

350 Middy Blouses

400 Silk and Voile Waists

350 Fancy Lawn Waists

The Latest Summer Styles

NOW PLACED ON SALE FOR A FEW DAYS AT PRICES THAT WILL SURPRISE THE KEENEST BUYERS. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES. THE ABOVE LOT WILL BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST. THE FOLLOWING ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF BARGAINS OFFERED:

Odd lot \$1.25 Kid Gloves now only 49c	Silk Remnants up to \$1 a yard, now 35c	Children's \$1.00 Wool Sweaters 35c	Men's and Boys' 15c Straw Hats 9c
25c Colored Veiling, very special, yard 4c	12 1-2c Fancy Flowered Cretonnes, yard 7 1/2c	Children's 25c Percale Aprons (1 to each customer) 10c	Men's 50c Work Shirts, special 39c
15c Embroidery Insertion, yard 2c	500 Huck Towels, size 14 by 27, 4 to customer, each 4c	Ladies' \$2.50 and \$3.50 Trimmed Hats, latest styles 98c	Men's 75c and \$1.00 Dress Shirts 49c
8 1-3c Val Laces, special price, yard 2 1/2c	\$1.25 yard Wool Voile, 36 and 40 in. wide, yard 19c	Ladies' 50c Tan Silk Hose, special, pair 25c	\$7.00 42-piece Dinner Set, closing out \$3.98
75c Silk Poplins, now, yard, Limit 3 1-2 yards to customer 35c	25c Silk Mull, very special, yard 19c	\$1.00 yard Table Linen, special price 35c	50c lb. Japan Tea, closing out, pound 29c

The CHICAGO Store

TEACHER RAISES TURKEYS WITH PROFIT

Alfred Powers, in Roseburg Review. No more school teaching for Miss Arda Edwards, of Drain, Douglas county, Oregon. She does not deny that there is a certain amount of inspiration in teaching the young idea how to shoot, but she admits that the inspiration is increased ten-fold, fifty-fold, one hundred-fold, in watching young turkeys put on 22-cent flesh. A little more than two years ago Miss Edwards, as a school teacher, received something like \$60 a month for nine months; today, as the champion turkey raiser of the state of Oregon, she receives a clear income of more than \$1,100 a year. Like Ichaed Crane, she is inclined to kick any pedagogic who dares to call her fellow.

Edwards says that turkey raising has school teaching crowded off the map. There is not a woman teacher in Douglas county who begins to make as much money as she does, and only eight men teachers make more. By the simple expedient of changing occupations she secured a promotion far in excess of the pedagogical maximum. It all came from adorning herself to the industrial possibilities of her environment. Douglas county, as everybody knows, is the turkey habitat of the Pacific northwest. So when the doctor forbade Miss Edwards to teach school any longer, she at once thought of turkeys. And turkey it became, and turkey it has been with her ever since.

In straw hat, middie and bloomers she herds her peripatetic wards in summer; in gum boots and sou-wester she wades the grass in their behalf in the spring. "I live in the farmhouse on rainy days," she says. "Only in May even this blessed shelter is denied me. You have no idea how wet Oregon grass and trees and skies can be till you have hunted turkeys in April and May." The hill tops are her real home. She and the turkeys only come home to "roost." The wide horizon has taken the place of blackboard walls. She speaks of the time before she donned bloomers as the time "before she graduated from skirts." Dressed so, and wandering cheerfully over the hills, she might be taken for one of the little maids she used to teach.

Last year she raised the largest herd in the state. "And if you wanted a prophecy for this year," she says, "I am sure I could give you a glowing account." Miss Edwards tells her own story in a chatty, personal way that indicates something of the fun and variety, as well as the profit of turkey raising. "To begin at the beginning," says Miss Edwards, "my reason is the time honored one—doctor's orders. He said no more school for several years. Accordingly, I rented 700 acres of pasture land five miles from Drain and started into the turkey business. "The fall of 1913 I invested in 20 hens and two toms at a cost of \$53. The fall of 1914 I sold 250 turkeys, realizing \$593, after all commissions and shipping charges were paid, besides doubling my original flock. In the fall of 1915 I sold 400 turkeys, realizing \$1,011.11, after all expenses were paid. This year I am keeping 25 hens. "The first year was a favorable season and I had the usual beginner's luck. I received much good advice, which I followed when I could. I got the government bulletins on turkeys and poultry diseases. I studied them as carefully as I ever did the art of teaching and still consult them.

"My formula is simple. Keep the finest birds for breeding. Be sure they are healthy. Have plenty of good range. Feed them all they need. Then let the mother turkeys do the rest. Their judgment is always sound, but they are not apt to lose their wit completely if meddled with. Leaving them alone was one of the hardest lessons I had to learn. "One day last spring I moved an old hen over a rail fence because she was in such deep grass. Next morning she was dead and the rest of them so chilled that half of them died. Another old hen used to cross the creek two or three times a day. Her plan certainly eliminated the weak and timid. She chose the highest bank over a nice deep pool. The two or three cleverest and strongest followed her as soon as she flew. The others simply waited. If I were within hearing, I picked them up and carried them to the near crossing. If I were a little slow I was apt to find them in the water. If I pulled off my shoes and stockings and reentered them immediately no harm was done, as they do not get wet easily. But to hesitate meant that most of them would get chilled and die. "Turkeys are as individual as people. One doesn't have time to worry over one calamity before the next one is on the way. They do pleasant things once in a while, though. I set a hen with 18 eggs and she hatched nineteen turkeys and raised them, too. "Once when I was away the family was awakened in the middle of the night by two hens flying into a tree over the house. It was raining, too. The next morning my sister drove them back to their nests and left them till I got back home, two days later. I decided it no use wasting any more time on those eggs as they were ready to hatch, so I went down to catch them and break them up. When I lifted the first hen her nest was full of little turkeys just out of the shell. "I count last year as one of the most successful years of my life. In addition to giving me a substantial financial reward it has yielded big returns in health, happiness and amusement. It is quite as good as comic opera.

"As for obstacles, they are a good deal like school problems—little things every day. There are skunks, weasels, hogs, dogs and rain. In May when the little turkeys were hatching it rained 19 days without stopping. I wore gum boots and lived out of doors. It is no small task to find 500 turkeys scattered over a section of land and feed them twice a day. I lost a good many, but some of my neighbors who had raised turkeys for years lost nearly all of theirs. "I try not to be unduly puffed up, but it is generally conceded that this last year was the worst season in years in Oregon for turkey raising. And there was no grasshoppers. I'm sure my turkeys didn't get more than a dozen aniece. That was almost a calamity. I fed them Dutch cheese when they were little, with a small quantity of cracked wheat. By June 20 they were able to hunt all their own food. I saw them every few days and counted them, and a little later spent the days herding them out of a neighbor's grain. My goodness, they were worse than a bad kid to start a row. However, I usually fuss with the men folks in the turkey business. Deliver me from a wrathful mother! "In the fall I hauled all the apples I could find, beg or borrow. I allowed them to run in the cornfield in the fall, so I can't say exactly when I began feeding them. Last year I began bringing them home September 28. That is a busy time, but uneventful. I help with the killing, which I don't care much for. Then I get the checks, which I do like. January and February are vacation months. I raise most of my chickens then. It is a nuisance to try to raise them both at once. "In March the turkeys began to lay, and the excitement begins all over again. They are very clever in hiding their nests. Last year I had 400 eggs to turn every day. But the first laying hens soon begin to sit, and then they turn them. Last year the first turkeys were hatched before the last hens were set. But we had no second batch. Some of the hens are gentle, and some of them fight. An angry turkey hen is no joke. They bite and scratch and beat one with their wings. "As I am not good for anything else, it has been easy for me to live out in the fields with them by the day. And the day often begins at 4 o'clock. But there are compensations in having breakfast at sunrise on a hilltop a mile from home, especially if one gets there in time to herd a marauding band of turkeys out of a neighbor's grain field. They travel far and fast. Most of them leave home when a few days old and do not come back until feeding time in the fall, although they usually return to the same roosting place for weeks."

GO TO THE RESCUE

Don't Wait 'till It's Too Late—Follow the Example of a Salem Citizen
Rescue the aching back, if it keeps aching, trouble may come. Often it indicates kidney weakness. If you neglect the kidney's warning, look out for urinary disorders. This Salem citizen will show you how to go to the rescue. Mrs. G. H. Deacon, 1498 Mission St., Salem, says: "It has been a long time since I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, but speaking from past experience, I can say that they are a medicine of merit. I had a dull pain across my kidneys and at times it was very severe. After I had taken Doan's Kidney Pills a few days, that disagreeable ache disappeared. My back and kidneys have caused me but very little trouble since."
Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Deacon had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

FINE COMIC OPERA, ROBIN HOOD, NEXT

To Be Staged By the High School, Under Direction Miss Magers

Under the direction of Minnetta Magers a delightful opera is the one chosen for presentation by the high school chorus. It is full of fun and gaiety. The choruses constantly changing. The music by DeKovena is unusually bright and attractive with a touch of pathos here and there, but all cares are quickly banished by the appearance of the merry outlaws. The Morris dance under the direction of Miss Merriam, a part of the quaint old dance of the merry English folk at the famous Nottingham fair when Robin Hood appeared, and is a feature of act two, as also are the charming little milkmaids' chorus. The comic charming trio where the sheriff shows his wurd Sir Guy of Gisbourne, how to make love to Lady Marion by practicing with a milkmaid. The beautiful duet between Lady Marion and Robin Hood, the auction of stolen goods by the fat and funny Friar Tuck, the song by the arrogant sheriff and his ridiculous ward, Sir Guy, with the famous finale. "We rap on the sheriff's knockers." The second act opens in the home of the outlaws in the depths of Sherwood forest and includes the famous song "Brown October Ale," and the comic "Tinkers' song by five grotesque tinkers, tattered and torn. The beautiful solo by Marion, the madrigal, and the big finale of placing the sheriff in the stocks. The third act opens with the armorer's song, the beautiful legend of the chimes with the bell chorus and the triumphal wedding finale ending in happiness for all except the funny old sheriff and Sir Guy, the false heir of Huntington.

Slaughter Begins Serving His Sentence

San Quentin, Cal., May 22.—Rev. Madison Slaughter is convict Number 29,643 today. His head has been shaved, he has donned the loose prison suit and he is at work in the jute mill. While his attorneys are fighting to win him a third trial on the charge of attacking Gertrude Lamson, aged 15, the minister will be serving his fifteen years. With good behavior he can get out in nine years and five months, and he will be eligible for parole after four years and eight months have elapsed. When Slaughter entered the penitentiary he was treated like any other convict—bathed, measured and given a convict coat and trousers. Upon being questioned he said he was a mechanic. Then he was given a number and assigned to a cell. He constantly maintained an attitude of cheerfulness, but as he passed through the prison gates his shoulders sagged a trifle.

Coos Bay Will Get New Limited S. P. Train Service

In place of the Golden Gate Special, which is train No. 53, arriving in Eugene from the north at 12:30 p. m., the Southern Pacific company will, beginning some time next week, put on a Portland-Eugene limited train, leaving Portland at 8 a. m. and arriving in Eugene four hours later. Bound north, the train will leave about 1 p. m. The announcement of the installation of this service was made in Portland yesterday by John M. Scott, general passenger agent of the company. Announcement of the withdrawal of No. 53, also No. 54, which is the north-bound overland that arrives in Eugene at an early hour in the morning, was made the first of this week. It is also announced that when the Willamette Pacific line is completed to Coos Bay in July the new limited train will be extended to Marshfield and run direct between Portland and that city, stopping at Eugene.—Eugene Register.

STORY HOUR PARTY

The story hour season ends with the month of May. There is, then but one more morning. The last hour, which will be next Saturday morning, 9:30 to 10, will be given over to the annual "Story hour party." Each child plans to take some part, representing some character, or acting out some favorite story. These can best be planned at home, for the mothers know what can be worked out with the materials that are at hand. Those who would like to have advice in choosing may ask Miss Case at the library; she has some parts planned that have not been chosen. Everyone is asked to leave word with her as soon as he decides, so that the program may be arranged without any repetitions. It is hoped that few will come without planning a part to take, for the more there are, the merrier it is.

Trial of Doctor Waite Began This Morning

New York, May 22.—Facing trial for the murder by poison and germs of his father-in-law and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Peck, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Dr. Arthur Warren Waite appeared in court today white and wan. His jaunty manner was gone, but he was cool and apparently unconcerned. The selection of a jury is expected to require three days. Justice Ahrens set aside 10 days for the entire proceedings. He expects to set a new record for speeding up a case in which insanity is the sole defense. Seven jurors had been tentatively selected at noon. Waite is being defended by Attorney Walter R. Deuel. The Waite jury was completed early this afternoon, after the trial had been in progress two hours and 45 minutes. This is considered record breaking speed.

Something about shapes.

This is the exact size and shape of the finest cigar that comes from Cuba. It sells at 50c each.

This is the exact size and shape of another Havana cigar, almost as fine, that sells for 30c each.

This is the exact size and shape of the OWL, the Million Dollar Cigar, that sells for 5c.

The makers of the highest-priced cigars—men who receive as much as 50 cents for a single cigar—favor the square-end shape. Why?

Because the square-end shape yields the highest percentage of smooth-burning, satisfying smokes to the smoker—that is why we make the OWL in the square end shape.

OWL CIGAR 5¢ The Million Dollar Cigar

M. A. GUNST & CO. INCORPORATED

FILIBUSTER CONTINUES
Washington, May 22.—Senate filibusters, as fresh as when they started their battle, today resumed attacks on the rivers bill. They claim that at least half of the \$42,000,000 appropriation is inexcusable extravagance. Party lines cut no figure in the filibuster.

Juicier, tastier roasts

—a cleaner, cooler kitchen, and less fuel expense

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVE

All the convenience of gas. Cooks everything any wood or coal range will cook, but keeps your kitchen cool. The long blue chimneys do away with all smoke and smell. In 1, 2, 3 and 4-burner sizes, ovens separate. Also cabinet models with Fireless Cooking Ovens. Ask your dealer today.

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PLUG CHEWING A WHOLESOME HABIT

In No Other Way Can You Get All the Richness and Flavor of the Leaf

"SPEAR HEAD" BEST CHEW

Many prominent physicians declare chewing to be the most wholesome way of enjoying tobacco. "I began chewing some years ago," said one, "and I soon found that it is the only way to get the benefit of all the rich juices stored up by nature in the tobacco leaf. I refer, of course, to the plug form of tobacco, which is the most natural and the cleanest form. Chewing good tobacco like Spear Head makes the salivary glands more active, which in turn has a beneficial effect on the whole system. Add to this the sweet, mellow, delicious flavor of a chew of Spear Head, and you have the highest possible degree of tobacco satisfaction. "I mention Spear Head because I have found that this brand is exceptionally pure, being made in a factory that's run strictly according to pure-food rules." Spear Head is made of sun-ripened Burley, which is acknowledged to be the richest, mildest, finest flavored tobacco leaf in the world. And it is produced by the latest processes, which develop the quality and luscious flavor of the choice Burley to the supreme degree. A chew of Spear Head has a wholesome relish that is not found in any other chewing tobacco. In 10c cuts, wrapped in wax paper.