

ANNOUNCEMENT to our patrons throughout the Pacific Northwest:

PORTLAND'S HOTEL OREGON

has been placed under the management of N. K. Clarke, who was for many years connected with the Portland, Corvallis and Seward Hotels, and who will always extend to all a cordial and hospitable 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, 1214 Russell street, Portland, Oregon.

Double Tread Puncture Proof Tires

Made from your old ones. Last long as Brand New Tires. Write us.

OREGON TYRE MANUFACTURING CO., 650 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

LEARN WATCHMAKING

Pleasant, profitable work not overdone; few months' learning; positions guaranteed; write for references and particulars. Portland Watchmaking, Engraving and Optical School, 215 Commonwealth Building, Portland, Oregon.

Dalles-Columbia Line

Winter Schedule, Nov. 25 to Mar. 15.

Steamers J. N. Teal and Twin Cities for Kennebec, Passaic, Washouk, Union, Arlington, The Dalles, Lyle, Hood River, White Salmon, Carson, Stevenson, Cascade Locks. Leave Portland Tuesdays and Fridays at 11 p. m. Freight and passengers. Landing Taylor St. Dock, Portland.

BARNERS Farmers Builders

Plans, details, specifications and bill of quantities for a modern Barn, \$2.00. Build your Barn right. Plans contain complete and valuable information for yourself or contractor. Learn that is of the most modern and economical construction. State whether you want plans for a 14, 22 or 30 stall barn and remit money order.

T. H. BENTLEY, 565 McKay Bldg., Portland, Or.

Simple Method.

"Don't you come across a good many things in the Bible that you don't understand? Like the problem of Cain's wife, for instance?" queried the layman.

"Oh, yes, of course," acknowledged the clergyman.

"Well, what do you do about it?"

"My dear friend," replied the minister, laying down his book, "I simply do just as I would while eating a nice fresh herring. When I come to the bone I quietly lay it on one side, and go on enjoying the meal, letting any idiot that insists on choking himself with the bone do so."

Stick to Your Intentions.

Don't put off getting Hanford's Balm of Myrrh until something happens. Get it now and be prepared for accidents. You will find frequent use for it in your home and in your stable for cuts, burns, bruises and any sore, any lameness. Adv.

Relaxation Due.

"Don't you find it rather lonely since your boy Josh went back to school?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntassel; "but it's kind of restful. Josh has been educating me an' mother so much that we need our turn at takin' a vacation, same as he did."—Washington Star.

Howard E. Burton—Analyst and Chemist.

Los Angeles, California. Analyzes, identifies, tests, weighs, and values. Gold, Silver, Zinc, Copper, etc. Mailing envelopes of full price list sent on application. Non-legal work not included. Information: Orlanston National Bank.

Doesn't Evaporate.

"We must get some ammonia in the house. Every household ought to have on hand a quick stimulant."

"Whisky answers the purpose," he suggested.

"But ammonia keeps better," said she, significantly.—Kansas City Journal.

Diplomatic.

"That fellow Miggs is a pretty smooth proposition."

"Yes?"

"Why, he got his wife jolled into believing that she is the only one in the family who knows how to run a furnace."



Island of Enchantment

PHOTO BY E. W. PICKARD

AN ISLAND of fragrant spices, a land of enchantment that fulfills the romantic dreams of youth, a veritable paradise of emerald verdure, bordered by the sheen waters of a tropical sea—that is Ceylon. And of Colombo, the world travelers from the four winds meet; it is there that one hears the languages of almost every land in the two hemispheres spoken, writes W. D. Hornaday in Crit.

In no city of the world is there to be found day by day a more cosmopolitan transient population than in Colombo. It is a port of call for many steamships that ply regularly between points in the far East and Europe, and between Australia, New Zealand and Europe. It is there one meets elephant and tiger hunters of India, tea planters, spice buyers, officers of the army and navy of many nations, wool buyers who pass to and fro between England, France and the far-off lands of Australia and New Zealand. The island kings—the coconut princes—from the coral dots of the Indian ocean and the South Seas gather there for a season of social pleasures; the American millionaire comes into the harbor in his yacht and lends to the gaiety of the scene ashore by the prodigal way in which he scatters his money around.

Every Singapore man and boy is a natural merchant and trader. From the youngest to the oldest they ever have an eye to business. Even the street Arabs—little fellows not yet in their teens—have an ability to size up the white visitor with a degree of accuracy that is almost uncanny.

On the way to the post office I was surrounded and followed by crowds of men and boys, all wanting me to step in their shops. It is remarkable how shrewd and smart these natives are. How they could tell I was an American I am unable to say, but it was not unusual for one of them to say:

"Harster, step in and let me show



you things very fine; make mos' beautiful present for marster's family in America."

"I said to one of them: 'What do you mean by calling me an American? I live in Bombay.'"

The youngster smiled knowingly and replied:

"Oh, no; me know marster is American—me can tell."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

The fellow shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but did not explain the secret.

Coming to a long row of waiting rickshaws, I selected one. The puller of the vehicle could talk some English and I gave him directions that I wanted to go to Mount Lavinia, the Cinnamon gardens, the Buddhist temple and through different parts of the city. The charge was a shilling an hour. He started off at a brisk trot and kept it up for several miles.

QUESTION EASY TO ANSWER

Inquiry Presented No Problem at All to Children Still in the Lower Grades.

Dr. Samuel McLaughlin of Irvington was one of the many school inspectors selected to give ten-minute talks to school children on Disease Prevention day. He had made talks to school No. 47, which were assembled in one room, and to the fifth and sixth grades. His third and final talk was before the children of the third and fourth grades, where he had planned a one-syllable talk.

"Now, children," he said, as he began his talk, "how many of you know what day this is?"

With one accord every hand in the room was raised.

The doctor was astonished to think of the teacher who had been so careful as to inform her pupils, and who had so carefully explained all about disease prevention.

"Then," continued the doctor, "you can tell me what day this is."

Irresistible.

The Swell Guest—Your cook is a very handsome girl.

The Shrewd Host—She is. She mashes the potatoes by simply looking at them.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

WHOLE FAMILY OF BOOMERS

Father, Mother, Son and Daughter All Found Builly Engaged in Laying Out New Towns.

The only occupant of the Nebraska cabin was a girl about twelve years old, and when the colonel rode up and asked her the way to Scottville she replied:

"Dad might tell you if he was here, stranger, but dad's off over there layin' out a new town to boom."

"And your mother?"

"Mam might tell you if she was here, but mam's off down this way layin' out another new town to boom."

"Any brothers?"

"One, and that's Bill. Bill might tell you if he was here, but he's over the river layin' a third new town."

"And how about you? Can't you direct me?"

"I might, stranger, if this wasn't my busy day. You see, I'm layin' out a hundred acres of this claim for a new town, and I've just made Mary Jane avenue run from here to the creek. Want to speculate, stranger?"

"No, I guess not."

"Cause if you do I'll give you the first pick of lots along Mary Jane avenue for \$10 apiece and take half of it in store goods at that."

"You seem to be a booming family," I observed, as I got ready to ride on.

"You bet!" she heartily exclaimed. "Dad booms, mam booms, Bill booms, and I'm either going to boom or tear down the shanty! Don't want any corner lots in the new town of Primrose, eh? All right, stranger. Selling for \$10 now, but six months hence you can't buy 'em for \$50. So long to you! Good-by!"—Exchange.

Problematical.

"What's the value of that trunk?" inquired the baggage man.

"You mean my wife's trunk over there?" asked the man who was smoking a Pittsburgh stogie in a gold-mounted meerschaum holder.

"Yes."

"Well, my private opinion is that the whole outfit ain't worth four dollars. But if you had ever seen my wife get really riled you wouldn't lose it for a million."

Getting at the Facts.

Wife (after the honeymoon)—Why did you deceive me as to your income?

Husband—I didn't, my dear.

Wife—Yes, you did. You told me you were getting \$50 a week when you asked me to marry you.

Husband—You evidently misunderstood me. I said my position was worth \$50 a week, and so it is, but for reasons best known to the boss, he gives me only \$10.

The Day After.

Mrs. Mixer—Tell me the worst, doctor. Is my husband's condition serious?

Doctor—There is no cause for alarm, madam; he is now out of danger, although suffering acutely from enlargement of the cerebral glands.

Mrs. Mixer—But, doctor, how do you suppose it was brought on?

Doctor—It was brought on a tray, probably.

Too Thin.

Officer—Why, what's the matter with this? That's excellent soup."

Private—Yes, sir—that's what we eat, sir.

Officer—Very well, then. What's the complaint?

Private—It ain't the soup, sir; it's the cook. 'E calls it stew.—London Punch.

Friendly Advice.

Sapleigh—Weally, I—aw—have a notion to—aw—blow me bwalns out, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Indeed! Well, in case you do I'd advise you to say nothing about it afterward and no one will ever know the difference.

A SWEET FACE.

Big Sister—And what did Jack have to say about me?

Small Sister—He said you had a very sweet face and asked me to find out what you put on it to make it that way.

Make It Longer.

Bill—Do you believe brevity is the soul of wit?

Ill—Sure thing.

And I suppose that is the reason the English spell it humour."

The Cause.

Doctor—You have had a great shock since I saw you last, your wife tells me.

Patient—Yes, doctor; it was your bill.

Her Aim.

"That pretty stenographer is laying her plans to marry you."

"Oh, no; you are quite mistaken. She only wants to be assister to me."

Some Consolation.

"Suppose the development of cotton should be arrested?"

"But then, you know, it could all ways be baled."

Too Easy.

"Let's bet which will have the prettiest lawn at the end of the season."

"Now, you know, that bet would be sure to end in a hedging."

CAP and BELLS

GETTING NUTS FOR COLONEL

Gardener He Coolly Informed by Stranger He Was Gathering Nuts for Kernel, Not for Shells.

Some time back a certain colonel's gardener was going through the woods belonging to his employer when he saw a man busy gathering nuts. As the colonel had given strict orders that no one was to be allowed to pick the nuts that year, as had hitherto been the case, the gardener said to the man, "You'll have to clear out of this. I've got orders to keep all these nuts for the colonel this year."

"It's all right," replied the man; "that's what I'm getting 'em for."

Satisfied by the answer, the gardener passed on. Meeting the same man a week after the occurrence, he said: "Look here, you were not getting those nuts for the colonel at all."

"I tell you I was," was the emphatic reply.

"But I know better. The colonel told me that he gave neither you nor anybody else any authority."

"Well, I knew jolly well I was getting them for the kernel; I didn't want the shells."—London Tit-Bits.

HAD A FIT.

"The paper says that when the present was given to him he responded fittingly."

"Fittingly" is a good word; he had a spasm while he was talking."

Fatal Fall.

"So you have a Steeplejacks' union in this town?"

"Yes."

"How many members?"

"Only two now. There were three at first, but there was a high wind one day and the third member dropped out."

Maybe.

"Montmorency, can your fiancée cook?"

"No, mother, but she can paint beautifully on china. She can paint the most natural grapes and peaches you ever saw."

"Well, maybe looking at them will appease hunger when there is no dinner ready."

Pentateuchal Insurance.

"Your age, please," said the insurance solicitor.

"Nine hundred ninety-nine next birthday," replied Melchizedek.

"Pretty high rate, I'm afraid," said the insurance man. "Why didn't you come to me a couple of hundred years ago, and not put it off till you're middle aged?"—Judge.

Time's Changes.

Black—Someone just told me that Miss Gayway's mother won much fame for the delicate yarns she used to spin in olden days.

White—And Miss Gayway wins much fame for the indelicate ones she spins in modern days.—Judge.

Delirious.

The Wife—Oh, doctor, I think Henry is much better this morning. He took my hand just a minute ago and called me his own 'tittle tootsy wootsy.

The Doctor—The case is more serious than I thought. It's a very bad sign when a patient becomes delirious.

Hereditarily.

"And when you grow up," said the visitor to five-year-old Eloise, "I suppose you will get married?"

"Oh, there's hardly any doubt about it," answered the little miss. "Everybody says I'm just like mamma, and she's been married three times, you know."

When Love Is Remarkable.

"Do you think there is anything remarkable in love at first sight?" asked the romantic youth.

"Not at all," answered the cynic. "It's when people have been looking at each other for four or five years that it becomes remarkable."—Pearson's Weekly.

Kept Happy.

"Yes, we went to California."

"Did your wife enjoy the scenery in her trip across the continent?"

"I don't think she looked at much scenery. But she enjoyed herself, all right. She looked at hats in eleven different states."

Wireless Amateurs.

There are now between 350,000 and 400,000 purely amateur wireless stations in the United States, according to H. Gernsback, editor of the Electrical Experimenter. There are not more than 15,000 such stations in all the rest of the world. And he goes on to explain the value of these hundreds of thousands of amateurs, most of whom are schoolboys, as follows:

"The average amateur must needs have a higher intelligence than his card playing, dance hall resorting classmate. Indeed, when your average radio amateur has mastered all the intricacies of a wireless set, he has obtained a pretty thorough knowledge of electricity in general. As a rule most of our electrical industries, big and little, require thoroughly practical young men, the ones who know how to do things. This is where the amateur wireless operator shines out of 10 he lands the job over the head of the untrained theoretical young man."

The Children's museum of the Brooklyn institute has undoubtedly taught more boys the practical way to become wireless operators than any other one institution, and the best evidence of this is the thousands of houses in Brooklyn that have wireless apparatus on their roofs.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balm. Adv.

Taking No Chances.

A new regulation in a certain coal mine required that each man mark with chalk the number on every car of coal mined.

One man, named Rudolph, having filled the eleventh car, marked it with a No. 1, and, after pondering a while, let it go at that.

Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Rudolph's attention to the fact he had marked the car No. 1 instead of 11.

"Yes, I know," said Rudolph, "but I can't tink which side do odder wan go on."

Acting Strangely.

"What do you think of a man trying to break out of the penitentiary," exclaimed Plodding Pete.

"One of these reform penitentiaries with amateur theatricals an' baseball games?" inquired Meandering Mike.

"Sure."

"He ought to break out. He don't belong in no penitentiary. He belongs in a lunatic asylum."—Washington Star.

Power of Politeness.

"Honesty is the best policy," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But the public doesn't always realize it. Most people would rather be cheated a little in an affable way than do business with a person whose conscience keeps him in a state of irritation."—Washington Star.

The Penalty.

"What! Buying more golf clubs? I thought you had a pretty complete outfit before."

"I have; but that caddy of mine had the nerve to snicker when I topped my drive yesterday, and I'm going to make him carry double weight."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

By Way of Apology.

Mrs. Towe—It's perfectly scandalous for you to wear a shorter bathing skirt.

Miss Unda Towe—But, mamma, I have longer stockings.—Judge.

Favorites of Fortune.

"She's a very intellectual looking girl."

"Yes. Her father didn't make his money until after she had received her education."

FOR DISTEMPER

Pink Eye, Epiotie, Shipping Fever, and Catarrhal Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are afflicted or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the blood and glands; expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Cut this out and show to your druggist; he will get a trial for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special agents wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists

Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Making a Beginning.

"Could you all lend me a grindstone?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"Yes; but what do you want with a grindstone?"

"You haven't any ax."

"No; ner I ain't got no wood to chop yit, ner no chicken an' cornbread to cook over de fire. But you got to do one thing at a time in dis life an' I jes natchally had to stahst somewhere."—Washington Star.

Embarrassing.

First Stage Hand—What was the row out front during the first scene, Bill?

Second Stage Hand—The understudy nursemaid got excited and carried in the heroine's baby when it wasn't due to appear until three years later in the fourth act.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Her Point of View.

George—You will make me a good wife, I know.

Jane—I know I will make you a good husband.—Sydney Bulletin.

Needed.

Polly—I believe Miss Yellowleaf actually prays for a man.

Dolly—Well, most men need praying for.—Life.

Strength Past Fifty Years

can be maintained by adapting the right nourishment, and Nature's own oil—**Scott's Emulsion**—has strengthened thousands of men and women to continue their work and usefulness for many years.

Scott's Emulsion is a food, a medicine and a tonic to keep the blood rich, avoid rheumatism and thwart nervous conditions. It is free from alcohol or harmful drugs. The best physicians prescribe it.

14-30

Strictly Legitimate.

"That fellow Morgan Butties is terrible unpopular," said one mountaineer.

"We'll have to git rid o' him somehow," replied the old moonshiner.

"Yes, But we don't want to do nothin' in a way that ain't legitimate an' customary. You know he has political ambitions."

"I've heard so. But he ain't got no pull."

"Yes, he has. An' you an' your relations want to stand back o' me when I put the case up to our congressman. We'll git Butties appointed a revenue inspector, an' then let nature take its course."

Keep Hanford's Balm in your stable. Adv.

Simple Enough for Anybody.

Patrick McCann hauled water from the river to the village. One day a passing stranger thought to have some fun at Patrick's expense. He asked: "How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"T'n years sor." "Ah! How many loads do you take in a day?" "From t'n to fifteen, sor." "Ah, yes. Now, I have a problem for you. How much water, at this rate, have you hauled in all?" The driver of the watering cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied: "All the water yez don't see there now, sor."

The Old and Reliable Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER

is both a remedy for weak, inflamed eyes and an ideal eye wash. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

25c in all drug stores or sent by mail.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET JOHN L. THOMPSON SON'S CO. 148 River St., Troy, N. Y.

First in Road Construction.

According to the report of the state highway commissioner, New York stands first in road construction, having completed and accepted 882 miles of road last year and contracted for 1,148 miles, a large per cent of which is now open to traffic. The state highway commissioner, in his annual report, recommends that foreign cars using New York roads should be required to pay some burden of the making.

The Deadly Glass.

"A man who drinks should never run an automobile."

"Of course not," agreed Mr. Chugkins. "And yet when I was touring in a dry state, I couldn't help wishing that every drinking man owned a motor car. It would make him more careful about smashing bottles in the road."—Washington Star.

Working Up to it.

"What's the matter, Adolphus? Why, you look nervous and you can't keep still!"

"You notice it, do you? Fine! Fine! I'm smoking 100 cigarettes a day, chop yit, ner no chicken an' cornbread to cook over de fire. But you got to do one thing at a time in dis life an' I jes natchally had to stahst somewhere."—Washington Star.

Familiar Appearance.

A number of tourists were recently looking down the crater of Vesuvius. An American gentleman said to his companion:

"That looks a good deal like the infernal regions."

An English woman, hearing the remark, said to another:

"Good gracious! How these Americans do travel!"—Chicago Herald.

Weakening.

"I wish to tell you perseverance wins in the long run. Now, my barber has been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the last ten years!"

"But he hasn't succeeded yet."

"No, but I think he eventually will."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To the Woman Who Realizes She Needs Help

You are nervous. You have "crying spells." You are dejected. You don't sleep well. You have backache. You have lost ambition for your work. You are beginning to feel old and look old.

These symptoms, more than likely, are produced by some weakness, derangement or irregularity peculiar to the feminine organism.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

will aid you in regaining youthful health and strength—just as it has been doing for over forty years for women who have been in the same condition of health you now find yourself. It soothes and invigorates. It rebuilds and uplifts.

Your medicine dealer will supply you in tablet or liquid form, or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take.