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convenient map of Oregon and
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Birth of Revolutions.
Great revolutions are the work
rather of principles than of bayonets,
and are achieved first in the moral,
and afterward in the material sphere.
—Mazzini.

John B. Giesy, mayor of Salem, Ore.,
has announced that he is opposed to
the plan to invite William A. (Billy)
Sunday to Salem to conduct a series
of evangelistic meetings.

Only Line of Conduct.
The way to mend the bad world is
to create the right world. — Ralph
Waldo Emerson.

Kissing a girl is like opening a bot-
tle of olives—if you get one, the
rest come easy.—Denison Flamingo.

Greenwich (Conn.) Pair Married for 65 Years

New York.—Mr. and Mrs. Elphalest
P. Husted celebrated the sixty-fifth an-
niversary of their marriage recently at
their home in Greenwich, Conn. Be-
cause of the slight illness of Mrs. Hu-
sted no attempt was made at special
ceremonies, but many neighbors of the
couple called to pay respects. Mr. Hu-
sted at eighty-seven is in splendid
health. His wife is eighty-five.
Mr. Husted's father, Capt. Benjamin

Apples and Carrots

By JANE OSBORN

Clive Rumball, vigorous, well-built
young man of twenty-eight, was ruddy
of cheek and bright of eye in spite of
his hours indoors as junior member
of the law firm of Smith & Jenkins.
Now he was spending three weeks of
his late summer vacation at the home
of his uncle, Samuel Todd, by whom
he had been reared—a man whom
nothing would induce to desert his
farming estate in the country for more
than a few days at a time.

"What do you say to taking in the
state fair tomorrow?" asked the
uncle over their leisurely breakfast on
Sunday. "I've arranged for my usual
exhibits—apples and potatoes and so
forth. I'd like you to go along."
Clive Rumball's ruddy cheeks grew
perceptibly ruddier. He was well aware
of the fact that the state fair was
booked for the following week on
grounds just outside the state capital
in the next county. The roads and
village streets in the surrounding
country had been so placarded with
notices of the fair that only a blind
man could have remained in ignorance
of the fact that it was to take place
and that it was to "eclipse all previous
state fairs in magnitude and splendor."

"I'd like to go with you, uncle,"
began Clive, rather feebly. "But, of
course, I can't say I take much inter-
est in that sort of thing. I—Frank-
ly Clive loathed state fairs, and he had
good reason to do so.
"It's a little different in your case,"
interrupted the uncle. "Fact is, I'd be
disappointed if you didn't go. You see,
I am sending up an exhibit of the
Clive Rumball apples, quite a lot finer
than anything else we've ever been
able to produce—larger and redder and
juicier. They are of all odds the
finest apples of their class. It will be
a feather in your cap as well as mine,
and with the farmers all talking about
the Clive Rumball apples they will be
greatly interested to see the one for
whom they were named." The uncle
did not heed the look of protest and
entreaty on his nephew's face. He
smiled reminiscently.

"Yes, it was just about twenty-three
years ago when I first perfected that
apple, and you'd just come to live with
us. I'd been working hard trying to
get the right strain, and I'll tell you
I'd come pretty near being discouraged
more than once. You were a pretty
little boy with round, red cheeks. I
looked at the apple and I looked at
you, and it came over me in a flash.
That apple would have to be called the
Clive Rumball. I didn't know," added
the uncle with the embarrassment of
pride, "that it was going to be one of
the most famous apples in the world.
I didn't know that it was going to, as
it were, make the name of Clive Rum-
ball famous."

Clive Rumball himself had heard
this story often enough before and he
had endured for many years the em-
barrassing consciousness of bearing
the name of one of the world's most
famous varieties of apple. In school,
until the boys had learned to know
the strength of his arm, he had been
known as "Apples" and frequently
jesting allusions through college had
been made to his ruddy apple cheeks.

"I hope," said Clive, trying not to
show the least suggestion of his an-
noyance, "I hope, uncle, that I may be
able to make the name Clive Rumball
known as something besides that of a
red-faced apple."
"Hey!" said the uncle, who had
never dreamed that the situation was
embarrassing for his nephew and not
quite understanding this protest. "Oh,
well. Don't worry about that. You'll
never lack a reputation. People will
always be glad to meet you, just to
see what the little apple-faced boy
looks like when he has grown to be a
man."

If the name had been anything less
usual than Clive and Rumball the task
of becoming dissociated with a fa-
mous apple might have been less dif-
ficult. If the world-famous apple had
been the Thomas Smith he might have
passed unnoticed as Tom Smith. But
there was no getting around Clive
Rumball. It meant an apple and not-
ing but an apple to millions of farmers
far and near, just as surely as Dan
Tucker means a dance or Jenny Wren
means a bird.

The following Monday the dutiful
Clive Rumball drove over to the fair
grounds near the state capital with
his Uncle Samuel Todd. Samuel Todd
had made his small fortune as the
conservative partner of a brokerage
office, but his hobby had always been
farming in general and apple raising
in particular, and he never felt more
at home than with a group of pro-
gressive farmers.

"I want you to meet my nephew,"
said Mr. Samuel Todd with a smile
as he clapped a broad-palmed hand
on the back of a white-headed old
farmer. "My nephew—Clive Rum-
ball."
"That so?" exclaimed the farmer,
beaming at the nephew. "Wall, ef
you're as sound as the Clive Rumball
apple, you're all right." And he
laughed long and loud at his own
comment.

The remark was only typical. Before
Clive and his uncle had been on the
fair grounds for a half hour Clive
Rumball had been introduced at least
ten times to as many farmers who all
cracked some sort of joke about the

famous apple which had been named
for him.

They had parked their car and
were directing their steps toward the
building where were exhibited various
fruits and vegetables—along with a
new and improved Clive Rumball from
Samuel Todd.

"There's my friend, Mr. Jennifer,"
said the uncle, pausing as he saw a
man alighting from a car in the park-
ing field. He was in agitated con-
versation with a young and animated
woman, so Samuel Todd did not in-
terrupt. Mr. Jennifer was apparently
trying to get the young woman to
alight and the young woman was re-
sisting. Clive Rumball became some-
what interested. Though he caught but
a blurred outline of her face, he felt
a keen attraction. Besides, he saw that
the locks that showed beneath her lit-
tle cloche were red—red like burnished
copper. And Clive Rumball had a fall-
ing for red-haired girls.

Presently the farmer, Mr. Jennifer,
got out alone, sighed deeply and the
car turned while the girl at the wheel
threw Mr. Jennifer a kiss.

Mr. Jennifer caught up with Clive
and his uncle.
"Let me introduce you to my
nephew, Clive Rumball," began the
uncle, importantly pronouncing the
name, but Mr. Jennifer was too preoc-
cupied with his own affairs to hear
the rest. He merely bowed to Clive
and his uncle and said, "By heck!"

"That gal of mine," he went on.
"She's all right, but she's stubborn.
But, then, red-haired gals usually are.
All I wanted was that she should get
out and go around with me. I wanted
to introduce her. But she had made
up her mind she wouldn't. So she said
she'd drive around and call back for
me instead. I've got a mighty fine
showing of carrots," he continued, ad-
dressing Samuel Todd in particular.

And Clive Rumball wandered along
while the two agriculturists discussed
apples and carrots.

It was about then that Clive Rum-
ball summoned courage to slip his
mooings. Suppose you and Mr. Jen-
nifer look around awhile and I'll meet
you later, say at the judging stand at
about twelve."

It was agreed, and Clive Rumball,
hoping that no one would recognize in
him the godfather of the rosy-cheeked
apple bearing his name, wandered
back to the parking field. He strolled
around it, wondering whether by
chance he might find the red-haired
daughter of Jennifer. He was still
looking when a motor coming around
the wrong direction honked violently
to him.

"Excuse me," said the driver, who
proved to be no one in the world but
Miss Jennifer. "You were with my
father when he went off. Will you
see him again?"

"I expect to," said Clive with a
bow. "I expect to meet Mr. Jennifer
and my uncle at twelve."
"Well, will you tell father, then,"
said the girl, "that I've gone. I told
him I wouldn't come, and he knows I
hate these fairs and why—and now
I'm going. I don't know just where,
only I'm not going to hang around this
place. And that's that."

"I suppose it is," said Clive with a
laugh. "In the meantime, why do you
hate state fairs, Miss Jennifer?"
"Why shouldn't I?" threw back the
girl, and then feasting left an attend-
ant might find her with her car faced
the wrong way, she added: "I'll tell
you, but not here. I've got to turn.
Hop in, and I'll set you down where-
ever you are going."

Clive got in beside the girl with red
hair and, having explained that he
was going nowhere in particular but
that he had just drifted back toward
his own car, they started out of the
grounds and along a country turnpike.

"I hate state fairs," she explained,
"because my name's Deborah Jen-
nifer." She paused to see if this
brought a smile of recognition to the
face of her companion. "You are ap-
parently not a farmer," she went on.
"If you were you would no doubt have
made some remark about carrots and
red hair. You apparently don't know
that the Deborah Jennifer is the most
celebrated variety of carrots in the
country—maybe in the world. My
father perfected it. He named it
for me when I was a little girl be-
cause I had red hair. I'd like to dye
it sometimes—not that I mind being
red-haired, only I do mind the jokes
that people crack when they know my
name is Deborah Jennifer. Honestly,
it is enough to make me want to get
married, just so I could be called by
some other name." Then she added
quickly, "Only, of course, I don't in-
tend to. I don't like men and I shan't
ever be married."

"I should think," said Clive with
a smile, "that that would be your
best way out of it. Unfortunately my
own name is Clive Rumball—"
He got no further. "Heavens," cried
the girl. "Then you're an apple. And
I suppose people kid you about being
apple faced—only of course you aren't.
No," added Miss Jennifer with a twinkle
in her bright blue eye, "I couldn't
think of marrying you even if you
wanted me to."

All of which shows that red-haired
girls are just as apt to change their
minds as any one else, for before an-
other summer had brought another
state fair every farmer's magazine
throughout the country had published
the pictures of Clive Rumball and his
bride, Deborah Jennifer, under a head-
ing to the effect that an apple had mar-
ried a carrot.

Sure a Relief.
A little girl, on her first visit to the
country, after gathering a lot of wild
flowers, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma,
how nice it is to live where somebody
doesn't own everything."

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Hood River.—During last week the
apple growers' association received
only 371 boxes of apples from its mem-
bers. The total shipped for the week
ended Saturday night, however, reach-
ed 118,113 boxes.

Eugene.—A number of orchards in
Lane county are being destroyed un-
der direction of C. E. Stewart, coun-
ty fruit inspector, because the owners
have neglected the trees and have
failed to observe orders to clean and
spray them. The trees destroyed were
all badly diseased.

La Grande.—Farmers and bankers
of Union county met in the city hall
building here Saturday, discussing and
arguing the various phases of the
McNary-Haugen wheat export aid bill,
now before congress. A. R. Hunter,
an executive of the organization form-
ed at Pendleton some time ago, pre-
sided.

Falls City.—The following delega-
tion of Falls City business men went
to Dallas Friday and asked the Com-
mercial club of that city for help in
alleviating the present bad condition
of local roads: H. Mather Smith,
Ronald G. White, Roy McDonald, C.
J. Bruce, F. W. Pieren, M. L. Thomp-
son and E. B. Watt.

Salem.—It was reported here Satur-
day that a number of Independence
tipplers are bemoaning the loss of sev-
eral hundred dollars as the result of
being let in on an alleged bargain sale
of bonded Scotch whisky. The price,
as fixed by the bootlegger, was \$65
a case, or approximately \$40 less than
the standard quotation.

North Bend.—Work was started on
the new \$20,000 Presbyterian church
last week. The contractors have a
crew of nine men employed. The forms
for the concrete basement are in place
and the pouring began Friday. The
building is greatly needed because
there is nothing approximating a com-
munity building in the city.

Medford.—No bill has been or will
be introduced in congress this year
providing for the inclusion of Diamond
lake in Crater lake park, according to
a telegram received in Medford Sat-
urday from official sources in Wash-
ington, D. C. There had been a rumor
hereabouts that such a bill had been
introduced by Representative Sinnott.

Eugene.—The contract to clear 11
miles of the right of way of the South-
ern Pacific extension from Oakridge
to Kirk has been let to George H.
Kelly and Frank Sullivan of Portland,
who are the promoters of a big saw-
mill enterprise at Westfir near Oak-
ridge and who leveled the old grade
out of Oakridge for a distance of six
miles on which rails have been laid.

Union.—The first meeting of the
Union Livestock association in prepara-
tion for the coming show was held
Saturday at the city hall. The fol-
lowing officers were elected: Robert
Withycombe, president; C. L. Bald-
well, vice-president; Tony D. Smith,
secretary; Fred N. Fox, treasurer. Gov-
ernor Pierce was elected one of the
directors. Dates for the show were
set for June 5, 6 and 7.

Newport.—For the second time dur-
ing his incumbency as mayor of New-
port Carl Ryckman was arrested Sat-
urday night on a charge of intoxica-
tion. The specific charge was driving
an automobile while intoxicated. Ar-
resting officers said Ryckman, driv-
ing toward home, crashed into another
car. After untangling he again start-
ed on his way, careened across the
street and collided with a telephone
pole.

Salem.—Survey of the rural districts
completed Saturday night by agents
of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative
association indicates that the recent
cold weather destroyed practically the
entire broccolli crop in the Willamette
valley. It was estimated by these
agents that not more than one or two
carloads of the product will be sal-
vaged this season, while in previous
years as many as 20 cars of broccolli
were shipped from this district.

Falls City.—On February 7 Falls
City friends will send greetings and
good wishes to Mrs. Eleanor Butler,
the widow of the late Frank Butler,
"founder of Falls City," who on that
day will celebrate her 78th birthday.

Baker.—A total of 437 arrests were
made and fines of \$9785 were col-
lected by the city of Baker law en-
forcement officials during 1923, ac-
cording to the report recently filed by
Chief of Police Wa-do Vaughn with
Mayor C. L. Palmer.

Salem.—The Arbor Day Manual for
Oregon is being distributed to the
county school superintendents through
the office of J. A. Churchhill, state su-
perintendent of public instruction. The
manual contains a suggested program
for Arbor day, a list of books on plant-
ing and caring for trees and an article
on "A Few Flower Friends," by Dr.
Albert R. Sweetser of the University
of Oregon. There also are descrip-
tions of the common wild flowers, to-
gether with many illustrations.

L. D. Porter



If You Have A Cough Take this Advice

Salem, Ore.—"Some years ago
I was a farmer in Kansas. Thru
exposure, serving as a soldier during
the Civil War my health had become
impaired. I was bothered with a
chronic cough and catarrhal con-
dition; I felt like an old man, al-
though I was only forty. I heard
of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery. It helped me so much that
I continued taking it (I think about
six bottles in all) and felt new pure
blood coursing thru my body. The
'Golden Medical Discovery' drove
out the catarrh and also the cause
of my cough. There are some things
we can forget, but when a person
has received as much help as I
did, it is impossible to forget it.
I feel younger and more vigorous
at 78 than I did at 40."—L. D.
Porter, 451 South 15th St.
As soon as you commence to take
this "Discovery" you begin to feel
its bracing, appetizing effect. Buy
it of your druggist, in tablets or
liquid. Write Dr. Pierce, President
Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., if
you desire free medical advice.

Also Birthplace of Napoleon.
The island of Corsica is in the Med-
iterranean sea, 50 miles from Italy,
100 miles from France and 8 miles
from Sardinia. Three thousand three
hundred and eighty-six square miles.
It belongs to France.

Appropriately Named.
"How did your friend get the nick-
name 'Louis the Fourteenth'?" "From
Miss Ringer, after he had been invited
to a dinner so that there wouldn't be
13 at table."—Boston Transcript.

First "Visiting Cards."
Tablets of glazed earthenware de-
picting the owner were left by the an-
cients at tombs; these are supposed
to be the origin of the modern visiting
card.

Unselfish Love.
Convey thy love to thy friend as an
arrow to the mark, to stick there; not
as a ball against the wall to rebound
back to thee.—Quarles.

Shark's Keen Sense of Smell.
The shark has so acute a sense of
smell that it is asserted it can detect
a human body when it is 20 miles from
its prey.

Giraffes Post Guards.
Giraffes are not easily taken by sur-
prise, as two or three of their number
always stand sentinel while the others
feed.

Look for the Right Road.
The easy way is not of necessity the
right way. The line of least resis-
tance may not be the appointed road.
An opening may not be a call, it may
be a trap.—Robert Freeman.

Stray Bits of Wisdom.
None are so fond of secrets as those
who do not mean to keep them; such
persons covet secrets as a spendthrift
covets money, for the purpose of cir-
culation.—Colton.

Sage Reflection.
What miserable lives most of us
would lead if we could hear every-
thing that is said about us when we
are not listening.—Exchange.

Just a "Would-Be."
"When a man is over-anxious to
show dat he's boss," said Uncle Eben,
"he's afraid dat he ain't."—Washing-
ton Star.

A Queer Place.
A missing Cincinnati boy found
asleep in a soap factory evidently
didn't know where he was.

About Oil on Facings.
Fuller's earth and sulphur will ab-
sorb the accumulation of oil on fabric
or leather facings.

On Making a High Mark.
You can't make a high mark if you
lie down on the job.—Forbes Maga-
zine.

Red Cross BALL BLUE
is needed in every department of house-
keeping. Equally good for towels, table
linen, sheets and pillow cases. Grocers

Are You Satisfied? BEHNKE-WALKER
BUSINESS COLLEGE
is the biggest, most perfectly equipped
Business Training School in the Pacific
West. Fit yourself for a higher position
with more money. Permanent positions
assured our Graduates.
Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill
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