

ROUNDED THE CORNER LAND SQUARES

By Jim Howe.

State Circuit Judge Thomas A. McBride, who has a summer home on Deer Island, recently decided to build a pressed brick chimney and without consulting anyone as to how many bricks he might need ordered 2,000 of them from a Portland contractor.

"What do you want that many for?" asked the contractor.

"Why, for a chimney," replied the judge.

When the contractor went on to tell the jurist that a few hundred bricks would be all that was necessary to build an ordinary chimney.

"I guess I know what you want," the judge said. "You don't know what kind of a chimney this is going to be."

The bricks were ordered and the chimney was built. More brick had been left over than had been used in the construction of the chimney and the fireplace.

Eventually a bill of several hundred dollars was sent to Judge McBride for the bricks. He refused to pay, saying that if any of the brick had not been used they might be returned and credited to the buyer for whatever number had not been used.

But the judge never let on that he had refused to pay. He paid the bill as a whole—paid for every brick that he had ordered.

Residents in the fashionable apartments of the Hill and over at Alexandria Court and other places in the vicinity of the city park are just about all the lions, whose only life is on the hill. Leo is great on howling—or rather roaring—whenever he feels like it.

Leo always roars about a meal time, then again after the meal, just before dusk and at intervals during the night. Leo also comes through the door now and then during the day, just for the fun of the thing. So, all in all, it keeps the nervous women out that way going about as usual about all the time. And the merry little school girls at St. Helen's Hall—who they hate poor old Leo, who never lets them hear.

Every time a new family moves into one of the apartment houses or takes a home near the City park there is a commotion at some time during the night the first time the folks are in their new abode. All usually retire peacefully after having had a hard day moving and go to sleep looking forward to the morrow when everything is to be put in its final order. During the night, just as sure as fate, the excitement comes, usually about midnight. It is the nervous member of the family who is up first. It is some one with a most awful shape, or something of that sort. At any rate, the most terrible sound imaginable, creepy like, is heard.

By this time all the members of the family are up and stirring. The roar, somewhat resembling thunder, reaches their ears again. They all jump together for protection. Then some one brave, says he knows what it is—it's only old Leo at the City park calling in his dreams to others of his kind in the forests and jungles so many thousands of miles away. But call as loud as he does, old Leo's roars are heard by none except some of Portland's fashionables—that is, a social lion or two who are tucked away in their feather beds.

The brave having solved the mystery, the family goes back to its slumbers thinking about old Leo who, perhaps, is even more unhappy and miserable than any of them.

A man borrowed an umbrella. It was raining. He carried it about several days. Once he passed the place where he had made the borrow. It was still raining. He still had the umbrella. He didn't go in. The next day he was in the same locality. So was the umbrella. But he didn't go in. And in rained. The seventh day was still raining. The man walked into the shop where he had borrowed the umbrella. Outside it poured. And he returned the umbrella. And the owner of the umbrella dropped in a faint.

The "directoire" is strictly American. The secret is out, guarded though it has been by the French all these days and nights. Ever see that picture of the Indian by Dixon where the brave is standing out on the sands with a heavy red blanket wrapped about him? Or many other pictures of Indians after this fashion? Of course you have. And do you remember how the blanket drapes itself about the man's legs? Yes!

In Dixon's picture, nothing but the man's head and his limb to the knee can be seen.

That's where the sheath gown idea came from.

There have been reports that the directoire is the creation after a style worn 2,000 years ago or so by the Greeks and that it is merely a hand-me-down from that. But don't you believe it.

The French came over here, swiped the idea from the American Indian, went back to gay Paris and turned out the fancy gown with the opening and all that and the same thing. Credit for the dress that is all the craze on two whole continents.

Give the Indian his due.

Salem is famous for its boarding houses. Governor Chamberlain, by the way, boarded at boarding houses all the time he is at the capital. And in Salem one can get more to eat for his money than in any other city in the world.

One of the famous Salem boarding houses is that of Mrs. Susan Stalger. Mrs. Stalger is known as "Aunt Susan." Mrs. Stalger, it seems, has been running a boarding house in Salem for the last two or three decades.

Every one who goes to Salem hears of "Aunt Susan" and her meals in no time. For twice a week "Aunt Susan" give you so much to eat that you will forget all about your home and family.

Mrs. Stalger's meals are not eaten at "Aunt Susan's" table begins to scheme and plan of some way to arrange things so that the one spend five or six days each week in the state capital. On Sundays "Aunt Susan's" place is crowded in to the guards. Some times the line extends down the street. The line waiting dinner at "Aunt Susan's" is the one sight of the day on Sunday in Salem.

There are also other boarding houses in Salem with reputations. One of them has a waiting list a yard long. Every time a new place is boarded at a time, so there is always a waiting list. The line waiting dinner at "Aunt Susan's" is the one sight of the day on Sunday in Salem.

of life in Salem. But ordinarily it is said there is seldom a change in the boarding houses, unless one of the boarders dies. Then the one at the top of the list gets a place. And all the others wait and wait until—until some one else dies or blows away.

A man dropped into Portland the other day and said he had a new story on J. P. O'Brien, general manager of the Hartman Lumber Co. in Oregon, and Drake O'Reilly, president of the Oregon Lumber Co. It developed that the story was so old that the man thought everyone had forgotten it. But the story goes something like this, anyway.

Mr. O'Brien, who was then superintendent, was in Umatilla one day in his private car, accompanied by Drake O'Reilly. Mr. O'Brien was known generally then as "Jimmie."

In those days the private cars of this way of life were not so common as they are now. Mr. O'Brien's car was No. 92.

Mr. O'Reilly had circled around Umatilla long enough that everyone knew his name, and naturally enough all the inhabitants knew Mr. O'Brien as far as they could see him. He was particularly well known, of course, among the railroad men.

The superintendent was sitting in his private car one afternoon when he heard the section men talking. They were working outside, right near the car number, the "92."

"I see that the thray Mike's ar-r-r in town," said one of the Paddies.

"Phat thray?" asked another.

"O'Brien, O'Reilly and O'Two," said the other Mike.

A distinguished visitor was in Portland during the summer and among others who were to entertain him was an old friend. The man told his wife of the distinguished guest he had invited to dinner. The wife began to worry about the man, and she would have and she worried and just had a dizziness of a time generally. You know how women worry about a meal that is to be served before the date of the dinner the woman dreamed all night long. The next morning she was on the verge of a nervous collapse. Here are some of the sights the woman saw in her dreams:

The oysters were as large as turtles, had long wriggling legs and crawled about like the gelatin shivered and shook like a fat man in a rapidly moving wagon without springs, olives appeared in the role of cocktails, (and the woman was a temperance advocate); the lettuce sailed about the room on wings and had buzzers like that vibrating; the fried spring chicken sprang together and sat on the plate, featherless, and creaked at the capers of the oysters; the soup was like quicksilver and refused to be caught; the peas bounced about the table like rubber balls just for the fun of the thing; the mashed potatoes were flying through a hole in the ceiling, making a steady stream from the dial; and the woman herself, was in the ice cream freezer, flapping her arms to keep from freezing to death. That's what woke her up, it seems.

The distinguished visitor never knew the trouble that he had unconsciously brought about. And he never knew what a good dinner he missed. The dinner was called off—all on account of the dream.

"But madam," said the bank cashier very politely, "you have overdrawn your account. That's why we sent for you."

The woman looked at the banker in astonishment. It was plain to be seen that she didn't understand. "Well, that's strange," she said, "there are still some checks left in my bank book."

But that statement never feazed the banker. He had heard it before—many,

many times. He expected as much when he had sent for the customer, he said. So the cashier talked and he explained and he talked of the banking system in detail, telling the woman of more preferably of a banker, and all that sort of thing.

The cashier told the woman of all the different methods of banking, of the numerous mistakes that most anyone was apt to make, and here and there he brought in a practical illustration just to show what he meant. He wanted to make everything perfectly clear—and beside, he didn't want to lose a good customer.

The woman listened most attentively. She followed the cashier in his talk from the beginning. She heard each word. Her every nerve, her every brain cell, was at attention.

The woman listened most attentively. She followed the cashier in his talk from the beginning. She heard each word. Her every nerve, her every brain cell, was at attention.

She sighed. She shook her head doubtfully—she didn't understand.

"Well," she said, "I'm a mighty good cook, anyway."

A woman inquired at the lost article window of the street railway for her baby the other day. She said it had been lost. But she wasn't sure whether she had let the child at home with a neighbor or in a stroller. The baby was not there.

But among the things found during the week were a silver watch and five pheasants, which had been left on a Casadero car by a careless hunter. The man got to telling how he had killed the pheasants and how he had found them in the car. The man got to telling how he had killed the pheasants and how he had found them in the car.

FASHION AND FAT

Isn't it fortunate that when fashion demands slender gracefulness of women who have to break corset laces to make themselves even presentable that science steps in and makes their task easy?

For dieting and exercising it has substituted a pleasant wholesome mixture that can be obtained at small cost from any druggist, viz: ½ ounce Marmola, ½ ounce Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic, and 3¼ ounces Peppermint Water.

One teaspoonful of this mixture after meals and at bedtime will take off four to seven pounds of fat a week without causing wrinkles, interfering with the diet, or distressing the stomach in the slightest.



Drake and Swan Co.
415 Wash. St.
Cor. Eleventh

This Week's Special
The sample line of Suits of a large manufacturer. Any suit in the lot well worth the original price. Up to \$35.00 values

One-Third Off
SIZES 16 TO 40—ALL COLORS

- Coats: Gray Broadcloth, Regular \$14.00; Special \$9.95; Covert Cloth, Regular \$11.50; Special \$8.45
- Silk Petticoats: New lot just received. Guaranteed silk; \$4.25, \$4.45, \$4.95, \$6.45, \$8.50

While They Last We invite comparison

POLICE AND THUGS IN PISTOL DUEL

(United Press Leased Wire.)
Chicago, Oct. 25, 1 a. m.—Two men were shot and fatally wounded and a member of the local detective force was wounded in the leg when two masked men held up a west side saloon at midnight and then engaged in a running revolver battle with the police.

The dying men are Henry Kern and an unknown robber. Both are unconscious in the county hospital. Detective Patrick Fitzgerald is suffering from a severe wound in the leg.

Five men were standing at the bar of Henry O'Hara's saloon on the west side at midnight when two masked men suddenly entered and leveling their revolvers at the men, ordered them to throw up their hands. All did so except Henry Kern. Kern was a little slow in complying, and one robber immediately fired on him. The bullet struck him in the right cheek and came out under his left ear. Kern fell mortally wounded, and the robbers calmly went about their work. They took \$500 in bills and three watches from the occupants of the saloon.

Then they ran out of the door and down the street.

Detectives Joseph King and Patrick Fitzgerald saw the men running near or near the saloon. Instead of doing so, the robbers began shooting. The policemen returned the fire. During the running fight which followed Detective King shot one of the robbers through the lungs and he fell. The other robber paused a moment over the prostrate body of his comrade and exchanged shots with the policemen, wounding Fitzgerald in the right leg. Then he fled and escaped.

The wounded robber was still conscious when King reached his side, but he refused to give his name. He was quickly relapsed into unconsciousness, however, and with Kern was taken to the county hospital. Neither will live.

CARIBOU HERD 14 DAYS PASSING SPOT

Bellingham, Wash., Oct. 24.—John Padden of this city, who has just returned from a three years' stay in Alaska and the Klondike country, tells the Caribou story of the season.

Mr. Padden says he was up half way between Forty-Mile and Dawson when he saw the caribou so thick they remained him or salmon rushing up a river to the spawning ground. They rushed by all the time he was in that locality for several days.

A month after, Mr. Padden says, he

DEAFNESS CURED
By New Discovery

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 3748 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

NOT IN THE TRUST!
GET OUR PRICES AND SAVE MONEY on all kinds of **PLUMBING SUPPLIES** BATH TUBS, TOILETS, BOILERS, PIPE, ETC. (We sell to individuals as well as to the trade) **M. BARDE & SONS PLUMBING SUPPLY HOUSE** 110 NORTH THIRD ST., NEAR GLISAN PHONE MAIN 1027

Here's the SUIT CHANCE For You BARGAINS UNSURPASSED
Gevurtz' Big Close-Out Sale
Monday — Tuesday — Wednesday

We are closing out one hundred Men's Suits from broken lines at a truly remarkable cut price. They consist of new, up-to-date heavy and medium weight Suits in a great variety of materials. Good serviceable goods. Values up to \$25.00 going at this great Close-Out sale for



No charge accounts on these goods. See our Yamhill street window display. Sale lasts three days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

GEVURTZ & SONS
1st and Yamhill & SONS 2nd and Yamhill

asked the prospector. "You're a day," was the reply. "They packed the trail as hard as a concrete pavement." This heavy movement was a part of the annual migration of the caribou to more temperate climates when the cold weather begins to come on.

It will be forty years next March since C. U. Snider, ex-receiver of the United States land office, arrived in Lake county. At that time his uncle, A. Snider, the pioneer sawmill man, was associated with General Cook in the Willow ranch and also in the store established at the same time.

In 1878 A. and C. U. Snider built a flour mill at a cost of \$12,000 close to the acre of volunteer crop of fine quality. In 1881 he did nothing with that field except to allow it to produce a volunteer crop, estimated at about 12 bushels per acre. When it was ripe he turned a drove of 250 hogs into it and with that crop and his mill feed they became so big and fat his neighbors said he could not get them to market. Smith and Giddens were placed in charge and left Willow ranch in December, and drove them 225 miles to Cottonwood station, on the main line of the Southern Pacific in California, below Redding. They never lost a hog and all arrived there in good condition. Mr. Snider sold them on foot for 6 cents a pound. In this way he realized three big profits from the same land with one plowing and seeding.

"In the year 1882 this ranch raised 13,000 bushels of wheat. During the fall of 1881 Mr. Snider bought about 4,000,000 pounds of wheat. This grain was ground at his mill and he supplied the settlers of Harney, Lake and Klamath counties, and those of Modoc county, California, with all the flour they needed. In addition, he hauled great quantities of it to Reno, over 250 miles south, and to Redding, the same distance west, with freight teams, taking flour out and bringing in goods for

his store. In these days, notwithstanding railroads were so far away, times were good, money plentiful and all settlers were happy and prosperous.

"In addition to those sagebrush lands being capable of wheat production, he is also satisfied that in time they will develop into great fruit lands, as has been the case in similar sections to the northeast of here.

"Why shouldn't apples thrive in a season where wild plums of the finest quality grow in abundance?" said he. "I know places up draws leading into this valley, 700 to 1,000 feet higher altitude, where I can gather in a day alone in ordinary years a wagon load of plums."

The Oregon Valley Land company, 321 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, is selling 300,000 acres of these lands, out up into farms of 10 to 1,000 acres, the 10-acre tracts having irrigation. The farms are being sold at \$200 apiece, payable \$10 cash and \$10 per month. So great is the demand that the farms are going at the rate of 2,000 a month. C. A. Eyskell and R. F. Fike, Pacific coast agents, say the lands have been selling largely to eastern buyers until the last few weeks, when Pacific coast land seekers began waking up to the chance that was slipping away from them and now many farms are being bought through the coast office. The company gives a valuable lot at Lakeview free with every farm.

not yield anything, and for that reason he went all over the ground with a cultivator to thin it out, with the result that that fall he threshed 30 bushels to the acre of volunteer crop of fine quality. In 1881 he did nothing with that field except to allow it to produce a volunteer crop, estimated at about 12 bushels per acre. When it was ripe he turned a drove of 250 hogs into it and with that crop and his mill feed they became so big and fat his neighbors said he could not get them to market. Smith and Giddens were placed in charge and left Willow ranch in December, and drove them 225 miles to Cottonwood station, on the main line of the Southern Pacific in California, below Redding. They never lost a hog and all arrived there in good condition. Mr. Snider sold them on foot for 6 cents a pound. In this way he realized three big profits from the same land with one plowing and seeding.

"In the year 1882 this ranch raised 13,000 bushels of wheat. During the fall of 1881 Mr. Snider bought about 4,000,000 pounds of wheat. This grain was ground at his mill and he supplied the settlers of Harney, Lake and Klamath counties, and those of Modoc county, California, with all the flour they needed. In addition, he hauled great quantities of it to Reno, over 250 miles south, and to Redding, the same distance west, with freight teams, taking flour out and bringing in goods for

his store. In these days, notwithstanding railroads were so far away, times were good, money plentiful and all settlers were happy and prosperous.

"In addition to those sagebrush lands being capable of wheat production, he is also satisfied that in time they will develop into great fruit lands, as has been the case in similar sections to the northeast of here.

"Why shouldn't apples thrive in a season where wild plums of the finest quality grow in abundance?" said he. "I know places up draws leading into this valley, 700 to 1,000 feet higher altitude, where I can gather in a day alone in ordinary years a wagon load of plums."

The Oregon Valley Land company, 321 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, is selling 300,000 acres of these lands, out up into farms of 10 to 1,000 acres, the 10-acre tracts having irrigation. The farms are being sold at \$200 apiece, payable \$10 cash and \$10 per month. So great is the demand that the farms are going at the rate of 2,000 a month. C. A. Eyskell and R. F. Fike, Pacific coast agents, say the lands have been selling largely to eastern buyers until the last few weeks, when Pacific coast land seekers began waking up to the chance that was slipping away from them and now many farms are being bought through the coast office. The company gives a valuable lot at Lakeview free with every farm.

He refused to give his name. He was quickly relapsed into unconsciousness, however, and with Kern was taken to the county hospital. Neither will live.

He refused to give his name. He was quickly relapsed into unconsciousness, however, and with Kern was taken to the county hospital. Neither will live.

He refused to give his name. He was quickly relapsed into unconsciousness, however, and with Kern was taken to the county hospital. Neither will live.

He refused to give his name. He was quickly relapsed into unconsciousness, however, and with Kern was taken to the county hospital. Neither will live.

He refused to give his name. He was quickly relapsed into unconsciousness, however, and with Kern was taken to the county hospital. Neither will live.

He refused to give his name. He was quickly relapsed into unconsciousness, however, and with Kern was taken to the county hospital. Neither will live.