

# STATEWIDE PROHIBITION MEANS BIGGER TAXES THEY'RE TOO BIG NOW!

## Vote 333 X NO Against Prohibition

Register before Thursday, October 15

Voting qualifications: Six months' residence in the state, 30 days in precinct

Defeat of the proposed prohibition amendment will have no effect upon the efficient home rule or local option statutes now in force, and each community will continue to determine its individual stand on the matter of granting licenses.

Paid Advertisement, Taxpayers and Wage Earners' League of Oregon, Portland, Oregon.

## Cleaning and Pressing of Quality

CLOTHES BROUGHT HERE WILL BE MADE TO LOOK LIKE NEW. I DO ONLY CLEANING AND PRESSING.

Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited

Mrs. Wilhelmina Friedrich, Main St.

## OLD BEN BOLT

### The Prize He Won and What He Thought He Would Lose.

By MYRA NORTHCLIFF.

His name wasn't "Old Ben Bolt," but everybody called him that, and strangers accepted it on the spot as singularly appropriate, for Captain Jim Staybolt's honest, kind blue eyes, his brown face and closely curling hair and his masterful yet good natured mouth made him indeed seem the embodiment of the famous "Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale."

He wasn't old at all, though he thought himself aged and beyond all the dreams of youth because he had just turned thirty-five. But then he had always had an abnormal modesty about his own masculine charms.

His head, albeit of pepper and salt, was filled with practical good sense that had brought him up from fisherman to superintendent and part owner of the Grantson company's big fleet of smacks.

He had his office in the cubby of a water stilled shanty at the end of the pier, and its window looked directly across at a certain young woman named Kate, dealing out candy, oranges and cheap cigars to the rolling crews of the boats.

There was a standing joke among the boys how the smoking habit took hold of everybody after he saw Kate.

It never got to her ears, though, for notwithstanding the candy and cigars, there was a fine atmosphere of reticence about the girl who, when no one ever stepped, not even a look her way, the vest and the neat row that ever took her to the k. But her pretty features and shining eyes gave the crew to her preference, and Raynor, who frequently consumed his entire wait buying a cigar, could not have been said to discourage the impression.

It is true the boys joked, but the majority of them swore as well, for the handsome Raynor bore no immaculate reputation among them.

"Cuss it!" said Dick Pearsall, mate of the Osprey schooner, savagely one night. "Why is it a woman can never see an inch from her nose when she's daffy on a man?"

"Marryin' takes that out of 'em, though," laughed old Captain Brown, who was on honorable drydock after fifty years of cod and halibut.

"Marryin'!" sneered the mate of the dandy, well built smack Lucinda V. "Marryin'! Raynor looks like a marryin' man, don't he? I ain't no masher myself, but I tell you that smarty is just tryin' to show off before us fellows. Marry her! Even if he wanted to he ain't fit to wipe her old shoes on!"

Nobody dissented. There were tongues in the fishing port that did not hesitate to declare that Raynor's skill as a fisherman was far inferior to the art with which he could wreck coasters for a living when the owners got tired of paying insurance and decided that it was time to collect some instead.

"All the same, he told me it was fixed up between 'em," insisted Captain Brown. "That's tellin', I s'pose, but he didn't say as there was anything private about it."

Unnoticed by the men, Captain Jim Staybolt had come up in time to catch the last words. He stopped a moment in the shadow of a column. When he moved on his face looked gray and drawn in the uncertain light.

"Get ready to take the Osprey and the Lucinda out next tide," he said evenly. "We'll have 'em unloaded in three hours more and ready for sea again."

He went back, and the group broke up. Pearsall as he turned caught a glimpse of his superior's face and wondered vaguely if "the boss" were ill.

With a fine sense of honor, Captain Jim himself had refrained from a look or word that might compromise Kate, but the memory of a chance touch of her fingers once when she passed back his change still sent a thrill over him. Since that day she had grown under his eyes to be the one desirable thing of his life.

He knew enough of Raynor to despise the man. Time and again he had all but prayed he might get actual cause for interference. Now the shattering of the dream seemed less his blunder than a crime.

A week afterward Kate's old father was struck by a falling block and laid on his bed, helpless for life. Her mother fell ill of typhoid. The superintendent saw the bloom fade from the girl's cheeks, to return only when Raynor appeared, and that in a nervous flush. He grew hot and cold alternately at the air of careless proprietorship the latter had lately assumed. Then suddenly the man announced that he was going away.

"Hank has got a ship," Captain Jim heard Kate confide to another girl. "It's a schooner running out of South Amboy for Norfolk, and the owners have promised him a raise in a few months, and then, if father and mother are able to be moved!"

Captain Jim lost the rest, but a sharp thrust went through him, whether of anguish or relief he could not have told. A month later came news of a shipwreck on the New Jersey coast. The dispatches said openly that there were suspicious circumstances about

the wreck, but as the captain, Hank Raynor, was announced as among those drowned it was impossible to do much investigating.

On that very day Kate failed to appear at the pier.

Day by day for a blank, wretched week Captain Jim faced the empty stand opposite his window. Then he went down to the waterside street and found there destitution, at once pitiful and reassuring.

"It isn't your love I am asking for, dear," he said to her gently as at the end of a half hour he found himself holding her trembling fingers and smoothing her hair. "I couldn't expect that. But if you will give me what is left, the right to take care of you and yours, God knows it will be a precious trust."

Captain Jim had no fine phrases, but months of effort had made him a marvel of self control. He stood quite still, though every nerve was tense with longing to clasp the slim little figure to his breast. In fact, he hardly dared breathe when at last Kate dropped her head against his arm for acquiescence and broke into soft sobbing. A guess at what was in his heart, he told himself, would have frightened her out of his reach forever.

The six weeks that followed were a mixture of paradise and purgatory to him. It was hard, indeed, to play the decorous, fatherly lover when his whole soul cried out for the touch of her lips on his and every swish of her dress against him set his pulses throbbing. But he did it, and well.

His paradise proved a fool's, however. Walking along the main street one evening, with Kate on his arm, Hank Raynor's unmistakable self passed the two almost at elbow touch. There was a livid scar along the apparition's cheek. Kate did not see him, but a pang like death went through "Old Ben Bolt." The sight of that handsome, devil-may-care face seemed to seal his doom.

During the next four and twenty hours Captain Jim worked out his bitter problem. Cost what it might to his own self respect, he would tell Kate the truth as he knew it concerning Hank Raynor. He could do that if she had been his young sister, but in honor he must free her from her promise to himself.

He had thought of a way out of her financial difficulties, but it was not necessary she should know that yet or, indeed, the cost to his own heart of these last few months.

"I have come to give you back what I asked that first night, Kate, but I must tell you something it will be hard for you to bear," he said to her honestly as he stood in the little parlor, whose very plainness had grown dear to him.

A flush ran into Kate's cheek, but it died there, leaving a white line around her lips. "Old Ben Bolt" gripped the back of the chair in front of him.

"I suppose you have seen Raynor?" he went on.

Kate's color rushed back in a rosy flood. Her eyes drooped for an instant; then, shy, but brave, she looked straight into Captain Jim's own.

"Yes, I have seen him and—his wife," she answered with a little laugh. "He brought her from Philadelphia. It—it was a good thing I had found out before that—that I didn't care most for him, after all, wasn't it, you dear 'Old Ben Bolt'?"

The room reeled round Captain Jim. Out of its chaos Kate's face grew flushed and smiling still, but with suspiciously luminous eyes. Then did this "Ben Bolt" give a great gasp as the truth burst upon him. He took two long strides with outstretched arms, and a second later Kate was quite lost in the big, warm embrace her dark hour had taught her was her heart's true haven.

### Soap From Whale Oil.

Whale oil, for years almost a drug on the market, has recently become far more valuable through the discovery of a way to use it in making soap, which had hitherto been impossible owing to its evil smell.

### PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

#### Neuritis.

Neuritis, which is inflammation of a nerve, may be either acute or chronic, and sometimes an acute attack passes into a chronic form. The chief symptom of neuritis is pain in the affected nerve. Sometimes the patient describes the pain as "burning," sometimes as "shooting" or "darting" and sometimes as "boring." Movement makes it worse, and it is generally more severe at night. Cases that can be traced to some slight injury are likely to get well, but a chronic case may persist for many months. When neuritis is the result of a direct injury to a nerve surgical treatment may be necessary. If the nerve has been divided by a wound it must be brought together and sutured. If it is pinched or compressed by a tumor or an abscess or a piece of fractured bone it can be relieved only by surgery. In all cases the treatment of neuritis must include great care for the general health, absolute rest for the affected part and relief for the wearing pain. Sometimes the sick nerve can be kept at rest by a bandage or a sling. If it cannot be helped in that way the patient may have to go to bed. Massage is not advisable while the inflammation is high, but is often of service in the later stages of the trouble.

### ASK THE SPRINGFIELD PEOPLE.

Eugene Register.

The Register has no desire to take up the cudgel against the accusers of Mr. Booth. None of them are sincere. Mr. Booth is an honest, capable and upright business man, as all his neighbors know. His life is a book that those who care to may read. What he has done stands upon its own merits and compares most favorably with the records of those who are hurling mud at him. He has been a developer, not a speculator—a worker; not a drone. Mr. Booth is being assailed because he has presumed to become a candidate against the choice of the Democratic machine that has long ruled the state. There is no other reason.

Merely as an example of the campaign that is being waged against him the following sentiment, which appeared recently in the columns of a down-state newspaper, is presented:

"Mr. Booth is financing his campaign with wealth taken from the forests of Oregon and diverted from the homes and workers of the state into the pockets and vaults of himself and associates."

The people of Springfield are no doubt better qualified than others to give testimony in this case. It will be recalled that the sawmill built at that place by Mr. Booth and his associates burned down some time ago. If the statement quoted above were true, we must assume that the people of Springfield regarded the fire as a great public benefaction, and gave thanks accordingly. If money were being diverted from the homes of their workers by this wicked institution, it would be only reasonable to suppose that they would have been willing to do battle rather than see the mill rebuilt.

Strange to say, they did none of these things. They were frank in their belief that the fire was a great calamity. They even insisted that the mill was a splendid thing for their community, because it put money in the pockets of the workers by providing a payroll, and were fearful of the future because the fire stopped the payroll. They rejoiced when they heard the mill was to be rebuilt, and when it was completed they held a celebration to which people from all over the state were invited. For they knew that money would again be put into the pockets of the workers as it had been before.

By a certain element the payment of wages and the development of legitimate industry are regarded as a crime. With this ilk Mr. Booth and others like him are highly unpopular.

### HOW TO SECURE MORE INDUSTRIES.

The Corvallis Gazette-Times in an able article on how to secure more industries hits the nail on the head when it said: "The conditions must be changed if industries are to be secured, not alone minimizing radical legislation and high taxes, but an affirmative scientific system of co-operation must be adopted to which the given community must bend its energies."

Show the individual or corporation who has the money to spend in establishing an industry that they will be protected from radical legislation and high taxes, and they will be only too glad to start operations in any live community. What better program could the people of Oregon work for. We all want industries in our midst that furnish the payrolls for our people, instead of agitators and freak laws that bankrupt the factories. Never have we had such an opportunity to invite capital into the state as we will have November 3rd by showing our disapproval of every measure on the ballot that puts a straw in the way of our future industrial development.

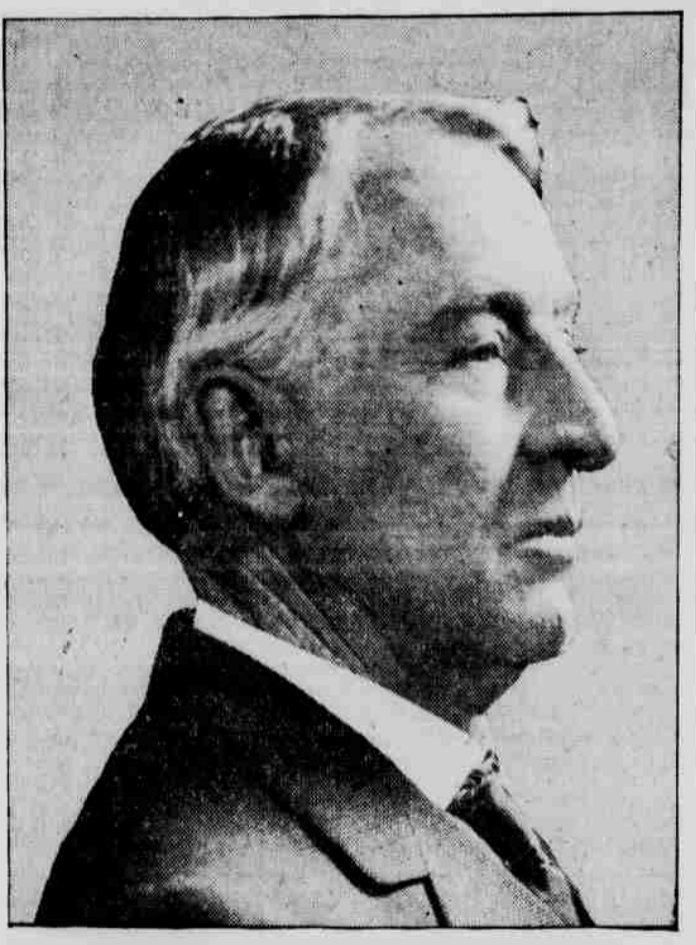
Market conditions for hops, wool and wheat continue favorable. The foreign shipment of wool, particularly, is heavy, due to the European war, while the hop market is very firm despite the fact that 15 states will vote on prohibition and as a result the eastern brewers are holding off from buying. Domestic business conditions are slowly adjusting themselves to the recent disturbances due to the war, each week showing a less perceptible decrease in bank clearings, and the general tone of eastern business men seems to be that gradually America will come back to normal conditions, even though the war continues for some time. The greatest difficulty is to supply certain imported goods from Germany, especially dye stuffs.

### The Federated Church.

Rev. Will N. Ferris will be absent from the Federated pulpit for two Sundays attending the Annual Convention of Baptists of the State of Oregon, meeting at Grants Pass, Oct. 20-24.

It is expected that Rev. Mr. Phipps will occupy the pulpit on Sunday, Oct. 25th. Mr. Phipps resides in Portland and fills the position of State S. S. worker and will be in our city in convention with Morrow County S. S. Convention on that date.

Rev. N. O. Williams and wife, of Ione, spent Sunday and Monday at the home of Rev. T. S. Handsaker in this city. Mr. Williams has been the pastor of the Christian church at Ione during the last year, and having finished his labors there is looking for a new field.



## WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE FOR

# Booth

Republican Candidate

FOR

## United States SENATOR

Are you better off now than you were under a Republican administration?

Are you satisfied?

If you believe in the principles of the Republican Party, if you are convinced that these principles are best for the country, then prove it by voting for your standard bearer, Robert A. Booth, Republican candidate for the United States Senate.

You know that under Republican presidents the people of the United States have good times.

You know that under Democratic presidents you have Democratic times.

Remember the prosperity under McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft.

Remember the conditions under Cleveland and Wilson.

The issue in this campaign is not one of personality. It is not one of non-partisanship. It is a question of whether you prefer prosperity under Republican administration.

Do you have enough work? Are your wages good? Is your business what you want it to be?

If you are satisfied with present conditions, well and good; if you believe that the present situation is better than under McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, you know what to do.

The way to bring back prosperity is to help elect a Republican Senate. The Republican candidate in Oregon is R. A. BOOTH.

This is a Republican year. Vote the ticket straight.

(Paid advertisement, Republican State Central Committee, Imperial Hotel, Portland, Or.)