DIRECTORIES

United States Officers

President.....Woodrow Wilson
Vice President.....Thos. R. Marshall
Secretary of State.....Robert R. Lansing
Secretary of Treasury.....Wm. G. McAdoo
Secretary of War.....Lindley M. Garrison
Secretary of Navy.....Josephus Daniels
Secretary of Interior.....Franklin K. Lane
Attorney General.....Thomas W. Gregory
Postmaster General.....Albert S. Burleson
Secretary of Agriculture.....David F. Huston
Secretary of Commerce.....Wm. C. Redfield
Secretary of Labor.....Wm. B. Wilson

Supreme Court

Chief Justice.....Edward D. White
Associate Justice.....James McKenna
Associate Justice.....W. R. Day
Associate Justice.....O. W. Holmes
Associate Justice.....Chas. E. Hughes
Associate Justice.....J. C. Lamar
Associate Justice.....Willis Vandeventer
Associate Justice.....Mahlon Pitney
Associate Justice.....Jas. C. McReynolds

U. S. Court, Oregon

Circuit Judge.....W. R. Gilbert
District Judge.....Chas. E. Wolverton
District Judge.....R. S. Bean
Marshal.....John Montag
Clerk.....A. M. Cannon
Attorney.....C. L. Reames

U. S. Senators

George E. Chamberlain.....Portland
Harry Lane.....Portland

Members of Congress

First District.....Willis C. Hawley, Salem
Second District.....N. J. Sinnott, The Dalles
Third District.....C. N. McArthur, Portland

State Officers

Supreme Court

Chief Justice.....Frank A. Moore
Associate Justice.....Robt Eakin
Associate Justice.....Henry J. Bean
Associate Justice.....Thos H. McBride
Associate Justice.....Lawrence T. Harris
Associate Justice.....George H. Burnett
Associate Justice.....Henry J. Benson

Executive Department

At Salem

Governor.....James Withycombe
Secretary of State.....Ben W. Olcott
State Treasurer.....Thomas B. Kay
Attorney General.....George M. Brown
Supt. Public Instruction.....J. A. Churchill
State Printer.....Arthur W. Lawrence
Insurance Commissioner.....Harvey Wells
Labor Commissioner.....O. P. Hoff
Corporation Commissioner.....R. A. Watson
Superintendent of Banks.....S. G. Sargent
Veterinarian.....Dr. W. H. Lytle

At Portland

Dairy Commissioner.....John D. Mickle
Game Warden.....W. L. Finley
Fish Warden.....R. E. Clanton
Health Officer.....Dr. Calvin S. White
Adjutant General.....George A. White

Secretaries State Boards

Railroads.....H. H. Corey, Salem
Medical Examiner.....L. H. Hamilton, Portland
Health.....Dr. Calvin S. White, Portland
State Fair.....W. A. Jones, Salem
Horticulture.....H. M. Williamson, Portland
Lands.....G. G. Brown, Salem
Tax Commission.....Frank K. Lovell, Salem
State Library.....Cornelia Marvin, Salem
Pharmacy.....J. Lee Brown, Portland
Dentistry.....H. H. Olinger, Salem

Heads of State Institutions

University.....P. L. Campbell, Eugene
Agricultural College.....W. J. Kerr, Corvallis
Normal School.....J. H. Ackerman, Monmouth
Blind.....E. T. Moores, Salem
Mutes.....E. S. Tillenghast, Salem
Feeble Minded.....J. H. Thompson, Salem
Insane.....R. E. L. Steiner, Salem
Penitentiary.....H. P. Minto, Salem
Training School.....Will S. Hale, Salem
Soldiers' Home.....W. W. Elder, Roseburg

Twelfth Judicial District

Judge.....Harry H. Belt, Dallas
Prosecutor.....R. L. Conner, McMinnville

Members of Legislature

Senate.....W. T. Vinton, McMinnville
House.....F. L. Minchelbook, McMinnville
House.....P. P. Olds, LaFayette

County Officers

County Judge.....J. B. Dodson, McMinnville
Commissioner.....William Gunning, McMinnville
Commissioner.....W. S. Allan, Dundee
Clerk.....C. B. Wilson, McMinnville
Sheriff.....W. G. Henderson "
Assessor.....Martin Miller "
Treasurer.....Alice L. Adams "
Recorder.....H. S. Maloney "
Supt. Schools.....S. S. Duncan "
Surveyor.....H. W. Heming "
Coroner.....Carey Tilbury "
Health Officer.....J. H. Cook "
Stock Inspector.....Peter Hanson "
Fruit Inspector.....H. E. Crowell, Dundee

BILL
The Plumber
PHONE BLACK 49 202 FIRST

COME AND SEE
MUELLER, the Tailor
Big $20 Sample Line
$20.00 A SUIT AND NO MORE
MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

The Untold Half

It Was Not Necessary For Him to Disclose It.

By ARTHUR BOLTONWOOD.

There is no particular excitement when one of the lumbering fruit boats of the Yellow Star line comes into port. There was no particular stir along the water front that biting, foggy morning in December when the Admiral Dart came wheezing up the harbor, swung into her berth at the Yellow Star docks with the aid of a couple of tugs—for the tide was running strongly—shot out her gangplank and disembarked the four passengers she carried.

She also disembarked Bobby Shacklett. But Bobby Shacklett did not come to the wharf by way of the gangplank. While the fussy little donkey engines in the sheds were puffing valiantly and swinging briskly out of the Admiral Dart's hold the many bunches of green bananas Bobby Shacklett, very thin, very pale and very much unwashed, came up from the stoke room, took a long breath of the misty air, shivered a bit—for his clothes were painfully thin and shabby — and then climbed over the rail and dropped unostentatiously to the wharf.

A couple of carriages bearing the steamer's late passengers whisked past him. Three rumbling drays went bumping past, one of the drivers shouting impolitely to Bobby to get to somewhere out of the way.

Bobby grinned. It was not a pleasant grin. He was thinking of his homecoming as he had planned it and as it had actually turned out, and comparisons, which are always odious things, were particularly so in this case.

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his ragged trousers, drew out a few pieces of silver, grinned once more, shivered again and made his way to the street.

A solitary hansom was drawn up to the curb, waiting for a chance fare. Bobby stepped over to it. The cabby surveyed him scowlingly, but Bobby, quite oblivious apparently to the dubious glances cast in his direction, climbed calmly in.

He gave an address on a certain conservative street uptown. The driver stared at him. Bobby smiled.

"Don't blame me, old chap," he said, noting the other's hesitation. "But I want to go there, strange as it may seem and incompatible as it may be with my present appearance. What's the row? Afraid I won't be good for the fare? Here you go."

He passed up the handful of silver through the trap. "Now, then, drive on," he commanded.

The whiplash sang through the air; the shambling horse lurched into a trot; the hansom rocked, and away they went through the dingy, noisy streets.

They drew up finally before an imposing house on the conservative uptown street. Bobby climbed from the hansom, and while the latter turned and went clattering away he shut his teeth grimly and mounted the brownstone steps with a light of determination in his eyes.

In response to his vigorous tug at the bell the door was opened by a statuesque butler, whose dignity stood out obtrusively all over him. He looked at the figure on the stoop and closed the door halfway.

"Well?" he said, and the manner in which he said it plainly bade the visitor begone.

"Is Miss Wadsworth in?" said Bobby quietly.

"Hi think not, sir. In fact, Hi am very sure she isn't," the butler replied.

A look came into Bobby's gray eyes—a look that had made better men than the butler quail many times before now.

"I rather think you are mistaken," said he. "I'm sure she is at home, and, what is more, I am sure she will be glad to receive me. If you don't believe it, just tell her, if you will, that the general manager of the Colona Intercoast railway would like a word with her. I'd advise you to do as I say."

The butler hesitated but a second longer. The man on the stoop was looking at him with a most disconcerting determination in his bearing. The butler, unwilling, it is true, opened the door.

"Step in, sir," said he. "Hi will see."

A fire crackled cheerfully in a big fireplace at one end of the warm, dark hall. Bobby drew a chair close to it and, sitting down, held out his stiffened fingers to the grateful blaze.

Up the wide stairs creaked the butler with as much haste as his ubiquitous dignity allowed. Voices sounded above. There was a little gasp, a cry, the swish of skirts, the patter of light footsteps hurrying down the stairs.

Bobby arose from his chair just as Mary Wadsworth, more radiant, more beautiful than ever, came running toward him.

"Bobby!" she cried, both her hands held out to him. "Bobby, I—I can't believe that it is really you and that you are back! I'm glad—oh, so glad I can't tell you properly!"

Bobby had stiffened. His face was very grave.

"Mary, please sit down for a moment," said he. "I shan't keep you long. Just a word of explanation, and perhaps even that is not needed," he added, with a lugubrious glance at his tattered raiment. "I must apologize for coming here this way, but stoking on a fruit steamer raises the very deuce with one's appearance."

She was about to say something, but he held out his hand.

"Please let me talk first," said he. "I must tell you before you say a word or else I shan't have the courage to. You see, it's all off—railroad gone up, contracts unfulfilled, and the fortune I went down there to stow away in my jeans some one else has walked off with. That's about all, except that I came back in the fruit steamer to tell you that I'm the largest, most inexcusable fizzle extant."

"That is all?" she asked suddenly. "Are you sure that is all? Do you mean to say in those few sentences you have told me everything?"

"All that you should know," he said.

She looked at him steadily, and a sudden light leaped into her eyes.

"You are telling me only half," she said.

He was silent.

"Why don't you tell me the other half?" she demanded.

"It—it wouldn't interest you," he said lamely.

She leaned toward him. "I know the other half without your telling it, you great, big, generous boy," said she.

"Eh? What? What is it you know or, rather, think you know?" he asked.

"I know it all—the whole story," she declared. "I know why you are here as you are. I know it was because you shielded my brother when he—when he wasn't straight, when the gambling houses down there had done their worst for him. I know that you — you dear, loyal Bobby Shacklett — threw everything into the balance — opportunities, contracts, everything, to save him and that now you have come back to me with your lips sealed, claiming that you have failed and offering no excuses for it."

Shacklett reddened. He smiled rather vaguely and looked decidedly embarrassed. Twice he essayed to speak and each time got no further than the initial word. The girl was watching him closely.

"It—it doesn't change things any, even if all you have said is true, and I haven't admitted yet that it is true," he said at last. "I've lost my money, and—you see that"—

"You have gained—gained something else," she whispered.

The butler was telling the pretty second girl about it below stairs.

"'Is harm was around her," said he disgustedly. "Think of it! And 'im nothing but a common tramp!"

Hazards of Farming.

Farming has always been a hazardous business. Fire and frost and flood, wind and hail and drought, blight and the hordes of insect enemies have destroyed the crops since man began tilling the soil.

Yet with all its hazards farming is perhaps the most stable and substantial of all businesses. They say that 90 per cent of the merchants fail. We have always suspected those statistics, but certainly a much smaller proportion of farmers are sold out under the hammer.

There is no starvation in the country and few cases of charity of the infirm and helpless. The problem of employment is not pressing, and we do not lie awake nights wondering if we can get the money to pay next month's rent.—Farm Life.

An Orchid Tragedy.

Perhaps Madagascar has claimed more orchid hunters' lives and been the scene of more revolting acts of cruelty than any other place. Some years ago a German orchid fancier while seeking some specimens in the forests of this island was captured by some of the native officials, who, after covering him with oil, burned him alive. Another collector who was seized by some of the same officials was allowed to choose between being burned alive or himself setting fire to some fagots on which lay another prisoner, also an orchid collector, and thus saving his own life. He chose the latter alternative and died six months later a lunatic.

FAMOUS WALKERS.

Men of Genius Who Were Celebrated as Tireless Pedestrians.

There have been some famous pedestrians, with the emphasis on the word famous. Charles Dickens was a great walker. "Twelve, fifteen, even twenty miles a day were none too much for Dickens. * * * Swinging his blackthorn stick, his little figure sprang forward over the ground, and it took a practiced pair of legs to keep alongside of his voice." He once did "a special feat of turning out of bed at 2 after a hard day, pedestrian and otherwise, and walking thirty miles into the country for breakfast."

Sir Walter Scott "walked twenty or thirty miles without fatigue, notwithstanding his limp." Browning when past seventy could take long walks without fatigue, and Wordsworth at threescore did twenty miles a day. De Quincey considered fourteen miles a day necessary to his health, and Lamb, notwithstanding his "almost immaterial legs," "could walk during all the day." Brahms was a tireless pedestrian, and Beethoven always took his daily walk or "run" of five or more miles in all manner of weathers, while Turner traveled twenty miles a day, sketching as he walked. Herbert Spencer at thirteen, in a fit of homesickness, walked forty-eight miles one day and forty-seven the next, but was probably injured in so doing. Tolstoy at fifty-eight walked 130 miles in three days.

Great men are usually of powerful physique, and many of us would suffer if we emulated their walking habits, but they have not all been so vigorous. Immanuel Kant walked for at least an hour every day, but doubtless Bacon or Locke, Chopin or Weber, Spinoza or Calvin, who were none of them in good health, would have found a walk of a mile or two quite sufficient or even too much.—Dr. James Frederick Rogers in St. Nicholas

Daniel O'Connell.

During the school days of an Irish student in France the French revolution endangered his liberty and even his life, and he escaped. He returned to his native land, studied law, was admitted to the bar and found himself in the midst of the rebellion of 1798. But he ranged himself on the side of law and order. He made $290 the first year of his legal life. Soon his yearly income was $45,000. In 1841 he was elected lord mayor of Dublin. In 1844 he was put in jail. In 1875 he died. These are events in the life of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator, of whom Gladstone said, "He was the greatest popular leader the world has ever known."

As the Maid Saw It.

"In her book, 'Thirteen Years of a Busy Life,' Mrs. Alec Tweedie tells this story on herself.

Before she started on a journey from New York to Mexico she packed away her jewelry, including her ring and watch chain. Her maid was sitting opposite her in the train, and suddenly she noticed they were missing.

"Oh," she exclaimed in a sudden panic, "where are your rings?"

"I put them away," Mrs. Tweedie replied. "I never travel off the beaten track wearing jewelry of any kind."

"Oh, dear, what a pity!" commented the maid. "They make you look such a lady!"

Marvelous Measurement.

Much is heard of the wonderful instruments employed by science to record the slightest tilts and pulsations of the crust of the earth, but few have any idea of the uncanny accuracy of those instruments. For instance, one such instrument will render observable a tilt of less than one three-hundredth of a second of an arc. This means that if a plane surface was tipped up only so little that the rise would amount to a single inch in a thousand miles the instrument mentioned would reveal the tilting.

The Wily Professor.

Clerk—See here! You told me if I took your course it wouldn't be long before I was earning $40 a week.

Professor Skinner—Well?

Clerk—Well, the most I can get is $20.

Professor—That so? But, honestly, now, don't you feel that you are earning $40? Almost every clerk feels he earns at least twice as much as he gets.—Boston Transcript.

A Cumulative Mistake.

"How in the name of common sense did you come to buy so many eggs when I told you to buy only one dozen?" said a lady to her colored cook.

"Well, missus, you tol' me to git one dozen, but I understood you to say two dozen, so I told de groceryman free dozen, but he misunderlook me to say fo' dozen, so he gimme five dozen."—Exchange.

SUBMARINE PERISCOPES.

Only One Variety Shows the Entire Horizon at Once.

There are many different styles of periscopes. The simplest form is a vertical steel tube about twenty feet long, with a reflecting prism at the top and the lenses of a telescope at the bottom. It is, in fact, a simple telescope whose line of sight "turns a corner" from horizontal to vertical as it passes through the prism. This instrument takes in forty-five degrees of the horizon, or one-eighth the total field, at one view. By turning the tube on its axis the rest comes into sight successively.

This periscope gives very clear images, but as it can be used with only one eye at a time it does not allow of distinguishing the different planes of vision very well and tires the observer's eye somewhat quickly.

The so called combination periscope allows of vision with both eyes, though it is not stereoscopic. A real image is thrown on a ground glass screen, much like that of a photograph camera. It may be looked at with the two eyes, but no impression of depth and space is given. The screen avoids excessive fatigue, but it can be used only in bright light. The size of the image is often insufficient to bring out detail. To obtain greater enlargement without diminishing clearness too much, magnifying lenses are sometimes added.

The preceding periscopes do not enable a commander to take a rapid survey of the horizon. It takes five to ten seconds to make a complete circle. Again, the observer must himself move around with the eyepiece. If the image is to remain upright without moving the eyepiece it is necesary to use a compensatory prism whose movement makes up for that of the eyepiece.

This is the principle of the panoramic periscope, whose tube is fixed and bears at its summit a glass bulb containing a reflecting prism mounted on a base that may be turned with a handle. There is a compensating prism that turns at half the speed and keeps the image straight.

To observe successively all points of the horizon it suffices to turn the crank without its being necessary for either observer or eyepiece to change place.

Nevertheless, however rapid the operation, it does not enable the observer to see the whole horizon at once. This is realized in the periscope with ring shaped eyepiece. At the top of the tube is a ring shaped lens, which refracts toward the base of the tube rays that reach it from all sides. A panoramic image is thus obtained that includes all surrounding objects, though they appear smaller and more distant than with the naked eye. — Exchange.

"It's just 'clothes, clothes, clothes' all the time," growled Mr. Cobbles. "Don't you women ever think of anything but clothes?"

"Why, yes," answered Mrs. Cobbles. "Occasionally we think of you men, and then we go and buy more clothes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Harker—Why do you think he is a great practical joker? Parker—Because when I played a little joke on him the other day it made him furious.

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Gives a brilliant glossy shine that does not rub off or dust off—that anneals to the iron—that lasts four times as long as any other.

Black Silk Stove Polish

is in a class by itself. It's more carefully made and made from better materials.

Try it on your parlor stove, your cook stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best polish you ever used, your hardware or grocery dealer is authorized to refund your money.

"There's "A Shine in Every Drop"

Get a Can TODAY

Collier's
The · National · Weekly

First Time in Clubs

Until this year *Collier's* has been sold at $5.50. Now the price is $2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

Special Offer to Our Readers

Recognizing the great demand for *Collier's* at the new price, we have made arrangements to offer it and our own publication each one year for the price of *Collier's* alone. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

What You Get in Collier's

Collier's is the one big, independent, fearless weekly of the whole country. Not only is it the good citizen's handbook but it is also a magazine for the whole family. Among the things that a year's subscription gives are:

1000 Editorials
600 News Photos
250 Short Articles
150 Short Stories
100 Illustrated Features
2 Complete Novels

Collier's $2.50
Graphic $1.50
Both for only $2.50

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Hiram Hoots, deceased, by the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and has qualified.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned administrator at the office of Clarence Butt at Newberg, Yamhill County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Harvey E. Hoots, Administrator of the estate of Hiram Hoots, deceased.

Dated September 9th, 1915.
Clarence Butt, Attorney for Estate

COL. W. C. DUNN
AUCTIONEER
Fifteen years experience
ST. PAUL, OREGON

Trespass Notices, printed from bold type for sale at Graphic office.

Quality SPAULDING LOGGING CO. Service
Largest Manufacturing Plant in the County
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, DOORS
WINDOWS, BUILDING MATERIAL ALL KINDS
MFRS. OF THE FAMOUS "INDIANA" SILO

Lone Fir Dairy

Pure Milk and Cream is conducive to good health.
This is the kind we supply our customers.
Our Dairy is frequently inspected by the State Dairy and Food Commissioner and has been highly commended by that official. Give us a trial.

Phone Red 66 R. B. LYLE