

**Healthy Mothers Have Healthy Children**



"For mothers and prospective mothers the greatest help can be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery," said Mrs. Anna Smith of 3288-8th Ave., Sacramento, Calif., whose picture appears here. "I have used both during expectancy and afterward and know from my own experience their strength-giving and nerve-quieting effect on the prospective mother. Nature is wonderfully helped and the tonic effect is seen in the child. I was able to continue my work thru expectancy in comfort. I am glad to be able to recommend such a splendid reliable help to womankind."

Obtain these famous medicines of Dr. Pierce's now, in tablets or liquid, from your druggist. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

**Natural Pipe Line.**

While some workmen in Bath, Maine, were quarrying stone they uncovered at a depth of about twenty feet a water conduit about three feet wide and two feet high. The conduit was in a solid ledge and it is of uniform diameter its full length, 200 feet. The four sides are deeply corrugated, showed that at some time water ran through it at great pressure. It is one of the few of nature's pipe lines that have been exposed.—Scientific American.

**Poetical Burmese Belief.**

This is a belief of people of Burma. Dorothy Dix says that the Burmese believe that the soul, in the form of a butterfly, leaves the body while we sleep. They will never waken a sleeper for fear his butterfly may not be able to get back quickly enough to its habitation, the soul having gone wandering during the person's sleep.

**Son to Be Proud Of.**

An old lady's son was working in the city. The youth, being very dutiful, sent his mother a telegram informing her of his success in passing an examination. "Good boy, my Clarence," she told a friend; "look how beautifully he has learned to type-write lately."

**Name Is Misnomer.**

So-called camel-hair paintbrushes are not so named because they are made from hairs out of the camel's skin. They are made from squirrel's fur and were first made by a man named Camel, whose identity has been completely lost for many years.

**Many Sought Growsome Post.**

On the last occasion that a vacancy occurred in the position of public executioner in England the home secretary received no fewer than 736 applications for the post.

**Temperance Exemplified.**

It is as much a part of true temperance to be pleased with the little that we know and the little that we can do with the little that we have.—Ruskin.

**Look Yourself Over, Old Boy.**

If you're not satisfied with your lot in life, think before you send her back to her mother. Perhaps your quotation in her market isn't what you put it at.—Wall Street Journal.

**WRIGLEYS AFTER EVERY MEAL**

affords benefit as well as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.

The Great American Sweetest, untouched by hands, full of flavor.

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM MINT FLAVOR

**THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN**

By JAMES F. DWYER

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

"IT COMES to every wanderer at some time in his wanderings," said Galt, looking out through the dirty window of Bhatto Ghan's river alley restaurant at Singapore. "It comes to every one of us drifters, and when the voice is strong enough we strike the home trail."

"Ay, ay," murmured Maloney, a little red-headed Irishman, who acted as agent for a Jew firm at Calcutta. "It's right you are, Sandy. "There is no such person as a cosmopolitan," growled the big Scotchman. "I thought I met one once when we were jerking a trestle bridge over a stream up at Simla, but he was a fraud. He left us one night, and when I went round to his bungalow in the morning I found a little scrap of paper stuck in the thatch. It just read: 'Gone home to England.' Yes, by the ax of Bruce, that was all—not another word. And that sun-tanned devil had been telling me month after month that he had neither home nor country."

"Ay, ay," chanted Maloney. "I've said the same, bad luck to me."

"I cursed him over-right, the Lascar serang," continued Galt, "but that old monkey-faced nigger told me to stop. 'His mother looked at him last night,' said he. 'His mother is in England, d—n his brown hide,' I growled. 'It doesn't matter,' squeaked that old bag of bones, 'his mother has been seeking him for years, and last night she looked into his eyes as he slumbered, and he has gone to her. It is always so, sahib. Some day the mother's eyes will find them if they sit on the rim of the earth, and when they see her in their dreams they go back.'"

Galt banged his glass upon the century-old table, and when Bhatto Ghan had delivered the drinks, a silence fell upon the group. The hot sun turned the street puddles into vapor masses that floated upwards, thick and stifling, and the voices from the cafe chantant came through in intermittent blasts as if they had seized favorable moments when the air was clear.

There were five in the party, and no man was within three thousand miles of his birthplace. It was Maloney's recital of an attempt he made to reach Cork that had caused the Scotchman to make his observations. The little Irishman had shipped as a stoker on a big P. & O. boat at Melbourne, but the red months in the bowels of the ship had eaten up his home-longing before he reached Colombo. There, Maloney deserted, and deferred the pleasure of revisiting Queenstown till his pocket could pay for superior traveling accommodation.

Presently Meehlin shifted his long legs and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"That's right about the voice," he said, with the air of a man who knows that his assertion is incontrovertible. "I know all about the voice. I struck Wellington, New Zealand, in 1900; rode down on a leaking wind-jammer from Vancouver, and the voice found me the moment I was on the quay. One of the New Zealand Steamship company's boats was just going ready to buck across to Sydney, and the voice made me buy a forty-shilling steerage ticket 'n' hike aboard. Ever' mile of that trip the voice got to whiffin' stronger. 'Jimmy,' it said, 'you haven't seen yer old mother for seven years—seven years. Just think of it! Never mind about yer stepfather, Jimmy, don't think of yer little differences with him. If he kicks yer again, like he did before, don't take no notice of him.' That was the tune it sang to me. Oh, yes, Galt is Johnny-on-the-spot when he gives lingo about the voice. It gets you all right. The one that called me was a sort of two-thousand-mile radious voice. While I was buzzin' about up round Seattle I didn't hear it, but the moment I struck windy Wellington, it fairly poured into me sound accumulators, and before we sighted Sydney Head I couldn't get any sleep at nights because it kept reproaching me for stayin' away too long."

The moment I tumbled on the wharf, the voice swirled me up George street to the railway station. I bought a second-class ticket for Bourke, and then went across the road to get something to eat before the western mail pulled out for its run to the Darling. I couldn't eat; felt as if I had a balloon in me insides, so I came back and cursed the porters until we swung out. All the way up in the train that voice made me sick with joy. The old bare gumtrees, the t-t-tree scrub, the gray plains, the dusty drovers, every bloomin' thing got tuggin' at me heart strings, an' when I got out at Bourke I felt all sore round the ribs like as if some one had been stamin' me with sixteen-ounce gloves.

Maloney made a sound that resembled a suppressed sob, and Meehlin looked at him curiously. "My dad had been a cockatoo selector, you know. We had a little patch between two big patches, and the squatters on the two big lots hated dad like poison. When he died, mother married McCarty, just to have a man round the place to give back lip to the boundary riders, and it was that little mean-souled son of a gun who snapped my home cable an' set me driftin' in the first place. How-

ever, the voice told me to forget all that, an' I tried to. When I announced myself that evening he pumped my right hand up an' down like a feller that's tryin' to restore breathin' in some guy who has ben wet, but I took it agreeable, an' you could hear the swish of the wings of peace when I was telling about me wanderings.

"Next day that little knock-kneed bound of a stepfather asked me to give him a hand in poleaxing a steer, and I agreed to whip the pelt off just to show him I hadn't forgotten the game. I was three parts through with the job when the door of the shed opened and a mounted trooper covered me with his popgun. The voice wasn't doing much calling at that minute. You see, stepdad hadn't a calf of his own to kill in honor of my return, so he had grabbed one of the nearest squatters an' that cop caught me red-handed. Cattle duffing had been getting too common an' they were watching round. The cop took me an' he took stepdad, too, tied us one to each stirrup iron. That was pretty good luck for McCarty."

They must have seen I was in a bit of a temper, 'cause they put us into different cells, but there was a little hole in the slabs, an' all through the night that old calf-stealer kept asking me to shoulder the blame of the whole show. 'They didn't catch me, Jimmy,' he kept saying, over an' over again. 'They only caught you, Jimmy.' 'What's the good of two of us going in? Who'll look after your mother, Jimmy? Who'll shear the sheep? Who'll keep yer little brother at school, Jimmy?' It wasn't the voice that pulled me aboard the steamer Wairapa that I heard that night. He got me that mad that I poked my finger in his eye when he was looking through the hole, an' I got a little peace after that.

"Well, that jury believed McCarty. They sent that old scoundrel back home, and a new voice came to my ears. 'It was the voice of the trail that called me lay an' night for two years while I lay in Dubbo jail, an' when I used to look at the guards on the wall I swore I'd never imitate the prodigal son again. Those were the three kinds of voices I heard. First, the voice that calls you home—the one Galt was tellin' you about; secondly, the voice of that old calf-stealing cuss in Bourke lock-up; and thirdly, the voice of the trail."

Maloney broke the silence. "Did you go back—afterwards?" he asked. "Did I?" cried Meehlin, the arm muscles hunching under the sleeves of his coat. "No, I was afraid. I was afraid that I might kill him or that he might kill another calf. One of the two things might have happened, an' I would have got the worst of the deal. I'm off calves an' stepfathers for all time."

He stood up, stretched his great frame, and walked down to the water front where craft of all nations rocked in the yellow waters, their masts, like gigantic fingers, beckoning to stay-home folk to whom the trail had never called.

**Hollow Wooden Tubes as Portable Bridges**

At the highest altitudes ever reached on earth, members of the recent Mount Everest expedition crept across crevasses of inconceivable depth on the rungs of a portable ladder. Of the many unusual bridges in the world, there is probably none possessing strength as great for its weight as the remarkable ladder bridge carried by these daring explorers.

The bridge was made especially by an English firm for use at altitudes of 25,000 feet and upward, says Popular Science Monthly. In view of the difficulties of transport at these tremendous heights, it was essential that it should be extremely light and easily carried. To meet these requirements it was constructed of hollow wooden spars, put together with hinges in three sections, each of which could be used as a separate unit. Extended full length, the bridge measured 18 feet and weighed only 45 pounds.

Stretched at full length, the bridge could support two fully equipped climbers, and when used in an upright position as a ladder, each rung was strong enough to support a concentrated weight of 300 pounds. This great strength was due to the direction of the grain and the system of layers of wood of which the hollow sticks were made. The same principle is being applied for the construction of hollow spars for racing yachts and for airplanes.

Spruce wood is sawed into planks less than one-quarter-inch thick, then bent around steam-heated mandrels to the form of cylinders. The bent planks then are built in the requisite number of layers around a wooden core and the layers glued together with water-tight glue. When the core is withdrawn, there remains a hollow spar that is far superior in strength and weather-resisting qualities to a solid stick. Proportioned correctly, a hollow spar of one-third the weight is as strong as a solid spar of the same size.

**Bret Harte's Headache**

Bret Harte was once lecturing at Richmond, in Virginia, and on the morning of his arrival had such a terrible headache that he would cheerfully have died there and then. He went for a walk accompanied by the person who was to take the chair at his lecture. The latter told him that Richmond was a very healthful place, that the death rate averaged only one per diem.

"Good heavens!" said Bret Harte, who had been telling his companion how he felt. "Has today's man died yet?"—London Tatler.

**FARM STOCK**

**FEED COW'S MILK TO ORPHAN LAMBS**

In feeding orphan lambs many think that cow's milk should be diluted with water, but since the analyses of ewe's milk shows it to be richer in fat than cow's milk this practice is entirely unnecessary. For the first week the orphan should have some ewe's milk, if possible. A good way to get it is to take the lamb to the ewes whose lambs are not yet old enough to take all the milk.

The orphan should be fed milk often, but it should not be given a large amount at one time until it is two or three weeks old.

Upon the first day of its life an ounce (two tablespoonfuls) is a liberal feeding and it is safer to feed only half that amount, but it should be fed at least every two hours.

It is most convenient to feed the milk from a bottle to which is attached a medium-sized nipple of the swan-bill type. The bottle should be kept thoroughly clean and the milk should be fresh and at a natural temperature; that is 100 degrees. In order to maintain the temperature, the bottle containing the milk should be kept in a vessel partly filled with water heated to 100 degrees or slightly above.

After the lamb is two or three weeks old, it is not necessary to feed it more than two or three times a day. Sometimes an ewe has two lambs and only enough milk for one. In such a case it is usually possible to bring the lambs along nicely by supplementing her supply with cow's milk. As they learn to eat grain and hay, the milk feeding can be gradually diminished and finally discontinued.

**Steer Feed Experiment Gives Beneficial Data**

Experimental steer feeding was conducted during the winter of 1924-1925 at the Caldwell station of the Idaho agricultural experiment station. Fifty two-year-old Hereford and Shorthorn steers, purchased in Owyhee county last November, were used in this experiment. This group of steers was divided into five lots of ten each and fed the following rations for a hundred-day period:

- Lot 1—Long alfalfa hay and corn.
- Lot 2—Alfalfa meal and corn.
- Lot 3—Chopped alfalfa hay and corn.
- Lot 4—Long alfalfa hay, corn stlage and corn.
- Lot 5—Long alfalfa, hay and barley.

Shelled ground corn was used in the first four lots and ground barley in the fifth lot.

The feeding period being over on March 27 the steers were shipped on that date and sold on the Portland market March 30. The average shrinkage was 48 pounds per head. Marketing expenses amounted to 75 cents per hundredweight.

The prices received and the dressing percentages for each lot were as follows:

- Lots 2 and 4 topped the market at \$9.00 per cwt. Each of these lots dressed out 60.3 per cent.
- Lots 1 and 3 each brought \$8.75 per cwt. The dressing per cent of these lots was 59.9 per cent.
- Lot 5 sold at \$8.50 per cwt. and dressed out at 59.6 per cent.

In the coolers the carcasses graded as follows: 22 choice, 26 good, 1 medium and 1 poor.

**Care of Little Pigs**

At farrowing time the herdsman should be at his post, for it is then that he has the chance to save some of the young pigs, and in some cases the sow. When the pig is born it has some small needle teeth, or artificial tusks. Some of the best herdsmen make it a practice to remove these. After farrowing it is a good rule to feed a thin slop containing a double handful of ground feed the second day, and gradually increase this amount as the pigs are able to take the milk.

**Live Stock Items**

There is nothing better for growing pigs than skim milk.

Inoculation is essential, if alfalfa has not been growing on the farm. The soil may be inoculated either by a commercial culture or by using soil from a successful alfalfa field.

It costs 5 cents an acre to treat seed wheat with copper carbonate to prevent smut, which often causes a loss of \$2 to \$3 an acre, and sometimes runs as high as \$10.

Farmers should begin now to make plans to put in a flock of breeding ewes this fall.

Crude petroleum thinned with a little kerosene is effective in eliminating hog mange or scurvy.

Sheep, if properly handled and cared for, will give greater returns per dollar invested than any other class of live stock. They will clean up the fields in the fall and turn feeds that have no marketable value into cash.

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**Cause of Writer's Cramp.**

Writer's cramp has been defined as an occupational neurosis to which those who do too much writing, especially with the hand too tightly contracted, are liable. A person with the trouble has no control over the muscles of the thumb and middle and fore fingers, although other manual operations are performed without difficulty. The affection seldom manifests itself till toward middle age.

**Earliest Anesthetic.**

Ether was the earliest-known anesthetic. It was discovered probably as far back as the Thirteenth century. For a long time it was supposed to contain sulphur, and hence the name "sulphuric ether" was applied to it. Its true composition was established by Saussure (1807) and by Gay-Lussac (1815). Later Williamson explained its formation and chemical constitution.

**Gets Revenge.**

Madame Amed Abdullah thought all the women in Constantinople were in love with her son. So she consulted a fortune teller, who gave her a concoction of garlic, water, mud and boiled shoes to throw upon all the beautiful women in the city. Madame Abdullah was arrested after hurling the magic mixture at one attractive woman near her son's home.

**Lead Roofs Need Attention.**

The leaden roofs of some of England's old churches, a heritage from medieval times, occasionally have to be melted down, rolled over and then replaced. The lead itself is indestructible, but it has been found that at the end of every 200 years the metal should be recast to give the best results as a roofing material.

**Graft Vegetables.**

Experiments in the grafting of vegetables and flowers by French botanists have resulted in the creation of new species, have prolonged the lives of many plants, and have intensified the perfume of many flowers. Potatoes that grow on branches above the ground are among the results of the experiments.

**Humanity's Debt to America.**

In 1830, according to the Department of Agriculture, three hours of human labor were required to produce a bushel of wheat, and now it takes ten minutes. Farm invention, largely American, is one of the greatest contributions to human ease and well-being in the last century.

**Disputed Honor.**

Some authorities give credit to the U. S. S. Vincennes, a sailing frigate, as the first circumnavigating the globe, making the trip in 1829-1830. Other authorities credit the United States frigate Potomac, which made a continuous cruise around the world from 1831-1834.

**Carpet for the Cellar.**

A piece of old carpet placed at the bottom of the cellar steps will prove a wonderful help in preventing marks from rubber heels on the clean kitchen linoleum.

**Point of Resemblance.**

Lightning bugs are not so different from certain men. A lightning bug can see where he has been but not where he is going. — Charlotte Observer.

**Church's Solid Foundation.**

The foundation of St. John the Divine church in New York is laid on solid pre-Cambrian rock, among the oldest in creation, so that it is likely to endure longer than many of the old-world cathedrals that are in danger of collapse because of sandy or swampy bases.

**"Pyrrhic Victory"**

This phrase is used to denote a victory won at tremendous cost and refers to the battle of Asculum, in which Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, won a victory over the Romans while sustaining such heavy losses that he is said to have exclaimed, "Another such victory and Pyrrhus is destroyed."

**Sunday Thought.**

Pleasure that comes unlooked-for is twice welcome; and, if it stir the heart, it might be there, that may hereafter in a thoughtful hour wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among the things most precious, and the day it came is noted as a white day in our lives.—Rogers.

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**Significance in Perfume.**

After the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, and while the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to fill their boxes with snuff, scented with violets, his favorite flower. When desirous of learning which side an individual favored they would offer a pinch and ask significantly, "Do you like this perfume?"

**Be True to Yourself.**

It is difficult to be always true to ourselves, to be always what we wish to be, what we feel we ought to be. As long as we feel that, as long as we do not surrender that ideal of our life, all is right. Our aspirations represent the true nature of our soul much more than our everyday life.—Muller.

**Trustful Doris.**

"Your husband is wild about you, isn't he?" asked Phyllis. "Yes," replied Doris; "he raves about me in his sleep, but the poor absent-minded fellow nearly always calls me by the wrong name."

**Talkers' Word Records.**

A rapid and experienced talker making a speech on a subject which he fully understands will speak at a rate of about 8,000 words an hour.

**Longest River in Canada.**

The Mackenzie river is the longest in Canada and the second longest in North America.

**Not the Crumbly Kind.**

A cake that is dough yields few crumbs of comfort. — Boston Transcript.

**Faithfulness.**

The deepest hunger of a faithful heart is faithfulness.—George Eliot.



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