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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

to the park, where there is a natural  
 landing field. Other landing places are  
 also being located in various sections  
 of the park.  
 Entering the park, they will spiral to  
 an altitude of perhaps 25,000 feet, re-  
 connote over the plateau, several  
 miles square at the summit, and, if  
 the ice permits, actually make a land-  
 ing on the "roof of the continent,"  
 20,300 feet above the sea.

## 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 op-  
 erates the machine, and enables the  
 owner of the most voracious pen to  
 appease 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 doffing 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-Jour-  
 nal.

## 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 \$542,183.51. The general road fund  
 was increased to pay three special  
 road districts.

Hood River.—County Judge Has-  
 brock 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 Berkshires 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 employes 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.



## 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.

## A World Need.

What this poor old world patiently  
 awaits is an alarm clock that will ring  
 when it's time for us to go to bed  
 and keep up the chatter until we do.  
 —Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Superiority Brings Earnings.

You have to earn what you get. And  
 to earn more than the ordinary man  
 you must study and plan and scheme  
 and work and sweat and plod more  
 than he does.—A. C. Gilbert.

## New Salmon-Packing Method.

A new method of packing salmon  
 for the foreign trade, which consists  
 in chilling the fish without actually  
 freezing them, has been introduced by  
 the fish packers in Labrador.

**WRIGLEYS**  
 After Every Meal  
 Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment.  
 Aids digestion.  
 Allays thirst.  
 Soothes the throat.  
 For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get  
**WRIGLEYS' SPEARMINT**  
 THE PERFECT GUM  
 THE FLAVOR LASTS

**Red Cross BALL BLUE**  
 used for baby's clothes, will keep them  
 sweet and snowy-white until worn out.  
 Try it and see for yourself. At grocers.

Are You Satisfied? BEHNKE-WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE  
 is the biggest, most perfectly equipped  
 Business Training School in the North-  
 west. Fit yourself for a higher position  
 with more money. Permanent positions  
 assured our Graduates.  
 Write for catalog—Fourteen Ave., Portland,  
 Ore.  
 P. N. U. No. 37, 1923