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or dangerous methods, and
GUARANTEE to permanently
cure your Piles. Write today
for my FREE illustrated book."

ODD WAYS OF THE FISHER FOLK
Habits and Customs of Dwellers on
the East Coast of Scotland Are
Peculiar.

The fisher folk of the east coast of
Scotland have habits and customs different
from those of any other section
of the working classes.

Except in selling their fish or purchasing
the actual necessities, or occasionally
borrowing from the bank when assistance
is required in the buying of an old or the
building of a new boat, they have next to
no traffic with the outside world.

It is seldom that a fisherman marries
other than a fisher lass, and even
should she allow her affections to wander,
the line is firmly drawn at a cooper or
other fish-worker with the "codling
bleed," which means that he belongs to
a fisher family.

There is a distrust of the "frem"—
as outsiders are termed—almost
amounting to a racial distinction, and
this is emphasized in the implicit confidence
one fisherman will place in another,
although they may be utter
strangers to each other.

It is safe to say that the majority of
the Scottish fisher folk are teetotallers.
An odd fisherman may be met in most
of the villages who is teetotal until
asked to have something. Then it is:
"Well, I'm a teetotaler in a kind of a
way. Nae bigoted, ye ken; I never
took any pledge. A man's eye best
that can temper himself! Oh, I'll drink
your health—no' that I care a preen
p'nt for 't. Na, thank ye, I never
tak' water."

The fisherman is emphatically of a religious
turn. As a preacher he is a
marvel. With fewer opportunities than
most men for the cultivation of correct
speaking, he can go out into the
square at Stornoway or Fraserburgh,
where thousands of his fellows have
gathered for the summer herring-fishing,
and discourse on a text for twenty
minutes or so with an eloquence and
grip of his subject which might be
envied by many members of the cloth,
says a writer in Mac Matters.

Wanted!
Timber Fallers and
Buckers. Contract
work. Near Coast.
Apply 209 Commonwealth
building, Portland,
Oregon.

Historical Item.
"Noah's ark was made of wood, but
Joan of Arc was made of Orleans,"
wrote a youngster in answer to an
examination question.

As and when they move upwards,
there is a meeting-point for those
whom a chasm separates below.—
Gladstone.

Dog-Eating Ceases as Igorotes Try Out Beef
Manila.—The dog market of Baguio
has disappeared entirely and the eating
of dogs by the Igorotes, a non-
Christian tribe, has been reduced to a
minimum, according to Col. Henry
Knauber, head of the constabulary
academy at Baguio.

"Introduction of the meat of cattle
and hogs has turned the Igorotes, who
formerly ate dogs, into eaters of
meats recognized by the civilized
world as eatable," said Col. Knauber.
"These people had to have some kind
of meat and years ago the only animal
they knew was the dog."

"When civilization introduced cattle
and domestic hogs to these mountain
people, they quit eating dogs. Only a
few scattering cases of dog eating
have been reported for some time,
and these were among the people
living far back in the hills."

His Masked Hostess

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS
(Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ramsey Cummings was a bachelor,
thirty-three years old, and was shy
and rather self-centered.

So when Ramsey came to his office
in the morning he generally went
through the same routine day in and
day out without much variation. There
was a shy greeting to the office force,
a quick dart into his large, comfortable
office, a glance through the mail
and then some dictation to pretty
Mary Evans, white, shyly, he marveled
at the luxuriance of her unobbed
brown hair, and marveled at the depth
of her big blue eyes, and felt a little
flutter about his heart at the mere
thought that perhaps she might some
day preside over his home instead
of merely being an important cog in
the office machinery.

But this morning there was a break
in the routine. Ramsey, in fact,
scarcely even looked up when Mary,
radiant in her youthful beauty, entered
on time to the dot and took her
accustomed seat.

But this morning there had come a
letter—an extraordinary, startling letter—
and Ramsey was still reading it
over and over and still trying to determine
whether it was a hoax or the real thing.

This was the letter, written in a
flowing, feminine hand, had to say:
"Dear Ramsey (that's not very formal,
is it?)—
"I know you're a lonely old bachelor
and you ought to have a home of your
own instead of merely inhabiting
quarters. It looks to me as if you
don't have much fun in life and it also
looks to me as though a good home-
cooked meal would do you a world of
good. So I'm going to take pity on
you and invite you to take dinner with
my married sister and myself tomorrow
evening at half past six o'clock at
my sister's home, 918 Linden avenue.
There will be only we three—my sister,
her husband will be out of the city,
much to his disappointment, because
we told him about our plans and he's
much interested in them. And—I'm
going to cook the dinner entirely by
myself.

"Now here's the point: I'd just die
if you should find out who I am, because
this is a mighty bold thing to do.
My sister and I will be masked while
you are at the house and I'm going
to trust to your honor not to try to
find out who we are.

"If you can't come, please phone
Main 2119 promptly at 12:30 o'clock
tomorrow noon and simply say 'I can't
come' and give your name. But if we
don't hear from you at that time we'll
expect you tomorrow night."

There was no name signed to the
letter and nothing else.

Ramsey, quite absorbed at this
rather pleasant break in the monotony
of his life, read the letter again and
again.

At last, however, he looked up to
find Mary's big blue eyes fixed on him
in puzzlement at this astounding
arrangement of the morning's routine.
And as Ramsey looked full into Mary's
eyes the letter was momentarily forgotten
and a stronger wave of sentiment
for Mary swept over him than he
had yet experienced.

On the instant Ramsey felt a wild
outburst of hopes and affection on the
tip of his tongue.

Then, on the instant a cloud of
despair swept over him. For Mary
dropped her eyes to her notebook and
there he saw again the photograph of
a man—the same photograph that had
been in her notebook for the past
week and which she so frequently
regarded with rapt attention. Her
fiance, probably, thought Ramsey
ruefully.

Dictation went badly that morning.
All during the time Mary was in the
office with him there were two elements
in Ramsey's mind which stopped his
usually ready flow of business
language and made him frequently
stop and stare blankly into vacancy.
One of these was his rapidly growing
sentiment for Mary and fast augmenting
rage against the unknown man
whose picture she carried in her notebook,
and the other was the lure of the
unknown woman who had so suddenly
and interestingly come into his life.

All the rest of the day Ramsey was
restless. Should he accept the invitation
or not?

On the following day he was not
himself at all. He found it so impossible
to conduct his routine as under
normal conditions that he dispensed
entirely with dictation and spent
almost the entire morning in a
flurry of indecision as to whether he
should go to Linden avenue and meet
the masked hostess or not. For a shy
man and a man who had few adventures
in life it was quite a problem.

But—half past twelve came and
went, and Ramsey failed to call.

As the afternoon wore on Ramsey

came to feel a certain sense of fatality
in the coming event. If he went to the
dinner, he felt, instinctively, that the
masked hostess would ensnare him
and that Mary, consequently, would
pass out of his life forever.

With a sort of courage born of desperation
Ramsey tried hard to see
Mary and tell her something that
afternoon of the tumult in his heart,
but fortune wasn't with him. He
found no opportunity for doing so.

At last, then, Ramsey, neatly garbed
in a dinner jacket, drove to 918 Linden
avenue. He looked with a quickening
heart at a charming little bungalow,
whose windows were glowing with
friendly light and whose whole appearance
seemed to say "Here are life and joy
and companionship. Come in.
You're welcome."

But in spite of the cheering appearance
of home Ramsey felt embarrassedly
diffident as he finally advanced
up the walk to the veranda and
timidly rang the doorbell.

There was a moment's delay. Then
suddenly the door swung open and
Ramsey, blinking in the light, saw a
masked woman standing in front of
him and beckoning him to enter.

At least she wore no wedding ring,
so this was the writer of the mysterious
note. This was his hostess.

In pantomime the masked hostess
drew him into the room and led him
toward the fire, where the heat, on
coming in from the frosty night, felt
grateful.

But why didn't she speak? Was she
dumb?

As though in answer to his thoughts
the masked hostess took a tablet from
the mantelpiece and wrote upon it
hurriedly. Then she showed the message
to Ramsey. This is what he read:
"You might hear me speak some
day, so I'll not speak tonight. You
understand—I don't want to be recognized."

Ramsey read, then looked up at the
woman. Her eyes were twinkling behind
the mask. Surely she couldn't be
old. Surely she must be pretty and
attractive and lovely.

Ramsey felt his heart stirring. He
felt himself enjoying his adventure
immensely.

A moment later another masked figure
came into the room. Ramsey, in
pantomime, was introduced to her
and the wedding ring on her finger
pointed out to him. This, then, was
the married sister.

Almost immediately Ramsey was directed
to the dinner table.

In all of Ramsey's long boarding
house experience he'd never eaten such
a dinner nor, in spite of the silence,
broken only by his own comments and
laughter, had he ever been in such
congenial company. It was good to
be there in this cozy, warm home, with
these two women attending to him.
Yes, beyond a doubt his hostess must
be young and lovely. Such a splendid
adventure could have no other climax.
But all good things must end. Too
soon Ramsey found himself subtly
directed toward the door and found
his hat and coat. It was time for him
to go. To

A chill dismay clutching at his
heart, Ramsey stopped at the door and
turned to face his masked hostess. The
married sister had said good-by in
pantomime and disappeared into the
kitchen.

Again Ramsey looked deep into the
eyes behind the mask. This time they
were dark and inscrutable. And yet
—and yet—surely there was a message
in them for him. Surely—

Suddenly a great joyous sense of
conviction swept over Ramsey. He
advanced a step toward his masked
hostess, who retreated precipitately.
Then he stopped.

"I—I," he said, huskily, "I know
you! I know you. I'd know you anywhere,
under any conditions. I've been
crazy about you for weeks—months,
but—but this is the first time I've
ever had the courage to say anything.
Why, why did you tease me so with
that man's photograph in your notebook?
Who is he? What is he to you?"

For a moment there was silence.
Then the masked hostess spoke and
the voice was Mary's voice.

"I—I don't know who he is," she
said softly. "I found the picture on
the floor in the office and—and—"

Now Ramsey had her in his arms.
"And I let you see the picture so as
to make you jealous. But you didn't
seem to notice. And then I got this
idea of this dinner—and—oh, Ramsey,
you're so slow, you old dear!"

Andrew's Hard Luck.
Young Andrew had been absent from
school all day and returned the following
morning without any excuse,
whereupon the teacher sent his mother
the regulation excuse blank to be
filled out. Shortly Andrew returned
and handed the teacher his excuse
with the consciousness of a deed well
performed. It read:
"Dear teacher, Andrew got wet in
the a. m. and sick in the p. m."

Prevention Better Than Cure.
The only "cure" for a cold is five
days in bed; the best treatment is
prevention.

Devoted Guards Keep Channel Light Burning
London.—Bishop's light, rising from
a foundation of jagged rock near the
Selly Islands, welcomes eastbound liners
to the English channel, and at the
same time gives grim warning of the
nearby labyrinth of dangers. It stands
guard over waters where rest the skeletons
of more shipwrecks than in any
other marine graveyard of the world.
The light is 100 feet above the sea
level, yet the waves that break forever

POULTRY

MAKE SUCCESS WITH GEESSE
Goslings Month Old Are Hardest of
Fowls—Grass in Ration is Most
Important.

After goslings are a month old they
are among the hardest of fowls, but
they are rather delicate at first and
should have careful attention. The
main thing is to keep them warm and
dry the first few weeks, feeding them
a little at a time and often—say four
or five times a day. One of the best
rations on which to start goslings is
a mixture of corn meal and shorts,
mixed with bread or cracker crumbs,
hard boiled eggs chopped fine, etc.

It is also a good plan to provide
some tendr grass as a relish right
from the start. The goose is essentially
a grazing bird, hence grass in its
ration is quite important at all
times. Other grain food, along with
meat scraps, should be added to the
ration gradually as the goslings grow.

Most people keep goslings in small
movable runs for the first two weeks,
so they can't run wild but can be
moved to fresh ground each day where
they can pick grass and bugs. The
extent of this ranging space can be
gradually increased until the goslings
are a month old, then they should be
turned out on free range where they
will find lots of pasturage to make
rapid growth.

Geese do not have to have water to
swim in, but at the same time they
get lots of enjoyment from it. If a
small stream or pond cannot be provided,
then it is quite essential that
the fowls have an abundant supply of
good drinking water, which they consume
freely.

After goslings are turned on pasture,
if the grass is in good condition,
it is not necessary to feed them grain
more than twice a day at first and
later once a day. The first object
should be to get as large a growth of
frame as possible. Let fat come last.
To build frame requires lots of grass,
bugs and worms, and grains like oats
and buckwheat that are not especially
fattening.

As fall approaches and the grass begins
to fall, corn should be substituted
for one of the other grains as it is
more fattening. Starting at least a
month before the holiday selling season,
the geese we want to sell on market
are fed all they will eat of a mixture
of corn and oats at first and corn
alone later. In fitting geese for
market it is hardly possible to make
them too fat, as extreme fatness has
no bad effect upon their table qualities
and therefore most people want lots of
it.—Farm Life.

GEESSE AND CHICKENS MIXED
Fowls Do Not Breed Very Well Together—Supply of Clean Water
is Important.

Geese and chickens do not breed
very successfully together. As is well
known, geese like to dig around in the
dirt and then wash their faces in
every pall of water that is placed in
the yard for the poultry. The geese
will soon empty the pails by dipping
their heads deeply in the water and
throwing it over their backs until the
pails contain only a few inches of dirty
water. A steady supply of clean water
is important for growing chickens so
the geese become a nuisance in the enclosure.

Geese will often drive the poultry
away from the dry mash hoppers. As
the profit in geese depends on raising
them on a cheap ration largely composed
of grass it does not pay to feed them
much mash during the summer.

The best place for geese is a field
near a pond. This gives the birds
plenty of water. They do not need a
canopy of water but it saves the work
of carrying a lot of drinking water if
the geese have their own supply for
washing in.

POULTRY POINTS
Cull your flocks as many times as
possible during the year.

Drafts in the poultry houses mean
colds and colds mean less eggs.

Chicks in the habit of receiving
good, fresh milk each day, are very
apt to develop some digestive troubles
if old milk—milk that is beginning
to turn—is given them.

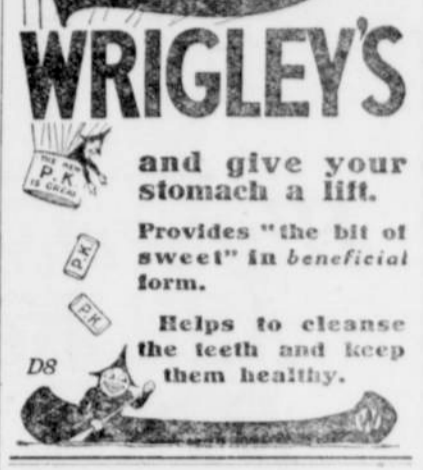
Americans are eating more poultry
every year. Farmers may yet find
that the henery department is among
the most profitable. Start with a
standard breed rooster and breed up
the flock.

The good layer has a large, open,
moist vent and a large abdomen covered
with soft pliable skin.

Ventilation in a poultry house is important,
winter or summer. No matter
how cold, keep the air fresh by
having the back and ends tight and
ventilate from the front.

Milk in almost any form—sweet,
sour, or buttermilk—is good for layers
used for breeding purposes. City poultry
keepers who do not keep a cow
often use semi-solid or powdered milk.

After Every Meal



WRIGLEY'S
and give your
stomach a lift.
Provides "the bit of
sweet" in beneficial
form.
Helps to cleanse
the teeth and keep
them healthy.

This One Your Friend.
As far as its economic status is
concerned the Phoebe makes an ideal
neighbor, says Nature Magazine. This
bird's diet consists of 90 per cent animal
food and 10 per cent vegetable
matter. The major part of the insects
eaten are injurious species.

Immense Slate Quarry.
The Oakley slate quarry in North
Wales, the largest underground slate
operation in the world, has fifty miles
of railroads, four miles of pump mains
and twelve miles of compressed air
mains, and slate has been removed
from 26 levels.

Silver Map.
A silver map of the world, exhibited
at the Royal Geographical Society,
England, is said to be the best of four
such maps in existence. It is a thin
circular plate of silver about three
inches in diameter and commemorates
Drake's voyage around the world.

Walking-Stick Denoted Rank.
At one time the general use of
walking-sticks was forbidden in Rome
by imperial edict, except to persons of
patrician rank, thus making it a privilege
which came to be popular among the
nobility and eventually a distinction.

Earth's Mountain Altars.
The mountains of the earth are its
natural cathedrals, or natural altars,
overlaid with gold and bright with
bordered work of flowers—and with their
clouds resting on them as the smoke of
a constant sacrifice.—Ruskin.

Determination.
"When a man git he head set dat
he gwine do a suttin stunt," said Char-
coal Eph, ruminatively, "dey ain't nothin'
in' gwine stop him but a contrary-
minded, obstinate, square-jawed woman!"

Breeches and the Greeks.
Among the Greeks breeches were
regarded as a mark of slavery. They
were worn by northern peoples, however.
In the reign of Honorius, in
394 A. D., the breeches makers were
expelled from Rome.

Unique New Zealand Reptile.
The "tutatera lizard" is said to be
the most remarkable creature now living
in New Zealand, and the oldest
existing type of reptile.

Made New Use of Bronze Vault.
The bronze vault of the portico of
the Pantheon in Rome was removed
by Urban VII in 1832 to be used in
casting the baldacchino, or sacred
canopy of Saint Peter's church.

Whimsical.
A college wag opines that the Biblical
story of the creation must have
been written by a baseball reporter,
because it starts off with, "In the beginning—"
—Boston Transcript.

Production by Silk Worms.
Silk worms of the world, taken together,
produce 4,700 miles of fine
silk thread every second of their work-
day, about 150,000,000,000 miles a year.

Thought for the Day.
Too many husbands say to their
families in the evening what they
wanted to say to dissatisfied customers
during the day—but didn't dare.

Red Cross BALL BLUE
is the finest product of its kind in the
world. Every woman who has used
it knows this statement to be true.

Are You Satisfied? BEHNKE-WALKER
BUSINESS COLLEGE
is the biggest, most perfectly equipped
Business Training School in the North-
west. Fit yourself for a higher position
with more money. Permanent positions
await our Graduates.
Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill,
Portland.
P. N. U. No. 27, 1923