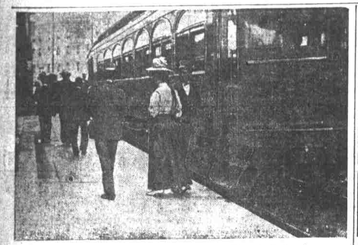
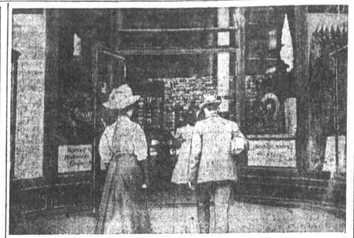
MR. AND MRS. TOM POTTS OF SALEM SPENT YESTERDAY SHOPPING IN PORTLAND

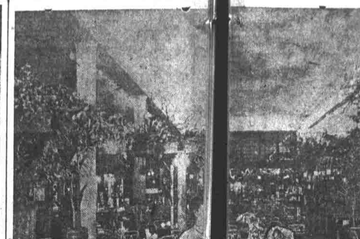


Arriving at the Depot of the Oregon Electric Railroad.



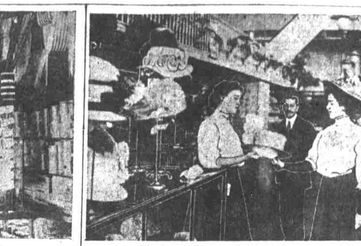
Entering Olds, Wortman & King's.

Dr. W. A. Wise Waits on Mr. Potts.



Eating Lunch at the

F. P. Young Fits Mrs. Potts With Gloves.

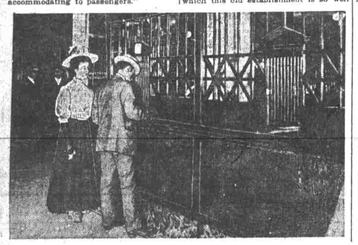


Wonder Millinery Charms the Salem Lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Potts Invest in Portlc Stock.

Tom Potts and Mary, his wife, came to town yesterday morning over the Oregon Electric railway. "It seems only a short and pleasant ride on this line from Salem, where we live," said Mary, after she had scolded The Journal artist for what she termed undue freshness with a picture taking machine. "We come in on the electric line from Salem because there is no dust, the coaches are new and the roadbed is smooth. Isn't that so, Mary?" said Mr. Potts. "Yes, that's so, and the scenery is better on the electric line, much better," replied Mary. "Yes, and another thing about it is one can come and go as he pleases," continued Mr. Potts, "for the electric trains are running all the time and the conductors are extremely accommodating to passengers."

Leaving the Oregon Electric depot, Mr. Potts and his wife went directly to the Hartman & Thompson bank in the Chamber of Commerce building. "We had better draw enough money to get us an automobile and do some other shopping," was the suggestion of Mrs. Potts. "Yes, Mary, and we must let the bank make an investment for us. You know we have a neighbor in Salem, for whom the Hartman & Thompson bank has made a lot of money," and turning to The Journal man he said: "You know I like this bank because it is not a corporation which makes every man in the concern liable to the full extent of his fortune for the deposits. I don't know that the men behind it are worth more than $250,000, but they are all good, well known, substantial citizens and salesrooms, where one makes the selection of patterns."



Drawing Money at the Hartman & Thompson Bank.

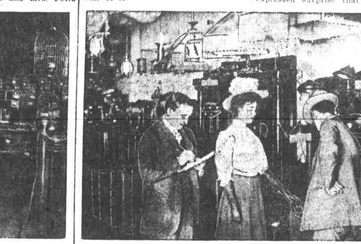
Being Measured at Columbia Woolen Mills.

In Owl Drug Store at Lipman, Wolfe & Co.'s

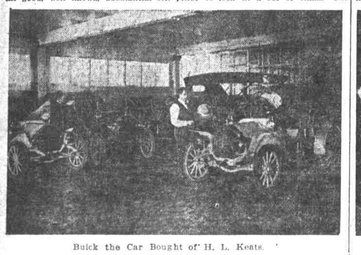
Looking at Dining Ta

Mrs. White Waits on the Visitors.

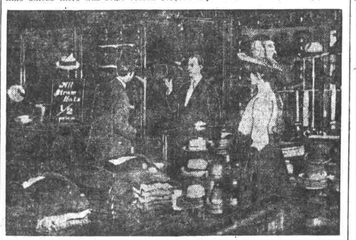
Inspecting Refrigerators of the Honeyman Hardware Co.



Buying Mantles of M. J. Walsh.

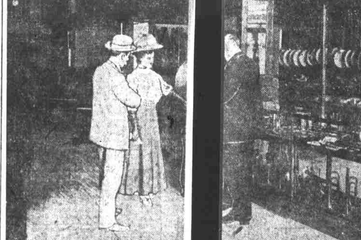


Buick the Car Bought of H. L. Keats.



Trying on a Knox Hat at Buffum & Pendleton's.

Selecting a Piano at Eilers.



Fred W. Graves Se

Rare Oriental Rugs Seen at Atiyeh Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. Potts Call at Gill & Co.

Mrs. Potts at the Eastern Outfitting Co.

Trying Out Their Auto at Dalles & Wright's.

J. D. Dubeck Tells Mr. Potts Eyes.

Trying on Hanan Shoes at Rosenthal's.

Mr. and Mrs. Potts at

Diamonds of Mary & Bloch for Mrs. Potts.

R. R. Stemler Explains Typewriters.

Selecting Picture Frames of Moore

"You know Tom claims to be the head of the family, but granting that, I'm the neck and when the neck moves the head goes with it. I'm going to have a Buick automobile, that's settled." Mr. Potts accelerated and the happy and congenial couple struck out for the H. L. Keats Auto Co., at Seventh and Burnside streets. Keats is an affable son of a gentleman and showed them all the different machines he carries—the Thomas Flyer and runabout, the Buick, the Packard, the Pope Hartford, Chalmers Detroit, Franklin, etc., but Mrs. Potts, woman like, was still determined to have the Buick. She said it was just the sized car she wanted. The modern features of the fine new garage of the Keats Auto Co., its completeness, were very interesting to the Salem couple, especially the compressed air system throughout the salesrooms and shops, the vulcanizing plant and the big elevator for lifting automobiles to the second floor. They were surprised when told that the Keats Auto Co. is open night and day the year round.

Having seen some equipment for the car at Ballou & Wright's that pleased them, Mr. and Mrs. Potts visited their salesrooms, at 86 Sixth street, and selected lamps and other trappings with which this old establishment is so well supplied. "Now, Tom," said Mrs. Potts as they were about to drive away, "we must go back and look at a bicycle, and you know we were told to look at the motor cycles at Ballou & Wright's. I must say this is the biggest house dealing in automobile supplies and bicycle and motor cycle sundries that I've seen west of New York. You know I was there last summer with mamma. Just look at the tires. It's enough to tire any one to even look at all of them."

"Now we want a big lot of things, so let's go to Olds, Wortman & King's," said the madam, who up to this time had apparently had her own way. It was learned that they were going there first to look at a set of china. The ladies of the household was well posted, for she said it was the largest stock of china and cut glass on the Pacific coast, which is true. They were greatly pleased with the selections and said they knew a store would be. "We have found, or rather our family has, by years of trading that this house is a most trifling square dealing concern. We finally came down from Salem several times a year to go shopping, and this the first place they go is to Olds, Wortman & King's. Our neighbors do too. The firm name is a household word in the state of Oregon."

In upon the conversation at this point, "You can afford to wait a day or so and have one made by a tailor. If there's anything I hate it is a hand-me-down suit," was the reply of his better half. "Well, Mary, let's go over to the Columbia Woolen Mills. That's where I had my wedding suit made, and you know every one of our relatives thought it was simply grand. Let me think. Oh, yes, the Columbia Woolen Mills is on the corner of Stark and Seventh streets, under the Elks' temple. Mary, I remember they told me when I was there before that they would turn a suit out in a day, if we were a rush order. You know they have a big force of cutters and a splendid manufacturing department adjoining the main offices and salesrooms, where one makes the selection of patterns."

After having his measure taken for a suit, Mr. Potts felt he should complete his wardrobe, so he suggested that they go to Buffum & Pendleton's mammoth hat department and get a Knox hat. When he and his faithful companion arrived there the persuasive manager of the hat department sold him a Knox derby and then showed him a Knox silk hat, and he had no more than tried it on than he bought it.

"You know," said the Salem citizen, "that I have always felt that the fact of the matter is, men would not buy Knox hats year after year for a lifetime unless there was some reason for it, and a good reason too, fine may feel people think of the time, but not all the time."

After purchasing his Knox hats he went across the big clothing store to the furnishing goods department and bought a full supply of shirts, collars, ties and fancy hosiery.

"I don't believe you can see very well," was Mrs. Potts accusation. "You know how you squinted at everything we have bought so far. We're married now, so you needn't hide your weaknesses especially when it is so easily detected." "Yes, you know, Mary, my sister Josie said I was blind, or she never would have seen through you right away." "Now, Tom, I am not joking. I should suppose so. I know if my lady friends in Salem had anything like this they would be tickled."

"While we are down this way, Tom, we go down to Wm. Gadsby & Sons, at First and Washington, and buy a dining room outfit. We've been wanting a good one ever since we set up housekeeping for ourselves." "All right, Mary," said Tom, "I have long heard of Gadsby & Sons since. I know one thing, and that is, they carry a very fine stock and own their own building and some one fellow a building in Portland too." "Oh, yes, Tom, Gadsby's is the most comprehensive stock of all grades of house furnishings on the coast today, and just think, he built up this big business right in Oregon. He did not come to this country, like some of the rest of them, with a big sack of gold, but he built up his business by square dealing. He treated the people honestly and right. But let's see how he'll treat us," and with this Mr. and Mrs. Potts left their auto and went inside and were courteously shown through the establishment.

The next place Mr. and Mrs. Potts concluded to visit on their shopping expedition was Eilers Piano House, and take advantage of their club plan for securing a piano. In a jiffy they were at the corner of Washington and Park streets, and it took them only a few minutes to arrange matters satisfactorily. Then they listened to Mr. Bruce play in his artistic and inimitable manner on the player pianos, and took the elevator to Eilers' recital hall and listened to the rendition of a number of classical pieces on a $2,000 Welte-Mignon. "Isn't that just like Paderewski played that Tenth Hungarian Rhapsodie?" inquired Mrs. Potts, and she seemed pleased when informed it was his exact interpretation reproduced. "Well, Mary, come on. We must go down town and get some sheet music for our new piano, and, by the way, isn't it a beauty?" "Yes, Tom, it has an exquisite tone."

"Now, I must select some sheet music. Graves' Music Store has the biggest stock in Portland. Where's that place we saw a lot of gaudy signs across the street to F. P. Young's, the exclusive ladies' furnisher. I want to get two or three pair of gloves." "We don't have the specialty house in Salem, nor do other outside towns. It's only recently that Portland had an exclusive of. Isn't this the same corner Brigham used to have, and then Isaburg's rug house?" When Mr. Young informed her it was she replied, you have changed it so much one would scarcely recognize the corner. "You and I don't believe it's quite as nice as ours."

"I must have a pair of really fine shoes. Where shall we go?" said Mrs. Potts. "Mary, there's only one place in Portland, and that is Rosenthal's, at Washington and Seventh streets. Let's motor up there. You know, my dear, Rosenthal's sells such makes of shoes as are only sold to exclusive shoe stores of the very first rank, and they'll charge you no more than you'll pay in New York or any other big city. For example, you can't buy a Hanan shoe anywhere else but Rosenthal's in Portland. It's the same with their Boydens Smart Shoes for men, and the Waterbury children's shoes." "Well, Tom, I'm glad I have a pair of Hanan's shoes," said Mrs. Potts, and her eyes fairly danced with gladness. "I never had as many different styles of shoes to select from in my life. Isn't it wonderful?"

"While we're up here, Tom, let's leave our auto stand and go across the street to F. P. Young's, the exclusive ladies' furnisher. I want to get two or three pair of gloves." "We don't have the specialty house in Salem, nor do other outside towns. It's only recently that Portland had an exclusive of. Isn't this the same corner Brigham used to have, and then Isaburg's rug house?" When Mr. Young informed her it was she replied, you have changed it so much one would scarcely recognize the corner. "You know, Tom," she said as she came out of the store, "the clerk that waited on us was about the nicest and most accommodating one I ever met. Those gloves are just what I've been wanting. To begin with, it's the finest and best selection of gloves that I have ever seen. I don't see how any women could fail to find what she wishes there. My parasol matches my walking suit perfectly. And wasn't the store crowded?"

"I had better call a halt in spending money. I'll break the bank in an hour or two more, won't I, Tom?" "I'm willing, Mary, to spend half of what that timber claim came to in order to properly outfit our comparatively new home." "Well, you know, dearie, I need some fancy work, and need it badly." "Well, get it, Mary. I haven't kicked about anything so far. Where'll you go?" "Up to Mrs. White at the Needlecraft Shop at 352 Washington street, in the Selling-Hirsch building. Tom, there's nobody else in Portland that runs a specialty house of this sort. Mrs. White has more fancy work in the needlecraft line than you can find elsewhere. She is a natural-born artist, and had a splendid eastern training in this special line."

Mr. and Mrs. Potts were delighted when they arrived at the Needlecraft to be waited upon by Mrs. White personally, although the store was crowded with fashionably dressed ladies.

At Atiyeh Bros., corner of Tenth and Washington, the Salem visitors were received with the uniform courtesy shown everyone at this great oriental rughouse. "The selection shown was just such as one would see in New York city," was the observation of Mrs. Potts. "When I was there last summer I visited several rughouses with my aunt, Mrs. Depew. The prices we received on the seven rugs were the most reasonable. I feel that kind of treatment is exceptionally fine when a house enjoys a monopoly as Atiyeh Bros. do in Portland. I lost you think dear to my heart?" "I always supposed I was." "Well, I mean next to you, of course." "No, I do not." "A diamond. Aren't you slow?" "Well, Mary, get a move on you and we'll go down to Mary & Bloch, 74 Third street, in the Worcester block. This house I have learned is headquarters for diamonds in Portland."

When Mr. and Mrs. Potts arrived at the store they lingered and looked at the new show windows with their double deck of fine jewelry on display. They looked watchfully up and down the street, as if for The Journal artist who had taken a snap at them now and then with his camera. It was evident to when the Salem couple came out of the Mary & Bloch establishment that wifey had the diamond. You would imagine she had two or three from the smiles of satisfaction she wore.

"Now dear hubby what's next to diamonds in a woman's estimation?" "Say Mary, aren't you getting your affections pretty well divided up?" "Well, I want a new hat and I know the nicest and most exclusive millinery store in Portland has some new mid-summer, or early fall styles in from New York. I have never been down there, but our friends in Salem go to the Wonder. They say that they get the very same hat that up-town stores have, for less money, and considerably less." "Is that so?" Well Mary, I hadn't figured it out that you really cared much for money anyway. Now mind you, I'm not kicking." "You are so awfully cruel Tom. I'll have to pay a good hat just to punish you."

When they entered their auto Mrs Potts was overheard to say:

"If Portland had more stores like the Wonder, which carry one line of goods and excel in that line it would be better for everyone."

"If there is one thing we need more than another at home it is a refrigerator," was suggested by Mr. Potts. "Well Mary, let's go 'round to the Honeyman Hardware company and get one. This is the largest and best stocked institution in household and kitchen ware and utensils in the city. They hold the agency for leading lines, the best goods of the best manufacturers. For example they carry the Eureka Opal refrigerators. This is one class of goods I know something about." When they were shown these refrigerators at the Honeyman Hardware company, the salesman pointed out all the excellent features of which there are many. He called attention to the immense sales of this refrigerator and the discerning class of people who have bought it. The sale was easily made.

"Mrs. Potts, hadn't we better go over to the J. K. Gill company and select some books?" said her dutiful and now obedient husband. "We'll go over Tom, and talk to them a little while anyway. I wish to take time in the selection of books. I don't wish to do like the whiskey drummer I heard on good authority, who went into a bookstore and, noting cards prominently displayed announcing cut prices in sets of books, said to the clerk: 'Send me out $10 worth of books,' and handed the clerk the money and left the store. Gill has a complete stock of the best on the Pacific coast."

Mr. and Mrs. Potts' picture appear on this page, selecting books at the J. K. Gill counter and they did not pose for the picture either. Like all visitors to the store they were much more interested than they supposed they would be. It is truly a most inviting establishment in every department.

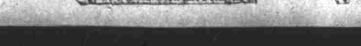
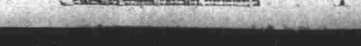
An article that Mr. and Mrs. Potts looked all over town for was a typewriting machine. By a peculiar coincidence L. & M. Alexander & Co., agency at 170 Fifth street, opposite the postoffice, was the last visited, and no sooner had H. E. Stemler the manager shown up the comparative merits of the L. C. Smith & Bros. machine than the sale was made.

"The character of sales," said Mr. Stemler, "show the perfect adaptation of the L. C. Smith & Bros. machine to all classes of work. The business colleges, newspapers, court stenographers, corporation secretaries, in fact every discerning man or woman who has looked with an unbiased eye at the work, durability, ease of action, etc., of this machine recommend it, praise it most highly."

The L. C. Smith & Bros. writing-in-sight typewriter is the one product of which L. & M. Alexander & Co. are most proud and they have good cause for it.

"You know dearie, I promised Dr. P. L. Austin that we would call at his land I would call at his office at Sixth and Washington streets in the Raleigh building, and look into the merits of the Potticle," said Mr. Potts, as his new car carried the Salem visitors over there on the next call. They looked over the recent reports of the engineers who have been on the property. Dr. Austin, the president of the company explained to them that the Potticle Mining company owns free of all incumbrance, 11 full claims, 220 acres, right in the heart of the big Idaho producers and dividend payers, and has a much better showing than half and Mrs. Potts expressed themselves as many of the present big shippers and dividend payers at the time their development was not any greater than the Potticle is now, and we believe we will be in the shipping and dividend class of our sister properties within a limited time. We are located 15 miles east of Delta and 5 miles southwest of Murray, part of our property lying in the Murray gold belt and the east portion in the Hercules silver belt. "Well take any interested party to the property," continued Dr. Austin, "and show them just what the surroundings and developments amount to. Miners all think well of it, the capitalists think well of it, and you'll think well of it."

Tom Potts of Salem is a thrifty man and when he read morning after morning as he sat in his cozy Capital city home of Terrace Park of Portland and the splendid improvements Spanton & Co. have put in, and the prospective value of the lots on account of the splendidly located tract would greatly enhance in value within a very few months. When he and his wife came to Portland yesterday they made it convenient to call upon Spanton & Co. at 270 Stark street. Mr. Spanton himself waited upon them when the visit was made and an auto never carried two happier people away from a real estate office than the Potts family. "Mary, I'll have that lot deeded to you and you such a large and beautiful store so far up Washington street. "This store ought to be farther down town," said Mrs. Potts. "It's too good to be away up there." "I don't know about that," replied Mr. Shemanski, the proprietor, "for we have all we can attend to as it is. This store has always enjoyed a splendid patronage." "Oh, I suppose, of course, it has," replied Mrs. Potts with a half worried look for fear she had been misunderstood. "It certainly deserves the patronage of the critical public." continued Mrs. Potts, "for the stock in all the departments is first class. We've looked around considerable today. Don't I look like it?" And with a hearty good-bye they left the store

"Tom, my poor worn out hubby, we have only one more place to go, and that is down to E. B. Moorehouse & Co. dealers in wall paper, paints, glass, lime, framing and all kindred materials. He was formerly located in the Pittock block, but now he is temporarily located on Seventh street near the corner of Alder." It only took a moment for Mr. and Mrs. Potts to motor over to the place, and through the express of the salesman and the aid of a large stock an easy selection was soon published of oil and water color pictures. Then the next thing was to select the proper moldings, and while they were doing so a journal artist got a snap shot with his camera, which is reproduced herewith.

"Now we're shopping in Portland sensibly," said Mrs. Potts, "and if we are to visit to Morehouse & Co.'s and Mrs. Potts as he turned his car south on Seventh street for the Oregon Electric depot.