

**Keeping on Being Successful**

Would So-and-so keep on advertising his hats or Such-and-Such his shoes if what they have to sell wasn't backed by the right kind of quality? Merchants and manufacturers who come out and tell you all about their product wouldn't keep on being successful unless they supported their advertising with their reputation.

This is why you are nearly always safe in patronizing a business that advertises. Now and then some voracious individual or firm tries to "put one over" on the public, but the success of such a house usually is short-lived.

If you see a manufacturer or a retailer advertising steadily and consistently in the best papers you may be sure his business is successful. If his business is successful his product must be good. Therefore watch the advertisements and buy accordingly.

**A Wee Bit View**

**A Story For Memorial Day**

"It's only a wee bit view I ha'e, but it's a bonny one," said my old Scotch friend cheerfully.

She sat beside her window in her big cushioned chair, her crutches within easy reach, for she was very lame and bobbed about her four little rooms with great difficulty.

I went to the window and looked out. I saw the corner of a street and saw coming around the bend a little procession of children playing soldiers. They had flags and a drum, and their voices sounded pleasantly as they marched by.

"Aunt," I inquired, "how long have you been lame and unable to go about?"

She replied cheerfully: "A matter of forty years and more, dearie. I took cold soon after the war, when my last laddie cam' home to die, and I never got over it. But I don't suffer so very much, and I take great pleasure in my house and my friends and my bonny wee bit view."

Mrs. MacGregor smiled. She was a highlander from Inverness, a large framed, stately woman with black eyes and coal black hair, and always wore a cap with large frills and a band of black ribbon—the sort of cap

hance upon thee and give thee peace."

"Aunt," said the girl, pausing at the door and returning, "you haven't asked me to sing for you and for this day, but I'm going to do it nevertheless."

"The day may be long and late, love. But the evening time draws on. There is rest for the worn and weary And love for the lonely one.

"And the Father's house is waiting. Its doors will wide unfold For the pilgrim who comes with a timid knock To the beautiful gates of gold."

She sang like a bird, and then with a swift, birdlike motion she was away—"Your lassie!" said Aunt MacGregor, standing by the side of her crutches for the wee bit of view of her favorite, which the window afforded. "She has her ain troubles—a stemplifter and a fause lover—but she'll win through And, ay, I tell her that she mauna marry any man she canna live with all her heart and that the right man'll surely come."

"Is she in love, aunty?" I asked.

"I am not permitted to say," replied aunty, with reserve, "but from what I've seen I think she'll be happy yet. The winsome maiden that she is. Bless her, she'll not let my brave laddies miss the flowers on Memorial day. It's a joy to me, they trying there a sleep, with their work all done, that when a May time comes the kind hand of friendship strews the cover lid above them with the fairest flowers. 'They do rest from their labors.'"

I left Aunt MacGregor, feeling that much of heaven was compressed into the "wee bit view" which was all she would in this life have from her window. After all, it is the spirit we bring to our daily experiences which makes earthly life blessed or baneful. Memorial day with its flowers may come oftener than once a year to those brave soldiers of ether sex of whom it shall one day be said, "They have fought the good fight; they have finished their course; henceforth there is laid up for them a crown of glory that fadeeth not away."—Margaret E. Sangster in Christian Herald.

**VETERAN TELLS OF WAR'S GRANDEST SIGHT.**

"The grandest sight of my war experience," declares a grizzled veteran, "was during Gordon's sortie at Petersburg. The Union batteries on the flanks and rear of the breach made it so hot for Gordon that he sounded 'retreat.' But the getting out of a trap is the hardest part of it. It was at this crisis that I witnessed that wonderful sight—a Confederate officer on a white horse riding at the blazing cannon at full tilt. I stood near a gun in Fort Haskell which was doing more than its share of slaughter when the commander of the battery called out to a knot of us, part of a rifle company, 'Shoot the man on the white horse! One after another our best marksmen squeezed in between the gun and the parapet wall and took aim through the embrasure. After several had put in their shots the orderly sergeant tried it and came back crestfallen. Handling me his rifle, he exclaimed with a laugh: 'Here, you, Vet! Fetch down the man on the white horse!'

"With a reputation to sustain I accepted the challenge. When I drew a bead on the gallant horseman I saw that he was leading a band of men back from the mine line direct upon our guns. Shells tore the ground in front of him or exploded overhead, and invisible case shot cut down his followers, but he held his seat like a statue of war. Firing at random, I crawled back, handed the sergeant his rifle and said: 'He is too brave. Let him go!' He was finally shot dead by a bullet through the temple within thirty yards of our fort."

**The Chivalry of General Grant**

AFTER the Chattanooga campaign and the victory of Grant's armies at Missionary Ridge that part of the country was deserted by the Confederates. One day Grant and his staff officers, a party of about fifty mounted soldiers, while riding about the country came upon an old log cabin with smoke issuing from the single chimney. An orderly was sent over there to see if the party could be supplied. He came back and stated that there was no one there except a middle aged woman and that she declined to say whether she could or could not supply the party.

General Grant immediately started across the field for the house, the staff officers galloping after him. The woman met him at the door of her humble home and told him that she would not do anything for him nor for any other Yankees. Then General Grant said:

"Madam, there is a state of war in our country. We cannot observe peaceful amenities. You will prepare dinner for my party, and we will pay for it, or we will take everything in sight, cook our own dinner and pay you nothing. You may do as you please."

"Under such circumstances," said the little woman, "I'd be a fool to go broke."

When the dinner was concluded and the horses had been cared for and they were all ready to depart General Grant said:

"Now, madam, you have fed us, and we are ready to pay you. It is very plain to all of us that you are a Confederate through and through. I have here in my hand a bunch of Confederate money and in my other hand plenty of Yankee money. You can have your pay in either kind of money."

"The money of the Confederacy wasn't worth a dollar a barrel at that time. The woman knew it. Her eyes filled for a moment, but she wiped them with her apron and proudly said:

"I will take the money of my own country, sir, of course."

Then Grant counted out \$250 in the money of the United States, laid it on the table beside that stout hearted woman and, placing his hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Madam, I am proud of you. I see in you the true spirit of American womanhood. It is no wonder that American soldiers, south and north, make the best soldiers in the world. You have shown to us the spirit of the American womanhood of the Revolution, the spirit of the mothers at home that made stout the hearts of Washington's soldiers at Valley Forge and in all of their campaigns. You are not overpaid. God bless you, madam, and bless your soldier husband and sons also."



**GENERAL GRANT HAD MARVELOUS MEMORY.**

General Grant's retentive memory was simply marvelous, more especially to those most closely associated with him from day to day. In the midst of absorbing thought and with apparently unobtrusive manner his quick ear and eye seemed to hear and notice everything, and two weeks or months later the slightest details had not escaped his attention or memory. This power was unmistakably demonstrated in a game of whist with his guest, Major General Doyle of the British army, between Baltimore and Fort Monroe. Two staff officers completed the players. With General Doyle at his right it was simply amazing to notice Grant's ability to discover strategic points. He never failed to remember every card that had fallen, whence it came and who was to deliver to him all remaining, which he scooped in as a matter of course, although he never seemed in the least absorbed in the game. He was indeed an enigmatic composition in this as well as in other respects.—National Magazine.

"THIS IS MY 35TH BIRTHDAY"

William Phillips

William Phillips, who holds the post of first secretary of the American embassy in London, was born in Beverly, Mass., May 30, 1878. He graduated from Harvard in 1900, and studied law until 1903, when he went to London as private secretary to Ambassador Choate. In 1905, Mr. Phillips moved to Peking in China for two years he was second secretary of the United States legation. In 1907 he returned to Washington and became assistant to the third assistant secretary of state. For several months in 1908 he was chief of the bureau of far eastern affairs, and then he became third assistant secretary of state under Robert Bacon. In 1909, Mr. Phillips went to London as first secretary of the embassy under Ambassador Reid. Recently he has been honored with the appointment of regent of Harvard university.

GEORGIANS AS G. A. R. ESCORTS

BOSTON, Mass., May 29.—The Gate City Guard of Atlanta, Ga., which is making a tour of various northern cities, arrived in Boston this morning and was entertained at luncheon by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company. Tomorrow the visitors will act as escort to one of the local G. A. R. posts at the Memorial Day exercises on Boston Common.

**THE REGIMENTAL COLORS.**

How a Tot Saved in Battle Led the Regiment Back to Town.

At the bombardment of Fredericksburg, Va., during the civil war a Confederate soldier was taking sight for a shot at an enemy across the street. Just as his fingers trembled on the trigger a little three-year-old, fair haired baby girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a big Newfoundland dog, and gave chase to a shell that was rolling lazily down the pavement.

The soldier's hand dropped from the trigger. There was the baby, amid the torrent of shot and shell, and on came the enemy. A moment and he had grounded his gun, dashed out into the storm, swept his right arm around the child, clasped her again and, with the baby clasped to his breast and the musket trailed in his left hand, was trotting after the boys up to Marye's heights.

Behind that historic stone wall all those hours and days of terror that baby was tenderly cared for. Our boys scoured the countryside for milk and conured up their best skill to prepare dainty vlands for their little ladyship.

When the struggle was over and the enemy had withdrawn the Twenty-first Mississippi, having held the post of danger in the rear, was assigned to the post of honor in the van and led the column. There was a long halt, the brigade and regimental staff hurrying to and fro. The regimental colors could not be found.

Buck Denman stood about the middle of the regiment, baby in arms. Suddenly he sprang to the front, swung her aloft above his head, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, and shouted, "Forward, Twenty-first—here are your colors!" and without further order off started the brigade toward the town. Buck himself describes the last scene in the drama:

"I was holding the baby high, adjacent, with both arms, when above all the racket I heard a woman's scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico, and the woman fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell and, laying her down gently, put the baby in her arms."

**MEMORIAL DAY.**

On this returning floral day,  
When golden morn adorns the blue,  
We softly come and fondly lay  
A tribute on your graves anew.

II.  
Roses that whisper hope we bring,  
Carnations rich and lilies rare,  
Garlands of memory scattering  
Their incense on the sacred air.

III.  
For us your darling march was made  
In deadly storm of shot and shell,  
For us to live sweet life you paid  
In fadeless glory where you fell.

IV.  
While countless ages roll along,  
Earth's royal pageants pass away,  
Your matchless deeds extol'd in song  
Shall consecrate this holy day.

—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Bowles Irregular, blood bad, killing headaches poor color, listlessness—Spring fever in your system—drive it out, come to life, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, a bracing, bustling, cleaning medicine. 35c Teas or Tablets. Jones Drug Company.

**DEMAND FOR STRAWS KEEPS PRICES UP**

June, being almost here, people have gone strawberry-crazy, and so great is the demand for this favorite fruit that the supply is nowhere equal to the call. As a result, though shipments to markets are increasing daily prices still remain relatively high. State berries still rule from \$3 to \$3.50 per 24-pound crate, with Washington berries at the top price. California berries, owing to the demand, are being quoted at an advance, but their quality is not the equal of Oregon and Washington fruit.

Asparagus is coming in in good quantity, and prices are easier. Green peas are not any lower, and may go higher in the near future. First green corn of the year has come in from California, and is selling at \$1 a dozen.

Other market features show little change. Eggs and potatoes are still in the doubtful column. The former being quoted at from 20 to 22 cents, with higher offering of "seconds" than of prime stock. Poultrymen seem market-shy. Potatoes are being sold for whatever is bid, but not much trading is being done, even in new spuds.

- Livestock, Meats.**
  - BEEF**—(Live weight) steers 7 and 8c; cows 6 and 7c; bulls 4 to 5c.
  - MUTTON**—Sheep 5 to 6 1/2; lambs 6 to 6 1/2c.
  - VEAL**—Calves 12c to 13c dressed, according to grade.
  - WEINIES**—15c lb; sausage, 15c lb.
  - PORK**—9 1/2 and 10c.
  - POULTRY**—(buying)—Hens 12 to 13c. Stags slow at 10c; old roosters 8c; broilers 22c.
- Fruits**
  - APPLES**—50c and \$1.
  - DRIED FRUITS**—(buying). Prunes on basis 4 for 35 to 40c.
- VEGETABLES**
  - ONIONS**—\$1.00 sack.
  - POTATOES**—About 25 to 30c f. o. b. shipping points per hundred; again stagnant and not moving at any price.

Butter, Eggs.

**BUTTER**—(Frying). Ordinary country butter 20 to 25c; fancy cream-EGGS—Oregon ranch case count 16c; Oregon ranch candled 18c.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:

**HIDES**—(Buying) Green salted, 9c to 10c; sheep pelts 75c to \$1.50 each. Mohair—31 1/2c.

**WOOL**—15 to 16c.

**FEED**—(Selling)—Shorts \$29; bran \$27; process barley, \$30.50 to \$31.50, per ton.

**FLOUR**—\$4.50 to \$5.

**OATS**—\$23.50; wheat, 93 cents oil meal selling \$38.00; Shay Break dairy feed \$1.30 per hundred pounds. Whole corn \$31.00.

**HAY**—(Buying)—Clover at \$8 and \$9; oat hay best \$11 and \$12; mixed \$9 to \$11; vally timothy \$12 to \$13; selling alfalfa \$13.50 to \$17; Idaho and Eastern Oregon timothy selling \$20.50 to \$23.

**TO TAKE PART IN KAISER'S JUBILEE**

NEW YORK, May 29.—Carrying a special invitation from the German emperor, William Dunning, of Richmond, Ind., and Paul Herner, of Cleveland, O., sailed today for Hamburg to participate in the great celebration next month of the silver jubilee of Emperor William's reign. Wener is a store-keeper in Cleveland and Dunning is a locksmith. Both are natives of Germany. As young men they served together in the "Kaiser Company," the first regiment of the guard, one of the crack regiments of the imperial army. At that time the commander of the company was Prince William, now king of Prussia and German emperor. In arranging for the jubilee celebration the Kaiser directed that every surviving member of his old command should be invited to participate in the festivities and that special preparations should be made for their reception and entertainment while in Berlin.

**SOUTH DAKOTA MAY FESTIVAL**

MITCHELL, S. D., May 29.—Many music lovers from out-of-town gathered in Mitchell today for the opening of the annual may music festival. The attractions this year include the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra and several noted soloists, in addition to a student chorus of 100 voices.



**LOCAL BRIEFS**

C. M. Poley was an Oregon City visitor Thursday.

Lawrence Bohan, of Portland, was in Oregon City Thursday.

Earl Lutz has returned from a ten-days visit with his sister at Medford.

D. C. Fouts, and Miss Fouts, of Logan, were business visitors in the county seat Thursday.

Carl Johnson, of Gladstone, was a county seat caller the middle of the week.

Charles Parker and Miss Wynnie Hanny were recent visitors at Mel-drum.

A. V. Davies, of Willhoit, has returned from California, and was a county seat visitor Thursday.

Mrs. M. D. Latourette has returned from a visit to Hood River, where she spent a few days with friends.

Ernest Lehman has disposed of his sawmill and timber holdings near Willhoit to a Portland purchaser.

Edgar Johnson, of Salem, was in the city Thursday, closing a long lease of the farm of George Zeilinski.

Louis Antone, charged with having created a disturbance in West Oregon City early in the week, was fined \$10 by Justice Sievers.

Miss Elnora Ginther, formerly a teacher at Estacada, and more recently a teacher in the government schools in Alaska, has returned, and is in Oregon City for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Matly gave a reception Thursday evening for the teachers of Oregon City's schools. Many availed themselves of the hospitality of the host and hostess of the evening.

Members of the senior class at the high school want everybody in the city to try and attend the performance of "The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date," which will be given at Shively's hall Saturday evening.

Nothing helps ones health more than a thorough cleansing, purifying Remedy each Spring. You ought to cleanse your stomach and bowels, purify your blood, tone up the system—take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c Tea or Tablets. Jones Drug Co.

**NEGRO MURDERERS TO HANG GREENSBORO, Ala., May 29**—Two negroes, each of whom acknowledges a belief that he should be hanged, are to meet death on the gallows here tomorrow. Sharp Aaron and Tom Simon are the men who are to pay the extreme penalty. Each was convicted of wife murder.

**COMMENCEMENT AT TUSKEGEE**

TUSKEGEE, Ala., May 29.—The annual commencement exercises at Tuskegee Institute were held this afternoon in the presence of many visitors. Dr. Booker T. Washington presented the diplomas. The address to the graduates was delivered by Dr. Robert E. Jones, editor of the South-western Christian Advocate, New Orleans.

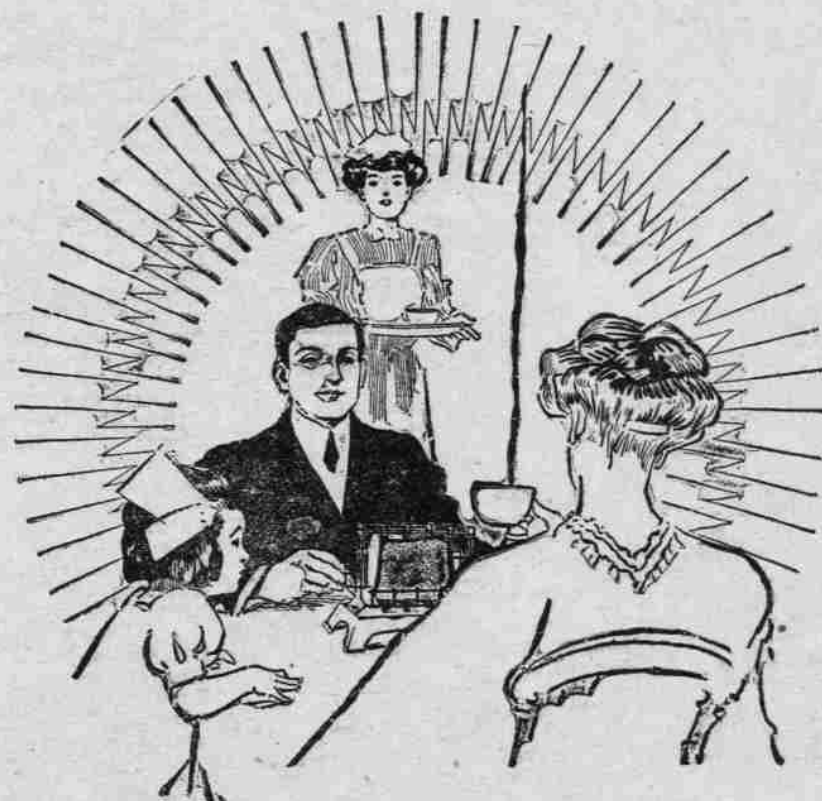
**MEMORIAL DAY AUTOMOBILE SERVICE**

**The Miller - Parker Co.**

will have Automobiles leaving Sixth and Main Streets all day Friday, May 30th, for both cemeteries

Call on Us for Prompt Service

Prices Reasonable



**The Superiority of Electric Toast**

to the charred, or brittle, or soggy kind made in the tedious old-fashioned way, is relatively the same as the superiority of grilled steak to fried steak.

For one-tenth of a cent a slice the General Electric Radiant Toaster makes Perfect Toast faster than you can eat it. It is Perfect Toast because the radiant heat forces the necessary chemical change in the bread. This insures delicious golden Toast that fairly melts in your mouth.

You can operate the General Electric Radiant Toaster on the finest damask table cloth. Its neat porcelain base and cheerful glowing coils add grace and charm to any table.

This little toaster is on display at our store in the Beaver Building on Main Street.

**Portland Railway, Light & Power Company**

Beaver Building, Main Street

**DOES YOUR HEADACHE?**

It will NOT if you take

**KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES**

They will cure any kind of Headache, no matter what the cause. Perfectly Harmless.

Price 25 Cents

WORMSLICHT MFG. CO., Des Moines, Ia.

FOR SALE BY

**THE JONES DRUG CO.**

We have a large stock of these remedies, just fresh from the laboratory.

**Pabst's Okay Specific**

Does the work. You all know it by reputation. \$3.30

Price

**JONES DRUG COMPANY**