Provide Both Food and Clothing

Portland Millers Send Bread to Feed Orientals and Sacks to Cover Their Bodies

OF COURSE I know it was partly Western humor, but chiefly plain lie, when a Western man told me solemnly that the chief article of dress of nine-tenths of the natives of Formosa consists of one-half a Portland flour sack, worn as a breech clout—he'd been there and seen thousands of them himself. But this is one of those stories which, literally false, convey the truth of statistics much more forcibly than the figures themselves. I have no doubt it is literally true that there is many an Asiatic village where a flour sack bearing the letters P. F. M. (Portland Flour Mills) is the familiar symbol of a strange country across the sea, but the American flag has never been seen. With the hardy adventurers of the flour business, it is not true that "trade follows the flag;" the flag is slow, and trade won't wait for it. Senator Beveridge tells of seeing, in the far-interior of Manchuria, a huge misshapen pile, covered with canvas. The thing excited his curiosity. He took it to be ammunition or some sort of Russian military stores. Little expecting to get the permission, he asked the privilege of seeing beneath the canvas cover. Permission was given with off-hand acquiescence, and he found the pile to consist of thousands of sacks of flour, labeled, "Washington, U. S. A."

These incidents are more significant than statistics. There is in all Asia hardly a village so remote that a sack of American flour cannot be found there. Ten years ago, except in three or four seaport cities of China and Japan, American flour was as unfamiliar a sign as a Chinese pagoda in a New England village. The story of the intervening decade, the penetration of American flour into every nook and corner of the Orient is, in the main, the whole story of America's Asiatic trade. Flour was the first cargo sent abroad; and today it is the chief bulk of every cargo that goes across the Pacific.

Oddly enough, the Canadian Pacific Railroad was, as nearly as any single institution, the parent and fosterer of America's flour trade there. When the three Northern transcontinental railroads were finished they resembled snakes. In the East they had important termini, with large cities; their Western ends were most insignificant; the rails came upon the Pacific in the midst of a wilderness. The whole problem of economic management of those roads lay in building up large cities at the Western termini. This, in turn, meant getting steamship lines established to run across the Pacific. But capital quite reasonably laughed at the idea. There was nothing to carry from America to China; in the other direction there was an occasional cargo of tea and silk, but a bi-monthly tramp steamer was ample accommodation. The railroads tried in vain to get steamship lines across the Pacific. Finally the Canadian Pacific met with success. The British government granted a heavy subsidy for mail-carrying, some courageous capitalists took hold, and regular sailings were begun between Vancouver and Yokohama. But the holds, especially on the out-bound trips, were usually empty. This could not go on; the ships could not be run on the government subsidy alone. The situation was met characteristically. "There is no cargo; we must have cargo; we will make cargo." The general managers of the Canadian Pacific Railroad called a meeting of the flour millers of the Pacific Coast. In the councils of those adventurous millers a conquest was planned as titanic as ever Napoleon dreamed. Cargoes to fill the ships that sailed across the Pacific—that was the necessity. "Very well, we'll carry flour to the Chinaman, and we'll teach him to eat it"—that was the answer.

The heathen Chinee was eating rice; he should be taught to eat flour. And how he would eat it if once he got started! What a market he would make! The average bread-eating individual consumes about a barrel of flour a year. Each barrel of flour consists of five bushels of wheat. The 80,000,000 people in the United States consume a little over 400,000,000 bushels of wheat per year. Now if the Chinaman could be persuaded to eat flour in the same quantities, he would make a market five times as large as the market of the United States. There are 400,000,000 of Chinamen; they would consume 2,000,000,000 bushels of wheat; they would consume three times as much wheat as is now raised in the United States, and would still cry out with hunger. Wheat-raising in the United States would be stimulated beyond conception, and a wheat farm would be rather more profitable than a gold mine.

It was nothing less than such a trade empire as this that was in the minds of the men who first exploited China as a market for flour. They went about the realization of their dreams quite seriously. They secured men who knew China and the Chinese language, sent them to Asia and kept them there for years, just as any shoe manufacturer in New England would send his salesmen to open up a new territory. These pioneers were successful. They built up, from nothing, a flour trade which is making scores of fortunes on the Pacific Coast today. There is one man here who is said to sell $25,000 worth of flour every day in the year. But the dream has never come true in its first magnificence. The dreamers collided with an economic law.

It is now about seven years since Sir William Crookes, the British scientist, startled the world by announcing that in the year 1931 a large portion of the world would starve to death for want of flour. He figured out with elaborate statistics that the wheat-consuming population of the world was increasing very much faster than the wheat-producing area of land. Indeed, he pointed out that the world's wild land was about all reclaimed, had been about all reduced to bearing wheat. There were no more virgin countries. But the wheat-consuming, bread-eating peoples were increasing in two ways—not only by natural growth; new peoples, savages, people who live in the tropics, were being taught to give up some other sort of food and eat flour. The result, he predicted, would be a wheat famine, of titanic significance to the world, about the year 1931.

The men who planned the wheat conquest of China, who set out to substitute flour for rice in every kitchen in Asia, would have been, if they had succeeded, the most effective kind of agents in bringing about the calamity which Sir William Crookes predicted. If their scheme had come to flower, the famine would have overtaken us much earlier than 1931. The United States produces about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. Of this we eat, ourselves, considerably more than half. The surplus which we have to sell to our neighbors is rarely more than 200,000,000 bushels, and this surplus would not be more than one-tenth enough to supply the demand of China if that were a wheat-consuming nation. Not only our surplus, but the surplus of India, of Russia, of Argentina, and of every wheat-raising acre in the world would disappear in the monstrous maw of Asia.

The thing was averted by the poverty of the average Chinaman. The American exporters succeeded in teaching the Chinaman to eat flour. "The flour habit," said a Portland miller, "is just like the tobacco habit. Get a man started and he'll always use it if he has got the money to pay for it. Selling flour in China is purely a matter of underselling rice. There is a small upper class in China rich enough to buy what they want. Without exception, these eat bread. They are a steady market. When you get down to the class which lives from hand to mouth, which is compelled to expend every infinitesimal piece of brass 'cash' with the greatest care in order to get just enough nourishment to keep breath in the body—that class we can't sell to. They must buy the cheapest food they can get, and that food is generally rice. Occasionally comes a year when rice is scarce and dear; that year is a rich one for us."

But if the Chinaman's standard of living were raised, if an economic waking-up were to take place in China, and the average Chinaman's wages were raised as little as 1 cent a day, there is no exaggerating the increased market for flour. By what has happened in Japan one can judge what can happen in China. Twenty years ago there may have been an occasional Japanese potentate who had bread on his table as a rarer delicacy; but, broadly speaking, wheat and flour were unknown. Only ten years ago our sales of flour to Japan amounted to only 40,000 barrels. Now there is one big ship in the Japanese trade which will carry on a single trip seven times 40,000 barrels. The Japanese flour trade—a trade which is wholly ours, for we furnish Japan with 97 per cent of her flour—has increased tenfold in ten years. The following figures show the volume of the trade:

1893	$193,405	1900	$1,554,739
1897	819,620	1903	2,249,199

And yet, withal, flour is to the diet of the Jap but as salt or sugar. For every one pound of flour they consume, they eat 60 pounds of rice. Flour is a delicacy, not a staple. It is to them what spaghetti is to us. They use it, not as bread, but as cakes and sweetmeats. And this must always be so. If at the beginning of some one year, China and Japan should determine to raise no more rice, but to eat flour, and import it from America, there would follow a calamity compared to which wars, plagues and revolutions would be as harmless as Summer showers. Either China or we would be compelled to go without bread; one nation would have to bury the other; and the gravedigger would be the nation able to bid highest for the wheat crop. Already a Western miller assured me what little demand there is for American flour in the Orient makes us pay 25 cents a barrel more for our own.

What is true of Japan is to a greater extent true of China. There our flour trade has gone forward at the same rapid pace as all our Oriental trade. The figures for China, including Hong Kong, are these:

1893	$2,126,269	1900	$4,502,081
1897	3,294,391	1903	4,915,851

An export trade of $5,000,000 is no small item. And yet it means but half a cent's worth per year for the individual Chinaman. How forcibly this brings out the huge bulk of China; how it suggests the incredible possibilities of our trade with that country when that economic awakening, so long confidently expected here on this Coast, takes place, and the Chinaman's standard of living, his daily wage, is raised to a point where he can buy approximately as much as a European.

Yarns From the Frozen North

Sour Dough Club Holds Its Second Annual Session.

AN UNHERALDED event of the recent New Year's eve was the second annual reunion of the "Alaska Sour-Dough Stiffs," of Portland. For the benefit of all uninformed readers it should be explained that the title "sour dough" is conferred upon all who have seen "the ice go out" of the Yukon or Bering Sea. Several consecutive seasons' attendance at such spectacles earn the title of "sour-dough stiff."

A demijohn of "hootch" and a supply of corn-cobs and leaf tobacco followed the disappearance of a bucket of boiled pink beans and several stacks of hot flapjacks.

Whiskers Smith, formerly of Bonnickson bar, presided. As usual, he fell asleep when Windy Payne got wound up on the subject of how many more days a musher can travel on dried salmon and tea than on beans and coffee. Whiskers only woke up when Windy's Malemute dog began to howl, either at his master's monologue or at the racket o' midnight whistles announcing the birth of 1905. Baldy Perkins, formerly Recorder of the Yellow River District, in the Kuskoquin Country, acted as secretary, keeping tab on the lie contest, which opened immediately after Swede Nelson began to serve the hootch. Billy Buckland, the latest return from the Far North, and the guest of the evening, was awarded the first prize, though many thought that Crummy Ferguson, formerly of Gold Hill, Moosehide and Get-Rich-Quick Creek, should have had the gold-plated lead nugget watch charm.

Here are a few random extracts from the remarks of the evening:

"I SEE by the papers, Billy, that you come pretty near making a million out of the Russian iron secret," prompted Whiskers Smith.

Mr. Buckland smiled modestly and said: "Yes, I 'spose that newspaper fellow thought I wanted some notoriety."

"We had quite a time with that little 40-foot schooner," he continued, "a pretty hard voyage all around, but it wa'n't a marker to the grief me and my old pardner, Dutch Jake, had to swallow the year we crossed over the Franklin Mountains from the extreme north branch of the Upper Koyukuk."

"I heard about that," said Windy Payne, enviously. "That's the time you lived on fresh mastodon meat 20,000 years old, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I never told the whole story—Dutch and I both kept quiet about it, knowing everybody would call us liars. That mastodon wasn't exactly fresh, though—he'd got thawed out enough the previous Summer (like the one they found in Siberia) so that the meat was pretty gamey. That's why we was able to get all them wolves."

"Wolves?" ejaculated Windy Payne.

"Yes, 1347 of 'em, first-class, prime pelts, worth from $10 to $25 each at Nome and St. Michael. You see they was attracted by that enormous mass of frozen meat. They were thick as bees around the half exposed carcass, and they'd been tearing and gnawing at it for months before we got there. Why, for days and days we had been following wolf tracks that got thicker and thicker the further we mushed. In fact, it was the wolf tracks that led us to the carcass. You'd never believe how we got them wolves—our ammunition was all gone and we hadn't any traps."

"Humph!" sniffed Whiskers Smith. "Everybody carries strychnine for wolves. I 'spose you doped the mastodon meat."

"No, pard, we didn't—we didn't have an ounce, not a grain of strychnine. You see we couldn't get to the carcass until we cleared off the wolves, they was that bold. Why, if it hadn't been for the trick we played on 'em whereby we got 'em all, they'd a et us, sure, though me and Dutch and our bacon and Dutch's 30 pounds of limburger cheese wouldn't have been a bite apiece all around for them wolves."

"Limburger cheese?"

"Yes, Dutch always carried it. As I was going to say, when we sighted that mastodon carcass and saw them great 'normous 20-foot tusks curved like rams' horns, we 'lowed that wolves or no wolves—"

"Who ever heard of limburger in an Alaska outfit?" muttered Windy Payne. "I had a dog once though—"

"There's a heap of things you might a heard of, Windy, if you'd always kept your ears open and your mouth shut," returned Billy, somewhat nettled. "It was because Dutch had such a cultivated taste for them queer German inventions like limburger that he was able to enjoy that gamy mastodon meat.

"WHY," went on Billy, "if it hadn't been for Dutch's fondness for the cheese a bold-face grizzly'd a et him one time. You see, Dutch always held that there was a heap of nourishment in the stuff, and that it was cheaper to carry than canned goods, and strong enough to pack itself if the dogs got tired of pulling it. So I had no objection, as I had all the butter and condensed milk myself, and there was plenty of room and fresh air anywhere in Alaska for me and the cheese to get along all right on the same trail.

"You know how fellows always carry a bite of something in the pocket to nibble on now and then, when hittin' the trail? Well, Dutch always carried a chunk of limburger. One time he was packin' over the divide between the Kozukuk and the Porcupine. He was near the top of the divide, in open country, high rolling hills covered with huckleberries. A grizzly she-bear was up there with her cubs, pickin' berries. She sighted old Dutch a quarter of a mile off, and be darned if she didn't charge him. There was no cover of any kind so he flops down on his face and pretends dead. Well, gentlemen, that old bear came up, smelled of him, got a whiff of the cheese, turned him over, smelled him again and then, be darned, if she didn't scratch a lot of tundra-moss over him. She thought he was dead and ought to be buried!"

"Well," said Windy Payne, "I don't doubt that, for this dog I was telling you about—"

"WHY, gentlemen," resumed Billy, "when Dutch was on the whaler Grampus and got wrecked in the Arctic it was a chunk of limburger that saved the lives of the whole crew. Dutch told me about it himself. You see, the Grampus hadn't had any luck all Summer; never got so much as a sight of a whale, so the captain headed nor'west from Point Barrow, 'lowing to strike the Polar ice-pack and coast along it for a fortnight or so, hoping to pick up a few Polar bear (their hides are worth $150 to $300, you know) and incidentally he 'lowed he might get a few tons of walrus ivory—it's worth a dollar a pound.

"Well, one morning, up in the neighborhood of the pack—about 72:30, or maybe 73—they sighted a great black island on the horizon. No such land was on the chart, and the cap. decided to run in and land, if possible, and investigate. That island turned out to be a big ice-field covered with thousands and thousands of walrus. They were pretty tame and kept quiet till the Grampus got close in, then them walrus all rushed pell mell to the other side. They just piled over one another in such numbers that their weight was too much and the ice turned turtle. Such a big wave was kicked up that it upset the Grampus, and all the crew were tossed into the water. They found they couldn't get on the ice, for, after the walrus jumped off, it stood ten feet higher out of the Arctic Ocean, but one of the whaleboats had got adrift and they all managed to get into it. They had neither sail nor oars—nothing but a harpoon and line, and they were in pretty bad shape for a while. But soon Dutch hauled out his chunk of limburger and it was passed around. The fragrance attracted some of the walrus close enough for the captain to throw the harpoon into one of them—a bull, as big as a whale, almost.

"Gentlemen, that was their salvation. The iron didn't kill the amphibious monster, but it struck terror into the entire herd, which scattered in every direction. Walrus go in great herds, divided up into little bands of half a dozen to a score each, under one big bull. The band to which this one belonged headed sou'east, diving and coming up regular as clockwork. The bull that was harpooned took after 'em, and he towed that boat 250 miles in three days, before he give out. But the whaleboat was then in the coast current, and it beached at Point Hope next day.

"Now, about them wolves—"

"Yes," interposed Windy Payne, "I've no doubt a walrus could make as good time as that; indeed, I've had lots of dogs that could beat it on land. I had a team once that I was just going to tell you about—"

And Windy began to unwind. It was no use waiting to hear about "them wolves," so we quit and caught the last car.

LUTE PEASE.

ILLINOIS SOCIETY FORMED.

Large Membership Will Assist in Entertaining Fair Visitors.

The Illinois Society of Oregon was formally organized last night, in the Chamber of Commerce rooms, a constitution being adopted and officers elected. Fifty Portlanders who hail from the rich old corn state were present and many more sent their names to be enrolled as members of the new organization. The object of the society is to promote acquaintanceship and social relations among the Oregon residents of Illinois birth, the organization at this time being primarily to afford a fitting and hospitable reception to the many visitors who will come to the Lewis and Clark Exposition from Illinois. It is estimated that between 5000 and 6000 people from Illinois are now living in this state, and it is hoped that every one of these will join the new society without delay, so that it may become a power in the state and go far toward advertising Oregon's coming Fair in Illinois.

The date of the annual meeting will be Illinois admission day, and on the first Monday of each month there will be a local meeting at some place to be designated by the board of management. An attractive programme will be arranged by a committee appointed for the purpose each month, and interest in Illinois affairs will be kept alive. Many interesting reminiscences are anticipated, as there are many here who were personally acquainted with such characters as Abraham Lincoln, John A. Logan and U. S. Grant. It is desired to arouse great interest in this project in every part of Oregon, and every Illinoisan is requested to send marked copies of the daily papers containing an account of the meeting to friends and newspapers in their home state, and also to send in names to the secretary of the society, for admission to membership. Residence in Portland is not necessary to membership, and applications from any part of Oregon, accompanied by the admission fee of 50 cents, will receive prompt action by the secretary:

The officers elected are: President, W. T. Vaughn; vice-president, Rinaldo M. Hall; secretary, George L. Hutchins; treasurer, Senator C. W. Nottingham; board of managers, Mrs. L. Sumner Taylor, A. T. Lewis, Keith Lackey and Rev. C. E. Cline. The address of Secretary Hutchins and the headquarters of the Illinois Society of Oregon will be 618 Chamber of Commerce, where all applications for membership or names of Illinois residents should be sent. Ladies are particularly requested to send in the names of their Illinois friends and acquaintances, as in the headquarters for Illinois which it is hoped to establish at the Exposition their services will be greatly in demand. The intention is to give visitors from that state a royal welcome when they arrive next Summer, and to convince them that Oregon is a good place to stay.

The counties represented at last night's meeting were: Hancock, Cook, Mason, McLean, Henry, Jackson, Macoupin, Jersey, Champaign, Sangamon, Franklin, Bureau, Peoria, Montgomery, Jefferson and Tazewell. Among the Oregon citizens who came from these counties in Illinois are lawyers, doctors, merchants and state officials. Among those present last night were: Mrs. L. S. Taylor, Clara V. Garnett, Mr. and Mrs. George Hutchins and Miss Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morgan, Miss Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Davis, Miss Louise Davis, W. D. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Rankin, C. E. Cline, Mrs. W. J. Farley (Dallas), W. D. Freeman, Charles W. Stubbs, Arthur C. Dayton, G. A. Gosham, E. H. Gosham, E. E. Gosham, Jr., William DeVeney, Harry Cook, A. T. Lewis, J. E. Shears, George M. Strong, C. W. Nottingham, J. C. Royan, Keith Lackey, Wilton E. Sorrell, James Hall, L. G. Holden, W. G. Ballard, Napoleon Davis, Thomas G. Green and J. B. Reed.

With the membership previously enrolled the society will start out with nearly 200 members, and it is hoped to increase this number to at least 1000 before the opening of the Fair.

The president states that the Lewis and Clark Commission is willing to mail their journal and other reading matter to friends of the members in Illinois, and those wishing to take advantage of the offer should send their lists of names to Secretary Hutchins, 618 Chamber of Commerce, who will present them to the Fair Commissioners.

DAILY CITY STATISTICS.

Marriage Licenses.

James B. Bacon, 34; Luella B. Fessenden, 23.

Henry Tonges, 36; Nora Schmidt, 27.

Andrew B. Oberle, 27, San Francisco; Augusta S. B. Oberly, 25.

Frederick G. Abel, 28; Flora E. Hessler, 44.

William D. Black, 66; Christina Gruner, 69.

Charles Hill, 35; Minnie Harris, 21.

Charles S. McPeek, 45; Nora K. Rully.

Clarence L. Huntington, 25; Elva C. Freeland, 21.

Deaths.

December 29, Johanah Margaret McKinnin, aged 64 years, and 10 months, 1070 East Ninth; interment St. Mary's Cemetery.

January 3, Charles Enstrom, aged 41 years, Good Samaritan Hospital; interment Lone Fir Cemetery.

January 3, George J. Schinaman, aged 27 years, 11 months and 19 days, 148 Knott street; interment Riverview Cemetery.

January 4, Charles John Feretti, aged 6 months and 5 days, 506 East Clay; interment Lone Fir Cemetery.

January 1, George W. Hahn, aged 47 years, Agnews, Cal.; interment Beth Israel Cemetery.

January 2, William Cootrie, aged 69 years, 411 Glisan; cancer of face. Interment Greenwood Cemetery.

January 2, Katy Albrecht, aged 3 days, 864 Rodney avenue. Interment Lone Fir Cemetery.

January 1, William Winnett, aged 70 years, St. Vincent's Hospital. Interment Waitsburg, Wash.

January 1, Viola B. Mathews, age 34 years, 1 month and 28 days, Good Samaritan Hospital. Interment Damascus, Or.

January 2, Moses A. Bradford, aged 54 years, 1 month and 8 days, 313 Marguerite avenue. Interment Multnomah Cemetery.

January 1, Harry C. Fuchs, aged 9 months and 12 days, Spokane, Wash. Interment Riverview Cemetery.

January 1, Effie Vaughn Bowser, aged 24 years, 6 months and 29 days, North Pacific Sanatorium. Interment Lone Fir Cemetery.

January 2, Isabella W. Going, aged 80 years, 595 Lovejoy. Interment Lone Fir Cemetery.

Births.

December 22, to the wife of Herman A. Verpahl, Nineteenth street, a son.

January 3, to the wife of Heyman Israel, 253 Mead, a son.

December 3, to the wife of Harry E. Leonsberry, 706 Marshall, a daughter.

December 20, to the wife of Joseph Ellison, 408 Fourth street, a son.

December 30, to the wife of Ebin Wilson, Bellefontain, Or., a daughter.

December 30, to the wife of F. A. Freeman, 482 Williams avenue, a daughter.

December 16, to the wife of H. W. Hagedorn, 473 Sixteenth street, a son.

December 28, to the wife of Max Weinstein, 251 Arthur, a daughter.

January 1, to the wife of Walter P. Bottom, 711 Second, a daughter.

December 31, to the wife of Walter M. Barker, 221 East Thirty-sixth street, a daughter.

November 8, to the wife of Charles O. Richards, 673 Market, a daughter.

December 27, to the wife of Richard W. Drew, 172 East Twentieth street, a daughter.

December 31, to the wife of Walter M. Barker, 221 East Thirty-sixth, a daughter.

November 8, to the wife of Charles O. Richards, 673 Market, a daughter.

December 3, to the wife of Anton Schedel, 617 Pettygrove, a son.

December 27, to the wife of Richard M. Drew, 172 East Twentieth, a daughter.

January 3, to the wife of Charles H. Mason, 483 East Harrison, a daughter.

Building Permits.

Mr. Palley, Everett, between Third and Fourth; $50.

J. M. Roberts, Eugene, between Union avenue and East Seventh street; $1000.

W. Sabin, East Tenth, between Alberta and Springfield streets; $1000.

Union Market Association, market, from Third to Second; $6000.

Mr. Palley, Everett, between Third and Fourth; $5000.

Mr. Spradborrong, Mississippi avenue, between Shaver and Mason; $1400.

Real Estate Transfers.

R. Weeks and wife to Title Guarantee & Trust Co., 62 acres, sections 7 and 12, T. 1 N., R. 1 E.	$ 1
R. Weeks, trustee, to same, same property	$30,000
H. A. Cousins and wife to J. Smith, lots 23, 24, block 8, Orchard Homes	950
John B. Harrington and wife to A. F. Radke, W. ½ lots 5, 6, block 302, Burnell's Addition	1
N. F. Noren and wife to J. J. Shreiner, lots 13, 14, block 14, Point View	200
Charles T. Wynkoop and wife to G. L. Smith, lots 7, 8, block 4, Logan's Addition	1,065
Else Van der Meer and wife to N. F. Noren, lots 3, 4, Depot Addition to St. Johns	1,500
F. W. Torgler and wife to W. Morgingson, lots 3 to 6 inclusive, block 7, Dolan's Addition	10
Edward S. Rotchild and wife to C. Kauffman, lots 1, 2, block 21, city	10
George A. Seney and wife to C. B. King, lot 7, block 20, Lincoln Park Annex	2,000
George W. Wilson to A. Harold, lots 11, 12, block 8, Harlem Addition	25
Title Guarantee & Trust Co. to E. B. Holmes, 62 acres, sections 7 and 12, T. 1 N., R. 1 E.	1
A. S. Garner and wife to H. A. Cousins, lots 23, 24, block 8, Orchard Homes	1
William W. Sabin to W. H. Childers, lot 12, N. ½ lot 11, block 1, Albina Heights	300
John M. Cole and wife to K. J. Cole, S. ½ lot 1, block 15, James Johns Addition to St. Johns	1,000
Elizabeth Watterford to The Benedictine Priory, lots 10, 11, 12, block 10, Rosse's Addition	500
Jacob F. Bennett to J. T. Marquis, lots 3, 4, block 11, Capitan Addition	100
A. J. Smithson to J. C. Wilson, east 60 feet lot 9, south 10 feet east 60 feet lot 10, block 6, subdivision Proebstel's Addition	1,200
C. C. Vance and wife to S. Swanson, lot 16, block 23, Lincoln Park Annex	1
G. E. Caukin and wife to M. McDonald, 50x105 feet, beginning at intersection of Fourteenth and Market streets	1
Same to same, 50x65 feet beginning intersection of Fourteenth and Market streets	4,850
E. H. Robbins to A. Powlofske, lots 3, 4, 5, block 1, Peninsular Addition	1
Nancy Caples to O. E. Learned, parcel land W. W. Caples D. L. C.	600
F. G. Wilde and wife to J. M. Wilde, lots 23, 24, block 34, Tremont Place	1
H. Hirschberg to C. M. Simonton et al., lots 1, 4, block 163, Couch Add.	6,100
Title Guarantee & Trust Co. to W. B. Hadley, lot 5, block 23, North Irvington	175
Phil Gevurtz and wife to T. J. Hamilton, N. 28 feet lot 2, block 197, city	2,400
Thomas L. Evans and wife to M. M. Ellis, 6 acres, section 3, T. 1 S., R. 4 E.	1
Investment Co. to City of Portland, N. 50 feet blocks 58, 59, 60; lots U, V, W, X, Y, Z, OO, Piedmont	1

RED EYES AND EYELIDS.
Granulated Eyelids and other Eye troubles cured by Murine Eye Remedy. It don't smart. Sold by all druggists.

YEAR'S CUSTOMS RECORD

COLLECTIONS IN 1904 AMOUNT TO $679,573.

Trial Trip of New Cruiser Chattanooga Takes Place in an Icy Gale.

The total collections from all sources by the Custom-House of this district in 1904 were $679,573 as compared with $841,938 in 1903. The value of domestic exports in the past year was $7,113,312 and in 1903, $8,694,904.

The receipts of the district in each month were as follows:

January	$ 54,439	August	$ 85,529
February	51,541	September	47,846
March	46,514	October	61,979
April	77,912	November	50,873
May	66,280	December	46,539
June	66,823		
July	78,796	Total	$679,573

The value of domestic exports for the year 1904 were as follows:

January	$ 431,611	August	$ 431,841
February	426,343	September	291,936
March	837,480	October	1,189,882
April	529,176	November	833,416
May	814,499	December	1,137,890
June	403,123		
July	284,115	Total	$7,113,312

The statement of Custom-House transactions in December, compiled yesterday, shows receipts of $46,539, as compared with $50,873 in November and $34,642 in December, 1903. The value of domestic exports in the month just closed was $1,137,890 as against $833,416 in November and $1,392,693 in December a year ago. The statement of last month's business follows:

The statement of this month's transactions, as issued today, is appended:

Vessels entered from foreign ports	3
Cleared for foreign ports	19
Entered from domestic ports	39
Cleared for domestic ports	35
Entries of merchandise for duty	104
Entries of merchandise free of duty	23
Entries for warehouse	4
Entries for export to adjacent British provinces	6
Entries from warehouse for consumption	37
Entries for immediate transportation without appraisement	38
Total number entries of all kinds	214
Entries for consumption liquidated	111
Entries for warehouse liquidated	9
Certificates of enrollment granted	1
Licenses for coasting trade granted	6
Licenses to vessels under 20 tons granted	1
Total number documents to vessels issued	8

Value of Exports.

Domestic	$1,137,890

Receipts From All Sources.

Duties on imports	$46,168.73
Fines, penalties and forfeitures	15.85
Miscellaneous customs receipts	307.50
Storage, labor and cartage	8.65
Official fees	38.40
Total	$46,539.13
Amount of refunds and drawbacks paid	1,550.00

LIGHT AND BUOY CHANGES.

Alterations in Navigation Aids in This District.

Captain L. C. Heilner, lighthouse inspector of the Thirteenth District, in a notice to mariners calls attention to the following changes in aids to navigation:

Swan Island bar upper post-light—December 30 the structure from which this light was shown was carried away. The structure will be rebuilt and the light re-established as soon as practicable.

Coos Bay, entrance—North Spit Jetty Buoy No. 1, a black second-class can, reported adrift December 30, will be replaced as soon as practicable.

Gray's Harbor—Trustee Spit Buoy No. 0, a red first-class nun, found missing December 24, was replaced the same day. The old buoy is reported in the breakers on Point Brown Spit.

Trustee Spit Buoy No. 2, a red first-class nun, was renumbered 2½, December 6, without change in location.

Westport Spit Buoy No. 2, a red second-class spar, was established December 7, in 18 feet of water, to mark a sandspit making out from the westerly side of the channel, and as a guide to the anchorage in South Bay. Outer end of wharf, Oceola, NE. by E. ¼ E.; outer end of wharf, Westport, S. by E. ¾ E.; outer end of jetty whalf, WNW. ¾ W.

Port side of Channel Buoy No. 3, a black second-class can, was established December 12, in 16 feet of water, to mark a sandspit making out from the northerly side of the channel at the easterly entrance to the Humptulips River channel. Ned rock, N. by E. ¾ E.; outer end of jetty wharf, SSE. ¾ E., easterly; lone tree on Damon Point, NW. by W. ¾ W.

Peril Strait, Alaska—Rose Island Rock Buoy No. 5, a black second-class can, reported adrift December 24, will be replaced as soon as practicable.

TRYING TEST OF CRUISER.

New Chattanooga Goes Through an Icy Gale.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 5.—The new protected cruiser Chattanooga returned to this port today. She went out Tuesday for a 24 hours' sea trial, and was expected to finish at New York. On account of the severe storm of Tuesday night and Wednesday, she came back.

The cruiser sustained no damage beyond the loss of her forward chests, containing tackle, which were washed overboard, and scratches made by ice. The trial board announced today that they were satisfied with the vessel, and would recommend her acceptance by the Government, as she had successfully passed through the roughest and most trying test ever sustained by a United States naval craft.

The Chattanooga, upon reaching this port, was covered with ice. All the boats were completely closed in by ice. The rigging was encased and the pilothouse was coated from three to five inches thick. The cruiser pitched and rolled in the heavy seas and some of the officers and men, long accustomed to sea life, were seasick. At midnight all the forward chests, which had been lashed to the deck, were torn from their fastenings, and washed overboard.

Muriel Could Find No Tug.

SOUTH BEND, Wash., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—The schooners Alpha and Omega left down the river this morning, lumber laden. The first took cargo at Kleebs and the last secured her cargo at the Simpson mills.

The captain of the schooner Muriel, which arrived yesterday, says he waited for a tug outside the bar four days with a broken rudder and then sailed in. He got off the sands near Tokeland all right and sustained no damage.

The tug Astoria arrived from Gray's Harbor this evening. She has been away since Christmas.

Must Remain Winona.

ASTORIA, Or., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—Notice was received today from the Commissioner of Navigation, Department of Commerce and Labor, that the application made by the Callender Navigating Company for permission to change the name of the company's new steamer from Winona to Myrtle has been denied. Under the laws governing the department the only way to secure permission to change the name of a vessel is to first expend 75 per cent of the vessel's value in repairs and improvements.

Eugenie Fautrel Off River.

ASTORIA, Or., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—The French bark Eugenie Fautrel with a cargo from Hamburg, is off the mouth of the river, and will probably be brought inside tomorrow.

Aurelia Takes Lakme's Passengers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5.—The steamer Aurelia, which arrived today, brought 14 passengers and seven of the crew of the water-logged steamer, Lakme, having taken them from the steamer at sea. The captain and the remainder of the crew remained on board.

The Lakme and the North Fork, which had been towing her, were sighted yesterday 10 miles off Cape Mendocino. The towline had parted and the North Fork was standing by to render what assistance she was able. A heavy sea was running.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

A Remedy Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of Stomach Troubles.

The remedy is not heralded as a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles with which nine out of ten suffer.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant tasting tablets or lozenges, containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (Government test), golden seal and diastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3000 grains of raw meat, eggs and other wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after-dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines without having any effect whatever in digesting food or curing indigestion.

If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness.

This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive pure and simple because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is promptly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely on the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue. They cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power which weak stomachs lack and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure by the use of "tonics," "pills" and cathartics which have absolutely no digestive power.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores and the regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit better than any other argument.

Whole Month at Sea.

ASTORIA, Or., Jan. 5.—(Special.)—The pilot schooner Joseph Pulitzer came inside today for water and supplies, after having been out since December 4. Pilot Eric Johnson has been on her during that time and he now holds the record for the longest continuous service on the schooner without getting a vessel to bring in.

Domestic and Foreign Ports.

ASTORIA, Or., Jan. 5.—Sailed at 8:15 A. M.—Steamer Harrison, for Siuslaw. Arrived down at 10:10 A. M.—British ship Glaucus. Sailed at 10:40 A. M.—British bark Dunreggan, for Durban, South Africa. Left up at 11:20 A. M.—Barkentine John Palmer. Sailed at 11:40 A. M.—German steamer Arabia, for Hong Kong and way ports. Arrived at 12:10 P. M.—Schooner Borealis, from San Francisco. Outside at 5 P. M.—A three-masted bark, loaded. Condition of the bar at 5 P. M., smooth; wind, north; weather, cloudy.

San Francisco, Jan. 5.—Arrived at 8 A. M.—Steamers Aurelia and Northland, from Portland. Arrived at 8:30 A. M.—Steamer Redondo, from Portland. Arrived—Schooners G. W. Watson and Mindoro, from Portland; schooner Charles E. Falk, Gray's Harbor; schooner Annie E. Small, Port Blakeley; schooner Lizzie Prien, Coquille River; schooner Wawona, Bellingham; schooner Transit, from Gray's Harbor; barkentine Encore, from Willapa; steamer Empire, from Coos Bay; barkentine Garden City, from Gray's Harbor; steamer Coronado, from Gray's Harbor; steamer Santa Barbara, from Gray's Harbor. Sailed—Steamer W. H. Kruger, for Gray's Harbor; steamer Queen, for Victoria; steamer Argyl, for Vancouver and Portland; German steamer Amasis, for Victoria.

Point Lobos, Jan. 5.—Passed at 7 A. M.—Steamer Bee, from Portland, for San Pedro; passed at 3 P. M., steamer Rosecrans, from Portland, for Monterey.

WILL AID HOME INDUSTRY.

New Label League for Operation Against "Unfair" Products.

The Woman's Label League, a National organization put on foot by labor leaders to aid in the cause against "sweatshop" and "unfair" labor, will be organized in Portland a week from Saturday. A meeting will be held at 162 Second street, to which all women will be asked, and those joining the League will agree not to buy anything "unfair" wittingly and will choose first goods with the union label. Home products will also be put before those of Eastern make. The labor leaders, in organizing this league, are working against the employers of