mother of seven dear children. In short, our family is a loving one. But, having passed the little woman at the window many times, my curiosity at last got the better of me, and I went in I thought the best way to gain information would be to personate a client. So I invited the woman to explain her methods.

"To begin with," she said, "I don't recommend matrimony to anybody, I'm willin' to interduce them as is breaker in 'em that it's a good deal like disapproval—it's followed by a headache."

"I should think that would injure your business," I remarked.

"Not a bit. My opinion is when people get the matrimonial fever they get to go through it just like any other fever, only it's worse, because most people get it once in a while, but the matrimonial fever usually lasts a lifetime. Most times it attacks some feeble and some girl to one. Such cases can't be stopped. The cases that I put through are those where a man or a woman pines for a mate."

"Now, you're a likely looking woman, and I don't want to do you no harm, but I advise you to let matrimony alone. You'll only jump from the frying pan into the fire. You're used as a single person to doin' a hundred different things a day, none of 'em, mebbe, of any importance. Just as soon as you're married you got to stop and think whether your husband will approve of your doin' any one of 'em the way that suggests itself to you. Or if he's with you he'll tell you that your way is not the best. If you think it really is the best, you got to argue about it. When you've had a scrap over ninety-nine of these little matters during the day, about the time the hundredth comes up you'll be mighty tired of the argument. What kind of a man do you want?"

"She asked the last question apparently well satisfied that she did not consider her warning would be heeded, and having eased her conscience she was ready for business.

"Well," I said, "I think I'd like a man who would always give me like my own way about everything. When I'm feeling cross, I would like him to pet me, and if I receive his caresses coldly or snap at him, I'd wish him to still be as pleasant to me as a May morning."

"Look a-here," she interrupted, "I ain't in this business to sell a million dollars' worth of stuff for 75 cents. If you want that kind of a man you'd better go to a heavenly matrimonial exchange and get an introduction to an angel. What kind of a woman be you?"

"So far as human nature will permit, I'm the kind of a woman as the men I've described. I have seven children and sometimes I tire meeting their requirements, but I rub my tiredness with the salve of love and it takes it right out of me. My husband comes home disappointed at some failure he has made during the day; ten to one our boy Jim has fallen into some dirty hole and ruined a suit of clothes, so you see I'm ready to slap at his father, and his father to slap back at me, but before he gets home I get out my love salve and take a good rubbing, and when he appears I am ready to cheer him up."

"The woman followed me with a curious glance while I was saying this and when I stopped said:

"What kind of a fancy picture are you givin' me, anyway?"

"It isn't a fancy picture; it's a true one. I'm really married and the mother of seven children. In our medicine closet we keep a big pot of the ointment of love, and my husband and I use it continually. As for the children, they don't need to use it. They are born with love in their hearts for their parents and each other. Perhaps when they grow older a good rubbing with the salve will save them much trouble, but while they are young their irritations are self-healing. From what you have told me I think it possible that you may have tried to keep house without a pot of this ointment in your house. Get your family together and use the love salve freely."

Without any further remark or apology for calling I withdrew. A few days later, when I passed the matrimonial exchange, it was closed. I neither saw nor heard anything from the agent for a year, when I was surprised to receive a call from her.

"I came to thank you for that ointment you give me," she said. "After you left me I give myself a good rubbin' with it, then went to see my old man. He's with me, and our younger children are together again. That's powerful good medicine. We use it in our family all the while now."

Indirect. Lawyer to the Judge—Would it be contempt of court to call your honor a crook and a thief? Judge—It certainly would. Lawyer—Then I won't take the chance, your honor.—Satire.

Get It So. Miss Black—I'm disgusted with my dressmaker. My new costume doesn't fit a little bit! Miss White—Well, I heard you tell her you wanted it "awful bad."—St. Louis Republic.

Volcanic Glass Mirrors. Ancient people polished obsidian, commonly known as volcanic glass, and used it as a mirror. The woman that owned a mirror in olden times was considered belonging to the nobility or the vulgar rich.

General FEBRUARY And What He Brought About By HARRIET C. THOMPSON

The czars of Russia say that they have two generals on whom they can rely to drive out an enemy, these warriors being General January and General February.

Among those flying before the redoubtable General February was Peter Aphonson, a middle aged bachelor, who took a train for Hampton Roads, Mr. Aphonson, sitting one evening, when the first faint beam of spring was coming up from the south, on a bench facing the water, saw a lady pass him whose face seemed vaguely associated with some previous existence. She was walking with an elderly woman, who appeared from a likeness between the two to be her mother. The ladies walked on for some distance, returned, and the elder, seeing the opposite end of the bench from the one on which Aphonson sat unoccupied, insisted on resting there.

Ten minutes later the ladies arose and went on. Aphonson followed them with his eyes till they were lost in the throng of promenaders and still lingered with his thoughts. Presently rising, he was about to leave the spot when he saw a purse where they had been sitting. He took it in his charge.

Expecting he might find something to give him a clue to the owner, he opened it; but, seeing nothing except money, he closed it again. He had little doubt of finding the lady who had dropped it, for there were not many people at the place and they in a narrow compass. Indeed, the very next morning in a sun parlor of his hotel facing the "roads" he saw the younger of the two ladies sitting alone. Approaching her, he handed her the purse. She thanked him, it seemed to him mechanically, or, rather, without surprise.

Place in company a man and a woman, both unmarried, not too old, and ten to one they will sooner or later get on the subject nearest to their hearts. The subject nearest to the hearts of both men and women of middle age is finding some one of the opposite sex with whom to make a home. But they discuss the matter in general terms, carefully steering in the broad current, though sometimes they get to particularizing before they know it.

"Are you married?" asked the lady. "No, I am not, but I confess I would like to be. I have grown to an age wherein single life has lost its zest. I live at a club and am bored there. But what can I do? Marriage—marriage with mating—is not a matter that can be arranged as one would rent a house or buy an automobile. In my case there is a special obstruction. When I was twenty I was engaged to a young girl, whom I lost. I was then impetuous, and her family would not hear of a match between us. My fiancée relied upon me as to what was best to be done, and I felt it my duty to tell her that we should part. My heart remains with her. Should I marry today honesty would compel me to confess that I could only give a wife a companionable affection.

"I am in very much the same situation," replied the lady. "At nineteen I married a man selected for me by my mother. He was much older than I and wealthy. I could not give him my heart, but at that time I did not consider it obligatory to tell him so. I loved another during my married life of ten years and love that other today. Should I marry I should now feel it incumbent that he must be content with companionship."

In this vein they chatted till noon when the lady withdrew. They met often after that in the sun parlor Aphonson gave the widow opportunity to tell him more about herself, but she never did not take his hints or she was not inclined to give the desired information. One day Aphonson said to her:

"As I told you when we first met, I am very tired of single life. I wish a companion with whom to make a home. I would be pleased to exchange information concerning ourselves with a view to marriage. You understand that my heart was long ago given to another and remains with that other today. I understand the same with regard to you."

"I appreciate the compliment you pay me; but now that I am free to marry the man of my choice, I will marry no one else."

"Pardon me I supposed that affair had ended as mine has ended."

"The man who loved me has never married."

"Indeed?"

"No, and I have lately met him."

"Not here?"

"Yes, here. Not long ago while walking with my mother I passed him. He did not recognize me, but I recognized him. Retracing we sat down on the same seat with him. In order to bring about a meeting I left my purse on the—"

"Marion?"

"Yes, I am Marion."

There are certain things about women that puzzle me. Why did Marion recognize me, I not recognizing her? Then why did she resort to a ridiculous subterfuge to draw me to her instead of coming out in a frank, manly— I mean a frank way and making herself known? I don't know. I've been married to her ten years, and every month of this time I have discovered some new feature to puzzle me.

LIBRARY TRUSTEES DECIDE UPON SITE

COUNCIL TO BE ASKED TO GIVE LOCATION JUST BELOW M'LOUGHLIN PARK.

MAINTENANCE MONEY NOW ASSURED

Trustees Decide Not To Move From Present Quarters Until New Building Is Ready For Use.

The trustees of the Oregon City Library have decided upon the site of the old Singer flour mill, east of the Southern Pacific tracks and between Seventh and Ninth streets, as the location for the building which Andrew Carnegie has agreed to provide for the city. The trustees will at the next meeting of the city council present a petition asking that the city turn over the property to the association.

A request also will be made, if the council agrees to the use of the site for a library, that it be surveyed and platted by the city engineer. The trustees of the association think the location the most admirable one obtainable. It commands a fine view of the river and valley, and will be seen by all persons passing through the city. The increased valuation of property for assessment purposes assures the library without increasing the levy of one-half mill of an income from this source of almost \$1,200 a year. Mr. Carnegie in his letter, agreeing to give \$12,500 for a library in this city stipulated that \$1,200 annually must be assured for maintaining the institution. With the permission of the city to use the lot decided upon by the trustees all the requirements of Mr. Carnegie will have been met, and work on the building will be started.

The trustees have decided not to move from present quarters until the new building is ready for occupancy. The executive committee of the Masonic Lodge insisted that the library association, which pays \$18 a month for the use of the room, should furnish its own light. Heretofore the lodge has furnished the light. A suggestion was made that another room be obtained, but it found that the cost of moving, probably would be greater than the expenditure for lights until the new building is ready for use.

LUNATIC TRIES TO STRANGLE MOUNT

CRAZED MAN ATTACKS PHYSICIAN AT INQUEST IN COUNTY COURT.

SHERIFF AND JUDGE TO RESCUE

Farmer Who Tried To Kill Neighbor Is Declared Insane—Creator Told Him To Shoot He Says.

While an inquest into his mental condition was being conducted Thursday before County Judge Beale, A. C. Thomson, who has lived here at a hotel several months, attacked Dr. H. S. Mount, the examining physician. Thomson seized the physician's throat, but was soon dragged from his intended victim by Sheriff Maas and Judge Beale. The crazed man, after being overpowered, was handcuffed. He was taken to the asylum at Salem. Thomson is wealthy and recently bought about \$10,000 worth of property in this city and county. He was arrested several days ago on a charge of hugging a woman, but after the insanity charge was filed, Justice of the Peace Samson dismissed the complaint charging attack.

William Cox, a farmer who lives near Eagle Creek, was adjudged to be of unsound mind Thursday afternoon. Cox was accused of having tried to kill Henry Coleman, a neighbor. He is said to have placed a gun against Coleman's breast, and pulled the trigger twice, but the weapon was not loaded. Cox said during the examination that he intended to kill Coleman and was sorry the gun was not loaded. He declared that the Creator had urged him to slay his neighbor. Cox is apparently sane on other subjects.

PROMINENT MEN TO SPEAK AT SCHOOLS

School Superintendent Toose has arranged his schedule of speakers for the weekly assemblies commencing next Wednesday. Those assemblies will take place about 10 o'clock in the morning and are open to the public. Following are the speakers and dates: J. H. Ackerman, president Monthout Normal, January 31; L. E. Ailerman, superintendent of public instruction, February 7; Grant B. Dimick, Mayor of Oregon City; February 14; E. D. Resler, professor of industrial pedagogy, Oregon Agricultural College, February 21; W. N. Ferrin, president Pacific University, Forest Grove, February 28; Eva B. Milham, professor domestic science, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, March 6; Oswald West, Governor of Oregon, March 13; Isabel Crover, professor of history, McKinville College, March 22; C. J. Bennett, head of the department of education, University of Oregon, Eugene, March 29; Levi Pennington, president Pacific College, Newberg, April 10; O. D. Eby, member board of education, Oregon City, April 17; Fletcher Homan, president Willamette University, Salem, March 25; Joseph E. Hodge, member board of education, Oregon City, May 3. Other speakers whose dates have not yet been arranged are Thomas B. Kay, state treasurer, and President H. M. Crooks or Dr. E. M. Sharp, of Albany College.