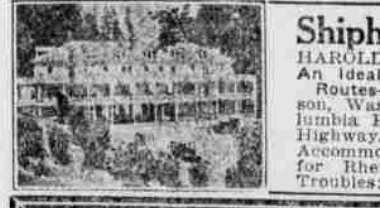


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 MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

**MAIL ROBBERY LOOT LOCATED IN REFRIGERATOR**  
 Pueblo.—Two hundred thousand dollars in canceled checks, a sheaf of others which have not been canceled and a dozen or more money orders were among mail matter, supposed a part of the loot of a robbery in Texas, which was found in the ice bunker of a refrigerator car here by Post Office Inspector C. W. Pfaffenberger. Most of the checks were on the Alamo National bank of San Antonio, Tex.,

**and were for amounts ranging from a few dollars to as much as \$27,000.** It is believed the loot was taken from a mail pouch which probably was stolen at Seguin, Tex., in September and had been left in the ice bunker after the thief had taken what he wanted.

Tornadoes have been known to carry children a mile.

## "Wanted: A Painter"

By JANE OSBORN

Mr. Bailey sat musing, pipe in mouth, before the blazing logs in the open fireplace of the cheerful little village house where he and his youngest and only unmarried daughter lived together.

"I don't know," he was saying, half to himself and half to his daughter, who was correcting "compositions" at the little desk at the other side of the room, "I don't know's Aunt Till ever did a mean thing in her life, but she did more than one fool thing. Leaving this chimney this way, 'stead of fixing it so's we could have a stove, was one, and another thing was having the house built of clapboards."

Rose Bailey laughed a little. She was often amused but never in the least annoyed by her father's conversation and apparent rusticity. "Of course Aunt Till built the house for herself. She didn't know how short a time she'd have to live in it. I suppose we ought just to be thankful that she left it to us. And as for the open fireplace, you funny old daddy, no one has stoves in the living room any more. And of course for this style of house white clapboards are the only thing—"

"Don't see that," insisted the father. "Now, if she'd had stucco or even brown shingles the house wouldn't ever have had to be painted—except once in a while the white trim around the windows and doors. I could most likely do that myself. But this having the whole house of clapboards is foolish. Painters are getting too much. Blessed if I wouldn't like to try painting it myself."

Rose Bailey quickly put a damper on any such enthusiasm to save money. And she was successful in persuading her father that he had enough to do with his chickens. This was his hobby, but since his retirement from more strenuous farming and his removal from the old farm to this house that had been left to him by his sister—whom he and his daughter both called "Aunt Till"—it had yielded enough to provide some of the luxuries which he might otherwise have regarded as extravagances.

Mr. Bailey continued his musings about the painting of the house off and on for the rest of the evening.

"We'd best have done it this fall," he went on. "Whoever put the first coat of paint on didn't know enough to fill up the knot holes. Seems to me there must have been a scarcity of putty the year Aunt Till built. Of course the house is looking shabby, but I could stand for that. What I can't stand is having it run down. If you were left alone and wanted to sell—you couldn't get what the house was worth out of it because of its being run down for lack of regular paint. Still, painting is pretty expensive nowadays. Blessed if I see how the painters have the heart to take their money, let alone ask it. Painting isn't worth that much."

"That's union wages, I suppose," commented Rose. "I suppose there are men you could hire to paint it for less—and maybe a man like that would do with you here to give him direction."

"Oh, sure," commented the father. "Like as not. Still I wouldn't want the job done by any one who wasn't a genuine painter."

The next evening while Rose Bailey had another batch of "compositions" to correct by the light of the new electric table lamp in the living room, her father began his comments with: "I forgot to tell you, Rose. And I don't know how I came to forget. I should have spoken of it at supper time, but it slipped my mind. This afternoon when I was down to the boarding house with the eggs—Mrs. Simkins takes four dozen three times a week, so she must have a good many boarders—I happened to mention what a pity Aunt Till didn't have the house made of stucco or brown shingle so it wouldn't be so expensive having it painted."

"And I said I kind of had a notion that I'd get some nonunion fellow to do it—and she looked kind of interested and said that maybe she knew the fellow. Seems she has a boarder there now from the city. He's a mite run down and wants to stay in the country for a month or so, but says he really can't afford to 'cause it is so hard to get work down here. And funny thing about it is he's a painter. I didn't see him, but Mrs. Simkins says he's a nice, quiet-spoken young fellow. So it occurred to me maybe we could make a deal with him. We'd take him in here and give him his room and board and not hurry him with the job, and like as not he wouldn't ask much for doing the whole job, and with plenty of eggs and garden truck now so plentiful, don't seem that it would cost much to feed him. And it wouldn't be a whole lot extra work, do you think, Rose?"

"Why, no," said Rose, a little dubious. "If he'd do it, I suppose it would be all right. Did you speak to him about it?"

"No," but Mrs. Simkins said she would have a talk with him and something might come of it."

Rose Bailey went on correcting her English papers and the next interruption was a knock on the front door. Rose looked at her father and gave

her hair a little corrective pat or two, and her father brushed away the pipe ashes that had fallen on the front of his waistcoat. And then Rose went to the door.

The young man who presented himself looked a little surprised as he entered the room. "I wonder if this is the right house, Mrs. Simkins said that you were interested in my work. Is this Mr. Bailey?"

"It certainly is," assured Mr. Bailey. "You're the young painter she was speaking about, aren't you?"

"I am, and my name is John Lewis. I don't know whether you've seen any of my work," he was saying, and Mr. Bailey interrupted.

"Oh, that wouldn't hardly be necessary," he said. "I expect one painting job is pretty much like another, so long as you know how to mix the paints and lay it on smooth."

John Lewis looked puzzled and then he laughed. "I guess you are about right, though we wouldn't all admit it. May I ask what sort of work it is?"

"Clapboards," said Mr. Bailey. "It'd be the whole house, and since it's been white once it might as well be white."

Mr. Lewis had allowed his gaze to wander to the face of the little school teacher at the table. He was studying the graceful line from her chin to her temple, but at Mr. Bailey's last remark he looked up with a real squint.

"Oh, I see," he managed to say. He again looked at the pretty young school teacher. "And the idea was that I might board and lodge here while I did the work. I think I would like that. The country air would do me a lot of good. When could I start in?"

The details of the work were settled on and three days later John Lewis was to be seen standing half way up a very long ladder brush in hand, dipping it from time to time in a pail tied to one of the rungs of his ladder. He often whistled as he worked, and after school hours he was apt to come down from his perch for frequent chats with Rose Bailey.

The three of them—Rose, John and Mr. Bailey—spent many pleasant evenings together and meantime was a pleasure to them all. John seemed to enjoy Mr. Bailey's remarks and Mr. Bailey in turn listened intently to everything that John told him regarding life in the great city—though he spoke of it cautiously and not often. It seemed before many days had passed as if John Lewis had always been a member of their household.

"He's a mighty pleasant young man," Mr. Bailey told his daughter one day; "but I can't say I think he's an awful smart painter."

"I'm glad you like him, dad," said Rose. "I like John, too, and I may as well tell you that John likes me. In fact, he wants me to promise to marry him, but I'll make no promise without talking it over with you, dad."

"Well," said Mr. Bailey, "meditating, 'I like John a lot. But I'm wondering whether he could support you. I can't say he's been real smart at the painting of this house."

Fortunately for Mr. Bailey's peace of mind Mr. John Lewis came into the house at this juncture. He had finished painting for the day and had been taking a walk down the village street by way of recreation.

"We were talking about you, John," said Rose. "I thought we ought to tell dad and dad said—"

"I didn't mean just what I said," stammered Mr. Bailey. "That is, John, I was just expressing the hope that you'd be able to support my daughter decently. I was just hoping you'd be able to get enough house painting to do."

John Lewis laughed and then leaned down and kissed the hand of Rose Bailey.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

**Albany.**—Immediate action will be started by the Linn county court to procure the Santiam road over the Cascade mountains by way of Fish Lake from the company that now holds it, it was decided recently.

**Pendleton.**—The 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Morgan who live on the Elmer McCormack wheat ranch is recovering from the effects of an accident recently when he fell under the wheels of a loaded wagon and suffered a fracture of the pelvis.

**Medford.**—Already much interest has been manifested in the campaign incidental to the primaries next spring at which Jackson county will nominate candidates for county judge, sheriff, treasurer, assessor, clerk, school superintendent and district attorney.

**Albany.**—John Fisher, 86, sustained injuries from which he died two and a half hours later when an automobile driven by W. T. Dodd, Montana tourist, struck the horse Mr. Fisher was riding, three miles south of Albany, Friday afternoon. The aged man was thrown to the pavement. The horse was killed.

**Pendleton.**—When Rev. J. M. Cornelison, for many years a missionary on the Umatilla Indian reservation, goes to Chicago in January as his first stop on an extended lecturing tour in behalf of missions for the Presbyterian church, he will be accompanied by Parsons Motanic, prominent Indian farmer on the reservation.

**Salem.**—Arrangements were completed here Saturday for the annual convention of county judges and commissioners to be held in Salem January 10, 11 and 12. Many matters of vital interest to the county courts will be considered at the meeting. Besides the business meetings there will be a number of entertainment features.

**Salem.**—Many cases of smallpox and measles have been found at the Chemawa Indian school, and it is likely that the institution will be placed under quarantine. This was announced Saturday by Dr. C. E. Cashatt, county health officer. The physician said he would make a check of the cases and then determine what action will be taken.

**Salem.**—Valuation hearings affecting the properties of the Great Southern railroad company, operating between The Dalles and Dufur, and the Sumpter Valley railroad company, with headquarters in Baker, have been set by the interstate commerce commission, according to letters received at the offices of the public service commission Sunday.

**Baker.**—A buckskin purse containing between \$500 and \$600 in gold dust, the property of W. A. Krouse, prospector of Greenhorn, was on display here in the city Friday, and brought back to mind the olden, gold days. The dust was the reward of three weeks' work by Mr. Krouse and his partner, Fred Smith. It is being cashed by a local bank.

**Salem.**—The number of applications for 1924 motor vehicle plates received up until Saturday night almost doubled the number of applications received on the same date last year, according to a report prepared here by Sam A. Kozar, secretary of state. Mr. Kozar attributed the unusual demand for licenses prior to Christmas due to the appeals sent out by his office.

**St. Helens.**—Both of the sawmills in St. Helens closed down Saturday afternoon and will be shut down until January 1. This was necessary in order to give the plants a general overhauling and make repairs to docks and buildings. During the time the mills are closed several steamers will load cargoes, so the docks will not be congested when the mills resume.

**Baker.**—Traveling in a house on wheels, drawn by oxen, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barrang passed through here this week en route to Medford, Or., from Westchester, Conn. They have made a leisurely trip across the continent, taking three years. They carry a canvas tent to protect the oxen in bad weather. A radio set supplies the travelers with music and other entertainment.

**Bend.**—Bend police plugged the leak in the city jail, which has existed for some weeks, when they discovered a duplicate key hidden in a woodpile nearby. For some time complaints have been made that prisoners were being seen about the streets at night and on more than one occasion the tally at the jail would be incomplete shortly after dark, but would be complete before morning.

**Yule Mail Sets Record.**  
 Chicago, Ill.—Christmas mail passing through the Chicago postoffice has broken all previous records, it was announced Saturday. Nearly 10,000,000 pieces of first-class mail went through the Chicago office in one day and this included 5,000,000 letters mailed in Chicago.

**U. S. Army Scattered.**  
 The United States has an army of 135,000, scattered from Sandy Hook to Manila, from Alaska to Panama, of which only 65,000 are available within the States.

## USE FOR SULPHITE LIQUID

Alcohol and Fuel to Be Derived From Paper Mill Waste by New Process.

Waste sulphite liquid that now pours from paper mills into rivers will be utilized in manufacturing alcohol and fuel by means of a new chemical process recently discovered and thoroughly tested by chemical engineers.

This announcement, considered one of the most important in years in the paper industry, will be made before the cellulose division of the American Chemical society by Prof. R. H. McKee, head of the chemical department of Columbia university, who was associated with Dr. Max Kahn, New York, in the discovery and preparation of intarvin, one of the two recently discovered substances that check diabetes.

"At present, for every cord of wood used in the paper mills the manufacturer obtains 1,000 pounds of pulp and 1,000 gallons of waste sulphite liquor, which flows into the rivers adjoining the plants, causing death of fish, disagreeable odors and other inconveniences so great that stringent laws have been passed in some states, and were they rigidly enforced, mills would have to close down," declared Doctor McKee.

"Under the new process this waste liquor will be fermented and a good grade of commercial alcohol obtained. Then after the alcohol has been distilled off, the residual material will be evaporated and may be used as fuel."—Milwaukee Journal.

## LEADS IN MEDICAL SCHOOLS

United States Has Eighty-two Out of the Total of 445 in the World.

Out of an approximate total of 445 medical schools in the world, the United States predominates with 82 schools, according to a list prepared by the Rockefeller Foundation. Next come the British Isles with 43, followed by France with 32, Russia with 28, Germany with 25, China with 24, Italy with 22, Japan with 20, India with 18, Spain with 11, Mexico with 11, Brazil with 10, Canada with 9, Netherlands with 8, Poland with 5, Switzerland with 5 and Belgium with 5.

Four other countries support from one to four medical schools each. Not only do standards differ greatly between countries, but even within national areas, notably in the United States, medical schools are of distinctly different grades as measured by personnel, equipment, resources and ideals. In spite of great variation in quality, however, all these centers of teaching are more or less directly dominated by the aims and methods of modern medicine. It is one aim of the Rockefeller Foundation, says the report, to hasten the development of international co-operation in medical education, by all available means.

## New Sugar Beet Digger

It is said that a machine for topping and digging sugar beets promises to eliminate much of the back-breaking work of harvesting. The apparatus resembles a potato digger in general outline, but in front of the lifts that remove the roots from the ground is a revolving disk twenty inches in diameter, so adjusted by a spring and roller that it measures the cutting distance from the top of the beet instead of from the ground. Immediately behind the disk are two lifts that remove the beets from the ground and deliver them to an endless chain elevator that frees them of dirt and dumps them out behind the machine. As the top and head of the sugar beet contains an acid that counteracts the sugar in the rest of the root, a harvester must measure the beets and cut them at the right place.

## Tenshun!

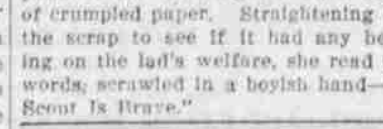
"You are not listening to me," complained Jane Muchmore at breakfast the other morning.  
 "I didn't know you had said anything, dear," returned the meek Mr. Muchmore.  
 "I haven't, but I expect to," said Jane.—Howard Courant.

## Proverbially Speaking.

"The Chinese are proverbially honest."  
 "People of all races," observed Miss Cayenne, "are consistently honest in their proverbs."

## "A SCOUT IS BRAVE"

The tenth scout law—"A Scout Is Brave"—has a touching little illustration in a story reported from a Pittsburgh hospital. As the nurse was bringing a twelve-year-old boy patient out of the anaesthetic after a serious operation, she found lying in the palm of the lad's right hand a scrap of crumpled paper. Straightening out the scrap to see if it had any bearing on the lad's welfare, she read the words, scrawled in a boyish hand—"A Scout Is Brave."



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