

ROUND THE CORNERS AND SQUARES.

By Jim Howe.

Jeff Myers is great on quitting smoking. Mrs. Myers is always willing to help him. Mrs. Myers was telling a mental healer recently how her husband had often struggled heroically to give up the weed but that the habit always came back. The healer agreed to give Mr. Myers several absent treatments with a hope of helping him.

"Jefferson"—Mrs. Myers always calls her husband Jefferson—Mrs. Myers said one evening, "are you willing to try mental treatments for the smoking habit?"

Mr. Myers said that he was and Mrs. Myers told him of the arrangement with the practitioner. The treatments began. As far as Mrs. Myers knew, Mr. Myers was carrying out his part of the agreement beautifully. He said the scheme was working great with him. Said that he wondered why he had never tried it before. It was so easy to quit.

Along about the time the treatments began Mr. Myers took a sudden notion that it would be better to have a cellar that was waiting to be cut up into kindling wood. So every morning and every afternoon and every evening, Mr. Myers hiked to the basement.

There he could be heard hitting the blocks of wood with his trusty ax. The chopping continued day after day. Finally the cellar was filled to order. Flowing with the wood all ready for the stoves, the furnace and the grates. The Myers had never had so much kindling in their lives. It was the biggest supply ever.

The wood had been chopped faster than it could be burned. Every inch of space had been utilized. Then Mrs. Myers made the discovery that her husband had been smoking all the time—that he had a box of cigars, a pipe and a bag of tobacco and half a butt of chewing plug stowed away in the basement.

At another time Mr. Myers had quit and the two were on a steamer on their way to California. Mrs. Myers noticed that her husband arose very, very early every morning. One day she got up immediately after him. Then she found him up forward with the captain, smoking his head off, to get enough smoke to last him all day.

Ab, there, New York!

In society in Portland the cocktail tray is the latest. They cannot be bought—they must be made to order. That's how late and right up-to-date they are.

But the cocktail trays are pretty—that is, they cost enough. The trays are about three feet long and three inches wide. The frame is mahogany. At either end there are brass handles. Maybe you think the wood and the brass don't give some class to the thing.

The tray is made by stretching a piece of oriental embroidery across the frame. Just like you would frame a picture. The more classy the embroidery, the more the tray costs and the more attention it attracts.

Over the cloth there is a piece of glass. This is for the cocktail glasses to rest upon when they are being served. The glass saves the cloth from ruination by drink.

But the waiters do not like the new trays. They say they are a little too stylish to be of any good. Of course they can be used, are used right here in Portland for that matter, but many a cocktail, cherries, olives and all, has been spilled just because the waiter wasn't an adept in the art of juggling.

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the beauty of the state house gardens as it grew older and unfolded its large and spreading leaves. But when the cold and rainy weather came in there is always danger that the plant might be damaged by the elements or possibly killed by a severe frost.

So the other day the gardener carefully and gracefully wrapped the century plant in cloth. But the cloth—what do you suppose it is? A great big American flag.

The flag formerly did duty flying over the dome proclaiming liberty and freedom to all Oregon. And now the stars and stripes are folded and wrapped around and around the growing century plant with all its prospects and hopes of the future. In the spring the flag will be all in but the plant will have been saved.

Are you bald? If you are a woman you will say "Certainly not!" Just like that. Or if you are a young man you will say, "Not that I know of," rather dubiously, but if you are getting along in years you will feel the back of your head affectionately to see if the place farthest from your chin has its full supply of hair.

Some men, except contentionsists, ever saw the back of their necks. Fewer still are the men who ever saw the back of their heads. But oh, how they have tried when they knew that it was getting a little bit thin on top.

Mr. O. R. Jackson, advertising agent for the O. R. & N. formerly a San Francisco newspaperman and pretty well known generally, used to be mighty proud of his hair. And he is yet, for that matter—proud of what is left.

Mr. Jackson was awaiting his turn in a fashionable barber shop the other afternoon when he looked up from the omnipresent Fuchs—or Judge—and glanced into the glass sort of carelessly. There were mirrors in squares clear around that room. The first thing that caught Mr. Jackson's eye was the back of a baldheaded man. If there is anything that will attract the attention of one baldheaded man it is the shining pate of another unfortunate. So Mr. Jackson looked and he looked and he looked.

The bald head in the distance that he could see in the glass seemed familiar to the advertising agent. Perhaps it was some one he knew. But oh, how bald headed that fellow was across the way, whoever he was!

"My own might be getting a little thin, just a little, of course," meditated Mr. Jackson, fumbling the Fuchs—or was it Life—in his hands, "but thank goodness I'm not as bald as that fellow over there."

Just then Mr. Jackson moved his head. The head upon which his attention was centered also moved. Mr. Jackson made a most awful discovery.

That bald head in the mirror was his own.

This story is true—Mr. Jackson tells it himself.

In the back yard of Dr. Byron E. Millers home on the side of the hill near Sixteenth and Montgomery streets there is an old fashioned spring house—the kind you have heard your grand-parents talk about. The house is built of brick and runs back into the hill, hidden almost by heavy vines and grass, the accumulation of years. The water in the spring is always good and fresh, although no one seems to know where it comes from or goes to.

The spring house was built long before Dr. Miller bought the property. In the summer Mrs. Miller keeps a lot of good things to eat in the spring house, but the only trouble is that it is mighty hard to find unless one knows the exact location.

Wednesday, November 4, promises to be a mighty busy day.

For instance, every Democrat who intends voting for Bryan and who has any big business deals to pull off this fall is awaiting the result of the election. If Bryan is elected the first thing Wednesday morning he is planning to rush to the real estate office and sign the papers, or to the bank and get money for some other deal, or what not. Or he will order a large shipment of goods for his business.

And the Republicans! Many of them are planning to do the same thing. That is, if Taft is the one who receives the greatest number of votes. The Taft man, like the Bryan man, has all sorts of schemes in his mind, has it all figured out how much stock he is going to subscribe for in certain companies, and just how much money he is going to invest as soon as possible after the final returns of the election are in. Providing, of course, that the big four-year event of this year goes his way of thinking.

And then there are the other party members, all planning and scheming business adventures if the result is as they wish. So, all in all, Wednesday, November 4, promises to be about the busiest day that ever hit the calendar.

According to a French expert, in the water courses of Europe there are 500,000 horse-power, available for France, the same for Italy, 900,000 for Norway, 752,000 for Sweden, and 700,000 for Germany.

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THIS YEAR'S PICK GOES TO EDITOR

Tom Richardson, who returned from Hood River yesterday, has no end of praise for the splendid exhibit of apples displayed this year. They were perfect, he says, and the whole display was the best in the history of Hood River's biennial exhibits.

"Expert judges were present," said Mr. Richardson, "and in some cases it was necessary for them to remove every apple from the box and not only examine it minutely, but measure it down to the quarter inches. There wasn't a blemish in the whole display."

Two years ago the finest box of apples was purchased by the Commercial club and sent with compliments to President Roosevelt. This year the prize box will be sent to Colonel George Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly, who had a special staff correspondent present at the exhibit.

ARCANUM MEMBERS BANQUET BARRETT

Twenty-one members of the Past Regent's association of the Royal Arcanum gave a dinner last night at the Commercial club to Past Regent John Barrett.

The dinner proved a most delightful affair and the happy remarks of the guest of the evening brought bunches of sunshine into the hearts of those present. During the dinner short addresses were made by Judge Bronaugh, past regent of Multnomah council; Dr. Ben L. Norden, past regent of Willamette council, and by A. A. Courtney, past regent of Oregon council.

Next Monday evening all the members of the Arcanum and their wives and friends will have an opportunity to hear Mr. Barrett speak at the Knights of Pythias hall. A choice musical program has been prepared for that evening.

Swedish theatre, "Nerkingarne," the great Swedish musical comedy, will be given tonight at Arion hall, Second and Oak streets. Admission, 50c; reserved seats, \$1.00.

Metzger's Jewelers and Opticians, 343 Washington st., bet. 7th and Park.

NEW YORK WOMEN TRY TO REGISTER



New York Suffragettes Attempted to Register. They Visited a Number of Registration Places in Vain.

The Short Line Between Portland and St. Paul

The Canadian Pacific Soo Spokane route is the short line between Portland and St. Paul. Their trains are electric lighted, electric ventilated, with buffet-library-compartment-observation cars. For rates and full particulars apply at local office, 142 Third street, Portland, Ore.

Tomorrow and Tuesday positively the last days for discount on east side gas bills. Don't forget to read "Gas Tips."

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Profit on Shoe Money Paid for Selz Royal Blue



You ought to make a profit on your money when you buy shoes; if you buy Selz Royal Blue shoes here, you will. We believe in a fair profit for both sides to a shoe bargain; we make one when we sell Selz Royal Blue shoes; but it's not a larger profit than you make when you buy them.

They're profitable shoes; give you more real value for the price than you're used to.

SELZ ROYAL BLUE SHOE \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00

Rosenthal's
PORTLAND'S BEST SHOE STORE
Seventh and Washington.

The Show Is Over

Studebaker Appointments Helped to Win Many Ribbons

Again proving their style, finish, quality and workmanship is second to none. Following is a partial list of ribbon winners whose appointments included "Studebaker" vehicles, harness and accessories:

- Miss Bernice Baker
- Thomas Scott Brooke
- D. E. Fredericks
- F. T. Merrill
- Portland Riding Academy
- Theodore B. Wilcox
- Dr. C. A. Froom
- Maple Wood Farms

- Meier & Frank Co.
- J. P. Porter
- Portland Slab Wood Co.
- Paul Wessinger
- James Nicol
- Clayton Fallis
- F. W. Leadbetter
- Mrs. H. A. Keper

No matter where exhibitors are from, they acknowledge "Studebaker" product has class. If it did not, would they enter a ring to be judged by the most discriminating critics the country affords?

Before purchasing, let us show you our complete line of gigs, carts, phaetons, runabouts, surreys, broughams, trucks, delivery wagons, farm wagons, harness, robes, whips, etc.

330-336 E. Morrison Street

Studebaker

Phones EAST 91 A-2141

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Restores all substances, 2 1/2 times as much in \$1.00 as 50c size. Is Not a Dye.

51 and 50c. bottles, at druggists. Send for free book, "The Care of the Hair." Philip Ray Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

WOODARD, CLARKE & CO.

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COCKTAIL TRAY

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