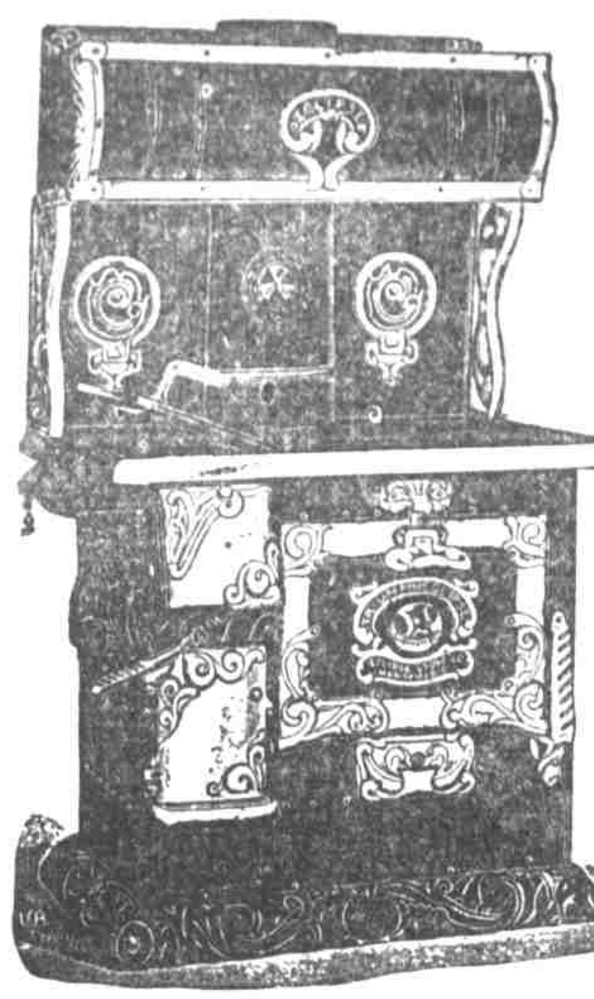


This Kitchen Treasure FREE

With Every One of Our

Eclipse Steel Ranges

sold this week, and the price of the range is no higher. The treasure is given as a premium to induce you to investigate the merits of this great steel range.

The Celebrated Quick Baking Range

All you need pay is ...... $1.00 ONLY a Week that's all you need pay weekly

Heating Stoves

We carry an immense line of Heating Stoves—both WOOD and COAL. We buy them by the carload and are able to offer a first-class stove at a little less price than most retailers—in fact, we are wholesalers, and can offer you superior inducements. We especially recommend our

Prize Air-Tight Heater

It is built in all sizes, and size regulates the price. It is lined with heavy gray iron and will last several years. We sell them on the easiest possible terms, deliver and set them up for you without additional charge. The 18-inch size will cost you but

$10

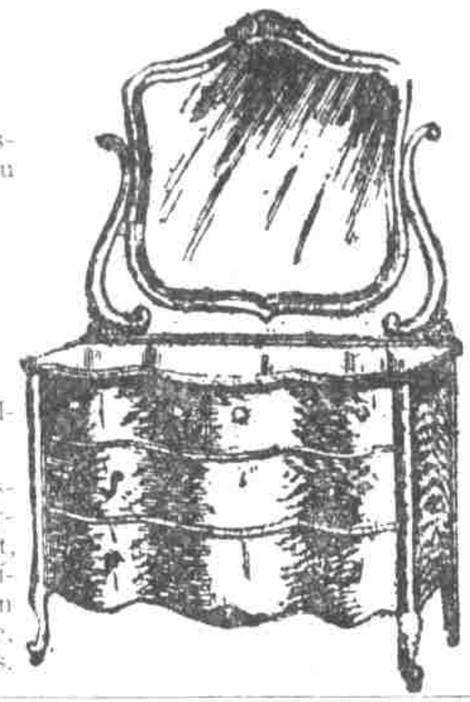
Here It Is Again!

That brilliant bargain in solid quartered oak Dressers. Is this not a beauty for the price? All you pay is

$13.50

Step in this week and examine it. You'll acknowledge its real value to be $35.

Style No. 241—This is a beautiful Solid Oak Dresser of stylish pattern, with large, massive base, quarter-sawed and hand-polished, full serpentine front, the drawer fronts being especially fine from the effects of artistic band-sawing of the solid Eastern Oak. The mirror is of finest French bevel plate, hung in very attractive stanchions, size 22x34 inches.

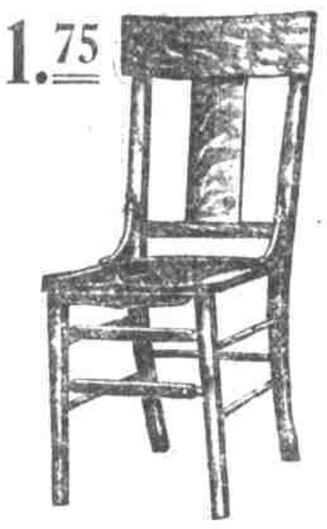


Oak Diner $1.95

Regular $4.25 Chair

No. 560—Box seat, cane bottom, solid oak Dining Chairs that are really worth $4.25, but to close out the few dozen left in the lot we quote an exceptionally low price; two styles, of which the cut shows one; other Diners also reduced.

$3.50 Diner $1.75



Nobby Style

No. 242—The above cut is an exact picture of this well-made Dining Chair, in golden oak finish; it has all the good substantial features and appearance of a $4 chair; the regular price is $3.50, Special Sale price $1.75

Make Your Children's School Clothes

We make it easy for every Portland mother to do her own sewing. We teach her how to operate a machine and make the terms of payment easy.

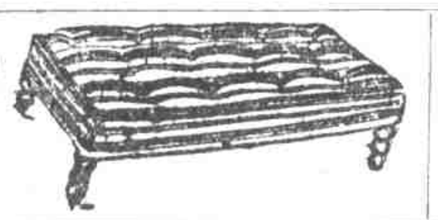
50c a Week

Pays for one of these celebrated "Gevurtz Special" machines. They are the high-arm automatic head and have all other modern improvements of a $60 machine. Do not get out of order and are simple to operate. Get in your order this week if possible. Come in and talk it over with our machine manager.

Carpet-End Rugs 50c

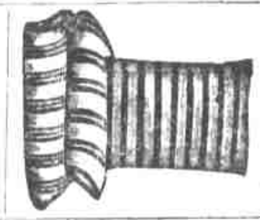
These Rugs are one yard in length, ends bound, and are made of many grades of carpet; early choosers have best choice; 100 of them, while they last, each...... 50c

$8 Box Couches $4.50



Covered with heavy denim, 2½x6 feet in size, plain smooth tops; regular $8 values, special $4.50

Credit Here for All



3-lb. Feather Pillows 65c

Made by the celebrated Emmerick Co., all live feathers, guaranteed perfect; "Archer" brand, best grade, with Amoskeag ticking; regular $1.25 each, special, each 65c

These Stands $1.75

There are two styles and are shaped just like cut; those in mahoganized birch are especially attractive; tops are 24x24 inches, turned legs, like the picture; regular price is $3, but the special price, in either mahogany or golden oak finish only $1.75

Watches and Jewelry Sold on Easy Payments

The Lowest Price Furniture House in Portland.

GEVURTZ & SONS

First and Yamhill — Second and Yamhill

46-Piece Dinner Sets $3

Handsome water green decorations.

Granite Tea Kettle

Best granite ware No. 8 size, special Monday—

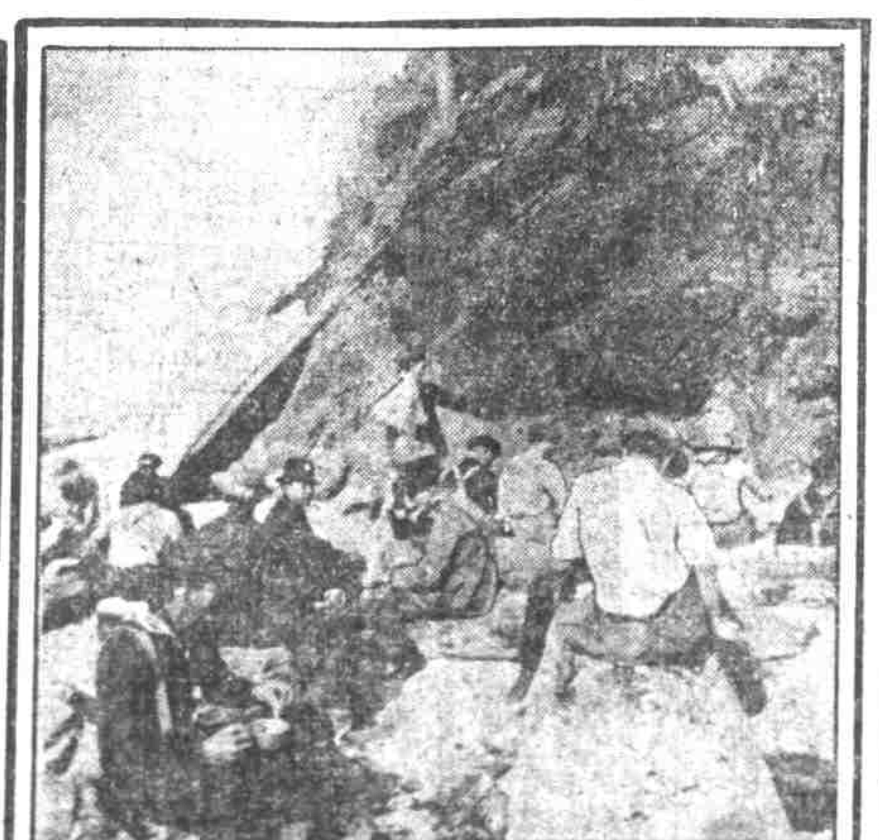
60c

This Chair Special 75c

No. 85-2—Cane seat, golden oak finish, makes a pretty bedroom chair; handsome, well made and durable; worth $1.10, special 75c

WITH THE Y. M. C. A. BOYS IN THEIR ANNUAL HIKE TO WOODS

THE START



CAMP ON GARIBALDI BEACH

By One of the Hikers.

Monday morning, August 3, 1908, at 6:15 a. m., 25 jolly boys and three leaders met at Y. M. C. A. for the annual boys' hike. This year the hike was to the sea, just outside of Tillamook bay, near the town of Garibaldi, Or.

We all boarded the Southern Pacific at Fourth and Stark streets at 7 a. m., after bidding farewell to loved ones, and made our headquarters in our special coach, the last car on the train. Each fellow had his blanket, drinking cup and extra clothing in a bundle, which only needed to be bothered with till Forest Grove was reached. There a wagon was waiting for us and we soon had our bundles and the grub loaded onto the wagon and started on our 165-mile hike. Another boy joined the bunch here and Hue Smith, the driver of the grub wagon, made our party 30 strong.

Short Stay at Forest Grove.

We spent little time in Forest Grove and were soon on the road to Gale's creek, strung out two or three miles between food man and rear guard. Our morning's tramp was about six miles to the creek, where swimming was indulged in, dinner eaten, and direction given by the leader, J. C. Clark, religious work director of the local association, but in charge of the boys department for the summer. A short distance out of Gale's creek we took the wrong fork in the road and went several miles out of the way, but when we reached the right road once more, we set off at a lively pace to make up.

We hadn't gone far when a small forest fire was seen not a great distance ahead and every one grew impatient to reach the blaze. We proceeded to cross lots on the run and soon found ourselves at the scene of the fire, which proved to be a large slashing accidentally set off. The camera fiends got busy taking pictures, the rest turned fire laddies and helped roll logs, tear down fences and carry water. To our dismay the road was obstructed and the "grub wagon" could not get past, but had we not taken the wrong road just after dinner we should have been upon the summit of the mountains and had the pleasure of spending the night without supper or blankets.

The Fire Spreads.

The fire spread till it became impossible to get through for several hours and we prepared to spend the night in an open field. At the nearest farmhouse we held a business session, chose captains for five squads of five boys each, who were to gather wood and act as waiters at meal time; also elected camp paper editor, judge of the kangaroo kort which was to convene in one week, and a sheriff with two deputies to keep order.

We quenched our thirst at a fine cool well, drank all the milk we could and prepared to spend the night, scattering blankets all over a field of ferns just across the road, which were used to soften the ground under our beds.

Notwithstanding the fact that we had been eating all day, we were glad when the bugle sounded for supper, and did justice to the bread, cocoa, and mulligan stew. About dark we gathered near the folding organ, sang songs, had the camp paper, which was named the "Hikus Daily," and ended our first day with a short talk by Mr. Clark. Beds were soon made, but although the bunch was scattered over a large territory for a camp, it was not quiet till nearly midnight.

Cold at Night.

A heavy dew fell in the night and towards morning it grew cold, so that every one was up early hugging the campfire to get warm. Breakfast was over by 5:15 and now that the forest fire had died out we pushed on our way through the smoking embers and up towards the summit in a hurry, covering nearly 12 miles before noon, when we stopped near another stream just a short distance from a beautiful waterfall and ate dinner. A few miles further on and we would strike the headwaters of the Wilson river, which we were to follow the rest of the way to the sea and fishing was reported to be good. The majority of the hikers had brought their casting rods, which were now put in order for fishing, and the road being a continuous down hill we pushed eagerly forward as soon as the pangs of hunger had been appeased.

In for a Swim.

Reaching a deep hole in the creek alongside the road, fishing gave way to swimming and little did the fellows seem to mind the cold mountain water. We began catching fish at once and when camp was reached some who had more "stay with it" ability had enough fish to make a good meal, while others loitered along the road enjoying the beautiful ferns and green foliage which abounded all along the river.

Our second night out was spent at "McNamus Half-Way House," 26 miles from Forest Grove. We had only a few miles to walk in the afternoon and many hurried direct to the camping place and picked a spot for a bed. Everyone was in camp long before the supper bugle and those who arrived first were extremely fortunate in finding a good stock of fresh bakery supplies, for sale by Mrs. Clark. Boys were to be seen hurrying off to the woods in every direction with pies, cake, cookies and buns, all freshly baked, also with tin cups full of apple butter and other relishes to fill some sweet tooth. The cook expected to have a snap for breakfast in simply warming over what was left from supper, but alas, when plates had been washed all the kettles were scraped as clean as a cat licks a saucer, and the cook was forced to get up at the usual time next morning and get busy.

Campfire Services.

The campfire services were quiet, almost silent. A. K. Marriott, who led the singing was held down to a soloist rather than leader, and how every one appreciated hearing some one sing that knew how.

Mr. Clark did not take long in dismissing the bunch to their much-sought bunks, and camp became quiet in a twinkling. We were fortunate in being able to camp near the river so often, where the icy stream afforded water for cooking, drinking and swimming and where the continual rush of the water over the rocky basin caused a soothing sound which combined with that of the wind whistling through the highest treetops, completely enchanted all who did not immediately visit the land of nod.

Ideal Camp.

Here we had an ideal spot for a camp. It was shut in on one side by high hills and by the river on the other, and in the midst of a grove of Oregon's noted timber, where even the air which we breathed seemed to make us feel stronger and better and inspire us with a higher idea of nature than could be obtained in any other way.

The third day found us in good spirits ready to have a good time wherever it was to be found. Night found us camped in a large field just off the road, as were all our stopping places, and within a short distance of the river. Several large trees afforded shelter from what "Oregon mist" might fall, and a big bonfire helped to keep off the cold, which was intense. Our supper was a continuous feast of merriment, at the witty skill of "Hot-air Smithy," who kept the whole bunch going till he found a bean in his bean soup, that the cook had left there by mistake, and trying to down it, got it caught in his throat, and gave us time to eat the rest of our supper in peace.

Eager to Start.

Everyone was eager to go on the following morning and we managed to keep ahead of the wagon, marching into Tillamook in soldier style. There we disbanded and separated long enough to plunder the bakeries and postal card supplies and moved on towards Bay City.

We came in sight of Tillamook Bay and at high tide, which looked good to us, as we knew the first half of our tramp was nearing an end.

We took to the shore of the bay nearly all the way to Garibaldi, reaching there the middle of the afternoon.

So far we had had good weather, but now it began to cloud up and we feared it would rain, but the clouds passed with the heavy morning fog and Saturday was as bright a day as could have been wished for. It was our first day of rest, letter writing and ball playing, which lasted nearly all day long. The lake was visited and swimming and rowing were used to take up the time, but never once did our time seem to hang heavy on our hands. There was always something doing to keep us from getting sleepy. After the 73 mile walk it was queer that no one wished to stay in bed all day, but no one showed any such signs if he did feel that way.

Stunt Night.

Saturday night was stunt night. Every hiker had to do some special stunt or go through the threshing machine, and a good evening's fun was had. The visitors were shown that although the bunch did strongly resemble hoboes they had lots of ingenuity. Sunday was the pietest day out. Everyone got up late and some just barely had time to get to 10 o'clock services, where Harvey Miller, one of the most jovial hikers, showed the bunch that he had a few other qualities besides hiking ability and drew people from camps all around and even from Garibaldi, to hear him speak.

Half the bunch went to town for dinner and the afternoon in camp passed quietly, with most of the boys exploring the woods and visiting the Tillamook bay life saving station, near which we were camped.

The evening service around the camp fire was well attended and added to Mr. Miller's second talk were fitting solos by Mr. Marriott and Clarence Sprague, which everyone enjoyed.

Break Camp.

Monday morning we broke camp, and before leaving attended an exhibition given by the life saving station, during which the hikers were used as horses and helped to pull the lifeboat to and from the beach. We then moved on to Garibaldi, where a launch met us and carried half of the crowd across the bay to visit Cape Mears lighthouse, where the keeper generously showed us all about the place. We reached Bay City about 5 p. m., and were treated to a clam bake and general feast as guests of the Bay City people, who spared no pains to make our stay in their city a pleasant one.

After the feast our camp fire was built and "kangaroo kort" convened, each part being taken up by a hiker. Several interesting cases were tried, but owing to the sternness of the judge and prejudice of the jury all cases were decided "guilty," and the guilty boy had to redeem his sentence in front of the audience, which turned out to be the largest that we had all the time out.

At 10 a. m. the next day a scrub team of hikers played the Bay City baseball team, and although defeated showed the Bay City people that they knew a little about the sport.

Leave the Bay.

Soon the bay was left behind and every one was happy to be on the road again. Our road now was up hill and progress was slower, going up a long hill out of a creek canyon known as the Zigzag. We fastened a rope to the front of the wagon and acted as horses. This was new work, but we were well paid by having a good dinner of venison and spaghetti.

Our last night out we stopped within half a mile of the summit, built a monster fire and had a splendid evening service, both Mr. Miller and Mr. Clark speaking. Another feature was the camp prophesy written by Clarence Sprague. All combined to make this our most enjoyable night's program.

Forest Grove Again.

Everyone was glad to reach Forest Grove and spend the last few pennies they possessed on ice cream and sweetmeats, and then as many as would go up on top of the wagon load and rode through town to the depot. The last few minutes were spent in cheering every officeholder on the hike, leader, driver, judge, editor and sheriffs, who by the way, had a very easy time, as no one was disorderly enough the whole time out to need to be "arrested."

Our annual hike was over, and all would look forward to the event which would come the following summer with the intent of enjoying another tramp.

A Very Great Height.

From the Bohemian.

"Did your airship take you up to any great height?"

"I should say it did! Why, one morning a hen we had taken with us laid an egg that rolled off the deck, and that egg, when it reached the earth, was immediately condemned by a board of health."

It is better to blow a horn than to drink it.