

POWERS THIRD AND YAMHILL POWERS USE YOUR CREDIT POWERS

A Vast Degree of Comfort and Genuinely Attractive Value Are Evident in This Splendid

Overstuffed Davenport

Which Now Shows the Price of

\$98.50

Consider the increased cost of materials and labor, and the fact that the regular price of this davenport is \$117.50, and you'll quickly come to the conclusion that \$98.50 is a most opportune price. It's one of those types of overstuffed pieces that combine

Use Your Credit and Enjoy the Luxurious Comfort of This Piece

luxuriousness of comfort with sightliness. Larger than the average overstuffed davenport, and with loose cushion, spring filled seats. Covered in a superior quality of tapestry—four patterns to choose from. A lounging piece of comfort and character—you must see it to fully appreciate this, and its unusual price lowness.

No Woman Can Afford to Be Without a

Tea Wagon

At This SPECIAL PRICE \$12.75

In walnut and mahogany finish, with movable wood serving tray and wood wheels. Nicely finished. An indispensable piece of furniture—a piece of utility and ornament.

Six of These Box-Seat DINING CHAIRS

A BIG VALUE at

\$21.50

Solid oak, with box-pattern seats upholstered in imitation Spanish leather. Design and finish that will appeal to you as being above the common-place.

For the Money and Purpose We Could Recommend No Better Rugs Than

Wool and Fiber Rugs and Grass Rugs

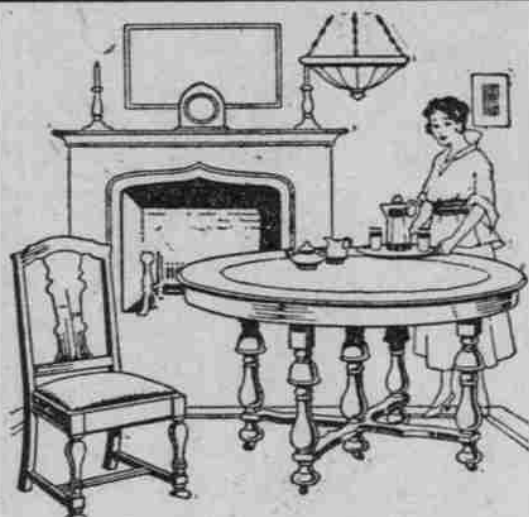
For porch and houseboat, for Summer cottage and bungalow, and for the sewing-room, they are admirably adapted. Novel patterns and desirable colorings. Range of popular sizes, too.

WOOL AND FIBER RUGS

6x9 Rugs priced at \$11.75
7-6x9 Rugs priced at \$14.50
8-3x10-6 Rugs priced at \$16.50
9x12 Rugs priced at \$17.50

GRASS RUGS

4-6x6-6 Grass Rugs at \$5.50
6-8 Grass Rugs priced at \$9.50
8x10 Grass Rugs priced at \$11.00
9x12 Grass Rugs priced at \$15.00



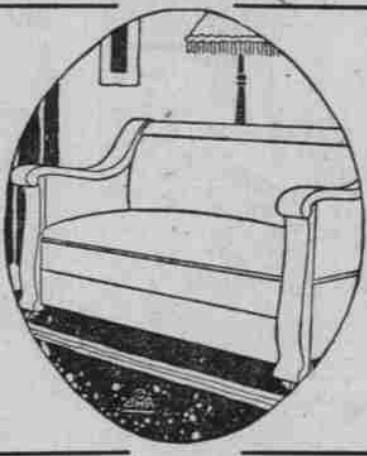
At the Special Price of **\$69.50**

This William and Mary Dining Suite Is Many Dollars Under-priced

Six genuine leather-seat dining chairs and a five-legged dining table comprise this dining suite in one of the most favored of period designs in dining-room furniture. In oak, and showing that quality of finish usually displayed in much higher priced suites. Satisfy yourself that this is exceptionally low priced at \$69.50—See it tomorrow.

The New A-B SANITARY Combination GAS RANGE

A mechanical triumph of convenience and economy, without being "over-sized" or bulky. Combines gas Range and Kitchen Heater in a most compact, practical form. Trade in Your Old Gas Range and Have the Advantage of Easy Terms as Well.

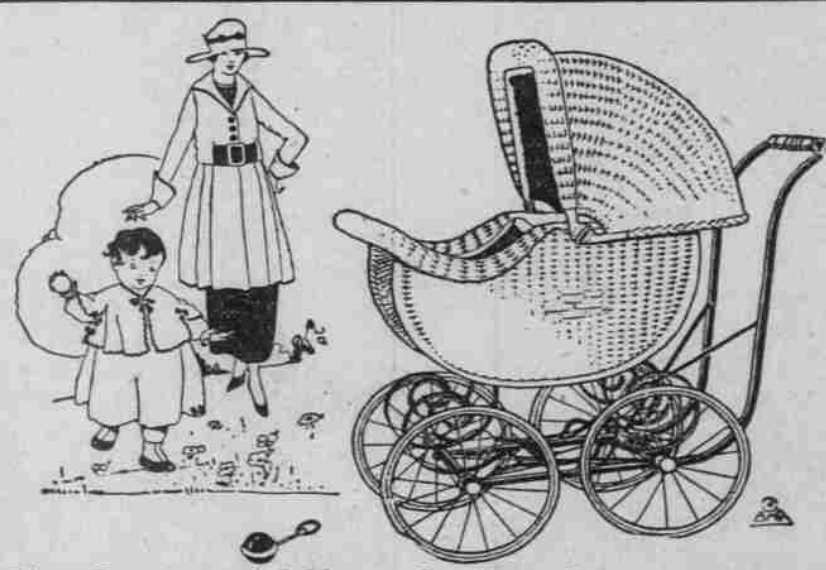


With a Kroehler Bed Davenport

You Can Accommodate a G. A. R. Veteran During the Big August Reunion

The Kroehler will make your living-room or parlor serve as a bedroom at night. Plenty of room within folded bed frame by day for thick mattress and all bed clothes. Perfect as a davenport. Luxuriously upholstered. Folds and unfolds with slightest effort.

A wonderful showing of Kroehler Bed Davenports here—twenty patterns—priced up from \$49.75.



If a Saving of \$10 in the Purchase of a Good Baby Carriage Means Anything to You, Then Buy a

Lloyd "Loom-Woven" Baby Carriage

Put our statement to the test. Compare Lloyd "Loom-Woven" Carriages with equal styles of other makes and you'll realize that such a saving can be effected. Lloyd "Loom-Woven" Carriages come in frosted black and canary, ivory, frosted Nile green, \$1 a Week baby blue and many other pleasing combinations. The largest showing in all Portland is at Powers.

MEN!

The Bicycle

Is The Thing

It will save you

6c Carfare

to and from work and the inconvenience and discomfort of crowded, slow-moving cars. Thousands of workmen are "bringing the bicycle back." We have recently received a large shipment of

Columbia and Tremont Bicycles

which embrace every feature of sturdiness and easy pedaling. Turn the matter over in your mind—then come and see these two leading machines. They're moderately priced and

WE'LL SELL YOU ONE ON EASY PAYMENTS



AT THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX—An Historical Error Is Corrected

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Reported by Wireless to John Kendrick Bangs



The Rescue of Joan of Arc from the Hands of the Iroquois.



Ten Generations Back you Had One Thousand and Twenty-four.

NAPOLEON was grinning after the fashion of a Cheshire Cat as Frederick the Great, his brow heavy with frowning gloom, sauntered into the Houseboat on the Styx, and took up his lonely station in one corner of the Library. The most notable of the Hohenzollerns had not been exactly ostracized by his fellow-shades, but he could not help noticing the cold reserve with which he had been treated by the members of the association since the misdeeds of the reigning member of his family had become generally known throughout Hades. Some of the illustrious had felt sorry enough for him in the plight into which he had fallen to greet him with a frigid courtesy, but none of the intimates of former days remained, and save for a very few German-Gehennas, like Bismarck, and Attila, and a Hapsburg or two, none were ever seen associating with him in public.

"I never see Frederick these days," said Napoleon, turning to Hannibal, "but that I realize that what seemed to me to be the most horrible of fates at the time it befell has turned out a tremendous bit of luck in the end. It must be terrible to be the illustrious Ancestor of a Posterity out of which the bottom has fallen."

"Referring to which?" asked Hannibal.

"Why you know, don't you, that one of my greatest ambitions in life when I worked on the other side of the River was to found a family?" said Napoleon, eyeing the great Carthaginian coldly.

"No, Boney," said Hannibal. "Sorry, but I wasn't aware of that fact. Had an idea that your chief object in life was to make Alexander and Julius Caesar and myself look like a bunch of short-change. That's the impression I got of you from the few obituary notices of yourself that I have had time to read, but of course I don't pretend to be an authority on you or anybody else except me. Truth is I'm not much of a book-worm, old man, and there's been such a lot of history written since my day that I haven't had time to read much about anything that has happened in the world since the year two."

"Don't you know anything about anybody?" sneered Napoleon, angered somewhat by Hannibal's ignorance.

"Sure I do," said Hannibal. "I know how Guy Fawkes succeeded Charles the First on the Russian Throne in 1492, and I know how Oliver Cromwell after many disheartening voyages in behalf of the Pole discovered America in 1776. I am also perfectly familiar with Dr. Johnson's marvelous career after reading Shakespeare's diverting comedy of Boswell, but—"

"Mon Dieu!" cried Napoleon, holding up his hands in horror. "Did you hear that, Franklin?"

"Yes I heard," laughed Franklin. "But really, Boney, I'm not surprised. I've talked a lot with these old Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, and What-Not, and take it from me what they don't know about History would fill a Cyclopaedia—indeed, it has already filled several Cyclopaedias. I was talking with Epaminondas only last Tuesday, when up walks John Stuart Mill, and when I introduced him to Epaminondas Epmy told him he was delighted to meet him, he had taken so much pleasure in reading his wonderful book, ON THE FLOSS. Epmy thought George Eliot's MILL ON THE FLOSS was by John."

"That's nothing," said Sir Walter Raleigh. "I can understand a mistake like that, but what a man reputed to be as learned as Sophocles stops you on the street and asks you to explain how the dickens Napoleon after his defeat at Waterloo could have reached Paris, Kentucky, inside of 24 hours—well, if you are not the center of gravity itself I don't see how the deuce a fellow can keep from laughing every button off his shirt."

"We'll have to start a Primary School, or a Kindergarten in History, for these Antediluvians," said Napoleon.

"They'll have Tommy Carlyle down as the author of Exodus next."

"Well I'm sorry to appear so ignorant," said Hannibal, "but really, Boney, it isn't my fault. They didn't teach what you fellows call Modern History back in 215 B. C. when I went to school, and it wasn't until I'd been down here over two thousand years, that I ever heard the names of Chris-

topher Columbus, and Jim Boewell, and Theodore Roosevelt even mentioned. Of course I know how Columbus beat the Madagascans under General Zachary Taylor at Yorktown, and how Jim Boewell discovered the Fountain of Youth at Johannesburg, and how Theodore Roosevelt captured Sitting Bull at the Battle of Pontenoy, but these glorious things hadn't happened in my day, so how should I know about them?"

"No reason in the world why you should, Hannibal," said Franklin, with a kindly, pacifying smile, "but now that you have picked up all these interesting items of historical information I really think you owe it to the world to stop being a Shady General, and to blossom forth as an Historian. Hire a nice little Bungalow somewhere where you can go for a year or two or quiet writing, and give the world the benefit of your acquired knowledge. Tell us in fluent limpid prose all about the capture of Sitting Bull at the Battle of Pontenoy; give us the true history of how Paul Rovers caught on the heights of Sebastopol and warned the sleeping Japs that Richard Coeur de Lion and his Rough Riders were approaching from the undefended Venezuelan front. Omit nothing that appeals to your sense of the dramatic. Give us the discovery of the Laws of Gravitation by I. T. Barnum, down to the rescue of Joan of Arc from the hands of the Iroquois by the Patagonian Crusaders under the command of Brigham Young, the Hero of Trafalgar Square. You'd make a fortune out of a book like that. Hann, and many a thrifty soul who has fallen by the wayside half-way through the preface of Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great, would rise up refreshed and call you blessed."

"O I couldn't," said Hannibal. "I have no literary gifts. I can't write."

"Then dictate, Hann," said Franklin, "and enrich the humor of the world. But what were you saying, Boney, about finding a family?"

"I didn't say anything about FINDING a family. I said my ambition was to FOUND a family. There's some difference between FINDING a thing and FOUNDING it."

"Yes, I guess you are right," said Franklin. "Your first family was a FIND, but your second—"

"Was a bitter disappointment to me at the time," said Bonaparte, "but now that I'm here in the world, in the midst of what I considered my greatest trial, as I look at poor Frederick over there, and think of what the Hohenzollerns have come to, I perceive the truth. Really great men should not be allowed to have children. Once a family has worked its way up to the summit of a great achievement the line should end before it starts on the toboggan downward. History itself teaches us that, for it is only in exceptionally rare cases that any chip off an old block is anything more than a chip, and a rather chippy sort of a chip at that."

"You are dead right, Boney," said J.illus Caesar. "When I look about the world today and see what these Pot-damn'd Hohenzollerns are doing with an illustrious name, I can't help thanking old Father Jupiter that there aren't a swarm of little attleboro Caesars claiming descent from me rustering all over the earth, and compelling the Police of all civilized communities to put my fingerprints in the Rogues Gallery. Posterity can redeem itself from a bad Ancestry but an Ancestor is helpless when Posterity takes the bit between the teeth, and leaving the straight and narrow path, begins careening along the Gay White Way, exceeding the speed limit, throwing honor to the winds, and apparently preferring the honors of the Penitentiary to those of the Hall of Fame."

"My idea to a dot," said Napoleon.

"And I want to say right here and now that if I had a grandson like Bill Hohenzollern I'd petition Pluto to let me change my name from Napoleon Bonaparte, to Dennis W. Mudd. Posterity is all very well in its way, and I found it convenient at times by the issue of a homonym to be a safe investment."

"O I wouldn't be too hard on Posterity if I were you," said Euclid.

"I'm not too hard on 'em," said Napoleon. "I am only trying to convey to your mind how darn glad I am that I haven't got any. I have a step-son, and some of it is a credit to me,

CAMPS ARE LANDSCAPED

Soldiers Evince Desire to Make Grounds Places of Beauty.

CAMP KEARNEY, San Diego, Cal., July 8.—An interesting problem is presented to the psychologist by the rapidly-developing craving for beauty evidenced by men in this cantonment. After spending many months here without attempting any elaborate landscaping about their quarters, nearly

every organization here is now spending time and effort to improve the appearance of lawns, flower beds, walks and streets. All sorts of insignia have been built before mess halls, trees and flowers have been planted, artistic windvanes made, bulletin boards ornamented with shields and other designs, rockeries built, and other steps taken to improve appearances.

Some instances which have come to light within the last few days include the following:

A Company, 145th Machine Gun Bat-

talion, cast letters and insignia designating it in concrete, using bent iron strips for forms, and mounted them on its messhouse lawn. A wooden machine gun, such as is used in camouflage work to deceive the enemy, was erected above these.

The 115th Field Signal Battalion erected a row of discarded clay drain pipes along its officers' row lawn, planting a flower in each pipe. The whole gives an effect of a row of low tops with flowers growing from the top of each.

K Company, 187th (Colorado) Infan-

try, has decorated its two concrete shields with heavy block letters designating the regiment and company, and painted them to represent American shields, except that at the tops the usual blue fields and white stars have been made cloudy sky backgrounds against which stars stand out in areas over American eagles.

I Company, of the same regiment, has the same designs except that portraits of Major-General Frederick S. Strong, and Colonel Patrick Hamrock, division and regimental commanders, respectively, replace the eagles.

(Continued on Page 8.)