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MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

SOME FACTS ABOUT "SEA ANIMALS"

Interesting Information Given by Writer—Oysters and Their Enemies—Limpet's Homing Instinct.
In "Animals of the Sea," F. Martin Duncan, F. Z. S., tells the reader that young oysters enjoy but 48 hours' freedom as moving creatures; then they settle down for life. Among the oyster's enemies is the starfish. An invasion of "five-fingers" will sometimes destroy a whole bed of oysters in a single night. Some most interesting points gleaned from this book include:
The female lobster has been known to produce 100,000 eggs at a time. Limpets go on traveling expeditions at night, but by a wonderful homing instinct, return to exactly the same spot on their "home" rock. Whelks have from 220 to 250 teeth each, the winkle possesses a set of 3,500, but the dental outfit of the "Umbrella Shell" is 750,000 teeth. The sea urchin has four different kinds of spines, each with a specialized function: weapons, poison-bearers, "chewers" and cleaners. A giant clam will weigh 550 pounds. A 54-pound ling was found to possess 28,361,000 eggs.
Regrettable Blunder.
A strange experience and rather unpleasant one happened while riding with a friend just outside of Philadelphia. We were passing through a tunnel and just when it was darkest my friend made a snacking noise with his lips as though kissing someone. Greatly shocked I cried out, "Oh, Roy, you mustn't do that!" Of course, everybody thought he had kissed me and I, realizing what a blunder I had made by crying out, was blushing furiously when we emerged from the tunnel. If only I had kept still how much better off I would have been. The rest of the journey, lasting about one hour, was most uncomfortable for me.—Exchange.
Ancient Swiss Cathedral.
In Basel, Switzerland, is a cathedral founded in 1010.

IT WAS ONCE "MOTHERS' NIGHT"

Long Ago, the Closing Hours of the Twenty-Fifth of December Belonged to Her.
The oldest English name for Christmas is Modra Nih, or Mothers' Night. In the early days, when Saxon forefathers had just settled down in the country that was to be England, the day of December 25, was given up to games and feasting, but the night was dedicated to the special honor of mothers.
They occupied the seats of honor, and everyone brought them gifts. Sons and daughters who had gone out into the world strove to be at home on that one night in the year.
A little later the name Yule was given to Christmas, and the rejoicings of the day were prolonged into the night, when men sang and told stories sitting around the cheerful blaze of the Yule log.
The old customs of Mothers' Night gradually died out, though they still survive in a few remote parts of the

Elizabeth Was Kidnaped

By MARTHA WILLIAMS
(Copyright, 1924, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Wonder what's up now? Something devilish, I bet four-pence-ten-penny," Elizabeth muttered, shaking her list after the car whirling past at top speed. The pair on the front seat were singing loudly a song unfit for decent hearing. Essex Toby and Ruel Crane, the singers, had a natural affinity for filth. Therefore, Elizabeth hated them soundly. She had perforce to see and hear them daily unless she chose to face starvation. Jobs were never plentiful in Underhill—and this special winter, with all manner of work at slack tide, there was not one to be had.
She had no resources—of money or vital force. There was still ten dollars to pay upon her mother's funeral expenses. Once free of debt—she did not let herself think further, but strode determinedly toward the tiny cottage, the only shelter she remembered.
Her mother, silent and dour, had yet worn the look of being crushed. She had almost never told her daughter anything of the past. One Sunday when they had walked a far way and sat down amid grassy fields she had said reflectively, "I hate grass—it took my husband from me. He was mad about it—so mad he went away—and never came back."
"Didn't he tell you why?" Elizabeth had asked breathlessly.
Her mother had laughed, a hard laugh, saying through shut teeth: "To make a lady of you. He left me the job of seeing you didn't starve. Don't thank me for doing it. Better, a lot better, for both of us if I had gone under the third time when I tried the river."
There had been nothing else. Only Elizabeth had found a faded envelope, bearing a law firm's stamp and addressed boldly, "Phillip Surtees, Esq." It had lain flat at the very bottom of her mother's battered trunk, which had yielded no other clue to what lay behind.
She had called herself Mowry at the big steel mills, where she was among the obscurest and lowest paid of typists. She had worked well, but listlessly, as though aiming only to get through the day.
When Elizabeth at twelve had taken her place through a brief illness she had begun to climb the ladder of monotonous toil. She had climbed surely—at eighteen, when her mother had died suddenly, she had made her place secure, earning twice what the elder woman had ever done.
But there had been rent to pay, trifling to be sure. Her mother had lived rent free, because, the daughter was given to understand, she had been specially commended to Mr. Toby's kindness by a charitable friend.
Elizabeth was not even handsome, yet had somehow a look of race that marked her worthy of young Toby's consideration. Grandson and heir ultimate, he of course bulked big in all mill concerns, double as much as his chum, who represented the Crane interests in the firm.
Both had tried out Elizabeth after the manner of such gilded youth—and been met with incomprehension so blank it had baffled and angered them. It was late April—still a glimmer of daylight showed when she opened her door and stooped to lift a letter from the floor—it had been thrust in since she left that morning.
As she stood turning it in her hand a horn honked shrilly; there was the grinding sound of brakes, a babble of high-pitched voices—then three young fellows came upon her in a rush, crying shrilly: "Caught you at last! Come on now—be a good fellow for once! The lot of us are going down the river—to the dandiest roadhouse—with a floor like glass—and oh, the dandiest things to eat. We want you, anyway—but fact is we're a girl shy—one went back on the other fellows—and they haven't our nerve—so didn't try kidnaping."
"Think you can put it over?" Elizabeth asked coolly, though in deed she was cold with fear.
All three had been drinking—even without it they were reckless enough for anything. They caught her arms, her hands—she was half dragged, half lifted into the car, which set off at once so madly it rocked from side to side of a smooth asphalt road.
Toby was at the wheel with a fourth man beside him. Elizabeth sat between Crane and the unknown third. She did not struggle, did not speak—her shrinking from contact with them sufficiently spoke her longing. Except for the shrieking, she was barely conscious of them.
Her mind, her soul, revolved about the letter clutched so tight it was crushed out of sight. Somehow she sensed it meant salvation for her, else everlasting damnation. She knew what had brought it—her own letter to the law firm, asking information as to Phillip Surtees. Written two months back, this tardy reply seemed to promise something—what she could not guess.
As the car halted in the roadhouse lights she turned upon Ruel Crane, saying clearly: "I put you on honor, supposing you have such a thing—to see that I am taken home, unharmed."
"We're open to bribery. What's offered?" Crane flung at her. She looked at him level-eyed, answering: "The pleasure of my company—dancing, flirting or playing at flirtation. You smile? Think I don't know

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Grants Pass.—A rich gold vein has been encountered in the Harry Siskron mine near Holland. The vein, while only five inches in width, is quite extensive and carries gold values up to \$300 a ton.
Salem.—Plans for the special entertainment to be provided for the high scoring boys and girls at this year's state fair under the auspices of Oregon bankers, have been completed by Mrs. Mollie Brunk, local newspaper woman.
Salem.—Ward Irvine, private secretary to Governor Pierce, has left for Pendleton where he will attend the annual roundup. While in eastern Oregon, he will visit a number of other cities in connection with his official duties.
Mill City.—The Hammond Lumber company is accumulating its winter supply of logs, now having approximately 3,000,000 feet stored at the log pond. These logs will be used when the snow becomes too deep for logging operations.
Eugene.—A campaign against the proposed amendment to the charter of Eugene which would permit the showing of Sunday moving pictures here was started Sunday at the First Christian church when the pastor, Dr. E. V. Stivers, spoke upon the subject.
Corvallis.—A copper washboiler still simmering merrily over a kitchen stove, a jar of corn mash and another jar partly full of corn whisky, brought a fine of \$500 and a jail sentence of 90 days for W. J. Roberts, a home-steader living between Alsea and Bellefontaine.
Garibaldi.—The demand for lumber from California and the middle west has increased to such proportions that the Whitney company has decided to operate another shift. The extra shift will be in operation next week and the company is busy assembling men to make up the crew.
Salem.—It will require approximately 500 additional pickers to handle the hop and prune harvest in Marion county, according to reports of growers received in Salem Saturday. Unless these pickers are obtained at once there is danger that a part of the crop will be lost.
Klamath Falls.—The value of \$60 cans of milk will be donated to near east sufferers as a result of a relief milk show, thought to be the first in Oregon, which was held at a local theater Saturday. A special children's performance was the attraction, with the admission charge one can of milk.
Eugene.—The John Seavey and J. W. Seavey hop crops in this county are arriving at Mayor E. B. Park's new concrete warehouse, on Pearl street, both having been purchased by A. M. Lawson of Portland, who was here Saturday in company with A. G. Holden, formerly of this city, who is one of his buyers.
Salem.—Governor Pierce announced the appointment of Carl Wimberly of Roseburg as district attorney of Douglas county to succeed George Neuner, who has resigned. Mr. Wimberly is a democrat and has lived in Douglas county all his life. He is at present city attorney of Roseburg, and is a veteran of the world war.
Mill City.—An airplane owned by William Bodiker and which has been taking passengers for flights from Fox valley for the last six weeks, was demolished Friday night when the plane crashed to the ground through a thick grove of trees near Lyons. Mr. Bodiker and his pilot were in the machine. Neither was seriously injured.
Salem.—There were a total of 704 industrial accidents in Oregon during the week ending September 13, according to a report prepared here by members of the state industrial accident commission. Two of the accidents were fatal. They were C. W. Richardson, watchman, Oregon City, and Herman Schief, ditch waiker, Hood River.
Salem.—The Auto Freight Terminal company, with headquarters in Portland and capital stock of \$60,000, has been incorporated by George V. Bishop, P. L. Wilkinson and William Jossy. The Electric corporation, with capital stock of \$25,000 and headquarters in Portland has been incorporated by Ross Hartley, E. A. Clark and M. M. Mathlessen.
Marshfield.—Thirty-five bushels of wheat an acre was the production reported this year by J. R. Stoble of Camas valley, whose granary has 3000 bushels of prime quality. Such a crop would not be of special interest in eastern Oregon or in the Willamette valley, but in this section of Oregon it attracted considerable attention, for wheat is not a common or regular crop with farmers in this territory. Mr. Stoble is marketing his wheat in Coos county, hauling it over the new highway by trucks.



Mrs. E. L. Henson

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Stevenson's View of Life.

Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And that is all that life ever really means.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Duty to Read Newspaper.

The newspaper is one of the foremost wonders of the modern world. The family that does not take, and carefully read, at least one newspaper, is not living in the Nineteenth century.—J. A. Broadus.

Such Is Man.

When he is born, his mother gets the attention; at his marriage, the bride gets it; at his funeral the widow gets it.—From the Associated Editors.

The Pie-Eating City.

The greatest pie-eating city of this country has been claimed by Los Angeles, Cal., with a consumption of 40,000 pies per day.

Unsinkable Craft.

Three logs lashed together flush with the surface form the famous catamaran used off the coast of India. The craft is unsinkable, and its navigators brave surf and storm on it.

Intention Must Be There.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—Ruskin.

When Brains Are Really Necessary.

It is true, Chlorinda, that no brains are required to inherit money, but a good supply is necessary to keep it.—New Orleans States.

Stray Bit of Wisdom.

A lie can be turned inside out and so decked in new plumage that none will recognize its lean old carcass.—Ibsen.

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P. N. U. No. 38, 1923

LOOK FOR HISTORIC LIGHT

Expedition of the National Geographic Society May Solve Problems That Have Puzzled Scientists.

An expedition of the National Geographic society will explore southwestern China for early American history clues, says a Washington dispatch from the society's headquarters. Grains of corn garnered along the Thibet-Burma frontier of China may be the botanical Rosetta Stone of the earliest traces of America yet recorded.
Just as a piece of black basalt unlocked the annals of hidden Egyptian centuries, so the corn kernels sought by this expedition may reveal clues of 100 per cent Americans before Columbus came or even before denizens of Chaco Canyon's giant communal apartment houses mysteriously disappeared.
Indian corn, or maize, is of undoubted American origin, but Chinese records show corn grown in China before Columbus' time. Marco Polo did not mention it, but then he also overlooked tea. Chinese records show that long before 1492 tribute corn was as acceptable as the latter-day tribute silk. One tribute list contains the entry: "Of wheat called Mayz, twentive millions two hundred and fiftie thousand banegs," which was about 30,000,000 bushels.
The clue which the National Geographic society's expedition will work upon is the waxy endosperm. The tissue inside American field corn contains starch, that of sweet corn, sugar. In a few places of China, Western Yunnan among them, this tissue is found to be waxy. By noting the localities where it appears the investigators may be able to tell how it entered China.
The corn quest is but one of the missions of the expedition into little known Yunnan. Scientists will study the bark of the chestnut tree and observe the flora of one of the choicest flower garden spots in the world.
The study of Chinese corn may extend the acreage of the United States considerably. For the waxy maize has characteristics which seem to adapt it for regions where droughts occur.
Salt Fish at Famous Resort.
Rube Arb—I'd like to go to Atlantic City again, so's to have all the fish I wanted to eat.
Timothy Hay—What sort of fish do they give ye down there?
Rube Arb—Well, I had some of the best salt mackerel, codfish cakes and canned salmon I ever et.—Pathfinder