

# FEATURE DEPARTMENT

Section Devoted to  
Attractive Magazine Material



## In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies  
By Grace Bliss Stewart



### BRIGHTYES' MISTAKE

"OH, QUICK! come quick, boys," cried Brightyes one day, as he sat on his spider web, resting during the heat of noontime. "Hurry, hurry!"

Up panted Quickie, Softfoot and Sniff-sniff as fast as they could and gathered around their playmate to see what the fun was.

"Look, look," whispered Brightyes, "right over there; don't you see? His coat is all white with black stripes; maybe he is just out of prison."

"Well, for my part, I can't see a thing," grumbled Quickie; "but I can hear a most peculiar noise. It sounds harsh and rasping, like some



"Look, Look," Whispered Brightyes, "Right Over There."

one sawing wood back home on the steep mountain side.

"I don't see anything nor do I hear anything," piped Softfoot and Sniff-sniff in chorus. "What's the joke anyway, Brightyes?"

"Can't you be a little quieter, boys?" said Cheerups, looking out of his house. "Hear, dear, I just thought I would have a wink or two while Mr. Sun was doing his worst. But, bless me, who is that?" as a plump little white horse all covered with black stripes came cantering up.

"How do you do, how do you do?" neighed the little horse in the same rasping tones which Quickie had heard. "I'm Zippy Zebra, and I've come a long way, I can tell you. It took a lot of courage to do it, too. All the family advised me not to come, said it was dangerous to get far from home and all that sort of thing, but Mrs. Ostrich and the Nervous Gnu said they knew you well and not to miss calling. They hinted that you might be gone if I didn't hurry, so here I am. Mrs. Ostrich and Mr. Gnu are my very good friends, you know."

We pal around together a lot on the Great Plain, and I have every confidence in their judgment. Zippy Zebra stopped to catch his breath.

"Well, well," said Cheerups, now thoroughly awake, "I am delighted to see anyone who knows Mrs. Ostrich and Mr. Gnu. We have so many friends now that we begin to feel very much at home in Africa. We are not thinking of leaving for a long time yet."

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

### BETSEY

THE quaint and charming name of Betsey, so endeared to American history, had its source far back in early times when the Muscovite princess Elisavetta, the daughter of Jaroslav, was the object of the romantic love of the great poet and sea king Harald Hardrada of Norway, who sang nineteen songs of his own composition in her praise on his way from Constantinople and won her hand by his feats of prowess.

Her name, which means "God's oath," appears in many romantic tales and Danish ballads and finally spread in numerous variations throughout Europe by way of Germany, Elizabeth, Isabella, Eliza and Edith, were the most popular names in Europe—and still have tremendous vogue, for that matter—but Betsey is typically English and latter-day American.

Many famous women have borne the name in this country. Betsey Ross, whose skillful fingers fashioned the first American flag, is a heroine of history.

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### GOOD ENOUGH

I CAN'T forgive my enemies—  
And what is more, though it displeases  
I shall not even try it.

My reason's good enough for me—  
Just one among the many—  
I can't forgive 'em for you see  
I really haven't any.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Douglas Fairbanks



This popular screen star was born in Denver, where he received a boyhood training that included fencing, dancing, dramatic literature, and a wide range of athletic exercises, besides regular academic studies. At seventeen he was with Frederick Ward in Shakespeare plays. Later he was with other New York companies, and became a Broadway star, following which he entered the "movies."

The first one. They told me at home not to stay till you were tired, because I do love to talk. Come and see us some time; good-bye, everybody," and Zippy Zebra trotted away with a parting wish of his little tail.

"Well," gasped Brightyes, "I guess I was mistaken that time!"

(By Little, Brown & Co.)

## THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### THE EXTRA PLATE

IF AN extra plate be accidentally placed on the table when it is being set for a meal it is a sign that some visitor is coming hungry. This is a superstition found in various sections of the country; the American Folk-Lore society specified Ohio as one of its habitats. It is, of course, based upon the idea of the ancients that what was connected in thought must be connected in fact, which idea produced the theory of that sympathetic magic which, from primitive times, had such a strong hold upon the minds of our ancestors. They were diligent seekers after the relation of cause and effect. Every result had a cause, therefore, every cause, every act, must have an effect. What would be the natural effect of placing an extra plate upon the table? Why, the effect produced, or signified, by the association of ideas, which would be that of someone coming hungry. Only admit, as did the ancients, that what is connected in thought is connected in fact and the rest is easy—the sequence of events clearly marked out. It should be noted, too, that in this system of reasoning to avoid the cause was to avoid the effect. Most of the

"don'ts" in modern superstitions are based upon this point. Avoid the omen and you avoid what the omen portends. Therefore, if you have barely enough for your own dinner be careful not to place an extra plate on the table, and then if a hungry visitor should drop in it will be by pure accident and not owing to your own carelessness.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## AN ABBREVIATED STORY

### BADLY KNEEDED

ROSCOE RICKETTS yawned, rose from his easy chair, and remarked, "I think I'll go to bed early tonight. I'll have time tomorrow morning I'll stop in at the tailor's and have these trousers shortened. They're nearly dragging on the ground. Sometimes I almost wish I had two pairs of trousers."

"Tee hee!" tee-hee'd his wife to herself. "I'll shorten them myself while he's asleep just to surprise him. And tomorrow at breakfast maybe I'll ask him about that \$18 hat I saw in Bee-stinger's window."

At the same moment the same idea was occurring to Phillida, Ricketts's daughter, who needed a new pair of shoes to match her new stockings, and to Foulard, his son, who had won a motor in a lottery and wanted a motor boat to put it on.

Three times that night, dreaming of burglars, Roscoe Ricketts, who had changed his mind about the tailor and shortened his pants himself, awoke to find a member of his family replacing his trousers across the back of the chair.

"I found these out in the hall," lied Foulard.

"I came in thinking perhaps these had fallen on the floor, and sure enough they had!" lied Phillida.

"Here's these," said his wife, who never lied.

The following item appeared in the afternoon paper the next day: "Roscoe Ricketts, a prominent citizen with prominent knees, was arrested this morning for appearing on the street in knee pants."

(By George Matthew Adams.)



(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## CROSBY, THE RAW RECRUIT

By JAMES F. DWYER

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

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 nature of his imagination, which persisted in picturing those flying bullets as red atoms tingling 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 over-whelm 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 some whistling out over the gray yeld.

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 Fern'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, his cool, gray velvet, 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 swung 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 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 pit 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 void 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 teller

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 spirit assured him that he was the absent-minded beggar when he dropped back into the hole instead of taking the chance to rejoin the company, and the self-made sinner 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 parties 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 same, respectable Crosby that reckoned up the interest on thirty-nine pounds nine 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 lastness 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 five 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 opposite 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 void, congratulating himself in a snaky way that he had reached the top before Crosby toppled over.

Not Proficient

Sir Samuel Hoare, British air minister, tells this story:

An Arab sheik was being taken across a very bumpy patch of desert in Transjordan in a flivver and so bad was the going that at last the car overturned and the sheik was thrown out.

Instead of turning in wrath upon his driver, the Arab picked himself up and apologized profusely, saying: "I am so sorry, I have not learned to ride one of these things yet."

Served Fifty-Six Years

Results of a competition held in England for long service among domestic in any one family revealed the fact that Miss Elizabeth Zaitler had been employed in the household of the duke of Portland for more than 50 years. Miss Butler was awarded first prize. All the other winners of prizes or of honorable mention had seen 47 years' service in the same family.

### Silk Centuries Old in British Museum

Some of the most interesting pieces of silk in the world, material approximately 1,500 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 small piece of sprigged silk, showing birds in flower trees, dates from the seventh or eighth century A. D. Blurred green and yellow designs suggest that the popular "shadow" tones 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 tassel 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.

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### Cutting Glass Under Water.

Submerging glass under water does not necessarily mean that it will cut easier, but it is much less likely to crack than when cut in air. The cutting sets up vibrations in the glass which have a tendency to crack it. These vibrations are greatly reduced if the glass is placed under water during the cutting process.

### Animal Species.

The biologist, Hunter, estimated that there were 518,000 species in the animal kingdom divided into 18 classes. The different insects are numbered 346,000 or over two-thirds of the total number of species in the animal world. There are 13,000 fishes, 1,400 amphibians, 3,500 reptiles, 13,000 birds and 3,500 mammals.

### Attitude for Success.

He that would relish success to a good purpose should keep his passions cool and his expectations low; and then it is possible that his fortune might exceed his fancy; for an advantage always rises by surprise and is almost always doubled by being unlooked for.—Ohio State Journal.

### Early Lighthouse.

The first lighthouse built by the United States as an independent government is at Cape Henry, at the entrance of Chesapeake bay. It was finished in 1792, when fish oil was used for lighting, sperm oil being substituted in 1810.

### Lotus Gingerbread.

The legendary lotus, the fruit of which made Ulysses' sailors forget their homes, is supposed to have been the same plant now used by natives of northern Africa to make sun-dried cakes which taste like gingerbread.—Science Service.

### Lamp Burned Long.

A funeral lamp placed in the year 45 B. C. in the tomb of Tullia, daughter of the great Roman orator Cicero, and wife of Diabella, is said to have been kept burning constantly for 1,500 years.

### Quaint Custom.

By a curious law dating back to 1779, all the grapes left on the vines after the harvest in the vineyard at Bezier, France, go to the benefit of the poor and the owners can be fined for picking the culls.

### English Poets Laureate.

Geoffrey Chaucer, who lived from 1328 to 1400, was the first to assume the title of poet laureate of England. As early as the reign of Henry III there had been a versificator regis or king's poet.

### The Same Woman.

The kind of mother who used to say her twelve-year-old daughter was six, so she could travel on half fare, now says she's sixteen, so she can drive the car.—Ohio State Journal.

### Does No Actual Harm.

Giving advice to farmers is a popular diversion and it is perfectly safe because the farmer is too sensible to follow the suggestions.—Miami Herald.

### The Barefoot Explorers.

Two boys, eight and eleven, started out of the city to explore the world. Both were barefooted. It is the way of explorers—always forgetting something.—Public Ledger.

### Old University.

The oldest university under the United States flag is Santo Tomas university in Manila, founded by the Dominican friars in 1605. The friars still conduct the university.

### Knowledge and Practice.

A wise man not only knows when to keep still but does it.—Boston Transcript.

### Different When Polished.

Diamonds in their natural state are usually of a dull lead color.

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### Business Propaganda.

You can't always tell about anything; maybe there is a sleeper in the statement, and just as like as not the man who broadcast the opinion that pedestrians have the right of way and don't have to hop around to avoid being run over by a motorcar is an attorney who is looking for damage suits to settle.—Albany Press.

### The Fool's Fire.

Every morning in the country forest fires burn up the equivalent of a bushel basket full of \$10 bills. When the last bill is in ashes our daily waste of \$100,000 is accomplished and we square away for the day's work to replace with thought and sweat what folly has destroyed.—Collier.

### Mankind's Oddities.

Mankind are very odd creatures; one-half enquire what they practice, the other half practice what they enquire; the rest always say and do as they ought.—Benjamin Franklin.

### Relativity Again.

Some of the sun spots are said to be thousands of miles in diameter, and yet think of the fuss a girl makes over an ordinary freckle.—Boston Transcript.

### After the Smash Up.

"It's a terrible mess. I am smashed up. The car is smashed up. My hopes are smashed up. The only thing that remains intact is the bill for the car!"—Lustige Blätter, Berlin.

### Mahogany.

Leggers of mahogany settled British Honduras more than 200 years ago, and today the wood is still the important factor in the colony's business life.

### Knowledge and Power.

Knowledge is power when applied to purpose, that is, when it is used; for, in and of itself, it is incapable of accomplishing anything. He who uses knowledge wisely is a benefactor to his fellow man.—Grit.

### Home Team.

Ad in Chicago paper—"Widow with five would like to meet widower with four children. Object, baseball."—Boston Transcript.



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