

SUFFRAGETTES IN CHARGE OF CAPITAL

PROMINENT WOMEN MARCH IN GREATEST PARADE FOR EQUAL RIGHTS

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY TABLEAU

Pageant Forms at Peace Monument and Fair Marchers Proceed Along Pennsylvania Avenue

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The suffrage parade took shape simultaneously in two different portions of Washington this afternoon. The pageant proper—presented by a tableau of over 100 classically garbed women typifying Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Liberty, Columbia, Government and kindred subjects—was staged on the broad terrace of the treasury building.

Several pretty young suffragettes appearing in nebulous garb to form tableaux braved pneumonia because of the biting cold. Mildred Anderson, impersonating "Justice," and Florence Noyes, impersonating "Liberty," appeared barefooted. Some of the characters wore gauzy garments, but declared they also wore woolen underwear.

The weather was clear, and the grandstands filled early. The biggest hit was made by 75 Illinois women, who wore white broadcloth suits trimmed with gold.

Pretty girl "newbies" with gauzy sashes over their shoulders sold suffragette literature on the streets. Other suffragettes sold doughnuts, pies and sandwiches along the line of march.

Among the women partaking in this portion of the suffragette celebrations were Hedwig Rieche, the New York actress; Flora Wilson, daughter of the secretary of agriculture; Mary Shaw, the Shakespearean actress; Flora La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette, and many other noted public performers, all of whom held symbolic poses during their review of the mile-long procession.

The parade formed about the peace monument which stands at the foot of the capitol terrace at the lower end of Pennsylvania Avenue. It was headed by the grand marshal, Mrs. Richard Coke Burleson. She was clothed in semi-military attire and sat her horse like a field marshal of Napoleon's old guard. Mrs. Burleson is the wife of Captain Burleson of the regular army.

Next came Miss Inez Milholland, also mounted. She was the herald for the parade and was dressed in robes of yellow surmounted by a great purple banner whose staff fitted into a stirrup cup and rose above her head.

Following came 10 ushers, robed in light blue and gold and carrying yellow and blue pennants. Young girls, mostly of Washington, appeared in this group. They marched on foot, preparing the way for the officers of the National American Woman Suffragette Association.

Leading these officers as they strode along was their president, the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw. A pace or two behind Miss Shaw were Miss A. Anita Whitney of California, second vice president of the National Association, and Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett of New York, corresponding secretary. Behind these came Mrs. Susan Walker Fitzgerald of Boston, recording secretary; Mrs. Katherine Dexter McCormick of Boston, treasurer; Mrs. Harriet Burton Ladd of New York City, first auditor, and Mrs. J. T. Bowen of Chicago, second auditor of the association.

The Second Regiment band followed, playing a martial air. Then came 40 ushers—more young girls—attired in light blue and gold, as were the 10 who went before. These acted as body guard for the leaders of the cause and were followed by a mounted brigade composed of Washington women garbed in long capes of golden tan.

MOOSE LODGE HAVING REMARKABLE GROWTH

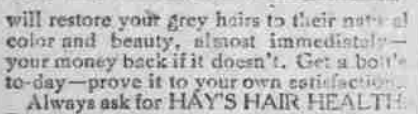
Nine applicants for membership to the Moose Lodge at its last meeting were initiated and a dozen will be initiated at the next meeting. If the increase continues the lodge will have to be enlarged again, at the last meeting many members being compelled to stand. The new club rooms probably will be ready for use in a few days when a stampede from the Portland lodges is expected in this city. The first annual ball will be held the latter part of April. C. S. Noble, A. A. Price and Edward Miller compose the committee on arrangements.

Infantile Mortality.

Fifteen out of every hundred child die in England before reaching the one year of age.

GREY HAIR Restored to Youthful Color

Why have grey or faded hair that makes you look old—Why lose your good looks that youthful, natural colored hair always helps you to keep?—There is absolutely no need for it. A few applications of



will restore your grey hairs to their natural color and beauty, almost immediately—your money back if it doesn't. Get a bottle to-day—prove it to your own satisfaction. Always ask for HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. Don't take chances with other preparations. FREE: Sign this adv. and take it to any of the following druggists, and get a 50c size bottle of HAY'S HAIR HEALTH and a cake of HARPINA SOAP FREE, for 50c or 10c size bottle of HAY'S HAIR HEALTH and 2 cakes of HARPINA SOAP FREE, for \$1.

FOR SALE AND RECOMMENDED BY HUNTLEY BROTHERS CO.

A New Scheme

For the Celebration of St. Valentine's Day

By OSCAR COX

"Billy," said Bob Edwards to me one day in January. "I've got an idea." "That's strange," I replied. "Yes. It's for St. Valentine's day. That anniversary has degenerated to one principally for children, though there are those among the lower classes who send what they call 'combs,' which should be called 'insults.' I think something might be done to make a first class holiday of it. I've been thinking of opening our summer house for a week, taking in the 14th of February, and inviting some girls and as many fellows. I shall announce in the invitations that each one of my men guests shall send one valentine to a girl and each girl shall send a valentine to a fellow. Each valentine is to have a mark on it, and I, the host, shall have a key showing to whom the marks belong. All valentines are to be sent through me. I



WE ALL HANDED BOB A SEALED ENVELOPE.

will discover the cases where valentines have been exchanged—that is, where a fellow sends a valentine to the girl who sends him one."

Bob paused and looked at me inquiringly. He didn't feel very certain of his plan and wondered if I approved.

"Well," I said, "what then?" "Why, there are a number of ways the thing might be followed up. One is we might have a mock marriage between any couple who have made an exchange of valentines. Another is we might get the same persons to gather the next St. Valentine's day, and if any of the exchangers have been married they must pay a forfeit or something like that. See?"

"Bob," I exclaimed, "how in the world does that skull of yours find room for such gigantic inventive powers? I'll tell you what to do to make the affair a success."

"What?" "Just you let me make out the list of invitations."

"I'll do it." He clapped his palm in mine; then, sitting down at a desk, we took up writing materials and I made the list, Bob approving in every instance. There were only five couples, for the Edwards country residence is not overlarge; besides, I arranged the persons invited to suit my own ideas. They were to arrive five days before the 14th and to remain two days after.

"Bob, old man," I remarked after we had carefully revised the list and made all the changes we thought necessary. "That party is going to be a love feast."

"A regular Cupid's frolic." "One thing I don't understand—why you invite them five days before St. Valentine's day."

"It's this way. They have five days for preliminary lovenaking, one day on which the announcements are to be made—that's six—and one day for a sort of honeymoon, you know."

"By Jove, you've hit it just right. But isn't the honeymoon rather short?" "Short? Not at all. It's very long in proportion to a real honeymoon. The honeymoon of a couple that lives to celebrate their golden wedding lasts only one-twelfth of one-fiftieth of their married life, and that's too long for some of 'em."

"What an old head you have on those young shoulders of yours," said Bob admiringly.

We assembled on the 9th of February, most of us arriving just in time to dress for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Bob's parents, were not present. I had suggested a widow, Mrs. Barstow, for chaperon. She presided at one end of the table at dinner. Bob sitting at the other. No one present knew her except myself, and I knew all about her. She was twenty-seven years old and rather good looking.

And here I will divulge a secret. One reason I had entered enthusiastically into Bob's plan and had secured the

privilege of naming the guests was that I wished Mrs. Barstow to be of the party, and I intended to send my valentine to her.

It was funny to see the fellows avoiding or trying to appear to avoid the girls to whom they intended to send their valentines. And most of the girls did the same thing. Every one of them, boys and girls alike, supposed that he or she was deceiving all the rest. Every one was happy and on the tiptoe of expectation. As for me, I enjoyed it all immensely. Indeed, Bob and I, being the organizers of the affair, looked for something interesting. Bob held the key to the identity of the guests, while I held the key to the situation, though I was the only one who knew this.

Never in my life have I seen such skrimishing—every fellow for the girl he wanted, every girl for the fellow she wanted and all trying to conceal their preference. I had suggested for invitation those who would be likely to produce just such a result, and I was not disappointed. Every day produced a stronger undercurrent than the preceding one. Usually there is more chicanery in such matters among women than among men, but in this case the men out-heroded Herod. Every man was showing plainly the girl he intended sending his valentine to, he didn't intend any such thing. As for the girls, their diplomacy lay in showing nothing as to what they would do.

The evening before St. Valentine's day we all handed Bob a sealed envelope containing our names and private marks for our valentines and before going to bed slipped our Cupid's missives into a box provided for the purpose. I, as I had intended from the first, sent mine to the widow. Having done so I returned to my room and to bed. In the morning I saw a fancy envelope on the floor, which had evidently been slipped under my door during the night. I knew at once that it was a valentine, and since Mrs. Barstow had announced that she would not be a part of the regular scheme I judged it was from her.

We breakfasted at 9 o'clock on St. Valentine's morning. Bob sat at the head of the table with the valentines in his pocket. He had been up long enough to examine them and find out just how many couples if any had exchanged. But I noticed a look of disappointment on his physiognomy. There was scarcely any conversation at the table, though every one tried to talk. Too much was at stake for all to admit of anything more than disconnected remarks. Bob remained as sober as a judge, though now and again I could see a slight quirk of the corners of his mouth. When breakfast was finished he drew a memorandum from his pocket, but it was not needed.

"I regret to tell you all," he said, "that my plan for celebrating St. Valentine's day has not turned out as might have been expected."

He then went on to speak of the valentines the girls had sent, and they were quite evenly distributed.

"And now," he continued, "I must make an announcement that I would prefer it should have turned out otherwise. But before doing so I have to request that I may be permitted to keep it a secret."

This, of course, only stimulated curiosity, and he was commanded to proceed.

"Well, then," he said reluctantly, "all the men's valentines were addressed to our good chaperon, Mrs. Barstow."

I cast my eyes around the table. Every man looked as if he had stolen a sheep, and in the eyes of every girl there was a lurid fire. I suppose I am a cynical sort of chap. At any rate I had arranged matters for this result and was satisfied. I knew that if Mrs. Barstow were admitted to Bob Edwards' St. Valentine's party (could I but induce her to take the necessary steps) she would gather all the men's valentines to herself. When I proposed the plan to her she demurred, but finally consented.

That was the end of the St. Valentine's house party. After breakfast the girls went up to their rooms or each other's rooms, and we could hear considerable discussion going on among them in voices which bespoke their feelings. First one girl, then another, announced that she was needed at home or an engagement had been made for her and she must take the afternoon train. Most of the men who were sorry for what they had done went with them to try to "make it up."

The chaperon couldn't stay alone with two men, so she departed also. The consequence was that on St. Valentine's day at 7 o'clock in the evening Bob and I dined alone.

"Billy," said Bob, "you provided more time for the honeymoons than was needed after all."

"Bob," I replied, "I'm looking forward to a real honeymoon."

"With whom?" "The widow."

I tossed the valentine I had received from her, and when he didn't find a mark on it I told him how it had been left under my door.

When the next St. Valentine's day came round I had married the widow, and we sent out invitations to all who had been guests at Bob Edwards' house party for one at our own residence. A year before the lady who was now my wife was not popular among the girls of those present, and they would have then scorned her invitation, but meanwhile they had made it up with the men, and some of them had married those to whom they had sent their valentines. So they accepted cordially.

Bob was there too, but on condition that I had no valentine scheme on hand. He has not to this day quite forgiven me for spoiling his idea for renovating the anniversary.

Man's Preference. A woman lecturing on eugenics in Cleveland said:

"It is a good thing for the human race that beauty counts for more than intellect when it comes to love. Intellect too often means nerves, insomnia, hypochondria."

"Yes; it is a good thing for the human race that, as an old maid from Vassar put it rather bitterly:

"Men prefer a well formed girl to a well informed one."—New York Tribune.

Heart to Heart Talks

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

HURRY AND EFFICIENCY.

It is not the man making the most motions that does the most work. It is the man who makes every move count.

The giant dynamo which turns the machinery of a city makes little noise. It moves almost as quietly as the universe. Yet it never misses a stroke, and its every stroke is power.

A bluebottle fly on a windowpane is certainly industrious, also noisy, but he gets nowhere. Moreover, he never learns. The same fly will buzz at the same pane as often as he happens on the wrong side of it.

The trouble is that he lacks brains. If he had even a glimmer of intelligence he would find some other way out of his difficulty.

In a modified degree is this not also the trouble with those who make too many motions and too much noise about their tasks? Of course bustle is all right if it gets anywhere. But there are people who fly hither and yon, stew and worry their heads off and get little or nothing done to show for it. There are other ways to work besides with our hands or feet—with our heads, for example. That is what our heads are for.

Lincoln had a way of stripping every question down to its essentials. He got at the nub of it and decided that. He accomplished much without seeming to hurry.

On vital things he was very slow and painstaking, yet historians now agree that, generally speaking, he acted at the right time.

He had time to chat with his friends, even to tell stories, yet the presidency of the United States is a most exacting office and never more so than during our great civil war.

Lincoln knew the secret of making every move count.

It is that which tells the story of efficiency. Move quickly, of course, but surely.

The great business houses of our own day are developing that same kind of efficiency. They move with the precision of gigantic machines.

The men wanted by these big houses are those that work with their heads—men that know the most about the business, men that find new ways to draw trade, to eliminate waste, to cheapen production, to cut corners.

The man who has his headwork properly organized will not make false moves. He will not be a human edition of a bluebottle fly.

Where Man Doesn't Reign.

"This is a man's world," she complained.

"Perhaps it is," he replied, "but one wouldn't suspect it while straying through a department store."—Chicago Record-Herald.

VACCINATION URGED BY SCHOOL BOARD

(Continued from Page 1.)

measles. There being no other place where the man could be quarantined, it was decided to place him in the city jail to await developments, the other prisoners being sent to the county jail. It being evident Monday that the disease was measles Dugger was sent to his home. Before the jail was fumigated all the bed clothing was destroyed, so there is no danger of the disease spreading.

The management of the Oregon City Library announced Monday that books would not be issued to or received from persons connected with families where smallpox exists. Dr. J. W. Norris, health officer, will report all cases of contagious diseases to the library management.

Oregon City has found a new duty for its police force and has put them to work guarding persons afflicted with contagious diseases. Monday the city health officer, Dr. Norris, found that persons who are exposed and living in the house with Ella Daley, are not keeping the quarantine laws and to force them to do so, he had the chief of police station a watchman at the foot of the stairs to keep all persons in the house from going out. Mrs. Daley lives above the Nash barn on Seventh and J. Q. Adams Streets. The place has several times been declared to be unsanitary.

YES, SWISSCO WILL GROW YOUR HAIR

Prevents Baldness and Dandruff, Restores Gray or Faded Hair To Its Natural Color.



His Hairs Are Numbered, Are Yours?

Swissco stops dandruff quickly, grows new hair and restores gray and faded hair to its natural youthful color.

Swissco stops baldness, bald spots, falling hair, scabby scalp, sore scalp, itching hair or any hair or scalp trouble.

To prove that ours claims are true we will send you a large trial bottle free if you will send 10c in silver or stamps to help pay cost of postage and packing to Swissco Hair Remedy Co., 5311 P. O. Square, Cincinnati, O.

Swissco will be found on sale at all druggists and drug departments everywhere at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

JONES DRUG COMPANY

Moyer Suits Are Good Suits

So good that it's not economy for you to spend \$5 or \$10 more when you can have unlimited service of a Moyer Spring Suit for \$15.

They're more than good—they outrank by far the suits sold ordinarily for \$20; there's the same good fabrics and the same careful tailoring in them that you expect to find only in suits sold at a higher price.

We want you to know Moyer \$15 Suits—if you will call in any of the great Moyer Stores we will be glad to show you the road to good-clothes economy. All sizes and models for all men.

When you see it in our ad, it's so

First and Yamhill Second and Morrison
37-39 Third Third and Oak



PORTLAND

The Largest Possible Attendance Assures the Largest Measure of Success to the Exposition

San Francisco business men realize that crowds create enthusiasm and aim to set a standard of attendance never attained by any similar enterprise in the world.

The plan of this company gives to each of its subscribers the same benefits and advantages that the individual visitor might enjoy, but provides these privileges on such a wholesale basis that the cost of the trip will be materially less for each subscriber. By a system of easy payments of a dollar or more a week the entire cost of the trip will be paid in by the time the subscriber is ready to start.

The Offer of the San Francisco Exposition Tour Company

1. A First Class Round Trip Railroad Ticket, San Francisco and Return.
2. First Class Ticket for Standard Berth, San Francisco and Return.
3. Transfer of Subscriber to and from Hotel in San Francisco.
4. Transfer of Subscriber's Baggage to and from Hotel in San Francisco.
5. Fourteen Days' Modern Hotel Accommodations at San Francisco on the European Plan.
6. Four of the following Sightseeing Trips:
 - (a) Steamer Trip around the Bay of San Francisco.
 - (b) Trip to University of California and Berkeley.
 - (c) Automobile Tour of San Francisco and Environs.
 - (d) Steamers Trip, U. S. Navy Yard, Mare Island.
 - (e) Trip to Mt. Tamalpais, via Sausalito.
 - (f) Night Tour Through San Francisco's Chinatown.
 - (g) Trip to the Orchards of Santa Clara Valley.
 - (h) Trip to the Intensive Farming Districts.
7. Twelve Admission Tickets to the Exposition.
8. Twenty Admission Tickets to Special Attractions at the Exposition.
9. Sunset Magazine up to the close of June, 1915.

Arrange your trip by the Dollar by Dollar Plan with

Chester A. Elliott

5TH AND MAIN STREETS

First National Bank of this city is the depository of the Company