

# A Box of Delicious Hood River Apples Free



One box of these fancy Apples to every patient having \$25.00 worth of Dental Work done before January 1st, 1907. I have an orchard in the famous Hood River Valley, and am proud of it, and I would like my friends to have some of these apples. Understand, your work will cost you no more here than it will elsewhere. I simply do this to show my appreciation for your patronage. Remember, we extract teeth positively without pain or danger. My system of Crown and Bridge Work cannot be excelled. Our new method of filling teeth with porcelain is making a great hit with ladies who object to showing gold in their teeth. If properly done, it is difficult to detect it from the tooth structure. In our plate department we have the best skilled workmen on the Coast and our prices are exceptionally reasonable.

CONSULTATION FREE  
FEES REASONABLE

Good Set of Teeth on Rubber Plate, \$5.00  
Best Set of Teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8.00

## DR. B. E. WRIGHT

THE PAINLESS  
DENTIST

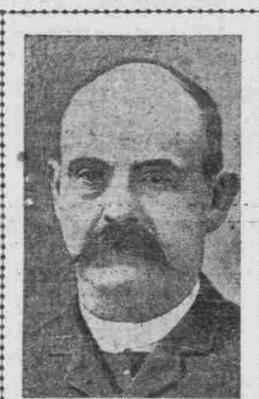
342 1/2 WASHINGTON STREET, COR. SEVENTH

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.; 7:30 to 8:30 P. M.; Sundays 9 to 1. Phone Main 2119  
(Eleven Years in Portland)

## WINS FAME AND FORTUNE STEAMBOATING

Captain U. B. Scott, Veteran Riverman, Is Approaching the Eighties, and Is Still in the Harness.

From the beginning there was a conspiracy on the part of several of us to inveigle Captain Scott into talking about himself. The Captain objects strongly to publicity, possibly because he doesn't like newspapers and newspapermen. There are people who hold their position. It doesn't matter much in the long run—there are ways to circumvent them.



Captain U. B. Scott, From a Photograph Taken a Number of Years Ago.

It was a harmless trick we played on Captain U. B. Scott, one of the last leaves among pioneer American steamboat men. He will be 80 years old before many weeks, but it is still hard to get the best of him. It required all the strategy of a clever woman to induce him to talk about himself before a group of us the other evening, and a great surprise is in store for him when he reads this.

I was struck with the masterful way the splendid octogenarian has with his street carriage, keen eye and lively brain. Surely it is worth getting old for—an old age without bitterness—when the wine of life still has a bead on it, when the rising up for the present still means something that one may look forward to, to still be useful in a world where men have work to do. Captain Scott's old age sits thus gracefully upon him.

Many traditions and customs of the older days cling to him. Somehow his well-made and well-polished topcoats of calfskin give him distinction, as does the old-fashioned cut of his clothes. They identify him with the antebellum period, when life was simpler and cleaner and more dignified. But it is largely in outward semblance, however, that the old gentleman suggests the past. In interest in the present it is keen and it was something of a task to draw him into reminiscences.

"I don't know why you're interested in the fact that I went out as an apprentice as a small boy, away back in the latter '30s, he began, as the skein of his memory began to untangle. "My experience was not much different from the experience of dozens of boys I knew in Ohio in those early days. I had to help make the family living, so I went to work for an ironworks, and a quarter or so a night at it, and that's how I dressed myself. I think I was 15 when I bought my first pair of fine shoes. I went to church the next Sunday, proud as a peacock, but for fear I would wear 'em out too fast I walked the two miles that I had to go barefooted, and carried the shoes in my hand. When I got to the church door I put 'em on, and when meeting was over and I got outside, off they came and I trudged back home with them under my arm. I don't suppose I looked very fancy, but that thought I did, and was proud of myself."

So the Captain took us in hand and led us back along the path long years. It was all interesting, from his life in Ohio, when Ohio was almost in the frontier.

All of you may not know that Captain U. B. Scott is an Oregonian who has followed our rivers successfully for many years as he did those of the Middle West for almost a generation before he ever saw the Columbia. He is still in the harness, and his keen personal navigations on the Portland-Astoria run, and the City of Everett, on the Sound, still keep him in touch with commercial affairs, although he no longer personally navigates his own boats. He has turned the wheel over to younger captains, but much of his time is still spent aboard them.

Steamboating on the Ohio. It was in 1854 that he took to steamboating on the Ohio River. At that time he had already made a success in the business of making machinery, and was a man of family. He invested a few thousand dollars which he had saved in a boat and, having learned navigation, ran her with considerable profit between the river towns of Ohio and Kentucky. When the Civil War came he had already built and sold several packets for the trade, and was owner of one and master of another when the Government impressed them for military service. Dur-

ing the Rebellion he ran his boats in the Ohio, Mississippi and Cumberland rivers, transporting troops and supplies for the Federal armies. He was in the midst of war's alarms for four years, and his service, though in a civil capacity, was at times more hazardous than if he had been a soldier.

After the War he took his boat South and entered the Lower Mississippi and Red River trade, carrying cotton from the up-river plantations to New Orleans. He made a fortune and then, through bank failures and other mishaps, lost most of his property.

It was then to be exact, in 1852, that he became interested in Oregon and came out to Portland to begin over again. He had but little means, but he saw the possibilities of Willamette River navigation and managed to scrape together suf-

cient money, I think he told me \$12,000, with which to build a boat to run on the upper river. He built a scow, remodeled it somewhat, built a cabin upon it, and, when completed, had a steamboat which drew so little water that it could navigate in a heavy dew. This was in the summer of '52, and the Ohio, that's what he called the boat, was the town joke. The river was low and none of the boats in commission were able to get by the Clackamas Rapids, so Oregon City, Salem and the other river towns were left high and dry for water transportation facilities.

Captain Scott proposed to run the Ohio to Salem and beyond in spite of deserts and low water. Old timers will remember how the town laughed at him and the monotony which he had built to run in eight inches of water, and he fooled them all. After days of delay he finally signed a pilot who took the proposition seriously, and so one day steamed up the river. They went to Salem without outward incident, and then, grown bold, continued on their way to Albany. The shippers at every landing fairly mobbed the boat in their eagerness to load freight for Portland, and the Ohio, after turning away many tons of cargo, returned, loaded to the guards, to give the Portland wharves the laugh. When the boat whistled for the landing the whole population was there to welcome her.

Colonel Joe Teal was one of the few who had believed in the venture and when the Ohio came steaming in with Captain Scott at the wheel, proud as a conqueror, Colonel Joe mounted a horse and shouted: "How much freight have you got, Captain Scott?"

"A hundred tons," answered the plucky navigator.

"I knew you'd do it. I knew you would, Captain Scott. If you tell me you can jump across this river I'll believe you. So help me, I will!" the Colonel shouted.

Wins Both Fame and Fortune. This marked the successful beginning of a career of steamboating on the Willamette and Columbia which has been in many respects remarkable. Captain Scott made enough out of the "Ohio" that first Summer to build a better boat, the City of Salem, and since then has prospered exceedingly. He built and operated the two Telephones, the latter of which established the record for fast time between Portland and Astoria. Some eight years ago the Captain retired from active work on the river, but he still directs the business of the Telegraph and City of Everett, which are valuable properties.

At 80 he is full of energy and with a few men of his age are able. He has found the secret of living long and happily and now he is satisfied with the world in which he has lived this long time and with the people. He faces the sunset and watches his day wane with a brave face—smilingly and unafraid.

## Reporter Learns How to Get Rich Quick

John H. Stevenson, of Telegram, Gets \$150 For Placing Election Bet.

JOHN STEVENSON, political reporter on the Telegram, made \$150 on the late Hughes-Hearst election and did not put up even a single penny. He was spared all the heart throbs suffered by the Hughes adherents when the returns of the voting in New York City first began to arrive in Portland on election night and yet made a very decent "killing," thanks to the good-fellowship of Charles Sweeney, the Spokane millionaire.

The day before the election Stevenson called upon Mr. Sweeney at the Hotel Portland. In the course of their conversation Mr. Sweeney remarked that he had a little spare cash which he would like to place on Hughes. Mr. Stevenson prompted the information that he could probably be accommodated at Schiller's cigar store and the two went there together.

Mr. Sweeney produced \$3000, which he said he would like to bet on Hughes at the prevailing odds, and he left it at the store, hoping that it could be placed. The day after the election and when the outcome of the contest was certain, the reporter and Mr. Sweeney again met at the Hotel Portland.

"Let's go down and collect our money," remarked Mr. Sweeney. "I am pretty busy and I am afraid I can't go just now," rejoined the reporter.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the millionaire, "it is in your pocket and feel easy, because it is coming to you. If I hadn't met you that morning I would never have placed the bet."

Mr. Stevenson, to make a long story short, kept the money. There are rumors that the reporter is about to blossom out in a new suit but it goes without saying that it will not cost \$150.

## SAYS SHE WAS BADLY HURT

Jennie Northrup Sues Portland Railway Company for \$3000.

Jennie Northrup yesterday brought suit in the State Circuit Court against the Portland Railway Company for \$3000 damages for personal injuries alleged to have been sustained October 3 last, while alighting from a car at Sixth and Washington streets. Plaintiff claims that the conductor prematurely signaled the car to start, with the result that she was thrown violently to the ground, causing serious contusions to the left arm, shoulder, hip and leg, besides wrenching her back and cutting her head.

Emmons & Emmons and W. H. Fowler are attorneys for plaintiff.

## SEEKS TO CONDEMN.

Oregon Electric Company Sues Terwilliger Land Company.

The Oregon Electric Railway Company commenced condemnation proceedings in the State Circuit Court yesterday against the Terwilliger Land Company to condemn a strip of land 50 feet in width extending through defendant's property. Judgment is asked for the judicial assessment of damages against the land company, all previous efforts in that direction between plaintiff and defendant having been unsuccessful.



# MONARCH RANGES THAT BAKE

Your Thanksgiving turkey will taste twice as good if roasted in a Monarch. Not only this but you will feel a whole lot better, and be better able to enjoy your dinner. Only half the work when using a Monarch Range. The duplex draft admits air at both ends of the fire-box, causing the oven to heat evenly. You never need to take out your coals and drag it around. And then it's never necessary to blacken the Monarch, even after cooking on it a whole day. All you need do is wipe with a moist rag and your range stays as bright and blue as a new gun barrel. The thin malleable top heats through in one minute and is guaranteed never to crack, turn red or warp.



The Monarch Malleable Range  
\$1.00 a week will place one in your home.

## CARPETS

We are constantly adding new patterns, and have a large assortment of beautiful designs, at prices that cannot fall to please even the most careful buyers. Our fabrics are all durable, only dependable makes obtaining a place on our stock. Brussels Carpet 30c a yard.



## Dining Table \$15.00

Square extension table, made of beautifully grained quarter-sawn oak—a table that we'll guarantee you won't find elsewhere for a cent less than \$20. The top measures 45 inches across and extends to 6 feet. The construction, polish and cabinet work are all of the very best.

## LINOLEUMS

The finest assortment of patterns in any city. A good grade of English linoleum in floral pattern at 30c a yard. Beautifully inlaid linoleums in floral tile and inlaid wood patterns. They're thick as a board, and will wear a lifetime.



## Dining Chairs \$2.25

We have just placed on show a new lot of pretty dining chairs, and have made the prices even more attractive than the chairs.



## Handsone Rocker \$3.00

Made from the finest grade of selected quarter-sawn oak, golden finish, with deeply chiseled carving. The saddle-shaped seat and panel back are unusually beautiful in grain and finish. A big, roomy, comfortable rocker that you wouldn't expect to get for less than \$5.00 while they last \$3.00.



## Perfection Oil Heater \$3.50

Carry it about from room to room. Turn high or low—there's no danger. Smokeless device prevents smoke and smell. Easy to operate as a lamp. All parts easily cleaned. Brass oil fount. Beautifully embossed. Holds 4 quarts of oil and burns 4 hours. Gives intense heat. Handsomely nickel-plated. Useful, reliable. Every heater warranted and usually sells for \$5.00.



## Folding Ironing Board \$1.80

Made from close-grained white pine, fastened together with bolts (no glue used in joints). Board measures 31 inches long by 14 inches wide. Adjust to three positions, and folds perfectly flat when not in use.

## Hassocks 50c

Well made, in a variety of shapes, from pretty carpet remnants. Those for 50c are made from a good grade of Brussels carpet. Those made from Axminster or velvet carpet range in price from 35c to \$1.00.



## Turkey Roasters 60c

Measure 11x16 inches, large enough to hold a big one. Made of heavy Russia iron, causes the moisture to drip down on the roast—a perfect self-baster, that usually sells for \$1.00.



## Pres Cutglass Fruit Dish 30c

16 inches in diameter and stands 4 inches high. Brilliantly finished, the best production in imitation cutglass. The design and just makes it hard to distinguish between the imitation and the real.



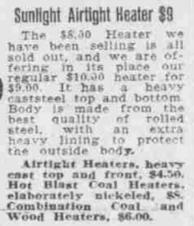
## Carving Set \$1.35

Made from the best ground and tempered cutlery steel, with genuine buckhorn handles, and usually sells for \$2.00.



## Doormat, Special 35c

1 1/2 Doormat, 16x24 . . . \$ .50  
2 1/2 Doormat, 18x26 . . . . . 50  
1 1/2 Doormat, 24x32 . . . . . 1.35



## Sunlight Airtight Heater \$9

The \$9.00 Heater we have been selling is all sold out, and we are offering in its place our regular \$10.00 heater for \$9.00. It has a heavy cast-iron top and bottom. Body is made from the best quality of rolled steel, with an extra heavy lining to protect the outside body.

# 85-191 FIRST STREET PORTLAND OREGON HOUSE FURNISHERS

## A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE

## CHUCK WAGON CAL. ON THE TENDERFOOT

The Camp Cook, at This Late Day, Gives Him His Right Place in the History of the Far West.

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN  
Copyright, 1906, by the Great West Syndicate.

"THERE WAS an artist along with us on the last Spring round-up," said Chuckwagon Cal, when cigarettes were lighted at the camp fire. "His Western pictures is the admiration of everybody in the East. I asked him what he was out for on that trip, and he says: 'I am seekin' an ideal figger to typify the West. What 'd you advise me to make a cowboy, rancher, miner, Injun or sheepherder?'"

"Well, if I was you, a-makin' pictures," I says, "and you was me a-mixin' sordough fer a lot of wolf appetites masqueradin' in leather breeches, I'd draw none of the things you have suggested. I would make a piker, grand and imposin' of the Tenderfoot."

"I see he thought I was tossin' him a joke outen the camp almanac, but such was not the case. The Tenderfoot is all that has made the West. It might a-been possible without the Tenderfoot, but it wouldn't a-been probable. If it hadn't been for Tenderfoot, the citizens of Buffalo, New York, would not be livin' in log blockhouses, and gittin' prematuro deaf-whoop and the hiss of Injun arrows. The toughest and most sun-briiled citizen you kin strike out here in the cactus was a Tenderfoot onct, though you may start a feud if you remind him of it. Old Jim A-sidger, Kit Carson, and the rest of them fellers who blazed the trails we are now followin' so patient with our iron horses, was Tenderfoot at one time in their lives, though if they had stopped to let it git to be a habit this hull West 'd be some different 'fr what it is today. The fellers who started for California in '49, with trouble hidin' behind every rock and bit of sagebrush on the way, was Tenderfoot. No seasoned Westerner had the nerve to face what them boys did. Only an on-thinkin', nappy-go-lucky, brave-hearted blunderbuss of a Tenderfoot would have had the nerve to tackle it and git through."

"We have heard lots in song and story about the Injun fighters and the cowboys, but nobody seems to give the Tenderfoot their due. Yet they was game boys in the main, and seldom did their courage prove as tender as their feet. I remember on Boot Hill, and that Mr. Colt's little levelin' machine beat the Declaration of Independence in makin' 'em men equal."

"Of course tenderfootin' today ain't what it was in them days. Why, I s'pose it won't be long afore they have seen the Wild West coaches and automobiles, same as I seen in Denver last Wifther with fellers bellerin' descriptions of the perarie dog, one of the few onchargin' features of the West. We will stop the coach here to permit the snapshooter to shoot the perarie dog, while he is posin'."

Over there you see a kyote, the only one that has not run into a ranch fence and broke his neck. A little farther on he will come to the footprints of some excited animal, includin' the deer, bear and Texas steer. Over there you see a real sheepherder, tendin' a band o' sheep. You may think he is loosed and romantic, but he ain't. He is a college graduate and kin s'pin any of us in a debate on political economy or the ethics o' football. Farther on, down the gulch, I will show you the last of the cowboys, stuffed and mounted for educational purposes. He is kept there to show to Eastern writers of Western stories, so they kin say they have seen one of the things they write about so much.

"But what sort of a picture did your artist make, after you gave him such good advice?" asked the camp tenderfoot. "Oh, he goes back and draws an imposin' piker of an imposin' cowboy ridin' an imposin' hoss and ropin' an imposin' steer, and now the public won't let him do anything else. It's got to take some bigger and better artist than we've had yet to give the tenderfoot his right place."

**BARGAINS** in First-Class Dental Work done by Dentists of 15 years' experience. To get our work introduced we quote prices as follows:

- Teeth that you can eat with (or no pay) . . . \$5.00
- Reinforced 22k Gold Crowns . . . \$5.00
- Bridge work, this week, per tooth . . . \$3.50
- Gold or Enamel fillings . . . \$1.00 and up
- Silver or Cement fillings . . . . . \$ .50
- Painless Extraction . . . . . \$ .50

**WE GUARANTEE TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT ALL THE TIME**

Open from 8 to 8  
Sundays, to 1 P. M.

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PACIFIC 1852 THIRD AND COUCH STREETS