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THE BLIND SENATOR

Thomas P. Gore Left Sightless and Helpless at 11.

GREAT CAPACITY FOR WORK

He Loves to Have a Book in His Hands—Whenever he is Being Read to he Wants to Hold a Book Himself.

How did a blind man ever get into the United States Senate? For that matter, how did a blind man ever have the courage to pick out that particular career and to make it the object of his greatest ambition?

There is one answer to both questions. He did it by being Thomas P. Gore.

Being Thomas P. Gore means a good many things. It means being 37 years old, in perfect health, of indomitable will and unlimited energy.

It means, moreover, having had a good mind to start with and having given it twenty-five years of almost unexampled training.

When the present Senator was only 7 or 8 years old he was accidentally struck in the left eye by a stick which a companion threw down.

While he was showing it off, the rod it fired kept catching in the barrel, so finally having placed it in position, young Gore squinted down the barrel—with his good eye, of course—to see if everything was all right that time.

Of course, the sight was destroyed. An operation was performed, the front of the eyeball removed and a false eye substituted.

He went through the public schools then the normal school, then the Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn.

When he left college he went to Jackson, Miss., for six months to learn to read with his fingers.

The two books for the blind with which he supplied himself then have not grown into a library.

He cannot read one word in the volumes with which he has surrounded himself; yet he knows their contents with a thoroughness which would make most men seem, in contrast, to be strangers to their own book shelves.

he know their contents, he knows their outside also. As he would recognize the face of a friend by passing his hand over it, so he can recognize his books by mere touch.

He loves to have a book in his hands. Whenever he is being read to he wants to hold a book himself.

When he is getting his idea into shape for a speech he goes off into a room by himself but takes a book to hold. It may not be a book from which he is going to quote, but it will be a book he cares for, and a book, too, that he likes the feel of; for he is especially sensitive to certain bindings.

His wife says that books are his one dissipation. He neither smokes nor drinks. But he goes to a book store as a needle to a magnet and always succumbs to that one temptation of buying more and yet more volumes.

No man who was not thoroughly likable could ever in this world have managed to do what Senator Gore has accomplished, no matter how much he might have wanted it.

A schoolmate read him through college. A brother became his lawpartner. Another his secretary. His wife is something of all three, and a good deal more.

Nothing would be further from the truth than to picture him as a semi-dependent drag upon his friends. Some imaginative correspondents have described his wife as his inseparable companion, going wherever he goes, sitting upon the platform during his campaign speeches, and either leading or following him around constantly.

That's all nonsense. The other day when a Sun reporter called at the hotel where Senator Gore lives in Washington the Senator had gone off to New York on business, and according to his custom he had gone all by himself.

He almost invariably travels alone. He has made a campaign tour of half a dozen States and done it quite alone. That's the kind of man he is.

The stories of his wife campaigning with him are not true. She explains quite simply that she would have liked to go with him, but that "traveling costs twice as much for two as for one, and I felt that we could not afford it."

It is not being constantly with him that she contributes her share to her husband's success, but by reading to him. He has the courage and the will for everything else, but that is the thing others must do.

Before Oklahoma was admitted, when, as Mrs. Gore says, "we knew Statehood was coming," they spent months reading and studying works on economics and constitutional law and history.

Another man could surround himself with books and papers so that anybody could see that he was occupied. But they see Gore sitting by himself on the train or in a hotel and think he must be in need of entertainment, which they proceed to supply.

"And I didn't have any time to cogitate!" will be his lament later to his wife.

Not that he doesn't want companionship. It is only when he has a speech on hand, or something of that sort, that he objects to having his cogitation interfered with.

But his one insatiable passion is for reading. Science, especially the science of government, economic subjects, and above all the Bible and masterpieces of oratory, these are

the things he cares most for. But although he loves to hear the Bible read, he is "not much of a church goer."

Through his hearing and his speaking he does all his work. He never writes anything himself. He did learn to use a typewriter, but never liked it, and depends altogether on dictation.

Even people who are not blind dictate their replies just as Senator Gore does. The difference is that he keeps in his mind, always at his command, a hundred times as much exact information as most seeing persons keep in their minds.

In his home town, Lawton, Senator Gore goes and comes without any escort whatever. In Washington, however, he has not begun to go about alone.

He has the subtle sense of perception which is not uncommon in the blind. Sometimes when he is walking along he will sense the nearness of steps, or a wall, or some object.

He says that it is something he cannot explain and something that he can neither control nor depend upon.

"If I should try to feel the nearness of objects," he says, "I could not do it. I can't depend upon feeling it, anyway. I might walk off a dozen flights of steps for once that I would know enough not to."

He loves trees and flowers, especially the fragrant ones, with roses and southern honeysuckle in the lead. Their place in Lawton has more trees and shrubs than any other place in town, though it is what Mrs. Gore calls "a little home."

And most of the trees and shrubs were set out by the Senator himself. But his love for flowers and trees does not include animals. He has no use on earth for either dogs or cats.

As he drew the short term, he will be out of the Senate in two years unless re-elected in the meantime.

It is because he has always crowded his life with work that he has made his blindness a matter of such small importance, for it really seems that to him. The handicap which looms so big to the outsider he simply does not waste time talking about.

His wife suffers with asthma in Oklahoma, and a year or two ago her husband urged her to go away for the winter so as to escape it.

"Your ill-health is the only misfortune we have."

"Why," said his wife, "most people would think your blindness was our great misfortune."

"Oh, he said, 'I never think of that' Apparently he does not. He is too busy thinking of work. Undoubtedly the fact of his blindness made people feel kindly toward him when he became candidate for Senator.

There were four candidates, two of them being strong ones, and the blind man asked no quarters. He made the fight as any other man would have made it, and he expects to serve his State as other men serve it.

Allen C. Durborrow dead. CHICAGO, Mar. 11.—Former congressman Allen C. Durborrow died last midnight at the Robert Burns hospital after an illness that had confined him to his bed.



MERRITT R. POMEROY, Republican Candidate For Re-Election For Sheriff of Clatsop County.

UP-TO-DATE PAINT advertisement for ACME QUALITY paint, featuring a brush and text about durability and quality.

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PERFECT PRINTING PLATES advertisement for HICKS-CHATTEN ENGRAVING CO., 2d & Alder, PORTLAND, ORE.

FOR YOUR SUNDAY DINNER advertisement for JELL-O dessert, including a recipe and promotional text.

MEN AND WOMEN advertisement for a health product, likely Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with text about natural discharges and inflammation.