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2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON

Stanfield. — At a dinner given by the Stanfield community club Friday evening Nicholas J. Sinnott, representative in congress, was the guest of honor and pledged his whole-hearted co-operation with the directors of the newly formed irrigation district here in its endeavor to get the government to take over the project and make it a unit of the Umatilla project.

Young English Mathematician Solved What Was Long a Mystery of the Sky.

According to an English writer, many years ago astronomers were puzzled by the weird wanderings of the two gigantic planets, Jupiter and Uranus. Sometimes they arrived at points in the heavens long before they were due; at other times they were unaccountably late. Their paths, too, were strangely crooked.

Paris.—A division in scientific circles has been made here by the relativity theory of Einstein, challenging old conceptions of time and space.

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

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Vancouver.—Clarke county officials are in a quandary over a new state law which sets the legal age of girls at 21 years or more, instead of 18, as formerly. The obscure wording of the law has brought much confusion to the prosecutor's and auditor's offices here, which are at a loss to determine how 18-year-old girls coming here to get married are affected.

As he had no telescope of his own he sent his calculations to the Astronomer Royal asking him to search the part of the sky he had indicated. At first the authorities were skeptical, and would not make the search, but eventually they decided that there might be something in it.

The huge telescope was swung to the proper quarter of the heavens, and there, precisely in the spot indicated, was a dim point of light. Subsequent observation showed that it was moving. In this way Neptune, most distant of all the planets that swing around the sun, was discovered.

Formation of Habit.
The more irksome any habit is in its formation, the more pleasantly and satisfactorily it sticks to you when formed.—Thomas Hughes.

A First-Year Happening

By BERTHA M. JONES

Thursday was the day, and clothes washing was Mrs. Andrew Ayer's occupation. Now Thursday was not Mrs. Ayer's usual wash day. Monday was, and on that very Monday the regular laundry, which now lay neatly folded in drawer or clothes-per, had been washed and dried as per schedule in that little home.

And yet this morning, a dark, foggy, hopeless sort of morning it was, too, found Mrs. Ayer splashing and rubbing clothes over a wash board. A checked house dress, a pale blue afternoon dress, a striped street dress and one of Mr. Ayer's best shirts were being treated to an impromptu cleaning. A picnic, perhaps, was coming the Ayers' way when the sky cleared, or an evening at the theater if the moon broke up cloudland.

Oh, no! Mrs. Ayer's plans were as gloomy as the morning. She was preparing to leave Andrew forever, and to make her way alone in the world. She had arrived at this decision the night before as she lay sleepless, listening to the angry shuffling of leaves as Andrew progressed with the book he was pretending to read, and to the tower clock nearby which thundered its strokes (forty-eight in all) directly at her aching head. Even the clock seemed to have turned against her, and was driving home the terrible words Andrew had hurled at her that evening: "Go! If you don't like my ways, go! I've lavished my love on you and done everything I could do, and you don't like my ways, and you don't like my friends."

"Go! Go! Go!" thundered the tower clock. And Mrs. Andrew lay with a great big hurt on her heart and pondered ways and means for living without Andrew. Morning came early in the Ayer household that Thursday, for neither of its members had had a night of rest, but only horrible, black waking hours. Mr. Ayer descended to the kitchen in semi-darkness, and starting the gas, prepared his light breakfast. Mrs. Ayer followed, and found her husband seated sternly at the bare dining table, eating toast and drinking strong coffee.

On happy mornings he was never so hurried that he could not wait for Mrs. Ayer's pretty touches to the table and her fragrant, steaming breakfast dishes. "Have an omelette this morning, Andrew?" asked Mrs. Ayer casually, as she passed his chair on her way to the kitchen. "No, thanks," was the cold response. "Don't let me make you any trouble. I'm going at once."

"Good-by," crustily, a minute later. "Good-by," floated pertly in from the kitchen. Mrs. Ayer was busy cleaning up the mess that her husband had left on the kitchen table when he made his toast. She came and stood in the dining room door. Mr. Ayer stood in the hallway, hat in hand. They looked at each other for a moment. It was too dreadful, parting this way—Mrs. Ayer impulsively held out her arms. Her husband crossed the little room in two strides, and she put her arms around his neck. They kissed each other, though not so warmly as usual, and the door banged after Mr. Ayer.

To Mrs. Ayer it was their last parting. She turned and looked out of the window hopelessly. The yellow cat was sitting just outside waiting for its breakfast. She had always disliked the thing, but now it assumed the proportions of a dear pet. The tiny backyard garden which Andrew had helped her to make into vegetable and flower plots never before seemed so alluring. How beautiful that ugly board wall would appear when covered with sweet-pea and morning-glory vines, the seeds for which she had tucked into the little trenches Andrew had prepared for them. How delicious the fresh lettuce and radish would taste just a few weeks later! How Andrew would exclaim with delight when he came home and found them garnishing the dinner table!

These were yesterday's thoughts. Now her world had turned upside down. She had fallen hopelessly among her broken plans, and the only way out of the mass of troubles had a gloomy, forbidding appearance. She turned resolutely from the window and, opening the kitchen door, gave the yellow cat his breakfast. The fog had raised slightly by the time her dresses were ready for drying and she hung them on the clothes-line outdoors. Then she took the morning paper, which came from a nearby city, and studied the advertisements asking for domestic help. At last she found one that seemed to meet her needs. It stated that the family was small, the wages large and no references required.

Of course Mrs. Ayer did not intend to be a domestic indefinitely. But in this way she might earn some money till her once beloved studio work could again be located. She shuddered at the thought of being alone in a strange city without money or work. She shuddered still more at the thought of making her escape from Andrew and home. The telephone bell called impatiently. "Yes," she replied forlornly. "Hello, Flo! I've a rush order of

stock to get out and won't be home for lunch." "When will you be here?" "Not till six o'clock." "All right, we'll have dinner when you come."

After all, she could start away tomorrow easier than today. Perhaps the more she thought over her new plans the more natural they would become. Anyway, her dresses were not drying quickly enough to be ironed and packed in time for the afternoon train.

The afternoon was spent in sorting out clothing and preparing a wardrobe for the strange new work. Then she made the rooms neat and went out to find something especially appetizing for the last dinner she was to prepare for Andrew. The mist had scattered and a bright strip of blue sky fringed with golden shone beautifully above the chimney tops. It looked like a good omen in a weary world. Mrs. Ayer stopped at the florists and bought a pot of mauve tulips.

The greeting between Mr. and Mrs. Ayer that evening was just a trifle warmer than the morning's farewell. The dinner was eaten in almost continual silence, but it certainly was a good dinner, and seemed at last to warm Mr. Ayer's thoughts into speech. "What would you like to do this evening? Take a walk, eh? The weather is clear again."

"Oh, yes, do let's walk somewhere so we can see the sky and river." They strolled out on the busy street and turned across the Common. The fields were clothed in pale green, and in the western sky were golden clouds which marked the close of a dark day. No one was in sight. Mr. and Mrs. Ayer looked at each other with much hopefulness. "How beautiful the world is," murmured Mrs. Ayer.

"Great! What a lot we were missing by staying in. He found her little hand within her cape-coatee and nestled it firmly in his own. "Isn't this better than quarreling?" he suggested, after a long pause. "Oh, see the river!" exclaimed Mrs. Ayer as they ascended a slope of the field. "Magnificent!"

"It's like love, our real love, strong and bright and tranquil," Mr. Ayer remarked. "And quarrels are like the froth in a storm, forgotten next day," said his wife decisively. And there in the twilight their kisses were warm and tender again.

It is seldom that a fisherman marries other than a fisher lass, and even should she allow her affections to wander, the line is firmly drawn at a cooper or other fish-work with the "codling bleed," which means that he belongs to a fisher family. There is a distrust of the "fremt"—as outsiders are termed—almost amounting to a racial distinction, and this is emphasized in the implicit confidence one fisherman will place in another, although they may be utter strangers to each other.

It is safe to say that the majority of the Scottish fisher folk are teetotalers. An odd fisherman may be met in most of the villages who is teetotal until asked to have something. Then it is: "Well, I'm a teetotaler in a kind of a way. Nae bigoted, ye ken; I never took ony pledge. A man's eye best that can tempter himself! Oh, I'll drink yer health—no! that I care a peevie p'int for 't. Na, thank ye, I never tak' water."

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Silverton.—Due to the many late spring rains the cherry harvest in the Silverton community will be small this season says the manager of the Silverton cannery.

Hillsboro.—With the close of the strawberry season approaching and the first pack of loganberries arriving, the local cannery has found it necessary to operate overtime.

Bend.—Petitions are being drafted here for immediate circulation to be presented to the county court asking for a special election about August 1 at which a 6 per cent \$130,000 road-bond issue will be voted on.

Astoria.—Although the catch of salmon is not large the take during the week just closed has been the best of the season thus far. As the tides will be favorable during the coming week some good catches are looked for.

Roseburg.—Eight crates of China pheasants were released near Roseburg Saturday under the personal supervision of Gene Simpson, state superintendent of bird farms. The pheasants were from the spring hatch and were about the size of quail.

Hillsboro.—Announcement from the southern part of the state Sunday morning that loganberry and other vines were threatened with decay, the result of some unknown cause, became a topic of much interest in this section, where these plants and their products are a factor.

Stayton.—Employees of the Santiam woolen mills held their first annual picnic Saturday at Taylor's grove, above Mehana. About 150 employees of the company and their families were in attendance. A women's baseball game opened the program, which was concluded with a dance.

Salem.—A number of changes have been made in the game laws for this year, according to information received here. The open season on deer throughout the state will be from September 10 to October 31. Open season on silver-gray squirrels will be from September 10 to October 15.

Eugene.—A mosaic disease is causing many loganberry and raspberry vines in the valley to die, according to C. E. Stewart, Lane county fruit inspector, who with Dr. Zeller, pathologist at the Oregon Agricultural college, made an inspection of several of the berry patches in this locality Saturday.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

ARMY MEN TO AID SCOUTS

General Pershing has accepted the invitation of the Boy Scouts of America asking for the army's co-operation, and has stated formally: "After carefully reviewing the activities of the Boy Scouts of America, their program, objectives, leadership and actual accomplishments, I do not hesitate to say that I should be very glad to see members of the army everywhere take such active part in scouting as official duties and local conditions permit."

"Having kept in close touch with the work of the boy scouts, I thoroughly approve of it as a soldier for the good it does to those who may be called upon to serve as our future defenders, and finally, as an American citizen, I approve of it for the training it gives in preparing the boy to be a worthy citizen of his country."

The army men who become scoutmasters will act in the same capacity as civil scoutmasters. No military tactics will be taught, and there will be no attempt made by the soldiers to militarize the movement. The above-mentioned invitation to General Pershing proceeded from the following resolution, unanimously passed at the March meeting of the national council:

"Whereas, The Boy Scouts of America is nonmilitary in spirit and in program; and "Whereas, For this reason officers and former officers of the military establishment have in spite of their genuine desire to do so, expressed a hesitancy to serve as scout leaders for fear that such connection might create a public misapprehension. Be it "Resolved, That we reaffirm at this time our policy that the scout program is and shall continue nonmilitary, although encouraging at all times the virtues of courage, loyalty, obedience and endurance; qualities that are no less desirable in civic than in military life; and it is further

"Resolved, That we express sincere appreciation for the splendid co-operation which has been given us by officers of the army and navy and by members and posts of the American Legion and others in military and naval service and express hope that we shall continue to enjoy their co-operation in the future to an even greater degree."

When fire broke out in the infirmary of the State sanitarium at Undercliff, Conn., a few weeks ago the institution's scout troop mobilized instantly and rendered valuable assistance in helping to carry to safety the 75 sick children from the wards, which occupy three floors. A Meriden (Conn.) paper commenting on the incident says: "The fire drills which have been frequent enabled the officers and employees of the institution, assisted by the scout troop, to handle the situation without assistance from the fire department. None of the children suffered any ill effects from the sudden evacuation of the building into the cold outdoors, thanks to the promptness with which the boy scouts conveyed them into the warm dining room."

Seattle's ambition to make its automobile tourist camp the most beautiful in the West was actively furthered by local boy scouts, who with other residents, aided in planting scores of flower beds. "I sincerely believe," stated Camp Manager Gates, "that as a result of the co-operation demonstrated by Seattle community organizations and paternal bodies, the tourist camp will become famous for its beauty throughout the entire United States. I wish to thank everyone, especially the boy scouts, for their participation in the ceremonies."

Red Cross BALL BLUE
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