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 Cut, seam, hem and machine
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 85 1/2 Fifth St. Portland, Ore.

ATTENTION LADIES
 Sanitary Beauty Parlors—We fix you up,
 we make all kinds of Hair Goods of your
 combings. Join our School of Beauty Culture.
 409 to 414 Dekum Bldg., Phone Broadway
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 Northwest Welding & Supply Co., 88 1st St.
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 Teaches trade in 8 weeks. Some pay
 while learning. Positions secured. Write
 for catalogue. 234 Burnside street, Port-
 land, Oregon.

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS
 Commercial Iron Works, 7th and Madison.

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 Featherweight Arch Supports made to
 order. J. E. Tryzelaar, 613 Pittock Block,
 Portland, Ore.

PERSONAL
 Marry if Lonely; most successful "Home
 Makers"; hundreds rich; confidential; reli-
 able; years experience; descriptions free.
 "The Successful Club," Mrs. Nash, Box 556,
 Oakland, California.

Wedding Bouquets and Funeral Pieces
 Lubliner Florists, 348 Morrison St.

GLASSES WILL SAVE YOUR EYES
 Expert fitting at lowest prices. Glasses in
 all styles. Lenses duplicated from
 broken pieces. Mail in your broken
 glasses. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Dr.
 A. E. Hurwitz, 223 First St., Portland.

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 We are one of the largest buyers of
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PORTLAND HIDE & WOOL CO.
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 Write for Prices and Shipping Tags.

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 Protect that Idea with a United States
 Patent. Others have made fortunes out of
 Patents. Why not you! Thomas Blyden, 202
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 My FREE illustrated book de-
 scribes the causes, symptoms
 and injurious effects of Piles;
 also the non-surgical methods which
 enable me to guarantee a speedy and
 permanent cure.

DR. CHAS. J. DEAN
 2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON
 HENT LOCK THIS GARBAGE WHEN WRITING

To Try to Scale Roof of Continent in Plane

Anchorage, Alaska.—Mount McKin-
 ley, the highest elevation on the North
 American continent, will be scaled for
 perhaps the first time soon, if the at-
 tempt of Carl E. Eifelson, former army
 aviator, and C. J. Lincks, Anchorage
 newspaper man, to land in an airplane
 on the frozen plateau at its summit
 proves successful.
 The start of the trip will be made
 at McKinley station, at the entrance

HANDY FOR FOUNTAIN PENS

"Filling Stations" Are an Institution
 on the University of Chicago
 Campus.

What do you do when your fountain
 pen runs dry at the most inconvenient
 possible moment—as it always does?
 If you are a student at the University
 of Chicago, you patronize the nearest
 filling station; the campus is supplied
 with these quite as freely as the Lin-
 coln highway with filling stations for the
 tourist. A penny in the slot oper-
 ates the machine, and enables the
 owner of the most voracious pen to as-
 sess the thirst of his instrument.
 The machine works with self-filling
 pens and with the old style that fills
 from a dropper—provided the user has
 his own dropper. The dropping of a
 coin and the turning of the handle re-
 leases the ink from the reservoir, and
 the fluid flows into the right hand
 well, whence it can be sucked up by
 the pen itself or by the dropper. A slot
 in the upper left hand corner of the
 outfit contains a wiper with which any
 damage done by spilling or stopping
 may be repaired. If one drink turns
 out not enough, a second penny will,
 of course, turn the trick.—Scientific
 American.

Worries of Mrs. Toodles.

Movies were very real to tender-
 hearted Mrs. Toodles. She always
 wept freely through the sad scenes
 and considered that her favorite ac-
 tress was nothing short of an angel
 with a baby stare. So when she came
 home looking grave Mrs. Toodles knew
 that something serious had happened.
 "What's wrong, my dear?" asked
 he.
 "I don't like this. My favorite hero-
 ine is playing a vamp," she replied.
 "You mustn't let that worry you. It
 is only pretense. You know that."
 "Maybe so. But where did she learn
 to smoke cigarettes?"

Big Fees for Trucks.

License fees up to \$250 a year are
 now imposed on motor trucks which
 carry enormous loads over the costly
 modern highways in Indiana. A new
 law limits the total weight for truck
 and load to 12 tons in that state.

Showing Up "Boards."

By showing farmers the "boarder"
 cows that should be gotten rid of and
 encouraging the feeding of balanced
 rations, testing associations are pro-
 viding important factors in building up
 the dairy herds.

The Fairchild Donation

By JANE OSBORN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Miss Monroe—I say, Miss Monroe!"
 George Fairchild was impatient as he
 stood at the threshold of his office
 about to depart for a luncheon at a
 business men's club.

"H'm?" absentmindedly Miss Mon-
 roe, looking up from a folder that was
 apparently more absorbing than her
 employer at the moment.

"My, that must be interesting,"
 George Fairchild said a little testily.
 "Listen, please, to what I have to
 say, and don't forget. I don't expect
 to be back until three or four. In the
 meantime some boys will come over
 from the Boys' club. They are fitting
 up their new headquarters and they've
 made an appeal for old furniture and
 pictures and things. No one will be
 home at the house—my aunt is still
 at the shore and it's Hannah's day out.

"I went over things last night in my
 rooms and I put some things in the
 hall between the bedroom and my
 study. They are things that are pretty
 battered and I'll never want them
 again. Glad to get rid of them, in
 fact.

"In the other hall, from the study
 to the main corridor, there are some
 things to go to the repair man. Here's
 the key to the house, and if the repair
 man rings up and says he wants the
 things, lock up here and go over and
 show him what to take—and when the
 boys come with a truck take them
 along and show them their things.
 That's perfectly clear, isn't it, Miss
 Monroe?"

"Um-hum," said Miss Monroe with
 lagging attention as she took the keys
 offered by her employer.

"What's got into you?" asked
 George. "Ever since I've been run-
 ning for mayor you've seemed so ab-
 sent-minded—just when I need your
 help and sympathy most." There
 seemed to be something of boyish dis-
 appointment in this complaint—not
 quite in part with Mr. Fairchild's re-
 lations as employer. But if Laura
 Monroe noticed it she did not show it.

"Maybe it's the weather," offered
 Laura.

"You're sure you understand and
 you won't forget the keys?"

"I understand all right," was Laura's
 rejoinder, and as George Fairchild
 closed the door she delved even deeper
 into the map that unfolded from a
 blue leather cover.

The map that proved so absorbing
 showed the various electoral divisions
 and ward boundaries of the city, with
 the voting population of each section
 numbered in by hand. Laura had
 borrowed it from a lawyer friend of
 Mr. Fairchild, who supposed it was
 George who had asked for it.

And now Laura was doing what
 Fairchild had avoided doing all along
 —going over the ground of the city
 step by step—figuring out to a nicety
 the votes that would be cast in each
 district for her employer.

She laid hands on paper and pencil
 beside her desk, drew a rough little
 diagram, jotting down some figures,
 did some lightning calculation in her
 active young brain, and then sat mus-
 ing with the map open in her lap. She
 was not entirely optimistic.

Then the door opened and two
 young boys of sixteen or so shambled
 in, awkwardly donning caps and edging
 to the wall before speaking.

"Mr. Fairchild said he had some-
 thing for us," they said.

"We're out with a truck—should we
 go over to his house to get them?"

Laura explained that she would go
 with them.

"You don't want to—to sit in the
 truck with us, do you?" grinned one
 of the boys. "It's just an old truck—
 you know—without any seats. Us boys
 are just sitting on the bottom."

"Of course I want to go with you,"
 said Laura with a smile. "You
 wouldn't want me to walk, would you?
 And if I start to slip out, I guess you
 boys can manage to hold me in?"

"Sure thing." "You bet," from the
 two boys.

"Mr. Fairchild is so interested in
 your club," Laura fibbed on the trip
 to the old Fairchild homestead on the
 outskirts of the city. "He was telling
 me about your plans—wants to come
 around and visit you some night.
 After he's mayor maybe you'll want
 to have him come and make a speech."

"He'll never be mayor," was the ver-
 dict of the youngest boy, looking very
 wise. "He's all right—but he isn't
 pulling any votes in the Sixth ward or
 in the Third. Us fellows know. I'm
 sorry, if he's your boss, but, honest,
 isn't he stuck up? Now, he wouldn't
 do a thing like this—I mean riding
 over in this truck with us."

"It's just exactly what he would
 have done," lied Laura. "Why, he's
 the most un-stuck-up person I know—
 and you can just tell those men up
 in the Sixth and Third wards that I
 said so. I guess the poor girl that has
 to work for him must know as well
 as any one."

Laura deftly used the keys at the
 Fairchild door and led the gang of
 four boys—they would need all hands
 to move the things—up the wide old
 stairs. She made a quick inspection
 of the collection of furniture in the
 two passages.

"If there's anything in that bunch
 there that you want," she said, point-
 ing to the group that Mr. Fairchild
 had picked out for his donation, "you
 can have it, but it's mostly rubbish.
 But here are some nice pieces—this

library table and these easy chairs and
 this big reading lamp and this lounge
 —and—and, yes, he said to let you
 take this set of Dickens, if you like—
 do you boys like Dickens?"

"Gosh, do we!" said one of the
 boys. "Say, we'll eat that alive. Gee,
 but this is swell furniture. Fairchild
 is some prince—here, boys, let's give
 three cheers for Fairchild, the future
 mayor!"

And the lofty ceilings of the old
 mansion resounded with the quavering
 but lusty cheers from the young
 quartet.

Laura detained the boys after their
 last trip upstairs.

"Come on into the pantry," she said.
 "Mr. Fairchild said there was a cake
 or something. The cook's out, but he
 had her leave it for you—thought
 maybe you'd be hungry."

Greatly to Laura's relief she found
 a freshly made chocolate cake in the
 pantry—made, to be sure, for George
 and some political cronies he expected
 after dinner—but Laura cut into it
 bravely and then poured out four
 glasses of milk from a quart she found
 in the refrigerator.

"Come on, let's sit down in the din-
 ing room and have a real spread," she
 suggested and when they had as-
 sembled she lifted her glass of water
 —there wasn't milk enough to go gen-
 erously around—and proposed a toast
 to her employer: "The man who isn't
 stuck up," and this refrain echoed
 through the rooms of the old house.

Laura let the boys out of the house
 and then remained only long enough to
 wash the dishes and put the dining
 room to rights. She had never been
 inside the Fairchild house before and
 she was tempted to make a little tour
 of inspection, but she was also eager
 to be back in the office.

She had just time to take her place
 at her desk and to settle back com-
 fortably in her chair when her em-
 ployer returned.

"The boys came," she said, "and
 goodness me, I think I may have made
 a mistake. Did you say to give them
 the things in the corridor between the
 main hall and the library?"

"Great Scott, no!"

"Didn't you say something about
 giving them that set of Dickens?"

"Lord, no—those boys wouldn't have
 any use for Dickens."

"The boys that I saw would—and,
 oh, Mr. Fairchild," said Laura with a
 little tremble in her voice. "I am so
 ashamed of myself. I gave them the
 wrong things. It was all my fault. But
 they were so appreciative—and they
 gave three cheers for Fairchild—the
 future mayor—the man who isn't stuck
 up. I'm sorry—I'll pay for the fur-
 niture and books."

"Those boys come from the Sixth
 and Third wards," said Fairchild.
 "They aren't cheering for me. Those
 wards are going against me, sure
 things. That's why I didn't want to
 waste any really good furniture on
 that club house of theirs. Don't you
 see, Miss Monroe?"

Laura let her pretty head hang.
 Then a large tear trickled down one
 cheek. George sprang to her side,
 hesitated a moment, then laid a strong
 arm on her shoulder.

"Miss Monroe, Laura—whatever you
 did is all right. Oh, I can't keep it
 from you any longer. I love you—
 that's what makes it so hard, your in-
 difference and your inattention to
 everything I say. If you cared for me
 at all, you would be interested, Laura,
 are you absent-minded because you're
 thinking of some one else?"

Laura did not answer. She quickly
 wiped the tears away and straightened
 her shoulders.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But you
 mustn't talk that way now—not until
 after the election. Meantime just for
 my sake, don't tell anyone it was my
 mistake about your donation to the
 boys. I liked them so much—of
 course, I don't understand politics, but
 I know they are all your friends."

"They're not voters," said Fairchild
 conclusively.

"No, but their fathers are—and more
 than that their mothers are," said
 Laura stoutly. But George only smiled
 incredulously.

Then election came and Fairchild,
 "Fairchild, who was never stuck up,"
 "Fairchild, the working boys' best
 friend," was elected.

He had a phenomenal victory in the
 Sixth and Third wards. No one of
 his party had ever made a showing in
 that section, and it was that fact, said
 Fairchild, that swung the election
 away from his influential opponent.

The next day George and Laura met
 as usual in the office. Both were very
 tired, but they were not late.

"You know, I've been thinking,"
 said George. "I've been wondering,
 Laura, whether maybe after all you
 aren't a better politician than I. I
 owe this whole victory to you—and
 now you've got to marry me before I
 go into office, to show me how to live
 up to the fine reputation you've given
 me."

And Laura said she would.

Way it Goes.
 "Hear you had in an efficiency ex-
 pert?"

"Yep."
 "What does an efficiency expert do?"
 "Well, he comes in and looks your
 establishment over. Then, for in-
 stance, if you have a lot of marbles
 that won't move he tells you to bore
 'em, string 'em and sell 'em for
 beads."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not So Shy.
 "She was so shy and diffident that I
 hesitated to ask her for a kiss."
 "Well?"

"Her reply startled me."
 "And that was?"
 "To the effect that I must make it
 snappy, that her mother was snoop-
 ing around."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—Fifty members of the Mod-
 ern Woodmen of America assembled
 at the state fair grounds here Sun-
 day and practically completed the new
 Woodmen home which has been under
 construction the past few weeks.

Pendleton.—An increase for Uma-
 tilla county for 1924 of \$27,213.30 over
 1923 is included in the tentative bud-
 get adopted. The total cost is placed
 at \$542,183.81. The general road fund
 was increased to pay three special
 road districts.

Hood River.—County Judge Has-
 brouck Saturday announced the ap-
 pointment of W. J. Kocken of Mel-
 ross, as county fruit inspector, to suc-
 ceed Ferris M. Green. The latter re-
 signed to accept a position on the
 faculty of the Colorado Agricultural
 college.

Salem.—The local branch of the Sal-
 vation Army Saturday raised by popu-
 lar donations approximately \$80 for
 the relief of the Japanese sufferers.
 An effort will be made by the army
 to raise \$300 during the campaign for
 donations, which will be continued
 here this week.

Hood River.—Professor L. F. Hen-
 derson, who on Thursday of last week
 celebrated his 70th birthday, Satur-
 day swam across the Columbia river
 from Koberg beach. Professor Hen-
 derson had planned to celebrate his
 70th anniversary by the feat, but a
 strong wind prevented the attempt.

Corvallis.—Hogs entered at the
 Linn county fair by the college depart-
 ment of animal husbandry won a
 grand championship, three champi-
 onships, eight first prizes, and 10 sec-
 onds. Poland-Chinas, Duroc-Jerseys,
 and Berkshire were represented, a
 Poland-China sow winning the grand
 championship.

Pendleton.—The cost of operating
 the Pendleton schools during the com-
 ing fiscal year will be slightly lower
 than they were this present year, ac-
 cording to a statement made Friday
 following the meeting of the budget
 committee last night. The costs pro-
 vided for in the budget adopted by the
 committee, total \$134,500.

Salem.—Thomas Tallon, 8-year-old
 son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tallon of
 this city, was attacked by a band of
 yellow jackets Friday and for a time
 it was feared that the boy would die
 as a result of his injuries. He was
 stung about the head, arms and legs.
 Physicians reported that the boy was
 asleep and probably would recover.

Salem.—Local bankers, in a state-
 ment issued here Friday, let it be
 known that they stand ready to fi-
 nance the prunegrowers of this sec-
 tion in harvesting their 1923 crop.
 The statement was forthcoming after
 an attempt was made by a non-resi-
 dent concern to contract for the Wil-
 lamette valley prunes under terms not
 satisfactory to the growers.

Oregon City.—While employees were
 engaged in pumping water out of a
 scow near the Crown-Willamette mills
 a fish, measuring about 4 feet in
 length jumped out of the water and
 onto the scow. It was killed with a
 club by E. Daugherty, night watch-
 man, who believes the fish is a shark,
 and that it was attracted by the light
 which was being used on the scow.

Salem.—A total of 4501 loans have
 been authorized by the world war vet-
 erans' state aid commission under the
 so-called soldiers' bonus and loan act,
 according to a report prepared here
 Friday and filed with the governor.
 These loans amounted to \$1,241,350.
 Repayments aggregated \$325,633.07,
 including interest in the amount of
 \$179,924.47 and principal, totaling
 \$155,608.59.

Rainier.—The water shortage has
 become acute in Rainier. Patrons liv-
 ing on the hills are left without water
 a greater portion of the day. The
 water commission has issued an order
 prohibiting the use of water for
 sprinkling purposes, under penalty of
 prosecution. The city reserve reser-
 voir has not been used yet, the com-
 mission deferring such action until ab-
 solutely necessary.

Salem.—As a result of the flax har-
 vest, which is now at its peak, and
 general farming operations, there is
 a labor shortage at the Oregon state
 penitentiary, Johnson Smith, warden
 of the institution, announces. Practi-
 cally every convict in the prison,
 with the exception of those serving
 terms for grave offenses are working
 in the fields. "We could use at least
 50 more men if we had them," said
 Warden Smith.

Pendleton.—During the summer
 season there have been 49 fires on
 the Umatilla national forest, accord-
 ing to reports received in the office
 of the forest service here. The fires
 have all been small and the actual
 damage done was only \$1440, it was
 estimated. Ten of the fires were
 caused by men, and three persons
 have been convicted as a result of
 their responsibility for starting the
 fires. Other cases are pending.

Mrs. Eva Ferrarier



OREGON IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Salem, Oreg.—"Last year I be-
 came in an extremely run-down con-
 dition, my appetite failed me and
 I became very nervous. A friend
 advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden
 Medical Discovery as a tonic and I
 was very thankful to her for her
 good advice. One bottle of it
 made me feel like a new person; it
 strengthened and built me up into
 a perfect state of health, my appetite
 returned and all nervousness dis-
 appeared. I have no hesitancy in
 saying that Dr. Pierce's Golden
 Medical Discovery is the very best
 tonic I have ever taken and I am
 glad to have my testimonial pub-
 lished if it will be of benefit to others
 who have become run-down and
 weak."—Mrs. Eva Ferrarier, 444
 Water St.

Obtain the Discovery in tablets
 or liquid from your druggist or send
 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's In-
 valids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Denominational Privilege.

"We were out in the park one day,
 my little girl and I," writes Mrs. B.,
 "when we came to a path with a sign
 over it. Glancing up at the sign my
 little girl said: 'Oh, mamma, we can't
 go down there—it says, 'For Pres-
 byterians only.'"—Boston Trans-
 criber.

Formation of Mercury.

Mercury occurs native in the me-
 tallic form, but by far the larger part
 of it is obtained by distilling the na-
 tive sulphide, cinnabar, in a current
 of air so regulated as to burn the sul-
 phur of the sulphide while leaving the
 mercury in the metallic state.

Oldest Trade Union.

The oldest unions in the world are
 the trade guilds of Constantinople,
 centuries old. All workers, no matter
 how humble their positions—vendors,
 porters, barbers and postmen—belong
 to a guild.

Essential to Progress.

Progress which will march if we
 hold an abiding faith in the intelli-
 gence, the initiative, the character,
 the courage, and the divine touch of
 the individual.—Herbert Hoover.