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**NEW SCOTT HOTEL**  
Broadway & Ankeny Sts., Portland, Ore.  
Rates, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.  
Edw. H. Goudy, Manager. One Minute from Washington Street.

**New Houston Hotel**  
Sixth and Everett Sts., Portland, Ore.  
Four blocks from Union Depot. Two blocks from New Postoffice. Modern and fireproof. Over 100 outside rooms. Rates 75c to \$2.00.  
CHAS. G. HOPKINS, Manager.

WHEN IN  
**SEATTLE**  
TRY THE **FRYE**

**SEATTLE'S LARGEST HOTEL**  
Only three blocks from Depots and Docks. Opposite City Hall Park and Court House.  
**THE FINEST DOLLAR ROOM IN AMERICA**  
With detached bath, 1 person, \$1.00 \$1.50  
2 persons, \$1.50 \$2.00  
With private bath, 1 person, \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00  
2 persons, \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00  
"When in Seattle Try the Frye"

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— HOLMES —  
**BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
FLIEDNER BUILDING  
TENTH AND WASHINGTON, PORTLAND, OREGON  
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A quality school. Open day and evening all the year. Students admitted at any time. Book-keeping taught from written work, exactly as practiced in business. Shorthand and typewriting by experts. Special instruction for civil service examinations. Moderate tuition, books at small cost. Position as soon as competent. Investigate—it will pay. Call, telephone Broadway 1821, or write.

**ACADEMY OF THE HOLY CHILD**  
Rose City Park, Portland, Oregon.  
Phone Tabor 1081.  
**A SELECT BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
(Boys Under 10 Admitted.)  
Offers exceptional advantages. Limited number of pupils. Individual care. Thorough moral, mental, physical training. Modern languages. Music. Art.

**BEAUTIFUL RUGS**  
Are made from your OLD CARPETS. Rag Rugs woven all sizes. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention. Send for booklet.  
NORTHWEST RUG CO.  
E. 8th and Taylor Sts. Portland, Or.

**DRUGS BY MAIL**  
We Pay the Postage.  
If in need of Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Arch Supports, Shoulder Braces, TRUSSES, Elastic Stockings, Abdominal Supporters, Suspensory Bandages for Men, and all other Rubber Goods of every description, write to:  
**LAUE-DAVIS DRUG CO.**  
Truss Experts  
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**\$2.50 AGATE CUTTING**  
FOR \$2.50 WE WILL CUT AND MOUNT YOUR AGATE IN A SOLID GOLD RING LIKE CUT. SEND SIZE OF FINGER AND AGATE  
**NOVELTY AGATE CO.**  
171 BROADWAY  
PORTLAND OREGON

**TRAVEL AND PROFIT.**  
Young men and women with business training find positions everywhere. Go to Northwest's largest Business College. BEHNKE-WALKER, Portland, Ore. All courses. Positions guaranteed. Write for free illustrated catalog.

**ELECTRIC MOTORS**  
Bought, Sold, Rented and Repaired  
**WALKER ELECTRIC WORKS**  
Burnside, cor. 10th. Portland, Ore.

**Her Expression.**  
Slickton—"They tell me your daughter sings with great expression.  
Flickton—"Greatest you ever saw! Why, her own mother can't recognize her face when she's singing.—Puck.  
Manager—"What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?  
Press Agent—"She only got nine bouquets over the footlights tonight.  
"Great Scot! Isn't that enough?"  
"No. She paid for 10."—Ex.

**SHIP** Veal, Pork, Beef, Poultry, Butter, Eggs and Farm Produce  
to the Old Reliable Everding house with a record of 45 years of Square Dealings, and assured of TOP MARKET PRICES.  
**F. M. CRONKHITE**  
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**HIDES, PELTS, CASCARA BARK, WOOL AND MOHAIR.**  
We want all you have. Write for prices and shipping tags  
**THE H. F. MORTON CO.** Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Wa.  
P. N. U. No. 34, 1917

**SKYSCRAPER'S SET OF NERVES**

Business District of New York Uses Six Feet of Telephone Wire to London's One.

The nerves of the skyscraper are the telephone wires, of course. And inasmuch as progress in evolution is measured by complex nervous development, it is natural that New York's downtown, where business, the highest form of social biology, has attained its fullest development, should be an enormous spider's web of telephone wires. The per capita consumption of telephone wire in New York is six times as much as in London, Simeon Strunsky writes in Harper's. That represents the relative nervous intensity of business in New York and in London.

Some such excess of wiring I suspect in the skyscrapers of downtown. There are hundreds and thousands of rooms, and in every room one or more men with their mouths and ears to the telephone. It is all cellular partitions and wire ganglions reaching out to Chicago, perhaps, or San Francisco; wires to the stock exchange around the corner, wires to the assistant in the adjoining room, wires to the heart of the dictaphone into which business is being dictated and from which business will travel to the ears of the stenographer who will transfer it to paper. Our ghostly tourist will conclude that modern business is a matter of conversation.

Downtown, inside of its tens of thousands of skyscraper cells, is thus terribly busy—about what? So far as the eye can see, about nothing in particular. A man with a telephone at his elbow, a flat-topped desk with a metal basket holding a dozen letters, perhaps, a photograph of the man's wife in a silver frame at one end of the desk, and that is all. But if the cell is a large one, sometimes reaching the dimensions of an entire floor in a skyscraper block, the desks, telephones, metal baskets and phonographs are indefinitely multiplied. The substantialities of business are not there—the steel, wheat, cotton, bullion, the beams, cranks, boxes and bales which you recall being hauled toward quaint little wharves on toy trucks driven by men in jumpers and shovel hats in the pictures in your school geography labeled commerce. By externals there is no way of telling whether the man at the desk is engaged in selling stocks and bonds, or woolen remnants, or railway accessories or trusts and mergers, or theater tickets. There is lacking the concrete symbolism of the old counting room—the heavy ledgers, whose bulk suggested the raw materials of traffic, the clerks on their high stools, the bustle of orders given and taken. The heavy ledgers have been replaced by filing cabinets, whose purpose seems as much decorative as useful. Your business office might as well be the catalogue room of a college library.

**If Your Skin Itches Just Use Resinol**

No remedy can honestly promise to heal every case of eczema or similar skin ailment. But Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap, gives such instant relief from the itching and burning, and so generally succeeds in clearing the eruption away for good, that it is the standard skin treatment of thousands and thousands of physicians. Sold by all druggists.

**EG-O-LENE** The henless egg; chemist's substitute; big sale; sample half dozen, with details, 10c. Ego Co., Somerville, N. J.

**Nothing Omitted.**  
"I understand you have bought a set of Shakespeare's works."  
"Yes," replied Mr. Dubwaite loftily. "A complete set."  
"And a glossary, too, I presume?"  
"Oh, yes, yes. In fact, everything Shakespeare wrote." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Where to Keep Sugar.**  
To keep powdered sugar from hardening get only 25 cents' worth at a time, put in a paraffin-lined oatmeal carton, put two thicknesses of paraffin paper on the top, press the lid down firmly.

**Good Description.**  
Grandmother was teaching Dorothy to read the alphabet. She got along fine until coming to the letter "Y" she said: "Grandma, what's the one that looks like a little man holding his arms up?"

**HEAL ITCHING SKINS**  
With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these super-creamy emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere. —Adv.

**KNOW LITTLE CARE**

SHANTY BOATMEN CERTAINLY LIVE A HAPPY LIFE.

Will Sometimes Work, Though Pleasure is the Real Business of Existence—Not Bothered About Rent or Taxes.

If a man were privileged to choose his own manner of living, sorting over the whole collection of life's various forms of existence, and choosing the one he liked best, no matter what anybody or everybody said, it is likely that in all that strange collection he could find nothing more charming than the life of the shanty boatman, remarks the Indianapolis News. The shanty boatman lives anywhere, according to his inclination and the season. He lives, anyway, according to his desires. It sets you dreaming of all the faraway places to think of him. He moors his little house on the cool northern streams in the summer, and drifts down the warm blue southern rivers during the winter. He is not averse to a bit of work now and then, enough to keep him in coffee and bacon, but he can choose his work as he goes, and leave it when he grows tired of it. Work is his avocation, and, as an avocation, work is not an unpleasant thing. His real business is living, smoking, fishing, drifting. He pays neither rent nor taxes. He owns only a bit of an old shack, somehow made watertight and balanced so that it will float. It is even possible, you must understand, for him to enter into the life of city men, entering into it, however, with no sense of necessity or restraint.

A shanty boatman was not so long ago a resident of this very town. With a proper sense of the fitness of things he tied his boat to a fence, in line with the houses on the shore and even painted a number over the front door. It was a jolly looking little home, with the smoke coming out of the pipe in the roof and lamplight shining from the edge of the curtains, and, for all we know, he may have a regular job and have taken to city life very contentedly for a while. The advantage he had over the rest of us, of course, was that to get away to the faraway places, he had only to untie his boat and drift, accepting now and then a bit of a lift from a friendly craft.

The thing that is likely to bother us, however, in choosing this sort of existence, is the question as to whether we should really be a shanty boatman, or just pretend to be one. Stevenson was a sort of shanty boatman. At least, he did drift about through the country in a boat, and lived very contentedly and lazily on the way. But Stevenson has written a book about his wanderings, and he was not really a shanty boatman at all. It is just the difference you may say, between art and vagrancy. Vagrancy has an idle sound, and art is a tempting thing. The very point in being a shanty boatman, however, is in not having to try to be anything else, and, perhaps the best thing about it is the fact that it is so far removed from art as to be very nearly real.

**Remarkable Premonition.**

A striking instance of premonition is reported from Griffithstown, Monmouthshire, Great Britain. While a maternity nurse was walking home, she had a presentiment that her patient and the child whom she had just left were in danger. Hurrying home, she prevailed upon her husband, a member of the local fire brigade, to go to the post office, where he found the bedroom occupied by the sub-postmistress and her baby to be on fire. He removed the mother and child and extinguished the fire, which had originated in a wooden beam near the fireplace.

**War's Convictions.**

What has happened is that out of the blackest, most infernal experience through which, as far as we know, the race has ever passed there has seemed to come literally to millions of men a redeeming conviction, a healing and transfiguring assurance, that brotherhood is not a delusion; that life has a meaning; that resolution and courage and discipline and simple faith in fellowmen and loyalty to ideals are now, as they have always been, within that meaning; that these things are, as they will be forever, within man's heritage, to be displayed in war until the better way is found.—E. T. Devine

**According to Rules of the Sea.**

A sailor who had landed after a long voyage, and having been paid off, called a cab, threw his luggage inside, and jumped on top himself.  
"Beg pardon, sir," said the astonished cabman, "but you should get inside and put your boxes on top."  
"Steer the craft ahead, sonny. Passengers always go on deck and luggage in the hold," was the reply from the top.—London Tit-Bits.

**WRIGLEYS**

During convalescence, and when appetite lags

**WRIGLEYS**

brings to the hot, dry mouth a freshness and a soothing balm that coaxes back the enthusiasm of health.

Thousands of soldiers in Europe have cause to thank Wrigley's for its tonic effect.

**The Flavor Lasts**



**TYPHOID** is no more necessary than 5 in 1000. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from us, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CALIF. PRODUCING VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

**MURINE** Granulated Eyelids, Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your eyes and in Baby's Eyes. **YOUR EYES** No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort **Murine Eye Remedy** At Your Druggist's or by mail, 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve, in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye—Free. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago 4

**Deep Laid Stratagem.**  
"What was the matter with your brass band?"  
"Well," replied the unskilled leader, "we understood that Germans are particularly fond of music. And if there were any Germans listening we wanted to make them feel as badly as possible."—Washington Star.

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.**  
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Hot, Swollen, Tender, Aching Feet. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Tommy, I'm ashamed of you! Why did you bite your little sister?"  
"Cause you told me I musn't kick or strike her."—Boston Transcript.

**Sure! High Heels Cause Corns But Who Cares Now**

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn or callous the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn or callous, root and all, lifts off with the fingers. Freezone dries the moment it is applied, and simply shrivels the corn or callous without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but will positively rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or hardened callous. If your druggist hasn't any freezone he can get it at any wholesale drug house for you.

**ASTHMA** AND HAY FEVER Cured Before You Pay  
I will send you a 10-day trial of LANE'S Treatment FREE TRIAL. When completely cured send me \$1.00. Otherwise, your report cancels the charge. Dr. J. LANE, 875 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kans.

**More Food is Purpose.**  
Pullman, Wash. — President E. O. Holland, of Washington State College, has received a request from Secretary Houston, of the department of Agriculture, asking that arrangements be made for an interstate conference in Spokane August 27 and 28 to discuss winter wheat and rye seeding problems. Seventy-five persons from eight states will be in attendance.

**WOMAN NOW IN 'PERFECT HEALTH'**

**What Came From Reading a Pinkham Advertisement.**

Paterson, N. J. — "I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me well and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the aforesaid ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles as they did me." — Mrs. ELSIE J. VAN DER SANDE, 36 No. York St., Paterson, N. J.

Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass, if you need special advice.