

BANKS OPEN TODAY IN GORGEOUS HOME

Northwestern National and Portland Trust Company Will Hold Reception.

NOVEL IDEAS INTRODUCED

Counting-Room Ornate With Marble and Mahogany, Light Is Indirect and Accommodation Provided for Employee and Patron.

Headquarters of the Northwestern National Bank and the Portland Trust Company are established now in the magnificent new rooms just completed in the Northwestern Bank building at Sixth and Morrison streets.

The books, bonds, papers, valuable documents and currency of both institutions were moved yesterday from the old quarters at Third and Oak streets. The two banks will be open for business today, as usual, at 10 o'clock.

In moving from the "downtown" section of the city to the "uptown" district, the Northwestern National Bank and Portland Trust Company have established themselves in what doubtless is one of the finest banking homes on the Pacific Coast.

Both banks are quartered in the same room, in the east end of the first floor of the new 15-story building that extends on Morrison street, from Sixth to Broadway, 60 feet wide.

The interior is finished in marble and mahogany. The tellers' cages are of bronze. The ceiling is ornamented with gilt. Massive chandeliers cast indirect light over the rooms. White is the predominating shade.

Ample Space Provided.

Every official, clerk, bookkeeper and employee has ample space to perform the duties attending the conduct of the business of these two institutions. A spacious mezzanine floor, surrounding the interior lobby, with adequate outside light, is devoted to the use of the bookkeepers and clerks.

The first floor is exclusively for the officers' quarters, tellers' cages and accommodations for the public. The officers' desks are immediately to the left of the main entrance, which is reached by seven marble steps leading from Sixth street. Connecting with the officers' room is a small committee room, which also may be used by patrons of the bank.

Miss Moorhouse, who has charge of the women's department, has a private office to the right of the entrance. A special room for accommodation of women patrons is provided, with lavatories attached. Drinking fountains with running Bull Run water, are located at points convenient for the use of employees.

New Features Introduced.

An innovation in equipment of tellers' cages is the use of "battlement linoleum" on the counters over which the currency is handled. This is especially durable, will not scratch nor show signs of wear. Revolving signature cases also are provided for protection of the tellers. This will enable a teller to leave his cage temporarily, lock it and keep his cash and accounts undisturbed, yet permit his neighbor, remaining in his own cage, to take the business for him by turning the signature case on its axis until the card drawers face the opening between the two cages, through which they can be extracted.

The directors' room is on the mezzanine floor. This also is finished in mahogany. Elaborate decorations will be provided. Private elevators connect the lobby immediately facing the street entrance with the mezzanine floor, the elevator shaft opening next to the directors' room. This same elevator also will convey patrons of the safety deposit department from the counting room to the vaults in the basement. Another private elevator operates between the mezzanine and the basement in the rear and will be used to convey books and papers between the "work rooms" and the fireproof vaults, in which latter place they will be stored each night.

The private telephone exchange overlooks the central lobby and all the offices. It is located on the mezzanine floor.

Lighting Throughout Indirect.

Indirect lighting is used throughout. Lighting for the tellers' cage comes from glass enclosed globes in the partitions overhead. Hanging lights or stands are not used, eliminating all possible interference from this source. Indirect lights also serve the customers' desks in the lobby.

The safety deposit vaults in the basement are embedded in solid concrete. Accommodations are provided for 6000 separate boxes, in addition to huge trunk and silverware cases. Each of the two banks has its own coin vault. The door to the main vault weighs 58,000 pounds, yet is so perfectly balanced that a child can swing it. W. O. Haines will have charge of the safety deposit department. M. Keith will be his assistant.

A meeting room for the men employees is provided in the basement. It will be finely fitted and elegantly furnished.

Officers of the Northwestern National Bank are: President, H. L. Pittock; vice-presidents, John Twelby, F. W. Leadbetter and Emory Olmstead; cashier, Edgar H. Sennelich; assistant cashier, Charles M. Hemphill.

The Portland Trust Company's officers are: President, H. L. Pittock; vice-presidents, F. W. Leadbetter and Emory Olmstead; secretary, H. W. Hawkins; assistant secretary, C. W. De Graff.

Directors of both institutions, in addition to the executive officers, are: J. D. Farrell, L. B. Menefee, A. S. Nichols, Charles H. Carey, W. D. Fenton and A. D. Charlton. Mr. Olmstead is managing director of both banks.

HOOD RIVER BUDGET CUT

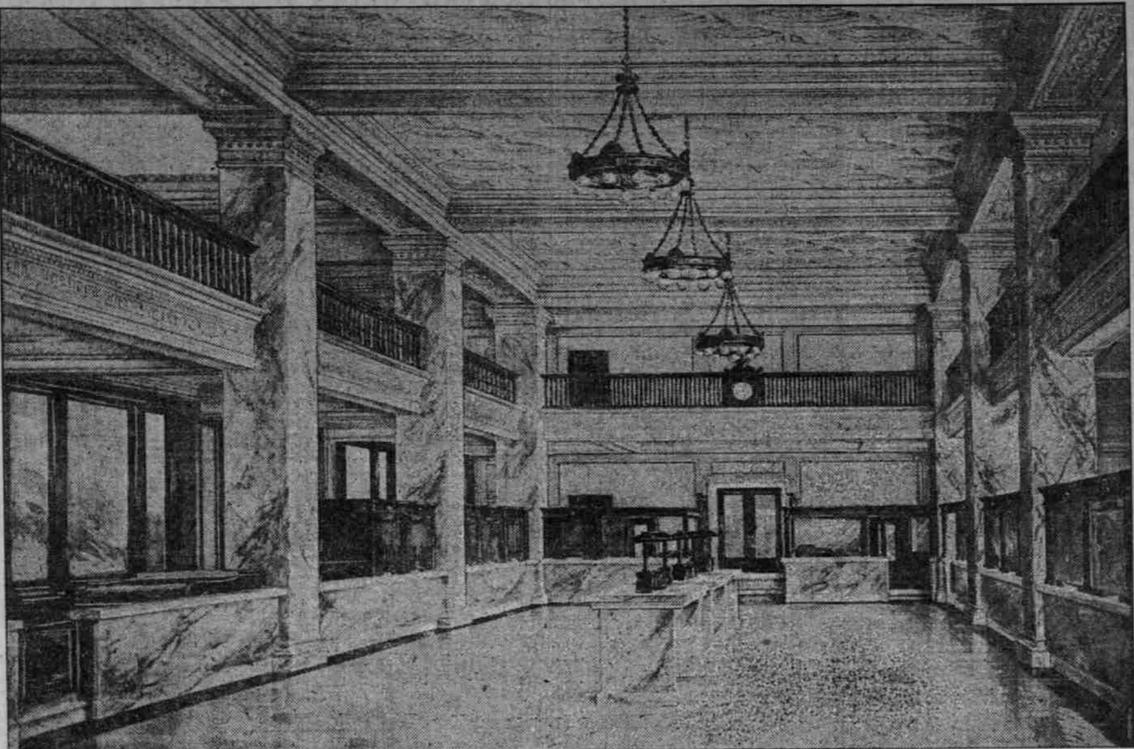
City Levy Will Be 25.9 Mills as Against 20.5 in 1913.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Jan. 1.—(Special.)—On protests from numerous sources, the County Court last week clipped the Hood River County budget for the coming year to the extent of \$1720. The sum of \$1000, asked for an exhibit at the Panama Exposition, was denied, as was \$500 to equip an assembly room at the Carnegie Library building.

The salary asked for the deputy County Clerk was cut from \$1020 to \$800 and the deputies for the Sheriff and Treasurer from \$500 to \$450 each.

The city tax levy for the coming year will be increased to 25.9, as against 20.5 last year.

INTERIOR OF NEW QUARTERS OF NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL BANK AND PORTLAND TRUST COMPANY, WHICH WILL BE OPENED TODAY.



VIEW OF MAIN LOBBY FROM ENTRANCE, SHOWING OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT LEFT AND TELLERS' CAGES.

LIZA, SIM AND ADDISON BENNETT GO FOR CALLS

Dressed Appropriately, Trio Bring Rabbitville Custom to Portland, Drink Few Non-countable Cans of Amber, but Keep New Year's Vows.

BY ADDISON BENNETT. YOU might have noticed us going down Washington street shortly after noon yesterday or going up Morrison soon after. You would have known us, for we were attracting a lot of attention, being in full evening dress. The youngish female with me was Liza—Liza, from the glorious old town of Rabbitville. Liza came down expressly to see me, and with me to endeavor to re-establish the good old custom of making New Year calls, a custom still in vogue in the best circles in Rabbitville and other up-to-date cities, but almost forgotten in Portland.

Liza was a swell looking lassie. Her costume was scored up to that established by the bong tong, the upper circles, of Rabbitville. Her dress was of the finest grade of black alpaca, her shoes were cut low with black across the top showing off her yellow silk hosiery to the very best advantage. She had on a splendid opera coat—at least she said she had—but the day being lowery she had over it a magnificent red sweater, and on her head she wore a stunning hat. She plucked every tail feather out of her old Dominicker rooster before leaving home and every feather decorated her hat. Gee, it was stunning. My costume was also swell and yet picturesque. My silk hat was once worn by General Arthur soon after the Civil War. There is he tried it on after a reception one night and found it three sizes too small. But he had it on, and with such associations I still prize and wear it on state occasions. My sweater was green, my pantaloons were of the finest white duck.

But just here who should we meet up with but our old fellow townsman, Sim Dipp. Of all persons he was the most welcome we could have met. Sim, of course, joined us, and his comsank cap, with three tails dangling down his shoulders, his finely polished high logging boots and a swallow-tail coat over a pink sweater—geowhillikin, but Sim looked like a four-times winner.

Perhaps you noticed us again, the three of us. No? Then you missed a rare sight for a style and aplomb. Aplomb is a French word meaning regal. For the moment I forget what that means. But whatever it means, we were and then some.

Having all sworn off, all being on the wagon since 12 midnight the evening before, we were not looking for liquid refreshments, though Sim was spitting cotton. I was rolling a marble over and under and around my tongue, and Liza was chewing gum as if she was in league with the gum trust.

So we sauntered out on our round of calling, each of us provided with a swell deck of visiting cards which were printed at the Clarion printing office in Rabbitville. These cards were somewhat worn, but the backs had been laundered pretty nicely. The spots and pictures had been scraped off of the obverse side, meaning the other side, and thereon our names were printed. Quite a novelty, but attractive and recherche, as Liza expressed it.

The first house we came to was in the fashionable quarter, not so very far from the great hospital. It was a fine mansion, standing well back among the trees with a fine lawn surrounding.

I touched the electric button, and soon a man appeared, dressed just like the other waiters at the big feeding establishments. As he appeared we each handed out a card and told him we would like to see the main squeeze and the refreshment table, as we were making our annual round of New Year calls. I furthermore told him to get a hustle on himself, as we were in no mood to be kept waiting.

"Just a moment, please," he replied, "just a moment; step right into the vestibule, right in this way, the main squeeze will see that you are all properly pinched." Then he laughed and left us.

In about five minutes he reappeared and just then we heard a gong ringing outside. "Step right this way, my friends, right this way," he said, "right out to the refreshment table; we are not receiving today, but I have called a taxicab and have ordered the driver to take you where you will be properly and hospitably entertained."

you a dollar, enough to pay for that taxicab." Then we held a council and decided we would try calling in the poorer quarter of the town, in the district where we would not mistake the house owner for a waiter. The first place we ran up against was a rather shabby house; the old-style bell was out of gear and we had to knock. Immediately there appeared a buxom old German woman who did not even wait to look at our cards.

"Come right away in," she remarked, "come right away in," dropping into her vernacular, "come ride away in and set yourselves down vile I send Fritz der strod down to meet his fadder and told him to bring anudder dime's worth, for we are all celebrating the happy season."

Pretty quick in came Fadder and the girls and boys, and then in came Fritz with a 10-pound lard bucket filled to the brim with something which overran the froth down the sides of the bucket.

"Beer!" said Sim. "Beer!" quoth Liza. "Beer!" I muttered, wondering how we could side-step the offering and still keep our vows. By a look at each, still the face of each, then at our host and hostess, we decided that hospitality and true friendship forbade refusal, and each of us muttered lowly to the other: "This once don't count."

Five minutes thereafter Mrs. Fadder and Liza were the best of friends. Fadder and Sim and I were like triplets and quickly Sim had thrown aside his swallow-tail, Liza had divested herself of a shoe that was pinching her corns and I was making good time towards the place where the amber flows from

a keg—having taken two lard buckets in place of one. Out came the Sweitzer cheese, pretzels, sauer kraut and the cold roast. Also a neighbor or two dropped in, the room became a palace, all formality was lost, or forgotten, the lard buckets were like a shining silhouette as they raced to and from the grocery and—as the clock chimed 10, three bedraggled but happy citizens, meaning Sim, Liza and myself, carrying our coats and sweaters, Liza waving her dominicker feathers like a color-bearer in a battle. These three ambled home to declare that not for worlds and worlds would we break our vows to forego all drinks stronger than coffee during the coming year, and agreeing, without a dissenting voice, that the few pails of beer consumed should not count.

Maybe you saw us coming up Washington street? CLACKAMAS LEVY IS MADE County and State Taxes 20 Mills; Oregon City to Pay 38.3 Mills.

OREGON CITY, Or., Jan. 1.—(Special.)—The County Court has determined on a 38.3-mill levy for county and state purposes on an assessed valuation of about \$20,000,000. For state purposes, this county will contribute \$154,000. The original figures as given by the office of the state commission erroneously called for \$170,000.

In addition, the special taxes that have been voted by the people in the various cities and districts will amount to \$27,000. Twenty-eight districts through the county have voted special taxes for good roads and a large number have increased the available funds at the disposal of the schools by a special levy. Oregon City will pay 38.3 mills for all purposes. The City Council has made a levy of 10 mills, the school district calls for 8.5 mills, and the state and county 20 mills.

DAIRYMEN ARE TO QUIT

MILK BUSINESS IN MULTNOMAH COUNTY BRINGS COMPLAINT.

W. W. Cotton Sends Herd Away From Mountain View Farm and Gresham Supply Is to Be Cut Off.

The milk business in Eastern Multnomah County is somewhat demoralized. Several dairies have gone out of business in the past few months, and two more are to cease at once. The most extensive is the Mountain View Farm owned by W. W. Cotton, of Portland, which has been in operation for 15 years. The fine herd from the farm, the largest in the county, is being sent to Mr. Cotton's island farm in the Willamette River.

P. J. Neurrer, who has been supplying Gresham with milk, will go out of business, which will leave that place "dry." His 18 cows will be sold, William Tremble and H. R. Kane will sell out their herd of cows.

These men give as a reason for retiring that they cannot make the business pay, owing to the high cost of feed and the expense of hired help. They say that if a dairyman can raise his own feed and does not have to hire many men he can make it pay.

An effort was made to unite the milkmen last Spring and promote a cheese factory which would take the product of Eastern Multnomah County, but this failed at the 11th hour. Many Seek Lost Money. It pays to advertise. For the truthfulness of this often-repeated statement, Head Janitor Simmons, of the City Hall, can vouch. Wednesday he picked up some money on the City Hall floor, and having a George Wash-

Today Our 1248th Friday Surprise Sales and Annual January Clearance (See Advertisements in Yesterday's Papers)

Every Article Reduced Except Contract Goods and Groceries

Store Opens at 9 A. M., Closes at 6 P. M. Including Saturday

Tonight, Last Opportunity to Visit the Kodak Exhibition at the Armory Complimentary Tickets at Our Kodak Dept.



ington sort of a feeling, went into the ballroom and painted a sign, "Money Found." He placed this near the entrance to the elevator on the second floor. As a result, Mr. Simmons says he has learned that upwards of 200 persons lost money in the City Hall Wednesday. None, however, has been able to identify the particular amount of money found by Mr. Simmons. The sign is still up and Mr. Simmons still has the money, the amount or nature of which is kept a secret.

MAKE IT A CUSTOM TO DINE AT THE HOFBRAU-QUELLE ON SUNDAYS

The Hofbrau-Quelle is always the place to find congenial people. They are always there, for one knows that one will always find a restful, harmonious atmosphere, prompt, efficient service, well-cooked viands and a delightful musical and cabaret entertainment—a combination that makes dining at the great German restaurant of the Northwest exceptionally pleasant, especially on Sundays.

Reservations May Be Made by Phone Table d'Hote Sunday Dinner FROM 5:30 TO 8 P. M. One Dollar Entrance on Alder and on Sixth Street

WE ARE NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS In Our New Home AT SIXTH AND MORRISON WE PAY Four Per Cent Interest FROM JANUARY FIRST ON ALL SAVINGS DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE MONDAY, JANUARY FIFTH WE ARE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING FROM SIX TO EIGHT NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL BANK PORTLAND TRUST COMPANY