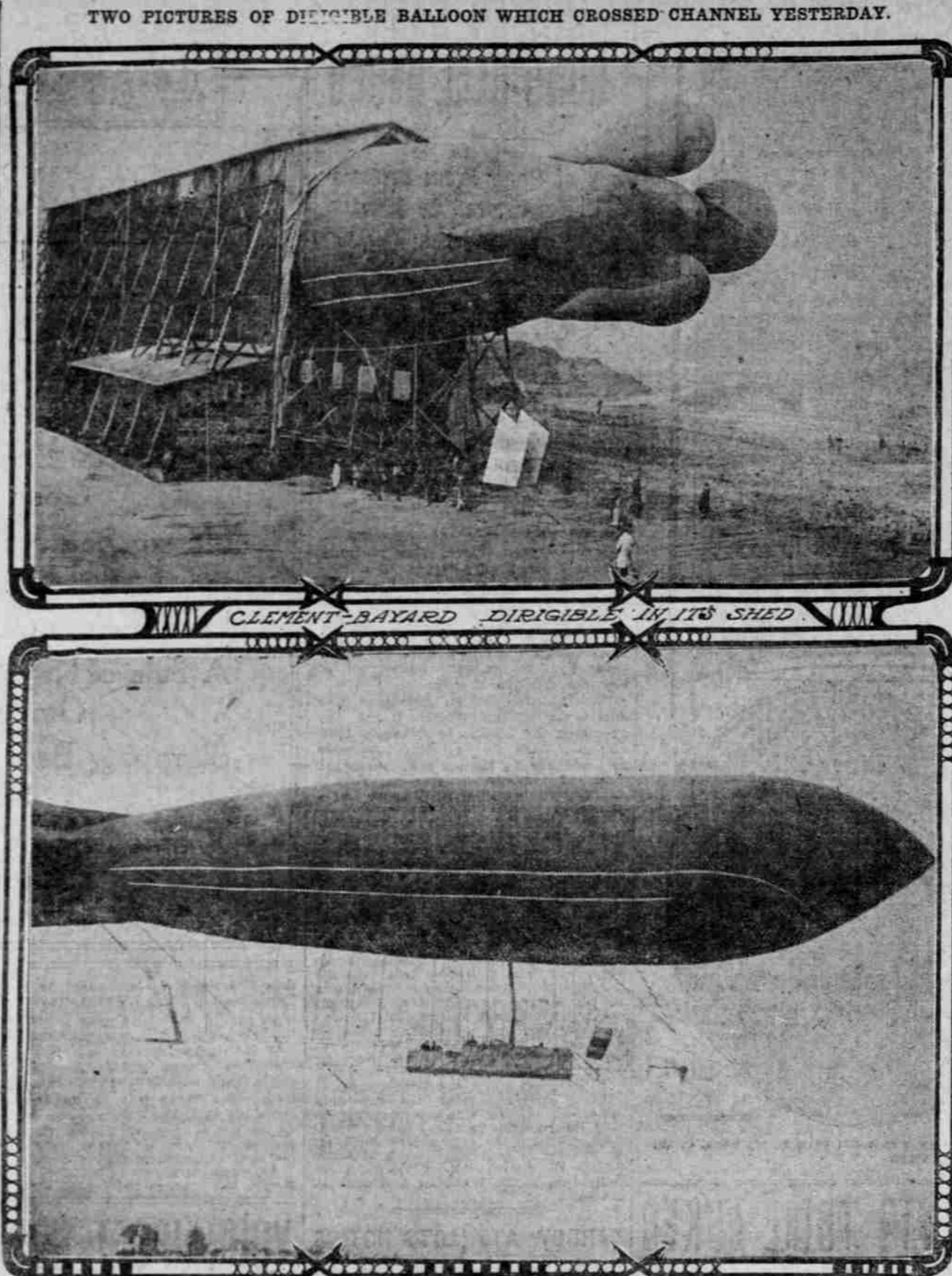


FRENCH DIRIGIBLE FLIES CHANNEL

Trip to London From Compiegne Is Made in Six Hours.

SEVEN MEN GO ON JOURNEY

Clement Bayard Travels Entire Way Without Stop or Mishap of Any Kind-London Crews See and Cheer Arrival of Air Men.



LONDON, Oct. 16.—Another chapter was added to the history of aviation today when the French dirigible balloon, Clement-Bayard, made the voyage from Compiegne to London in the remarkable time of six hours, a journey requiring seven hours by the fastest express trains and four days by the English Channel.

LONDON Reached in Afternoon. The Clement-Bayard, with a crew of six, left Compiegne at 7:15 o'clock this morning and reached London at about 1:15 in the afternoon, making the trip without a stop.

The balloon made a safe and an easy landing at Wormwood Scrubs. Seven Make Journey. The dirigible carried M. Clement, of the Clement-Bayard firm, in command; Rouzey and Lameris, engineers; Hebertier, engineer and designer; two mechanics, and Arthur Philip Ducros, member of the British Parliament, representing the British Parliamentary Aerial Delegation.

The dirigible landed early after describing a large descending circle.

Sunday Crowds See Balloon. The balloon arrived over London just as the streets were filled with the great Sunday crowds leaving the churches.

Hundreds of thousands gathered to watch the flight.

The aeronauts experienced some trouble with the varying air currents. On this account they circled St. Paul's and the Tower bridge twice, dipped several times and flew close to the tops of buildings. They passed over the Houses of Parliament and along to Hyde Park, where there was a wild scramble of spectators.

The dirigible landed early after describing a large descending circle.

Sale of Liquor is Upheld. Clarence Darrow insists Free Man Should Not be Hampered.

OREGON CITY, Or., Oct. 15.—(Special.)—Before a crowded house at the Shively Theater tonight, Clarence Darrow talked against state-wide prohibition and in favor of the Oregon Home Rule Association.

Mr. Darrow's argument, he dwelt to some length on the many blunders amounting to crimes in all but motive which have been made through the ages by ignorant persons acting on what they thought was a just cause.

He said that he was not to be considered from a financial standpoint, but that he was speaking for the common sense man who is free to eat, drink and be merry.

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AIRSHIP IS FAR OUT

Wellman, Off Shore, Found Over Path of Vessels.

WIND IS MOTIVE POWER

Trans-Atlantic Air Voyagers Send Plead "Goodbye" at Noon and Speak Again From Great Distance at Midnight.

Wellman Sends Word From Far Out Over Bosom of Atlantic.

SIACONSETT, Mass., Oct. 15.—Some- where east of Nantucket Island, off the coast of Massachusetts and approximately 300 miles from Atlantic City, the starting point, Walter Wellman's airship, the America, signalled a wireless "All's well" and a "good bye" at 12:45 o'clock this afternoon, and swung out to sea through the fog.

The message, the last of the day's wireless communications, was received here by A. G. Hannon, the Marconi operator.

At 9 o'clock this morning Siacasset first came into touch with the dirigible. The range of the craft is comparatively short, owing to necessarily limited power and antenna, and the station was surprised to hear its call, "M. S. C."—clear and strong, followed by "W," the code signature of the airship.

Judging from the strength of the signals, it was assumed that the America was in close proximity to Nantucket, and immediately all the lifesaving stations and lighthouses on the island were notified by the telephone to keep a sharp lookout.

But the fog, which had enshrouded the America since her departure yesterday morning, still hung over the ocean, shutting off the view. The Marconi station, however, began a rapid fire of interrogations and learned from Jack Irwin, the America's operator, that the ship's motor had been stopped and that the dirigible was heading east-north-east and making 35 miles an hour with the wind.

Nantucket's excitement was acute but with motors idle, the airship sailed along as silently as a phantom in the sky, where ordinarily the engine's exhaust would have reverberated along the coast.

However, the electric voice of the Marconi station filled in at times what the eyes and ears were denied and intermittently the operators here exchanged greetings with their former associate, the man who received at this station the dramatic "C. Q. D." from the ill-fated steamship Republic.

At 10:30 A. M. signals from the dirigible became suddenly stronger and it was momentarily expected that the America would come in sight of the station. Mr. Irwin, in fact, flashed that he thought he could hear the sound of the breakers, but the fog effectually shut the craft from view, although she was probably passing over the shoals surrounding the island.

From that time on the signals from

the airship grew steadily weaker, until finally at 12:45 a message was flashed from her asking if everything aboard was O. K. Finally came the reply: "Yes," then fainter still, the two letters "O. B." meaning "Good bye."

Unable to take observations in the fog, the America's exact position remained unknown through the day, as has been the case since she set sail. Her course, however, has been along the steamship lines and as no word to the contrary has been received, the assumption is that Mr. Wellman, with 50 days' fuel and 40 days' provisions aboard, is adhering to his plan of crossing the Atlantic and landing on the British Isles. It is likely that no further wireless word from the airship will be received here.

When last heard from in the day—12:45 P. M.—the America had been in the air just 15 minutes less than 25 hours, and having covered approximately 300 miles, must have averaged in forward progress between 10 and 11 miles an hour.

At this rate the craft would not pass Sable Island (450 miles distant from Nantucket) until 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, and Cape Race, 350 miles further, at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening.

Brisk westerly winds aided the passage. Brisk westerly winds aided the passage today, and with engines stopped while off Nantucket, the wireless must have been operated by storage battery. This probably accounts for the brevity of Irwin's message, for he was doubtless hoarding his limited supply of energy for an emergency.

With the motors in operation, a dynamo can be pressed into service, but the sparking interference with the receiving and better results are obtained when they are silent.

TAFT'S VACATION OVER

PRESIDENT WILL GO TO PANAMA AFTER ELECTION.

Executive Will Be in Washington on Thursday to Resume Official Duties.

BEVERLY, Mass., Oct. 15.—President Taft's summer vacation officially ended today. He will start back to Washington tomorrow, by way of New York.

Mrs. Taft, her sister, Mrs. Thomas K. Laughlin, Jr., of Pittsburg, and Miss Helen Taft will go with the President as far as New York. They will stop over there for a week or more of shopping.

President Taft will be back in Washington Thursday morning, to remain until November 7, when he goes to Cincinnati to vote on the 9th. He will sail for Panama November 19 from Charleston, S. C.

The President's vacation recreation has consisted principally of golf and motor- ing. It is estimated that he has traveled more than 5,000 miles in machines during the summer.

Mr. Taft today attended services in the Unitarian Church and when called upon for a few remarks, said: "On behalf of Mrs. Taft and myself, I am glad to express the gratitude we feel at having had the privilege of worshipping with you during this summer in a church so full of history, with such a wealth of usefulness in the last 250 years. It is a church that illustrates in its history the growth of liberalism in religion and the development of the orthodox religion of those who came here to make the beginnings of New England into our faith of Unitarianism."

The expected definite announcement as to the location of the President's home next summer was not made today. All the chances, however, favor Beverly, and it is believed that within a few days a lease will be signed for a cottage within easy walking distance of the present Summer White House.

LIQUOR IS ON TRIAL

Dr. W. H. Foulkes Pleads for Prohibition Votes.

EGGS THROWN WERE FRESH

All Hen-Fruit Hurlled at Portland Minister, Dr. Parsons, at Pendleton, Not Bad; One Knocked Off Spectacles.

They were not rotten eggs, but fresh eggs, which Pendleton hoodlums threw at the Rev. William Parsons, the Presbyterian minister, according to the version of the affair given by Dr. William H. Foulkes at the First Presbyterian Church last night. He said only two eggs were thrown, and that one of them knocked off Mr. Hays' spectacles.

The prohibitionists had already had two street meetings Friday, it being the third which was broken up. Rev. Mr. Parsons, standing upon a box, began to talk as about 600 people poured from a building in which Clarence Darrow had been speaking. Dr. Foulkes believed this was an unwise thing for Mr. Parsons to do.

"We secured the permission of the authorities to hold our first meeting on the main street. A city ordinance prohibits gathering on the main street. So we held a meeting about 5 o'clock on a side street. I wish you could have heard the straight things John Dickinson, the Unitarian Indian, flung into that crowd. He said he learned to drink in Pendleton, but something had changed his life."

Dr. Foulkes was not present when the street meeting began, but when he arrived, having attended a meeting of the Presbyterian Synod, he found about 100 men gathered about Parsons, using their lungs to good advantage. He relieved Mr. Parsons, and was in turn relieved by Mr. Hays, he said, when the egg-throwing began.

"That's a sample of what will happen," continued Dr. Foulkes, "when the liquor traffic in this state rouses itself under the leadership, not of hoodlums, but of business men. This will perhaps be used as an argument for making Oregon wet, because Pendleton has local option, but if beer is the only liquor sold in Pendleton it is intoxicating, and the liquor-dealers are breaking the law."

"I was told by a business man a few days ago that prohibition is coming, but that the temperance people are premature. But I did not precipitate this fight. The liquor-dealers did it themselves, by shipping liquor into dry territory."

"The people of Oregon have a case in court," he said. "The people are the plaintiffs, and the liquor traffic is the defendant. I want to challenge both parties and to ask in whose name they come. I would take my text from the editorial columns of The Oregonian, which is the Bible of many people. More than a month ago this significant sentence appeared: 'The saloon, as it now exists, is indefensible in any sane man's eyes and woman here to bear cordial testimony to the truth of the statement, for search as you may, you cannot find one good thing being truthfully said for the American saloon. The issue before us is whether the American saloon should stay. Yet it has not a friend who will stand up and say 'I am a friend of the saloon.'"

ERDREFFES PARIS

Premier Briand Is Severe in Attempts to Quell Railroad Strikers.

Editor of Nationalist Newspaper Is Threatened, Explosive Being Discharged Near His Home, Next to Bernhard's.

PARIS, Oct. 15.—The entire French press extols Premier Briand as an iron handed leader, who has saved France from a great economic and social crisis by the sternest measures which could be undertaken by the Republic. At the same time it praises the Premier for his sense of justice in trying to better the condition of the rank and file among the strikers.

The revolutionary, *Guerre Sociale*, the editor of which, Gustave Herve, is now in prison for inciting anti-militarism, answers the government's action by exposing a scheme for the widespread destruction of property. It prints a cartoon depicting strikers shooting down Briand and adds that the militant revolutionists are not the strikers responsible for the campaign of violence which will continue pitilessly until the workmen's demands are granted.

A bomb exploded today in a street in the *Ternes* quarter, injured a street cleaner. The police raided an anarchist resort and arrested about a score of the inmates.

The union railroad men today asked Premier Briand to authorize the holding of a big manifestation tomorrow in the Bois de Vincennes. The Premier refused, declaring that such a manifestation would be illegal as it was organized as a defiance to the government. In the event hope that the strike would not terminate without disorder. The strikers measures have been taken to prevent any attempt to hold this demonstration.

The police today raided the anarchist newspaper *Libertaire* and found three bombs similar to that which exploded a few nights ago in the Rue de Berri in the possession of one of the printers. Several arrests were made.

An exceptionally deadly bomb was found in Vincennes this afternoon and conveyed to a laboratory.

There was a terrific explosion of a bomb at 2 o'clock this morning outside the residence of Director Massard, of the Nationalist newspaper *Patrie*, on the Boulevard Perle, next door to the home of Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, causing considerable material damage, but no casualties resulted. Securely fixed to M. Massard's door was a paper having written upon it: "First warning from the strikers."

The play itself, masterfully and again exquisitely wrought out, needs no defense nor praise, for it stands on its own foundation, as it has since its beginning. Its story need never be told to the average theatergoer. And let it be said that in the hands of Mr. Hackett and his company (although the latter is woefully weak in spots), the play itself is given the chance to fulfill its purpose. Mr. Hackett's work is true character study. One almost forgets he is an actor, is one almost forgets he is in a play, is one almost forgets he is interested in his Rudolf Rassendyll, Beatrice Beckley, depending for the most part on a pleasing stage presence rather than any ability as an actress. Dr. Foulkes' performance was excellent, serving of recognition too for excellent work is Charles Brandt in the role of Colonel Sapt. Frankly, the remainder of the cast is in no way inferior. The stage settings are most gorgeous, and the costumes are remarkably handsome in every instance. This evening Mr. Hackett and his company will play Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland's dramatization of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Tomorrow evening "The Prisoner of Zenda" will be presented with "Don Quixote's Return" on Wednesday evening.

CAST: John Burkett Ryder, Thomas McLarnie, Donald Bowles, Judge Rosmore, William Wolbert, Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, Tom Krueger, Senator Roberts, John Burton, Ed-Judge Stott, Ronald Bradbury, Rev. Pontiff Deal, Thomas Carrigan, Jorlins, Phil W. Perry, Expressman, Walter Benford, Shirley Rosmore, Alice Fleming, Mrs. Rosmore, Ruth Lechler, Mrs. John Hays, H. H. Hays, Mrs. Hays, Grace Haddad, Jene Deelle, Mildred Dierbow, Kate Roberts, Beatrice Nichols, Miss Nesbit, Lillian Mitchell, Eudoria, Lillian Andrews, Malie, Nina Quinn.

"The Lion and the Mouse" at Baker Theater

The dramatic triumph of Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse," a play of the highest order was presented yesterday at the Baker Theater by the favorite stock players of that house of entertainment. The success of this play has been little less than phenomenal and its effect wherever and under whatever auspices produced, has been electrical. This is, however, its first appearance in stock in Portland. The offering at popular prices of what is conceded to be one of the very few really good plays of the past 10 years, and as well that commands almost prohibitive royalty, is evidence that Manager George L. Baker desires his patrons to have what they ask for.

Any synopsis of the story of "The Lion and the Mouse" would make an interesting reading, now that nearly every theater-going person has viewed it. It is just a simple little story after all, one that gets close to the heart, and stays there.

The "lion" is one John Burkett Ryder, a money king, and the mouse is Shirley Rosmore, a sweet, capable girl, the daughter of a man who has been ruined by the lion. It's simply a battle of a woman's will pitted against a man's want of the better. Bearing not remotely upon conditions in this country, and others perhaps, makes direct appeal to an audience so humanly the characters drawn, so universal are their emotions and so cratically is the drama constructed in a crescendo of power up to its sudden climax in the third act, when Shirley makes known her identity to the money king she has duped and outwitted, that the play triumphs as a human document.

The role of Shirley, is essentially a star part, and is the first really powerful one Alice Fleming has had this season. And she more than made good. Her impersonation of the mouse was quite perfect. Her performance wins the approval of every sympathetic person. Miss Fleming surely came into her own yesterday, and her work marks the sensational historic achievement of the Baker Theater so far this season.

Clearly limed and thoroughly spirited is the portrait of Ryder by Thomas McLarnie, and it may easily be recorded as the finest bit of acting he has yet shown.

Donald Bowles gives a uniformly excellent characterization of the youthful Jefferson Ryder, and Tom Krueger, as the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley gives an amusing caricature.

John Burton as Senator Roberts is so natural a man one wouldn't be surprised to meet him in the lobby of a local hotel, and Lillian Andrews as Eudoria the "help" is a protracted disturber of

disabilities during her brief visits. A touch of nice little comedy is afforded by Rhea Mitchell as the effervescent Miss Nesbit. Bill all week with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" at Helig Theater

CAST: Rudolf, the Fifth, The Red Elphberg, King of Ruritania, Mr. Hackett, Recessary, young Englishman, Mr. Hackett, Michael, Duke of Strelau, The Black Elphberg, his cousin, Mr. Pryse Mackays, Colonel Sapt, Mr. Charles A. Brandt, Fritz von Tarenheim, Mr. Charles Tobridge, Captain Bentzaun, Mr. Arthur Hoops, Bertram Bertrand, Mr. Hackett, Marshal Strakenon, Robert Lowler, Frans Toplich, Mayor of Strelau, Mr. Charles Forrat, Princess Flavia, Miss Beatrice Beckley, Antoinette DeMauban, Mrs. Virginia Elwood, Frau Toplich, Miss Virginia Elwood.

WHAT will no doubt prove to be one of the most notable engagements at the Helig this season was begun yesterday evening in the appearance of James K. Hackett in the first of a series of three romantic dramas. The initial offering, "The Prisoner of Zenda," was a particularly happy choice for it was in this play that Mr. Hackett first leaped into prominence, and earned for himself the title of the most distinguished romantic actor on the modern stage. It is now something like fourteen years since Mr. Hackett has appeared in Portland and his performance, last evening of that most remarkable of dramas by Anthony Hope, invigorated new life into the goody old romantic composed of lovers of the romantic drama. Of all the Elphbergs who have reigned on the stage it is certain that no other has equalled Mr. Hackett's wonderful portraiture; of all the Elphbergs yet to tread the boards in this favorite and well-loved play, it is doubtful if there will ever be another like him or worthy to succeed in his mantle. In the words of his friend, Colonel Sapt, "He is the noblest Elphberg of them all!"

The play itself, masterfully and again exquisitely wrought out, needs no defense nor praise, for it stands on its own foundation, as it has since its beginning. Its story need never be told to the average theatergoer. And let it be said that in the hands of Mr. Hackett and his company (although the latter is woefully weak in spots), the play itself is given the chance to fulfill its purpose. Mr. Hackett's work is true character study. One almost forgets he is an actor, is one almost forgets he is in a play, is one almost forgets he is interested in his Rudolf Rassendyll, Beatrice Beckley, depending for the most part on a pleasing stage presence rather than any ability as an actress. Dr. Foulkes' performance was excellent, serving of recognition too for excellent work is Charles Brandt in the role of Colonel Sapt. Frankly, the remainder of the cast is in no way inferior. The stage settings are most gorgeous, and the costumes are remarkably handsome in every instance. This evening Mr. Hackett and his company will play Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland's dramatization of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Tomorrow evening "The Prisoner of Zenda" will be presented with "Don Quixote's Return" on Wednesday evening.

CAST: F. Fl, a French Maid, Miss La Journe, Mrs. Elsie Merry, Miss Adele Bachar, Mr. Harry Merry, Bud Braman, Mr. Charlie Porter, alias Charlie Pointer, Billy "Young" Clifford, Uncle Rudolph Cattermole, Jack Trainor, Baby Bijou, Miss Von Tisser.

"The Girl, The Man and The Game" at the Bungalow

The feature of a theatrical performance which probably affects no two persons exactly alike. Some go into ecstasies over it, others think it is "pretty fair." It was different with the audience at the Bungalow yesterday afternoon, if applause is to be taken as a criterion, when "The Girl, The Man and the Game," put on his song-and-dance specialty.

Bill is entitled "A Few Minutes With Bill Clifford and His Hat," and it gave the audience an opportunity to enjoy a prolonged laugh. Clifford is a clever comedian. His "line" is refined, comical, and whole. Only in one instance does he approach the danger mark of vulgarity, and then he does it so cleverly that no one is offended.

"The Girl, The Man and the Game" is a musical comedy with just enough plot to carry the musical numbers. The plot itself is not original. The piece was taken from the French by A. W. Under and made over to suit an American audience. Charlie Porter has a rich and eccentric old uncle who resides in the Philippines and who dies and leaves him the reason that he expects to inherit his relative's wealth. The uncle's hobby is matrimony. He insists upon Charlie's marriage and he gets him a girl who has the role of F. Fl, a French maid, sung by "How'd You Like to Marry Me," sung by Miss Swanson, Adele Archer is clever in the role of Mrs. Elsie Merry, Charlie's borrowed wife.

Jack Trainor in the role of Uncle Rudolph Cattermole and Chiffo, as Charlie Porter, are the features. The musical numbers are good and most of them original. "Has Anybody Got a Kiss to Spare?" sung by Dorothy, Charlie Porter's sweetheart, and chorus, made the greatest hit with the audience. Other which are above par are "Falling in Love" sung by Miss La Journe, who has the role of F. Fl, a French maid, sung by "How'd You Like to Marry Me," sung by Miss Swanson, Adele Archer is clever in the role of Mrs. Elsie Merry, Charlie's borrowed wife.

FUNERAL IS WEDNESDAY

Services for Mrs. Mary E. Johnson Will Be Held Here.

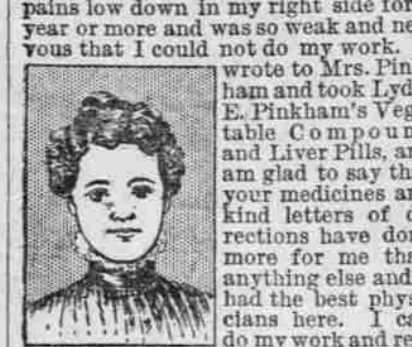
Funeral services for Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, a pioneer resident of Portland, who died at her home, 463 Durham avenue, Saturday night, will be held Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock at the First Congregational Church, Park and Madison streets. Rev. Luther R. Dyott will officiate.

The son, Miles F. Johnson, Assistant United States District Attorney for Idaho, who lives at Lewiston, and Harry B. Johnson, also of Lewiston, are on their way to Portland for the funeral. There

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa.—"I suffered with trouble in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.



The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

are two other children, Mrs. Clara M. Knight and Thurston L. Johnson, of Portland, who survive Mrs. Johnson. The remains will be cremated.

NOT THE FACE OF HER SON

Over twenty physicians had been exhausted in this remarkable case, but the following extracts from a letter from a mother's heart:

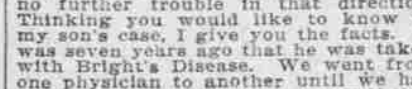
So, Portland, Me., July 19, 1910. I want to thank you for the prescription received. The patient is having no further trouble in that direction. Thinking you would like to know of my son's case, I give you the facts. It was seven years ago that he was taken with Bright's Disease. We went from one physician to another until we had the actual cure, but we tried every one and everything.

At the end of a year we took him to New York to Drs. Salisbury and Kellogg, specialists. He lived or existed for one year on chopped round steak and whites of eggs—not another thing. Last fall he commenced to fail rapidly. The sight of the eliminations almost made me faint. We were nearly crazed—expected every minute would end the battle. But he got out and had no relapse, for about this time we heard of your medicine and he began to improve. At the time he commenced his face was so swollen, especially about the eyes, that he could not see. He began to lose weight. He has now gained 25 lbs. He has not had a day since he has been in the hospital that he did not know him in the Winter because he looks so healthy and rosy and his eyes are now bright and clear. I am now better than ever, and I am trying to have others take it who are suffering and are in the same way. I think that he has exhausted, but I cannot blame them for being skeptical. Still I believe in your medicine and I will gladly recommend it to anyone who is in a similar situation. I will prove the fact at any time should I have occasion to send for another prescription. Thank you very much for the medicine and for the help that you have given me and my children. I am the same as most mothers.

A. STAUGHTON, JR., MRS. MYRA LAMB.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—dresses—care indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine—watch Signature.



Start The Day Right, Feel Keen, Spirited—FIT. BATHE WITH HAND SAPOLIO. It gives your skin an exhilarating tingle—makes every pore expand. It gives circulation—Invigorates—CLEANSES. All Grocers and Druggists.

KNIGHT'S STACY ADAMS SHOES.

Agents for Portland, Oregon.