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Changes in Men's Dress.

The wig and the pigtail went out of fashion early in the Nineteenth century and gentlemen wore their hair rather long and freely oiled. Loose cassock trousers, high-waisted vests, and voluminous cravats were in fashion, the shirt collar was often worn turned up with the points showing above the cravat. The coat cut away squarely in front went out of date late in the Nineteenth century.

Old Geographical Term.

Iberia was the name given by the ancient Greeks to the territory including Spain, Portugal, and southwestern France; but it is now used as poetic term for Spain only. The word "Iberia" was also employed by the Greeks and Romans to designate the southern part of Georgia, a country in Asia, south of the Caucasus mountains, between the Black and the Caspian seas.

Monarch of Evil Memory.

The king Herod who reigned at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ was known as Herod the Great, and was actual king of Judea. The Herod who reigned as tetrarch of Judea (subsidiary king only) was Herod Antipas, the youngest son of Herod the Great. This was the Herod before whom Christ was brought for trial.

Enameling Old Art.

Enameling was practiced by the ancient Egyptians, Chinese, and other nations. It was known in England in the time of the Saxons. At Oxford is an enameled jewel which belonged to King Alfred, and which, as appears by the inscription, was made by his order in his reign, about the year 887.

Right View of Life.

Riches and honor are what men desire; but if they attain to them by improper ways they should not continue to hold them. Poverty and low estate are what men dislike; but if they are brought to such condition by improper ways, they should not feel shame for it.—Confucius.

Family of Freaks.

A family of women without fingernails or toenails was discovered in Italy recently by a scientist. For three generations no woman in the family has had a full-fledged finger or toenail. In every other way the women are normal and healthy.

Separate Paths.

The trouble seems to be that a man's soul mate isn't his sole mate.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Industry and honesty should go hand in hand that the laborer be worthy of his hire. Both are virtues and properly cultivated give strength to mind and body and peace to the soul, creating a nobility of manhood compared to which all else is dross.—Grit.



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CROSBY, THE RAW RECRUIT

By JAMES F. DWYER

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AN OCCASIONAL bullet whistled through the thick, hot air and plunged into the sand bank behind which Crosby crouched. He shivered as he listened to the ghostly buzz of the Mauser pellets, and he pondered deeply upon the peculiar antics of his imagination, which persisted in picturing those flying bullets as red atoms tingeing the atmosphere through which they ripped a track. This distorted visual image puzzled Crosby. He knew that a bullet was not red, yet, every time he heard the ping of the leaden messengers, his imagination made an attempt to overwhelm the impressions recorded by his eyes. It was a very peculiar manifestation, and, try as he would, he could not prevent his fancy from building up the impression again and again. He took the cartridges from his bandolier, examined the brass shells with his own eyes, and then became disgusted when imagination pictured a rose-pink trail directly above his head where a slug had gone whistling out over the gray veldt.

All through the long forenoon he had crouched in the little crater on the summit of the sand dune, peering out across the hurrying waters of the river which the rays of a yellow sun stabbed relentlessly. He was perfectly safe, but his teeth chattered as he rolled about in the shallow basin or looked cautiously over the edge of the bank opposite, where a thin blue mist like a Peri's veil hung above the spot where the enemy lay concealed.

Why had he stopped there? Again and again he asked himself the question. At daybreak his company had marched up from the river bank, the great, gray veldt, cool and solemn, stretching invitingly before them. Then came the first scattered fusillade from the opposite bank, Johnstone, Crosby's mate, pitched forward on his face and lay still. The big Welsh corporal muttered a curse as he swung round toward the river, flung his arms into the air and dropped on his knees. It was terrible. The company had their backs turned to the unseen foe, and Crosby, a raw recruit only five days off the transport that brought him from Plymouth to Table Bay, remembered at that moment a trick played upon him twenty years before when a schoolmate dropped an icicle inside his shirt collar.

Then the sun-tanned officer, keenly alive to the danger, ordered the men to double, and they doubled eagerly. It was their first baptism of fire, and, as there was not a particle of cover available, their safety lay in speed. It was at that moment that Crosby stumbled into the little crater in the sand dune where the noonday sun poured a vertical fire upon him six hours afterwards. He had made an effort to follow his comrades, but, as he struggled out of the pit, three more men fell under the fire of the Boer sharpshooters. Crosby's imagination immediately pointed out the danger to which he, a solitary figure, would be exposed if he attempted to join the rank, and that imagination, which is the parent of cowardice, dragged him back into the little hole over which the enemy's bullets whistled. Five minutes afterwards the company was half a mile away, while on the river bank there were ten dead men and one live one who was virtually a prisoner in a pit four feet deep.

Then Crosby committed a blunder that was further proof of a coward's soul. Finding that he was safe from the enemy's fire, he threw his rifle over the ridge of his shelter and blazed wildly at the bank opposite. How he regretted that blunder as the morning rolled slowly by! If he had remained quiet, the hidden enemy would not have known that the little pit concealed a foe, but the fusillade that followed informed him that he would be a prisoner while the light lasted. Occasionally he tested the watchfulness of the foe, and now he shuddered as he contemplated the three holes in the pith helmet which had been displayed when his head was not inside it.

He looked up at the blue dome above him, and pictured the bare veldt beneath till he compared his own position with that of the stuffed kingfisher beneath the big glass globe on his aunt's table in Truro. The kingfisher was really better off. He had passed the last stage of suffering, while Crosby still had a horrible fear of the rifle-men on the other side of the swiftly flowing river. As the day rolled slowly by he became nervous and peevish. He asked himself why they stayed. What right had they, twenty bloodthirsty Boers, to sit down and wait patiently till his head appeared above the edge of the pit? It wasn't war—it was murder. He, Algernon Crosby, head teler of the County bank, whose patriotic soul had been stirred by the words of "The Boys of the Bulldog Breed" and "The Absent-minded Beggar," had never imagined cold-blooded warfare of the type he was then taking a hand in. A Mephistophelian self assured him that he was the absent-minded beggar when he dropped back into the hole instead of taking the chance to rejoin his company, and the self-made sneer did not improve his temper. Again he blazed wildly at the opposite bank, and again the foe displayed excellent marksmanship by dusting the recruit

with sand thrown up by burrowing bullets. The imprisoned man felt that the action of twenty men in waiting patiently to murder one was not above criticism.

And then Crosby's imagination would persist in picturing those pellets that came from the opposite bank in a hue that Crosby knew was ridiculous. He was annoyed with his imagination. He was annoyed with the sneering self that pictured him as the living embodiment of Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar." He was annoyed with the sane, respectable Crosby that reckoned up the interest on thirty-nine pounds nineteen shillings and nine-pence three farthings for three and three-quarters years at two and five-eighths per cent quicker than any other clerk in the County bank. It was really the laziness of that Crosby that had evolved the warlike Crosby that came overseas to capture Piet and Hans and Dirk, who were giving Thomas Atkins a considerable amount of trouble to subdue. Crosby was actually revolting against Crosby. There were in his inmost soul innumerable battles between the three Crosbys that were now at loggerheads, and his nervousness increased. He was not a coward, but he was highly imaginative, and the result is the same. The nicely pierced holes in the white helmet took on the appearance of eyes that studied his pale face and shaking hands. His hands had been white and well-manicured when he left Truro, but the few days under the South African sun had tinted them the color of a freshly boiled lobster. Crosby cursed his own stupidity, cursed the fat recruiting sergeant who said he would make a fine soldier, cursed the transport that had brought him across the Atlantic, and the sun-tanned officer who had led him into the ambush.

The sun's rays came down in a perpendicular shower upon him. He buried his tingling face in the sand and prayed for night. He would creep away in the night—run away across the veldt till he overtook his comrades. He would tell them of his adventure and they would laugh heartily at his cunning.

It was while he was composing a little account for the amusement of those comrades that his eyes, sheltered beneath the helmet, detected a slight movement on the ridge of the sand pit. He jerked his legs back hurriedly when his eyes informed his brain of what they saw, and the sudden movement brought down much sand and also a harmless green snake that had been crawling along the edge. Crosby yelled, and the snake picked itself up and attempted to beat a hasty retreat. Unfortunately, the sand was very dry, and the snake found it a difficult job to climb out. Time after time it rolled to the bottom of the hole, and each time it fell Crosby yelled. He had never met a snake in such close quarters and his nerves were not in a fit state to receive the visit. The snake was disgusted. Four times it made an attempt to scale the bank, and four times it fell back. Then it noticed Crosby's leg, and with serpent wisdom, immediately recognized that the ascent could be made much easier by that route.

Crosby screamed, but the snake was irritable. For just a moment the recruit forgot the foe on the opposite bank as he clawed the edge of the pit and pulled his body out of the hole. Across the river three rifles spoke together, but only Crosby fell back into the hole—the annoyed snake was sliding away across the veldt, congratulating himself in a snaky way that he had reached the top before Crosby toppled over.

Silk Centuries Old in British Museum

Some of the most interesting pieces of silk in the world, material approximately 1,900 years old, are now on view at the British museum, and modern women are entranced by the specimens which were collected by Sir Aurel Stein in eastern Turkestan, westernmost China and northeastern Persia. Stein, who places their manufacture at a century before or after the Christian era, discovered some of the silks in an ancient cemetery at Lou-lan, which is in the track of an ancient trade route from China to central Asia.

Fragments of clothes of Chinese soldiers, traders and travelers of long forgotten ages form the majority of the exhibits, but there is a little handbag which might well be carried to the theater with credit by a woman of fashion today. It is composed of little diamond-shaped pieces of faded rose-red silk, of the color with which old work boxes were lined, and of maize and blue silk. A fat-sized piece of the silk of the same period shows a delicious running pattern of soft blues and chestnuts, in which drooping flowers like snowdrops figure.

A small piece of sprigged silk, showing birds in flowery trees, dates from the Seventh or Eighth century A. D. Blurred green and yellow designs suggest that the popular "shadow" cretonnes of late years are in direct descent from these ancient Chinese fabrics. A little bag of silk buried with some wanderer from China in the Lou-lan cemetery somewhere about the beginning of the Christian era, is not much more than an inch long, but it has little draw strings from which the remainder of tassels dangle.

Other relics from the Lou-lan graves include pastry placed in the tombs of Chinese travelers about the Seventh century A. D. Delicate little biscuits, pierced and worked until they looked like filigree buckles, had been prepared for the comfort of the dead traveler, and they are in a wonderful state of preservation today. "They look good enough to eat now," declared many visitors.—New York World.

A SILVER FROST

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WINTER will come, and none can say it may; Winter will come, and tresses turn to gray, Turning to white. So run the years away.

Winter will come, but winter need not be Born of the storm, wild with the melody Of swaying pine, or mad, tempestuous sea.

Winter will come, age in its time appear; All of our years are after all a year, Seasons of life; spring, when the buds are here.

Season of dreams; and summer, hope's high noon; Autumn in turn, and round the golden moon; Winter will come—yet never comes too soon.

If it shall come as I have seen the white Of silver frost upon a moonlit night Paint all the world with new and pure delight.

A silver frost!—the tree, the fence, the cot, Sculptured in white, all ugly things forgot; Dawn without wind, and earth without a blot.

Let us grow old, our age a silver frost; Nothing we won, nothing we won or lost, But that we know, know it was worth the cost.

Let us grow old, let us grow old in peace; Silent the sky, now let the thunders cease; After the storm, this is the sweet release.

A silver frost! So I have seen it there Upon the brow, silvering every hair, Yes, it is age—but marvelously fair. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

"You can bear me witness that I have endeavored to convince you of man's inextinguishable individuality, and of the organic nature of society; that there is no right without a parallel duty, no liberty without the supremacy of the law, and no high destiny without perseverance—that there can be no greatness without self-denial."—Francis Lieber's Address to Former Pupils.

TASTY GOOD THINGS

IF YOU have been served with a bowl of hot milk with a piece of toasted bread floating in it, for milk toast, you may like to review the way a real dish of old-fashioned milk toast is prepared:

Milk Toast.

Prepare the white sauce, using two heaping tablespoonsfuls of butter and two of flour, cook until bubbling hot and smooth, then add a quart of milk, a little at a time until well blended. Season with salt and set back where it will just simmer while the toast is being prepared. Toast the bread, using slices that have been cut from a day-old loaf. Use an electric toaster or a fork over coals to make the ideal toast. As each piece is prepared keep hot and when enough is prepared to serve the family, dip each crusty edge into hot milk, and butter generously—the more butter the better the toast. When all are thus prepared, boil up the white sauce and pour over the toast which has been placed on a large platter. Serve at once, piping hot. Once served, this toast properly made and it will be welcomed for one meal each week. Dried beef is nice served with such a dish, or generous slabs of rich cheese may be passed with it.

Baked Apple Salad.

Bake a good-flavored apple which keeps its shape after coring. When cool remove the skin, scraping back the color that clings to the inside and paint it back on the cheek of the apple. Fill the centers with shredded almonds, and serve with a mayonnaise which has been enriched with a generous quantity of whipped cream. Be sure that the dressing is well seasoned.

Cheese Spread.

Put two cupsfuls of milk into a double boiler; when hot add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half cupful of flour fixed with four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one pound of cheese cut fine; cook until smooth, beating well. The addition of a little chopped pepper will vary the flavor. Spread on buttered bread or wafers, or use as a sandwich filling.

Onion, Apple, Date Salad.

Chop very fine half of a small Southern onion, add two cupsfuls of finely diced apple, the same of tender celery, and a dozen dates which have been stoned and cut fine. Mix with a highly seasoned salad dressing and serve on lettuce or garnished with the tender tips of celery.

Neelie Maxwell

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All in One Breath.

When you like a girl and you don't know whether she likes you, how could you find out her feelings? Do you think it is wrong to take a girl's arm when coming home from house parties in the winter? I will be sixteen in about nine months. Do you think I should wear long pants, if I don't wear them to school?—(Letter to Montreal Star Advice-Dispenser.)

Famous Perfumes.

Attar of roses is not produced commercially in the United States. It is chiefly produced in Bulgaria and in France and to some extent in India. Attar of roses is used principally for perfumery purposes, the water remaining after the oil distillation being called rose water. This latter product is largely used for culinary purposes.

Increased Orthodox Limit.

A correspondent has spotted this passage in "Foe Farrell," by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch: "The wise calm of one who has passed his six-score years and ten." Few will question the calmness, or at any rate the quietness of people at the age of one hundred and thirty.—Boston Transcript.

True Greatness.

Great men are the true men, the men in whom nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary, they are in the true order. It is the other species of men who are not what they ought to be.—Amiel's Journal.

Unflattering Prospect.

Large heads on top of bodies like a splinter of wood, and short arms and legs; in fact, all brains and no body—that is the picture of men and women in 2,000,000 years' time, as drawn by an American scientist.

Meaning of "de Luxe"

This French phrase means "of extra fine quality or elegance." The "de" means "of" and the "luxe" elegance or quality. In speaking of an extra fine book, we say it is an edition of exceptionally good binding.

Of the Dim Past.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant—What's become of the old-fashioned jeweler who never expected to sell a man more than one wedding ring?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Highest Church Spire.

The spire of Strassburg cathedral is the highest in the world, being 460 feet high. Around the solid spire is an open net work of stone, with statues, rosettes and arabesques.

Pole Preservation.

Preservative treatment of telephone poles and crossarms greatly prolongs their life. It is estimated that \$25,000,000 will be saved by such treatment of the poles and crossarms now in service in the Bell system.

Dogs Fear Water.

The Eskimo dog of the Far North is mortally afraid of water and only under the stinging lash of the long whip will he consent to wade through it, especially in low temperatures.

We Wouldn't Blame 'Em.

It would not be surprising should the inmates of insane asylums adopt resolutions protesting against admitting some persons sent there by juries.

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In Fiji, it is said, there is a very popular golf course almost entirely covered with a sensitive plant, which shrivels at a touch. There are no lost balls, no uncertainty as to the direction of a drive, for the course is marked by a line of shriveled, sensitive plants.

Reversed Conditions.

Of course, when we say that June 21 is the "longest" day and December 23 the "shortest," the saying holds good of the northern hemisphere only. In the southern hemisphere the reverse is the case. June 21 is the shortest day, and December 23 the longest.

Effect Before Cause.

J. C. M. sends us the following clipping from a London paper: "Deafening peals of thunder were followed by vivid lightning." The writer of the above seems to have slipped on the peals, he comments.—Boston Transcript.

Arab Custom.

After drinking coffee, the Arabs' only stimulant, a censer is brought and a sprig of aloes laid on hot embers. It is passed from hand to hand three times and back to the host. After this a guest is permitted to leave.

The Weak Point.

The part of a motor car that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.—Linville (Ala.) Headlight.

One swallow may not make a summer, but a pair of baby-blue eyes can cause a fall.—Wesleyan Wasp.

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