

THE BOOK and their AUTHOR

"FIVE GALLONS OF GASOLINE."
By Morris B. Wells and John Fleming Wilson.—This is not, as one might imagine from a hasty glance at the title, a pamphlet issued by the standard oil company; neither is it a bill from one's grocer for five gallons of cleaning fluid, although the price of the book (\$1.25) is perilously near the amount that a grocer would charge. "Five Gallons of Gasoline" is a novel, bright, breezy, cheerful and hissing tale, its place among other classics of the same sort like Frank R. Stockton's "Rudder Grange" and Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat." Every one remembers "David Harum," although it was published years ago. If one were asked to mention a particular episode in that book, he could think of one and only one. Yet that one, the story of a horse trade, is what sold the book and made it famous. "Five Gallons of Gasoline," instead of being flavored with one amusing incident, has more than a dozen. It is by far one of the funniest stories published in a decade. A delightful feature of the humor is that it does not rely upon slang or vulgarity of any sort for its effect. It is clean, wholesome and real. In its quick, happy turns of expression, its graceful roving from a situation that could easily become farcical or vulgar it has some of the qualities of the early English writers like Steele, Addison or Swift.



Morris B. Wells, one of two authors of "Five Gallons of Gasoline."

The writers are both known in Portland. John Fleming Wilson was on the Journal staff in the summer of 1909 and since that time has done a short story writer has spread over the country through his clever work in the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines. He is also the author of "The Land Claimers," a novel published simultaneously with "Five Gallons of Gasoline." In consequence of this last fact only one name, that of Mr. Wells, appears on the title page of the latter book. A publisher's note to that effect is printed in the volume. Mr. Wilson is a son of Dr. J. R. Wilson, president of Portland Academy.

mobile, and the first to buy one for fun. While the book has many faults, and its plot is rather tenuous and not always kept in mind by the authors, it is a delightful story. All the way through, the characters are all likeable, cheerful and human; even Mrs. Thompson, the snobbish wife of the plutocrat of the story, displays a number of good points as she makes a dash of two through the book in a large, red, \$8000 French car.

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Has the veil of mystery that has so long shrouded the occult sciences been raised at last? Can it be that a system has been perfected that reveals with reasonable accuracy the character and disposition of the soul and so unties the life as to assist in avoiding errors and taking advantage of opportunities? Roxroy, a man who has for 20 years been delving into the mysteries of the occult, making a scientific study of the various methods of reading the lives of people, seems to have reached a higher plane than any of his predecessors. Letters are pouring into his office from all parts of the world, telling of the benefits conferred by his advice. Many of his patrons look upon him as a man gifted with some strange, mysterious power, but he modestly asserts that what he accomplishes is due alone to an understanding of natural laws.

He is a man of kindly feeling toward humanity and his manner and tone immediately impress one with his sincere belief in his work. A huge stack of grateful letters from people who have received readings from him adds to other convincing proof as to his ability. Even astrologers and palmists admit that his system surpasses anything yet introduced.

Baroness Banquet in a letter to Prof. Roxroy says: "I thank you for the complete life reading, which is really of extraordinary accuracy. I had already consulted several astrologers, but never before have I been answered with so much truth or received such complete satisfaction. It is with sincere pleasure that I shall recommend you to my friends and acquaintances; for I feel sure that it would be doing a good action to make your marvelous science known."

If you wish to take advantage of Roxroy's generous offer and obtain a free reading, send your date, month, year of birth, name, whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

I have heard of your power
To read the people's lives,
And would ask what for me
You have to advise?

Be sure to give your correct name, birth date and address and write plainly. Send your letter to ROXROY, Dept. No. 460, No. 177A, Kensington, High Street, London, W. 8, England. If you wish, you may inclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, enclosed work, etc. Do not inclose coins or silver in letters.

agent in New York said he would telegraph when Mr. Biggs bought his ticket, don't you know? Biggs wasn't a friend of the official, but on such occasions all Englishmen are brothers.

"I will report this matter," continued the pompous colonial official, severely. "I will write to Sir Wilfred Laurier. By god, I'll write to the Times, sir! The pompous C. O. stamped his cane in lieu of a gaiter, that would barely allow him to walk. 'Jenkins' he thundered, turning to his secretary. 'Make a note that I am to write to the premier of this beastly province, and tell him what I think of him for allowing such an outrage. Get off my foot, damn you, sir!' he shouted at Jenkins, who in his anxiety to please had crowded in too close and tread on his employer's gaiter pedal extremity.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Jenkins, backing away in great trepidation and writing rapidly in his note book. "Get off his excellency's foot—big pardon, sir—write to Sir Wilfred Laurier, sir—Times—outrage—man in New York telegraphed—when Mr. Biggs bought his ticket, don't you know? Jenkins closed his note book in a respectful manner, and returned it to his pocket with the remark, 'Very good, sir. Thank you, sir.'"

"There's another car, sir, that might be put on the train," said the man at the window, now thoroughly alarmed. "I'll write to headquarters for instructions."

"Very good, sir," said the pompous colonial official coldly. "Jenkins, write to Sir Wilfred Laurier and tell him I don't like his beastly climate."

"Thank you, sir," said Jenkins. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price \$1.25.

"A Tenderfoot with Peary," by George Borup.—This might be termed, the sunny side of suffering, privation and achievement. For four centuries the world has been harrowed with the heart-breaking accounts of the heroes who struggled to reach the farthest north, only to be baffled, leaving to the world little else than a record of heroic suffering and failure. After reading this charming account of one of the expeditions, which was the first to register success, the question naturally arises, would Mr. Borup have been able to have so gloriously overlooked the sufferings he endured, and chronicled so bright a side of it, if the expedition had not reached what we believe he would, for the strong, happy courageous man, and not the adventurer, shows on every page. The story begins when the "Roosevelt" sailed from New York July 6, 1908—though the writer says the voyage did not properly begin until they sailed from Sydney, 11 days later, and it ends with a loving tribute and farewell to all those who had stood so loyally by the expedition. In closing he says of his great commander:

"We fellows may go on other expeditions, but it was Commander Peary's last. What a leader to serve under! Always kind, considerate, giving us fellows good advice, going out of his way to help us. Had the Commander been the grim, military martinet or despot he sometimes make him out to be, he could never have gotten the work out of either the Eskimos or us fellows, and it was due only to his great determination, his never knowing when he was liked, and his ability to encourage and hold-all of us together, to hold every man to the main purpose of the expedition, that the American flag is where it is—at the North Pole."

Throughout the book is written in a delightfully free and vivacious style. It is, perhaps, not elegant, for it is replete with Americanisms, and "classic functions," but it is more than interesting; it is wholesome and invigorating and the reader is puzzled to know whether it is the story or the writer he is the most interested in.

The narrative is entirely free from technicalities, or scientific allusion, and so full of thrilling adventure that it might readily be taken for fiction, if it were not that its truth is far stranger and more convincing than any flight of the imagination could picture.

G. W. Melville, rear admiral U. S. N. (retired) who was one of the unfortunate De Long party, has written a touching preface, saying, among other things: "But when we consider the toll of hardship and life which the grim king of

the frosty north has collected of all men and of all nations that have dared to venture within her domains, we are impelled to ask: 'To what purpose?'

"I may answer now as I have a hundred times before; to every purpose that is noble for the benefit of mankind, that all may have knowledge, though at the price of trial and suffering on the part of the investigators of earth's phenomena. To the same purpose that Galileo endured the punishments of Rome for the acquiring of knowledge, to the same purpose that scientists and thinkers of every age have endured hardships that they might know the truth. For knowledge in the end is power, wealth and happiness for mankind."

Commander Peary continued in the struggle for half a life time. Though rebuffed time and again in these many years of suffering and constant endeavor, though often driven back he was never defeated. He always kept in view his one aim—to accomplish the work, though it had defeated many brave hearts and demanded the lives of many.

"Yet what could one man do without the loyal support of subordinates and assistants? To this support, coupled with the well designed plan, do I attribute the final success of the last expedition to the North Pole of the earth. And not the least is he (Borup) of whom I write, who stood shoulder to shoulder with the veterans of Arctic expeditions though but a boy accomplished a man's task. In his modest book he has given to the world an account of his most interesting experiences, and I commend it to readers of literature, of exploration and to lovers of books of travel.

The book which is handsomely bound in cloth and is illustrated with nearly 50 illustrations, reproduced from photographs taken while on the expedition. Frederick A. Stokes company. Price \$2.10.

"A Winter Romance in Poppy Land," by Una Nixon Hopkins.—Mrs. Hopkins creates a mystery that is most ingeniously worked out in her winter romance and holds the reader in curious suspense to the end where the revelation clears all misunderstanding and has become triumphant. That fatal night in comes triumphant. That fatal night in comes triumphant. That fatal night in comes triumphant.

The California scenery in which Mrs. Hopkins set her characters is charmingly described, and one feels with her that the country the wonderful experience of living in a land of roses and snow in the same day. The cosmopolitan Major Knowles and his chatty, gossiping, frivolous wife with her attempt at "sectarian functions," "one for my Episcopalian friends—one for the Presbyterians—I might include the Congregationalists and Baptists and Methodists there, possibly—and one for my friends—well who are more advanced in religious thought," afford a lively interest in the story, quite different though not so compelling as the racy, homely humor and philosophy of William, the hired man. In sketching his character Mrs. Hopkins has not merely represented, but created a human being, whom all of us, as Miss June Winthrop did, would love in the companionship of, and feel grateful too for such a service as he rendered in winning Mrs. Winthrop to set an early day for the wedding. "But you shouldn't a-goin' to let money stan' in the way of happiness," William began his delicious mission. "Hits th' Lord's way—thar ain't nothin' in this worl' goin' to live always. Some day Miss June's a-goin' to be left lone in this big worl'."

It was the last sentence that hastened the wedding if the Church of the Angels, in Easter week, the happy climax to the charming winter romance of June Winthrop and George Oliver in poppy land. Richard G. Badger. Price \$1.25.

The Stuyvesant Press will publish next week two books, "The Power of Conscience," by See Barham Davis, a spirited tale of social conditions of today, dominated by the eternal feminine and the riddle of personality. It portrays with certitude and discernment the intricate relations of the sexes, and the inevitability that right must prevail in the final reckoning.

"Souls of the Infinite," by Dr. S. E. Griggs, a historic tale, the theme of which deals with the reincarnation of the soul. It portrays in a racy and picturesque style the evolution of the mind of man from the dawn of history to the present day, and is eminently

readable and worth while. Each 12mo. Cloth \$1.00 net.

William James did not live to complete what may be considered his greatest work which develops still further the author's great pragmatic program. What he has written offers a lucid and original restatement of the chief problems of all philosophy. "Say," he wrote in a memorandum directing its publication, "that I hoped by it to reach like an arch built only on one side." The Logmans will publish this work, which is complete in itself, within a few weeks.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "John Sherwood, Ironmaster," originally announced for June issue, will be published May 20, by The Century Co. The story is one of unusual situations and character, and the telling is put into the mouth of John Sherwood, who finds himself and wins his life's happiness, out of seeming failure and wreck.

A new novel of exceptional quality by a new writer is promised in Mrs. Russell Codman's "An Ardent American," which The Century Co. will publish May 25. It tells the story of a young American girl visiting her own country for the first time, who, though born and educated abroad, is a real and very ardent American.

YOUNG APPLE TREES YIELD BIG PROFIT
(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
White Salmon, Wash., May 20.—M. C. Martin thinks he holds the record for income from young apple trees. Last year he received \$57 from two three-year-old Winter Banana trees and two four-year-old trees. The fruit from these trees was so perfect that people made special trips to see the trees and buy apples as souvenirs. He failed to take sweepstakes at the National Apple Shows only because the fruit was too large.

With \$500 in cash, a small family and no stock, M. C. Martin left Cascade Locks, Or., in the fall of 1904 for White Salmon, where he purchased 10 acres of forest. He has developed the 10-acre tract by his own efforts into an orchard which he values at \$15,000. This year he will market an immense yield of strawberries from nine acres, the growing of which does not seem to interfere with the growth of his apple trees. Not a drop of water has been used for irrigating purposes.

John W. Watson, who has a record of more than 15 years' service in the Florida legislature, has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor.

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See Other Store News on Last Page Section 1, This Issue

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IT'S the unordinary process used in curing that makes this ham the delicious, appetizing food that it is. Cured with pure cane granulated sugar, smoked over a slow hickory fire. Special for Monday's sale at this low price, a lb. 15c

Hotel Mushrooms on sale for Monday, the can 18c	First Choice Mushrooms on sale Monday, a can 25c	Fancy Petit Pois on special sale Monday at, can 21c
The Popular Butternut and Beechnut Butter at a Roll 50c		
Victor Catsup, small size bottle, special at only 9c	Blue Label Catsup on sale Monday at, a bottle 18c	Oyster Cocktail Sauce on sale for Monday only 21c
Famous Danish Process Copenhagen Butter at Only 50c		
Home-Made Grape Juice, pint bottle, Monday 17c	Home-Made Grape Juice, quart bottle, Monday 33c	Punchezey offered at special sale Monday for 40c
Popular Royal Banquet Butter Special a Roll at Only 53c		
Paper-Shelled Almonds on sale for Monday, lb. 17c	English Walnuts specially priced Monday, lb. 20c	Fresh Oregon Ranch Eggs on sale Monday, doz. 22c
Queen Tomatoes Two Cans for 15c, One Dozen Cans at 89c		
Kaola, three-pound can on sale Monday at only 41c	Kaola, five-pound can for Monday's sale at only 71c	Kaola, ten-pound can Monday at low price of \$1.40
Butchers Lard, Ye Old Fashioned, Ten Pound Pails \$1.17		
Alpresco Loganberry Jam special for Monday 21c	Yeloban and Holly Milk on sale at, can 8c, doz. 93c	3-C Dry Whole Milk for Monday's sale at 25c-45c
Limburger Cheese, Fancy One Pound Rolls at Only 21c		
Neufchatel special Monday at this price, a cake 4c	Imported Swiss Cheese for Monday's sale, a lb. 33c	Wisconsin Cream Brick on sale for Monday, lb. 17c
Shredded Wheat Biscuits, Special a Package at Only 10c		

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