

Mrs. Sadie E. Holtzner



Have You a Daughter? If You Have, This Woman's Advice Is of Vital Interest to You

Seattle, Wash.—"In my girlhood, I suffered with severe backaches and pain and had a catarrhal condition. These disagreeable sensations were completely eradicated and I developed into a strong and healthy womanhood because my mother gave me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. As my own daughters were developing I gave them Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and in that way prevented their having any form of inward weakness. My daughters developed naturally into womanhood and I am sure it was because I had them take the 'Prescription' at that critical period."—Mrs. Sadie E. Holtzner, 2124 North 52d St.

Go to your neighborhood drug store today and get this prescription in tablets or liquid, or write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., for medical advice, free and confidential.

North Pole and Broadway.

Pearly discovered the North pole, undergoing untold rigors and privations in the course of his tremendous task. Three years later, at an explorers' club dinner, he complained vexedly to me that he had just caught a dangerous cold from walking down Broadway in the slush without his rubbers.—Albert Payson Terhune, in Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

Oddly United.

An old Japanese by the name of Seochiro Ishikawa was desperately hungry. He strolled into a little restaurant and tried to run away without paying his bill. The restaurant keeper started after him and a scuffle ensued. He then dragged the old man to the police station, where he found that the hungry man was his father, whom he had not seen for 20 years.

Contentment.

The fountain of contentment must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.—Samuel Johnson.

Baby Weighs Three Pounds.

Weighing only three pounds at birth, a baby was placed in an incubator at Bath, Eng., and fed a teaspoonful of milk every hour. It gained weight rapidly.

To Accelerate Plaster.

A porous plaster will sometimes remove the efforts of a strain or wrench, but you'd better kept the wrench to aid in removing the porous plaster.—Chicago News.

Oranges Eastern Product.

Orange trees were found growing wild in Florida when the state was settled, but it is supposed that they were introduced in the early days by the Spaniards. It is presumed that their native home was southeastern Asia.

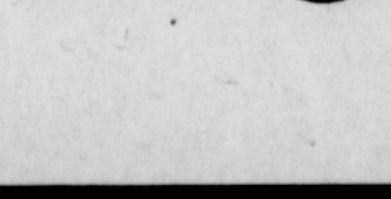
Looking Forward.

In writing love letters it is difficult but advisable to keep in mind how they will strike the jury.—Roanoke Times.



AFTER EVERY MEAL
WRIGLEY'S
makes your food do you more good.

Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating. Sweetens the breath, removes food particles from the teeth, gives new vigor to tired nerves. Comes to you fresh, clean and full-flavored.



PRIVATE ZEMBLER'S ROLL CALL

By C. B. LEWIS

"YOU see, it's this way, sir," said the old man as he stepped out of a dark doorway and suddenly confronted a belated pedestrian. "I've managed somehow to scrape along until now, but I've reached the—"

"Hang it, man, what's up?" shouted the other, as he leaped back and raised his arm.

"I'm no thug," said the old man, as a fleeting smile crossed his face. "Lands save ye! but even if I had the will to do it, I couldn't hold up a boy ten years old."

"You miserable old tramp. Why are you hiding here? It's a wonder I didn't fill you full of lead!"

"I'm purty full now, my friend, though the surgeons cut out two of the bullets. The Confederate lead fired into me at Petersburg, on the day we finally broke through Lee's lines, was meant to stay all the rest of my days."

"The old soldier dodge!"

"Henry Zembler, sir, late private of the late Tenth New Jersey Infantry in the late unpleasantness, 'as they term it.' His heels came together, his back straightened up, and he raised his right hand to salute.

"And you draw a pension and drink it up? I've met your sort before. Go to, old sonner!"

"Henry Zembler, late private of the Tenth New Jersey Infantry in the late unpleasantness," repeated the old man as he walked along beside the other. You see—"

"Look here!" said the pedestrian as he came to a halt. "It's no use to follow me and pour out the story of your woes. I've got nothing for you. I'm on my way home."

"And I'm not," was the quiet answer. "I'm the only dog in town without a home. It's hard lines when an old veteran has to come down to this, but it's the way of the world."

The pedestrian's hand went down to his pocket.

"Oh, well, let it go," said the old veteran as he turned away. "After all, what good would it be? There'd be tomorrow night and nights after. If I've got to freeze and starve I might as well begin tonight. Beg pardon for the way I started you. I was huddled up in the hallway, wishing the end would come, when I heard your footsteps. It seemed the only chance for tonight, and so I hustled out. Well, you could have called a policeman; and as you haven't done so I want to say I'm much obliged."

"If I thought you were telling a straight story—" said the pedestrian as his fingers gripped a coin in his pocket.

"Henry Zembler, sir, late private in the Tenth New Jersey Infantry in the late unpleasantness," replied the old man as he came to "attention" again.

He turned the corner and started off. His steps were slow and uncertain, and the man watching him took notice of a limp. The clothes on his back would not have kept out the chill of a June night. He had gone a block when the other called:

"Hello, old man—come back. I don't go much on your story, but I'll stake you for tonight."

"Late of the Tenth New Jersey, sir, in the late unpleasantness," replied the veteran as he came to a halt and about faced. "I've tried begging tonight for the first time in my life, and I'm not a success at it. About face! Forward! March! Again, sir—go night!"

"Two's right—march!" said the old soldier as he turned the corner. "When I passed through this town on my way to the front the men crowded about the cars to throw me cigars, and every woman had a bouquet for a soldier boy. When I passed through after Lee's surrender the bands were playing, the flags flying, and the old vets owned the earth. There has been a little change in the program! No bands—no flags—no bouquets. Old vet is hunting for a coal yard in which to make his bed. Company G—halt! Right dress. Parade—rest!"

He had stopped before a long, one-story building. There were openings for doors and windows, but only the openings were left.

"Queer—queer!" whispered the old man. "This place has a familiar look, I wonder if— Say, I have it now! Bless me, if I haven't run across our old barracks after all these long years!"

He peered in at the open doorway upon heaps of refuse. As he turned his face upwards he could see the stars blinking through holes in the roof.

"Ugh!" shivered the old veteran. "but it's better than walking the streets. Attention, Company G! Carry—arms! By two's—file left! Forward—march!"

Through the darkness and over the debris he picked his way until he reached the opposite wall and leaned his weak and weary frame against the cold bricks. Here was the last battle line—here he must make his last fight.

"And what if I do freeze to death?" he asked and answered after a few minutes had slipped away. "When a man has fought his best and been downed there's nothing but death for him, and why not freeze as well as drown? Ah, but it's not as cold as it was. And there seems to be people talking and moving about. I wonder now—I wonder if—"

"Company G, fall in for roll call!" "God of my life!" gasped the veteran

as he straightened up, "but that's the voice of Sam Andrews, our old orderly sergeant, and the boys are falling in for roll call."

With his back to the wall and his heels together, with his heart beating tumultuously and his eyes looking into the darkness and his ears strained to catch the slightest sound, the man waited.

"Ambler—Allen—Andrews!" called the sergeant.

"He calls the names of men who were dead after Manassas," whispered the veteran. "Yes, they died there as we fought and fell back; fought until we had fired our last cartridge, and then fell back with clubbed muskets in hand."

"Barnes—Baker—Bissell—Burrows—Blythe!"

"I remember them, I remember each one. They were good comrades and brave men. When Joe Hooker pushed into the corn field against Stoperwall Jackson at Antietam every stalk and tassel was spattered with our blood. That night there were thousands in blue and gray who did not answer to roll call."

"Carlton—Casswell—Chadwick!"

"And they are dead—dead since the sun went down that day at Cold Harbor. Will he call Davis—Dean—Doyle? The enemy buried them after Malvern hill. Ay, there was a battle to be remembered forever. G—d! but I can see the picture before me now—the blue waiting—the gray coming on—the jaws of hell opening wide to close upon twenty thousand dead men! Yes, I can see 'em again, the blue in solid lines, and the gray charging across the meadows and up to the muzzles of our guns until the grass turned red, and in very pity we fired our last volley over their heads. And those were our dead—Davis—Dean—Doyle. Comrades, I salute you."

"Haynes—Hemper—Hopson—Horton," called the sergeant's voice, as there was an icy rush of the midnight gale through the old barracks.

"Yes, I remember—I remember," sighed the veteran. "There were Haynes—Hemper—Hopson—Horton. He did not call Enos, Enright, or Earl. He did not call Forbush or Frayne; I did not catch the names of Graham or Gordon. But the sergeant knows—he remembers. They were dead after Fredericksburg—all dead!"

One—two—three! About—face! One—two—three! About—face and salute! Private Zembler was a soldier again.

"Lane—Lakins—Larkin—Lampton!"

"Ay, those old names—those old comrades!" whispered the veteran. "But he did not call Laham or Ireland. He passed over Jordan—Jackson—Johnson. They fell at Gettysburg—all died by the same volley. While soldiers fought, a great nation held its breath. A few less men in blue—a few more in gray, and what of a great republic? Whom will he call next?"

There was a minute of waiting, and the brown earth at the old man's feet began to whiten with the snowflakes finding their way through the roof.

"Parker—Perkins—Probasco—Pomero!"

"Dead—dead—dead!" groaned the veteran. "He did not call Marble or Meekins, Needham or Noles, Orton or Orville. They joked, and laughed, and sang as we marched down into the Wilderness with Grant, but when the roll was called after the first grapple never a man of them answered 'Present.' It is colder again. Attention, company! Forward—march! Halt! About—face! Salute!"

The old man's knees were trembling under him, and his back was seeking the wall for rest as the sergeant's voice came to his ears again:

"Wantless—Watkins—Wardell!"

"I remember—I remember, and after them came Yates and Yost. How could I forget? I saw them lying dead before Grant closed in on Lee at Petersburg. There was no Company 'G' after he last charge at the Bloody Horsehoe. The remnant was wiped out there. Was Yost the last—the very last? No, no! There was another—I'm sure there was another. The name was—was—God! but how cold and dark! File right—march! Left! Left! Left! Halt! About—face! Has he finished the roll call?"

"Zembler! Zembler!"

"Zembler? Zembler? Why, yes, of course. Yes, we had a man named Zembler, I remember—I remember that he was wounded at Fair Oaks, and again at Fredericksburg, and he died at—"

"Zembler—Zembler!"

"I hear you, sergeant—I remember! He died at— No! God alive, but that's—that's me! I am Zembler—Henry Zembler—the last of Company G. Someone is calling me—I must answer to my name!"

He opened his lips to answer "Present," but no sound came. He tried to raise his right hand in salute, but it hung a dead weight. He swayed and tottered as he grenched himself from the wall, sank down on the whitened earth and sobbed.

"Zembler! Henry Zembler!"

But the roll-call was finished.

Historic English Clock

Who would dare to attach a price to a timepiece which was given by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn? It rests in the chapel retiring room at Windsor, and, apart from its bracket, looks exactly as it did when Anne joyfully received it on her wedding day.

At one period in its history it got into the possession of Horace Walpole, but when his furniture and effects were sold Queen Victoria acquired it for £110. It is not large, measuring only ten inches high by four inches deep. The world has moved on while this clock has ticked away minutes that have lengthened into centuries.

POULTRY

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIGHER PRICES

The high egg market last fall was in the latter part of November. The records indicate that the tendency is for the high spot in the market to advance earlier in the fall. The problem of the person who is interested in making his poultry pay, is how to prepare to take advantage of these high prices.

Pullets which began laying late in October frequently lay during the entire winter. Pullets which are developed too early begin laying early in October and then begin to molt, and unless they are exceptionally well fed they will not begin laying again until spring.

If Leghorns are hatched before April 1 and are well grown they will likely start laying early in October. Under good growing rations a Leghorn will mature in about 200 days. Some growers can carry their early hatched pullets along more slowly and prevent them from laying much before the first of November. In order to do this they feed very little meat scrap and other high protein feeds and feed considerable ground oats and other bulky feeds which grow a good frame but which do not hasten the maturity of the birds.

The heavy breeds which are slower maturing will lay better in the fall if hatched earlier than April. February and March pullets of the breeds such as Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes will be about the right stage of maturity for November eggs if they are grown on a good ration.

One trouble with a good many producers is that they do not feed their pullets so that they mature quickly enough so as to start laying in the fall. In other words you have two sources of trouble in getting pullets to lay in November. One is the hatching of Leghorns too early and thereby having them go into a molt, thereby losing production in the winter from that source. The other trouble is on account of late chicks and slow development which results in the pullets not laying until the greater part of the winter is over and the period of high egg prices has passed.

Hens Should Be Fed So That They Molt Quickly

The old hens should be fed so that they will molt quickly. Eggs will be high in price this fall and winter and we should feed the flock so as to obtain every possible egg, suggests D. H. Hall, extension poultry husbandman at Clemson college.

The molt is a natural thing and the hen must be allowed time enough for it. We can help them through the molting stage by feeding. The mash feeds are very beneficial in growing feathers, therefore, these hens should have all the mash they want. A pound of sulphur added to each 100 pounds of mash will also aid the hens in growing new feathers. Sulphur is also a mild tonic and aids in keeping the hen's body in condition.

During the molting period, the hens need a large amount of grain feed for the upkeep of the body. The molt is a severe drain on the hen and a good strong body, with plenty of extra energy should be kept by the hen. The hen is also laying up surplus energy for next year's laying. The best feed, care, and attention should be given them at this time. It will always pay you to send your hens to roost with a full craw each night.

Potassium Permanganate Good as Water Purifier

Dr. S. Erikson of the Mountain Grove (Mo.) experiment station has carried on experiments to determine the value of permanganate of potash as a purifier of water for poultry, and has found that it is very efficient. The germs of cholera and of other intestinal diseases are destroyed in a few hours. The quantity to use is 14 grains per gallon of water. This quantity can be measured with sufficient accuracy with a ten-cent piece as measure, about 14 grains being carried on it. Permanganate soon loses its strength, which is indicated by loss of the purple color. When this occurs a new solution should be made up. Erikson's experiments show that small chicks are not injured by drinking permanganate water over a period of nine weeks. It can be safely used when sour milk is being fed, but it is not recommended to be added to milk.

Poultry raisers should not place dependence on permanganate as a cure for any disease. Its use is not intended as a cure but as a destroyer of germs that gain entrance to the drinking water from sick birds, thereby lessening the chance of the disease spreading in the flock.

Egg-Eating Habit

The habit or vice of egg eating is difficult to break, once it has been established. It usually starts from the birds getting a taste of a fresh egg when it is broken. Sometimes fresh egg shells thrown to the chicks without being heated gives them a taste of the raw, fresh egg. Darkened, large, rooky nests, the frequent removal of eggs and the immediate removal of any broken shells are the most dependable methods for breaking up this trouble.

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Secret of Comfort.
The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very great ones are of long continuance. And in this is the happy life, to rejoice to these, of thee, for thee; this it is, and there is no other. For they who think there is another, pursue some other and not the true joy.—Augustine.

New Mexico Mystery Land.
New Mexico is the Egypt of America. There is more mystery, enchantment and unusualness to the square foot of New Mexico soil than anywhere else. Egypt has been in the limelight of archeology for the last two or three years, but here in our own country, in New Mexico, there is quite as much romance and mystery.

Lower Animals' Instinct.
Mice and gophers and other animals store food and it is said that, if the winter proves to be a long, severe one, their store of food is larger than if it is short and mild. Who can tell how the animals know in advance what the winter will be? Man does not have such foreknowledge.—Our Dumb Animals.

Vexations of Life.
All the little vexations of life have their use as a part of our moral discipline. They afford the best trial of character. Many a man who could bow with resignation if told that he was to die is thrown off his guard and out of temper by the slightest opposition to his opinions or his projects.—Family Herald.

"Painting" With Light.
"Painting" buildings with light is an inexpensive and effective method invented by engineers of Fresno, Cal., says Popular Science Monthly. The walls are made of cream-tinted terra cotta and pressed brick and flood-lighted with colors such as soft magenta, ruby or emerald.

Horses and Lightning.
Horses do not draw lightning any more than any other animals. The fact that horses are struck so frequently is probably due to these animals seeking protection from rain under trees. If they hover near fences they are also more likely to be struck.

Land of Bright Colors.
Among the innumerable varieties of Florida flowers are the hibiscus, the poinsettia, oleander, bougainvillea, alama, crepe myrtle, flame vine, Mexican coral vine, orchid, hyacinth, lily, canna and iris.

Early American Strategy.
The invasion of Canada by the American forces in 1775 was merely a piece of strategy to dissuade the British from making use of Canada for a supply station and a camp for reserve forces.

Nobility of True Love.
Not every love is generous or noble or merits high encomium but that love which prompts and impels man to live generously and to act nobly.—Plato.

Encouraging.
One trouble with the world is that laziness is so seldom fatal.—Duluth Herald.

Declined Poetical Honor.
Thomas Gray and Sir Walter Scott declined an offer of the English poet laureateship. Wordsworth also refused the post, but afterward was induced to change his mind.

Sorrowful Truth.
Most of the world's big jobs are handled by men who don't know what kind of a tie is becoming to them.—Santa Barbara News.

Feel No Remorse.
Deliberate murderers do not feel remorse after they commit their crimes, the Medical Press and Circular says.

Hard on the Fireflies.
"Oh, the poor fireflies!" cried sympathetic little Amy. "They've no sooner got their lamps lit when the wind blows 'em all out."

Few and Simple.
The pedestrian's problem is to prevent his "rights" from turning into "rites."—Boston Transcript.

We Should Be Tickled.
Headline—"Hôtel Burns. Two Hundred Guests Escape Half Glad."—Boston Transcript.

"Asia's" Literal Meaning.
Asia meant "land of the dawn," in the ancient Sanskrit language.

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Oldtime Purses.

From the wearing of the pouch at the side, in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries, we trace the origin of the poke, or pocket, where, according to Shakespeare, it was customary to carry one's dial. Henry VIII of England carried a purse of red satin embroidered in gold, and under Catherine de Medici perfumed leather purses became the rage and cost at the time as much as \$30 apiece.

To Read Dates on Coins.
A great many of us enjoy looking for old coins every time we get a bunch of money. Occasionally we run across a coin that is worn so badly that the date mark cannot be read. To read this date heat a piece of steel or iron until red hot. Then place the coin on it. The coin, getting warm will show the date or any other reading that ordinarily could not be read.—Boys' World.

River Changed Its Course.
The Hoang river in China burst its banks in 1851 and changed its course so as to flow into the Gulf of Pechee-lee. Within two years its mouth had shifted 250 miles from its original position.

Vanities of Youth.
Give a college boy a pair of elephant's pants and a banjo and he doesn't care who makes the nation's laws.—South Bend Tribune.

Fish in Sahara Desert.
Live fish and shellfish, similar to those inhabiting the lakes of Palestine, have been found by artesian well borers at depths of 200 feet and 300 feet beneath the burning sands of the Sahara desert.

The Way It Works.
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PILES

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