

# PORTLAND

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PORTLAND, OREGON

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REOPENED AND NEWLY FURNISHED  
Fairness, Courtesy, Good Service. European Plan  
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Central Hotel in Portland. FRED SMITH, Mgr.

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A good place to Eat and Live well.  
Remarkable 40c luncheon at noon.  
Open 7 a. m. to 2 a. m., 304 Yamhill St.

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# WE

use men between ages of 18 and 50.  
pay 40c per hour as minimum wage.  
give best of meals at 35c each.  
supply beds for 25c, 30c and 40c.  
have FREE hot and cold water baths.  
advance employees rapidly.  
give positions FREE on application.  
have Employment offices at West Linn,  
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building, Sixth and Burnside, Portland, Oregon.

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Goods Are Received  
HIGHEST PRICES FOR  
HIDES, FELTS, WOOL, MOHAIR,  
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Branch at Pocatello, Idaho.  
Write for Prices and Shipping Tags

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Sanitary Beauty Parlors—We fix you up,  
we make all kinds of Hair Goods of your  
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Culture. 400 to 414 Dekum Bldg., Phone  
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FOOT CORRECTIONIST  
Featherweight Arch Supports made to  
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Portland, Ore.

## PERSONAL

Marry if Lonely; most successful "Home  
Maker"; hundreds rich; confidential;  
reliable; years experience; descriptions  
free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Nash,  
Box 556, Oakland, California.

## PATENT ATTORNEY MECHANICAL ENGINEER

Protect that Idea with a United  
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out of Patents. Why not you? Thomas  
Bilyeu, 202 Stevens Bldg., Portland, Ore.



## DR. CHAS. J. DEAN

DR. AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON  
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

## No Place For It.

"I ran across a remarkable feu  
d'esprit the other day," said a casual  
acquaintance, trying to be entertain-  
ing. "I'm sorry," replied the wealthy  
man to whom he was speaking, "but  
my wife has just returned from Paris  
with a lot of art treasures, and I  
shouldn't have any place to hang it,  
even if I bought it!"

## Historical Item.

"Noah's ark was made of wood, but  
Joan of Arc was made of Orleans,"  
wrote a youngster in answer to an ex-  
amination question.

As and when they move upwards,  
there is a meeting-point for those  
whom a chasm separates below.—  
Gladstone.

## ODD WAYS OF THE FISHER FOLK

Habits and Customs of Dwellers on  
the East Coast of Scotland Are  
Peculiar.

The fisher folk of the east coast of  
Scotland have habits and customs dif-  
ferent from those of any other section  
of the working classes.

Except in selling their fish or pur-  
chasing the actual necessities, or oc-  
casionally borrowing from the bank  
when assistance is required in the buy-  
ing of an old or the building of a new  
boat, they have next to no traffic with  
the outside world.

It is seldom that a fisherman marries  
other than a fisher lass, and even  
should she allow her affections to wan-  
der, the line is firmly drawn at a  
cooper or other fish-worker with the  
"codling bleed," which means that he  
belongs to a fisher family.

There is a distrust of the "frem"—  
as outsiders are termed—almost  
amounting to a racial distinction, and  
this is emphasized in the implicit con-  
fidence one fisherman will place in an-

other, although they may be utter  
strangers to each other.

It is safe to say that the majority of  
the Scottish fisher folk are teetotalers.  
An odd fisherman may be met in most  
of the villages who is teetotal until  
asked to have something. Then it is:  
"Well, I'm a teetotaler in a kind of a  
way. Nae bigoted, ye ken; I never  
took any pledge. A man's aye best  
that can temper himself! Oh, I'll drink  
your health—no' that I care a preen  
p'nt for 't. Na, thank ye, I never  
tak' water."

The fisherman is emphatically of a re-  
ligious turn. As a preacher he is a  
marvel. With fewer opportunities than  
most men for the cultivation of cor-  
rect speaking, he can go out into the  
square at Stornoway or Fraserburgh,  
where thousands of his fellows have  
gathered for the summer herring-fish-  
ing, and discourse on a text for twenty  
minutes or so with an eloquence and  
grip of his subject which might be  
envied by many members of the cloth,  
says a writer in Mac Matters.

## Dog-Eating Ceases as Igorotes Try Out Beef

Manila.—The dog market of Baguio  
has disappeared entirely and the eat-  
ing of dogs by the Igorotes, a non-  
Christian tribe, has been reduced to a  
minimum, according to Col. Henry  
Knauber, head of the constabulary  
academy at Baguio.

Introduction of the meat of cattle  
and hogs has turned the Igorotes, who  
formerly ate dogs, into eaters of  
meats recognized by the civilized

world as eatable," said Col. Knauber.  
"These people had to have some kind  
of meat and years ago the only ani-  
mal they knew was the dog."

"When civilization introduced cat-  
tle and domestic hogs to these moun-  
tain people, they quit eating dogs.  
Only a few scattering cases of dog  
eating have been reported for some  
time, and these were among the peo-  
ples living far back in the hills."

## His Masked Hostess

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Ramsey Cummings was a bachelor, thirty-three years old, and was shy and rather self-centered.

So when Ramsey came to his office in the morning he generally went through the same routine day in and day out without much variation. There was a shy greeting to the office force, a quick dart into his large, comfortable office, a glance through the mail and then some dictation to pretty Mary Evans, while, shyly, he marveled at the luxuriance of her unbobbed brown hair, and marveled at the depth of her big blue eyes, and felt a little flutter around his heart at the mere thought that perhaps she might some day preside over his home instead of merely being an important cog in the office machinery.

But this morning there was a break in the routine. Ramsey, in fact, scarcely even looked up when Mary, radiant in her youthful beauty, entered on time to the dot and took her accustomed seat.

But this morning there had come a letter—an extraordinary, startling letter—and Ramsey was still reading it over and over and still trying to determine whether it was a hoax or the real thing.

This is what the letter, written in a flowing, feminine hand, had to say:

"Dear Ramsey (that's not very formal, is it?)—

"I know you're a lonely old bachelor and you ought to have a home of your own instead of merely inhabiting quarters. It looks to me as if you don't have much fun in life and it also looks to me as though a good home-cooked meal would do you a world of good. So I'm going to take pity on you and invite you to take dinner with my married sister and myself tomorrow evening at half past six o'clock at my sister's home, 918 Linden avenue. There will be only we three—my sister's husband will be out of the city, much to his disappointment, because we told him about our plans and he's much interested in them. And—I'm going to cook the dinner entirely by myself.

"Now here's the point: I'd just die if you should find out who I am, because this is a mighty bold thing to do. My sister and I will be masked while you are at the house and I'm going to trust to your honor not to try to find out who we are.

"If you can't come, please phone Main 2119 promptly at 12:30 o'clock tomorrow noon and simply say 'I can't come' and give your name. But if we don't hear from you at that time we'll expect you tomorrow night."

There was no name signed to the letter and nothing else.

Ramsey, quite absorbed at this rather pleasant break in the monotony of his life, read the letter again and again.

At last, however, he looked up to find Mary's big blue eyes fixed on him in puzzlement at this astounding arrangement of the morning's routine. And as Ramsey looked full into Mary's eyes the letter was momentarily forgotten and a stronger wave of sentiment for Mary swept over him than he had yet experienced.

On the instant Ramsey felt a wild outburst of hopes and affection on the tip of his tongue.

Then, on the instant a cloud of despair swept over him. For Mary dropped her eyes to her notebook and there he saw again the photograph of a man—the same photograph that had been in her notebook for the past week and which she so frequently regarded with rapt attention. Her fiancé, probably, thought Ramsey ruefully.

Dictation went badly that morning. All during the time Mary was in the office with him there were two elements in Ramsey's mind which stopped his usually ready flow of business language and made him frequently stop and stare blankly into vacancy. One of these was his rapidly growing sentiment for Mary and fast augmenting rage against the unknown man whose picture she carried in her notebook, and the other was the lure of the unknown woman who had so suddenly and interestingly come into his life.

All the rest of the day Ramsey was restless. Should he accept the invitation or not?

On the following day he was not himself at all. He found it so impossible to conduct his routine as under normal conditions that he dispensed entirely with dictation and spent almost the entire morning in a flurry of indecision as to whether he should go to Linden avenue and meet the masked hostess or not. For a shy man and a man who had few adventures in life it was quite a problem.

But—half past twelve came and went, and Ramsey failed to call.

As the afternoon wore on Ramsey

# POULTRY



## MAKE SUCCESS WITH GEESSE

Goosings Month Old Are Hardest of Fowls—Grass in Ration is Most Important.

## After Every Meal

# WRIGLEY'S

and give your stomach a lift.

Provides "the bit of sweet" in beneficial form.

Helps to cleanse the teeth and keep them healthy.

## This One Your Friend.

As far as its economic status is concerned the Phebe makes an ideal neighbor, says Nature Magazine. This bird's diet consists of 90 per cent animal food and 10 per cent vegetable matter. The major part of the insects eaten are injurious species.

## Immense Slate Quarry.

The Oakley slate quarry in North Wales, the largest underground slate operation in the world, has fifty miles of railroads, four miles of pump mains and twelve miles of compressed air mains, and slate has been removed from 26 levels.

## Silver Map.

A silver map of the world, exhibited at the Royal Geographical society, England, is said to be the best of four such maps in existence. It is a thin circular plate of silver about three inches in diameter and commemorates Drake's voyage around the world.

## Walking-Stick Denoted Rank.

At one time the general use of walking-sticks was forbidden in Rome by imperial edict, except to persons of patrician rank, thus making it a privilege which came to be popular among the nobility and eventually a distinction.

## Earth's Mountain Altars.

The mountains of the earth are its natural cathedrals, or natural altars, overlaid with gold and bright with bordered work of flowers—and with their clouds resting on them as the smoke of a constant sacrifice.—Ruskin.

## Determination.

"When a man gets his head set dat he gwine do a suttin stunt," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "dey ain' nothin' gwine stop him but a contrary-minded, obstinate, square-jawed woman!"

## Breeches and the Greeks.

Among the Greeks breeches were regarded as a mark of slavery. They were worn by northern peoples, however. In the reign of Honorius, in 394 A. D., the breeches makers were expelled from Rome.

## Unique New Zealand Reptile.

The "tutatera lizard" is said to be the most remarkable creature now living in New Zealand, and the oldest existing type of reptile.

## Made New Use of Bronze Vault.

The bronze vault of the portico of the Pantheon in Rome was removed by Urban VII in 1832 to be used in casting the baldacchino, or sacred canopy of Saint Peter's church.

## Whimsical.

A college wag opines that the Biblical story of the creation must have been written by a baseball reporter, because it starts off with, "In the big inning!"—Boston Transcript.

## Production by Silk Worms.

Silk worms of the world, taken together, produce 4,700 miles of fine silk thread every second of their work-day, about 150,000,000,000 miles a year.

## Thought for the Day.

Too many husbands say to their families in the evening what they wanted to say to dissatisfied customers during the day—but didn't dare.

## Red Cross BALL BLUE

is the finest product of its kind in the world. Every woman who has used it knows this statement to be true.

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

P. N. U. No. 27, 1923

came to feel a certain sense of fatality in the coming event. If he went to the dinner, he felt, instinctively, that the masked hostess would ensnare him and that Mary, consequently, would pass out of his life forever.

With a sort of courage born of desperation Ramsey tried hard to see Mary and tell her something that afternoon of the tumult in his heart, but fortune wasn't with him. He found no opportunity for doing so.

At last, then, Ramsey, neatly garbed in a dinner jacket, drove to 918 Linden avenue. He looked with a quickening heart at a charming little bungalow, whose windows were glowing with friendly light and whose whole appearance seemed to say "Here are life and joy and companionship. Come in. You're welcome."

But in spite of the cheering appearance of home Ramsey felt embarrassedly diffident as he finally advanced up the walk to the veranda and timidly rang the doorbell.

There was a moment's delay. Then suddenly the door swung open and Ramsey, blinking in the light, saw a masked woman standing in front of him and beckoning him to enter.

At least she wore no wedding ring, so this was the writer of the mysterious note. This was his hostess.

In pantomime the masked hostess drew him into the room and led him toward the fire, where the heat, on coming in from the frosty night, felt grateful.

But why didn't she speak? Was she dumb?

As though in answer to his thoughts the masked hostess took a tablet from the mantelpiece and wrote upon it hurriedly. Then she showed the message to Ramsey. This is what he read:

"You might hear me speak some day, so I'll not speak tonight. You understand—I don't want to be recognized."

Ramsey read, then looked up at the woman. Her eyes were twinkling behind the mask. Surely she couldn't be old. Surely she must be pretty and attractive and lovely.

Ramsey felt his heart stirring. He felt himself enjoying his adventure immensely.

A moment later another masked figure came into the room. Ramsey, in pantomime, was introduced to her and the wedding ring on her finger pointed out to him. This, then, was the married sister.

Almost immediately Ramsey was directed to the dinner table.

In all of Ramsey's long boarding house experience he'd never eaten such a dinner nor, in spite of the silence, broken only by his own comments and laughter, had he ever been in such congenial company. It was good to be there in this cozy, warm home, with these two women attending to him. Yes, beyond a doubt his hostess must be young and lovely. Such a splendid adventure could have no other climax. But all good things must end. Too soon Ramsey found himself subtly directed toward the door and found his hat and coat. It was time for him to go.

A chill dismay clutching at his heart, Ramsey stopped at the door and turned to face his masked hostess. The married sister had said good-by in pantomime and disappeared into the kitchen.

Again Ramsey looked deep into the eyes behind the mask. This time they were dark and inscrutable. And yet—and yet—surely there was a message in them for him. Surely—

Suddenly a great joyous sense of conviction swept over Ramsey. He advanced a step toward his masked hostess, who retreated precipitately. Then he stopped.

"I—I," he said, huskily, "I know you! I know you. I'd know you anywhere, under any conditions. I've been crazy about you for weeks—months, but—but this is the first time I've ever had the courage to say anything. Why, why did you tease me so with that man's photograph in your notebook? Who is he? What is he to you?"

For a moment there was silence. Then the masked hostess spoke and the voice was Mary's voice.

"I—I don't know who he is," she said softly. "I found the picture on the floor in the office and—and—"

Now Ramsey had her in his arms. "And I let you see the picture so as to make you jealous. But you didn't seem to notice. And then I got this idea of this dinner—and—oh, Ramsey, you're so slow, you old dear!"

## Devoted Guards Keep Channel Light Burning

London.—Bishop's light, rising from a foundation of jagged rock near the Scilly Islands, welcomes eastbound liners to the English channel, and at the same time gives grim warning of the nearby labyrinth of dangers. It stands guard over waters where rest the skeletons of more shipwrecks than in any other marine graveyard of the world.

The light is 100 feet above the sea level, yet the waves that break forever