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use men between ages of 18 and 50, pay 40c per hour as minimum wage, give best of meals at 35c each, supply beds for 25c, 30c and 40c, have FREE hot and cold water baths, advance employees rapidly, give positions FREE on application, have Employment offices at West Linn, Oregon, Camas, Washington, and 209 Commonwealth building, Sixth and Burnside, Portland, Oregon.

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Cut, seam, hem and machine pleat skirts ready for hand. Hemstitching, pleating and tuckings. **EASTERN NOVELTY MFG. CO.** 85 1/2 Fifth St. Portland, Ore.

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Protect that Idea with a United States Patent. Others have made fortunes out of Patents. Why not you? Thomas Blythe, 202 Stevens Bldg., Portland, Ore.

## DR. CHAS. J. DEAN

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

**A Hopeless Job.**  
Ever since the world began men have tried to invent something that women would refuse to wear. Thus far they have not succeeded.—Outlook.

Placing studios on the roof of New York warehouses may be taken as evidence that industry is elevating art.—Boston Transcript.

An interesting device—that motor truck which "walks like a man." Now for a pedestrian who can run like a motor truck. — New Orleans Times-Picayune.

## MOTHER RESORTED TO NEW TEST

Further Proof That There Are More Ways Than One of Proving a Supposition.

A peculiar custom of the women of Burma is disclosed by Mr. R. Whiting, who has been traveling in that country with a camera. He says:

At Yawachwe I got some excellent child studies. They are fascinating little creatures, Burmese babies, very round of "tummy," the result of their diet of rice. Their mothers have a delightfully simple expedient for gauging when their offspring have had enough to eat. Round the protruberant lower chest of the infant is fastened a twig which apparently refuses to break. The child went on lapping up the rice until a paddy famine in Burma appeared imminent. Fascinated, I wondered when the limit of ca-

packy would be reached, but the mother dealt with the crisis in masterly fashion. Giving the child a huge drink of water, she placidly awaited events. Everyone, of course, knows the action of water on rice, and before long that twig flew off like a broken bow-string!

Usually these children run about in the garb of nature, but if they think they are going to be photographed they manage to produce the most wonderful clothes from nowhere. A suit will clothe an entire family, one wearing the coat, another the waistcoat, and a third the trousers.

**Cream of Tartar From Wine Vats.**  
One by-product of wine manufacture is cream of tartar. In making wine a crystalline salt separates as the amount of alcohol increases during fermentation, which when deposited in the wine vats, is known as "argol," and when purified becomes the cream of tartar so largely used in baking powder. California is a large producer of this salt.

**New York Man Predicts End of World in 1926**  
New York—F. L. Rawson, healer, metaphysician, inventor, author, electrical and civil engineer, violinist, head of the Society for Spreading the Knowledge of True Prayer, who maintains offices in London and in seven-teen cities in the United States and Canada, prophesies the world will end in or soon after 1926.  
The world may, Mr. Rawson admits, manage to stick it out a few years be-

## INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

**ATTENTION LADIES**  
Sanitary Beauty Parlors—We fix you up. We make all kinds of Hair Goods of your own design. Join our School of Beauty Culture. 400 to 414 Dekum Bldg., Phone Broadway 6902, Portland, Oregon.

**FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS**  
Commercial Iron Works, 1th & Madison, Portland, Ore.

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Featherweight Arch Supports made to order. J. E. Tryzelaar, 618 Pittcock Block, Portland, Ore.

**PERSONAL**  
Marry if Lonely; most successful "Home Maker"; hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Nash, Box 556, Oakland, California.

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Lubliner Florists, 348 Morrison St.  
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## Wanted!

**Timber Fallers and Buckers. Contract work. Near Coast. Apply 209 Commonwealth building, Portland, Oregon.**

**When a Girl is an Old Maid.**  
She isn't really an old maid until she begins to dream of a cute kitchen instead of a handsome knight.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A tropical fish, whose fins become bright blue in moments of excitement, and whose young hang from aquatic plants by hooks on top of their heads, is now exhibited in the London zoo.

It is not only difficult to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—Anonymous.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Pendleton.—The official high temperature here Saturday was 101. Wheat is not being injured in any appreciable degree by the heat, according to farmers.

Bend.—Plans are now being completed for the erection of a modern \$20,000 hotel and boarding house of brick construction, near the city park here for M. A. Clark. There will be 20 rooms, and the building will be of Georgian and Colonial architecture.

Tualatin.—Haymakers of this locality have been aided by the daily weather reports received over the radio. Charles Geiberger and August Blank got in practically their entire crop of hay without getting it wet by following radio reports.

Salem.—The Oregon public service commission has been asked to act as arbitrator in the settlement of demurrage claims filed by the Southern Pacific company against Charles K. Spaulding, the Spaulding-Miami Lumber company and the C. H. Wheeler estate.

Salem.—Keeping in close personal touch with the convicts in the state penitentiary with a view that pardons and paroles shall be granted to only those men who are deserving of the concession, is the policy adopted by Governor Pierce during the past few weeks.

Baker.—The Sumpter Valley railroad made effective July 9 reduced tariffs in ore shipments between Baker and Sumpter, according to schedules just announced. The new rate is \$1.30 per net ton of 2000 pounds for values between \$15 and \$35 per ton.

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Salem.—With weather conditions favorable to bumper crops throughout the state, exhibits at the annual Oregon state fair, to be held in Salem, September 24-29, promises to exceed any previous event. According to officials there has been to date a 20 per cent increase in entry in many of the departments.

La Grande.—The Grand Ronde valley is experiencing one of her best years as an agricultural center, both relating to grains and similar crops and fruits. The cherry and apple crop promises to be far heavier than usual and grains, especially wheat, are giving indications of a satisfactory return at harvest time.

Baker.—That the Oregon irrigation congress, while working for the development of irrigation in Oregon, is also promoting betterment of farming conditions generally, was the statement of James Kyle, of Stanfield, president of the congress, at the meeting of the executive committee of the congress this morning in Baker.

Salem.—Inspectors of the state sealer of weights and measures department visited 403 towns and cities in Oregon during the three months ending June 30, held 14 conferences with business men and discussed the new bedding inspection law with 45 firms engaged in that business, according to a report prepared here today by W. A. Dalziel, in charge of the weights and measures department.

Salem.—Receipts of the state industrial accident commission during the past fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, aggregated \$2,806,680.18, or an increase over the preceding year of \$727,041.68. This was set out in the annual report of the commission, completed here Saturday. The ratio of administrative expenses to receipts was 6.99 per cent, as compared with 9.17 per cent for the previous year.

St. Helens.—The field work of assessing property in Columbia county is practically complete and the county assessor estimates that the assessment roll will show approximately \$1,000,000 increase over last year and bring the valuation of taxable property up to \$18,000,000. The increase is due to many improvements made in the county and especially in the northern and the Nehalem valley, where much development has taken place during the past year. Farms, mills and other property are assessed on the same basis as last year.

## She Loathed Extravagance

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS  
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Everybody knew Miss Jessie Kapper for a person of the highest principles; what was not so well known was that her thrift, which was alike hereditary and habitual, forbade use of the principles for every day. She spoke eloquently of the larger vision, world humanity, harmony with cosmic law, above all, the crying need of the uplift. She was, further, more than generous of her time and her breath for all manner of causes that might serve as pedestals. Notwithstanding, there were chuckles from the unregenerate mass over the washerwoman's verdict: "Hit ain't only that she wants to be bell-wether or no sheep—somebody else must pay for the bell."

She looked exceedingly well to the ways of the household—her mother was an invalid, her father away half the time in congress. That gave her added prestige, if she didn't go to Washington with the general. Her mother was excuse quite sufficient—and daughterly devotion was thus an added asset. She paid cash for everything save her subscription to church and charity—for them she set apart the increment of her small economies.

She loathed extravagance—especially the Carroll Beaton sort. Carroll also kept house for a rather helpless family—a pretty, frightened, incapable mother, and a scientific father, who lost himself in his work. Luckily they had a fixed income—a fairish one—but Carroll wore clothes it pained Mrs. Grundy to see, admittedly because she could not afford better. Yet she bought the best of everything in market—not always the costliest rarties, but the best of its sort. She kept a maid for her mother, and a man-cook, who also looked after the lawn and the laboratory both, at wages that seemed fabulous to Allyn-ton, the while doing her own sewing, and even making over her hats. She had little parties, too—very simple—cake and ice cream or tea and sandwiches in cherry or strawberry time—the fruit serving in place of sweets. There was dancing, too, on the piazza or the grass, to the phonograph that was Mamma Beaton's consolation. New records for it, costly ones at that, further jarred Miss Kapper's amiability. So badly, indeed, she said outright to her gossip, Miss Susan Fife: "If ever anybody needed a guardian it is Carroll Beaton—unless she gets one of some sort, she'll die on the town."

"She can get a mighty fine one, any minute she'll say 'yes,'" Susan returned smiling slyly.

Miss Kapper bridled, saying acidly: "You don't really believe John Huntly has serious intentions? I know he goes there right along—but it's to see the professor, same as it has always been—"

"Maybe he's saltin' the old cow for the calf—but I have my doubts," from the gossip. Miss Kapper opened her lips to speak, but shut them with a snap of the jaws on what she had meant to say, running on after a minute to her fall clothes—which meant making some few new ones and making over many that had seen service. Dyed, re-cut and refurbished they would look new and wear just as well—and such a saving! Jennie Brit, the little old maid dressmaker, charged so moderately even Carroll Beaton could afford her—if only she would. And so obliging—always ready to turn, and contrive, make the most of every scrap of lace or trimming—and never send in a bill till the end of the quarter. Jennie was an institution, said Miss Kapper, and "John Huntly'll agree to that," said Miss Susan. "He goes there every little while to hear her tell about his mother—they were little girls together, and went to the same school. She gave him his first case when he started law-practice—I shall always say she'd never a-gone and sued the Prices on that last land note if she hadn't wanted to show folk what John could do."

The land money safe in a 7 per cent mortgage, Jenny Brit felt she could let it ride, a sure provision for age or illness, meanwhile earning a trifle more than she spent to live if she did work so cheap. She had rooms downtown—two, shabby but clean always and rather cheery by lamp light. John Huntly found them so upon a rainy October evening, whose early luck had somehow made him lose relish for work. Aunt Jennie could brace him up—she was so birdlike, always cheery, no matter where the wind sat. She would give him tea, just the sort he liked—not too strong—clear and very hot, with rose leaves she had candied herself, floating in it, dark blurs against her single eggshell cup. They were in the kitchen brewing it when there came a merry rattan upon the outer door.

Miss Jennie smiled to hear it. "Sit still here and don't you peep," she adjured her first visitor over her shoulder as she vanished, leaving the door ajar.

Next minute he heard Carroll saying gaily: "Ah, ha. Keeping Blind Jack's holiday, Miss Jen! Don't blame you—rain always makes me lazier than usual. So I had to rush out in it to bring you these—just a few late peaches, and some pears not yet mellow. Mother said you must have some the minute she saw them. No—can't sit down—company coming to supper tonight—give 'em back, my dearest—I'll want to fill it for somebody else."

Word rushed on word—Huntly could picture the speaker's vivid face. He had known her all his life. He had never dared tell her his hopes—and fears. Possibly because having still his way to make, he had felt her beyond his reach. Miss Kapper, of whom he saw a good deal, both in business and socially, was perhaps to blame for the feeling. He liked her cordially—she was so sensible, likewise so kindly—always interested in his prospects, and overflowing with woman-sympathy for cases of need. She had shed the balm of her sympathy even upon Carroll—such a pity, the dear, brilliant girl was hampered as she was—no chance to train herself for a career—what would become of her when her mother died, and the annuity with her, Miss Kapper could not guess, unless Carroll were wise and lucky enough to make a good marriage.

All this was nebulously at the back of Huntly's mind, when he heard Aunt Jen, saying briskly: "You've got a new frock, child—never mind how I know—so you bring it here tomorrow. I'll make it in time for the Allens' party if I have to sew Sundays."

"Get thee behind me, Britt—you know I can't afford it," Carroll interrupted.

"There'll be nothin' to pay—I'd love to do it—good as you are to me," from Miss Jennie.

"Bless your heart, I can't afford that any more than the other thing, you angel-sparrow!" from Carroll. "One reason I've never come to you for work was—it hurts me to see you get so little—you cheat yourself in every stitch you set."

With that she rushed away, heedless of Aunt Jen's protests. But that lady was scarcely settled to tea cups before another knock, solid, precise but imperative. Half a minute later Miss Kapper was saying softly: "You put in that lining so beautifully, Miss Britt. I've brought another job of the same sort. And I shall tell everybody how reasonable you are. Why, the tailor asked eight dollars to reline the coat—and you did it for three. Now, if you'll put the old lining—it is perfectly good except at the neck, and there's plenty of it, in this other coat, I'll be quite willing to pay you the same price."

"You ought to be!" Miss Britt said firmly. "But—I don't put in old linings—they never fit. If you're in a hurry I've some stuff would answer—"

"Not for my purpose," from Miss Kapper fretfully. "You may like to practice extortion—I'll be no party to it. Either you use the old material—or I'll take the work to somebody else."

"Good riddance!" Miss Britt ejaculated. A half minute later the door slammed—hard.

At the sound Huntly came from the kitchen saying with an angry laugh: "Aunt Jen—my coming tonight was purely providential—"

"I reckoned so myself," from Aunt Jen. "Gave you a chance to see the difference. I've been scared you'd marry that smooth-tongued skinkin'; now, you let her slide—and do your best to make a match with Carroll."

"Just what I shall try to do—with your good help," Huntly answered, giving her a hearty hug.

## SMELL CARRIED BY CURRENTS

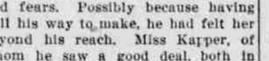
Experiments Have Been Made to Show the Time Taken for Various Scents to Travel.

The rapid propagation of smells noticed in the open air appears due entirely to currents, since in small tubes, where currents do not exist, the rate is found to be very small. Experiments along this line were first undertaken in England, and additional data have been reported in this country.

With ammonia diffusing through a tube a meter and a half long, more than two hours elapsed before the smell could be detected at the other end of the tube. Using different lengths of tubing, it was found that the time required for the diffusion of the smell was roughly proportioned to the square of the length.

Ammonia and hydrogen sulphide were used for these experiments. The presence of ammonia could be detected chemically at a point in a tube after about the same time as when the sense of smell was used for a detector. The rate of propagation of the smell of ammonia was not markedly different when this had to pass along the same tube either horizontally or vertically downward. With camphor, however, while the rates horizontally and downward were about the same, the speed upward was about twice as great. The small given to iron and brass by rubbing these with the fingers was also tried, but gave no definite results.

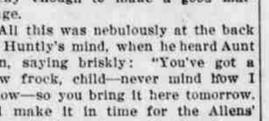
## After Every Meal



**Chew your food well, then use WRIGLEY'S to aid digestion.**

**It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.**

The Great American Sweetmeat



Man Falls in Hot Pool.

Klamath Falls, Or.—Patrick Hardigan, 50-year-old conductor on a logging railway, suffered serious burns when he fell into the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a deep spring of boiling water in Hot Springs addition. He was taken to a local hospital, where little hope was held for his recovery.

Hardigan fell into the spring to his hips, but also sustained burns on the arms and back. He managed to climb out and crawl nearly half a mile down the Southern Pacific track, where he was found by a watchman. One death and several injuries have resulted previously to persons falling into the boiling spring.

Fast Mail is Wrecked.

Wenatchee, Wash.—Two men were injured when the eastbound fast mail on the Great Northern line was wrecked early Saturday morning at Trindad. The wreck, it is said, was caused by a washout due to heavy rains.

The injured men are L. Becker, engineer, and J. P. Grimm, fireman. The former suffered fractures of several ribs and other injuries. Grimm suffered a broken leg and other injuries. Both men are from Hillyard, Wash. Two locomotives and two cars left the track.

Reports of consumption of private liquor stocks by passengers on board government owned ships have brought before the shipping board the question of its jurisdiction in the matter with the resulting decision that its authority, as exercised through the ship's captain, does not run to the extent which would permit any interference with the passengers' actions.

Bore Rocks for Homes.

Pholads, delicious oyster-like bivalves related to the ship worms, make their homes inside seashore rocks, into which they bore holes by means of the drill-like edges of their shells.

Their Secret Discovered.

Men who have the reputation of knowing their business have not wasted their time meddling in the business of other people.—Boston Transcript.

The Black Letter Type.

The black letter was first employed in printed books in the middle of the Fifteenth century. The first types were Gothic. Pliny's "Natural History," printed in 1469, was printed in Roman type.

Makes for Better Chickens.

Crowing tournaments for roosters have been popular diversions in the village of Brackel, Belgium, for many generations. Poultry breeders say that the contests develop better chickens.

America's First Almanac.

The first almanac published in America appeared in 1639, but no copy of it is extant. It was compiled by William Pierce, a mariner from New England. William Bradford's almanac was published in 1685.

Straight and Narrow Path Best.

Let no man turn aside ever so slightly from the broad path of honor on the plausible pretext that he is inspired by the goodness of the ends.—Charles Dickens.

## Red Cross BALL BLUE

used for baby's clothes, will keep them sweet and soapy-white until worn out. Try it and see for yourself. At grocers.

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