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### Swedes Make Machine to Dry Native Wheat

## When Tony Intervened

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

To recognize a blessing in guise of an impish boy, requires insight plus lively faith. Possessed of reasonable insight, but wholly lacking faith, Alice set down Tony, her small stepnephew, as the crowning misery of a miserable summer. She had hated him viciously before seeing him—what right had a woman with a son seven years old to take captive her fastidious brother? Jere had scoffed equally at widows and wooing since he was nineteen. A concrete reason, of course, for the scoffing—it wore petticoats—frilly ones—owned a baby stare and an acquired lisp. In the lightest, most fetching half mourning, for a husband killed in the first honeymoon, she had annexed Jere casually, played on—and with him to bring to bag her real quarry, the semi-senile Senator Core.

Instead of making becoming lasts to die, the senator had retired from public life—from everything but taking care of himself. By consequence Mrs. Core had had bitter reason to rue her bargain. He might live to be ninety—liberty was a high price to pay for twenty years more of luxury and slavery. Moreover, she would get almost nothing in fee—only a fair annuity, charged upon the big fortune which, devoted to pompous charity, was to keep in remembrance the name of Core.

Jere quit hating her when that came to his knowledge. Indeed, he had only thought he hated her for a longish time. Alice had known the fact, but had been too canny to mention it. Jere, ten years older, was her paragon. Judge what she suffered when he married an almost nobody, neither rich nor poor, plain nor handsome—indeed merely an average person, except for the boy, Tony.

He had been, since he was weaned, the best pal of a bachelor uncle, whose conception of the universe was that it existed for Tony's benefit and benefit. Tony began riding to hounds at four—on no pony! If you please, a long-striding hunter, full man size.

Even then he swore "good mouth-filling oaths"—at five he played such poker even the veterans used him respectfully. A little later he scandalized the neighborhood by saying to a visiting minister who had insisted upon holding family prayer:

"Mr. Man, you talk too long. God tells me he don't like it any better 'I do.' And on top of that, to two young women pretending to quarrel over him, he piped in a blase voice: "Stop talkin' foolish. Jinny's too fat and Lou too scrawny. I won't even look at any of your grandchildern."

As a make-weight, he had friends—legions of them—the servants, the men on the farm, the poor folk round about, to whom he was often his uncle's almoner. And to none of them was he ever rude or saucy. This partly from a naturally good heart; partly also from Uncle Bill's gospel. "A gentleman always helps the under dog."

He was straight, long-limbed, up-headed, unchildishly wiry; his fair skin massed with freckles; his hair sun-bleached to the color of tow. Supple as a kitten, active as a flea, he looked the part of a terrible infant so perfectly Alice smiled grimly at sight of him, feeling her misliking so entirely justified. Clearly the imp was not psychic. In about seven minutes after he began staring at her, he said musingly:

"Aunt Alice! Well! I don't so much mind! Uncle Bill has got to marry now. Mammy won't be there to take care of us, and if he took anybody else I'd have two aunts to pester."

There his new father swooped upon him, chuckling hard, and bore him away, in spite of kicks, poundings, threats of biting, saying over his shoulder: "Alice, Bill is coming next week. He ain't quite so sudden as the head of the family—" giving Tony a bear hug; "but he's mighty well Tony-broke—"

"Apparently!" from Alice at her eldest: "I hate to disoblige—but the fact is—I've made other arrangements," flushing a lovely red, and turning away her eyes. Be sure then a lubber broke out—a girl who has a dotting father, a critical brother, two rich maiden aunts, and an official fairy godmother sets up a mighty pother, by such an announcement.

Uncle Bill was a bird of passage en route to South America in a business way. He left behind a Tony so desolate that Alice's heart softened toward him in spite of his mischief. A bad boy, not a mean one, she decided, sighing unaccountably. Yet more unaccountably she fell in a way of comforting him with cardboard, colors and brushes in the den where she amused herself by turning out such small deer as place cards, Christmas cards and illuminated mottoes for Christmas and Easter.

Alice found herself in a sore strait—wholly of her own making. She had meant to refuse Lawyer Eads—he was a coming man, one who would certainly be rich and possibly famous. She had known all along she did not love him, yet had temporized—her father, her aunts, the fairy godmother approved him highly. Tony's planning had maddened her—she had committed herself tacitly, to be sure, but felt she must go on with it. All her courage had availed was to say to her wooer: "Wait—until October—now I can neither promise—nor refuse." So he came walking on air, now and then, giving himself a gait so proprietary, it made her writhe. Her sole comfort was to write in an untidy journal her wretchedness, her regret for the haste that had hampered her. Not a word of Uncle Bill—but she saw his eyes, his smile, the lines. She must hold to her freedom until he had come and gone. After that the deluge—its outcome, she could not guess.

There was a curious change in Tony—he shut himself in the den, worked there furiously to judge by blotches and splashes over floor and table, but Alice hardly noted them—her consciousness was fixed forward—in a week Uncle Bill would be home. By almost a miracle he came two days earlier, Lawyer Eads graciously hurrying him out in his own car. Alice got white at sight of them together, but nobody noticed the fact. Tony had the floor—he was shouting shrilly: "Uncle Bill! Uncle Bill! See what I made you, Alice's picture. In her own writin' book. I knew she wouldn't mind—" with that thrusting upon his gasping Uncle Bill something more many-colored than was Joseph's coat. Alice snatched it away, crying: "You— you must not look—neither of you." Then fell in a faint. Before she came out of it, two men had read her diary, but, of course, had acted as became perfect gentlemen. Said Eads: "It is providential." Speech was beyond Uncle Bill—but his eyes spoke his heart.

## TOWN OF CORPUS CHRISTI

City is Built on Narrow Strip of Sand Which Separates Fresh Water Bay From One of Salt.

Sweeping through a narrow channel between two great islands of sand, the blue Mexican gulf waves spread out into the broad expanse of Corpus Christi bay, to be girdled together again at the mouth of the Nueces river. The river itself meanders through the broad and fertile plains of Texas until it nears the salt water, when, as if in imitation of the mighty ocean it is soon to join, the stream widens into a great circular loop, a bay of fresh water separated from the salt by a long tongue of sand.

Along the narrow beach men have reared great buildings of stone and brick. But, rising from it, towers the higher ground, crowned with homes and churches. A boulevard runs along the brow of the bluff, a boulevard from which one looks out over the roofs of banks and office buildings across the blue of the bay to the misty shore line of distant islands. On the narrow strip of sand and soil that forms a barrier between the fresh water of one bay and the salt water of the other, are more homes and many places where people laugh and play.

Behind the city lie fields of cotton, grazing land and groves of orange trees or verdant gardens filled with vegetables. Tiny wild flowers dot the green grass of the cattle land like living stars. Low, scraggling cedars stretch their crooked branches toward the sea. White waxen berries of mistletoe glisten through the darker green of the live oak, while strands of Spanish moss sway with each passing breeze.

In some amateur theatricals a fugitive from justice was supposed to escape from his pursuers by concealing himself under a table. The table was small, while the fugitive was somewhat lengthy.

The commander of the pursuing party rushed onto the stage and fell over the legs of the man for whom he was searching.

Picking himself up and rubbing his shins, he caused roars of laughter by exclaiming in dramatic style: "Ha, the villain has eluded us again."

A Secret. The minister of a certain church called upon a woman, a member of his congregation, and, finding no one at home, slipped a card through the letter-box, after scribbling upon it the words: "Sorry to find you out."

Attention. "There is some gossip about Mrs. Muggs." "Really?" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "She is coming on. For years she has not been considered important enough to be gossiped about."

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—Governor Pierce Saturday appointed Dr. H. E. Kelly of Paisley judge of Lake county to succeed E. H. Smith, who died recently.

Hood River.—Ashley Post, 18, son of Dr. William Post of Hood River, suffered the loss of his right hand in a dynamite explosion Sunday.

St. Helens.—With the departure of the steamer Brookings Saturday night lumber shipments from St. Helens for the week will total nearly 4,000,000 feet.

Salem.—Following the completion of its five-year road building program Marion county will be in a position to construct approximately 15 miles of paved highway annually without a bond issue, according to Henry Downing, county judge.

Eugene.—More than 21,000,000 feet of timber in the Siuslaw national forest has just been sold to the Umpqua Mills & Timber company of Reedsport, according to announcement at the forest service office in this city. The price paid was \$42,354.

Medford.—Taxes will be lower in Jackson county this year than last, not counting irrigation liens and taxes that vary according to school and district levies. The county tax is three mills less. In Medford taxes will be 1.6 mills lower than in 1923.

Crawfordsville.—Mr. and Mrs. John O. Mickelson of Crawfordsville celebrated quietly their fifty-ninth wedding anniversary January 7. They were married in 1865 in Monroe, Wis.

Pendleton.—Alex Manning, prominent in labor circles in Pendleton, has been designated head of the Umatilla county committee to obtain funds for German children. No drive will be made for funds here, he stated, the plan being to depend on voluntary contributions.

Astoria.—Superintendent Webb of the Necanicum river hatchery has taken about 1,500,000 silverside eggs, which he is hatching at the Necanicum river plant. He has also caught about 200 cut-throat trout in his traps and will take eggs from them for artificial propagation.

Marshfield.—The new Wesley hospital, to be organized under the auspices of the Methodists, will consist of a first unit to cost \$100,000, including the equipment. The institution will have the full quota of laboratories required in obtaining the approval and recognition by the American College of Surgery.

Eugene.—Ozni Steel, the oldest Mason in Eugene and one of the oldest on the coast, was honored by fellow-Shriners Saturday night with a dinner at the hotel in honor of his 52d birthday. Mr. Steel is active and seldom misses a meeting of the several branches of masonry to which he belongs.

Corvallis.—More than 450 head of hogs owned by various livestock club members were vaccinated for hog cholera in the last year, according to reports sent in by county club leaders to L. J. Allen, assistant state club leader. Only one death resulted from vaccination and none treated died from the disease.

Salem.—The order issued recently by the Oregon public service commission in reducing freight rates on hay and other farm products will become effective January 21, according to announcement Saturday. The railroad, following receipt of the order, filed a petition asking that the effective date of the new rates be suspended.

Marshfield.—A suit for \$2550 damages has been filed by Eugene Hamblock of Bear creek, a locality not far from Bandon, where the Roosevelt highway traverses his ranch. Mr. Hamblock avers that the construction of the highway, which was graded in 1923, resulted in the loss of 25 feet of the northern part of his barn, which was cut from the structure.

Roseburg.—The Douglas county tax department during the year 1923 collected \$1,098,918.63, only \$6000 less than set forth on the assessment rolls to be collected, according to the semi-annual report now being completed. The sum of \$86,840.25 represents delinquent taxes, extending as far back as 1913, paid in during the past year. The 1923 tax is about 10 per cent delinquent.

Klamath Falls.—Work on the Eugene-Klamath Falls cut-off on the Southern Pacific is progressing under the most unfavorable winter conditions. According to word brought in Sunday from the Charles F. Gager sub-contractor's camp at Corral Springs, near Crescent, from 18 inches to two feet of snow has been encountered by the graders who are completing the last five miles of the Hampshire contract 40 miles beyond Kirk.



Mrs. Eva Ferrera

## OREGON IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Salem, Ore.—"Last year I became in an extremely run-down condition, 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 disappeared. 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 published if it will be of benefit to others who have become run-down and weak."—Mrs. Eva Ferrera, 444 Water St.

How the Fires Start. In the forests of the Rockies the evergreens stand some distance apart so that their tops do not touch, says the "School Book of Forestry" of the American Tree association. As a result these western forests do not shade the ground as well as those in the East. This causes the soils of these forests to be much drier, and also increases the danger from fire.

Enduring Value. A great poem is the fountain over overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight.—Sir Philip Sidney.

He's a Philosopher. Little George is an embryonic philosopher. He said the other day at the table: "Now, when I sit in my chair my feet won't touch the floor, but when I walk around they touch the floor as well as anybody's"—Woman's Home Companion.

Practice "Give and Take." In the business world today a man who is unwilling "to give and take" stands very little chance of attaining success. The philosophy of modern business has so been developed that biggest business is now greatest service.

Here's a Smile. "Just think of it! An impudent fellow calmly came in and actually stole the clock right off the mantelpiece." "And your dog was in the very room?" "Yes, but that doesn't count. Flossy is only a watchdog, you know."

Sagacity of Wild Creatures. Wild animals know where to find protection, says the Department of Agriculture. In places where there are game sanctuaries, wild creatures hasten to them at the beginning of every open hunting season.

The Other Fellow—That is. Any first-class whittler can think up a lot of things a fellow ought to be able to make a fortune out of.—Baltimore Sun.

Immune From Influenza. There is one place always absolutely immune from influenza. This sanctuary is the cinnamon warehouse connected with London's docks. No employee has ever been attacked by the disease.

First Study, Then Achieve. Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being duly considered; and then do it.—J. Stuart Mill.

Shoe Repairs. A bit chipped off the toe of a brown shoe can be effectively repaired by a thin coat of white shellac, with brown polish applied over it.

### Red Cross BALL BLUE

is needed in every department of household-keeping. Equally good for towels, table linen, sheets and pillow cases, walkers