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Complete Change Saturday. Adults, Matinee, 20c.  
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**CEMENT**

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The Phonograph Known for Tone  
Agents Wanted. Order direct from factory, 330 East  
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**MCCORMICK MUSIC CO.**  
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Manufacturers of all kinds of Tanks,  
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Write for prices, 254 Front, Portland, Ore.

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Jack King Cures It. Ladies and Gents Exam-  
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Cut, seam, hem and machine  
pleat skirts ready for hand.  
Hemstitching, 45 cents per yard.  
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Northwest Welding & Supply Co. 83 1st St  
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For reliable Cleaning and  
Dyeing service send parcels to  
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1 to 5 ton GMC, Republics, Whites, etc.  
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**WENTWORTH & IRWIN, Inc.**  
Oregon Distributors for GMC Trucks  
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Model Shoe Repair, 212 Washington St.  
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Expert advice on all  
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Several years' actual  
experience in Govern-  
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those unable to visit our  
office. State your troubles briefly and  
send in with \$1 and we will give you honest  
to goodness advice. It will pay you to  
get in touch with us now. E. J. Curtin,  
Room 806 Lewis Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

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Cleaning, carding and mattresses. Crystal  
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**SANITARY BEAUTY PARLOR**  
We help the appearance of women.  
Twenty-two inch switch or transformation,  
value \$7.00, price \$2.45.  
400 to 412 Dekum Bldg.

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**RITZ HOTEL**  
**PARK AND MORRISON STS.**  
Depot Morrison Cars direct to Hotel. Popular  
Prices. Center Shopping and Theater district.  
FRANK A. CLARK, Prop.  
formerly with Clyde Hotel.

**IF IT HURTS DON'T PAY.**  
Guaranteed dental work. Crowns \$5.00,  
Plates \$15.00, Bridge work \$15.00 a tooth.  
Teeth extracted by gas. Latest modern  
methods. Dr. Henry Semler, Dentist, 3rd  
and Morrison, 2nd floor Albery Bldg., Port-  
land, Or. Write or phone for appointment.

**HOTEL HOYT**  
Located Sixth and Hoyt  
Strictly Fireproof and Modern. Near  
both depots and convenient car service  
to all parts of city.

**Where Duelists Are Barred.**  
A curious old form of oath, which  
bars those who have fought duels from  
holding office in the county or state,  
is still administered in Texas. The  
man elected has to swear he has never  
had any part in a duel.

**PILES**  
MY guaranteed non-surgical method of curing  
Piles has never failed, and I eliminate the  
doubt in YOUR case by refunding your fee if  
not cured.  
Write or call today for free booklet.  
**DR. CHAS. J. DEAN**  
2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON  
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

**For Food and Beauty.**  
Plant parsley seed in one of your  
house jardiniere. It will make an  
attractive plant for the house and  
when grown can be used for the table.

**LILAC LOVED IN ALL THE AGES**  
Spring Flower's History is Older  
Than That of China—Belongs  
to Olive.

**The Impossible.**  
They say nothing is impossible in  
this world, but you can't fry an egg  
on a fly-swatter without burning it.

**Big Moose Joins Cattle Herd**  
1,000-Pound Animal Visits Farm in  
New Hampshire and Feeds  
With Cows.

**Surely Must!**  
Eighteen million microbes found on  
a one-dollar bill. It must be very dan-  
gerous to carry a ten or twenty.

**Big Moose Joins Cattle Herd**  
Newport, N. H.—A huge bull moose,  
estimated to weigh 1,000 pounds and  
having an antler spread of four feet,  
has been seen feeding on the Fisher  
farm, near East Mountain, Newport,  
N. H., in company with a herd of cat-  
tle. It has also been with another

**Blood transfusion, first performed in  
man in 1907, is referred to in Samuel  
Peppys' diary for November 21 and 30 of  
that year.**

# Alice in the Subway

By JANE OSBORN

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He was the kind of man who seemed to be holding a continual competition for the "prettiest girl" or "the most beautiful girl." In this competition he was sole judge and the contestants were girls he chanced to meet or to see anywhere. When he went into a restaurant where women served he cast his eyes about to find the girl who, in his opinion, was the prettiest. Then he took a seat at a table that seemed to be in her zone. After a glance he could tell you which of the girls was the prettiest, which the most beautiful. In the office of a friend he would look about in search of the best-looking stenographer. It seemed to be a game that interested him immensely and that made even a ride in a crowded subway car something of an adventure.

Thus he was engaged one afternoon when the offices of the business section had just poured forth their thousands of young women to make their way homeward. This time the laurels were awarded without delay. The girl who stood opposite him in the vestibule of the subway car was so fresh of face, so gracefully proportioned, so brown of eye and golden of hair that she won with flying colors. In fact she was probably the prettiest girl he had ever seen in a subway train. In fact she was perhaps the prettiest girl he—

Then the surprising thing happened. The pretty girl, with quick color coming to her cheeks, stepped over to him with hand outstretched. "You're John Laurence, aren't you?" she said with perfect conviction. "I haven't seen you for ten years, I'm sure. Yet I knew you in a flash."

It was surprising, because the girl didn't look at all like the girl who would respond so quickly to his look of searching interest. "You bet I am, John Laurence's my name, all right." "You don't remember me?" she asked with a little disappointment. "I remember your face—couldn't forget that," he assured. "But for the minute the name has slipped me."

"Alice," she reminded. "I used to sit in front of you in school. You used to walk home after school, too, and carry my books. And I used to call you Johnny to tease you, and you used to put the end of my braid in your ink well." "So I did, so I did. You look just the same. Let's see, how many years ago was that?" "Ten, wasn't it?" she figured. "We were fifteen then and we're twenty-five now. That's ten, isn't it?"

Enormous satisfaction swept over the man. He was thirty-two and a girl who didn't look more than twenty thought he was her own age. "I guess I look a whole lot older than you," he flushed. "Well, maybe, but then I suppose you have worked pretty hard. I heard you had graduated from Harvard and had gone in business with your uncle," she said, and again the man swelled with pride. So he looked like a Harvard man, did he? "Weren't you foolish?" she went on. "You and I used to be such good pals, John, and then we quarreled over some trifle."

"We were more than pals, weren't we?" said the man, making a successful effort not to overdo the matter, yet eager to know what role he was entitled to play. "Oh, you used to make calf love, John, but that doesn't count. We'll forget all that. But I'd really like to see you again and talk over school days." She put her hand out. "Come and see me some time. I live exactly where I did ten years ago. The neighborhood hasn't changed. I am getting out here tonight to see a friend."

And there the man stood glued to the side of the car. Why he didn't follow the girl out of the car he could not tell. When he came to his senses and tried to follow, the subway door slammed in his face. That night he took note of the facts on hand. Though he had no thought at first that the girl was just getting an excuse to talk to him he was assured, as her face and manner had assured him that she was not the kind of girl to do that sort of thing. He was sure of her story. She had simply mistaken him for some one else.

All he knew of her was that she lived where she had ten years ago, that her first name was Alice, and that she had gone to school ten years ago with a man named John Laurence, now twenty-five, who had graduated from Harvard, and bore a striking resemblance to him, Jim Kelly. After all, the clues were not bad. As the man thought it over, he believed that the girl realized her mistake before she left. Much as he admired his own personal appearance he could not believe that she could have looked at him as closely as she did and not realize that he was more than twenty-five.

Jim Kelly took time the next day to drop in at the Harvard club in town and find from there something of one John Laurence. He found that he lived and operated, with his uncle, a factory, some six miles out of the city. The next day was Saturday and Jim had promised to take Kate Hickson, to whom he was then engaged, to the theater, but he made his excuses and took a 2 o'clock train to the home of the Laurences. He found John Laurence, and was not flattered at having to consider himself his double. To be sure, they

# KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

MY WANTS

I DO not want a fortune great; I do not seek the cares of state, With all their glitter and their glare, And wicked schemes afloat in air. I do not yearn for power or place; Nor would I take part in the race For gold—I only ask that I May sow good will while passing by; And that when I am laid below The cool, green sod, where daisies blow, Some one will pause a bit, and then Declare: "He helped his fellowmen."

I do not covet mansions grand, Nor acres broad on every hand; I do not yearn for jewels bright, To dazzle my poor neighbor's sight; I do not yearn to take command, And order men on every hand—I only ask that I may go Along a road where flowers blow, And dying, have men pause and say: "He scattered sunshine all the way."

Let others dig and delve for gold; Let others place of power hold; Let others with a lordly air, Stand forth within the limelight's glare; Let others trade on hopes and fears, And profit by the sobs and tears Of those they wreck. I only ask The strength to do each daily task, Then homeward go with heart elate And greet my loved ones at the gate; Then, dying, have men pause a while And say: "He gave the world a smile."

(Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)

**Something to Think About**  
By F. A. WALKER

# BEND OF THE ROAD

WHETHER in the work-a-day world, in the lecture room, or in some chosen field of diversion where honor is at stake, you may sometimes become depressed at your slow progress in attaining your heart's fondest wishes. Your friends seem to go sailing on favorable tides, while you are beset by adverse currents and opposing gales. Or you may be doggedly climbing steep hills while they are striding merrily on a level road with the wind at their back, the sunshine playing hide-and-seek among the gleaming leaves, while the birds redouble their songs to give encouragement and make the journey pleasant.

Ferret-faced men and bobbed-haired, spectacled girls are making their mark, while you with your good-looking features, your stout and healthy body, of which you are admittedly vain, seem all the while to be flitting with open failure, unable to dodge it, in spite of your desire to do so. Or again, in your frequent moods of dejection, you may fancy that Fate has a grudge against you, and is fully determined to hold you in bondage until the final farthing has been paid, all of which, if you will soberly reflect, is but an absurd phantasm of the mind.

If you have good sense without vanity, a penetrating mind and a disposition to "live and let others live" with a fair amount of energy, there is no reason at all why you should complain. To deal honestly with yourself in such matters, compare your temperament, manners, industry and dress with those upon whom you incline to look with scowling eyes and envious heart.

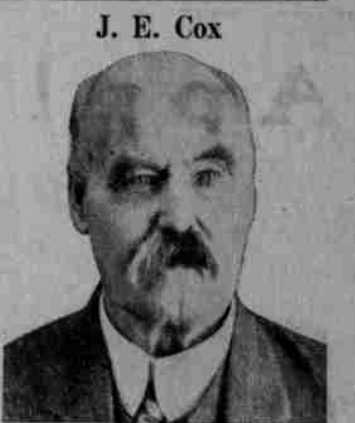
After such an examination, if you should find a deficiency banish it, summon all your resolution and press forward on the right road. Let no impediment oppress you. To overcome obstacles you must climb over them or seek another course. Do this persistently, faithfully and without faltering, for there is a bend in the road just beyond, where the signboard tells you, as it has been told thousands of others, which way you should go.

Those whom you have been envying, those plain persons whose presence you shun, have within them a fine nobility of soul, which you might with profit to yourself imitate and acquire if you go about it in the right spirit and possibly in the end beat them to the goal.

**The Rising Generation.**  
Truly this is the age of "Missouri" and even babes and sucklings have to be "shown."  
A Portland business woman living in an East side apartment has made a loyal subject of her landlord's five-year-old son. The woman has had extensive stage experience and her bedtime stories get over enrapturingly. By way of variety and in the interest of culture a recent narrative was the tragic history of Adam and Eve, told with dramatic fidelity to the record. Noting a brown silence on the part of the small auditor at the conclusion of the story, the woman said: "Well, how do you like that story; isn't it a good one?" "No-o-o," slowly and reflectively replied the venerable critic. "Sorter—er—foolish."—Portland Oregonian.

**Still Doing Business.**  
Mrs. Trotter—Yes, we're just back from Colorado. We've been up to the top of Pike's peak.  
Mrs. Homebody—Dear me! I've heard my father speak of going up Pike's peak when he was a boy. I had no idea they still had it up there.—Houston Post.

**Juria-Prudence.**  
An alien who was trying to be excused from jury duty said to the judge: "I can't understand good English."  
"Never mind," snapped the judge. "You won't bear any in this court."



J. E. Cox

**Three Score Years and Then—**  
He Found a Tonic That Keeps Him Up  
Portland, Ore.—"I am a man over seventy years of age and work every day; am hale and hearty and can truthfully say that Dr. Pierce's remedies have proven a wonderful help to me. I take a bottle of the Discovery now and then for its toning up and tonic effect. I also tried various remedies for constipation and after finding the 'Discovery' so good, I thought I would also try the Pleasant Peppets and am glad to say that now I am enjoying excellent health."—J. E. Cox, 1278 Belmont Street.

# COULD NOT TURN IN BED

Operation Avoided by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Dayton, Ohio.—"I had such pains that I had to be turned in bed every time I wished to move. They said an operation was necessary. My mother would keep saying: 'Why don't you take Pinkham's, Henrietta?' and I'd say, 'Oh, mamma, it won't help me. I've tried too much.' One day she said, 'Let me get you one bottle of each kind. You won't be out very much if it don't help you.' I don't know if you will believe me or not, but I only took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine when I began to get relief and I am regular ever since without a pain or a headache."

When I lie down I can get up without help and without pain. I can't begin to tell you how I feel and look. I have begun to gain in weight and look more like I ought to. I think every day of ways I have been helped. Any one who does not believe me can write to me and I will tell them what shape I was in. I am ready to do anything I can to help your medicine."—Mrs. HENRIETTA MILLER, 137 Sprague St., Dayton, Ohio.  
If you have any doubt write to Mrs. Miller and get her story direct.

**The National Sport.**  
Golf, we read, has not been taken up seriously by the people of Switzerland. The fact is they are too busy chasing cuckoos into cuckoo clocks.—From Punch, London.

**Our Writings.**  
Our writings are like so many dishes, our readers, our guests, our books, like beauty—that which one admires another rejects; so we are approved as men's fancies are inclined.—Burton.

**Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum**  
When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

**Lines to Be Remembered.**  
Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise to the emergency and then cave in the emergency's head?—Artemus Ward.

**Light-Fingered Ghost.**  
"I can swear that a ghost was there! Before the seance I had a pocketbook, and now I have none!"—Simplicissimus (Munich).

**Cuticura Soap**  
—The Safety Razor—  
**Shaving Soap**  
Cuticura Soap shaves without nicks. Everywhere 5c.

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

**Are You Satisfied?** BEHNKE-WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE is the biggest, most perfectly equipped Business Training School in the Northwest. Fit yourself for a higher position with more money. Permanent positions assured our graduates. Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill, Portland.  
P. N. U. No. 43, 1922