AROUND THE CORNERS AND SQUARES.

By Jim Howe.

Judge Thomas A. McBride, state circuit judge, has a summer home on Deer island down the river. Judge McBride, naturally enough, wanted a telephone on his place for convenience. So he had one put in. But Judge McBride didn't like the idea of having persons call him up at all hours of the day or night, so he set out to find a solution to the difficulty.

The judge didn't want to give up the 'phone because he often wanted to use it himself. So after thinking awhile here's what he did: he had the telephone moved out into the barn.

Now when the judge wants to call up anyone in the city or elsewhere the telephone is just a step away. But if anyone wants to call him up, well, they'll have to ring a long time before they happen to find the judge in the stable.

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When I was a girl in Pennsylvania, a year or two ago, sweet potatoes were about the greatest luxury that ever appeared on the table," said a woman the other day who has lived in Portland, it is said, for 25 or 40 years, "and when we had them it was one of the treats of the season.

"I remember well how when father went to the city he always brought home a mess of the sweet spuds in his valise. We didn't have suitcases or grips in those days. Everything was a valise or a carpet bag. Well I remember, too, how we children all used to gather around to see father pick the sweet potatoes out of the valise. We counted every one of them.

"And then we planned and looked forward to the sweet potato meal. Never did any of us ever get enough of them. But they don't taste the same today. They seem so much different in so many different ways. But I suppose it's all on account of the fact that sweet potatoes can be procured on the market almost at any old time now and at a price which any family can afford.

"In my girlhood days sweet potatoes were a dish only for the rich or for families like mine, who saved and saved for the one sweet potato meal of the year."

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The women are always in a quandary as to what they should wear on their hats. If they have birds for ornaments, the bird protective societies are always raising the dickens. And if they wear grass or leaves, or something of that sort, it is worse—then the hungry horses chase them.

It is said that milliners over all the world are thinking and thinking and planning to get up some new idea to take the place of birds and grass and the like on women's hats.

A woman strutted along Morrison street the other day wearing a hat that reminded all who saw it of happy days down on the farm. There were oats on that hat. Yes, sir, and yes, ma'am—oats which looked just like they were alive and growing. The woman was mighty proud of that hat—and the oats. The grain looked as real as her hair.

She was a blonde. At Third street she attempted to board a car. But a horse—the nasty old beast—interfered. He tried to nibble those hat decorations—tried to eat the nice ripe oats right out there in the middle of the street.

First, the horse had been attracted

by the woman's hair. She was a blonde, you know, and that hair reminded the horse of sunny days down on the farm when he had all the straw he wanted to eat. The horse made a more minute inspection. Then he espied the oats.

"Fine!" he thought. "Oats, just the kind I like, right down town and during working hours, too."

He grabbed a mouthful. The woman screamed. Consternation prevailed. Other women came to her assistance.

The woman got on the car, disgusted and rather nervous. But she wasn't any more perplexed than the horse—he couldn't eat those oats to save his life. The woman is looking for another hat—the horse for another kind of oats.

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"That old fashioned circus ringmaster—the one who used to crack his whip at the clown, and who pretended that he was about to have a fight with the funny man all during the show. What has become of him, I wonder?" said a man the other day, who, like nearly all others, has been seeing circuses ever since he can remember. "How that clown used to jump around.

"And what do you know about this? There was no pink lemonade at the circus here during the week. Orangeade has taken its place. And then that dear old feature of having the side show freaks—the giants and the dwarfs, and the like—march in the grand spectacular opening parade, has been eliminated.

"Do you remember the tumblers who used to take a running jump and jump over a tier of elephants, camels and horses, and do such wonderful stunts? Sure you do. But they are missing, too. A feature that is gone from the circus of today, I fear. And oh, yes there was the clown tumbler—the best acrobat of them all—who first pretended that he couldn't make the jump. And can't you just see him climbing over the backs of the animals? But these are but recollections now. And recollections, I must admit—of the circus days of old, when you and I were kids.

"So many things of the old school are missing. It just made me feel sick as I sat out there under the canvas the other night and thought about them. There was no bareback rider—the woman in the ballet dress who jumped through hoops of paper and through circles of glorious dancing flaming blazes of fire. The old fashioned circular lights, you remember, on the squeaky pulleys, which the ringmasters hoisted by hand just when the show was about to begin, are gone, too. An up-to-date invention has taken their place.

"And that old clown who used to sing 'Over the Garden Wall.' How I miss him—will I ever see him again? I would have given anything in the world the other night to hear him offer his song books for sale, hear the boys whistle to annoy him, and see that old clown triumph as usual. But he wasn't there, and I came home without my songbook, which to me used to be a part of the circus.

"Yes, sir, Barnum & Bailey's show is up to date, all right. It's modern. Too much so for me. I wonder if I will ever see all those dear old stunts again?"

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Some of the English sparrows in the downtown part of Portland are about the tamest things you ever saw. A man was crossing Sixth street the other day and one of birds almost got under his feet. The man was carrying an umbrella. Absent minded like, he struck at the sparrow. He had no intention of hitting it. But he did, and the little brown bird toppled over dead. Could you imagine just how that man felt?

That man was no more good that day. All day long he thought of that bird life he had taken. It was purely accident, but to the man a brushes from the incident of that morning affected him more than if he had lost $10,000 in stocks.

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Another man was walking along Washington street one sunny day during the week and the world seemed fine and dandy. Business was good, and everything was going on better than he had expected. He just felt fine.

First thing he knew, something flew into his hand. Naturally the man thought it was a big common old house fly. Upon the impulse of the moment he closed his hand to kill it. He brought his fingers together. But it wasn't a fly—it was a bee.

How did he know it was a bee? Well, just wonder, I guess.

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If you see anyone that you know going around with a particularly loud colored handkerchief sticking out of his upper breast coat pocket, why, just

you let it go at that. Don't pull that supposed handkerchief out just because it is so glaring. Be a wise one, and don't you even think about it for a second. Let the other fellow at it. He will, sure. This is just a little private tip under the hat.

If you do pull that thing out which appears to be what it is not, you will be sorry. And beside, the laugh, and perhaps the drinks, will be on you.

Carl Sword, clerk at the Hotel Portland, has been wearing one of these gayly-colored ornaments recently. And he has played many a joke.

The thing lent a handkerchief at all. It is simply a certain part of women's apparel in miniature.

And if you ever pull it out the laugh is on you, sure. And here's hoping that you are not caught, because it's quite embarassing, really.

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"I was in Hood River, celebrated for its fine apples and various other fruits, the other day, having gone up there to get a fill of fruit and to see the great snow-capped mountain which is only a few miles away," a Portland man said yesterday. "I neither had any fruit nor did I see the beautiful Mount Hood.

"All night long in my bed at the hotel I thought of the different kinds of fruit I would eat for breakfast. I was up soon after daylight. When the dining-room opened, I was right there on the door sill, all pert and chipper. But there was no fruit in sight, and furthermore, I didn't get any at all.

"After breakfast I strolled up over the hill—you can't get out of the town without climbing a hill—to get a view of the mountain. It was so smoky I couldn't see more than a mile or two. I couldn't even get an idea as to what direction Mount Hood was from where I stood. Then I went to the station and caught a train for Portland. Once in the city I got all the Hood River fruit I wanted. And I could see the mountain again."

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Thomas B. Neuhausen, who has been in Portland several years assisting the government officials in prosecuting the various land fraud cases, holds the record in Portland for the number of titles since he started in and for the length of them.

Mr. Neuhausen now holds the position of special agent and attorney to the general landoffice. Here are some of the other titles that he has enjoyed heretofore:

Special agent of the general landoffice, special agent in charge, Oregon; inspector of United States landoffices and surveyor-general, special inspector of the interior department, acting chief of first field division, general landoffice; special disbursing agent.

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The mystery of the vest, or who had the lag, is the latest in barber shop circles. Several weeks ago, unnoticed, a customer in a downtown barber shop took off his coat and vest, hung them on a hook, got shaved and then went out with his coat, but minus his waistcoat. No one paid any attention to the vest. Each barber, each customer, every one, in fact, thought it belonged to the other fellow.

A few days ago the boss said that he wished the owner of the vest would take it away—it had been hanging there too long. He thought, naturally, that it belonged to one of the men. No one, however, claimed the thing. An investigation was made. It was a perfectly good vest of some class. The pockets were searched.

In one of the pockets was a watch—a perfectly good watch, gold case, and all that, and with 17 jewels and other trim-

mings. And a chain, too. And in another pocket was a roll—yes, sir, a nice, fat roll of bills.

Now the boss barber is hunting for the careless owner of the vest, the watch and the money.

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Uncle Sam makes about $18 a month out of the waste paper that comes from the Portland postoffice. Much of this waste is collected from the paper that comes around bundles of newspapers and magazines and other things sent through the mail. Another large part of the waste is secured by collecting the newspapers that are never called for after a certain number of days.

Thousands of newspapers go to the general delivery department every day. Hundreds of them are never called for at all. The run of waste paper averages between three and four tons every month. Bales are made of the waste paper in the postoffice basement. The old paper is sold to a paper mill at $6 a ton.

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"Small shoes in the display windows," said a shoe clerk the other morning as he went about his work of fixing up the

For Sore Feet.

"I have found Bucklen's Arnica Salve to be the proper thing to use for sore feet, as well as for healing burns, sores, cuts and all manner of abrasions," writes Mr. W. Stone, of East Poland, Maine. It is the proper thing, too, for piles. Try it! Sold under guarantee at all druggists. 25c.

RACE WAR IN ILLINOIS HAS COME TO WARNING PERIOD

Illinois' race war has extended out of Springfield and into its adjoining suburbs. It has extended in dramatic fashion, vividly recalling the days of the Ku Klux Klan.

At Buffalo, a village 15 miles from Springfield, the following notice has been posted at the interburban trolley line station: "All niggers wanted out of town by Monday, 12 a. m. sharp." The warning is signed by Buffalo Sharp Shooters.

This is but one of the many demonstrations occurring in the vicinity of Springfield as a result of the Springfield riots. A long-slumbering antipathy to the black race, which has slumbered dormantly for years, seems to have been fanned into a flame which it is difficult for the authorities to extinguish. Newspapers of Springfield openly declare that the race riots were not caused directly by the two negro assaults on women, but by long continued laxity in the enforcement of law in Springfield by Springfield authorities. They draw the moral that direct enforcement of law would have prevented the present awful catastrophe and will prevent reoccurrences.

An Excursion to Klamath Falls.

The Southern Pacific will run a popular excursion to Klamath Falls, leaving Portland at 1:30 a. m. Sunday, September 6. Round trip $25, limit 29 days.

This is a rare opportunity to investigate the fertile, the promising, Klamath basin—fish and hunt to your heart's content along Upper Klamath lake or visit marvelous Crater lake.

A special Pullman car will run through to Weed for the comfort of this party—Pullman fare $4, including night in car at Weed. Passengers may enter this car any time after 9:30 Saturday night.

Call at city ticket office, Third and Washington streets, for particulars.

Auto Cars to Stay.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The motor car has come to stay. Its speed has come to stay, for the ability to travel in a road vehicle at a rate of 25, or even in emergencies 75 miles an hour, is a modern improvement of general benefit. How to reconcile speed with safety, how to obtain the motor's utility without disturbing the rights of others who have equal standing on the road, is a question really more practically urgent than many of the subjects which have position in political platforms. Thrastic laws like those of Austria amount to prohibition, destruction of valuable property and social backwardness. A progressive people will not tolerate such laws, but something must be done to harmonize the conflicting interests and rights of the highway.

Don't put up too much of a howl for justice. Even the murderer gets that, but he gets it in the neck.

IN WOMAN'S BREAST ANY LUMP IS CANCER

Any tumor, lump or sore on the lip, face or anywhere, six months, is cancer. They never pain until almost past cure.

Three Physicians Offer $1000

If They Fail to Cure Any Cancer

Without **KNIFE** or **PAIN AT HALF PRICE** for 30 days. Not a dollar need be paid until cured. Only infallible cure ever discovered. **ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.** Best book on cancers ever printed, sent **FREE** with testimonials of thousands cured without a failure. A Pacific island plant makes the cures. Most wonderful discovery on earth. Small cancers cured at your home. No X-Ray or other swindle. Write today for 130-page book, sent free.

DR. & MRS. DR. CHAMLEY & CO.

Suite F696 McAllister St. San Francisco

Kindly Send To Someone With Cancer.

SHERMAN, CLAY & COMPANY

IT IS A FACT

THAT a successful business can only be attained through honest dealing, prompt service and indefatigable attention to detail.

THAT no permanent success was ever attained through trickery and subterfuge.

THAT Quality wins first, last and always, and that manufacturers produce different classes of Pianos.

THAT there are some pianos much better than all others.

THAT the Steinway Piano is the world over recognized as the acme of achievement in piano construction.

THAT it is our policy never to misrepresent anything, nor allow our salesmen to do so.

THAT we know that this is good policy, because the right kind of attention to these methods our business is growing rapidly.

THAT it means a great deal to have our statements always the quality of our Pianos fully backed up by the Pianos themselves.

THAT the pianos you will purchase from Sherman, Clay & Company in any of their large stores in the Pacific Northwest will be the highest quality that they, with years of experience in choosing, can buy.

THAT in selecting a piano you should choose wisely. If you buy from us you make no mistake, for our pianos are reliable.

THAT reliability, honor, reputation of the firm, and quality, name and workmanship of the piano should be considered.

THAT voluntary testimony of a satisfied customer is the best advertisement in the world.

THAT thousands of satisfied customers testify to the fact that our pianos are good, our business methods square and our easy payment plan unique and satisfactory.

THAT we are the largest and strongest Piano and Organ house on the Pacific Coast.

"THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE PIANOS"

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINES AND RECORDS

Cor. Sixth and Morrison Sts. **Portland, Oregon**

Seattle Everett Tacoma Bellingham Spokane

What's the Use of Paying Regular Prices for Your Shoes

When we have thousands of pairs of Men's, Women's, Misses and Boys' SAMPLE SHOES—standard makes—on sale at 1-3 to 1-2 less than you usually pay.. TOMORROW and all this week the following extra big special will be on sale

$2.65 a Pair for Men's $5.00 to $6.00 Finest Dress Shoes and Oxfords.

Such makes as "J. E. Tilts," Chicago; Friebrick Fox, Helker Co., Racine, Wis.; Krippendoff, O'Neil, Cincinnati, and many other fine makes, in all the latest styles. All go in all sizes at, the pair **$2.65**

$1.95—Men's $3.50 and $4.00 Dress Shoes and Oxfords.

A great snap for the men folks. This lot consists of hundreds of pairs of "Packard" $4 shoes, "John Mitchell" $4 shoes, "Flintstone" $3.50 shoes and other well-known makes of shoes and oxfords. They come in vici, patent and calfskin, tan and black, oxfords and shoes, every size and width are here, they all go at, pair **$1.95**

$1.45—Men's $2.50 to $2.75 Union Made Work Shoes.

We have hundreds of pairs of men's $2.50 to $2.75 all leather work shoes; medium and heavy weight; plain or cap toes and popular shapes; every pair is warranted, just the same as if you would pay regular prices; all sizes, now **$1.45**

$1.00 For Youths' $1.75 and $2.00 Shoes and Oxfords.

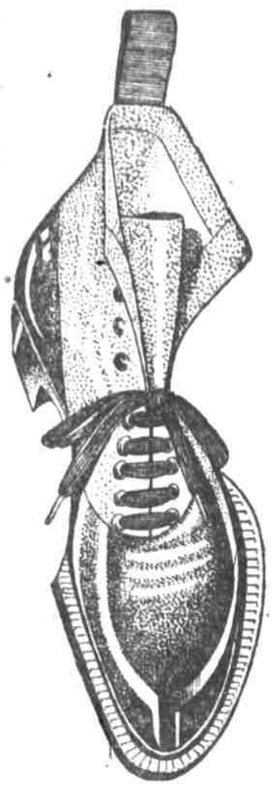
$1.45 For Boys' $2.50 and $3.00 Shoes and Oxfords.

These are the famous "Excelsior" line of boys' shoes; they come in vicis, patents, gunmetals, high shoes and oxfords, tight up to date and all sizes; during this sale they go at **$1.45**

Same in youths' sizes, worth up to $2 the pair **$1.00**

75c Pair—Children's Fine Dress Shoes and Oxfords.

"Maloney Bros'" and "Felton" fine shoes and oxfords in tans, black and patent, turned or welted soles, every popular shape and new pattern is here in all sizes; shoes worth up to $1.50, now, pair **75c**



$2.65 a Pair for Women's $5.00 to $6.00 Finest Dress Shoes and Oxfords.

Made by the best of modern shoe factories, such as Drew, Selby & Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; Julian Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Hannah-McCarty, Rochester, N. Y.; and many others. These samples come in patent, vici, gun metals and tans in all sizes. Now on sale at, the pair **$2.65**

$1.95 for Choicest Women's Dress Shoes and Oxfords, Worth to $4.

Every woman in this city should see these shoes as they are the best $3.50 to $4 values. This lot consists of the "Red Cross" make, "Julian Kokenge" fine shoes, "Storner Copeland" and other well known brands; they come in all the leading styles in shoes and oxfords, black, tans and patents, all sizes and widths; $3.50 to $4 values, now, per pair **$1.95**

$1.54 a Pair for Women's $2.50 to $2.75 Everyday All-Leather Shoes and Oxfords.

Thoroughly reliable and popular styles that could be worn for nice. Light, medium or heavy soles. Real $2.50 to $2.75 values everywhere. In samples you can buy them at, the pair.. **$1.45**

95c for Children's $1.50 to $1.75 Dress Shoes and Oxfords.

$1.29 for Misses' $2 to $2.25 Dress Shoes and Oxfords.

A big lot of fine shoes and oxfords for the girls that wear misses' sizes; they come in high or low cut, tans, black and patent; strictly dress shoes, all sizes in misses' go at, the pair.. **$1.29**

Same in children's sizes, worth up to $1.75 pair **95c**

59c for Little Folks' $1.00 and $1.25 Dress Shoes and Slippers.

This lot of children's shoes come with fancy stitching and tops in black, tans and patents, oxfords, strap slippers and shoes, all the popular toes in all sizes; $1 and $1.25 shoes, now, the pair.. **59c**

What $1.00

WILL BUY DURING THIS BIG SHOE SALE

Men's $1.75 and $2 Canvas shoes; all sizes; pair **$1.00**

Men's $2.50 and $2.75 sample shoes, small sizes, at, the pair..... **$1.00**

Big boys' $2 shoes and oxfords, all sizes; pair **$1.00**

Women's $1.75 to $2.50 shoes, oxfords and strap slippers, pair **$1.00**

Women's and men's $1.75 barefoot sandals, all sizes; the pair..... **$1.00**

And many other styles in shoes, oxfords and strap slippers.

Remember--We Display All Advertised Goods

And are the only store in this city selling all styles of shoes at cut rate prices.

Get Your School Shoes Now

All the Little Things Go at One-Half and Less

5c for any 10c Shoe Polish.
5c for 20c "Blanco," the White Canvas Cleaner.
10c for 25c Wool Shoe Brushes.
9c for Infants' 25c Moccasins.
39c for children's 60c to 85c Dress shoes.
75c for boys' $1.50 Canvas shoes.
95c for women's $1.50 Canvas oxfords.
95c for women's $1.75 elastic side house slippers.
50c for children's and misses' $1, $1.25 and $1.50 strap slippers.

REMEMBER WE CAN ALWAYS SAVE YOU ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF ON ALL STYLES OF SHOES.

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208 Morrison
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—TWO STORES—

SAMPLE SHOE STORE CO.

Store No. 2
142 Second St.
Cor. Alder

The Swagger Sort

must know that his clothes are PUT UP RIGHT. There can't be any of the EAR MARKS of Shelf Goods on them. You might as well try to fool a Bank Teller with a BUM COUNTERFEIT as to expect PEOPLE WHO KNOW to think you were wearing SWAGGER CLOTHES, when you were flashing H A N D-M E-DOWNS.

Don't take the advice of "Mr. Few Clothes," that you can PUT UP THE FRONT just as strong with two new CHEAP SUITS as with one MADE-B Y-A-TAILOR Suit. The public doesn't SIZE YOU UP by the number of suits you wear, but by the QUALITY AND FIT of your clothes.

You don't have to DIG any harder to wear clothes of the SWAGGER SORT, than for those that look always as though they had been BORROWED for the occasion.

We BUILD TO YOUR MEASURE Clothes that always make you feel WELL DRESSED, no matter where you are. The College Fellows know this. They tell us our clothes are the PROPER DOPE at school. This fall our stock is full of the latest patterns for College Clothes.

Suits that MAKE THE BIG HIT can be had at TWENTY TO THIRTY PLUNKS. Remember the Place.

Every CHAP that has ever been to College knows that good clothes CUT A LOT OF ICE with a fellow's GET-AWAY.

There's a NIFTINESS about the clothes that GET THE BUSINESS in College circles. There can't be any of the appearance of cheapness, if you're PLAYING UP to win.

The REAL DOPE in Men's Clothes is called COLLEGE CLOTHES.

College Fellows make new styles. Their ideas call for SMART STUFF, both in the material and the making. There must not be anything about C O L L E G E CLOTHES that suggests the STONE AGE. Every detail must be RIGHT OFF THE FIRE.

Few Tailors know how to make College Clothes that STAND THE TEST. There must not be a flaw in the hang of the coat. The trousers must show CLASS. The simple fact that a suit of clothes is made to look BAGGY doesn't signify that it is in good style. The entire effect that is so much desired by the College Fellow must be carried out.

A Good Dresser feels confident of his PROPER APPEARANCE at all times. To be a Good Dresser, he

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