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We want your egg shipments. We pay cash. No dis-
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GOOD EATS AT POPULAR PRICES
 Best Room for Ladies.
 311 Washington St. Between Fifth and Sixth Streets
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T H Mallory Select Residential & Transient Hotel

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SEA FOODS. You Will Feel at Home Here.
 Opposite S. P. Waiting Room Fourth and Stark.
 IF ITS ANYTHING IN FISH WE HAVE IT.

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If taken in time, prevent operations for Diabetes, Catarrh, Asthma,
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 The C. Gee Wo Remedies are harmless, as no drugs or poison are used.
 Composed of the choicest medicinal roots, herbs, buds and bark, im-
 ported by us from the best oriental countries.
 Call or Write for Information
C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Company
 New Location—262 1/2 Alder St., S. W. Cor. Third, Portland, Oregon
 Established 23 Years in Portland.

GLASSES

That Fit—None Better
 CHARGES REASONABLE
Dr. Harry Brown
 149 Third St.
 PORTLAND, OREGON

New Pacific Northwest Pocket Map

The Union Pacific has just received from the press a new pocket edition
 indexed map of the Pacific Northwest,
 which is perhaps the most complete
 and convenient map of Oregon and
 Washington ever published. A copy
 will be sent free to any address by Wm.
 McMurray, General Passenger Agent,
 Pittock Block, Portland, Oregon, upon
 receipt of request by card or letter.

We started our weekly auction sales
 Wednesday, Nov. 21st. If you have any-
 thing to consign in horses, mules, cattle,
 harness or wagons, also farm implements,
 you can ship direct to the North Portland
 Horse & Mule Company. Wire, write or
 phone Empire 4121, and we will give you
 prompt attention. North Portland Horse
 & Mule Co., No. Portland, Oregon.

We Specialize in
 Hide, Pelts, Wool, Mohair, Tallow, Cascara,
 Oregon Grape Root, Goat Skins, Horse Hair
 Write for Shipping Tags & latest Price List
PORTLAND HIDE & WOOL CO.
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 Branch at Pocatello, Idaho

MIRRORS AND GLASS
Central Mirror & Glass Works
 Manufacturers of High Grade French
 Mirrors; Beveling; Damaged Mirrors Re-
 silvered, 40c a square foot, and Mirrors
 Framed. Glass for Auto Curtains, Wind-
 shields, Headlights and all Purposes. 325
 Wheeler Street, Portland, Oregon.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
 Removed without injury to the skin by Ney-Born
 Depilatory. Sample on request. Ney-Born La-
 boratories, 319 Morgan Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

USED FORDS
 COUPES, SEDANS, TOURINGS, ROADSTERS.
 Easy Terms. Used Ford Bought and Sold
FARNHAM & WILLIAMS, INC.
 West Side (Two Stories) East Side,
 23 Nor. 11th St. and 211 Grand Ave., Portland.

BATTERIES \$10
 OREGON BATTERY CO.
 46 Grand Avenue. Phone East 1000.
 PORTLAND, OREGON

CHAS. J. DEAN, M.D.
 2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON

Hen Charged With Theft of Gem Freed by Judge

Boston.—A hen cannot steal, and
 Lady Camille is beyond the clutches
 of the law, it was ruled in the Ches-
 sea district court by Judge Blossom.
 So the blue Orpington hen which
 plucked a diamond from a ring on the
 finger of George A. Hennessey and was
 arrested for larceny was restored to
 her coop at a chicken show here.
 Hennessey had no redress against
 John Strom, owner of Lady Camille,

the court said, as Strom had not com-
 mitted larceny. Unless Strom retains
 and extracts the jewel or sells the
 bird to Hennessey, the latter must do
 without his diamond.
Body is Sliced in Two.
 Neenah, Wis.—Rudolph Diedrickson,
 twenty-four years old, of Neenah was
 sawed completely in two when he ac-
 cidentally fell on a buzz saw.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

RUNNING TIDES

WHERE the oceans, seas and riv-
 ers are, where happiness dwells,
 where progress wends its way among
 the nations, the tides are running day
 and night in perfect harmony with the
 mysterious force which is prompting,
 swaying, driving and compelling every
 animate creature to action.
 Slowly we learn that these unpre-
 cedented tides which seem so irresistible,
 so destructive to our fondest dream-
 s and aspirations, can be made subser-
 vient to our wishes, and how by a stroke
 or two we may swim strongly with
 their currents and reach our goal.

To some of us the very thought of
 the constant motion of these tides sug-
 gests that they are opposing us, seek-
 ing to sweep us under, when in reality
 they are intended to develop our pow-
 ers to keep our heads above the waters
 and carry us safely on to our destina-
 tion in spite of ourselves.

We balk at doing this or that be-
 cause of opposition. We lack the cour-
 age to breast the flood. In a moment
 of despair we feel that it is preferable
 to destroy our ambitions and forget
 them than to make the fight.

It is pleasanter to sit by the fire and
 picture castles in the air than it is to
 erect them on a substantial foundation.
 And frequently, while we are thus idly
 dreaming, the tides pick us up and
 whirl us off to some destitute island.
 If in our temporary isolation we regain
 our senses and see ourselves as we real-
 ly are, we summon our spiritual and
 physical strength and strike out boldly
 for the main land.

Whatever our sensations may have
 been in the grip of such emotions, if
 we have within us the right qualities,
 we are likely later in our careers to
 become more earnest, capable and pa-
 tient.

The old egotism, narrow selfishness
 and choleric temper, which were pull-
 ing us down beneath the waters, have
 scurried away.

We have become more charitable,
 more neighborly, more inclined to pull
 with the tides than to oppose them
 when opposition is of no avail. We
 heed cheerfully the advice of our su-
 periors instead of rejecting it with
 ugly words of protestation or rising up
 in rebellion against well-meant author-
 ity.

And this is as it should be. The se-
 cret of success is to know when to
 buffet the tides and when to float con-
 placently with them.

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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

You Never Break a Date?
 "You are really awfully com-
 mon-place," "You are socially
 unengaged," "You seem to have
 little work to do." All these
 things have been fired at you,
 teasingly because you keep your
 dates! You are right to keep
 your dates! Why should you more
 than any other kind of unwritten
 contract? To be sure, you often
 get "left," but you know you
 are right—and that's a help.
 Anyhow you don't have to keep
 "scarce" to keep rare.

Your get-away here is:
 You've done your best to make
 both ends meet and if they do
 not—it's up to the other feller.
 (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

His Choice.

Young Everbroke—Say, dad, what is
 a preferred creditor?
 Old Everbroke—It's a matter of
 taste, my son. I prefer the easy,
 good-natured kind, with short mem-
 ories.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says
 that with all his faults, Napoleon was
 the strongest president France ever
 had.

Why Mr. Minch Smiled

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Mr. Minch!" whispered a still,
 small voice at the tall floorwalker's
 elbow. "Mr. Minch!"
 As the big blonde man did not rec-
 ognize this "still, small voice" as the
 voice of his conscience, he bent his
 head down to observe Lottie Miller, a
 diminutive bundle wrapped, who was
 registering great secrecy. "Kin I speak
 a word to you?"

Bachelor though he was, Donald
 Minch knew that when a woman asks
 to say one word she means a score or
 more, so he led the girl aside to a
 quiet spot.

"What's the matter, Lottie? Any-
 thing been stolen?"
 "Nothing like that, Mr. Minch. It's
 about the picnic."
 "Aha!"

Mr. Minch, as chairman of the en-
 tertainment committee of the annual
 picnic and merrymaking of the Smith
 Stores, Inc., to be held at Holiday
 Beach next Saturday, listened atten-
 tively.

"You know that new girl on the
 gloves?"
 "Which one?"

Lottie sniffed. "Only one worth no-
 ticing, Mr. Minch. Name's Mary Smith
 —I bet that don't tell you anything."
 "Don't be sassy, little girl!" warned
 the floorman austere. "There is an-
 other girl, blue eyes, curly hair and
 little freckles on her nose. A pretty—"
 "And he never noticed her!" mur-
 mured Lottie, unafraid.

"What about her?"
 "Mary Smith's been crying off and
 on all day. She isn't going to the pic-
 nic!"

"Why isn't she going?"
 "She won't tell; just wants to go
 and can't. It's just tragic!" sniffed
 Lottie, who loved the "movies."
 Mr. Minch looked disturbed. "Send
 her to me, Lottie. I will wait here."

Lottie sped away on her errand, and
 Donald Minch looked watchfully out
 of the corners of fine blue eyes in the
 direction of the distant glove counter.
 Presently the dainty form of Mary
 Smith came toward him. There was
 timid appeal in her soft glance and a
 scared look as of one summoned be-
 fore high justice.

"You sent for me, Mr. Minch?"
 He nodded kindly and took a note-
 book from his pocket and poised a sil-
 ver pencil. "Let me see, Miss Smith,
 you are in department 39?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; gloves."
 "How long have you been with us?"
 "Four weeks."

He looked at the open page of his
 notebook. "You know I am chairman
 of the entertainment committee of the
 picnic next Saturday?"

"Yes, sir, in an awed tone.
 "I am checking the names of those
 who are going. All employees are ex-
 pected to attend if able. Your name
 is not checked. Why?"

"I'm afraid that I cannot go, sir."
 "Er—domestic objection or trouble?"
 he asked kindly.

Mary Smith smiled sadly and her
 smile was beautiful. It startled him.
 "No home trouble, Mr. Minch. I
 have no home—my people are all dead.
 I am quite alone. I would love to
 come to the picnic, but I am a perfect
 stranger here and I have no friends,
 so I thought I would stay at home."

He shook his handsome head. "That
 will not do at all, Miss Smith. It will
 do you good to come and get acquaint-
 ed with the other workers. This is a
 get-together party, arranged by Harri-
 son Smith—what is the matter? Are
 you ill?"

Mary Smith was leaning against a
 pillar, looking white and startled.
 "Oh, no. You were saying some-
 thing about Harrison Smith—it is a
 common name enough, but I had an
 uncle by that name."

"Indeed? Where is he?"
 "We do not know—we never knew.
 He and my father became separated
 when they were quite young men and
 lost sight of each other entirely. Dad
 always said he was sure that his
 brother was dead—he traveled all over
 the world."

"That is very interesting indeed,
 and now, Miss Smith, I shall expect
 to see you at the picnic bright and
 early Saturday morning. Buses will
 be at the store to run you out to the
 park. Be here at nine o'clock."

"Thank you, Mr. Minch. You are
 very kind indeed," she murmured, her
 pale cheeks growing pink under his
 admiring gaze. If Mr. Minch had
 known that his eyes were betraying
 him he would have closed them swiftly,
 for he was a young man who ap-
 preciated the responsibility of his po-
 sition with Harrison Smith, Inc., and
 a remote manner toward the young
 women of the company was a notice-
 able characteristic.

"If you are not there, you will be
 docked," he told Mary Smith.
 So Mary Smith went back to her
 counter, observed by all her fellow
 workers.

"You certainly struck twelve with
 Minch!" remarked Ella Brady, also at
 the glove counter.

"How absurd!" blushed Mary again,
 whereupon Ella Brady sent a wink
 across the aisle to Lottie Miller, who
 kindly intervention had changed the
 world for one girl—and for one man.

What a wonderful Saturday that
 was. To begin with, it was a perfect-
 ly beautiful day. Holiday park had
 been reserved exclusively for the
 Smith picnic, and with the fresh green
 of the trees and grass and the blue of

the surrounding water, there was
 nothing more to be desired for a play-
 ground.

As chairman of the entertainment
 committee, Mr. Donald Minch was
 here, there and everywhere, directing
 games, leading the dancing in the pa-
 vilion, always finding time to help
 some one else have a good time; mak-
 ing introductions, seeking out the lone-
 ly and the unpopular ones, making
 everybody happy. Neither did he neg-
 lect his own pleasure, for did he not
 dance repeatedly with pretty Mary
 Smith until her cheeks were as pink
 as her frock? For his part, Mr. Minch
 quite made up his mind that a bache-
 lor's life was dull indeed. Whereupon
 he sought out Mary and invited her to
 attend the theater with him one night
 the following week.

At this particular moment alone
 came Mr. Harrison Smith, a breezy,
 opulent gentleman, who shook hands
 with Mr. Minch and looked inquiringly
 at Mary.

"A strange face to me, Mr. Minch.
 This is one of our flock, I suppose?"
 he asked genially.

"Miss Mary Smith of the glove coun-
 ter—has been with us a month. She
 says she has an uncle somewhere in
 the world who bears the same name
 as yours," said Mr. Minch, as he pre-
 sented Mr. Harrison Smith.

"Run away, Minch, while I question
 Miss Smith—I may be her long-lost
 uncle, although I have no strawberry
 mark on my left arm," said Mr. Smith.

"Ah, my uncle Harrison didn't have
 one either, but he did have one on his
 left thumb," laughed Mary.

Mr. Harrison Smith calmly held out
 his left thumb. "What's that?" he
 asked.

"Oh!" cried Mary frightened.
 "Are you my brother's daughter?"
 calmly asked the successful merchant.

"My father was Hobart Henry
 Smith."
 "Where is he now—don't answer,
 my dear. I see it in your face. I did
 not know what had become of any of
 his family. I have spent much time
 and money—" His genial face was
 overcast with sorrow.

"We are alone—we two," he said
 after a while. "You must come and
 be my daughter."
 Just then Mr. Minch came along
 and heard the whole story. "Get all
 the folks together, Minch. I want to
 tell them about my adopted daughter."
 And as Mr. Minch, looking depressed
 enough over the shattering of his plans
 for a wife named Mary, Mr. Smith
 drew him aside with a little slap on
 the shoulder. "There'll be no objec-
 tion on my part if she wants to marry
 a likely young man in my store, say
 the general manager, eh Minch?"
 And Mr. Minch smiled.

NEW AIRSHIP LINE PLANNED

Luxurious Zeppelins to Fly Between
 Spain and South America in
 Near Future.

Plans for an airship line between
 Spain and South America have been
 completed.

The king of Spain is largely respon-
 sible for its inception, and the Zepp-
 elin company is reported to have re-
 ceived a commission to construct air-
 ships with a capacity of 4,500,000 cubic
 feet, a length of 825 feet, capable of
 carrying forty passengers, mails and
 goods, and having a cruising speed of
 nearly seventy miles per hour, for this
 service.

The details of these vessels, which
 are given in the English scientific jour-
 nal, Discovery, show a luxurious cabin
 with a social hall and ten four-berth
 sections somewhat similar to those of
 a Pullman car. The work of construc-
 tion is expected to take two years, and
 the service will probably be inaugu-
 rated in 1925.

It is anticipated that the journey
 from Spain to Argentina will require
 a little over three days, and the re-
 turn journey something over four days,
 the longer time on the eastward course
 being due to prevailing head winds,
 says the Living Age.

Seville will be the European ter-
 minal and Cordoba the Argentine ter-
 minal. Buenos Aires is an unsatisfac-
 tory landing point on account of its
 variable winds.

In Agony.
 Everything had gone well with the
 newly married couple. Directly after
 their honeymoon they had taken
 rooms in a hotel and so they had no
 housekeeping worries to mar their
 happiness.

Disillusionment came when they took
 a furnished house at a seaside town,
 sweet young Angelica undertaking to
 look after the cooking. It was far
 from being a success. The pastry was
 always as hard as a brick and the
 puddings—well!

One day they had a picnic on the
 seashore and were sitting watching
 the waves, when Angelica exclaimed
 dramatically:
 "How the sea moans!"
 "No wonder," replied her husband
 pessimistically. "I have just thrown
 some of your cake into it."

He Knew.
 Halfway through the second act the
 heroine, after having been left starv-
 ing with a bunch of children, and gen-
 erally having been "put through it,"
 got tired of this sort of treatment and
 shot the villain dead.

"What have I done?" she cried in im-
 passioned tones. "What have I done?"
 "Shot the best bloomin' actor in the
 show, miss," came the reply from the
 gallery.

What He Needed.
 Sampson—He's bashful. Why don't
 you give him a little encouragement?
 Deliah—Encouragement? He needs
 a cheering section.—Punch Bowl.



Mrs. E. L. Henson

The Appealing Charm of Health!

Portland, Ore.—"I can speak in
 terms of highest praise of all of
 Dr. Pierce's remedies, especially the
 'Favorite Prescription' for woman's
 ailments and as a tonic and nerve,
 and the Pleasant Pellets for stomach
 and liver ills. While bringing up
 my family, whenever I have been
 in a run-down weakened or nervous
 condition, I have always been
 strengthened and helped by the use
 of the 'Favorite Prescription'. And
 in later years when my stomach
 has become disordered, and my food
 seems to disagree with me, then Dr.
 Pierce's Pellets give me immediate
 relief."—Mrs. E. L. Henson, 763 E.
 6th St., North.

Start at once with the "Prescription"
 and see how quickly you pick
 up—feel stronger and better. Write
 Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel
 in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice, or
 send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

Signs That Command Attention.

"Drive safely. A fatal accident
 occurred here." A number of signs bearing
 this inscription have been posted on
 a Massachusetts highway near
 Boston, at points where persons have
 been killed by automobiles.

Book of Human Life.

As we live each of us writes a chap-
 ter in the book of human life. We
 write either in characters of good or
 in letters of evil. Some of us are
 using both. Pity it is some do not
 realize what they're doing.—Grit.

Knife Handles 30,000 Years Old.

About 500 tons of ivory are used
 every year for knife handles and de-
 corative work. It is obtained from
 the walrus, the elephant and the masto-
 don. The handles of your table knives
 may easily be 30,000 years old.

Practical Joke Ended Love.

My first love affair ended when the
 boy of my dreams attached a fluffy
 lamb's tail to a piece of wire and
 fastened it in my sweater. I, unaware,
 paraded down the main streets of the
 town.—Exchange.

"Pig Iron."

Pig iron is so called because the
 molten metal is run into a long mass
 with shorter pieces attached to it at
 right angles. The long pieces are
 called the sow and the shorter are
 called the pigs.

Bees Have Hip Pockets.

In the bee's legs are pockets for
 holding pollen, each pocket being
 closed by rows of bristles which in-
 terlock in the most wonderful manner,
 so preventing the pollen from falling out.

Use of Mind's "Windows."

Our minds are full of windows. Some
 of us are too busy to look out. Some
 look out occasionally. Some think they
 "see it all." Yet none of us uses those
 windows as we should, else we'd have
 broader vision.

"Adam's Apple."

"Adam's apple" received its name
 from the belief of the ancients that
 a piece of apple given to Adam by Eve
 stuck in his throat.

When Electric Globes Pop.

The strength of the glass prevents
 an electric light bulb from bursting.
 When a bulb is broken with a blow,
 the "pop" is the result of the fact that
 the interior was not filled with air.

Might Be Useful Some Times.

"I see you always carry a spare
 tire," remarked Brown. "Yes," replied
 Black, "and when my wife is driving I
 wish I could carry a spare neck, too."
 —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sea Life Under Great Pressure.

Life has been found in the sea at
 depths of more than 24,000 feet, al-
 though at such depths any object is
 under a pressure of 10,000 pounds to
 the square inch.

Helpmeet Imperative.

No man can either live piously or
 die righteous without a wife.—Richter.

Red Cross BALL BLUE

used for baby's clothes, will keep them
 sweet and snowy-white until worn out.
 Try it and see for yourself. At grocers

Are You Satisfied?

BEHNKE-WALKER