

A HINT FROM INDIANA.

That Portland (and Oregon) is far behind in the matter of advertising is well known, not only at home but abroad, says the Portland Journal.

The following extract from a letter by a member of the Indiana Board of Trade, who has traveled considerably in the Northwest and through the East, and who intends to finally invest considerable money in Portland, is of real interest to those who have the welfare of this city at heart. This gentleman is now in Indiana, and the following letter is from there:

"Several families have left here in the last few weeks for Seattle, having sold homes and businesses. I suppose there are now about 100 Crawfordville and Montgomery county people in and about Seattle. These people are all loyal to Seattle, and have a great influence in taking others to that place. Some of them are holding high positions there; in fact, Crawfordville people have the lion's share of the good things at Seattle, including the Post-Intelligencer, of which they have the management and own nearly all the stock. They have leading candidates for Congress, United States senator, chief justice of the supreme court, solicitor of customs, and about everything else in sight. They are persistent and progressive in advertising Seattle in the East. They have one or more men traveling around all the time talking 'Seattle.' Portland is behind in this advertising business. The Seattle people have nothing to advertise but 'gab!' Their Sunday papers show the bank clearances much the best when compared with Portland. Why don't you get a move on you?"

RATHER SENSATIONAL.

In a document just filed in the British Patent Office, Guglielmo Marconi, the credited inventor of wireless telegraphy, describes that invention as one "communicated to him from abroad by the Marquis Luigi Solari, of Italy."

Great surprise has been caused here by this action of the Italian inventor. The story is printed in the Saturday Review, which treats it as a "startling document" following Prof. Thompson's attacks on the validity of the Marconi patent. In those attacks Prof. Thompson declared that an Italian navy officer named Solari was the real inventor of the wireless telegraphy.

In its article on the latest development in the controversy the Saturday Review says:

"The Official Journal of the Patent Office July 16 contains a brief notice of a very unusual character. It announces that Guglielmo Marconi, who September 10, 1901, had filed a patent in his own name for this invention, now seeks leave to amend the application by converting it into application for a patent for an invention communicated to him from abroad by the Marquis Luigi Solari, of Italy."—World.

A CONDITION.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Now that we have actually enacted law, after three quarters of a century agitation, providing for the construction of an isthmian canal by the United States, we are giving our attention to the ditch we are about to dig. We do not fully realize that before we get that ditch we shall have something else hardly less important—to wit, a new colony.

The law as passed provides that therefore we begin the construction of the canal we must secure the perpetual, exclusive control of a strip of territory, at least six miles wide, from sea to sea. If that cannot be obtained from Columbia we must try to get it from Nicaragua

and Costa Rica. "Here can be no canal without it."

Now, "exclusive and perpetual control" may sound better in Latin-American ears than "annexation," but in substance it is the same thing. Practically what we propose to do is to annex a strip of territory six miles wide along the line of the canal. On the Panama route that would give us about 270 square miles of land; on the Nicaragua route about 1,000. In the one case we should have a colony about four times the size of the District of Columbia; in the other we should have one almost as large as Rhode Island.

It is a satisfaction to feel that the prosperity of our new colony is assured from the start. There will be no hanging around the doors of the Capitol waiting for Congress to perform its "plain duty" in the matter of the tariff. The canal, first in construction and then in operation, will make perennial good times on the isthmus. The commerce of the world will flow year by year through that six-mile strip. American towns will spring up along the great ditch and reach out for the trade of the southern continent. And on the principle that "to him that shall be given" Congress will probably decide to take off the duties on the imported sugar. Good luck to the youngest of Uncle Sam's infants!

AN OHIO MUDDLE.

In Ohio there is an unusual condition of affairs. The constitution of the state prescribes that there shall be only two kinds of municipal corporations, cities and villages, and declares against any special characters. These very plain provisions of the fundamental law of the state have been violated by republican legislatures for partisan advantage. Whenever a city elected a set of officers objectionable to the republican machine, a bill was pushed through the legislature putting all the affairs of that city under control of boards appointed by the governor. In this manner George B. Cox, ten years has been the boss of Cincinnati, no matter what officials the people might elect. Recently a similar attempt was made to nullify the work of Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, and "Golden Rule" Jones, mayor of Toledo. They were practically stripped of all power by special characters rushed through a republican legislature. These characters are now declared unconstitutional and a special session of the legislature is needed to provide forms of city government in these cities. The decision is a just and creditable one.

WOMAN IN JAPAN.

There is no better evidence of the progress being made in Japan than the decision of a Japanese court the other day that a wife who refused to obey a tyrannical order from her husband was not compelled to do so when the order comported not with reasonable demands of consideration on his part.

It was not long ago that Japanese women were chattels at the command of their husbands or fathers. They had no rights that the law respected. They were slaves. They were less considered than were the brutes, so far as concerned the finer sensibilities. It is true that usually Japanese men were not exceedingly brutal physically and that in many respects Japanese women were better situated than those of other "heathen" countries.

But, to propose to question the authority of a Japanese husband a decade or two ago would have been to propose what was not understandable by the average Japanese mind.

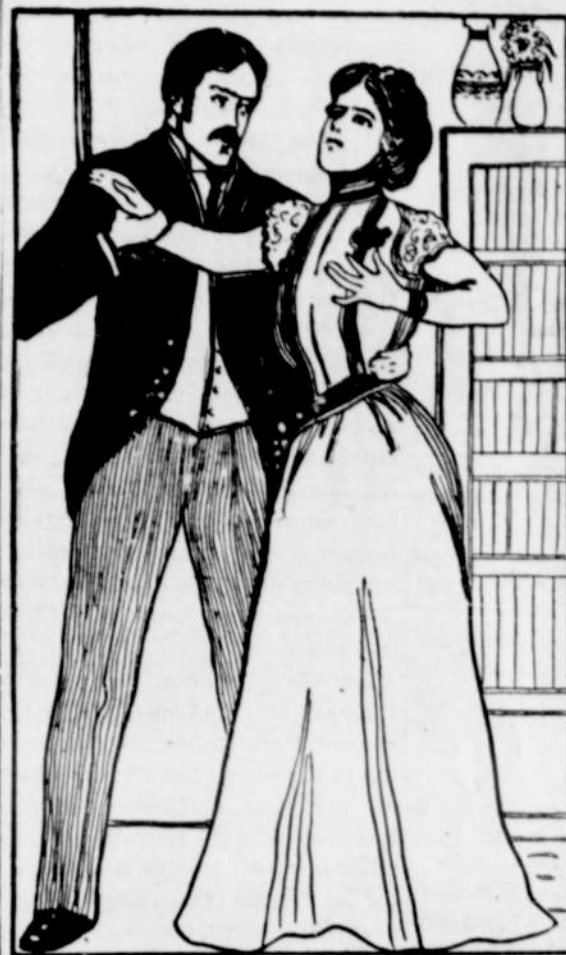
The recent incident is significant, indeed, upon the theory that as a nation treats its women it is rightly governed.

It is calculated to engender self-complacency on the part of Americans to reflect that perhaps the major portion of the influence that has transformed Japan has emanated from the United States.—Portland Journal.

GUESSWORK.

It is Responsible for the Prolonged Suffering of Many Women.

When a woman "doctors" for years for a complication of ailments, and gets no better she is generally set down by the local practitioner as incurable. He has reached the limit of his skill and knowledge, and he does not think more can be done than he has done. But when this sick woman is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, it proves that the doctor was certainly wrong in his statement of incurability. It also proves that he must have been wrong in his treatment; probably treating his patient



tient for the wrong disease. His treatment was mere guesswork. The consequences of womanly disease are far-reaching. In chronic cases every organ of the body suffers. There is perhaps pain around the heart, and headache, backache, and sideache among other aches. But the real cause of all the aches and pains is the delicate womanly organs. This is proved by the fact that when womanly diseases are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the other aches and pains are cured also. "At the time I began taking your medicines I was very weak," writes Mrs. Bettie Payne, of Inlet, Va. "I had a tired feeling all the time, could scarcely walk across my room, pains in heart, head and stomach and very bad taste in mouth on getting up in the morning, and had uterine trouble. Four different physicians attended me but only gave me temporary relief. I had almost given up in despair when one of your pamphlets was handed to me. I sat down and read it carefully, and then wrote to you describing my ailments. You replied, advising a course of treatment with Dr. Pierce's medicines. I sent and got six bottles each of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took each alternately, as advised. Before I had taken two doses of each I commenced feeling better. My heart and stomach felt relieved of that burdensome feeling. By the time I had finished with the two bottles I felt young as

a girl of sixteen. I took five bottles of 'Prescription' and three of 'Discovery,' and nearly two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets' for constipation. In conclusion I will say I had taken three or four kinds of patent medicine before trying yours, which made me feel worse instead of better. I think your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine on earth for women."

NO WOMAN CAN BE WRONG

in following the example of the thousands of other women who have been cured of womanly ills by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. These cures cover every form of disease peculiar to women which is curable by medicine. No matter what the condition of any sick woman may be "Favorite Prescription" claims her confidence and invites a trial of its healing powers because of its many remarkable cures of other women who had found no help in other medicines and who at the best found only temporary relief from the treatment of local physicians.

The very fact that "Favorite Prescription" cures forty-nine out of every fifty women who give it a fair and faithful trial is the best guarantee of its cures. In the one rare case where a perfect cure is not possible, the use of this medicine will lessen pain and increase the strength. If it does not altogether remove the burden of sickness it will so lighten it that to bear it becomes easy.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I write to tell you what your medicine did for me," says Mrs.izzie Greer, of Laurel Bloomery, Tenn. "About eighteen months ago I first wrote to you for advice; you wrote me a kind letter and told me what to do. At that time I was very sick and had been for nine months. Had ulcers and misplacement of uterus and such a stomach trouble I could not eat anything without suffering afterward. Had pains around my heart, and such smothering spells could hardly get my breath. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, six of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two vials of Doctor Pierce's Pellets. I began to get better the first day. My friends all say, 'How well you look.' I am well and do all my work, and it was Doctor Pierce's medicines that cured me."

WHAT IT DOES.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries, sweetens, drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is the best tonic and nerve for weak rundown women, curing nervousness, backache, sideache, headache, and other womanly ailments, encouraging the appetite and giving refreshing sleep to the sleepless.

Special attention is called to Doctor Pierce's invitation to weak and sick women to consult him by letter free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious preparations, will offer a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" as "just as good." Judged by its record of cures of womanly ills, there is no other medicine just as good as "Favorite Prescription."

A GREAT OFFER.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1,000 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps for expense of mailing only, for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HO! FOR NEWPORT.

Oregon's Favorite Seaside Resort.

Recognizing the advantage of Newport as a summer resort over other seaside resorts in the northwest, and to make it possible for all who desire to do so to spend their vacation by the ocean waves, the Southern Pacific Company in connection with the Corvallis and Eastern Railroad, will place on sale, effective June 15th, round-trip tickets from all points in Oregon on the Southern Pacific to Newport, good for return until October 10th, at specially reduced rates.

For full information please inquire of your local agent.

W F COMAN,
General Passenger Agent.

ANOTHER 1,500,000 FEET LOG DRIVE.—Williams Bros. of Dexter, have just completed their big log drive for the Eugene mills and the logs are safe at the boom in the river. They will begin immediately to get logs for another big drive. The number of feet in the next consignment will be 1,500,000 feet. Of course it will be some time before the drive will be made.

The Corvallis Times says that some of the finishing materials for W W Calkins' residence at East Eleventh and Patterson streets will come from Corvallis and that some of the windows will cost \$75 each.

Dr John Rex Byers, of Salem, died Thursday evening. He was a popular young man and had many friends in Eugene. He was a member of the hospital corps of the second Oregon regiment in the Philippines.

Ashland Record: G W Dyson, of Eugene, has been visiting Ashland and other southern Oregon mining districts. He is the discoverer of the Lucky Boy mine which made the reputation of the Blue River mining district in Lane county. He came into quite a fortune in its sale and contemplation locating in southern Oregon.

DUTY'S PATH

By Elliott Flower

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The "briefless barrister" sat in his little office, writing—not a business letter, but a love letter. "Briefless barrister" was a title he had jokingly given himself, but there was something of pathos underlying the joke. In these days an overcrowded profession gives little opportunity to the young lawyer without influence to get a start, so he had ample leisure for his love letter, and this is what he wrote:

Dearest One—Business is rushing—that is, it is rushing right past my office. I wish some of it would stop and turn in, but I have too many competitors who are able to reach out for it. They have influential friends who turn business their way or who secure them positions with established firms.

Still, dearest, you mustn't be disheartened, but I know you won't be. Indeed it seems almost insulting to say this to so patient and faithful a sweetheart, but I am saying it for my own benefit rather than for yours. The struggle is so discouraging and disheartening at times that I can only give myself confidence by speaking confidently to you. But I certainly am gaining. A little business is coming my way, and I am establishing myself slowly with men who can give me more. Then there is the land. In another six months I will have title to that and I will be able to care for a wife. I have told you the history of that barren tract dozens of times, sweetheart; how my father secured his claim to it, how he neglected it, how irrigation and the development of contiguous property gave it a sudden value, how he found the title clouded by a prior claim when he came to perfect it, how he failed to find the other claimant, how he tried to straighten the matter out legally and all that. I like to dwell on it now, sweetheart, for in only six months more the statute of limitations will invalidate—

The opening of the door interrupted him, and he put down his pen as a neat but poorly dressed woman entered.

"Lawyer Telford?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Telford is my name," he answered.

"What can I do for you?"

"I don't just know," she answered doubtfully. "I'm a poor woman, without friends or money, and the lawyer on the floor below told me he thought you'd have time to look after my business."

"Sends me all his charity cases, but never any with money in them," muttered Telford to himself bitterly, but he spoke kindly to the woman. It was evident that she had seen better days and disliked to ask even advice as a charity. Indeed her next words showed this.

"Maybe I can pay you," she said. "If I can, I will. Maybe I can pay you well. I don't know. That's what I want to find out."

Something in her manner won him. There was nothing of the mendicant in her. She was neither aggressive nor whining, speaking timidly, but frankly and honestly.

"Madam," said Telford, courteously offering her a chair, "I know that you will, and whether you can pay me or not you shall have the best advice that I can give you."

"Thank you, sir," she answered, taking the chair and producing some papers from beneath her shawl. "The lawyer wouldn't even listen to me when I said I had no money, but told me to come to you. And I'm glad I did, for I know that you'll be honest with me. You see, I found some papers in an old box after my husband died—he'd been bedridden for a long time—and I didn't want to burn them without knowing what they were. I read them through, but I don't know whether they're worth anything, and the neighbors don't know, and I had to find somebody who did know. They're so legal it seems as if they ought to represent something."

Telford took the papers she offered, and at the first glance his face became pale, but he read them through carefully. Then he leaned back in his chair, and something in his face frightened the woman.

"There isn't anything bad in them, is there?" she asked.

"No," he answered shortly. "I'm considering what's best to be done."

He got up and walked to a window, where she couldn't see his face. "Who knows of these papers?" he asked at last.

"One or two of the neighbors," she replied. "That's all."

"Suppose I should tell you they were worth \$400 or \$500," he suggested, speaking with an effort and in a voice strangely unlike the courteous, cheerful tone in which he had first addressed her.

"Oh, that would be splendid!" she cried.

"Would you sell them for that?"

"Would I?" she repeated jubilantly. "Why, Harry could have some new school clothes, and so could Ellen. And maybe Jessie could have some music lessons—she has such a good voice—and I wouldn't have to worry about the rent for—oh, it wouldn't last so very long, would it? But I could be making more all the time, as much as I am now, and it would be such a help. But you're not joking with me?" she suddenly inquired anxiously.

"You'll take \$500 and be satisfied?" he asked, with cold deliberation, ignoring her question.

"If you advise it," she replied.

He gave a barely perceptible start. It was professional advice that he was called upon to give. His honor as a lawyer was involved as well as his honor as a man, and it served to make the path of duty, already clear, just a

little clearer. But the temptation was great—so great, in fact, that he was afraid of himself. She would accept \$500 on his advice. It was a small fortune to her and the children. Ah, the children! What difference might it not make in their lives! Fate offered him a large bribe for his honor—personal and professional—and the future of these children, who would never know what they had lost and he had gained.

"What will be your fee?" she asked doubtfully. "I'll have to pay that out of the \$500, won't I? And I know lawyers charge a lot."

"There will be no fee for me," he replied, with a sudden decision, and then he returned to his desk and wrote a name and address on the back of one of his cards, which he handed to her.

"Take your papers to that man," he said, speaking rapidly, as if afraid he would reconsider what he wished to say. "He is an honest and successful lawyer and will tell you what to do."

"Aren't you an honest lawyer?" she asked, bewildered.

"If I were not," he answered bitterly. "I would not be sending you to any one else."

"If you are," she said, with her first display of spirit during the interview, for the sharpness of his tone roused her. "I don't want to go to any one else."

"I tell you to go to him," he said, almost angrily. "You asked for my advice, and I am giving it to you. I don't want those papers left here."

She rose, took the papers and moved slowly toward the door.

"I don't see why everybody sends me away," she said, with a touch of pathos in her voice. "Won't you please look after it for me? I don't want to see more lawyers." For a moment he seemed undecided, and she hesitatingly put the papers back on the desk. "Please do it," she urged, "and I'll accept whatever you say is right. How long will it take to get the money?" she asked as she saw him wavering.

"I don't know," he replied. "I will write you later."

After she had gone he sat for some time looking at the papers.

"What a fool!" he said at last. "I can still buy her out for any sum that suits me, and Mabel and I— He stopped and picked up the unfinished letter. He read as far as he had written, put it down and buried his face in his hands. Presently he got up and walked nervously up and down the little office, occasionally making a movement toward his desk and then resuming his walk. Once he went to the desk and picked up the papers the woman had left as if to tear them, but his eyes rested on a portrait that stood just behind his inkwell, and he stopped. He picked up the portrait and gently, almost reverently, put it to his lips.

"Dear little woman," he muttered, "it's for you that I would do it, and it's because of you that I can't."

A little later he dropped two letters into the mail slot in the hall. One of them read as follows:

Dearest One—I have lost the land claim on which we built such hopes, but I have won that which is worth more. I have just written to a woman, who left certain papers with me, that she has a valid prior claim to that twenty thousand dollar tract and that I will perfect the title for her. But be of good cheer, sweetheart. When I come to claim you, I will bring you that which you will prize more highly than money—a self-respecting man.

"It is enough," was the comment of the girl when she reached this part of the letter, and with the rest those two alone are concerned.

Conversation's Drawbacks.

"My objection," declares the author of "The War of the Worlds," "to conversation is its continuance. You have to keep on. You find three or four people gathered together, and instead of being restful and recreative, sitting in comfortable attitudes, at peace with themselves and each other and now and again, perhaps three or four times in an hour, making a worthy and memorable remark they are all haggard and intent upon keeping the fetich flow a-going. . . . These conversationalists say the most shallow and needless of things, impart aimless information, simulate interest they do not feel and generally impugn their claim to be considered reasonable creatures. Why when people assemble without hostile intentions it should be so imperative to keep the trickling rill of talk running I find it impossible to imagine." If we had a little more imagination and a nicer sense of humor, we women who have to tackle our own sex with the fishing net of conversation would agree with this plain speaking essayist. The thing would be impossible to us if we were not ground down to it by custom.

Some Compliments.

The late Dr. Dashiell was fond of telling the following story on himself: "Preaching on one occasion at his old home, an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service he shook the doctor warmly by the hand and said: 'Larfy, you's a good preacher; you's a good preacher, I tell you; you's a soundin' brass an' tinklin' cymbal.'"

Of the same sort was the colored woman's compliment to the cultured and affable Bishop Galloway. She said, "Brother Galloway always do preach a powerful good text."

Hard to Believe.

A station master requested an increase of salary and threatened to leave if he didn't get it.

The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story.

"When I was a young man," said he, "I once did as you are doing—I told the superintendent of the line I was then working on what you have told me. He refused my demand, and I left, and—would you believe it?—that railway line is running yet."—London Tit-Bits.