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SALADS, SOME OLD, SOME NEW.

For any other meal except breakfast salads are a welcome part of any menu.
Vegetable Salad.—Chop four large cucumbers, one small onion and two tablespoonfuls of parsley, mix well with mayonnaise and stuff tomatoes with the mixture thus prepared.
Brunswick Salad.—To one and one-half cupfuls of finely cut celery add one cupful of shredded cabbage and one cupful of nut meats. Moisten with **Boiled Dressing.**—Beat into the yolks of seven eggs four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, then add one-half cupful of melted butter, the juice of one lemon, three teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half cupful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar mixed with one-half teaspoonful of mustard. Cook all together until mixture coats the spoon.
Potato Salad.—Slice all of the following ingredients thin: Three small cucumbers, three stalks of celery, ten small boiled potatoes, four hard cooked eggs. Arrange in layers, sprinkling each layer with minced onion. Pour over the above boiled dressing and let stand to season.
Pineapple Salad.—Mix pineapple, diced, with equal parts of diced celery and half the quantity of blanched and shredded almonds. Serve in nests of head lettuce with mayonnaise dressing served in the shell of a small pineapple, garnished with perfect leaves taken from the top.
Cheese Balls.—Take Neufchatel or any cream cheese, add cream, chopped chives and blanched almonds with a little chopped pepper. Make into small balls, arrange on lettuce and serve with boiled dressing or mayonnaise.

Berkshire Salad.—Mix two cupfuls of cold rice potatoes with one cupful of peach meats cut in bits. Marinate with French dressing and serve in a mound of watercress and garnish with halves of pecans—
Serve overlapping slices of tomato and cucumber, sprinkled with chopped onion. Serve with French dressing.

Nellie Maxwell

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

A lost opportunity seldom finds its way back.
—
Gossip is a deadly gas that is often fatal to friendship.
—
A woman who has no diamonds considers them vulgar.
—
The dog who speaks with its tail is something of a wag.
—
When it comes to selecting a wife some men are easily pleased.
—
Death is frequently the result of a man's effort to make a living.
—
Several people have bumped up against disgrace while trying to dodge poverty.

To the Human Race—What boils were to poor old patient Job.
—
To Men of Science—D—Judge.

FARM JOURNAL SAYS:

Who ventures to lend loses money and friend.
—
A rolling Shaurock gathers no Mossroses.
—
Don't stop to argue the right of way with a skunk.
—
The man who can bottle up his temper is a corker.
—
The crooked stick is at the farther end of the wood.

NO AID FOR NOSE

Science Unable to Improve Human Sense of Smell.

Really, in That Field, the Leading Thinkers of the World Are Completely Baffled—Anyway, Would Knowledge Be Desirable?

Some time ago there was held in England a "Wonders of Science Exhibition" which served to reveal many marvels to the public unfamiliar with the work done with the microscope, the microphone and the micrograph. The microphone magnifies sound as the microscope does things seen. The micrograph is the instrument used by the scientist in taking pictures of things shown by the microscope. More people are familiar, to some extent, with the microscope than with the microphone. They know it is possible to hear a fly walk or a caterpillar crawl.

Many other wonders of science were shown at Surbiton, but neither there nor anywhere else has science demonstrated its ability to help the sense of smell. It can do marvels for sight, hearing and touch, but not for the humble and useful nose. In that field the accomplishments of science have been nil.

Let a man stand two miles, say, to windward of the point where a herd of caribou will cross an open plain over which a fresh breeze is sweeping and it must be apparent that only an infinitely minute particle of whatever matter may be given off from his body or clothing can possibly reach the nostrils of any one deer in the herd. Yet, if the man is completely screened from sight by a rise in the surface of the ground the caribou will nevertheless catch the taint in the air. They would be warned of the presence of a wolf in the same way.

Yet science is utterly unable to detect anything which the olfactory nerve of the deer senses and identifies. It cannot see with a microscope anything in the air which came from the man. It cannot find any such substance with a chemical test of any kind. Instead of aiding the sense of smell, it is entirely incapable of matching it. Here is another realm for science to invade and subdue; but would the conquest be altogether desirable? It is a question whether the average man needs to smell more things or sense more acutely the things he smells already. It is thought that the gains would not offset the losses under the prevailing conditions of life.

Coins Memorialize Pilgrims.

Models for the Pilgrim half dollars to be issued by the treasury department in commemoration of the tercentenary anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims were brought to Washington the other day by William Carroll Hill of Boston, secretary of the Pilgrim Tercentenary commission of Massachusetts, and deposited with Ray Baker, director of the mint.

The models are the work of Cyrus E. Dallin, the sculptor, and the designs have been approved by the commission.

The coin will bear on one side the head and shoulders of a typical Pilgrim intended to represent Governor Bradford, with his history of Plymouth colony under his arm, and on the reverse side a representation of the Mayflower. The entire issue of 300,000 coins has been assigned to the commission, which will distribute them through the National Shawmut bank of Boston. National banks in the principal cities of the country will have an opportunity, through the Shawmut, to obtain an allotment of the coins for their respective districts.

The Experiment.

There is a story told concerning a careful mother whose three children horrified her one day by producing for her inspection three exceedingly bilious-looking toffee apples.

"They're very pretty, my dears," she lied bravely. "But really you mustn't eat them. I've heard of little children dying through eating colored toffee apples."

Then she took the sweetmeats away and put them out of reach—as she thought—on a shelf in her dressing room.

She imagined that would do the trick; but early next morning she heard a sound out on the landing, and, going to see who was astray so early, found Elsie trotting along the passage.

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked. "It's not six o'clock yet."
"Going to see if Lick and Arthur are dead yet," replied the eight-year-old miss. "I'm not."

Made to Suit.

Finley P. Dunne—"Mr. Dooley"—laid down his gorgeous Sunday magazine section.

"It says here," he observed, "that a western scientist is at work trying to transform a black man into a white man, and it says, by jingo, that the experiment is going to be a complete success."

Mr. Dunne nodded thoughtfully. "Wonderful," he said. "Wonderful! And yet, come to think about it, they've been doing the same thing for a great many years by means of white-wash."

Silent Embarrassment.

"Nobody talks about the bathers' costumes any more."
"No," replied the beach constable. "They've got to be so improper you don't let on to you noticed 'em."

TAKES PICTURES BY WIRE

World Is Now More Open-Minded in Its Reception of New Inventions.

A Frenchman has just telephoned a photograph a distance of 350 miles, from Lyons to Paris, and his government has assigned him an experimental station. The French nation and the world are awaiting developments.

How different the reception of inventions in these days in contrast to the past, observes the Boston Globe. It was not many years ago that the inventor was looked upon as a servant of Old Nick. He had to fight a world of superstition, with backward-looking forces seeking to destroy him. At best he was thwarted—people pointed at their heads when he strolled along the street, and his machine became a "folly." In consequence the inventor usually went to his grave a pauper, if not a martyr, and years drifted by before his work became useful to mankind.

The open-mindedness of the present era of science and its rewards is illustrated best by our attitude toward men of imagination and new ideas. When wireless was invented only a few years ago the minds of men immediately jumped to it. Hardly had the first tick been sent by wireless telegraph, than it sprouted the wireless telephone, and now navigation by wireless at sea, over and under the water. This month a battle ship will go down Chesapeake bay, without a man on board, controlled by electric current handled by a man on shore. All these devices are the work of less than a decade. Minds of men seem to be ready to bob up from the pillows of the past at the song of the lark.

Just before the beginning of the century Mr. H. G. Wells painted what was regarded as a highly imaginative picture of a man at home enjoying a drama reproduced completely, sight and sound. Our open-mindedness toward new inventions results in their blessing us with rapid improvements. If this mental receptivity which we seem to have in scientific matters could be extended to the realm of our political and social experimentation, the harvest might be even richer in benefits to the race.

Why Cities Grow.

A natural human desire to elude the divine mandate, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," has always

been the seat of many our earthly troubles. As interpreted to mean the kind of perspiration that accompanies tilling the soil, it may account for many abandoned farms and the swarming emigration of the agricultural population to the cities—where, indeed, the sweating doesn't stop, but is in thousands of instances greatly stayed.

On the farm physical exertion well-nigh reaches its maximum. Stripped for the struggle with nature, reduced to the merest remnant of clothing, the gladiatorial combat is carried on.

There are no fat farmers, unless they become "landed proprietors" and have delegated all violence of labor to other hands. It is the cry from Macedonia now, that the hired man is no longer to be hired; and all the racking toll of the farm descends upon one hapless pair of shoulders; no one is to be had for love or money, to share it.

The rendering of the soil into nature's hands is quite accountable. And when the rewards of easier employment in the city are so great, even partial dependence on a sense of conscientious self-sacrifice is not to be expected.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Was Well Fixed.

One of the churches in a western town is so fortunate as to have a young woman as its pastor. She was called to the door of the parsonage one day, and saw there a much embarrassed young farmer of the Swedish type.

"They said the minister lived in this house," he stammered.

"Yes," replied the fair pastor.

"Well—well—I'd—er—like to get married."

"To get married? Very well, I can marry you," said the minister encouragingly.

"Oh, but I've got a girl already," was the disconcerting reply.

Domestic Tragedy.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "you never ask me to water the rubber tree or put the cat out any more."

"It has been attended to, Leonidas."

"And you don't mind how many cigarettes I smoke nor how late I stay out at night?"

"I consider you able to take care of yourself."

"Henrietta, many a home has been wrecked because of ambition and business preoccupation. You have grown to be so interested in woman suffrage I don't believe you care what becomes of me!"

TRAGEDY TURNS INTO ROMANCE

Chief Figures in Sensational Episode in Chicago Are Quietly Married.

COMES AS SURPRISE

Man and Woman Were Prominently Mentioned in One of the Most Remarkable Tragedies of the Year—Both Exonerated.

Chicago.—Ruth Wood, twenty-five-year-old bookkeeper, who was found leaning over the dead body of Samuel T. A. Loftis, wealthy diamond broker, in his palatial North side apartment, was married two weeks later in Waukegan to Roy M. Shayne, advertising salesman, whose name was linked with hers in the widely heralded tragedy.

The marriage comes a surprise to both relatives and friends of the couple. They made no announcement of their intentions, but slipped quietly from the city.

The first announcement came in a telegram to Miss Wood's mother:

"We are married. Both very happy. On our way to a quiet resting place," the message read. It was signed "Roy and Ruth."

Romance Old—Yet Young.

The romance of the pair is scarcely two months old—and yet has lasted over a decade of years. Then Roy Shayne was manager of his father's business, the John T. Shayne company, dealers in furs. Ruth was a typist, barely out of school. She worked for the firm and Shayne became attracted to her.

Later she left his employ and for ten years did not see him. Then, some weeks ago, the fates which had decreed their participation in one of the most sensational "stories" of the year brought them together again. They met at the Edgewater Beach hotel, where Ruth was employed.

Shayne became devoted to her, and met her daily at her home. He introduced her to Samuel T. A. Loftis,



Leaning Over the Dead Body.

wealthy diamond dealer. That night they announced their engagement at a dinner given by Loftis.

Girl Met Loftis by Appointment.
Six days later Loftis called Miss Wood at the hotel.

"Come to my apartment. I want to talk to you about Roy's future," was his message. Miss Woods went. Loftis met her at the door dressed only in pajamas. Drinks followed. Five hours later Shayne, awaiting her arrival at her mother's home, received a phone call. It was Ruth.

"Come and get me. I am at Loftis' home! And hurry!" was the message. Shayne went.

An hour later officers came rushing to the house. Loftis lay dead on the floor. Shayne was awaiting, Miss Wood had fled.

Shayne refused at first to tell her name—but finally consented. Both were arrested. Both were grilled. Both obtained "scare heads" in the papers and both faced the searching glances of officials and spectators at a coroner's jury. Their story was a 24-hour sensation of Chicago. And both were exonerated.

Babe's Appeal Touches Father.
New Castle, Pa.—Contentment prevails in the home of Betty Jane Reno, and her brothers, Jack and Ralph, at New Castle, Pa.

Mr. Reno, who was in Cleveland, read Betty's letter to the paper, and was touched by the appeal. "I was just going to work," he wrote home to his wife, "and saw Betty's letter in the paper. I simply couldn't work. I had no idea how the kiddies would suffer."

He forwarded a money order with the letter, and stated that he would return and "play square" with the family he had deserted.

Little Coats Defy Midwinter



Against the coming of midwinter, a new lot of coats, for lucky little girls, have come to light in the shops. If they ever get close enough to Jack Frost to speak to him their wearers will be sure to laugh in his face for it will take his bitterest mood to prove him an enemy to their comfort. These coats are most often of thick, soft woolly cloths made double-breasted and having the coziest of collars. Some of them look as if Mary's faithful lamb had been skinned and its pelt converted into a coat without going through the hands of the spinners and weavers. Lovely and cozy describes them and they are, of course, the product of the looms which do miracles with wools. The little coats of thick cloths are plain with inset pockets and sleeves that reach to the knuckles, so that hands thrust into pockets are entirely lost sight of. They are made with turnover collars and narrow belts of the material and they are long enough to reach below the knees.

There are some pretty coats of velvet lined with silk. These are sometimes made with blouse and skirt and sometimes straight. Cuffs and very wide muffer collars of fur fabric with deep set-in pockets show them equal to battling with the cold, even though they are not as sturdy looking

as the woolly coats. Besides these there are many plush coats made like the woolly ones, usually in dark colors with plush collars that imitate beaver and buttons covered with beaver plush. They are as warm as the woolly coats and as dressy as the velvet ones. Finally, there are fur coats for little folks. These days one cannot even whisper "furs" without saying "money" in a loud tone of voice, so only little rich girls will find themselves wearing coats that are made of pelts that once defended small friends of theirs against the cold. Rabbits, muskrats and squirrels have been sacrificed to make warm coats for the small girls, white bunnies for the tiniest ones and just plain rabbits for girls as big as the little miss pictured. The shawl collar looks as if it were seal skin but it is not. Mollie Cottontail furnished the fur and the furrier dyed it. It is not prettier or more comfortable than the other coats, but it requires much more work to make it—and thereby hangs the tale of its long price. Such a coat costs a little more than a hundred dollars.

Julia Bottomly