

CANNED GOODS JOIN IN PRICE AVIATION

Tomatoes, Corn, Soups Up Approximately 50 Per Cent. Mushrooms 250 Per Cent.

WAYS OF SUNSHINE SCARCE

New Crop Being Sold on Advanced Scale, so Little Hope of Reduction Is in Sight—Rice One of Few Staples at Old Figure.

For the improvident housewife who relies upon canned goods, bought at a grocery store, for a large part of her daily fare, unhappy moments await, even if they have not already arrived. Canned goods of every sort are already stepping nimbly up the price ladder, and those who know say before the end of the coming summer it will be all probability, be impossible to get supplies of canned goods in this market. The common old can of tomatoes, No. 2 in size, which is the can known to commerce, retailed a year ago at 96 cents a dozen; now the same goods are \$1.25. Corn, the staple Iowa brand, which a year ago sold for \$1 a dozen at retail, now bring \$1.50. For the first time in 20 years tinned soups, which always sold at 10 cents a can and often three for a quarter, are now two for 25 cents. Grocers grown gray in the business never heard of a price increase in these soups before.

Mushrooms Hard to Get.
The same rule seems to hold good throughout the whole list of foods in tins. Some have advanced more than others, but all are higher. There are low-grade mushrooms, for example, that used to sell—not long ago, either—for 20 cents the can, which are now hard to get at 50 cents. The mushroom industry, which centers in Paris, has been shot to pieces by the war and grocers do not expect to get fresh supplies of this succulent dainty again soon.

Then there is the old friend, sauer kraut, in tins, which has become a luxury. A year ago the cans were to be had for \$1 a dozen, now they are hard to get at \$1.50 and the article is so scarce that it is practically out of the market.

Scarcity of cabbage is, of course, the reason for the lack of sauer kraut. A grocer yesterday paid 5½ cents a pound for poor cabbage. He said if a ton of cabbage could be found, \$100 would be cheap for it; in fact anyone fortunate enough to have that much cabbage could get almost any price he chose to ask.

Cans Cost Much More.
The advance in canned goods of all kinds may be traced directly to the war. Bessemer steel is the basis of tin plate and steel is now more in demand for killing people than for aiding in feeding them.

The advance in the cost of tin alone in a small can over last year is about one cent. This does not take into account the higher price of tinplate, the basis of solder, increased cost of colors and inks used for the labels on the cans, higher prices for nails used in the boxes, higher cost for machinery and labor, all big items to a can manufacturer and the packer who preserves the foodstuffs.

And the worst of it all is that the future crops of canned goods are selling on this basis. They will not be cheaper during the coming year, unless they are right now, and the chances are they may be a good deal higher.

Oysters in cans are up 50 per cent over last year; gallon cans in tin, handy size for restaurants and hotels, will not be made this year, manufacturers announce, as they prefer to make the smaller packages in response to the demand.

Cheese Up 20 Per Cent.
Canned goods, as that, are only acting in harmony with almost every other thing on the dinner table. Cheese is 20 per cent higher than it was last year, with many kinds out of the market. The Swiss government has ordered the export of cheese, and none from that country may be had.

Cream of tartar has doubled in price. The principal source of this article is the wine-growing countries of Europe, although a small quantity comes from California. Spices of all kinds are high, with sage probably in the lead. Most of the sage used in this country came from Austria before the war stopped its import, and Austrian sage now on hand is worth easily eight times what it was before hostilities started.

Sago and tapioca, that sold recently at 4 cents a pound, are now 12½ cents. The reason for this is the rise in the price of silver. These products come from the East Indies, Singapore and the Straits Settlements, being the producing centers. Similar rises in price may be noted on all goods brought from the street countries.

Cottonseed Oil Soars.
Cottonseed oil is up nearly 200 per cent over former prices. This affects the products into which it enters. Salt is 20 per cent higher. Crackers are 50 per cent dearer on account of flour prices.

Olive oil, however, is about where it was when the war started, and this is an important article, too. It is explained that the making of olive oil is a household industry in Italy, and the women and children do most of the work connected with its manufacture, so that the product is not lessened, even though the men are away at war. Added to all the other causes of high foodstuffs is the greater expense of doing business. Paper and twine are so expensive that this has become an item with the merchant. Chicago stores of the larger sort have installed package inspectors, to see that clerks do not waste paper and twine in tying up packages.

With the commoner vegetables soaring, the old bit of advice to eat potatoes and save money can no longer be heeded. There is just one slight ray of hope for the consumer today. This is that useful grain which forms the staple article of food for millions of the Oriental race, rice. Rice is the cheapest food in the Portland market, as useful and more tasty, perhaps, than potatoes, and an excellent substitute. As yet people are not using it here to any great extent, and prices have not advanced, yet.

Teachers' Institutes Set.
EUGENE, Or., Feb. 24.—(Special.)—A series of teachers' institutes to be held in the different cities and towns of Lane County has been announced by Superintendent of Schools E. J. Moore. Dates and speakers have been announced as follows: Cottage Grove, March 2; Professor F. L. Stetson, University of Oregon; Springfield, March 10; State Superintendent of Public Instruction J. A. Churchill; Junction City, March 17; Professor B. W. DeBusk, University of Oregon; Elsie, March 24; Dr. H. D. Shelton, University of Oregon. Similar institutes will be held at Acme, March 21, and at Eugene about the middle of April.

INABILITY TO THANK MR. CLARK MISS PEARSON'S KEEN REGRET

Stenographer Who Inherited \$10,000 From Chance Acquaintance Also Sorry That Opportunity Was Not Afforded Her to Make Gray Years of Elderly Man's Life Happier.



MISS ELLA PEARSON.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

SOME people are born great, others achieve greatness and some have money thrust upon them. That is just the way Ella Pearson, principal beneficiary in the will of Charles Clark, aged ferry gate tender, looks upon the situation. She doesn't like publicity, and it is not a pose with her. So often it is, you know, I've seen so much of this I-don't-want-my-picture-in-the-paper business, and all the time they have the picture taken especially for the occasion at the best photographers, ready to hand it to you on a golden platter the minute you ask for it. "I detest publicity," yells an actress the while she is telephoning you at 2 o'clock in the morning to let you know that her bulldog has been stolen early enough to get it in the first edition. Naturally, when I hear that tocin sounded about having publicity I sit tight and await developments.

In the instance of Ella Pearson I was handed the joyous surprise of my more or less eventful interviewing career. Miss Pearson actually and truly does not like publicity. She said so the first time I called her on the telephone to ask for a story about the flock of money she'd fallen into. She was doubly polite, charming and quite in earnest about knowing her own mind. She liked newspapers and newspaper folk, was keenly interested in stories about other people, but didn't for the life of her see that a story about Ella Pearson, heiress, could interest anyone but Ella Pearson, heiress, and Ella Pearson's family and friends.

Next day I called her up again and she laughed a bit and found a polite equivalent for "nothing doing." Next day we did the same sketch. Every time I didn't have anything else to do I'd call Ella Pearson on the telephone and ask her to be a nice little girl and tell me the story of her life.

Visit to Office Is First.
We grew to be quite friendly over the telephone, and yesterday she consented to pose for a picture. But the picture was all she'd stand for, mind you. So I sharpened all my pencils and my wits, trotted out my sister-to-sister smile, and waited.

Well, we took the picture up in the art department of The Oregonian and

then we ambled through the mystery rooms and she confided to me it was her initial visit to a big newspaper plant. The interesting and interested Miss Pearson and I staged a one-act sketch right then entitled "Won't you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly; it's the trapezoid little parlor that ever you did spy." I was the spider and Miss Pearson was the unsuspecting fly. She walked right into my little den, and we fell a-talking about everything under the heavens from clothes to paganism. That's a far cry, too, for clothes and pagans have no affinity. Speaking of clothes, Miss Pearson doesn't care for 'em only as a means toward an end. She's tremendously serious and gives some accounting for all her time.

"Clothes are possibly the last thing I'm concerned with," she said. "When the seasons change naturally I adapt my apparel to the call of the season. I make my shopping excursions brief and profitable. I couldn't for the life of me sample around, trying here and there to match something, looking over patterns and waste perfectly wonderful days buying one dress or hat. Not that I rush in and grab the first thing I see. Oh, no! But I know what I need. I know my own tastes and color preferences, and I've lived with my own face several seasons, so that no one can judge better than I can judge whether a poke bonnet or a flat sailor is most becoming to my special scheme of architecture. Simple, isn't it?" She smiled.

Smile Found Charming.
You'd love Ella Pearson's smile. Glorious, firm, snowy-white teeth back up the smile, and if she turned the radiance of all that sunshining smile on the late Mr. Clark I can't wonder that he grew to watch for her good-morning and good-night as she passed him on her way to work.

"It's five years since I'd even seen Mr. Clark," she told me, "and when Mr. Newhall called me by telephone one day last week and told me that he wanted to make an appointment with me to read Mr. Clark's will to me, I had to stop and search my memory to place the name. Finally it all came back to me, and the off-repeated little sally he used to fling at me. 'Never in your mind, I'll remember you in my will.' It meant absolutely nothing to

SMALL SONS OF MR. AND MRS. THURLOW TYLER SMITH, WHO WILL LEAVE FOR SEATTLE WITH THEIR PARENTS.



Stewart Hawley Young Thurlow Tyler Smith, Jr.

me, because I supposed he was just like all the other old men I met in that line of work—too old to be actively interested in anything else. I supposed he was just an old, forgotten man, and I was not any kinder to him than I am to anyone else. I like old people, particularly the ones that some of us like to call "children." I haven't given much thought to what I'm going to do with the \$10,000 Mr. Clark left me, but I know one thing I like to do. I'd like to adopt some little child and give him a home and love. So far as I know I have never hurt or been cruel to any living being. I felt drawn to Mr. Clark merely because he was old and working. I've always felt that when a man or woman grows old there should be grown children to look after the declining years and half way repay some of the love and care that was showered on the children when they were little.

"I go into parks and around the streets and peer into saddened old eyes, tired old faces. I see bent old backs stooping at menial tasks and gnarled, weary old hands at work, never resting. It hurts me. Something is awfully wrong somewhere with the world. I can't adjust it; neither can you. We are drops of water in a restless ocean. So all I can do is smile and speak kindly. That's all I did for Mr. Clark. It was five years ago. Since then I've never seen him or heard of him. That he remembered me has been really a big surprise. Naturally I am very happy over the money. It will be put to a good purpose. I have had stacks of letters about it. My friends congratulate me. One man wanted to invest it for me. Another wrote about my getting a monument for Mr. Clark. A few foolish letters from extremely foolish people have reached me. I destroy them. They are unutterably silly."

Miss Pearson is of Swedish descent

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BROADWAY THEATRE

BROADWAY AT STARK MAIN 21

me, because I supposed he was just like all the other old men I met in America and in Europe. She is an omnivorous reader, choosing literature on philosophy and psychology. She is intensely domestic and can do anything in a home from making pies and beds to playing the piano after the dishes are done. Personally, she is quite charming and attractive. Her eyes are blue, deep dark blue; her hair—and she has a mass of it—is bronzy gold; her skin is fair, and I've already told you about her delightful smile. She is an Oregonian; went to the public schools, was graduated from Lincoln High and later attended the Portland Business College. She is a stenographer, and is going to stay right by her job with

the Union Meat Company, where she has been for three years.

When we were saying good-bye I asked her what she'd most like to do. "Well, I'd like to travel some more, and, really, I think that's what I'll do later. I want to see Japan and the Hawaiian Islands, and India and Egypt. But that is all to be decided on later. Just now the thing I'd like to do and can't is to thank that old man for leaving me that money. I wish, too, though wishing can't help any, that I had known him better. Maybe I could have made some of his days in those five years less gray."

Mr. Clark, who was 84 years old, was found dead in his bed Friday, February

16, and in his will made Miss Pearson executrix without bonds and bequeathed to her \$10,000; to James N. Wheeler, inspector of the public works department, \$6000, and to Miss Anne Leon, also a stenographer, \$6000.

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