

Have You Planned Your Outing?

A Few Timely Suggestions

Summer Excursions East **Beach Resorts**
Rose Festival **Springs and Mountain Resorts**

You doubtless want to go somewhere, to get away for a while from the steady grind. Let us help you.

Excursions East: From June 1 to Sept. 30 low round trip tickets will be sold from all points on the P., E. & E. and S. P. one way through California or via Portland.

Newport, Yaquina Bay: For rest, pleasure or recreation and outdoor life try this old seaside outing place. The best of everything, camps, cottages, hotels, at moderate cost.

Tillamook County Beaches: A new playground, only a short run from Portland. Mountain, forest, fishing streams or beach in endless variety and infinite charm.

Rose Festival: From June 9 to 12 Portland will don holiday attire, supplying entertainment unique, historical and interesting; fun on land and water you cannot afford to miss.

Springs and Mountain Resorts: Hot springs, mineral springs and mountain resorts for fishing, hunting, or far from the maddening crowds are to be found in abundance along the Southern Pacific.

Our New Outing Booklets: 'Vacation Days,' 'Newport' and 'Tillamook County Beaches' are just off the press, full of timely suggestions as to where and how you can best spend your vacation. They are free for the asking. Drop us a postal card or call on our nearest Agent.

P., E. & E. R. R. Co.

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agt.
Portland, Oregon.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY
REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE NIGHTMARE OF DEBT.

Text, "Owe no man anything."—Rom. XIII, 8.

There are two kinds of sermons. One is preached after much midnight oil and book study. The other is preached from contact with men after much men study. One is of books, the other of the stuff from which books are made. This sermon is of the latter class. I would like to write of the debt we owe to the barbarian, the Scythian, the bond and the free. I will write of that tremendous debt some day. But the homely virtue I have in my mind just now is not our debt to the great writers, printers and thinkers of the past, but the simple, everyday, commonplace, unadorned virtue of paying one's "butcher, baker and candlestick maker," and all the other hundred and one people who press their claims each month. I am moved to do this because of some merchants in my acquaintance who have gone to the wall. They tell me of eminently respectable people who wear good clothes, have a pew in the church (though they still owe for it), run up bills with all the merchants, doctors and dentists in the town. The poor washerwoman has to wait and the seamstress and the cobbler for his little bill. The carpenter has to threaten lawsuit for repairs to the leaky roof. "The only way to get money from them," says my dentist neighbor, "is with legal forceps."

The Nightmare of Debt.
Debt is the great force master. It saps vitality. Not many honest people can be in serious debt without worry and anxiety. Many a man drags about the debt skeleton of past extravagances. Young man, don't get into debt before you are married. Cut down dress, cigars, social life, and save to have a little balance to begin with. If possible buy your cage when you get your bird. Debt rides on the back of pride. When you marry don't let any false pride tempt you into an elaborate wedding beyond your means. Gloves, bouquets, cabs and costly souvenirs may mean a bugbear of debt for many a day to come. Don't furnish your house on installments. Let every stick of furniture be individual, purchase few in number, but let it be your own—and thank God. Don't try to keep up the social pace you did before you were married. Look out for the loan shark. Live your own lives and be honest. When the day comes that will mean a new life in your home—expenses will be many, but you will be able to meet them with honest eyes. The nightmare of debt makes men walk with downcast eyes by day and produces nights that mean dishonor, suicide or prison. Put a motto on your wall—"Owe no man anything."

"The Artistic Temperament."

"It is exasperating," said my grocer on the corner, "to see folks splurging around on your hard earned money, enjoying food, clothing and entertainment that you couldn't afford." "That young fellow with the full dress suit and the crush opera hat has not yet the suit paid for he was married in five years ago," said the little tailor on the side street. The florist, the liveryman, the caterer and the jeweler stand hat in hand for their bills, which spell some of the extravagances of these care free folks. One long haired citizen whose profession makes his artistic temperament peculiar says he has three degrees of obligation—debts of honor, debts of a gentleman and some not worth mentioning. The first class were those the sheriff compelled payment, the second those who could wait indefinitely for a gentleman's convenience. When he was asked concerning the debts to the town tradesmen he looked injured and said they were too vulgar to speak of. When last winter one of those tradesmen committed suicide in sheer despair he said, "The

poor beast takes life too seriously." The handsomest touring car in our town is owned (at least we think it is owned) by a man who has mortgaged his home and laughs patronizingly in the face of dozens of town creditors.

"The Worst Trust."

Fortunately the dishonest debt folks are not many or all business would be disorganized and industry would come to a standstill. Unfortunately the other fellow has to pay part of the bill of those who keep up luxury or the appearance of luxury. Merchants must charge more for their goods to make up the percentage of loss, and the whole community has to support folks who would not speak to you on the street. The worst trust is not the predatory form of capital which governmental financiers and lawmakers try to curb, but that which is asked so easily by customer and granted so reluctantly by merchant and frequently never liquidated. It is an easy habit to form. Simply live beyond your income and try to keep up appearances. Raise your children as if they were rich. Cultivate the taste of a millionaire on the pocket of poverty. Dress the newborn baby in garments rich beyond need, bury the dead in style that will make the neighborhood gape in awe. From the wood of the cradle to the marble of the grave do things in large style. Tobacco, drink, gambling, the fearful extravagance of spend-thrift women, caused by the craze for dress and desire to outshine socially—these are the money affairs that cause nine-tenths of the domestic unhappiness and about the same proportion of wrecks in the business world.

The Nightmare of Debt.
Debt is the great force master. It saps vitality. Not many honest people can be in serious debt without worry and anxiety. Many a man drags about the debt skeleton of past extravagances. Young man, don't get into debt before you are married. Cut down dress, cigars, social life, and save to have a little balance to begin with. If possible buy your cage when you get your bird. Debt rides on the back of pride. When you marry don't let any false pride tempt you into an elaborate wedding beyond your means. Gloves, bouquets, cabs and costly souvenirs may mean a bugbear of debt for many a day to come. Don't furnish your house on installments. Let every stick of furniture be individual, purchase few in number, but let it be your own—and thank God. Don't try to keep up the social pace you did before you were married. Look out for the loan shark. Live your own lives and be honest. When the day comes that will mean a new life in your home—expenses will be many, but you will be able to meet them with honest eyes. The nightmare of debt makes men walk with downcast eyes by day and produces nights that mean dishonor, suicide or prison. Put a motto on your wall—"Owe no man anything."

The Artistic Temperament.
"It is exasperating," said my grocer on the corner, "to see folks splurging around on your hard earned money, enjoying food, clothing and entertainment that you couldn't afford." "That young fellow with the full dress suit and the crush opera hat has not yet the suit paid for he was married in five years ago," said the little tailor on the side street. The florist, the liveryman, the caterer and the jeweler stand hat in hand for their bills, which spell some of the extravagances of these care free folks. One long haired citizen whose profession makes his artistic temperament peculiar says he has three degrees of obligation—debts of honor, debts of a gentleman and some not worth mentioning. The first class were those the sheriff compelled payment, the second those who could wait indefinitely for a gentleman's convenience. When he was asked concerning the debts to the town tradesmen he looked injured and said they were too vulgar to speak of. When last winter one of those tradesmen committed suicide in sheer despair he said, "The

poor beast takes life too seriously." The handsomest touring car in our town is owned (at least we think it is owned) by a man who has mortgaged his home and laughs patronizingly in the face of dozens of town creditors.

May 9 in American History.

1779—Washington wrote that the Continental force was little more than a skeleton of an army.

1781—Washington's army had but two days' rations ahead.

1864—General John Sedgwick, leader of the Federal Sixth corps, killed by a sharpshooter at Spottsylvania, Va.; born at Cornwall, Conn., 1810.

1911—Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, author, historian and Federal soldier, died; born 1823.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Constellation Leo (the Lion), which includes the Sickle, seen due southwest about 9 p. m.

May 10 in American History.

1782—The British commander in America, General Carleton, formally notified General Washington of peace measures in England to end war.

1864—By direction of General U. S. Grant three separate attacks were made on the Confederate fortifications at Spottsylvania. The Second, Fifth and Sixth corps lost 4,000 killed and wounded; their opponents less than 2,000.

1869—First railroad to the Pacific (Union Pacific) completed.

1904—Henry M. Stanley, journalist and explorer, died; born 1841.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. The lone star, Cor Hydrae (the Solitary One), low in the southwest about 8:30 p. m., belongs to constellation Hydra.

May 11 in American History.

1778—Washington and his generals at Valley Forge renounced allegiance to King George III. and took oath acknowledging the United States to be "free, independent and sovereign states."

1864—Cavalry combat at Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond. General J. E. B. Stuart's Confederate corps disputed the road to Richmond with General P. H. Sheridan's column. Stuart was mortally wounded.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Four stars of constellation Corvus, forming a quadrangle, seen, due south, low about 8:30 p. m.

May 12 in American History.

1780—Surrender of Charleston, S. C., by General Benjamin Lincoln to the British.

1864—Battle in the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania. General Hancock's Second corps carried the outer line of Confederate works. Federal loss, 7,000 killed and wounded; Confederate about 4,000.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Six stars in vertical line south of east belong to constellations Serpens and Ophiuchus, the latter but partly above the horizon at 8:30 p. m.

May 13 in American History.

1776—"The Guard of the Commander in Chief," George Washington, organized in New York. Pursuant to Washington's dictum, "Put none but Americans on guard" the corps was composed of native born citizens.

1783—Society of the Cincinnati formed at Fishkill, N. Y., in Baron Steuben's camp.

1864—Two Federal corps constituting the Army of the James, commanded by General B. F. Butler, captured Confederate fortifications at Drury's Bluff, near Richmond.

1865—Last battle of the civil war; a skirmish at Palmetto Ranch, near Brazos Santiago, Tex.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Polaris (North Star) white, conspicuous about 8:30 p. m., due north from zenith, with an extensive blank area to the westward.

May 14 in American History.

1787—General Washington met with the first constitutional convention in Independence hall, Philadelphia.

1864—First severe fighting of the campaign for Atlanta began at Resaca, Ga.

1906—Carl Schurz, noted German-American scholar and publicist, died; born 1830.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Evening stars: Mars, Venus, Saturn. Morning stars: Mercury, Jupiter. Constellation Auriga, in the northwest, is distinguishable by the first magnitude star Capella, creamy white on the eastern rim of the Milky way, about 8:30 p. m.

In Love.

"She's head over heels in love with him."

"That so?"

"Yes, she's got to the point where she can't see how she can possibly live without the automobile he owns."—Detroit Free Press.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary.
Furl it, fold it; it is best.
For there's not a man to wave it.
And there's not a sword to save it.
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it.
And its foes now scorn and brave it.
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down! 'Tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered.
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it.
Hard to think there's none to hold it.
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that banner, furl it sadly.
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly.
And ten thousand wildly, madly
Swore it should forever wave.
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined disave.
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it
And the hearts that fondly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low.
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it.
Love the cold dead hands that bore it.
Weep for those who fell before it.
Pardon those who trailed and tore it.
And, oh, wildly they deplore it.
Now, to furl and fold it so!

Furl that banner! True, 'tis glory.
Yet 'tis wreathed around with grief.
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust.
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages.
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner softly slowly.
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never—
Let it droop there furled forever.
For its people's hopes are fled.
—Abram Joseph Ryan.

An Outlet For Her Feelings.

The lovely young lady and her bore-some escort were sitting in the drawing room. He had taken her to the theater and brought her safely home, which was really all that was required of him. But still he stayed and talked and couldn't seem to know what polite yawns signified.

Finally the young woman said: "Mr. Rubbitin, would you mind closing that door? I feel a draft." He tried and tried, but the door wouldn't latch.

"I fear it can't be done," he announced.

"Yes, it can, if you know how," said she. "You have to close it from the outside."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Incredible.

"I wouldn't have believed it of her." "Neither would I. Jane is the last girl in the world I would have thought such a thing of."

"She doesn't seem like that sort of person."

"Indeed, she doesn't. I'd have taken my oath that she wouldn't do such a thing."

"Oh, you never can tell. I've known girls who have been to college to do worse things."

"Well, what did Jane do, anyway?"

"What did she do? She led a heart when Agnes was sitting there with a whole handful of clubs."—Detroit Free Press.

Wrong Diagnosis.

A man called upon a physician for advice. The physician diagnosed the case as one of nerves and prescribed accordingly. The fee was \$5 and the prescription \$2. The man had only \$5. He said to the physician:

"Doc, \$5 is all I have. Lend me \$2 and I'll have the prescription filled."

The physician gazed at the man for a moment, then said: "I have made a mistake in my diagnosis. Your nerve is all right. You are afflicted with an enlarged gall. There is no remedy for that."—Judge.

She Might Do That Much.

"I wish," he said, "you would wear a green wig."

"But," she replied, "this red one is more becoming to me."

"I can't help that. My eyes are rather weak, and green is restful to them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Impossible.

"There goes that Mrs. Gadabout. Do you know, I've heard that her poor husband is absolutely tied to her apron strings."

"Nonsense! I don't believe she's had an apron since they've been married."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cutting Criticism.

Customer (who is being shaved)—Did you pass the civil service examination?

Barber—Yes, sir.

Customer—Well, you ought to get the appointment if there is anything in a pull.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How It Happened.

Aunt Nancy—So you didn't forget your wife when you was down there in New York this trip, Eben?

Uncle Eben (her husband)—I couldn't, Nancy. Every darn girl I met kept rubbin' it into me about beta' a married man.—Puck.

AN UNEXPECTED BOOMERANG.

A Case in Which the Chickens Came Home to Roast.

MARTIN W. LITTLETON was talking at the Garden City Golf club about cross examination.

"I am a foe to harsh and overbearing cross examiners," he said, "and I wish they would all fare like Councilman Dash.

"Councilman Dash was the prosecutor in a case of alleged election fraud. His own election, a municipal one, had been all right, but in the recent state election he hoped to prove serious corruption.

"The councilman began to cross examine a voter named Washington White.

"'Wash,' he said, 'have you got any fixed income?'

"'What's that, sir?' Wash asked. 'I don't quite understand the question, sir.'

"'Have you got any fixed income?' said the councilman. 'That is to say, are there any set sums of money or

appurtenances assured you on certain dates?'

"'Oh, yes, sir,' said Wash. 'Yes, there is, sir.'

"'Oho,' sneered the councilman, 'you have got a fixed income, then, have you? Well, tell us what it is.'

"'You know yourself, sir,' said Washington reproachfully, 'that every election day, just as sure as it comes around, you give me \$2 and a ham.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hand-me-downs.

"I have to wear father's old clothes. I don't suppose you girls have any troubles like those?"

"Yes, we do," said the girl. "I have to wear mother's old hair."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Real Friend.

She—So sorry to hear of your motor accident.

Motorist—Oh, thanks. It's nothing. Expect to live through many more.

She—Oh, but I hope not.—Boston Transcript.

Try a Sack of

HIGH FLIGHT FLOUR

and watch results

All Goods and Prices Are Right

AT

Falls City Lumber Co.

STORE

Advertisers Are In Good Company

By HOLLAND.

MR. BUSINESS MAN, have you ever thought that advertising puts you in good company? It is an old saying that a man is known by the company he keeps. When you join the ranks of the advertisers you join the ranks of the biggest and most successful merchants and manufacturers of the world.

How many concerns can you name in Chicago, in New York, in Kansas City, in Boston, in any large city in the country? Name them and you will notice that all are big advertisers and all are leaders in their lines. Ask your friends to name the most successful merchants they know in the big cities and in each case the name of a great advertiser will be mentioned.

The same rule is true of smaller cities and towns. The successful merchants are the advertisers. The advertiser stamps himself as one having confidence in himself and his wares, as one proud of his calling and seeking publicity and the test of patronage.

JOIN THE RANKS OF SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISERS.

Danger on Every Hand.

"Oh, see the sunbeams dancing on the waves!" said the poetic girl.

"Don't look!" exclaimed the severe woman. "How do we know they aren't dancing the tango or the turkey trot?"—Washington Star.

Foolish Question.

"Did that young man kiss you last night?"

"Mother, do you suppose that he came all the way up here just to hear me sing?"—Fun.