

ROUND THE CORNER LAND BUSINESS

By Jim Howa.

It is said of John Barrett, formerly a Portland newspaper man, now director of the International Bureau of American republics, expected here within a few days, that he is as much at home in the White House in Washington as in the home of George W. Hasen, in Portland, whom he has known for many years. Mr. Barrett comes to Portland from San Francisco, where he attended the sessions of the Trans-Mississippi congress.

The last time Mr. Barrett was in Portland several years ago he wore one of President Roosevelt's hats. During his western trip that year Mr. Barrett's hat hung in the White House.

It seems that the day Mr. Barrett left Washington for his trip he called at the White House, where he remained longer than he had intended. It was nearly train time and he left the executive mansion in a great hurry to get to the station. In the confusion Mr. Barrett got hold of one of the president's hats. He didn't discover it, however, until he was well on the way.

When you think of the fact that Mr. Barrett said he had wired the president a day or two later.

And when he arrived in Chicago Mr. Barrett found an answer to his telegram awaiting him.

"Glad you like it," read the wire. "I'll wear the bet, but it's all right anyway."

The people in Fairview in Multnomah county, 14 miles from Portland, are still hoping that the people of Fairview, in Coos county, will die, move away, dry up or something and the town will be left out of existence. The people of Fairview, Coos county, have been hoping against hope this some thing for the last 10 or 15 years.

The Fairview near Portland is not a postoffice. It is merely a station on the C. & N. The postoffice is Cleone. This makes two towns in one and as a result there is always confusion among persons going to Fairview or to Cleone as to just where they are going.

When Fairview was made a postal station nearly half a century ago the people applied to the department at Washington to have the name of Fairview changed to the fact that the people of Coos county had beaten them to the name of Fairview the postoffice officials refused to allow two offices of the same name in the same state.

So away back there in Washington some one named the office at Fairview, Cleone. And all these years the Fairview-Cleone people have been pulling their hair and their political strings and everything to get things straightened out. But Cleone is still the postoffice and Fairview the railroad station.

When the Portland wholesalers make freight shipments they send them to Fairview and the bills and letters to their customers to Cleone. That is, they should send things that way, but as they don't always do it, there is usually consternation among some of the Fairview-Cleone merchants looking for a load of goods.

The man walked into a prosperous looking saloon. Was rather carelessly dressed. Looked like a Rube. Bought a drink or two and stood around watching the clock and looked particularly anxious about something. Bartender finally asked him what was on his mind. Said a certain stranger had promised to meet him there at 4 o'clock. It was then named the further that he had met the stranger on a train. Stranger had known his folks back in Missouri and all their political friends. Was mighty glad to have met him. After the train came in, stranger found that he had to have \$50 quick to pay on some express matter for some reason or other.

So the restless individual in the saloon told the bartender that he had given the new acquaintance the money. Man said he would meet him at this certain express sure at 4 o'clock that same afternoon.

Barkeep laughed most heartily. Said the man had been worked. More drinks. Barkeep continued to chuckle. Man said he was sure the other fellow would show up. Said he was a good talker, well dressed, and that he felt certain that he was in for a big haul. Barkeep laughs again and again. Drink server said stranger was a confident man beyond a doubt. Man says something, casually like, about making a bet that the stranger would show up as promised. Bartender grabs the man by the collar.

Money is put up. It is then almost 4 o'clock. Few minutes afterward stranger enters and pays over the money to the Rube. Rube collects the bet money and departs. So does the other fellow. The barkeep's \$50 goes with them.

The police are looking for the pair.

The set of four pictures issued this year by the Portland Hunt club are about the prettiest things ever. And maybe you think they aren't. But demand. Every fellow in town has been after two sets—one for his girl, by request, and the other set for himself.

Many others have asked the merchants to save the posters for them until after the show in November. They are to be sent east. Every sport collector in Portland has been strong after the pictures ever since they first appeared, and those who haven't got them as yet are still running around with a wild look in their eyes.

A popcorn party is the latest. The telephone bell on the desk of a Portland newspaper man rang hard and nervously one afternoon. The man answered. It was his wife on the other end. "How about that popcorn?" she asked. He had been asked to bring home 3 sacks. And he had forgotten the request.

Out the door he went. "Fifteen sacks, well buttered and salted," said the husband to the popcorn man. Fifteen sacks.

Quaker Maid Rye

"The Whiskey with a Reputation"



Awarded
Three
Gold
Medals

To make a perfect "high ball," put in enough

Quaker Maid Rye

Call for it at all Groceries, Cafes, Bars and Drug Stores

S. HIRSCH & CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

The vendor was dumfounded—amazed. It was the biggest sale of the year. And all at once. He thought he had seen a dream. Then the white began to whistle, and he knew he was awake.

The corn was soaked. The purchaser had half a dozen in one arm, a few more in the other hand, some sacks in his pockets, and the others were lying about the street. Then he had, and any other level places that happened to be around.

The man moved toward the car. The crowd on the platform all made room for him. The car door wasn't large enough. He thought of having the door enlarged. Then he thought of dropping some of the sacks. Then he thought he had better not. The car stood the man stood, and the other passengers stood by.

Finally, one sack fell. Then another. The blockade had been broken. The car moved. The man got down in the car exhausted. On to the east side. Then the conductor called his street. All over again to get off was the persistence which had taken place down town.

The man went home. They wouldn't let him wear sacks all over him and no one could see his face. He had to drop the corn to be identified.

"Fine," said the wife.

"Dam," said the husband.

Perhaps half the families in Portland have had tastes of Chinese pheasants since the season started and the hunters began killing the birds by the hundreds. Every hunter has had his friends and those friends have other friends who are invited to dinner and so on down the line until thousands and thousands of the inhabitants of the city have had a bite of the birds which are so much in demand.

And some of those who have not been fortunate to be invited to a pheasant dinner have been able to get the birds served any way they like by restaurant men who have taken it upon themselves to break the law. It is said that at least one place in Portland makes a specialty of handling pheasants, including trout and now and then venison, practically all during the fall season.

The widow of the man who introduced the Chinese pheasant into the United States is still living here. The husband died 19 or 15 years ago.

In all these years, while practically speaking millions of these birds have been named the further that the man has never had a taste of the Chinese pheasant meat. Not since her husband died the man who is responsible for all these birds which are now scattered over all the western and middle west country, has the widow had the pleasure of a pheasant meal.

Will the hunters please take notice.

"You can't imagine how much pride railroad conductors take in calling out 'All aboard,' but it is one of their dearest in life to have their call differ from any of the others," a Portland passenger station official said the other evening.

"Just for instance," he continued, "there is a conductor by the name of Wilkerson, who used to run out of here on the Northern Pacific. Wilkerson is now on the North Bank and his call will again soon be heard in the Portland station. That is, as soon as the North Bank begins running its train in here. And the trains will come in just as soon as—so soon—well, as soon as the tracks are connected up. I guess that's the best way to put it."

"But I was telling you about that 'all aboard' call of Wilkerson's. It's the greatest ever. All the railroad men at the station when Wilkerson was going out used to stand around waiting for him to give his yell. He sort of roared out and the bills the board would roll about the station platform. He would trape the air and echo and re-echo about the buildings while every one stood around in wonderment."

If there is any other person in the world who can equal this fellow Wilkerson, he'd like to see the color of his hair. Wilkerson, in my mind, could go on the stage any old time, and all he'd have to do would be to call out, "All aboard!" in his own way a couple of times. It would bring down the house and be the hit of the show.

"But all conductors have their peculiarities with their all aboard's. One of them is Matt Egan, now running out of Portland. Matt has a roll, and all that sort of thing, but instead of 'all aboard,' he says, 'Am the board,' funny like, which brings a laugh every time.

"A conductor takes as much pride in calling out his 'all aboard' as a singer does in getting the right pitch to his songs. Just notice them the next time they are traveling."

The clerks at the Hotel Portland have been having lots of fun the last few days with a telegram which is addressed to Examiner Moore. Mr. Moore, whoever he is, or wherever he's from, has to make a little late in arriving, and consequently quite a number of messages off the wire have collected. One fellow said that Examiner Moore traveled in a little late in arriving, and that his name wasn't Examiner at all—that they just called him Examiner on account of the paper he was with.

ABOLISH BULLFIGHTING.

Victoria of Spain Hopes to Win Even If Others Did Fall.

Queen Victoria of Spain is, it is said, anxious to abolish in her country the enormities of bullfighting; she has hitherto consented to attend at this favorite national sport, but the last time she went, shortly before Don Jaime's birth, what she witnessed filled her with horror and grief.

So the queen caused to be revived the memory of the fact that the great Queen Isabella, when she returned from conquering the Moors, declaring that the question was to abolish it, a fighting as a cruel sport which she asserted, had been introduced by the Spaniards, which was unworthy of a Christian race.

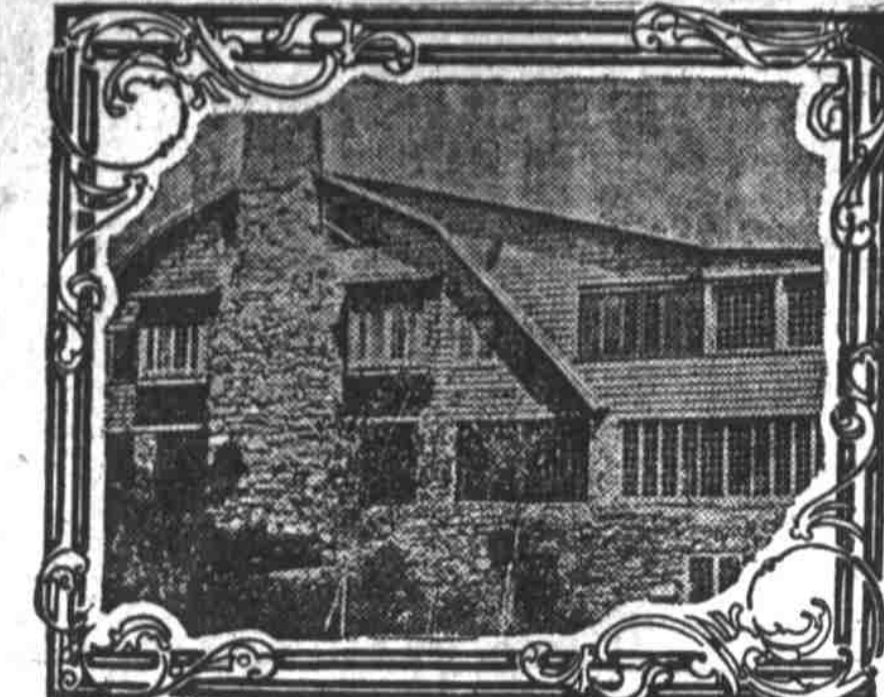
If the Spaniards of today are reminded that the queen whose memory they adore was only prevented by her death from putting down the cruel sport it is hoped that they may allow their present uses to make at least one honorable lady to attend on such sights.

Queen Christina tried to do so in the early days of her rule as a widow regent, says the London Illustrated News, but she had so much else to contend with that she had to abandon this unpopular reform.

It seemed impossible not long ago for quelling ever to be abolished as a means of settling personal disputes, wiping out insults among gentlemen, but Queen Victoria achieved it. Acting through her husband, she so arranged that bullfighting should never again be resorted to by men in the army to end their quarrels or to defend their honor, and this was speedily accepted as possible and right in civil life too.

The Australian government will erect five wireless stations along the coast.

MAUD ADAMS' CHARMING HOME



There is no spot in the world where the famous actress, Maud Adams, enjoys herself as much as at her summer home at Bonkonkoma, Long Island. This charming place speaks well for the taste of this beloved American actress. Miss Adams appears at her best here and everyone with whom she comes in contact likes her the better at this time of informality in her summer home. The home itself is sumptuous and provided with every luxury. It is estimated to have cost between \$25,000 and \$30,000. One of the chief sources of delight to Miss Adams is the large porch, on which she spends much of her time. In addition to this she has a large roomy library, where she can be found every morning answering her correspondence and attending to the details of a busy life of reading her favorite books, or perhaps looking over plays which have been submitted for her selection.

The grounds surrounding this home are extensive and artistically laid out. There are many shady nooks which appeal to her many friends who come to spend a week's end with her.

The strenuous winter months are compensated for by the few brief and happy days of rest and recreation which Miss Adams enjoys at her beautiful summer home. Frequently she journeys to the metropolis during this time, but for the most part her greatest joy is to spend her time at home.

The United States produced antimony worth \$622,946 in 1907 and imported \$1,686,802 worth.

Maud Adams at Her Charming Summer Home on Long Island.

MAYOR WOULD WALLOP DOUBLE

Makes Striking Comparison When Thompson-Street Curbs Are Considered.

"If I were a private citizen and somebody else the mayor of this city and he should sink warrants for such work as this I would feel like kicking him out of the window. To ask the taxpayers of Portland to foot bills for such work is an outrage."

Mayor Lane made the above statement yesterday afternoon before a meeting of the executive after R. R. Dunway had practically defied the board to reconsider its acceptance of curbs and sidewalks on Thompson street.

Dunway, as the representative of the Pacific Bridge company, had stated to the board that it had no power under the charter to take such action unless it was prepared to bring charges of fraud in connection with the work.

As soon as Dunway had finished speaking the mayor was on his feet, and in a voice shaking with indignation he referred to the curbing on Thompson street as an infamous imposition upon the people of the city. It was quite evident that if it is within the power of the city to punish the contractors that they will receive all that the mayor can mete out to them.

The report was made by a committee consisting of Isaac Swift, John Montag and P. B. Sullivan, and it went into detail in describing the investigations of the three. Its support was that the committee had found the contractors at fault. The members of the committee frankly confessed their inability to determine just what was the nature of the defects in the work, but they were

Piano for Sale

Upright walnut case, in good condition, only \$217. Pay \$17 cash and \$5 per month. We also rent pianos.

Sherman, Clay & Co.
8th and Morrison, Opp. Postoffice

sure that it was defective. The report was referred to the city attorney.

City Engineer Taylor got up after Mr. Swift had concluded the reading of the report, and with some feeling said that he regarded the action of the committee in making its inspection without consulting him as uncourteous at least. He was assured by them that such was not their intention.

Phonograph Records in "Serials."

Following the latter day march of commercial progress, whereby in certain lines of industry novelties are offered to the trade in regular monthly allotments, a certain firm, specializing in phonograph records, has adopted the plan of re-releasing recent additions to stock via the 50-day system exclusively. In presenting the story for a given month this argument is advanced: "You might name any one of a dozen of current selections as the best, and not miss it. They are all so good, by way of illustration, there's a fifty first class, two foisting ballads, new and catchy con songs, an exquisite sacred hymn besides an alluring two-step and barn dance."

Administrator's Sale

OF
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Take my word for it that WE ARE CLOSING OUT the large stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE of the late NATH WOLFF

At a Great Sacrifice

Come in and let us convince you that every article we sell you is sold at a SNAP. EVERYTHING MUST GO. BY ORDER of the ADMINISTRATOR of

Nath Wolff

165 First Street
Sale Starts Tuesday, October 6, 1908.



-If You Want the Best Motor Car That \$1500 Will Buy

Decide, first, whether you want a car that looks perfect on paper; or whether you want one that has PROVEN its perfection in actual road service.

There are several good "paper" cars at near the \$1,500 price—cars selling from \$2,000 down to \$1,250.

Cars made by men who have manufactured successful higher priced cars, but who, now, for the first time, are attempting a \$2,000 to \$1,250 car.

Cars made by men who OUGHT to know how to make a low-priced car—but who have never made one.

Much is promised for these "paper" cars. But no more is promised for them than the Mitchell, in eight years of service, has already PROVEN that it will do.

The "paper" cars promise no more speed, no more power, no more safety than the Mitchell car is KNOWN to have—known wherever motor cars are run.

And they can promise nothing valid as to wear, service, upkeep cost, because there is no past performance on which to base a promise.

While the wear, the service, the upkeep cost of the Mitchell, you can learn for yourself from any of the 8,000 Mitchell owners.

The Mitchell car has always been a low-priced car.

The new \$1,500 four-cylinder, five-passenger Mitchell is not an innovation.

We have merely made the best car that eight years of experience have taught us to make—and added a \$150 Splittorf magneto, more expensive tires, and \$300 worth, in all, of extra automobile value, which, with any other car at near its price will cost you extra.

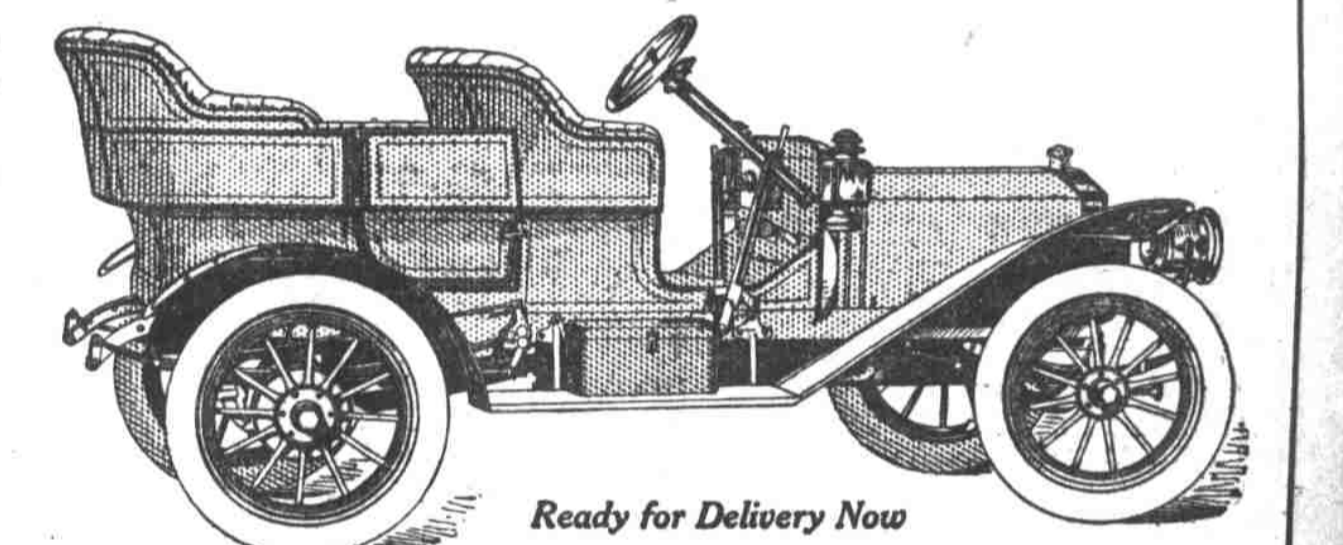
If you buy a "paper" car, you are, at best, merely gambling that its makers are right.

If you buy any other \$1,500 car, you are merely buying possibilities, when certainties are offered you.

If you buy any other car at near the Mitchell price, you are merely backing theory to win against experience—when theory promises nothing that experience will not give.

But the \$1,500 you pay for a Mitchell buys the best that we are able to produce, after having made more than \$11,000,000 worth of successful low-priced cars.

Will you take what some maker THINKS is a good car; when you can get what 8,000 Mitchell owners KNOW is the best car \$1,500 will buy?



Learn These Things Before You Buy a Car

Take one example of the difference between the proven Mitchell and any "paper" car.

The best motor car theory is that the water pump should be driven at half the speed of the engine.

We made Mitchell water pumps that way at first—eight years ago.

But when the Mitchell got in common use on the deserts of Nevada, there was trouble with hot cylinders.

On those broiling desert sands, where the water heats while the car is standing still, it takes more to cool a car than it does on the boulevards of Chicago.

So we made a radical change from the "best motor car practice"—knowledge on which "paper" cars are built—and we doubled the speed of the water pump.

Since we geared the water pumps to go at full engine speed, there has been no more trouble with heated cylinders—even on the hottest days and in the deepest sands of the deserts of Nevada.

And the result is that there are only two cars which today are in common successful use on those desert sands—one a car that costs more than three times the Mitchell price—the other, of course, the Mitchell.

Do you want a car that has been perfected by experience, or do you want a "paper" car?

Take another example:

Imagine the strains of mountain driving. The strains particularly that come on the crank shaft at every stroke of the pistons.

Most crank shafts are hung from two bearings—one at either end.

With only two bearings, there must be play in the middle. Where there is play there is added strain. And in mountain and hill climbing, broken shafts must result.

The Mitchell crank shaft has five bearings. One at either end—three extra ones in between.

Two bearings are in common successful use when you look at the plans of a "paper" car.

You may not want a car for desert riding. You may not want a car for mountain climbing. But you can be sure of a car when it stands such tests as these. Can you be sure of any "paper" car?

And, as with the water pump and the crank shaft, so with the transmission, so with the clutch, so with the rear axle, so with the lubrication, so with the brakes, so with every part of the Mitchell car.

In the Mitchell you will find perfection, refinement, superiority of the kind that comes only with experience—perfection, refinement, superiority that no "paper" car, no matter how skilled its maker, can possibly have.

But if the makers of "paper" cars know all these vital things which eight years of experience in building low-priced cars have taught us—they would not even then, make so good a car as the Mitchell at \$1,500.

The cost of making the special dies and tools, alone, would prohibit it.

If we had to begin at the beginning, as they do, this new 1909 Mitchell would cost you \$1,000 more.

It is only because our dies, special tools and initial expenses were paid for and charged off, years ago, that we can give so good a car for so small a price.

The \$1,500 you pay for a Mitchell Model K goes not into dies and special tools—it goes into material, workmanship, testing—it goes into the car you get.

Material, workmanship, testing.

It is not enough for us to know that our design is right, that our material is perfect, that our workmanship is of the best.

It is not enough for us to know that the 8,000 cars that we have made are right.

We must know that the particular car you buy is right.

So we test it as though we were making a car a year. Instead of its cars a day.

We test it on the roughest roads of eastern Wisconsin—we give it actual road punishment of from 100 to 150 miles—over hills, through sand—on straight stretches—the kind of a test you would give it if you were testing it yourself.

Compare this four-cylinder five-passenger \$1,500 Mitchell with any of the "paper" cars. Or compare it with the best American cars, no matter what their cost or pretensions.

You will not find in any of them more vanadium and nickel steel. You will not find more perfect engines. You will not find a proven superiority which this \$1,500 Mitchell lacks.

This \$1,500 Mitchell is an imposing looking car. It has a wheel base of 105 inches. The body is wholly of metal. The upholstery is luxurious. The wheels are big—32 inches—fitted with detachable rims and four-inch tires.

The engine is housed under a big, handsome hood. The four cylinders are cast separately, and the best engines always are.

Aluminum castings are employed wherever possible only we go to the trouble and expense of strengthening them with bronze where there is wear and strain.

There are two complete ignition systems—the 1150 Splittorf magneto, geared direct to the engine, and a regular battery system.

The lubricating systems the best that we have found in eight years of experience—certain in operation—economical in oil.

The transmission of the selective sliding gear type—as in \$5,000 to \$7,000 cars.

The battery and tool boxes, made of baked enamel steel, are furnished without extra expense to you.

The tonneau is detachable—and you have your choice of either tonneau or carry body, rumble seat, roadster, or runabout deck at the \$1,500 price.

Complete specifications and photographs of the working parts will be gladly sent to you.

Don't buy a "paper" car—don't buy any car till you know all about this wonderful \$1,500 Mitchell K. Please use the coupon.

FRED A. BENNETT, General Distributor
485 Alder Street, Portland, Oregon. 1418 Broadway, Seattle, Washington. 814 Second Avenue, Spokane, Washington.

MITCHELL MOTOR CAR CO., RACINE, WIS.
Standard Manufacturers, A. M. G. M. A.

You may send me a detailed description of your new \$1,500 Model K.

Name

Address