WOOL PRICE AT BEND NEW OREGON RECORD

Boston Mills Buy 3744 Pounds at 54⅛ Cents.

600,000 POUNDS ON SALE

Most of 210 Tons Sold by Central Oregon Associations Goes to Eastern Firms.

BEND, Or., June 24.—(Special.)—The highest price paid in the state this year for range sheep fleeces was given today at the sale held by the Central Oregon Wool Growers' association, the first to be held in Bend for three years, when the American Woolen Mills of Boston, through their agent, Alex Livingston, paid 54⅛ cents a pound for the 3744-pound clip of John Atkinson.

Earlier in the day the price had been run up to 53¾ and 54 cents, each being Oregon records for the year.

Fifteen buyers were on hand from Boston, Portland, Salt Lake and Pendleton, but the greater part of the total of 420,515 pounds sold went to supply eastern mills. More than 600,000 pounds were offered, and a number of deals are still pending. Virtually all the wool taken was fine staple.

Sales made today were as follows: Ned Angand, 7477 pounds at 46¼ cents, to Isador Ashland of Boston; Barry & Ahern, 54,400 pounds at 50⅛ cents, to Charles Green of Portland; Dan Hourigan, 24,639 pounds at 47½ cents, to the American Woolen Mills of Boston; Payne & Lester, 11,284 pounds at 50⅝ cents, to the American Woolen Mills; Dennis O'Connor, 15,250 pounds at 45 cents, to Isador Koshland; Pitcher & Warner, 51,500 pounds at 50⅝ cents, to the American Woolen Mills; Earl Small, 7254 pounds at 52¾ cents, to the French Woolen Mills of Boston; O'Callaghan Bros., 13,761 pounds at 53⅛ cents, to the American Woolen Mills.

Con O'Keefe, 15,700 pounds at 53⅝ cents, to Isador Koshland; L. D. Hoy, 12,400 pounds at 49¾ cents, to Crimmins & Pierce of Boston; George Jones, 11,225 pounds at 42½ cents, to the French Woolen mills; Parker & O'Keefe, 22,000 pounds, 54 cents to T. E. Fell of Portland; Mike Angland, 19,027 pounds, at 47⅝ cents, to the American Woolen mills; Reeder & Welsch, 8394 pounds, at 45¼ cents, to Charles Green of Portland; Tom Kronin, 34,570 pounds, at 47¾ cents, to the American Woolen mills; Con O'Connell, 15,169 pounds, at 50⅝ cents, to Crimmins & Pierce; W. W. Brown, 48,400 pounds, at 44⅝ cents to the French Woolen mills; W. L. Cook, 3325 pounds at 46½ cents, to the French Woolen mills; Jack O'Keefe, 20,000 pounds, at 50⅝ cents, to Isador Koshland and C. R. Potts; 2140 pounds, at 47⅝ cents, to Charles Green of Portland; John Atkinson, 3744 pounds, at 54⅛ cents, to the American Woolen mills; Pike Bros., 5746 pounds at 46 cents, to Charles Green of Portland.

148TH GUNNERS DUE SOON

DETACHMENT SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE THURSDAY.

Unit Comprises 166 Men on Way to Camp Lewis to Be Mustered Out.

One hundred and sixty-six members of the 148th field artillery are scheduled to arrive in Portland at 8 o'clock Thursday morning on the way to Camp Lewis, where they will be mustered out of the service. They will be accompanied by a casual company of 72 men, and six artillery officers. Members of the reception committee will meet the troops at Union station, and escort them to one of the hotels, where breakfast will be served, and other entertainment is being arranged.

The 146th field artillery, traveling and fighting companion of the 148th, will not come through Portland, but is scheduled to arrive in Walla Walla today. The 146th was recruited chiefly in eastern and southeastern Washington, and will be given a big demonstration at Walla Walla today, according to reports received here.

Ninety-one casuals from Newport News will arrive in Portland at 12:30 o'clock this afternoon and will leave at 4 o'clock this afternoon for Camp Lewis. They will be guests at luncheon at the Benson hotel, and later will be taken to the Y. M. C. A. or Multnomah club for swimming. Owing to their limited stay in Portland, elaborate arrangements for their entertainment are not being made.

FIGHT FOR LAND LIKELY

Leaseholders on Wagon Road Grant Prepare for Action.

MARSHFIELD, Or., June 24.—(Special.)—An interesting feature of the Coos Bay wagon road land grant forfeiture looms in the near future. The Southern Oregon company, which owned the land grant before the government confiscated it, had many choice areas of cleared dairying land. Such ranch lands were rented and leased to the occupants, but never sold.

Now that the land has reverted to the government, the people who have occupied the various places, many of them for years at a time, hope to establish priority claims in each instance, and to further their hopes are organizing a company to protect their interests.

FIRE DESTROYS DERRICK

Astoria Bunkers and Equipment Suffer $1500 Damage.

ASTORIA, Or., June 24.—(Special.)—A fire which started in the engine-room of the digger that was being used in unloading rock at the Walluski bridge bunkers about 9 o'clock last night burned the derrick as well as all the upper works of the digger. The loss is estimated at about $1500.

Several men hesitated to go aboard to fight the flames for fear of a gasoline explosion. The bridge and bunkers also caught fire but were merely scorched and not damaged.

Reckless Drivers Arrested.

Collision between a Thirteenth-street car and a truck driven by William Botzen, a stove mounter, at Thirteenth and Alder streets, yesterday resulted in slight injury to John Krueger, 256 Russell street. He was attended at the Emergency hospital. Botzen was arrested on a charge of reckless driving and of driving a motor vehicle while intoxicated. Two other men were arrested yesterday on charges of reckless driving. They were M. Schmitzer, an expressman, and Edgar C. Lindsey.

PROMINENT GREETERS OF AMERICA—GREETED BY PORTLAND IN THEIR NATIONAL CONVENTION.

1—W. Hammond ("Ham") Williams, presidential candidate, of San Francisco. 2—Leonard Hicks, another presidential aspirant, of Chicago. 3—Leigh Fuller of Los Angeles, who also aspires to the leadership of the Greeters. 4—John T. Faxon of Los Angeles, chairman of the board of governors. 5—F. A. Sears of Rochester, Minn., member of the board. 6—F. B. Sweeney of Milwaukee, Wis., member of board. 7—Francis Patrick Shanley of San Francisco, in characteristic speaking pose. 8—F. H. Rohwer of Spokane, member of board. 9—V. S. Warriner of Denver, secretary and member of the board. 10—Avery G. Warren of Chicago, member of the board. 11—President R. D. McFaddan of Fremont, Neb., head of Greeters of America, greeted by Charles D. Schreiter, president of the Greeters of Oregon.

GREETERS HERE FOR MEET

HOTEL MEN EAGERLY LOOKING FORWARD TO HIGHWAY TRIP.

Women Folk With Delegates Are Entertained by Portland Auxiliary to Association.

(Continued From First Page.)

the willing far westerners. There is a great deal of talk for the irrepressible "Ham," but his rivals are working the field indefatigably and predictions of the outcome are discounted. For the matter of that, every Greeter, quite as a matter of course, wears all the campaign decorations that the rivals pin upon him—and keeps his own counsel.

At yesterday's afternoon session three bids for the next convention were brought to the attention of the Greeters. They came in the form of urgent messages from Los Angeles, Colorado Springs and St. Louis—each setting forth admirable reasons why the privilege of host in 1920 should be accorded them.

With the delegates are scores of ladies who came along to see the rose city and watch their husbands enact the big convention scenes. At other conventions women visitors have been rather left to their own devices, by reason of the fact that they are not members of the organization. But Portland has the first ladies' auxiliary; charter No. 1, of the Greeters, and the local members have prepared a complete and separate programme of entertainment—theater parties, shopping tours, luncheons, dinners, drives and other social diversions.

The registration pages of the convention form a veritable directory of the country. Delegates are present from practically every city of importance, while there are scores from the smaller towns. But the democracy of Greeterdom knows no distinctions, and the delegate from Gotham would be no more welcome or important than one from Gresham. Proof of this is found in the fact that President McFaddan, of Fremont, Neb., won his office in contest with "Tommy" Farrell, widely known clerk of the Waldorf-Astoria staff, one of the most prominent of New York Greeters.

The Chicago delegation, headed by its presidential candidate, Leonard Hicks, is 18 strong, the party numbering 24 in all. New York is represented by 14 delegates, led by Frank A. Ready, of the McAlpin hotel.

Two of the most active and, certainly, the most uniquely original characters on the convention floor are Francis Patrick Shanley, vice-president, of Los Angeles, and David Olmstead of Cleveland, both with the reputation of being able to "start something most any time."

Highway Trip Planned.

Among the many prominent delegates are V. S. Warriner, secretary, of Denver, publisher of the American Greeter, who motored to Portland; R. E. Gould, first vice-president, of the Newport house, Newport, N. H., and Frank C. Jordan of the Lexington, Chicago.

Many of the delegates, bearing commissions from their home cities, are improving the occasion by making reservations for their own particular crowd of Shriners, to attend the national assembly of the Shrine in this city next Summer.

"We are all looking forward with keen pleasure to the highway trip along the scenic Columbia," said "Ham" Williams of San Francisco. "To those of us who are fed up on western grandeur it will prove more than an ordinary treat, but to the brothers from the east—say, they don't know what they have coming!"

And, speaking of scenery, A. J. Barash, of Seattle, publisher of the Hotel News of the West, circulated among his fellow delegates with the announcement that, beginning next week, his house will issue a special travel magazine, featuring the scenery of the Pacific northwest.

Today's session will open at 9:30 a.m. in the Multnomah hotel and will be devoted to educational work and addresses. The afternoon session will convene at 2:30 o'clock. Other features of the day's programme will be the shopping tour of the ladies, under supervision of the local hotel auxiliary, at 10 o'clock; luncheon for the ladies at the Imperial hotel; an automobile trip for delegates at 4 o'clock, over the interstate bridge; and a "high jinks" at 8 p.m., ladies included, at the Chamber of Commerce.

ORCHARD WORKERS SOUGHT

Camps to Be Established Near Roseburg for Pickers.

ROSEBURG, Or., June 24.—(Special.)—With thousands of acres of fruit in heavy bearing this season and cherries and loganberries ready for picking growers are feverishly searching for pickers. The fruit inspector, acting under direction of the county court, is developing plans for pickers' camps, where boys, girls and older people may find accommodations while working.

A camp will be established in Garden valley this week, which will be the first of the kind in this county. The largest apple yield is expected from this section and thinners are in great demand just now. This camp will be in charge of one of the high school instructors or the county school supervisor. A cook will be provided and proper sleeping accommodations arranged.

ALL EGYPT IS WILD AS EXILES ARE FREED

Aristocratic Women Vie With Dancing Girls in Cairo.

MOB QUICKLY ASSEMBLED

Jungle Steps and Cries of "Long Live the Nation" Greet Proclamation of British General.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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CAIRO.—As celebrators and jubilators and demonstrators, Egyptians lead the world. Mrs. Pharaoh does the hoochee-koochee and Mr. Pharaoh steps the jungle dance. Both prance and yell with a tirelessness that makes an occidental marvel. I saw America's two armistice celebrations—the premature and the real—in Philadelphia and Boston, and these went beyond any of the great political or athletic or New Year outbursts I had ever witnessed. America's peace carnivals, however, were as Sunday school exercises when compared with the mad delirium of patriotic fervor that swept Cairo into the streets for two days of oration on the proclamation of General Allenby freeing the nationalist leaders exiled to Malta and granting permission to Egyptians to travel and to send a deputation to the peace conference.

Contrast, that first element of the dramatic, was abundantly present. For three weeks the nation had been in revolt. Wires were down, rails were cut, buildings burned, foreigners besieged. The army had visited swift punishment, by air, by water, by land. A thousand or more Egyptians had been killed. Rioting and death had been common in Cairo. Great public funerals on the two preceding days had keyed the populace up to a high pitch of tension. Then suddenly, at noon of Monday, April 7, there fell the unexpected and astounding news that all the demands of the people had been granted by General Allenby.

Opposite my window is a popular cafe where Egypt's favorite outdoor sport of conversational endurance races is played. The men at the tables suddenly began to yell and clap their hands. I looked out; an automobile had brought a message and some copies of an extra edition of the Official Journal. As the machine sped on its way runners darted off with copies of the paper. Those left behind shook hands with one another, waved their canes and tossed their tarbooshes into the air, cheering the while. Within five minutes the noise of shouting was heard in every direction. Fifteen minutes later I was driving around the city, and the news apparently was everywhere. People poured out of their homes as if summoned by telepathy. No prairie fire ever sped more swiftly than the hilarious tidings that Saad Zaglul, whose arrest had made him a national martyr, was free and that Mr. Wilson and the peace conference were eager to hear Egypt's plea.

Mob Quickly Assembled.

Life is more mobile in the east than in the occident. People are not tightly tied to their tasks. They are never too busy to obey the impulse of the instant. A mob is a matter of moments only. The scattered pools and rivulets of human life quickly merge into a swift river. Within an hour after the publication of General Allenby's message all Cairo was astir and out of doors. Into the remotest room of the most palatial harem, where elegant ladies lolled in tedium and complaint at the turbulent times which kept them so rigidly indoors, and into the most hidden hovel in the narrowest alley in the native quarter the electric message of freedom ran.

Popularly, the news was interpreted as national liberty. Aparently the masses thought that independence had been granted to Egypt. There could be no doubt of the appeal of patriotism to the hearts of even the humblest. A man at a London desk might contend that the lower classes of Egyptians neither know nor care anything about nationalism, but no honest person looking upon the Cairo outburst would believe so for a moment. Something new happened in the long dormant east. The great passions have stirred the hearts of the least among the people. Resurrection life is coursing hot through the arteries and veins of old Egypt. Elemental deep is answering to deep.

All of us are primitives in times of deep experience, and Egypt is near enough to naked man to give unrestrained play to the impulse to shout and leap for joy. That is what Cairo did, and the rest of the country as well. It went out into the street and yelled and cheered. America in celebration seeks mechanical methods of making noise, the east exercises its lungs. Happiness, more than misery, loves company; and the people naturally clustered together, and cried aloud in common.

"Long Live the Nation!"

The words that they shouted were the same all over the city:—"Yahia el watan!" "Long live the nation!" The cry became a refrain, chanted in unison. Capering boys on the street shrilled it to the same cadence, bodies of students lunged it as a college yell. Black-robed women with tatooed faces came out from their hovels, babies bouncing astride their shoulders, and echoed it antiphonally to gangs of cavorting coolies. Eminent citizens from carriages and motors saluted the throngs with it, to receive the same words in mighty response. Men with Egyptian flags beat time while crowds took up the refrain.

Occasionally the one chorus was varied by cheers for America and for Mr. Wilson and for France and for Saad Zaglul and for the peace conference. Mostly, though, it was tirelessly, "Yahia el watan! Yahia el watan!" The frenzy grew with the crowds. These people were happy and harmless; the same crowds might have dealt death the day before, but now anybody was safe to go anywhere. I covered the streets of the forbidden native city. Shopkeepers began to take down the boards that protected their windows. Anybody could see that this was a festival of joy, with animosity to nobody. General Allenby's master-stroke of magnanimity had done what his army could not do. There were no parties or classes in this freedom carnival. Egypt was indulging in a joyous and innocent orgy of national consciousness. The slums sent their worst and the palaces sent their best to mingle in a common and tumultuous street filling procession of patriotism, which kept up an overpowering and unbelievable din.

Always the east reverts. In any expression of feeling it acts as it acted two or five thousand years ago. The story of the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem became understandable to one watching this Cairo celebration. The men, who are only of late city dwellers, instinctively turned to the waving of branches. They tore the boughs from the nearest trees, ruining, alas, much of Cairo's foliage, though, not in any spirit of destructiveness. Carried away by primitive feelings, they seized branches as naturally as did the people on the Mount of Olives, outside of the eastern gate of Jerusalem. On the first day of Cairo's jubilation there were many times more branches than banners to be seen; on the day following the country folk came in, waving nature's green symbols as they shouted. Again and again I saw men take off their outer cloaks and throw them about.

Cairo Near to Jungle.

In other ways it appeared how near these people are to the changeless past. Cairo is close to the desert and the jungle, figuratively as well as literally. For on the main streets and squares to which all classes graviated by the hundreds of thousands there appeared the tom-toms such as one hears in farthest African and Asiatic villages. Their wild music, evoked by skillful fingers, suits such an occasion of unrestraint as this. Over and over a circle would be cleared in the crowd while men did a jungle dance. Directly in front of Shepheard's hotel this scene was repeatedly enacted.

With no thought of vulgarity, but only as an instinctive, spontaneous expression of enthusiasm, after the immemorial fashion of their ancestors in the Sudan and the desert, scores of women mounted carts, and, with castanets on their fingers, did the muscle dances which are tabooed by the police of American cities. The social standing of these women is represented by a minus sign rather than by zero; yet they rode unrebuked side by side with the elegant automobiles of the veiled daughters and wives from the harems of the princes and pashas and beys. Egypt was never before so democratic as on this day of days; the fiesta was a cross section of the nation's life, from royalty to Fellaheer and Bedouin, all clamorous with "Yahia el Watan!"

Organized demonstrations in Fifth avenue may have shown more of pageantry and of the stage manager's art; but none ever possessed the real interest of this swirling, surging, screaming mass of Cairenes. Americans do not let themselves go as does the Oriental. There was something about this jubilation that was elemental and primitive; it seemed to belong to the childhood of the race. The instinct to shout and to fling about one's body was given free rein. Considering the varied colors and flowing fashion of the raiment of the crowd, the effect was harmoniously kaleidoscopic. In all that two days of celebration there were only two or three bands; aside from the reverberating tom-toms and the shrill reed pipes the music was altogether that of the human voice, which displayed amazing quantities of volume and endurance.

Cries of Joy Heard.

"Of course there were speeches, hundreds of them, from speakers in carriages, on verandas, windows and on the shoulders of men. None were long, for the crowds merely wanted fresh occasion to yell. Every orator in Egypt knows the art of antiphonal response; and the climax of eloquence is to set one's hearers to shouting.

More interesting to the foreigner than speeches or dances or the throngs that mounted to the top of street cars and carriages and roofs were the joy cries of the village and Bedoulin women. These black clad figures, usually wearing black veils from the eyes down, although occasionally showing tattooed chins and cheeks, are the somber background of native life. At wedding feasts they make merry, quite after the fashion of the Bible, and they have a distinctive cry, made by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, thus producing a high, piercing and ululating sound. It resembles somewhat the yoding of the exuberant small boy or the war cry of the American Indian. Frequently groups of women in the multitude would give utterance to this wedding joy call. In front of Shepheard's hotel an unveiled black woman with snapping eyes, shining skin and large white teeth did a jungle "can-can," with her babe on her shoulder, out of sheer exuberance of spirit and apparently unconscious of the onlookers.

A few moments later two camels came along the sidewalk, so close to the houses and terraces that those within could almost touch them. They bore loads of celebrants, waving branches and flags. A short distance behind them a student, caught in the jam with a bicycle, tried to carry it above the heads of the people, and as the wheels banged to and fro they hit the merry-makers; but everybody considered it a joke. Nothing could dampen the good nature of these shouters for patriotism. During the first afternoon I saw two heavy truckloads of stone being pushed along the street by men who still stuck to their tasks; and they were objects of comment because they worked when everybody else was holidaying, though as they toiled they chanted "Yahia el Watan!"

Shouts Given for America.

On the second day of the demonstration there were more flags and vehicles. Also the outlying towns had sent their people in for the rejoicing, the women riding on the familiar, flat-topped donkey cart, which commonly carries two or more passengers and makes an admirable stage for the native dance. Every vehicle in Cairo was pressed into use—and I warrant the wheelwrights had busy times afterwards with broken springs. Sumptuous automobiles that had been out of sight for the preceding weeks of tumult now appeared, all decorated with flowers and flags and red and white ribbons.

It needed this second day to bring forth fully the two most remarkable aspects of the demonstration. First of these was the appearance of the upper class women, riding in automobiles and carriages and dressed in black silk, with the white, transparent veil covering the lower half of their faces. Somebody counted 76 loads of women in the Tuesday afternoon procession. Most of them carried Egyptian flags or more patriotic ribbons. Several mothers had their children dressed in the Egyptian flag.

The women did more than shout for Egypt, for liberty, for Zaglul, for America, for Mr. Wilson, for France and for the peace conference. Incessantly they leaned out of their vehicles and started the antiphonal yelling of the crowds. Sometimes they stood up and made patriotic speeches, ever being greeted with "Vive la Femme!" This cry became part of the common chorus of the crowd.

This was emancipation day for Egyptian women. That American and British women should march and make speeches is no longer noteworthy; but this is the east, the home of the harem, the land of the veil; where it is not proper for a man to mention his wife or his mother; the very citadel of sequestration and subordination of women. This high day, however, brought women of all classes to the fore as inciters to patriotism and as leaders of the men. This alone marked the occasion as revolutionary.

Nevertheless, each is itself and the American is of his own kind. There is a distinctive American type; one may identify an American by his clothes, his carriage, his walk, his face, his speech, his actions, his thoughts. Since the first Pyramid was begun there have been many mixtures of human life; and nations beyond count have come and gone, as if nature had almost exhausted the resources of her laboratory; yet after these five thousand years there has been evolved in the new west a people unlike any other that has ever been anywhere.

National Type's Gift.

War has taught our veterans that there is an American type distinct from all others and having no reason to covet alien qualities. This has been to the world the great revelation of the war. For America it has been an experience in self-realization. In former days we had the blatant braggart, boasting his way through Europe on a Cook's ticket, and also the apologetic imitator of European ways, who desired to have it understood that he was of superior breed to his crude fellow countrymen. Americans are content to be Americans without either arrogance or sycophancy.

In the presence of the Pyramids it is as clear as Egyptian sunlight that America's supreme gift to mankind is this national type. Sane, strong, direct, transparent, helpful, open-minded, the average American is sui generis. He may be a bit unsophisticated, and susceptible to polish, but he is muddy gold and not gilded mud. His aptitude for what is real amounts to genius. Somehow his eyes see through shams and pretenses. Teachable, when taught he is not uncertain. Europe and the orient may gull him once or twice—usually do, in fact—but not the third time. His capacity for apprehending the essential has won the appellation "Yankee common sense."

This American believes certain big ideas about human rights and brotherhood. He thinks they have made him what he is. No genuine American could ever become a Brahmin. His only cast is democracy. Therefore he instinctively feels that every other human being, be he a Chinese on the upper Yangtse, an Egyptian on the Nile, an Armenian beneath Mount Ararat, a Russian on the Volga, or a Kaffir in the jungle of Africa, has a right to a square deal and a fair chance. For the basic rights of man and for world justice and civilization he will even go to war. But he will not draw his sword for the sake of trade or territory or privilege.

President Wilson may be reshaping the world, but America shaped President Wilson.

American Spirit Lauded.

Back home one wonders are they stressing anew, in the light of a world on fire, the old, old verities that have made the American type. It seems a long way from the Pyramids to Philadelphia, but at the moment Philadelphia-made political doctrines are rocking the Egypt of the Pyramids. Across the sands, the seas and the centuries Egypt cries to America to guard well her distinctive and democratic ideals, casting out or shutting out all who would impair them. America was constituted as a protest against class and caste; whatever savors of either, at top or at bottom, should be thrown anew, like a bad casting in the foundry, into the furnace of democracy.

It would be treason to far more than our own history for America to become in any degree or kind an imitation of Europe or Asia's outworn systems. If I were to stand on the top of this great Pyramid and make an address to the schools of all America it would not deal with the interesting theme of Egypt, old and new, but rather with the supreme importance of drilling into the innermost consciousness of every boy and girl, man and woman, the story and spirit of our America—her history, her constitution, her personalities, her traits, her uniqueness, her democracy and all the strange providences that have made her today the most powerful influence in the whole world.

One does not need to consult the sands in which Arab fortune-tellers trace fate to perceive that America's destiny is to carry her far, far afield in world service. We who sail a troubled sea in a stout and safe craft cannot turn away from the hands of the drowning stretched out to us in supplication. Our nation faces new overseas responsibilities of a grave character. The more reason, therefore, that she should cultivate vigilantly at home and send watchfully abroad the true American type of democratic character, with fear of none and good will to all. For this—the very soul of America—is what the weak and wounded and weary world asks of us most of all.

AID PLANNED FOR KEYMEN

UNIONS TO CONSIDER MEANS FOR PAYING SALARIES.

Labor Council Indorses Strike of Commercial Telegraphers; Other Help Is Sought.

Financial arrangements by which salaries may be paid to commercial telegraphers who are on a strike will be considered at a joint meeting of railroad telegraphers, commercial telegraphers, train dispatchers and members of other unions interested, to be held in Portland Sunday. Announcement has been made that the Portland Central Labor council has indorsed the strike of the commercial telegraphers, and affiliated bodies may be called upon to assist the telegraphers in financing their walk-out.

Local officials were hopeful yesterday that the International News Service and United Press operators soon would join the ranks of the commercial men, and were optimistic in the belief that the strike would be of short duration.

Several unions already have voted money for the strike fund, and Deputy International President C. H. Preston Sr. said yesterday that plans are being made to pay a regular salary to those out of employment.

Agate Carnival Postponed.

MARSHFIELD, Or., June 24.—(Special.)—Port Orford folk, at a recent meeting for the purpose of arranging for the 1919 Agate carnival, decided that sufficient backing could not be obtained to insure the carnival being a success, and so it was abandoned for this season. It is probable the carnival will be given in 1920, since it had become a function which drew crowds from great distances and furnished enjoyment for local people and strangers alike.

LEMON JUICE FOR FRECKLES

Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents—Try It!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates. —Adv.

"BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents at drug stores—larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. —Adv.