

Mrs. B. A. Rymus



The Message of Thousands of Women

Seattle, Wash.—I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a splendid aid to prospective mothers. I was advised to take it during my first expectancy and I got so much help from it, in added physical strength and restfulness to the nerves, that I have always used it during each expectant period. I was able to continue my house-work right up to the last day and had practically no suffering. It would not be right for me to not tell of the benefit I have derived from the "Favorite Prescription" for the sake of other women.

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The Castle at Tripoli. The old castle at Tripoli, erected hundreds of years ago, was taken from the knights of Malta and Turkish viceroys by the troops of the Turkish sultan. Arab boys lived there in great splendor for many years, until 1911 the Turkish flag was pulled down and the colors of Italy were hoisted and government officials were established in office in the once great citadel.

Machinery in History. Civilization and progress are closely allied with the increased application of power, but engineers are inclined to believe that the prehistoric builders were not without mechanical devices. It seems almost impossible that those massive blocks of stone which face the pyramids could have been placed entirely by hand.

Safety Note. When anything goes decidedly wrong in this old vale of tears and laughter, there must be a goat to blame it on, and the thing to do is so to live and work from day to day that they won't think of you first in this capacity when the necessity arises.—Ohio State Journal.

Moses and the Bulrushes. The bulrushes in the story of Moses were probably papyrus. This plant is a kind of perennial rush which grows in swampy places, has a small triangular stem and reaches a height of 6 to 10 feet. It was formerly found on the banks of the Nile and still is found in Syria.

Frogs and the Weather. As long as frogs remain yellow in color nothing but fine weather may be expected. Should, however, their coats begin to assume a brown hue, it is a sign that bad weather will shortly arrive.

Insects Numerous. There are about a half million different sorts of living creatures on earth and more than three-quarters of these are kinds of insects.

Ants' Sense of Smell. Experiments prove that ants identify friends and detect enemies by the sense of smell.

WRIGLEY'S AFTER EVERY MEAL THE FLAVOR LASTS Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEY'S is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.

HIS TELEPATHIC WOOING

By JAMES BUCKHAM

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DOCTOR AMSDEN was utterly and hopelessly in love with beautiful Miriam Foote. But, in spite of his six feet of splendid manhood—or, perhaps, because of them—the young doctor was so timid in the presence of the fair sex, and particularly in the presence of the fascinating Miriam, that he could no more bring himself to utter a syllable of sentiment to that young woman than he could walk up to the venerable and dignified president of the State Medical association and tweak his nose!

The two things seemed equally preposterous and impossible. At this juncture of affairs, curiously enough, there fell into the hands of Doctor Amsden a book that offered a magical solution of the problem that perplexed him—viz., how to make love to the woman who had ensnared his heart, without being conscious of doing it. This book was called "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," and its central theory was that the "subjective mind," or soul, of any person, by a process of autosuggestion, may enter into communication with the subjective mind of another person, at any distance whatsoever. A condition of sleep, either cataleptic or natural, is induced by the agent in himself; but previously to falling to sleep he must concentrate his whole mental energy and will power upon the determination to convey a certain image, or message, or both to the subjective mind of the person with whom he wishes to communicate.

Then away goes his spirit—his phantasm—while he is buried in unconscious slumber, appears in his very image to the person designated, and delivers the message with his very voice and manner. Truly, a marvelous theory, and of untold significance to timid lovers and bashful suitors of every kind.

According to this theory, Doctor Amsden, in order to make telepathic love to Miriam Foote, need simply drop to sleep, on a certain night, with a strong determination to send his phantasm to the young woman with an eloquent plea of affection. That was all. It was not even necessary for him to furnish the general substance, introduction, or any portion of this glowing address. He need simply specify that it should be passionate and rich in verbal color—ordering a proposal much as he would a dinner at a first-class hotel, with perfect confidence that at the proper time it would be served in proper form. To be sure, this method of wooing was not in strict accordance with the traditional etiquette of such affairs. It might even be considered that this proposal by a sort of phantasmal proxy was hardly fair to the object of the experiment. A ghost is, after all, but a ghost, whether it be attached to a bodily tenement or be simply a spirit at large, and even the most heavenly minded young woman might cherish a prejudice in favor of a fleshly lover. On the other hand, however, the choice lay not between two methods of wooing, but between this and none at all; and how easy, how delightful a method of making a proposal of marriage. It could all be performed, like a painful surgical operation, during merciful sleep. Then the lover when next he met the lady in his every-day person would know by her manner whether she had accepted or rejected him. The more Doctor Amsden considered this fascinating project the more trivial seemed his scruples against its fulfillment. Indeed, he asked himself judicially, was it not a fundamental doctrine of metaphysics that only the soul was real, and so-called matter was simply the shadow cast by the spirit? This being the case, his vulgarly named ghost was in reality no ghost at all, while his bodily presence was the real phantasm.

Having arrived at this comfortable, though to the lay mind slightly abstract, conclusion, Amsden wavered no longer. "I will do it," he said, jumping to his feet. "I will do it tonight—no, no, a few days must be given to subduing the flesh and concentrating the energies of the subjective mind. On Saturday evening, at the time of my regular weekly call, I will make an end to this painful uncertainty. Though I cannot but hope that she looks upon my suit with favor, I shall never dare to broach the subject of love openly in the flesh. My ghost—or, at least, what is vulgarly known as a ghost—shall speak, and I will abide by the result."

On his return from dinner that evening Doctor Amsden locked all the doors and darkened all the windows of his apartments. Then, after smoking a meditative cigar, he went to bed. It was barely eight o'clock in the evening when his head touched the pillow, but as he had planned to send his image to Miss Foote at precisely nine o'clock, before that young lady should have retired to her chamber, he wished to have ample time to get himself to sleep. Besides, he was really tired and drowsy, which was certainly a favorable condition for his experiment. He had feared that he would be excited and nervous; but already the suggestion of sleep which he had been constantly reiterating for the past hour was beginning to tell upon his brain. The formula, "I am about to go to sleep, I am becoming sleepy, I sleep," was having a most magical effect.

Doctor Amsden dropped into the misty chasm of slumber in less than fifteen minutes after getting to bed. But that fifteen minutes had been spent in strenuous command, on the part of the objective mind, that the subjective mind should go, at precisely nine o'clock, to the home of Miss Foote, present itself in the exact and correct image of the lover, and make an ardent appeal to the affections of the lady.

In about two hours Amsden awoke, bathed in perspiration, and feeling thoroughly exhausted. He was not conscious of having dreamed at all, and yet it seemed to him as if he had just shaken off a most horrible nightmare. He rose from his bed and consulted his watch. It was just ten o'clock. "Thank heaven," he cried, "I did not wake before the time!" He went back to bed, and fell instantly into the deep slumber of complete exhaustion, from which he did not wake until late the next morning.

For two days he did not see Miss Foote. Then he summoned up courage to call upon her. She came downstairs looking pale and anxious, and the moment that Amsden's eyes fell upon her his heart began to throb with suffocating violence. Undoubtedly his experiment had succeeded as far as the proposal was concerned—but should his attitude be that of the accepted or rejected lover?

Hardly noticing his stammering expressions of solicitude for her altered looks, Miriam led the way into the drawing room, and motioning him to a chair, seated herself in a dim corner at the other side of the room. Then, with her blue eyes lowered and her fingers twisting nervously, she said:

"Doctor Amsden, I owe you an apology. When you called two nights ago and asked me to be your wife I was too much agitated to answer you. To tell the truth," she continued, reddening a little, "the eloquence of your words, their poetry and melody, so surprised and overcame me that I could not answer as you deserved. When I left you and walked to the other side of the room it was only that I might gain possession of myself, and when I looked up and found you gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Amsden, groaning audibly.

"Yes, gone like a spirit (here Miss Foote paused, while Amsden clutched at his chair, feeling as though his whole body were turning to sand and dribbling down upon the floor) without a word of good-by, I feared that I had mortally offended you and that you would never come back to—" "Then you were not angry because my ghost—because I left like a ghost? You wanted me to come back? But why?"

"I—I think you ought to know," said the girl, blushing.

And the next moment Doctor Amsden was kneeling at her feet.

"I did it in a dream—no, I don't mean that—I mean this is a dream. I ought to explain."

"No, don't try. I understand," said Miriam softly.

The girl's head sank forward on his shoulder. She was crying a little, but she suffered her lover's arms to slip around her waist, and into his trembling hand she pressed her own.

It was done, the impossible, the inconceivable! And even Amsden felt in his heaving heart that he had never done anything so easy and so utterly delightful in his whole life.

It was true that Miriam did not understand, but Amsden felt that at such a juncture any explanations would be not merely out of place, but even indelicate.

To his credit be it said, however, that on one occasion before his marriage he attempted to confess to Miriam all the circumstances of his proposal; but while he was still struggling with his introduction she stopped him with a pre-emptory gesture.

"I don't understand a word about subjective and objective minds," she said, in a wounded voice. "All I know is that you made me the most beautiful proposal I had ever heard—I mean imagined—but of course if you want to take it back by saying that you were not responsible at the time—"

Whereupon Amsden was obliged to consume two delightful hours in assuring his sweetheart that he was a blundering fool, and that his metaphysical nonsense, translated, meant that it was his best self that had made that eloquent proposal, and that he was only afraid his every-day self was not one-tenth good enough for her.

Historic Trees Fall Under Axes of Indians

Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Woodman spare that tree" is a metaphor especially adaptable at the moment to the ax of the Mexican Indian, which is slowly but surely destroying one of the finest groves of great and historic trees on the North American continent, little known, but rivaling in beauty the big trees of Sequoia National park in California.

The grove is 30 miles from the City of Mexico and consists of about 1,000 cypress trees, the smallest of them 40 feet above the base. Nazabuncoyotl, the poet king and last ruler of the once flourishing kingdom of Texcoco, who was born in 1403, selected the spot as his favorite garden. There still remain the great majority of them, but with systematic regularity they are being leveled by neighboring Indians in want of firewood. Contrary to the Mexican government's usual promptness and policy of preserving all historic monuments the forestry department is allowing one of the botanical wonders of the country, perhaps in the world, to slowly deteriorate.

Affection is sweet reward.

THINGS DESIRED

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WITH all things unattainable, I used to dream the maddest things: I, too, would have a citadel amid the company of kings. When not a thing a man may own Why dream of that? Nay, dream of stone!— And build your castles all a-gleam. For, after all, it's all a dream.

Yet, for the merry and the bold, the poorest fortunes often mend: One day I found a pot of gold awaiting at the rainbow's end. When I might dream a thing or two, Yea, almost anything come true. When one so poor was rich again, What think you that I dreamed of then?

With all things unattainable, I used to dream of castled kings; But now, it's rather strange to tell, I dream of very simple things: When anything I well might own I do not dream of walls of stone. For now I want a roof of thatch, A humble home, and friends to match. (© 1925, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

INDOMITABLE INDUSTRY

THE smiling bow-boy who thrills the hearts of young lads and lasses and warms the souls of sentimental mankind, from the budding sapling to the withered tree of old age, never misses an hour in pulling his bowstring and shooting his fatal arrows.

His work is so delightful, so exceedingly full of exquisite variation and change that the mere suggestion to him of a vacation would instantly sadden his cheerful countenance.

He finds his greatest happiness in indomitable industry.

He is constantly drawing his bow and twanging his string.

As fast as he flings his arrows the game dissolves into an eternity of bliss. Then other game comes over the hill and that, too, is hurried off to meet its joyous fate.

Since the day when Eve gave Adam the apple, and bade him eat, the bow-boy has kept steadily at his work. Neither the tide nor the wind is more regular in its performance.

He made his advent before the unions were dreamed of, yet he is directly responsible for more unions than any other agent on earth.

He works because of his love of work. He sticks to it for the all-sufficient reason that in employment he finds his own greatest delight.

The truth is that if he were to discontinue his occupation the world would soon lose its prized romance, its dreams of conquest, its visions of home, its tenderness, its stirring emotions and the immortality of love.

Remove the bow-boy from the stage of life and in a little while the whole human family would be at war and in tatters; a few years more and humans would become extinct.

Just as industry keeps the bow-boy always happy, so does it give happiness to others.

Why is it then that, while the world is calling for workers there are so many apostles of laxity, afraid to soil their hands or tire their brains?

By work we rise to eminence. By idleness we sink to despair.

If we should look through the mazes in quest for truth we would find that well-directed effort, whether of hand or brain, is most honorable, made so by a higher power to bring about our earthly joys to develop our latent abilities, our self-respect, and to fit us for the more beautiful life to come, which even the idler, if pushed hard in argument, will shamefacedly admit.

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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says she'd hardly know what the world was coming to if Christian nations like Great Britain and Japan couldn't agree with us on a plan of disarmament.

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Inspiration From Prayer On all my expeditions, prayer made me stronger, morally and mentally, than any of my nonpraying companions. It did not blind my eyes or dull my mind, or close my ears; but, on the contrary, it gave me confidence. It did more: I gave me joy, and pride, in my work, and lifted me hopefully over the 1,500 miles of forest tracks, eager to face the day's perils and fatigues.—Henry M. Stanley.

Red Indian Chemistry. The Indians are said to have been the first chemists in America. They had wonderful methods of making flint arrow heads, spears and knives by using a piece of bone scoured or soaked in ashes and water. They tanned hides, made glue from fish scales, waterproofed canoe seams with pitch, tempered clay for pottery and dyed clothing.

Deceptive Grades. The Los Angeles chamber of commerce says that the grade at the Magnetic hill near Hollywood is an optical delusion. When it appears that it is an upgrade. Such cases of deceptive grades are common in mountainous country. Irrigation ditches viewed from a distance sometimes appear to run up hill.

Largest Snake. So far as we can ascertain, says the Washington Star, the largest snake exhibited in the New York Zoological park was one shown about ten years ago. This was a python from the Malay peninsula, weighing 265 pounds and measuring 24 feet in length. At the present time the Washington zoo is exhibiting a 25-foot python, but weighing less than the one mentioned.

Offensive Gases. Strictly speaking there is no such thing as sewer gas. The principal gases formed by the decomposition of sewage or other organic matter are methane, carbon dioxide, nitrogen and sometimes hydrogen sulphide in varying proportions. Most of the gases are inodoriferous, but hydrogen sulphide even in small quantities is offensive.

Applied Logic. "Did you ever know that bread was the mother of the sewing machine?" asked friend husband at dinner one night. "Bless me!" exclaimed his wife, "how do you make that out?" "Why, can't you see it?" returned the husband. "Bread is a necessity and the sewing machine is an invention."

Caraway Seeds in Cheese. In Holland there are many people who use caraway seeds for flavoring cheese, and the cheese is popular in the markets of many cities, aromatic seeds blending delightfully with the chemical qualities.—Ohio State Journal.

Henpeck House to Go. "Henpeck House," consisting of two rooms and said to have been built by a wealthy man at the end of a long passageway leading from a secluded backwater in London so that he could get away from his nagging wife, is to be torn down.

Chinese Civilization. When the people in Europe were going about dressed in skins, and using pieces of stone tied to sticks for tools and weapons, the Chinese were a skillful and highly cultured nation with a literature already well defined.

Gift to University. Twenty-five volumes of Japanese poetry of the Eighteenth century were recently presented to the University of Washington library.

Strategy. "You are the most beautiful girl I ever kissed," he whispered to her. So of course, after that, she did not dare ask him if she was the first.

High and Bad Are Related. A scientist traces family quarrels to bad livers. And high livers must not be overlooked.—Milwaukee Journal.

Something in This. Best extemporaneous speeches are made to audiences of one or two.

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Where "Tabby" Comes From. It may interest your readers to know the derivation of "tabby." It was a name first given to watered silk which came from the town of At Tabbi in Arabia. Tabby cats were so called because of the resemblance to the markings on their coats to the "watering" on the silk.—Letter to the Spectator.

Wondrous Gold. "Gold is a wonderful theater of the understanding. It dissolves every doubt and scruple in an instant. It accommodates itself to the meanest capacity, silences the loud and tremulous and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible."—Addison.

French Literary Feat. Peter of Riga, a noted French churchman of the Twelfth century, made a summary of the Bible in 15,000 verses, divided into 23 sections, in each of which he eliminated one letter of the alphabet.

Elusive Happiness. Happiness is something that we had yesterday and hope to regain tomorrow, but which always eludes us today.—Exchange.

A Marvel. The wonder is that anyone ever thought of the phrase, "The quick and the dead," before the age of automobiles.—Detroit News.

Among Important Facts. Venus is both cold and slow. Astronomers claim her day is as long as her year, and her daytime temperature just above freezing.

During all the variations in the calendar, September has always had 30 days.

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