

ANNOUNCEMENT to our patrons throughout the Pacific Northwest.

PORTLAND'S HOTEL OREGON

has been placed under the management of N. K. Clark, who was for many years connected with the Portland, Corvallis and Seaside Hotels, and who will always endeavor to all a cordial welcome.

Commencing November 1st we shall inaugurate the American plan in connection with the European plan.

We solicit your patronage.

American Plan, \$3 to \$5 per day.
European Plan, \$1 per day up.

N. K. CLARKE, Mgr.

NO MEDICINE

If you are ailing in anyway and want help, write me. DR. L. M. DAVIS, 1224 1/2 Russell street, Portland, Oregon.

Beauty and Wealth Let Roberts System of Beauty by Culture show you how to attain both. Full instructions. Scores of valuable formulas. Beauty yourself. Start a Beauty Shop. Start manufacturing Beauty Specialties. All of these opportunities are open to you. Complete system \$1.00 per copy. Particulars FREE. Parke Specialty Co., 328 Cham. Com., Portland.

"USE THE RIVER"

Dalles-Columbia Line

State of Washington, for the Dalles daily ex. Sunday 11 p. m. Leave Dalles daily ex. Monday 12 M. Steamers J. N. Deal, Inland Empire and Twin Cities for Upper Columbia and Snake river points. Taylor St. Dock. Tel. Main 614.

Williams and Columbia River Towing Co., Portland.

A Subdued Vocalist.

"Pa, you sing bass in the choir, don't you?" asked Betty Smithers.

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Smithers.

"And ma sings soprano?"

"That's right."

"Well, there's one thing I don't understand."

"What is it?"

"Mrs. Tompkins says you sing mighty big in public and mighty small at home."

A Solution.

"I see that the English newspapers complain because the British workman drinks a few glasses of beer and then can't do anything else all day."

"Why in the world don't the English government make a Christmas present of a day's supply of that beer to each German soldier?"—Judge.

Xmas Packages Our packages contain 28 pieces of Christmas cards, 10 holiday notes, including post cards, folders, gift cards, stickers, tags, seals and cutouts, making a representative package which is a rare value at the Jackson & Co., 328 Cham. Com., Portland, Ore.

The Entrance Out.

"What does 'exit' mean, mamma?" asked small Edna, pointing to the water over the door of a moving-picture theater.

"I know!" exclaimed her little brother. "It means the entrance out."

PERUNA

A STANDARD FAMILY REMEDY

For Ordinary Grip;
For All Catarrhal Conditions;
For Prevention of Colds.

An Excellent Remedy

For The Convalescent;
For That Irregular Appetite;
For Weakened Digestion.

Ever-Ready-to-Take

Kitchen Philoophy.

Mr. Bradshaw was in a great hurry and breakfast was late.

"I wish you'd find out what this trouble is," he said to his wife.

Mrs. Bradshaw returned from the kitchen wearing a melancholy expression.

"Well, well," demanded the husband, "what did she say?"

"She said," responded the wife, "that we all have our disappointments."—Browning's Magazine.

Complete Failure.

"I read a joke the other day about a man getting the last word with his wife by bawling it up the speaking tube as he went out the front door of the apartment house."

"Tried it, eh? How did it work?"

"Didn't work. My wife must have read the same joke. She let a kettle of soap suds come down the tube just as I started to whistle it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Beat Proof That Resinol Heals Eczema

In our file of reports, covering a period of twenty years, literally thousands of physicians tell how successful the Resinol treatment is for eczema and similar skin troubles. The first use of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap usually stops the itching and burning, and they soon clear away all trace of the eruption. No other treatment for the skin moves before the public can show such a record of professional approval.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap work so gently, and are so absolutely free from anything that could injure even the tenderest skin, that they are ideal for healing the skin troubles of infants and children. Sold by all druggists.

An Eye for the Future.

Goldsmith—Would you like any name or motto engraved on it, sir?

Customer (who has chosen an engagement ring)—Ye-es-um, Augustus to Irene. And—ah—look here, don't ah—look here, don't ah—cut Irene deep.—London Punch.

For all external injuries to horses, cattle or sheep, apply Hanford's Balm. You should always have it on hand for accidents. Adv.

Visitor—What's that new structure on the hill there?

Farmer—Well, if I find a tenant for it, it's a bungalow; if I don't it's a barn.—Passing Show.

55 Valuable Formulas, Tricks, Illustrations, and Home-Hold Hints in our interesting magazine for two issues. Sent complete for 50c.

Check or Cash, 328 Cham. Com., Portland, Ore.

10c

P. N. U. No. 48, 1918

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this page.

THE LONG LANE

By CATHARINE CRANMER.
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Tom Whiteford, once known among his friends as the gay and light-hearted, began to feel that his way of life lay through the proverbial long lane that has no turning. Furthermore, it seemed that behind every mile post by the roadside there lurked some form of hard luck. Just at the time when his business prospects seemed to justify his proposing to the dearest girl in the world, otherwise known as Betty Underwood, the war scare knocked him out of two of his biggest advertising contracts; a big firm at the last minute switched its contract to his least-suspected competitor, and just as he had clinched the contract for a gigantic mail order campaign for another firm there came out a wordy postal ruling making it impossible to use postage stamps for the double purpose of stamping and sealing, without which Tom's unique mailing proposition lost one of its chief charms, and he could not interest the firm in any of his numerous suggestions for a substitute.

Soon after all these business mishaps he went for a week-end house party at Hillcrest Lodge, the home of Betty's bachelor uncle, George Wilson. There he was thrown still deeper into despair by seeing Betty accept with evident willingness the chivalric attentions of one Charles Arthur Mowbray, a tall, dark, dreamy-eyed young man, said to have returned recently from a long stay in the Orient. As the son of her uncle's oldest college chum, he was invited to Hillcrest Lodge, where his delineation of the legends of the Orient was a chief entertainment feature for Betty and some of the other girls in the house party. Added to this young man's charm of appearance and conversation was the appealing way in which he occasionally made reference to heavy sighs to a tragic romance in his own life while in the Orient.

"Another legend, I have no doubt," thought Tom when he heard the story. "When a good-looking chap backs up his own tale of woe with a lot of romantic stuff about some faraway land it puts a halo around his head for every girl who listens to him."

The morose mood brought on by such reflections did not enable Tom to shine in comparison with the easy, suave, flattering chivalry of Mowbray. And Betty, being young and pretty and fond of novelty and flattery, was visibly impressed. It seemed to Tom that no matter where he turned he found this man with Betty—sitting out dances with her in the evening, walking in the garden with her in the morning, sitting beside her at luncheon, and at all times pouring out to her that deep but subdued voice legends, legends, legends.

"I'll bet he's a crook for sure," said Jack Chisholm as they packed their suitcases Sunday night preparatory to returning to town. "When a fellow purrs like a cat I always look out for cat's claws to show themselves sooner or later."

Tom refrained from the profane acquiescence he felt with merely, "Shouldn't be surprised."

He had made up his mind to have a few minutes alone with Betty before he left, and he hurried downstairs after his packing to find her one of an interested group listening to yet another legend of Mowbray's. When the story ended the talker was drawn into a conversation with his host and Tom lost no time in capturing Betty.

"I've scarcely had a glimpse of you, Betty," he said. "May I steal you away from the others long enough to show you the prettiest October moon on record?" Out on the broad porch Betty clapped her hands rapturously as she saw the great golden disk hanging just above the horizon and throwing weird shadows through the bare trees.

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed. "Lovely enough to have an oriental setting instead of commonplace modern landscape gardening and architecture."

"Commonplace! Gee whiz, Betty," protested Tom, "look at that sweep of brown fields on the left and that mass of tree-studded hills in the right, and this big, comfy home on the highest hill of them all. Anything commonplace about it?"

"There is a certain rugged beauty about it," agreed Betty, "but it doesn't suggest romantic legends like oriental lands must do."

"Oh, I don't know," said Tom, who had learned from his advertising work not to let any personal anger get in the way of landing a contract—and he realized that he was now trying for the most important contract he ever hoped to land. "Can't you imagine some Iroquois maiden and her hap big hunter trysting hereabout when it was the land of the red man? You know, we're too busy leading lives today to concern ourselves much with legendry, but in its own good time our land will have its legends."

"But isn't it a pity that ours is such a prosy age?" asked Betty.

"Prosy? But is it? Modern men are fighting dragons and conquering difficulties as never before."

Betty did not reply and a moment later Tom continued, "The same old moon that shines on those faraway lands condescends to shine on ours, and not quite the same, but a better sort of love grows up in the hearts of our men for our women. Betty, I hadn't meant to tell you yet, but my heart is bursting with love for you. I'm fighting dragons for you every day. When I've conquered enough of them to take care of you safely, will you let me claim you?"

Betty's eyes were dreamy and her hands were unrelenting as Tom took them in his own, but just as she began to lift her eyes to meet Tom's devouring gaze the hall door opened and the tall, slender figure of Mowbray emerged. With catlike swiftness he saw the couple at the end of the porch, and with cat-like silence he approached until quite near them. Then in his purring voice he reminded Betty that she had promised to play his accompaniment while he sang "Beside the Shalamar."

Betty and her mother remained at Hillcrest after the other guests departed, and Monday evening after dinner, when the ladies had finished their coffee in the library, George Wilson lighted a fresh cigar and joined them there.

"Well, we've seen the last of our oriental gnat, I hope," he began, and Betty shot him a surprised look from where she sat toasting her toes before the wood fire. "You see, Mowbray came into my office last week with a tale about being here to get local color for a novel in preparation, and while I saw at once that he was not without weaknesses, I didn't suspect that he was the degenerate I've since learned he is. His faultless manners were so like his father's that I assumed he had some of the deeper good traits of his father, and so invited him out here. His evident uneasiness when I mentioned Judge Morton's having recently come here from his home city convinced me that he wouldn't care to have Morton tell what he might know about his home life. I made it my business to make inquiries today about Mowbray of Judge Morton, who is a professional associate of mine." George Wilson flicked the ashes from his cigar into the ash tray on the arm of his chair.

"And were your suspicions well founded?" asked Mrs. Underwood.

"Yes, and I mention it only because it will forewarn you and Betty not to be at home should he call. After spending his wife's mother's money Mowbray married a girl who had a snug little fortune. Their bridal trip to the Orient, which was to equip him with the material his genius was later to weave into immortal poetry, used up most of the fortune and seriously impaired the health of the wife, who died shortly after their return. Soon after he married a widow of means, who kicked him out after supporting him in idleness for a while. Then he went back and lay around his mother's home until she died, and, with the money secured from the sale of her home he equipped himself for social conquest, doubtless with the expectation of inducing some other girl to devote her fortune to the development of his genius."

The telephone rang just then, and George Wilson answered it himself. Betty and her mother sat silently before the fire and heard Wilson's part of the conversation.

"Hello. Good evening, Mr. Mowbray. Yes, quite comfortable. Yes, Miss Underwood and her mother are both here, and I've just been telling them a tale told me today by Judge Morton, of whose ability to tell interesting tales you doubtless know. No, you're not interrupting; the story had been finished and our conclusions drawn, and there will be no sequel to it." The receiver clicked into its holder and George Wilson returned to his armchair by the fire. A few moments later he addressed Betty.

"All Have Splendid Memories.

There are splendid memories remaining to all of these ports, the writer says, for too many fleets have sailed up and down the channel since history began not to have visited all these places with the task of making history. Fishing fleets have kept the foreground of the picture through latter years, but signs of war preparation have never been absent from Cornwall's waters and huge squadrons of grim, gray men-of-war have regularly come and gone and gathered there. The writer tells of Penzance, the sunny pleasure-loving little sea city where the most picturesque of pirate types originated; of Newlyn, the home of the true old sort of fisherman, and the Mecca of artists; of Marazion, the old, which, according to Cornish history, was an important city visited by Phoenician merchants in the days of Ezekiel the prophet; of Fowey, once one of the greatest seaports of the land, which sent scores of boats to the crusades, to the siege of Calais, to the plundering of Normandy, a one-time warlike city whose glory has long since faded. Fowey sent more than two score men-of-war to Calais—770 men. How pitifully small are the figures today, when one modern battleship requires a larger crew than did that fleet 450 years ago.

It Lacks the Punch.

Imported viand whose slightest whiff causes strong men to turn away, has been bottled up in Germany by the British embargo, and thousands of German-Americans are inconsolable. Here in this country the factories are turning out a cheese which is called limburger, but although it is reminiscent of the winter quarters of a manager and suggests the recently vacated kitchen of a Chinese boarding house, it still lacks the essential punch, says a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Real limburger must instantly recall a rearing in July or a private drain pipe of a fertilizing studio. American limburger is lacking in both particulars. One of the most reprehensible features of the American product is its complete inertia. Where the old cheese, over a level surface and with favorable winds, could travel half a block over night, the 1915 model barely stirs. Even in hot weather, which used to send the imported article skidding on its way, the substitute just trembles violently and sticks around. It is entirely unemotional—it has no temperament.

Making Good.

"How's your new preacher getting along?"

"First rate."

"His theology is acceptable, then?"

"I don't know anything about his theology, but his looks please the women of his congregation and his game of golf is highly spoken of by the men."

Its Name.

"What do you think Nellye calls the album with her admirers' photographs in it?"

"What?"

"Her 'him' book."

For Both.

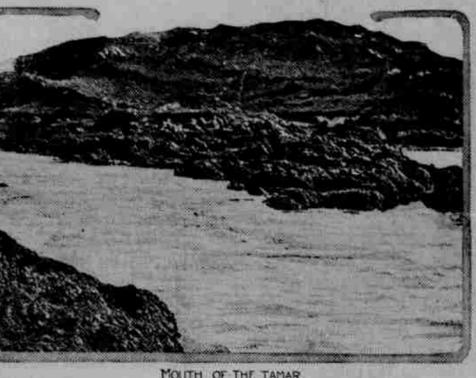
"This is strange. Here is an aviary built beside a hangar."

"Oh, that's all right. The hangar is for the alrship and the aviary for the birdmen."

Largest Direct-Current Dynamos.

The largest two direct-current dynamos ever built have been completed in Germany, each with a capacity of about fifty thousand 16-candle power lamps.

Along the CORNWALL COAST



MOUTH OF THE TAMAR

THE quaint, delightful coast country of Cornwall, a favored haunt of peace and quietness, yet where some of the most important English naval stations are now busy, is described for the National Geographic society by Florence Craig Albrecht. At points along this coast, England holds concentrated great battle fleets. Here, west of Lands End, are the Scilly Islands, and beyond Cornwall, further up the channel, lies Plymouth, military harbor and great naval base. The charm of this old-fashioned, picturesque land of fisher folk and peasants is told by Mrs. Albrecht, who explored its coast before war clouds recalled a martial stir to Cornwall, for the society in the following bulletin:

"Here are rock and headland and cliff, now green, now golden with gorse, now bare and rugged; inlet bay and harbor, with here and there an isolated town, a tiny village, a pretentious town, a great port. An unfriendly coast? Yes, with heavy seas and winds, with thick sea-fogs—a dangerous one; rocks ever ready to tear holes in the stoutest vessel, currents ever ready to drive them on. But a picturesque coast, a wonderfully beautiful coast, both upon summer days and in winter storms; a coast with many harbors, none too easy of entrance by reason of rocks and tides, and many impossible for any but the smallest craft."

Just beyond the Cornwall boundary is Plymouth of Mayflower memory, a city which has never allowed her growing commerce to interfere with her position as a fortress of the first class and a naval arsenal. Portsmouth, considerably further east upon this coast, is also a strong fortress and an important garrison town, and its great dockyards and repairing docks are likely over-buried now in the work of "keeping the sea that is the wall of England."

Substitute for Rubber.

Successful attempts have recently been made to manufacture a substitute for rubber tubing out of masses of solidified glue. These tubes are even better than those of rubber for certain purposes, according to Technische Monatshefte, since they are more impervious to gases and more resistant to heat. It is also claimed that they do not grow rotten so quickly as rubber, and that when incased in a suitable envelope they will withstand high pressure. Moreover, they are very cheap. The inventor is Prof. J. Traube, and he states that they are peculiarly suited for conductors of petroleum and gasoline as well as gases. However, they are attacked by water, which obviously limits their use.



CLIFFS NEAR POLPERRO

WANTED ONE DAY OF REST

Insane Man, as Strict Sabbatarian, Could Not Think of "Working" on Sunday.

Orville L. Kiplinger, chaplain of the Michigan City (Ind.) reformatory, tells the following instance of a scrupulous conscience:

"Some years ago an insane patient was given to the immodest, not to say expensive, habit of tearing his clothing from him and converting jeans, ticking, denim or whatever the clothes were made of, into carpet rags.

"The prison physician remonstrated with the shredding nut as follows:

"Say, old man, you're certainly making a lot of unnecessary trouble for us. We don't think it's fair. Wouldn't you like to make money?"

"The insane man emphatically averred his willingness to earn ready cash.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," resumed the doctor. "I will give you ten cents every day you don't tear your clothes off. Eh?"

"The offender assented eagerly, and started in to make good. Tuesday his clothes remained intact; Wednesday, ditto; Friday and Saturday the same. His reformation was the talk of the institution.

"But on Sunday morning the garments the crazy man had worn all week were torn into strips and thrown to the four winds of his cell.

"What does this mean?" asked the indignant physician. "I thought I had you hired to keep your clothes on and be good!"

"Well," said the prisoner, innocent-looking, "you didn't suppose I was going to work on Sunday, did you?"—Judge.

The Power behind the Dough

K.C. Baking Powder

VERY CAN GUARANTEED

You may use an old favorite recipe and the best of materials and make it carefully, the oven may be just right, yet you will have a failure if "The Power behind the Dough" is not the right one to leaven it properly and make it light, digestible, wholesome.

Good baking without good baking powder is out of the question. K.C. Baking Powder has wonderful leavening power, and the double action—in the bowl and in the oven—makes good results doubly certain.

Take no chances of failure—use K.C. and have "good luck" every time. At all Grocers.

No Longer Responsible.

The dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers.

Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah and Baltimore, when a scantily clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the upper deck. On the way he ran into the captain of the vessel.

"What's the matter, captain?" he managed to gasp. "Have we been torpedoed?"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst," answered the official.

"Oh, don't tell me we're going down!" moaned the other. "Quick, where are the life preservers?"

"They wouldn't be of any service at this stage," explained the captain.

"Too late?" quavered the despairing passenger.

"Yes," said the captain, solemnly. "We've done all we can for you. You'll have to look out for yourself from now on. You see, we've just tied up to the dock."

Congressman Takes Money.

Patrolman Patrick J. Walsh of the South Englewood station, Chicago, was looking for some young trees to plant around his bungalow. Near there he came across a man clad in khaki, seemingly a laborer, hard at work in a grove.

"I'd like to have a few of these young trees," said Walsh.

"Help yourself," replied the man in khaki.

Walsh uprooted several trees. He said he would like to leave them there until tomorrow, and the other replied that would be all right.

"Fine!" exclaimed Walsh. "For whom shall I ask?" and he handed a quarter to the man in khaki.

"James R. Mann."

Representative Mann of the Second Illinois congressional district, minority leader in the house, pocketed the quarter as a souvenir.

RHEUMATISM IS SLOW POISONING

because the entire system becomes permeated with injurious acids.

To relieve rheumatism Scott's Emulsion is a double help; it is rich in blood-food; it imparts strength to the functions and supplies the very oil-ford that rheumatic conditions always need.

Scott's Emulsion has helped countless thousands when other remedies failed.

No Alcohol. Relieve Substitutes.

Well Supplied.

"I'll take two cards," said the man on the right of the dealer.

"Three for me," said the next man. The dealer gave each one what he had asked for and then picked up his own hand and looked it over.

"I've got enough," he announced as he cast a proprietary look on the chips in the middle of the table.

"I should say you have got enough," remarked the man opposite. "Counting the two you've got up your sleeve and the three that are sticking out of your shoe, it looks to me as if you've got enough to play the game all by yourself. But before you do so I'm sure you won't mind if the rest of us take our chips out of this jackpot."

Illuminating Comparison.

She entered the department store and complained about a lamp she had purchased, demanding that it be taken back.

"What's the matter with it, madam?"

"It has all the faults of my husband, and none of his virtues."

"Please explain yourself."

"Well, it has a good deal of brass about it; it is remarkably brilliant; requires a great deal of attention; is unsteady on its legs; harasses me occasionally; is always out at bedtime, and is bound to smoke."

WRITE STORIES! For Moving Pictures. Producers for Photographs. Interest and Excitement. No experience necessary. Work in spare time. Full particulars Free. Parke Specialty Co., 328 Cham. Com., Portland, Ore.

Polite Substitution.

"What makes you keep saying, 'Oh, War!' 'Oh, War!'" asked the paper-hanger.

"Don't you know a synonym when you hear it?" asked the man who had just moved into a new house.

"Is that one?"

"Certainly. Everybody knows what war is. I just hit my thumb with a hammer and I don't use profanity around the house."—Washington Star.

Hanford's Balm has been successfully used since 1846. As a liniment for domestic animals it is unsurpassed. Adv.

Proves Itself.

"You must never forget, my boy, that about one-third of all success is pure luck."

"But how can you make sure of this luck?"

"Why, by being successful."

An Expert.

"That new coach of ours is one of the greatest football strategists in the world."

"How do you make that out? The team hasn't won a game this year."

"I know, but he can think up more reasons why we don't win than any man I ever saw."

In Fashion.

"I have never owned any automobiles," said the man who hadn't yet paid for his home, "but I can say one thing in praise of them."

"What is that?" inquired Henderson.

"They have made mortgages respectable."—Judge.

Nervous Emotional Dizzy Depressed ?

WOMEN who are restless, with constant change of position, "fidgetiness," who are abnormally excitable or who experience fainting or dizzy spells, or nervous headache and wakefulness are usually sufferers from the weaknesses of their sex.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the soothing, cordial and womanly tonic that brings about an invigorating calm to the nervous system. Overcomes the weakness and the dragging pains which resemble the pains of rheumatism. Thousands of women in the past forty years can bear witness to its benefits.

Your dealer in medicines sells it in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form; or you can send 50-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets Regulate and Invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Sugar-Coated Tablets.