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A distinguished citizen, honored politically and professionally, Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose picture appears above, made a success few have equaled. His pure herbal remedies which have stood the test for fifty years are still among the "best sellers." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood medicine and stomach alterative. It clears the skin, beautifies it, increases the blood supply and the circulation, and pimples and eruptions vanish quickly. Beauty is but skin deep and good blood is beneath both. For your blood to be good, your stomach must be in condition, your liver active. This Discovery of Doctor Pierce's puts you in fine condition, with all the organs active. Ask your nearest druggist for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in tablet or liquid form, or send 10 cents for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

### Oiling the Clock.

When you oil the clock be sure to get the purest olive oil and this should be cleaned by adding a cupful of lime water to each quart of oil. Shake well and let it stand three or four days. Then carefully pour off the oil from the sediment, straining it through silk or filter paper before using it.

### Internal Navigation.

While the largest ocean freighters cannot pass through the Welland canal, smaller vessels do make the trip across the ocean, then through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, St. Lawrence river and canals, Lake Ontario, Welland canal, into Lake Erie and other lakes as desired.

### Roads and Epidemics.

The more important Roman roads had a paved width of 16 feet. During the Middle ages the paving of roads practically ceased, and the spread of epidemics during this time was doubtless due to the condition of the traveled roads.

### Explains Love's Madness.

The love which is often poetically described as a spring "malady" has now been given a prosaic explanation. We are told that it is the additional moisture of the seasons that causes people to write poems, fall in love and shun work.

### Dinosaur Tracks.

Dinosaur footprints, found on a thin layer of rock about seven miles from Tuba City on the Navajo Indian Reservation, near the Grand Canyon park, Arizona, measure 16 inches in length and 13 in width.

### From the Sanskrit.

"Avatar" comes from a Sanskrit word meaning a "descent." It is applied particularly to the descent of a Hindu deity to earth in a manifest form, either for beneficent or retributive reasons. It corresponds to the Christian term "reincarnation."

### Indian Superstition.

The Indians believed that a fish buried in the corn hill gives a better yield of corn.

### Let's Smile.

All doors open to the man with a smile. He goes far toward justifying the existence of the human race.—Advertising World.

## 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 Sweetmeat, untouched by hands, full of flavor.



## KOOLI, THE MAD ELEPHANT

By F. W. LUENING

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

KOOLI looked out upon the surging crowds and wondered in a vague way at their gait. Not that he cared much. That gnawing, burning ache that seemed to start at his big, flat toes and run to the tip of his rat-like tail had killed all that was in him. So he just swayed uncertainly as he shifted the weight of his huge bulk from side to side and bumbled in dull agony—as he had been taught to do—when he felt the sting of the goad and heard the sharp, guttural commands of The Little Brown Man beneath him. He raised his trunk swiftly as The Little Brown Man drove sharply and slyly into its tender end, and backed away into the darkest corner with a bellow of pain, and terror and swayed again—in sheer weakness. What did it all mean? Sometimes he wondered dully. He did not understand. Why was he goaded daily into a desperate agony and made to roar in pain. He who desired only peace—only to be let alone?

He did not know that over the papier-mache rocks that formed his pen hung a sign:

**KOOLI! MOST FEROCIOUS ROGUE ELEPHANT IN CAPTIVITY! ADMISSION 10c.**

As he looked sadly out, he could see the long, irregular street of tinsel and paper and paint and the crowds that surged and played in the glare of the myriad electric lights. He could see the laughing faces of pretty women, the gray uniforms of the chair-boys, the plodding camels as they passed on noiseless feet across his range of vision and, giving the crowd a color brilliant and strange, gathered there from every corner of the globe—Chinese girls, dark-skinned Arabs, Hindoo fakirs, Russian officers, dainty French flower girls, swarthy Turks and Malay sailors. And above the din of tin trumpets, shuffling feet and muffled screams he could hear the voice of The Little Brown Man as he shrieked to the crowds of the ferocious "Kooli, the Terror of Mysterious Asia." And every now and again The Little Brown Man would come and prod the sensitive trunk end and beat the sore toe nails till Kooli trumpeted in agony and sought refuge in the dark corner; while those who came looked on in wonder or awe or disgust—as intelligence dictated.

Months ago—ages ago it seems—Kooli had come. They had toiled together, he pushing the beams into place while The Little Brown Man cursed shrilly and jabbed him in tender places with the goad. And when the evening came The Little Brown Man threw him an armful of moldy hay, over the price of which he had haggled for hours. Thus it was that Kooli helped to build the prison in which he was to suffer.

He bore it all with full patience and, as the crowds came night after night, and the goad pricked sharper, grew thinner, gaunter, more awful to look upon. It hardly required the artful shading about the eyes which The Little Brown Man produced with white lead to make him look the half-crazed rogue who part he played. Sometimes, in the lonely hours of the night, when the moon shone in at the bars of his hopeless tomb, it showed the solitary figure of Kooli restlessly swaying from side to side. But it could not show the pain that, starting at the bristly trunktip would rise slowly up till the great gray head seemed full of burning coals that flashed and flickered and glowed till they flared up and burst amid exquisite agony. Then, slowly, would come a procession of palms, broad rivers, grassy plains—primeval forests. And always there was a huge bull elephant, superb of tusk, immense of muscle, who moved through the vistas of green—a lord—fierce, lonely, unconquerable. And the bull would reach for tufts of the succulent green above him and at the touch of his trunk the palms would wither and dry and fall to his feet—a bunch of moldy hay. Kooli knew that the bull was Kooli whose throat was parched and burning, and who longed for just one little, little bite of that fresh, elusive green. Knew that it was Kooli, yet was not Kooli, and would ponder upon these strange, mixed conditions of things till all went out in flashes and bursts of flame again. And of recent nights the great lone bull under the palms seemed seeking something. When Kooli's brain grew hot and the pictures came, he could see that. The bull would tramp through the forests, peering into the gloom and lashing himself into a wild fury—and always there was something missing in the picture.

Tonight they streamed in to see Kooli. The Little Brown Man was in ecstasy. He goaded slyly. When Kooli bellowed in pain he dissembled beautifully—wariness, courage, sudden half fear. He advanced, commanded, backed away quickly and prodded when he could. Altogether he was elated. The dimes came fast, the fraud was on, and Kooli suffered miserably.

The burning ache grew dull. The people before him vanished. Bright lights flashed before his eyes and went out, leaving him in darkness. Then a faint glow, coming out of the distance, advanced slowly toward him. Gently its soft rays showed him the primeval forests. He saw the lone bull. A tremor shook his frame. He was the

lone bull. His tusks! How white, how sharp they were. And his muscles! What strength was there—what power. He reared up and tore great tufts from the palms above him. They did not change and become moldy hay now. He advanced, swaying from side to side, trampling ruthlessly the matted underbrush about him. And was it pain that rent him and caused him to tremble from trunk to tail? Pain! It was rage. Blind, unreasoning rage, and he sent bellow upon bellow into the forests about him. Not the quivering trumpet of terror now, but the harsh, fierce crash of anger. He was seeking something—seeking—seeking. Through the tangled growth he saw the twinkle of a fire. Near it crouched the figure of a man. A little brown man who held in one frail hand an elephant goad. And Kooli knew what he sought. A single step covered the miles between them. Kooli trumpeted again in wild fury. He dashed the brown body to the earth, fell forward, crushing the bones under his great knee, and ground the wriggling thing beneath him into the dust till the forests vanished slowly away and left him only a quivering mass of human flesh.

But he was mad. Fever mad, with the smell of blood, and with hunger and pain. His little pig eyes took on a steady, vacant stare. He charged the papier-mache rocks of his prison. Together with the planking behind them they crashed, and Kooli burst out upon the Tinsel Street. Here were Men—countless numbers of Men—and he was hunting Man tonight. He picked them up as they fed before him, hurling them right and left. Lights, myriads of them, twinkled and angered him, and he charged again and again. Castles, mountains, forests—booths and side shows—collapsed as he battered their flimsy frames. In wild, glad abandon he tossed about him plaster statues, paper rocks, chairs, tables, wooden Indians, Chinese idols, Indian pottery, yards of painted canvas and sections of tinsel-covered buildings and booths. Then a revolver cracked, and as Kooli wheeled something pinged into his side. He saw red stripes on a uniform of blue, and he thought of blood, and knew again what he sought. So he crushed out the life with his foot and charged on. A ten-foot palling smashed like glass, and Kooli found himself in darkness. Dimly he saw before him two long, straight, shining rails, that spread across the country and dipped into a hollow in the distance. He lumbered rapidly forward. A light approached. He roared in frenzy and charged once more.

Big Bill was making time. The Limited was late.

"See anything ahead, Jack," he asked of his fireman suddenly.

"My God! Load o' hay! Stop 'er!"

"Load of hay, h—!" gasped Bill as he reversed.

The engine shrieked, rose straight up and skidded into the ditch on her side, dragging her long line of sleepers with her—a mass of hissing steam, flames, and writhing humanity. And the gaunt, emaciated body of an elephant lay underneath.

### Carlsbad Cavern Made by Underground River

Carlsbad cavern is the work of water, says Dr. Willis T. Lee, United States geological survey, in the Scientific Monthly. Like many another well-known cave, it was made by the action of parts of the rocks. It differs from others in that the limestone rocks here contain beds of gypsum and rock salt. Through long ages the underground water dissolved and carried away soluble materials, leaving a great cavity deep down under the highlands. In the course of time this process was reversed and the water, carrying carbonate of lime in solution, deposited this material within the cavern in the form known as cave marble. The solution formed subterranean chambers of astonishing size. Deposition decorated these chambers with adornments of surprising variety and beauty. Also deposition cemented together such loose fragments as may have existed and thus made improbable such tragedies as that of the Sand cave in Kentucky.

The first chamber to be entered is Shinar's wigwam. It is nearly circular in outline, 200 feet across, 75 feet high and wonderfully adorned. At the entrance to this glorified wigwam of the Navajo's wolf god hangs a large stalactite of marbled appearance, which resembles a cave man's war club. The wigwam is surrounded by alcoves and niches and tributary chambers of marvelous character and amazing adornment. Had the author of "Arabian Nights" seen Carlsbad cavern he might have enriched his tale of Aladdin and his lamp with facts stranger than the fictions used.

### Turks Like Cigarettes

It is estimated that in Constantinople the consumption of cigarettes is largest per capita. Constantinople is reported to average 2,179 cigarettes every minute of the day, which in a waking day of 16 hours would mean a total per capita consumption of the people of the Turkish city of 900,000, or two cigarettes daily for every man, woman and child.

### Geraniums in Winter

The Department of Agriculture says that the method of hanging geraniums up by the roots in the cellar is a reasonably successful way of carrying them through the winter, but it is not the best procedure. The best way is to dig the plants up, put them into pots, cut off most of the tops and keep in a light window in a cool room. Another way is to put them in earth, water once and leave them alone.

## POULTRY FACTS

### FATTENED POULTRY BEST FOR MARKET

It is well known that during the fall months there is relatively little fresh-killed young poultry on the market, because the season for broilers has passed and the great bulk of the roasters has not yet reached the market. Therefore, prices for well-fattened young stock are excellent.

Farmers and commercial poultrymen should never think of disposing of their market poultry in an unfattened condition, says the Department of Agriculture. This is true whether the birds are sold live or dressed, and is apparent since much better prices are paid for well fattened stock than where the stock is taken directly off the range. Farmers throughout the country lose many thousands of dollars through not properly fattening their stock. The birds to be fattened should either be placed in boxes, stalls, open pens or in fattening crates where they are kept for a period of two or three weeks. The size of the birds is an important factor, because a bird that weighs from three to four pounds usually fattens more readily than the smaller bird. The larger the bird when the fattening period starts, the shorter the time required for fattening. A three-pound bird can be fattened quite well in three weeks, whereas a bird weighing four pounds when put in the fattening crate, could probably be fattened in about two weeks.

Birds are best fattened on moistened ground grains. Several good fattening rations have been used one of which is as follows: Equal parts, by weight, of cornmeal, ground buckwheat and middlings. Another good fattening ration is composed of two parts cornmeal, one part crushed oats and one part middlings. A variety of grains is a good thing, although cornmeal is particularly valuable for fattening purposes. Whatever fattening mixture is used, it certainly should be moistened with sour skim milk, using enough milk to make the mash into a thin batter which will run out of the pail when the birds are being fed. Milk not only improves the palatability of the mash, which induces greater consumption, but it also improves the quality of the flesh. It should be used whenever possible, for it not only has good fattening properties but also tends to keep the birds in good health.

When the birds are properly fattened they should each gain about one pound in weight; therefore, there is not only a larger bird for market but the price per pound will be considerably higher than where the birds are not fattened. There is no excuse, therefore, for not fattening cockerels and culled pullets, and this year it should be done early because of the increase in grain prices.

**Let's See the Menu Again.**  
Some guests at a hotel in Ajaccio were looking through the menu when a polite waiter came to their assistance. "The ham is not, and the chicken never was," he explained, "so will you have your eggs tight or loose?"—London Morning Post.

### Soy Bean Oilmeal Is an Excellent Poultry Feed

Tests at the Indiana experiment station covering four years and involving 960 single-comb White Leghorns and Barred Rocks proved soy-bean oil meal equal to tankage or meat scraps for laying hens. Mineral matter should be added to the soy-bean oil meal, however, to make up that deficiency.

The Purdue standard basal ration was used in the tests. It consists of grain, 100 pounds of corn, 100 pounds of wheat, 50 pounds of oats and mash, 50 pounds of bran and 50 pounds of middlings. To this was added 30 pounds of tankage or 35 pounds of meat scraps or 45 pounds of soy-bean oil meal plus 10 per cent of minerals or 47.5 pounds of whole soy beans plus 10 per cent of minerals.

The mineral mixture consisted of 22 pounds of steamed bonemeal, 24 pounds of finely ground limestone and 15 pounds of salt. The addition of mineral matter is necessary to prevent a great growth of fat.

The United States Department of Agriculture considers soy-bean oil meal an excellent feed for growth and egg production.

### Crowding During Winter Is Harmful to Poultry

Quite a number of farm poultry raisers make the error of housing too many hens and pullets together during cold weather. Hens will lay as well if yarded and well cared for as if on free range. But they dare not be crowded when they are confined.

If the hens are being fed and forced for egg yield alone, we must get them into winter quarters in their pens early in the fall and keep them there without changing them about. Introducing new hens into the flock of laying birds always causes more or less confusion, and this helps in decreasing the number of eggs laid.

### Best Turkey Fattener

Old corn fed partly whole and partly cooked, with boiled potatoes, and thickened into a mash with meal, is one of the best fatteners for turkeys. Give the mash in the morning and the whole corn at night. Do not confine them. If new corn is given, the tendency is to have bowel trouble. For this give boiled milk. They must be free from lice to fatten. Turkeys will be so high this year that each carcass should be made to bear as much flesh as possible.

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### Tough Chicken.

The minister had come to Sunday dinner, which necessitated the killing of a hen on short notice. After dinner, while sitting on the lawn, a brood of chicks kept coming up, cheeping plaintively, and time and again the small boy of the family and again the small boy of the family drove them away. Finally, exasperated, he gave them a big shoo and added: "You needn't come around me cheeping. There sets the man that of yer maw!"—Capper's Weekly.

### Be Sure of Title.

Title to property should be guaranteed and protected. A buyer who takes the word of the seller is only himself to blame if he runs into trouble. At the time of signing the preliminary agreement have it incorporated into the contract that a guaranteed title should be delivered and title insurance backed by a responsible company furnished.

### Week's Short Story.

At last the hour had come. He would soon know whether it was to be happiness or—. He sighed, then squared his shoulders, while his lips set in a firm line. "What a coward I am," he muttered. "After all, other men have had to face their wife's first cake. Why shouldn't I come through alive?"

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### Something Seems Lacking.

A small boy was looking at the bust of his late grandfather—abust mounted on a little circular stand. Having asked his mother if his grandpapa was very wise and good, he added: "And was that all there was of grandpapa?"

### Interventible.

Science, the laws of average, super-intelligence, and even plain common sense have never been able to prove that Sunday is not a day set aside for mother to cook and the family to eat from 10 a. m. until midnight.—Toledo Blade.

### Insulation Pays.

If you find it hard to secure cold water, owing to the hot and cold water pipes being close together and the hot water heating up the cold, you can stop this through insulation at a very nominal cost.

### Says the Cynic.

Blinks—"Be liberal with your children, and when you grow old—" Jinks—"They'll take care of you, eh?"

### Growing Old Gracefully.

Houses as well as people should grow old with grace and charm. Years hold no terrors for the carefully built home. Build your home as you do your life, to take the rebuffs of time as a conqueror and not as a slave.

### Like Unto Like.

The amount of intellect necessary to please us is a most accurate measure of the amount of intellect we have ourselves.—Helvetius.

### Clearly Effective.

"A raw onion is excellent for clearing the head," says an exchange. We tried this and it even cleared the room.—Boston Transcript.

### Most of Us Busy.

About 21.1 per cent of the female population in the United States and 78.2 per cent of the male is gainfully employed.

### Spiked Traffic Lanes.

Copper-headed spikes are taking the place of white paint in marking traffic lanes in a Western City.

### Baby of Republics.

Uruguay is the youngest and smallest of all the South American republics.

### You Want a Good Position

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### Vampires Have Wide Range.

Vampire bats have a great range and are found from Mexico almost to the end of South America, says Nature Magazine. They are confined to the tropical zone for the most part, and do not go very high in the mountains. In some places it is almost impossible to keep horses or mules or to raise chickens because of the persistent attacks of this creature.

### Italy and Florida.

The climate of the northern part of Italy resembles that of Florida. The mean annual temperature varies from 61 degrees Fahrenheit to 64 degrees Fahrenheit. The mean summer temperature does not exceed 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The rainfall occurs mostly in the fall and winter months.

### Worthy Judge.

Divorcee (to friend)—"Isn't it splendid dear—the judge has given me \$20 a week alimony! It's so fine for a woman to feel that she isn't dependent on a man for her funds."

### Stone Church Moved.

Stone by stone, a church in a deserted village of Lancashire has been transported to a new and more thriving community. It was rebuilt exactly as it stood.

### Devotion.

If the young man can stay an hour without lighting a cigarette it is a sure sign that he loves her.—New Haven Register.

### Cork Houses Warm

Cork houses, being tested in England, may be heated for 75 per cent of the cost of those built of other material.



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