

Or the "Pill Chasers."
We drug clerks have formed a baseball team.
What do you call it—the quinine?

Sunday Services
At the
Congregational Church
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Morning service at 10:40 a. m.

LOCAL BRIEFS
Daniel Moore, an attorney of Baker City, was a county seat visitor Saturday.
Harold Walker, of Portland, was in town Saturday.
Justin Poulson, of Portland, was an Oregon City visitor Saturday.

A SPECIAL SALE
AT
The Oregon City Cash Market
I now offer my home-rendered "White Clover Leaf" Lard compound at
Single pounds - - - - 12 1-2c
5-pound pail - - - - - 65c
10-pound " - - - - - \$1.25

R. PETZOLD
MAIN STREET, BETWEEN 7TH AND 8TH
Evelyn Thaw Sails
LONDON, July 19.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was among the passengers sailing for New York today on the Minnesoka. Two weeks hence she is to make her first American vaudeville appearance at a New York road garden. She will be seen in a dancing specialty with Jack Clifford, who is accompanying her to America.

INJURED LAD DOES WELL
Joseph Miller, of the Oregon City Enterprise, who was hurt July 5, in the Miller-Parker garage, is recovering rapidly. Miller was waiting for some gasoline when William Sheehan's car, driven by William McFarland, swung into the garage, striking him and throwing him heavily and fracturing his wrist.

BIRTH OF THE GRAND CANYON.
Nature's Mighty Forces That Wrecked the Crust of the Earth.
"How do you explain it?" inquired one on meeting Sir John Murray, the eminent English geologist and president of the Royal Geographical Society, referring to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. This was briefly the answer, though not in his words:

"On either side of the wide plain extending from sixty to a hundred miles to the right and left of the canyon evidences of severe volcanic action are visible. In the center was a plateau, but you now look down upon it as the vast chasm of the canyon. Thrice the volcanic forces of nature, operating on either side, violently and with tremendous power, forced this plateau upward, and finally in one cyclopean, tremendous upheaval the plateau parted, and the Grand canyon, the wonder and mystery of the world, was born.

"Imagine a loaf of dough rising silently under the continuous pressure of the yeast until finally the crust is broken and the loaf divided into two. Then look at this broken crust of mother earth. In the early days a vast area embracing a great portion of the interior of the American continent was covered with water. It was a great sea. All over the canyon fossil oyster shells proved this contention. The Grand canyon opened; the waters of the inland sea rushed through in a tearing flood and carved the fantastic forms you now see."

TRUE HORSE MARINES.
They Helped Bolivar Out When He Was in Need of a Fleet.
The llanero of South America lives on horseback, trades, buys and sells on horseback, and during the war with Spain the llaneros contributed much toward achieving the independence of both Venezuela and New Granada. In "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena" Mr. H. J. Mozans tells of an occasion when it was necessary for Bolivar's army to cross the Apure in order to engage Morillo. But Bolivar had no boats, and the Apure at this point was wide and deep.

The 'stuff Successful Men Are Made of
The International Correspondence Schools are NOT closed in summer. All of our truly ambitious students those who think more about the increased salaries their studies will qualify them to earn, than of the imaginary discomforts of summer study—devote a part of each week to their studies all summer.

Which Kind of a Man Are You?
We will be pleased to mail our new Catalog from our new address, 505 McKay Building, Portland, Oregon.
H. H. HARRIS, Local Mgr.

BOMBA
By MARGARET BARR

Hollingsworth had views as to industrial questions, financial matters and principles of government. He read the newspapers regularly and was much interested in strikes and methods used as auxiliaries. He lived on a street at the end of which was a large mill property and when one day a strike was declared did a great deal of talking as to the merits of the case. At first he took sides with the strikers, but when they became somewhat militant he changed about and favored the mill owners. Nothing pleased him so well as to go out into the street where knots of people were discussing the situation and make it all clear to those who were disposed to listen to him.

One day while he was thus showing a party of strikers just where they were wrong and how easy it would be to set themselves right his wife, who was at the window, noticed—that he was ignorant of—that he was rubbing his listeners the wrong way. Instead of benefiting by his diplomatic advice their scowls indicated that they were considering him an enemy. His wife beckoned him to come into the house. He obeyed and received a scolding for his rashness.

Two or three days after this, when Mr. Hollingsworth came home from business in the evening, as soon as he opened the door he was greeted by a plaintive wail.
"Oh, Fred!"
"Of heaven's sake, what is it, darling?"
"Why did you talk so to those Italians?"
"What have they done?"
"Left a bomb at the back door."
"You don't mean it?"
"Oh, I'm so glad you've got home! I've been afraid it would go off before you came."

"Why didn't you telephone the police?"
"I didn't know what to do. The bomb was left about half an hour ago. Susan came upstairs and told me that she had found it at the back door just inside the shed."
"What did she say she found?"
"A basket. How she knew it was a bomb was that she heard a grating sound like rusty machinery. She didn't wait to hear any more, but came right upstairs to me and told me about it."

"I'll have a look at it."
"Och, don't go near it! Please don't!"
Notwithstanding this appeal, Mr. Hollingsworth went through the kitchen to the back door. His wife caught him by the coattail and held him to prevent his examining it. Making a virtue of necessity, he stopped and listened. There was a succession of small sounds which Mr. Hollingsworth attributed to the moving of some mechanism.

"Do come away!" cried his wife, tugging at his coattail.
"Here's something going inside, but I can't make out what it is," said the husband.
The top of the basket was covered with a thin woolen cloth, and at that moment the latter was raised as if something were passing under it.

"By Jove," exclaimed Hollingsworth, "it looks as if the mechanical contrivance underneath were rubbing against the cover—a concentric wheel, maybe."

Mrs. Hollingsworth shrieked and dragged her husband back into the hall. The occasion of her action was a tiny puff as if a few grains of gunpowder had exploded.

"This is all nonsense," said the head of the house. "I'm going to make an examination."

At this Mrs. Hollingsworth slammed the kitchen door and locked it. For some time no threats or pleadings would induce her to open it, but finally she gave way, and the door was opened. The cover of the basket had been pushed off, and a pair of baby legs were mingled in confusion, the cover being wrapped around the legs, which were kicking in a lively manner.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Hollingsworth. "It's a baby!"
"The dear little thing!" cried the wife as she ran toward a child a few weeks old lying on its back, its chubby fists crammed in its mouth and making all sorts of noises, from the turning of a rusty cogwheel to the crowing of a young rooster. The explosion they had heard was an infantile sneeze.

ON THE BEACH.
Bathing Costumes
Are Most Grotesque.



MISS NEPTUNE IN NAVY BLUE TAFFETA.

That the summer season of 1913 has witnessed a more grotesque and bizarre assortment of bathing costumes than any season previous cannot for a minute be doubted. One brief glimpse of the modes will serve to convince.

A group of modish bathing costumes presents a startling riot of color and a most interesting adaptation of the unique fashion features that have dominated the season's styles.

Navy blue taffeta is combined in the bathing suit illustrated, with amethyst, silk trimming for collar, cuffs and straps down the front panel of blouse and skirt. Diamond shaped figures in brique red outlined with white are a striking note on the silk trimming. A blue silk cap with flat crushed bow of blue and white striped silk completes this costume.

A snit more conservative, but not less decorative from a trimming standpoint, is of navy blue taffeta with pin stripe of emerald green. The collar and cuffs of this suit are comprised of black and white ratine in a large broken plaid, and the front of the costume is trimmed in panel effect with small green crystal buttons.

Caps, bonnets, shoes and parasols, as well as hand bags and corsage bouquets of rubber flowers, are not the least significant of the details of the bathing costume. These accessories each match the trimming in color.

suppers for bathing are fashioned of ribbed silk in bright colors and in two toned effects. Visored caps and sun-bonnets are among the unique fancies for the beach headdress. A cap of bright red silk has a gay plaid silk facing in visor and a band of the silk about the crown. Over a bath cap of Nell rose silk is worn a soft outing hat shape, the lining of the plain rose silk and the top of crown and brim of Bulgarian silk.

Headaches and Neuralgia.
Too much exertion in the hot weather and going too long without food, as one is tempted to, bring on headache and neuralgia, especially in the case of women. Neuralgia is often due, too, to debility. In that case a tonic is the best cure. For this it is safer to get a prescription from your own doctor, as a tonic that suits one person may do harm to another. For an ordinary headache bathe the temples and the back of the neck with water as hot as you can bear it. A little vinegar or eau de Cologne added to the water makes it even more refreshing. Continue bathing for ten minutes, then dry face and neck, let down your hair, drink half a glass of hot milk, slip on a loose dressing gown and lie down for half an hour in a darkened room, and after you have slowly dressed you should feel quite well again.

Here's a Latest Drink—Try "Eleanor Mint."
Miss Eleanor Wilson, youngest daughter of the president, has evolved the new drink known by her name. Use the following:

- Three fingers of chocolate sirup.
A dash of mint.
A filler of charged water.
A block of bisque glace.
A double portion of whipped cream.
A sprinkle of chopped nuts.
Maraschino cherries.

Rising in the Morning.
Do not spring out of bed as soon as you open your eyes in the morning. Remember that while you sleep your vitality is lowered and your circulation not so strong. A sudden jump out of bed is a shock to the heart. Stretch and yawn as soon as you wake and then yawn and stretch and take plenty of time doing it. Then get up quietly when you are thoroughly awakened.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.
If it must be so I am entirely content to have both the men and women vote.

Mark me, as soon as the majority of the women want the vote they will get it.
I am willing to let the women do all the voting and let the men tell them how to do it.

Is there any suffragette in the world who would not give up her principles for a nice man?
From the beginning of the world there existed in the human mind a belief in the unity of man and woman. When they married they became one. They were one in flesh and one in spirit. This idea of unity is still deep seated.

As soon as every woman has a man the women get it, be very peaceful.
The trouble is that there are only a few women apparently who want to vote.—W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor of New York.

Very Unusual.
"You newspaper fellows are ordinarily hard pressed for funds, are you not?" asked the genial stranger.

Our natural pride forbade us to agree with this outsider's conclusion. So we said:
"Why—er—not necessarily. What makes you think so?"

"I'll tell you. I am acquainted with a member of your profession, and a fine chap he is too. The other day I wanted to talk to him, so I called him up on the phone and asked him if he would lunch with me. He accepted, and at the appointed hour we sat at the table. I opened the conversation thus:

"Well, what's the news? Anything unusual in your line?"
" 'Yes,' answered the reporter—'this' "—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Near Future.
"You take great care not to be run over."
"Got to, I'm afraid I'll forfeit my pedestrian's license."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ABOUT A DOLLAR A BITE.
Prices Used to Soar Sky High in the Cafe Anglais in Paris.

In the palmy days of its existence the Cafe Anglais in Paris was greatly affected by wealthy Americans. In this resort the charges soared sky high, and it was considered bad form to ask the price of anything on the menu. You simply ordered what struck your fancy and were expected to pay smilingly when the bill was presented.

Julius Chambers was invited by a friend to dine there once, and in the Brooklyn Eagle he tells of his experience:

"Being asked to order the dinner for my friend, I made it as simple as possible. A bisque soup, salmon with young potatoes, one small capon with fine herbs, asparagus, tarts, Camembert cheese and coffee. My friend did not drink wine, and I ordered for myself a bottle of 'the red wine of the house.'"

"Everything was excellent, and I fully expected the bill to be 80 to 100 francs (\$20) - imagine my horror, therefore, when the bill was 300 francs. Sixty dollars! I was indignant, although my host merely laughed. I sent for the maitre d'hotel and demanded an itemized bill. He was very indignant; said such a request was unheard of. After much delay the 'addition' appeared. I only remember that it added up all right and that the charge for the chicken was \$20 and \$1 for the wine (worth about 20 cents). My host only smiled and gave the waiter a napoleon tip."

"A Chicago acquaintance came to me one afternoon not long after the above experience, his eyes bulging and his temper high. He said he had gone to the Cafe Anglais, ordered luncheon, beginning with cold salmon. A whole fish was brought, and after a small first helping he liked it so well that he took a second spoonful. He noticed that the fish was not taken from the table when the rest of his meal was brought. When he got his bill he was charged for the whole salmon—60 francs (\$12). He was assured it was a rule of the house that a second helping indicated he wanted the entire fish, and a charge of that kind was made."

"I laughed at him, and the more I laughed the angrier he got. His luncheon cost him \$23, and he could have had the same at the best restaurant in New York for about \$4."

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