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25,000 Farmers Unite to Pray Gods for Rain

Kioto, Japan.—More than 25,000 farmers participated in a prayer ceremony held recently in Funal county, Kioto prefecture, to pray to the ancient Shinto deities to send rain. Drought has been threatening the western and southern part of Japan with serious rice crop shortages this year.
The drought is causing quarrels among farming communities in vari-
ous parts of southern Japan, where the water supply is inadequate. The governor of Kumamoto prefecture has been asked to act as referee between two villages which are quarreling over the right of one higher up the stream that runs through both, to dam the stream to get water for its parched crops.
Solitude is often the best society.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mill City.

The work of building the new school gymnasium at Gates was completed Friday by contractors and the painting will begin immediately.

Albany.

An Italian carnival will be given by the Albany College Women's league October 29 and 30 for the purpose of raising funds for the college library.

Albany.

Flax growing in Linn county may be added to the county's list of agricultural efforts as a result of a meeting of several interested farmers with a delegation of men interested in the propagation of the flax growing industry in the valley.

Hillsboro.

One hundred per cent enrollment in the county, state and national educational associations is the record set by the teachers of the Hillsboro city schools in a report turned over to the county school superintendent Friday afternoon.

Marshfield.

The Women's Civic School and Citizenship proved a popular innovation this year when the first meeting was held for organization. Twenty foreigners who were desirous of becoming American citizens enrolled at the opening meeting.

Mill City.

The second shipment of salmon eggs from the racks near Breitenbush was made Friday, when approximately 2,000,000 eggs were shipped to the hatchery at Mehama.

Albany.

Albany's auto tourist camp ground in Bryant park has brought in \$1048 so far this season and more than 8000 persons have stopped at the camp over night. The total for the year is expected to reach \$1200 before the park is closed for the winter.

Salem.

There were two fatalities in Oregon due to industrial accidents during the week ending October 9, according to a report prepared here by the state industrial accident commission. The victims were Milo Shestak, Joseph, laborer, and F. J. Schultz, Knappston, chaser.

Eugene.

At a meeting of the Lane County Farmers' union at Lorane Saturday resolutions condemning the county board of equalization for lowering Assessor Keeney's figures on the assessment of timber lands and bank stock were adopted unanimously, according to members who attended.

The Dalles.

Tygh grade, for years dreaded by motorists who traveled over The Dalles highway, is no more. The new grade of the highway, leading down Butler canyon on an easy incline, has been completed and surfaced by the contractor and opened to travel, it was announced at the local state highway office.

Salem.

Fire losses in Oregon, exclusive of Portland, in September aggregated \$667,391.36, according to a report prepared here by Will H. Moore, state fire marshal. The most disastrous fire was at Perry, where a sawmill was destroyed with a loss of \$150,000. A total of 125 fires were reported, three of which were of incendiary origin.

Albany.

Linn county's assessed valuation on this year's tax rolls has increased \$706,650, most of which is taken up by untillable lands. An increase of 4 cents an acre on untillable lands, mostly timber, caused the increased valuation. A decrease in tillable lands of 2 cents an acre was made possible by increasing the tax on timber lands.

Redmond.

The Deschutes county fair, one of the most successful ever staged, closed here Saturday. According to William Wilson, president, the fair has been a remarkable success from every standpoint. The farm produce, livestock and poultry exhibits were far above those of former years, and the financial returns will be sufficient to clear everything.

Salem.

It is against the law to divide commissions with persons not licensed to sell real estate, according to Will Moore, real estate commissioner. Mr. Moore urges that the public co-operate with the state department by transacting all real estate sales or purchases through licensed real estate brokers, as licensed brokers have furnished the state a bond for \$1000.

Portland.

With a tremendous clamor of hammer and saw in the hands of an army of workmen, the new \$350,000 building of the Pacific-International Livestock exposition, built upon the ashes of the structure destroyed by fire July 23, is being rushed to completion at North Portland. Wednesday it was turned over to O. M. Plummer, general manager, and the directors of the stock show organization, complete in every detail and all ready to house the 14th annual event of the Pacific International series November 1 to 8 inclusive.

WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN IN JUNE

By MARGARET WIDDEMER
© Doubleday, Page & Co.

“THERE'S something very wonderful going to happen to me this June!” said Rosabel happily. “I've felt it—and, besides, a fortune-teller told me so.”
Gerald had lived next door to Rosabel ten years—ever since she was seven and he was twelve. So he knew her well enough to say, severely: “Don't be a little goose!” before he went off to see the lady he was paying attention to. She could not be called a little goose; she was quite Gerald's own age. She had black eyes and fascinating ways; her only drawback was the way she let Derrison and old James sit all over the place nights Gerald was paying attention.
Gerald disliked Derrison most. James was old as the hills—at least thirty—while Derrison was about Gerald's own age, with better looks and more salary. And this night he had, in addition, coaxed the lady out to see a special constellation over a romantic hill nearby. James intended to tag along, too; but Gerald decided not to. Three of them were too ridiculous.
The lady laughed. “A pleasant walk home, then,” she said, and her procession swept off one way, leaving Gerald going the other, feeling that he had vindicated his self-respect but lived in a very lonesome world.
“Was she nice tonight?” asked Rosabel from among her honeysuckles. The brightness was still on her little face, as if she had been thinking all this time about the wonderful thing that was coming true. She made Gerald feel like coming up and borrowing some of the happiness. He came and sat down on the porch by her hammock.
“Do you mind if I hold your hand, Rosy?” he asked, sadly. “I'm so miserable.”
“Why, of course not!” said Rosabel, reaching down her hand as quickly and politely as if it had been a drink of water. She'd be awfully sweet when she grew up. “Tell me about it,” she said.

Rosabel was the best little confidante in the world. You could always be sure she never told any other fellow what you told her. So Gerald, on his cushion by her hammock, told her all about James, and Derrison, with his confounding interfering constellations.
“And the darn shame of it was that I know she'd rather have gone off with me alone! The way she looked at me as good as said so. Oh, Rosy, if you could see her eyes!”
“I have,” said Rosabel wistfully. “I wish I had eyes like that.”
“Never mind,” said Gerald. “Yours are just as pretty.”

He hadn't meant to say that, but when he came to notice, it was really true! They were big and round and blue, with thick gold-brown lashes. “Just as pretty,” he said again, with a discoverer's surprise.
“Your eyes are a queer color,” said Rosabel in turn. “Why, Gerald, they have queer little gold specks in them, and they change color!”
“Sounds cubist!” said Gerald, light-heartedly. He liked his eyes himself, and he felt happier. When he and Rosabel had been having two hours of discussion on these lines he went home quite sure the lady must love him—he was so nice!

So next night he came in to report again. The lady had given him an evening all to himself (except for three phone calls in the other room); but he had gone away earlier than he meant to. He and Rosabel tried to figure out why over the lemonade pitcher.
“Perhaps,” Rosabel suggested, presently, “she subtly made you. I read a novel yesterday where the heroine subtly made people do things. The lady you pay attention to must be like a book-person. I wish I was!”
“Why, you're not grown up yet, child!” said Gerald. “When you're as old as she is—”

But he couldn't imagine Rosabel being like the lady, even if she was fifty, and married—married—nonsense!
“She's twenty-six,” said Rosabel, dreamily. “Mother remembers.”
Twenty-six! She had been born four years, then, when—never mind! What were four years!
“You think she really likes me, Rosy?” he asked, eagerly.
“Why, of course!” said Rosabel. “How could anybody help it?” And Gerald felt better.
The next night he spent at the lady's had something new about it; or, rather, something new not about it. James—good old, harmless James—was sitting around the same old way. But Derrison wasn't there at all. Somewhere, “way down in his mind, that worried him. Derrison was such a devil—he might even be bothering poor little innocent Rosabel, instead of letting her alone in her hammock with her innocent, pretty dreams about the wonderful thing in June, the dreams she was always so willing to break off to talk to Gerald about his lady. “I—I have to leave early tonight,” he explained to the lady. “An—an engagement I've just remembered.”

He strode home wondering if he could be right about Derrison. Gerald always believed in presentiments after that, because, there, on the porch with Rosabel and the lemonade, sat Derrison, destroyer of happiness! And evidently being talked to by Rosabel with pleasure. Not content with the

lady, here the brute was, bothering poor little Rosabel. Gerald sat down on his cushion and reached up after Rosabel's hand. He would show Derrison that he had the rights of a brother.

But he couldn't. Both little hands were in Rosabel's lap. And a blinding thought struck Gerald. It was June—the second of June. And—was it possible that Rosabel, being young and foolish, might take Derrison for a wonderful thing? You never can tell about a woman, even one you've lived next door to for ten years!

He and Derrison—it seemed annoyingly customary—went down the porch together. Gerald thought of going back and explaining to Rosabel why she should not let Derrison come to see her. But it seemed more dignified not to.
Next-but-one evening Gerald started out, as usual, for the lady. Rosabel was on her knees by her pansies, in a lavender frock. “Would you like some pansies for her?” she called as Gerald went by. “No!” said Gerald, and hurried by. He had a curious desire to stay with Rosabel. He might have if he had stopped for pansies.

When he came near the lady's a more curious thing happened. He didn't want to go in! He walked straight on past. It was a lovely night and Gerald should have enjoyed it. But Rosabel was on his mind. Unaccountably. And unaccountably, before he knew it, he was walking in a circle that led to Rosabel's front gate and up her porch.
He could see a flutter of lavender, low in the hammock. Dear little thing—perhaps she was asleep... But she was lying face down and—why, she was crying! He ran forward and, before he thought, his arms were around Rosabel.
“There, there, dear! Was it my not taking the pansies? I can explain—”
“No!” gulped Rosabel, hunting for a handkerchief.
“Then what was it?” persisted Gerald, worriedly, conscious of how pleasant Rosabel felt to hold.
“It—it was Horace Derrison!” sobbed Rosabel.

“The brute!” said Gerald. He kissed her. “I'll knock his block—”
“No—no! Not him. He's all right—he says he always liked blue eyes better, anyway. It's you. Oh poor Gerald, the lady—she's engaged to Mr. James!”

Now Gerald, had he been in an appropriate frame of mind, should have risen with a tragic exclamation. But he didn't. He pulled Rosabel closer.
“Don't you understand?” she said, severely. “She's engaged! To somebody else!”
“Rosabel,” said Gerald, solemnly, “there's something I have to tell you. You mayn't respect me afterwards; but—Rosabel, it's you I'm in love with! I—I wasn't in love with her a bit. It was—well, a boyish passing amusement. I—”

Rosabel was not as old or as wise as the lady. She made no hesitation. She put both astonished, glad little arms around Gerald's neck, with a swift, happy laugh.
“Gerald—” she said. “Oh, Gerald—it's the Wonderful Thing in June!”

“Good Fellow” Seldom Makes a Good Friend

Starting with the best will in the world, with ability, with ambition, many a business worker has come to grief simply through failure to know a trouble maker when he sees one.
Yet his failure in this respect is after all not so surprising. There are as many kinds of trouble makers as there are varieties of pickles, says H. Addison Bruce, in Forbes Magazine. And comparatively few of them go about placarded, “I am out to make trouble.”
Commonest of all trouble makers, however, are the so-called “good-fellows” who insist that life was meant wholly for delight.
They may or may not be vicious. Usually they are not. Usually they are as a matter of fact possessors of traits—energy, generosity, amiability, frankness, high spirit—that would go far toward making them real successes if only they were animated by an achievement motive.
That is why the “good fellow,” no matter how pleasing his personality, is a trouble maker par excellence so far as all ambitious workers are concerned. To select “good fellows” exclusively or chiefly as one's friends, is virtually to condemn oneself to a life of unaccomplishing mediocrity.
Youth, inexperienced youth, is all too likely to be unaware of this, as of the larger truth that every man whose point of view makes for a weakening or distorting of honest, sincere endeavor is a potential trouble maker.

Plant With Bad Odor

A wonderful and unpleasant plant from the Indian jungle is in the famous Kew gardens in London, England. While in flower the odor from this tropical visitor is extremely unpleasant, somewhat like onion. Male and female species of the plant appear in the flower, the male portion being a ring of bead-like yellow blossoms on top and the female a second ring of smaller and closer petals below. When the bloom was at its height the odor of tainted meat was so strong and unpleasant that visitors to the house hastened from it. It is the evil smell of the flower which attracts the flies, and they, in their turn, pollenate the plant. As the flower dies and its deep purplish-colored mantle shrinks, a single leaf springs from the decaying bloom, and reaches in a short period the great height of 10 feet. It is classified as one of the Amorphophallus species.

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A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a 1-a-s-t-i-n-a-g-benefit as well.
Good for teeth, breath and digestion.
Makes the next cigar taste better.



Eskimo's Igloo.

The dome-shaped house or igloo of the Eskimos contains the nearest approach to the keyed arch found among North American Indians.
Java's Cinchona Forest. The cinchona forest in Java covers about 25,000 acres. The larger part of the world's supply of quinine comes from that country.
Silver Plating Easy. Silver plating that, according to its inventor, can easily be applied at home to worn-off silverware, is now on the market.



Operation Avoided

Portland, Oreg.—“Dr. Pierce's medicine has been so very beneficial to me that I am glad to give my recommendation. Doctors said I would have to undergo an operation, but after taking the Favorite Prescription I found that an operation was not necessary. During one expectant period I suffered with inflammation and became so weak and rundown I could not do my work. Doctors again advised an operation, but instead I began taking the Favorite Prescription and it soon put me on my feet. My health returned, I had practically no suffering, and my baby was very healthy. Since that time whenever I have felt badly I have taken the Favorite Prescription. It always makes me well in no time.”—Mrs. Isabella McLachlan, 768 Mich. Ave.
Go to your neighborhood drug store and get Favorite Prescription in tablets or liquid. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo N. Y., and receive good medical advice in return, free.

Crystals for Radio Fans.

Many pounds of galena crystals have been given to radio amateurs by the department of mining and metallurgy of the University of Wisconsin.

Cuts Cold Metal.

An adaptation of the pantograph to the oxy-acetylene flame is one of the latest efforts to control mechanically that powerful agent for cutting cold metal.
Horsepower of Laborer. Compared with other motors, a laboring man has been rated by French investigators as having about one-seventh horsepower and an efficiency of 30 per cent.

Men's Elastic Bands.

Shipping returns from Hongkong last year showed that \$50,000 worth of men's elastic bands were delivered in the colony.
It is said that a soft answer turneth away wrath, but occasionally a soft answer starts a matrimonial engagement which ends in war.

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