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Special attention to Stomach, Bowels, Rectal  
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### Motors to Haul Guns.

In Great Britain the War depart-  
ment is substituting motor tractors for  
horses in every branch of the Royal  
artillery. The change will enable the  
government to make a 10 per cent  
reduction in the personnel.

### Using Up Waste.

Balsam wool, a heat-retaining mate-  
rial, is made of the fibers of the pine  
and other coniferous trees the  
pieces of which are too small to have  
other commercial value.

### L'Après-midi d'un Faun.

Willy (at philharmonic concert, last  
night)—"I'm always hearing 'The After-  
noon of a Faun.' For heavens' sake,  
what did he do with the evenings?"—  
Musical Courier.

### Count Dust Particles.

A count of the dust particles found  
in air at the top of Washington monu-  
ment has been made by the United  
States weather bureau every day for  
the last year.

### Ruins Reveal Romans as Capable Dentists

Richborough, England.—Archaeolo-  
gists excavating the mighty founda-  
tions of Richborough castle, the Post  
Rutupae of the Romans, in an effort  
to uncover evidence of the duration of  
the sojourn of the Romans in Britain,  
have discovered a delicately fashioned  
dentist's probe, exactly like that used  
by present-day dental operators.  
A British museum expert, who is  
helping with the excavations, declared

## AT THE MASQUE BALL

By WALTER O. MARQUIS  
(©, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Her divorce!  
Grace contemplated this thought with clashing emotions; a flush, too vivid to be natural, colored her cheeks. In her bosom there was a sensation of deep emptiness, the more poignant for a twinge of grief for her love, deliberately murdered by Jim Mervin's cruelty.  
Today her hatred was keen—hatred grown out of the ashes of a passionate devotion, withered in the frost of mutual boredom with matrimony. Ten years of marriage had borne only a great weariness. . . . She was weary now . . . but rest was ahead. Probably she never would see him again.  
Presently she was conscious only of a great relief; thankful that this long struggle was over. Relief.  
"Freedom!" she whispered, and she closed her eyes—  
Jim Mervin received the news with a wry smile and sat hunched over his desk for many minutes. She had done it; this irksome bond had been sloughed away.  
Two years ago, he reflected, the word that Grace had divorced him would have been distressing; five years ago it would have been like the blight of death—today it was good . . . good!  
He had treated her shamefully; he could not blame her for ridding herself of him. He had struck her—he winced at the remembrance. Goaded to fury by her implied taunts at his failure to keep alive her love, and her flaunting of her friendship for Brett Forbes in his face, he had struck her during one of those mad quarrels which had punctuated the final two years, when wedlock had become a hell.  
Well, she had done it. Probably he never would see her again . . . and he was glad of it.  
Life, with her new perspective, seemed beautiful to Grace. Her movements were unhampered; there was not that old deterrent factor in her friendship for Brett Forbes. She enjoyed his hospitality, at theater and in restaurant; and did she choose to lie abed until noon the next day, she need not endure the sting of Jim Mervin's disapproval.

She was much in Forbes' company; his constant courtesy bred in her a certain fondness which made her afraid. His comradeship was delightful, and although it lacked much that is contained in connubial existence, she feared to chance sacrificing it on the altar where had been destroyed her love for her former husband.  
Forbes daily urged marriage, and the idea grew attractive; from considering it as a possibility, she saw it as a probability. . . . but always in the background was that black shadow; her dead love for Jim Mervin. Might not this new passion die the same death?  
The problem alternately stirred and dejected her; torn between a desire to yield and a terror of yielding, she fled from him and from her inclinations. . . . For more than a year she remained away, in France and Italy.  
Grace Mervin's return was on the eve of the annual masque at the Cosmos club. She was eager. It had been two years since she has been in the joyous midst of this revelry.  
Forbes met her at the dock, as she knew he would, but to his pleading that he be permitted to remain with her, she returned a gentle "no."  
"Tomorrow night," she said, "at the Cosmos masque. No, not before!"  
"Tell me what you'll wear," he begged, but she put him off with a smile.  
"You'll know," she told him. "Your love, if it is as deep as you say it is, will tell you! And I," she added very softly, "shall know you."  
He caught the implication quickly and his heart leaped. He pressed her hand and left her looking after him.  
"I'll know him," she whispered, and longing became a part of her. "When he asks me again, I'll know what to answer!"  
It was in such a mood that Grace arrived at the Cosmos club, alone, clad as Columbia. In her months of wandering she had analyzed her feeling for Forbes and had become convinced that it was love. The ghost of that former marriage no longer haunted her; she believed in a certainty of lasting happiness with Brett. She would accept him . . . tonight.

She searched for him in the press of merry-makers, but failed to pick him out among the dozens of costumed men. This was disappointing; she had been so positive that some vague spiritual thing would draw them together.  
A tall, well-built dancer in marine officer's uniform brushed her shoulder and she started. She turned to look at him, and found his eyes intent upon her. Here was Brett Forbes! The thrill that came from that instant of physical contact could have been given by no other man . . .  
Grace turned quickly and glided through an open door into the garden hoping he would follow, and a little terrified at the thought.  
As she walked a step sounded behind her; the sailor fell in with her

stride. Silence attended them for some time.  
"You're lovely, Columbia," he said, and her heart leaped into her throat; this was not Brett Forbes! With a little sob she turned to run; he caught her hand.  
"I've been watching you all evening, little Columbia," he told her. She could not speak. Something about this utter stranger held her spellbound. His eyes were fast on hers; a strange smile flickered about his mouth.  
"You're lovely," he iterated. Stillness fell; minutes slipped by . . . and he spoke again.  
"Are you married?"  
"Divorced," she confessed, still trembling.  
His smile flashed.  
"So am I," he returned. "And for two years, since divorce, I have combed the world for a woman who could win my heart. I have found her! And in a monk!"  
She struggled as she felt herself swept to him, struggled in terror, mingled with a strange unreasonable ecstasy.  
She fought against the surge of emotion this man generated in her, but it grew against her efforts. Gone were thoughts of Brett Forbes; gone was all longing for him. With a sense of shame she confessed that she loved this man, whom she did not know. Her lips welcomed his . . . she drooped, resting in his arms . . . content.  
"Tell me your name," he whispered, and his voice brought back her drifting senses. She drew back from him, and he did not restrain her. Free, she wanted to run, but she did not, could not.  
"Name?" she repeated. "What does it matter—my name?"  
"It doesn't," he replied, and she was in his embrace again.  
"I love you," he said, "I have loved you since the moment you came in. Love at first sight!" he laughed. "I never believed in it before!"  
She tried to think of Forbes, but he was hazy, very far away. Once more her lips met his.  
"And I love you!" she gasped, as if the admission were wrung from her against her will.  
"Could you," he asked, "marry a man who has already made a mess of one marriage?"  
"I—I made a mess of mine—too!" she breathed.  
"Then you will!"  
"Yes!"  
"Tomorrow?"  
"Tomorrow," she echoed, unable to deny him.  
"Come," he commanded, "let me see your face.—I've never seen the face of my fiancée—and tell me your name!"  
As she removed her domino, he ripped off his mask. He staggered back, pupils bulging. She was staring wildly.  
"Grace!" he cried.  
"Jim!"  
After a moment he held out his arms . . . and she nestled in them . . . content.  
"My wife!" he whispered.

### London Firm Supplies Material to Writers

Recently had a circular from a newly established firm who offered to supply me at a price with material for any article that I might wish to write, and I have taken the trouble to satisfy myself that the offer was a genuine one.  
Such a project is the logical outcome of the old-fashioned reader who still haunts the British museum and other free libraries and is prepared to collect information upon any subject under the sun, if paid to do so. But his employers are not journalists, who are generally fairly adept at finding their own material; they are lecturers, clerics and public speakers of all sorts.  
Often a busy man has to attend a banquet given by some corporation, some branch of trade, a club or an institution, and perhaps to make the speech of the evening. It may be that he has no technical knowledge whatever of the trade in question or of the history of the town of which he is the guest, and he himself is far too busy and occupied to spend his own time in digging up the necessary information. He therefore turns to the whole thing over to his secretary—if he has one—but the chances are that the secretary employs a reader or "bookworm" to obtain the facts required.  
Lecturers frequently find their knowledge of some special subject not comprehensive and employ a reader to elaborate a particular point; debaters, too, are often glad to pay for a supply of intellectual ammunition.—London Mail

### "Father of Devils"

Eblis, or father of devils, was, in Arabian mythology, the ruler of the evil geni or fallen angels. Before his fall he was called Anazel or Iharis, says the Detroit News. When Adam was created God commanded all the angels to worship him, but Eblis replied: "Me thou hast created of smokeless fire, and shall I reverence a creature made of dust?" God was very angry at this insolent answer, and turned the disobedient angel into a Shyitan (devil) and he became the father of devils. He is described as of enormous size, with a red-striped skin, a ring-pierced nose, long hair, large flapping ears and a very long tail.

### It Sounds Reasonable

"When the oceans were formed why did the Pacific get bigger than the Atlantic?"  
"It was allowed more latitude, I suppose"—Life.

## The DAIRY

### DAIRY BULL NEEDS EXTRA GOOD CARE

A little special care should be used in the feeding and general management of the dairy herd sire, in order to maintain his stamina and potency to the fullest degree. In the care of the mature bull this necessitates keeping him in first-class condition as to flesh, but not overfat. Either fatness or thinness in flesh works against the maintenance of his best breeding condition and one is to be avoided as much as the other.  
There should be an abundance of roughage in the dairy bull's ration. Clover hay and alfalfa are especially good; he may safely have all of either of these forages that he will consume. Corn stover and oats straw also are good feeds for the bull, though lower in nutritive values than the leguminous hays.  
One of the main special requirements of the grain ration is that it be not too abundant; it is better to depend upon the forages for maintaining the animal's weight as much as possible. Many good dairymen give the herd sire the same grain ration as the cows receive, except less of it. The bull's grain needs will vary a great deal according to his size and physical condition, of course, though if he is getting plenty of good hay in addition, especially if it is clover or alfalfa, he will not need more than from four to eight pounds of grain daily. Shorts, bran and oats are particularly good concentrates to use in the grain portion of the bull's ration.  
Here is a ration for mature bulls which has the sanction of usage on many farms: Three parts each of cornmeal, ground oats and wheat bran, and one part linseed meal. If desired, hominy may be substituted for the cornmeal.  
Whether the herd sire should receive silage is a disputed point among dairymen. Many believe that it impairs the breeding abilities of the bull, though experimental evidence to support this belief is lacking. Other breeders safely feed silage to their herd bulls, though much less of it than the cows receive. Large feeding of silage to bulls results in greatly distending their paunches.  
Until he reaches serviceable age there is no better feed for the young bull than grass, and he should be allowed to make as much of his growth on it as possible. On this feed he will build up the right kind of flesh, and along with it will develop vigor and constitution as he would in no other way. Whatever the ration of the young bull, it should contain much protein to supply the needs of his rapidly growing body.  
While careful attention needs to be given the bull's ration, proper feeding alone will not maintain the most desirable physical condition. Regular exercise is quite as important in preserving his vigor and potency.

### Encouraging Favorable Market for Veal Calves

Here is something dairymen should encourage as a means of making a more favorable market for their veal calves: Meat experts of the federal government say that the practice of shipping veal without removing the hide or skin has many advantages. They explain that veal which does not have the skin removed until it reaches the retailer, which may be from five to ten days or longer after slaughter, still retains its "bloom" and the light pink color most desired by customers. The protective covering supplied by nature keeps the flesh from turning dark. Packers in New York and Chicago are now generally following the practice of selling veal with the skin on. This could be practiced to advantage locally where veal calves are killed for meat on the farm or in small towns.

### Kentucky Farmers Make Improvement in Dairies

Since April some 20 purebred dairy sires, ranging from 600-pound records to gold-medal classification, have been brought into Graves county, Kentucky, as a result of the co-operative efforts of the Mayfield chamber of commerce and agricultural extension workers, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture. Several carloads of cows with good records have also been purchased by Graves county farmers. Lime-storage sheds, built at shipping points in the county, have enabled farmers to purchase and haul lime at convenient times for the benefit of their legume hay crops, pastures are being improved, and feed crops increased as a part of the county's program for economical and efficient dairy production.

### Importance of Boar

It is important to keep in mind the fact that the boar is just as important as the sow, for the brood sow can only farrow a certain number of pigs during a year, or life, while the boar will probably sire hundreds. Especially is this true in a large herd, and the condition in which the boar is kept, especially during the breeding season, will have a very important bearing on any breeder's success in the production of pork or breeding sows.

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P. N. U. No. 44, 1924

## WRIGLEYS

### After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a i-s-a-l-i-n-g benefit as well.  
Good for teeth, breath and digestion.  
Makes the next meal taste better.



Paint Antedates Agriculture.  
Paint has played a major role in man's life for 25,000 years. Men of the Stone Age decorated their caves with it long before agriculture was thought of or metals discovered. These paintings still endure.

### Speed Makes Plane Fly.

An airplane must attain a speed of about 40 miles an hour while taxiing over the ground before it can fly, and unless it is maintained at a speed in excess of 40 miles an hour the machine will fall.

### Five Large Rivers.

There are five rivers in the world which drain nearly 1,000,000 square miles. They are the Amazon, La Plata, Obi, Congo and Mississippi.

### Has Woman Bailiff.

Pennsylvania's first woman bailiff is Miss Ruth Van Valkenburg of Weathersboro, who has been appointed to the office in the Tioga County court.



### Reap the Reward of Perfect Health

Salem, Ore.—"Thru heavy lifting I developed a severe case of feminine weakness. I suffered with backaches and bearing pains. I got so weak I could not do any work, I would get very severe dizzy spells and the least excitement I would faint dead away. I was so nervous I could not stand any noise, could not sleep, and had very little appetite. I went down in weight from 118 pounds to 96. I was a physical wreck when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription but thru the persistent use of this wonderful woman's medicine I was completely relieved of my ailment and restored to perfect health. I gained in weight and never felt better than after taking the 'Favorite Prescription.'—Mrs. Elizabeth Zander, 1370 Norway St.  
Your health is your most important asset. So why not write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel Buffalo, N. Y., and receive confidential medical advice free, or send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

### Moral Reforms.

John Doe would like Richard Roe to reform, but he isn't going to get into a fight with Richard about it. Moral reforms are "voted," and left to "somebody else" to be carried out. Then they fail.

### No Longer a Guess.

More than 83 per cent of the United States government forecasts issued every day are accurate predictions of the conditions of the weather thirty-six hours later.

### Eskimos Ask Help.

Eskimos in the Canadian northwest have asked the Anglican church to send missionaries to offset the demoralizing influences of vicious whites.

### Argentine frozen meat in Germany and fresh California fruits and vegetables in China are the result of new cold storage systems which have been installed on Atlantic and Pacific steamers.

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