

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

VIALS OF HATE

AMONG the many poisonous things which we humans are prone to carry about us, and unwork with more or less frequency, are the diminutive vials of hate.

Hidden in the heart, these banes are brought forth when the heart beats a little faster than its wont under the pressure of some imaginary wrong, to be scattered broadcast, quite regardless of where they may fall or whom they may injure.

If we could measure the truth ac-

curately, we would find that most of the sorrows and upheavals which gnaw away our peace and happiness, are directly traceable to this common scourge.

In all grades of society, among all peoples, hate is ever seeking new victims.

It lifts up its flattened head like a deadly snake and shows its frightful fangs at every opportunity, spitting venom and striking from unexpected places with the swiftness of a rattler. Character quails before its terrible hiss.

Homes are darkened and sorrowed by the plague it carries through the back door, to find its way to the drawing room and the bed-chamber.

Some one has uncorked a vial of hate when blaring bugles call to war and nations are turned from their peaceful pursuits to face the killing guns; some one has uncorked a vial of hate and ruined the chaste name of a lovely maiden.

All along the pathway of life, hate leaves nothing but sobs and tears, creased foreheads, curtained windows, crazed minds and bleeding hearts.

After all the human emotions have been mustered to the front, carefully weighed and inspected, it will be found that hate is the most treacherous, the most persistent, dangerous and destructive.

If we suspect that we have a vial of hate hidden in the pockets of our hearts, or beneath our tongues, let us proceed without another moment's delay to find it and fling it away, so that we may preserve our good name, the tranquility of our home and our country, and perhaps the salvation of our souls.

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WHO SAID

"Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains."

THE man who uttered this expression was a philosopher, whose philosophy is marked by the rather serious view of life which is to be noted in the phrase quoted above.

Life to David Hume was a sober thing—a thing to be taken with seriousness and regarded as a stepping stone to some future existence where one's status would be determined by his conduct here. "Great pleasures" were scarce in his life and not nearly so frequent as "great pains." In fact, it is safe to say that great pleasures were viewed as a man of the school of David Hume, who retained the idea of the Puritans—that pleasure was an invention of the Devil and must be indulged seldom.

Hume is best known as a historian and philosopher. His best known works are an "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," and a "History of England," the first written in a philosophic vein while the latter is purely historic. In the year 1754 Hume published the first part of his "History of England," but it was not until 1761 that he completed it. His "Inquiry Into the Principles of Morals" was written and published in the year 1752.

The publication of the "History of England" brought considerable fame to its author and he was well rewarded financially for his work. In addition to the royalties he received from the publication of the book, he received a pension from the government because of the reputation it made for him.

Hume was born April 28, 1711, reckoning the years by the old style calendar then in vogue. In 1741 he became secretary to General St. Clair and traveled with him to the courts of Vienna and Turin on behalf of the British government. In this capacity he procured much valuable material which was later used in writing his history. He died in Edinburgh, Scotland, the year that the American Declaration of Independence was signed.—Wayne D. McMurray.

Mother's Cook Book

Flower in the cranial wall
I pluck you out of the cranial wall,
I hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.—Tennyson.

LUSCIOUS PINEAPPLE

PINEAPPLES like other fruits are never better than when served and eaten fresh. But we are glad to have a few cans during the season when they are not in the market to help out in the menu-planning.

As a salad there is nothing more delicious than crisp hearts of lettuce with the juicy diced fruit sprinkled over it dressed with a good French or mayonnaise dressing.

Pineapple Fritters.

Prepare a fritter batter, using one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of milk. Beat well, add one cupful of shredded

SCHOOL DAYS



pineapple. Fry by spoonfuls in deep fat.

Pineapple With Cheese.

Place a slice of pineapple in the center of head lettuce, put a ball of cream cheese in the cavity of the pineapple slice, sprinkle well with French dressing and sliced egg yolk.

Pineapple Dessert.

Arrange on individual plates a slice of pineapple for each serving. In the center of each slice place a cone of ice cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Frozen Pudding.

Make a custard of a pint of milk, three eggs yolk, a cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt; strain, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and almond extract mixed, then fold in the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff, and a cup-

OUR OWN

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WE ARE so careful of our speech when strangers listen, lest we say

Some word unkind. Our lips we teach To guard themselves by night and day.

For fear some careless, thoughtless word May by the passing throng be heard

But with our own—wife, brother, friend,

Or husband, sister, mother, friend— Words that old friendship may offend, That burn the heart of love like fire.

We sow like thistles ev'rywhere, And kill like roses with the tare.

Yet how important words of ours To those who love us—ev'ry phrase

Makes life's hard highway bloom with flowers

Or drifts the snow across their ways;

We make their summer, make their spring,

Their winter, autumn—ev'rything!

The passing stranger may not hear, Or stranger hearing may not heed,

But when your word cuts some one's ear—

For endless days some heart may bleed—

How many know the torture of The knife that stabs in hands they love.

Love gives no license, friendship right. To hurt because they love us so,

But greater duty, more delight, To guard from wounds the ones we know.

Kind not to travelers alone, But in our house, and to our own.

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THE LOST BUTTON

By JAMES F. DWYER

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SOMEbody has defined crime as "the momentary victory of a hereditary craving over common sense." In the case of the two Gillilans, the same craving manifested itself in each man at the same moment.

The desire came upon each of the brothers to possess two blooded horses belonging to a neighbor, and common sense was routed in the struggle to suppress the craving.

The Gillilans got the horses, and, incidentally, the sheriff got the Gillilans. A stern judge conducted the judicial inquiry and, unable to see that the brothers were victims of a craving handed down from a horse-loving ancestor, he sent them to Enlota, penitentiary for seven years.

This was unfortunate. The younger Gillilan was consumptive, and Enlota's "Little Hell" was not an ideal health resort. Three months after sentence the boy was sent to the jail hospital, and became firmly imbued with the feeling that he would not recover his health. The sentence had smashed up the last ounce of vitality that was holding the fort against the disease, and the prisoner was sinking rapidly.

Now, prisoners in jail hospitals receive no tobacco. Whether the prison warden believes that the brand supplied to the numbered inmates is a compound that can only be safely consumed by the physically strong is not known, but the weekly supply allowed to a prisoner on the "hook" is immediately cut off if he is taken to the hospital. The death of tobacco affected the consumptive Gillilan. He craved a "chew," and in distress he acquainted the brother of his craving by what is in jail parlance known as a "stiff." With a pin the sick man scratched his wants on the loose leaf of a hymn book, and in due time the pitiful note, after passing through the hands of a dozen prisoners, reached the healthy brother, who was learning to manufacture boots in the prison workshop.

The elder Gillilan had deep pools of sentiment beneath a rough exterior. Furthermore, he took no heed of consequences. He pictured the sick brother, waiting tobaccoless in the dreary hospital, and he took a chance to supply him. The chance was a risky one. While passing the barred hospital yard he dexterously jerked a small cube of tobacco to the white-faced brother, who happened to be walking up and down inside, and he breathed a tremendous sigh of relief when he became certain that the warden in charge of the squad had not noticed the action.

The elder Gillilan was not afraid of any punishment that might fall upon himself; he was afraid lest the morsel of tobacco would be taken away from the sick youth who craved the delicacy.

But Nemesis was galloping on the heels of the two Gillilans. Warden Bulstrode, looking down from his perch on the south tower, saw the movement and Bulstrode was a conscientious officer. Five minutes after the younger brother was stripped of the miserable gift and the giver was dragged before the chief warden and sentenced to seven days' dark cell for a breach of prison discipline. In jail, charged with a virtue that is promptly smothered when the powers that be become aware of its existence.

It was the elder Gillilan's first introduction to the dark cell. When he was pushed into the windowless chamber, the horrible, intense, suffocating darkness closed in upon him like a smothering pall. Blind and stupefied, he groped his way around the bare walls, the horror piercing him through and through like an icy sword. Afterward he flung himself on the stone floor and lay like a man stunned by a terrific blow.

Some hours later he thought of the button. A medical student, who had once undergone a term of imprisonment at Enlota, had promulgated a theory by which the mental agony produced by dark-cell treatment could be considerably relieved. He advised all prisoner friends who might visit "the doghouse" to toss a button into the air, and while away the time by searching for it on hands and knees in the darkness. The student understood the value of little things, and he recognized the fact that a continuous hunt for a missing button would drag the mind away from the black abyss of insanity.

Gillilan, groping blindly in the darkness, remembered the advice. He ripped a button from his striped jacket and tossed it into the thick air. Listening intently he heard it fall in a far-away corner of the cell, and on hands and knees he started to search for it.

The sport fascinated him. When he discovered the metal disk he spun it up and again started in pursuit. The leaden hours rolled by slowly, but the game continued. Gillilan blessed the button. He began to feel a love for it. He called to it when it hid from him in the cracks between the cold stones, and he cried hysterically over it when he discovered it after a long search. It seemed alive. It became a companion to him in that horrible black vault into which not one single ray of light came to pierce the darkness.

It was on the evening of the sixth day that Nemesis clinched with Gillilan. The prisoner had, up to that moment, thrown the button up a thousand times and found it on each occasion by laboriously searching on hands and knees. But on the evening of the sixth day a peculiar incident happened.

The prisoner threw the button up into the blackness, but it did not come down again.

Gillilan waited with aching ears to hear the tinkle of the metal on the stone, but he heard no sound. The button didn't fall, and the silence that filled the cell as he stood listening hurt him. He clenched his teeth to stifle a scream of terror that fear pushed to his lips. What was wrong?

The prisoner's trembling knees gave way under him and he sank to the floor. His hands moved out into the darkness and commenced to feel the stone flooring, but every nerve was taut.

On every other occasion when he had tossed up the button he had heard it fall distinctly, but he was certain that there was not the slightest sound after the last toss. Still, he would search.

The hot hands crept over the stones eagerly, feverishly. The fingers worked madly, but the bare floor mocked their search. There was no button. Again and again the prisoner searched. Through the cold hours of the night he crawled backward and forward till each joining between those tombstones of hope seemed familiar to his blind fingers. But there was nothing on the floor. The button had not fallen after he had jerked it into the blackness.

Gillilan tried to think. Why had it not returned? He asked himself. What had happened to it? There was nothing above him but bare walls, and yet—! Where was it? Again and again he whispered the question of the thick black pall that seemed to leave around him. He asked it in a louder tone. He screamed it. Then something like a laugh came from one corner of that brain-destroying pit of horror, and Gillilan was panic-stricken.

Imagination, contrary to the opinion of scientific experts, lies in the stomach. The button had been receiving was not sufficiently weighty to keep it down. The prisoner began to see things. The thick waves of curse-encrusted darkness welled up from the corners and smothered him. Invisibly hands grasped his throat and strangled him. He kicked at the door leading into the dark corridor opening into the main wing, but Warden Tomlinson of the night watch was slightly deaf and did not hear him. He raced round the cell with Terror—grasping, gibbering Terror—at his heels, and the stone vault echoed to his wild screams of agony.

When Warden Dunworth opened the door on the morning of the seventh day to acquaint Gillilan of the fact that his term in dark cell was over, the hands of Terror had completed their work. The prisoner's face was battered beyond recognition where he had dashed against the walls in his mad race, and he shrieked wildly when the warden attempted to drag him into the light.

Eleven years afterward, when an enlightened prison controller did away with the dark cells, the madman, tearing down the black vault at Enlota found a jacket button securely fastened in a thick cobweb near the ceiling of the cell. But in the criminal ward of Enlota Insane asylum a prisoner still spends his days and nights hunting for that button.

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Cresols Not Colored.
Cresols is the name given to people born and naturalized in the West Indies or the tropical countries of America but of European (usually French or Spanish) origin, as distinguished from the offspring of mixed blood, such as mulattoes and quadroons, from negroes and from aborigines. The name has no connection with the color.

'Twas 128 in Shade.
What is the hottest day on record? T. F. Hayes, well-known Hitticher, says that during the summer of 1917, at a place called Samarra in Mesopotamia, the thermometer in a railway station reached 128 degrees. This was in the shade. He says the temperature remained around 128 degrees for a fortnight.

Good Work Completed.
"Brother Johnson," said Parson White, "Ah'd lak to git you to come to church." "Why, parson," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, shocked, "dey ain't no need fo' me to come to church. Yo'all done converted me las' August."—Los Angeles Times.

Heavy Sarcaasm.
A publisher once made some alterations in a manuscript submitted by Artemus Ward. Ward made his resentment very plain. "The next book I write," he wrote, "I am going to get you to write."

Take Name From Farm.
In Norway and Sweden many hired men and girls, and sometimes even the son or daughter of the farmer, take the name of the farm they live on.

Dust and Temperature.
Floating dust sent to high altitudes by volcanic action intercepts so much of the sun's heat that the earth's temperature is reduced for long periods following severe eruptions.

Undoubtedly.
Little Brother (in audible whisper)—Wouldn't it be more exciting, autistic, if they christened babies like they do ships, by cracking them over the nose with a bottle?

There, You Have It.
I asked if any of the children in my class could tell what a vacuum is, and one little fellow answered: "It's a place where the air isn't, and nothing else is."—Chicago Tribune.

Broke All Windows.
Immediately after being served with divorce papers, Douglas Fleet Goldsmith, an auctioneer of London, went to his mother-in-law's house and broke all the windows in it when he was refused admission.

Day and Night Air.
There is very little difference in the purity of the air, except that there is less wind at night than in the day, and also less traffic, and therefore less stirring up of the dust and dirt of the streets.

Pleasant for Brides.
In Spain it is the custom for the bridegroom to present his bride with her wedding gown and as many other dresses as his means allow.

This Insomniac Age.
Science says that sleeping will some day be unnecessary. It's almost impossible now.—Dayton News.

Jewish Wedding Custom.
The breaking of glass is one of the characteristic features of a Jewish wedding.

Villages Without Streets.
There are no streets in the villages of Little Russia.

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Greece Given Credit for the Modern Table

The first tables of beautiful design and real usefulness were those made by the Grecian craftsmen, for they are mentioned many times in the writings of Sophocles and other Hellenic men of letters.

During the reign of the pharaohs the table became increasingly popular and its magnificence of design and ornamentation developed enormously.

We know that from the time when the history of Rome was set down by authentic historians the table was a recognized piece of furniture in the palaces of the Caesars and of their henchmen. When the Roman empire was conquered by the Goths tables and nearly all other types of furniture disappeared for well over five centuries.

The curious thing about the table is that, although, as has been stated, all kinds of household furniture were forgotten after the conquest of the Roman empire, the table was the last to reappear, and when it was again brought into use it had receded in

design until it was no more than an imitation of the sacrificial altar from which it originally evolved many hundreds of years before.

Will Found in Old Shoe
Frank Catto of Pittsburgh was wealthy. When he died several years ago relatives searched for his will in vain. Recently it was found in the shoe of a dead son that he had treasured. It gave \$10,000 to his wife. "If I would die without explaining this paper to you, I hope our beloved son in heaven will help you find it," it read in part.

Millions Worship Lama
More than a hundred million Chinese worship the Panchan lama, the Tibetan living Buddha. This religious leader was once a poor boy of the streets and 27 years ago he was elevated to his present eminence by rites known only in the inner Buddha circles. He is worshipped as a living god.

Your Last Name

IS IT SEATON?

THE Seatons are of Scotch origin. It was Henry Seaton who came from Scotland in 1690 and settled in Gloucester county, Virginia, where he married Elizabeth Todd. There is little known of him but from the meager records we can see that he possessed the solid characteristics of thrift, foresight and godliness that usually distinguished his countrymen.

Although the Scotch were not so numerous in the South as in some of the Middle states, Henry found fellow countrymen among his neighbors and established a line of Seatons that may be regarded as one of the best of Scotch Southern families.

One of his many descendants was Augustine, who married Mary Winston. And their son, William Winston

Seaton, born in 1755, in King William county, Virginia, was one of the first American journalists of distinction. He was a cousin of Patrick Henry, and though he was born too late to participate in the Revolution he showed himself to be possessed of the kind of patriotism out of which our Revolutionary heroes were made.

For many years he lived in Washington, from 1849 to 1850. He was founder of the Unitarian church in Washington, and when he was seventy-nine years of age he acted as a private in defense of Washington when it was attacked by the Southern forces.

The meaning of the name casts an interesting light on the early history of the family. It is said that in Scotland the name was given to men who lived in a sea town, or a town by the sea.

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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the income tax isn't bringing in as much as it was and she supposes the government won't have much money on hand until the next bond issue is paid off and it gets the actual cash.

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