

Get Rid of that Cough!



L. T. Dittmore

Eugene, Ore.—"I had for years been subject to spells of bronchitis. I never passed a winter without having a spell. At night when I would lie down and try to get my rest, the cough would be the worst, consequently I got very little sleep or rest. I tried many different medicines but never found anything that would relieve me until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it stopped my cough and I have not had an attack of bronchitis since. It has given me more help than all the other medicines combined. It is a fine medicine for deep-seated coughs and bronchial trouble."—L. T. Dittmore, 252 Lawrence St.

Obtain Dr. Pierce's Discovery now in tablets or liquid from your neighborhood druggist. You will quickly feel the beneficial effect. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice.

Ancient Dispensary.

About 4600 B. C. a public dispensary was established in Egypt, the medical attendant for which received the equivalent of \$500 a year for his services. This was at that time about five times the amount received by a skilled laborer.

Titled Poisoner.

The marquise de Brinvilliers, to obtain possession of her inheritance, killed her father and other members of her family with a subtle poison. Her crime was discovered and she was executed in 1676.

First Equestrian Statue.

The statue of Colleon, the famous generalissimo of the Venetian land forces, in Venice, is regarded as the first equestrian statue in existence. It is the work of Verocchio and Leopardi and was cast in 1496.

First Worship.

The first worship we know of is read: "Men began to call on the dated about 3872 B. C. In Genesis 4 name of the Lord." Moses in 1490 B. C., set up the Jewish order of worship.

Expressive.

Little Arthur, when asked if he would like to stay with his grandmother a few days, answered decidedly, "No, because grandma is too full of don'ts."

Biological Notes.

The rising price of shoes may have had something to do with raising men from the estate of a quadruped to an erect creature.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

The Dire Harvest.

Most wild oats are sown on the night shift, and reaped in the cold gray dawn.—Alexandra Times-Tribune.

Satisfactory Offering.

Western Exchange—After the collection was taken the choir sang "It Is Enough," by Mendelssohn.—Boston Transcript.

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THE IVORY BELLS

By JAMES BUCKHAM

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

MY NAME is Imogen Diller, and I am twenty-five years old. The reader will, perhaps, understand more readily from this statement the confession I am about to make. Being a woman, I am naturally a believer in dreams. I think I never knew a woman who was entirely free from this mild form of superstition. And being comparatively young—as life is estimated nowadays—I am romantic.

I was twenty-two when my heart first began to hunger for sympathy, for appreciation, for affection. How natural, how inevitable, is this period in a girl's life history! It is a condition as normal as the unfolding of a bud. And equally natural, I think, are her little innocent instinctive girlish devices for rendering herself beautiful in dress and manner, her love for going into company—there to meet the rank and file of those from whom must be recruited her possible prince. She shines in looks, in thoughts, in words, in actions, with the glow of that hardly acknowledged desire within her breast—the desire for the true, manly love which she feels that she can so opulently repay.

If the world only knew! It laughs at girls who are dying for unattained love. It would weep could it see into their hearts. So terrible is it to feel youth slipping away, and with it that hope for which, by the decree of God, most women live.

It was one day, soon after I had passed my twenty-third birthday, that a terrible thought came to me,—the thought that I should be over the hill of youth in a little while, and going down the other side; that the hope I had silently cherished, which I had never as yet considered impossible, might soon be a lessening one. I cannot tell what flood of depression overwhelmed me. All that day, and far into the night, my soul cried out to God for the precious gift without which my life would mean nothing.

Among my dreams that night, when at last I slept, there was one that visited me twice, and seemed to be, in a vague way, an answer to my passionate prayer. I saw myself standing on a bare hillside, whose slope was black with shadow. In the midst of the gloom I raised my hands, something white came floating down out of the clouds. It looked like a wreath of snowy flowers; but as it drifted slowly down, and settled in my outstretched hands, I saw that it was a necklace of little white bells. I put the bells about my neck, and instantly a glorious burst of sunlight illumined the hill, and I awoke. Twice, I say, this dream came to me, once in the middle of the night, and once just before waking in the morning. As I opened my eyes in the real sunlight, the dream seemed so actual and so vivid, that I clutched my bosom, thinking to catch the bells before they melted away.

As I considered the vision, I said to myself, "There is a hint in this dream worth heeding. Hitherto I have neglected personal adornment, thinking that Love must indeed be blind, if he cannot see beyond the surface glitter of that which is foreign even to the physical person. But it may be that Love is not blind, only wandering of sight. Does, perhaps, something crude, glittering, conspicuous, catch his eye, and draw it whither it may discover the better thing that lies behind? I will see!"

Every girl knows perfectly well the kind and amount of her own personal attraction. I know what people called me—what I was: "Not exactly pretty, but stately, impressive; a matronly girl, of the Dutch madonna type." Such a type is not generally winsome. It is too quiet. Men will jostle a madonna who stands between them and a coryphée. Yet, if the madonna could only fascinate and attract them at first sight, as the coryphée does, how much more they would admire and love her! It is all a question of initial fascination.

With some such idea eddying through my mind, I went to a famous firm of manufacturing jewelers, and gave them a novel commission—to make me a necklace of ivory bells. I bade them spare no expense; to make the ornament the most exquisite thing that art could devise; no material to be used but the finest, most transparent ivory; the bells to be perfect and complete in every detail, even to the tiny, vibrant tongues; and all united by a chain of polished ivory links. "Even if the dream prove in no sense prophetic," I thought, "it has given me the idea of an absolutely unique ornament. I shall not be unnoticed when I wear it."

Two thousand dollars was the cost of my necklace. I am not wealthy, but I am by no means poor. I could pay the money, and I did.

Immediately a new experience came into my life. I became a center of admiration! Hitherto, with other quiet, inconspicuous girls, I had been comparatively unnoticed in company. But from the first occasion when I appeared wearing my necklace of ivory bells, I was ringed about with admirers. And the most intoxicating part of it was that I really could not determine whether the ivory bells were the sole attraction, or whether they had called out and emphasized some actual personal charm that made

me admirable. I do not remember that a word was ever said to me in society about the ornament; society is too conventionally polite for that. But I wondered, especially when the men thronged about me, whether they were looking at the exquisite workmanship of the bells, or at the girl who wore them.

It was during this brief season of social triumph that a revelation came to me, which accounted, in large part, for my disquietude of a year past. The prince had come! Indeed, he had been near me for a long time, and I had not known that I loved him.

He was a silent man, a poet—some called him a dreamer. He went into society, not for pleasure's sake, but that he might study human nature; for the same reason that he went into the lumber camps of the North, and the slums of the great cities.

The first time he came to me, at the dull tinkle of the ivory bells, I felt an almost overpowering desire to stretch out my strong young arms and sweep from before me all the simpering circle on whose outskirts he stood. Then, for an instant—and the only time I can remember, until the strange thing happened—he looked into my eyes, and I became as a child before him. Afterwards, as often as he came near me, such a rapturous thrill ran through all my being that I could scarcely keep from crying out.

Yet he alone, of all the hovering circle, seemed most interested, not in me, but in the ivory bells. I continually caught him studying them; and the thought maddened me, that he, whose love meant all the world to me, admired only the ornament upon my neck.

One summer evening there was a grand ball given at an out-of-town villa. He and I were there, with a great company of the gayest of the city's gay. As usual, I wore my ivory bells, and, as usual, those who admired them, or me—I could not tell which—gathered around me. As the stifling night wore on, and dance followed dance, I grew faint and weary, and felt as if I must have a breath of heaven's pure air. As I moved toward the wide-open French windows, from which one could step upon the veranda, the poet crossed my path. He stopped, and I saw that his eyes were fixed upon the ivory bells. Much as I loved him, I could almost have smitten him then! He spoke:—

"Are you going out for a breath of fresh air, Mademoiselle Diller? So was I. May I have the honor of accompanying you?"

The honor! My soul surged within me. I was about to return some stereotyped refusal, when the thought came to me: "Is not this the hour of fate? Yes! I will prove to myself, this night, that it is the ivory bells alone he cares for."

So I put my hand upon his arm, and together we went out into the night. Oh, that beautiful, soft night! Could a thousand years blot out its memory? The stars twinkling so purely in the blue-black sky; the restful sighing of the trees; the pattering of a fountain near by; the music floating out across the shrubbery.

"Let us go down by the lake," my companion said; "there we may rest and enjoy the coolness."

Down the terraces we went, arm in arm. There was a trembling between us. I could not tell whether my hand wavered upon his arm, or his arm shook under my hand. But when we reached the little artificial lake, I sank upon a bench, and he, standing a little aside, stood before me. Some gaudy lanterns, not far away, cast a faint glow over us.

The silence grew oppressive. I felt his eyes upon the ivory bells. Suddenly my spirit rose to the level of its purpose. I started up, withdrawing a little, and snatched the glistening circlet from my neck. The next instant it was flashing in the crystal water of the lake, sinking so slowly that it seemed to hang suspended in the tide, like the golden goblet that the poet saw from the bridge at midnight.

Then I looked at my poet, and all of life trembled upon that instant. Oh, gracious heaven! His eyes were fixed, not upon the sinking bauble, but upon my face. Love had passed the crucial test.

At that supreme moment something like rushing darkness came over me, something with roaring wings, as of a great bird. I faltered from the awful stress; but even as I sank, I felt my lover's arms encircle me.

I have confessed. For me the world is made new, and all things in it.

My poet smiles, as I read him what I have written about the ivory bells. He declares that he never saw them in his life until they flashed from my hand, that night, into the lake. If he seemed to look upon them, he swears it was because he dared not lift his eyes to the soul that burned in mine. The light had slain him, except it had been of love.

Possible to Plate Rubber

S. E. Sheppard, an American chemist, has discovered an electro-chemical method whereby rubber may be plated much as gold, silver and other metals. This process promises to make possible the production of seamless rubber rain coats and other articles of rubber which in the past have had to be made in pieces and then cemented together.

Oranges From China

Oranges were first brought to Europe from China by the Portuguese in 1547. An orange tree was planted in the garden of a nobleman near Lisbon, and it continued to bear fruit for generations.

Mother's Cook Book

There is very little difference between one man and another, but that little is very important.

It is a greater compliment to be trusted than to be loved.

HINTS AND GOOD THINGS

DELIGHTFUL little cakes may be decorated with animal crackers dipped in fondant chocolate. Gingerbread men—who ever grows too old to enjoy them?

Add a few drops of lemon juice to boiled rice; it improves the flavor as well as its appearance.

A plain cooky foundation may be used for dozens of small cakes. Nuts, raisins, spices and seeds, cocoa and chocolate all may be used in various ways. The way cookies are shaped makes them more alluring even to grown-ups.

Plain Cookies.

Take one-half cupful of fat, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to taste and add two cupfuls of flour. This recipe is best doubled for most families. Mix and let stand on ice to chill. This helps to roll them out, taking less flour.

Broiled Parsnips.

Wash and scrape parsnips and cook until tender in boiling salted water. When cold cut in halves, spread with melted butter and broil.

Prussian Rocks.

Cream two-thirds of a cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and three well-beaten eggs. Sift three cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful each of soda, clove, cinnamon and one-fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg; add one-half pound of raisins and the same of walnut meats cut fine, to the flour mixture; alternate with one-half cupful of milk. Beat well and drop by spoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet. These cookies are better a week old.

Serve plain ice cream with a hot maple chocolate sauce, using nuts for a garnish. Such a dessert is rich and satisfying and not difficult to serve.

Neenie Maxwell
(© 1912, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHO SAID

"In buying a house, and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God."

THERE is nothing recorded in the life of Charles Pinet Duclos, the author of these words, to indicate that there was in his life the elements of marital unhappiness which would justify the cynicism he voices.

Duclos had a varied life and he has left his name on the roll of fame in many capacities.

As a historian he is entitled to be remembered as the author of the ingenious "History of Louis XI" and the "Secret Memoirs on the Reign of Louis XIV."

As a philologist he published some exceedingly interesting studies in the French and Celtic languages which have proved of great value in the world of letters.

As a novelist and wit he has left some excellent examples of his work. In this connection his autobiography cannot be overlooked, for it is both an interesting example of an excellent style and a human document enlivened by much of the author's native humor.

During his life Duclos won the approval of the French Academy and was rewarded by being made perpetual secretary of that body. His aid in revising the Dictionnaire of the Academy was one of the contributing causes to his being thus honored.

Duclos' death occurred in France in the year 1772 when he was sixty-eight.—Wayne D. McMurray.
(© by George Matthew Adams.)

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the armament limitation conference couldn't be expected to accomplish all the idealists want, but any friendly impasse at all among the nations is a step forward.
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Something About Combs.

There isn't very much information obtainable regarding combs, except that their origin is traced to great antiquity. Combs made of wood, bone and horn have been found in Swiss lake dwellings. Among the Greeks and Romans the combs were made of boxwood. In Egypt, of ivory. Modern combs are made of these, and also of tortoise shell. Probably the use of the comb for the hair came after they were employed for carding wool.—New York Telegraph.

When a Pie is a Meal.

A pie is a meal, according to the decision of the Glasgow magistrates' committee. A licensed restaurateur was recently charged with having supplied liquor to three men between 9 p. m. and 10 p. m., without a meal being supplied at the time. For the defense it was stated that each of the men was supplied with a pie, and it was contended that this constituted a meal. The stipendiary decided in favor of the respondents.—London Mail.

Desensitize the Gums.

If you expect to have some dental work done and wish to desensitize your teeth to a certain degree, brush them twice a day for a week or ten days with milk of magnesia, and the dental work may be done with less pain on the part of the patient, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Star.

Embody Deeds of Marines.

The reference of the "Halls of Montezuma" made by the marines is significant of the battle in which the marines were victorious in that ancient fortress about 1835. The song goes on to say "To the shores of Tripoli," which refers to another victorious battle of the marines in Tripoli.

Average Life Extended.

The United States public health service, after an exhaustive study, finds that the average of human life in the country is fifty-six years. This is contrasted with the average in the Sixteenth century, which was between eighteen and twenty years.

Love of One's Work.

It does not matter whether a man paints the petals of a rose or the chasms of a precipice, so that love and admiration attend on him as he labors and wait forever on his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months on a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace front with color in a day; so only that it be with a solemn purpose, that he have filled his heart with patience or urge his hand to haste.—Ruskin.

Life's Replenishment.

The law of life is replenishment; we must put back day by day into the blood stream what the life cells take from it in the process we call living. Only through the food we eat combined with air and water can this be accomplished.—The Motive.

Andy Jackson's Lock.

One of the latest relics received by the Tennessee State museum is an old-fashioned wooden lock from one of the doors of the first house occupied by Andrew Jackson when he came to Tennessee.

Plants and Sunshine.

Where the sunshine is very intense, plants guard against it by either increasing the thickness of their leaves or decreasing their size and number. In the opposite case, they increase their leaf surface.

Matter of Gray Matter.

A man may have heart enough to love two women at the same time, but he certainly ought to have enough not to try it.—Boston Transcript.

A Pity.

Some people take so much pleasure in telling what they know that it's a pity they know so little.—Boston Transcript.

High Bridge.

"I stood on the bridge at midnight," hummed the mosquito as he began to operate on the slumberer's patrician proboscis.

Wanted First Aid.

Joan d'Arc—Haste, valet, a screwdriver; methinks I've a caterpillar down my neck.

The Original Rib Roast.

When Adam swore at Eve immediately after the fruit course, it was the original rib roast.—Seattle Union-Record.

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Worn Spots in Floor.

Worn spots on polished floors in doorways or at the foot of stairs may be prevented by applying a thin coat of wax once or twice a month. Put the wax in cheesecloth and rub over the worn spots, allowing 15 minutes for drying, then polish. In an hour or two apply a second coat of wax and polish again.

Cognomen Made Exclusive.

The term "realtor" was coined to indicate members of constituent boards of the National Association of Real Estate boards. The courts have in several cases upheld them in their determination to prevent any other than members of their association from using it.

Of English Origin.

The word "junco" is derived from the Latin word "juncta," meaning "joined." It was first applied to a group of Whig politicians in the reigns of Mary and Ann of England, and has come to mean "a secret conference," especially a political one.

Fame.

Fame is not futile. It is the passing salute to exceptional ability. The idea of every youth should be fame, fairly earned—in competition with others. The Olympic games of today typify to me the finest type of competition—the ideal of human contest and adventure. The better man, working to fit himself as best he can before-hand, wins. And such fame is worth while and respectable—Chauncey M. Depew, in International-Cosmopolitan.

Relief for Burns.

Scraped raw potatoes will give instant relief to a burn. As the potato becomes warm from the heat of the burn change to a fresh slice and continue changing as long as necessary.



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