

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 4800 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 marquis 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 Colonnus, 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.

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 beforehand, wins. And such fame is worth while and respectable—Chauncey M. Depew, in International-Cosmopolitan.

Soul of the Poet.

To be a poet is to have a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge.—George Elliot.

Will Last Forever.

Two coats of pure white lead applied to the canvas back of the oil painting will preserve it from dampness and mold and render it practically indestructible.

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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BEADED GOWNS CONTINUE SWAY; OFF-THE-FACE BRIMS IN FAVOR

BEADED frocks continue to flash their glittering beauty across the path of fashion. Through loveliness of coloring and unique design these sheathlike dresses weighted with beads, rhinestones, pearls and paillettes continue to cast their enchantment over resplendent dance, dinner and other formal evening functions.

The most entrancing models are slips of daintiness whose sole purpose seems to be to serve as a background



An Entrancing Model.

or setting which shall accent the scintillating beauty and intricacies of the beaded design worked thereon.

Like stars on a summer-night sky do rhinestones express their sparkling way on many a satin or georgette slip. Sometimes the idea is elaborated with pearl and crystal-laden pointed tabs as in the picture herewith. This exquisite frock is typical of the season's beaded models. It may be pale pink, mauve or rose, for all the pastel tints, also white, are fashionable. Bead fringe embellishes this evening frock, for bead fringe is an outstanding item of fashion-interest this season.

There is an extensive use of tiny silver or gold beads on the modern designed evening frock. A very handsome conception covers an almond-green georgette background heavily with design developed in the dimen-



Group of Stylish Hats.

sive gold beads. There is a festooning of gold fringe in tiers about the skirt. This straight-lined frock is worn over a costume slip of gold cloth.

Pale pink and white beaded gowns which bespeak simplicity in their general aspect, but which are really wonderfully constructed, are the preferred models. These are artistically all-over patterned with rhinestones and mother-of-pearl paillettes.

Perhaps no frock more eloquently bespeaks the elegance of evening mode than does the beaded kind.

Returned to fashion's favor are off-the-face brims. It will be seen from the models here pictured that the new shapes bespeak becomingness

Black Satin Hats

The newest hats for wear with fur and fur-trimmed coats are of heavy black satin closely draped to form turbans and ornamented with exquisite jeweled motifs. One is of crystal and brilliants and is in the form of a huge dragonfly.

To Keep Crib Smooth

To keep the rubber sheet in baby's crib always in its place, stitch a width of cotton cloth on either side of the rubber sheeting, draw the cloth under the mattress and fasten both sides together with safety pins.

Tweeds in Blue

The new blue tweeds are extremely attractive. The new shade of blue is most becoming and the dresses and suits are both simple and smart.

THE MUSIC OF MONEY

By NEWT NEWKIRK

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

BAPTISTE LACHOIX was wearied, withered, little and old when he came alone from France to New Orleans. He died there, but that was in 1801, so his story has been lost to the world in the years that have passed. Baptiste LaCroix had a god—Baptiste LaCroix loved but one kind of music—his god was money and his music was the clink of the shining metal.

Often, as he walked, Baptiste thrust his hands into his pockets and ran his trembling fingers among a few coins he always carried, so that they would clink together. Then his eyes would dilate, his step would quicken and over his bearded face would creep a smile, but it was a smile that chilled—the smile of a miser. He never did this within the hearing of any one but himself. Baptiste was selfish of his music, and besides, he felt to be poor—so poor that the covering was worn off the buttons on his coat and the cloth upon his elbows thin and peeling with long service—so poor that he scarcely bought food sufficient to sustain him, and therefore he sometimes went hungry. He was often called a beggar and was as often pleased, for if the world believed him poor the world would not rob him. Poor Baptiste!

He brought with him from over the sea two chests which were bound in iron, and stout. They were small, but they were heavy. In the old French quarter of New Orleans the miser bought a house. The reason he bought it was because the house was put up at sale to satisfy a creditor and went for a song. The building was not large—certainly not beautiful—but it was strong, the walls were thick, and that suited. Into this house the miser moved the two chests and within it he lived, its sole tenant. When the nights were dark he would close the shutters, bolt the door and, by the light of a sputtering candle, unlock the chests and filter through his trembling fingers the gold and silver coins that filled them, until his heart would pound in uncounted rhythm to their music. Baptiste would then relock the chests, push them under his bed, tie the keys about his neck, blow out the candle and creep to bed, where the blended echoes of gold and silver would lull him to sleep. When there was a moon, enough light filtered through the windows to make the candle an expensive luxury. Moonlight cost him nothing.

Baptiste began to look about him for some means whereby he might add to his hoard of wealth; the more money, the merrier music. These were profits to be made in the traffic of slaves. He investigated and learned that men about him had become rich in that business; they had made money that might as well have been his. But the buying and selling of slaves had a risk that terrified him. These blacks were ill-treated and ill-fed; many of them were old and one or more might die on his hands. The loss of their lives was nothing but—the loss of profits! He wished he could have bought and sold their souls, for he had heard somewhere that souls never die.

The conditions, however, were before him and he must risk if he would win. He bought with the marvelous eye of a miser, in a small way at first, but, as he learned the tricks of the trade, more extensively. Baptiste was a modest middleman. He knew where to put his hands on such slaves as his patrons wanted. He dealt in fathers, mothers, sons and daughters as if they had been so many sheep or cattle. He bought low; he sold high, and prospered, but in such a quiet way that few seemed to know who he was or where he lived.

Baptiste, in his best years, had never accumulated money so rapidly. He saved it, all but the trifle on which he lived, and in time filled a third chest. The music grew the sweeter and the more mellow as his hoard increased and as his creeping age enfeebled him. The time came when it required all his strength to drag the smallest chest from under the bed so that he might sift the coins and hear their ring. The exertion spent his strength and he often wished it were possible to sit idly by and yet hear the clinking of the coins. As he pondered over the idea of the money making its own music a plan unfolded itself and Baptiste resolved to adopt it straightway, even if it should cost something.

The next day, and for many days thereafter, workmen were busy in the miser's home. Baptiste followed them about and directed. When they had finished, the result of their labors stood in the center of the room where he ate and slept. It was massively built, stone upon stone, from the ground beneath the floor to the height

of nine feet. Its other dimensions were three feet each way, making its horizontal section square. Its walls were six inches thick, leaving an interior two and one-half feet square in which a man might stand erect and turn about. The inside was metal lined. There was a solitary barred window, a few inches square, in one wall of the structure, within arm's reach from the inside, that admitted a shaft of light. There was also a heavy, swinging panel door that locked with a great key, through which a man might squeeze within the walls. Above, and with its apex hanging downward on the inside, was a metal hopper as large as the top of the structure. The slot in the apex of this hopper was the thickness and width of a current gold or silver coin. Baptiste's triumph might have passed for a huge stone chimney, but it was a money music box and, at the same time, a vault.

The miser had only to carry his coin in small loads up the ladder against the outside, empty them into the hopper, release the mechanism at the slot, which would drop the pieces at whatever pace desired, and listen in ecstatic ecstasy to their music as they dripped within the vault, rolling and ringing in sweetest symphony. There was something almost pathetic in the childish way poor old Baptiste would unlock the vault door at night, carry a few gold and silver burdens aloft to the hopper, release the slide at the slot and then sit crouched outside the walls, listening to the money's music.

The miser had been blessed with a most profitable week in his slave traffic. He counted his earnings with excited fingers on Sabbath morning and promised himself a concert, the like of which he had never heard, on that very day. Going up and down the ladder was toilsome work for a feeble old man like Baptiste, but the promised music seemed to lend unusual strength to his tottering legs and palsied hands. How many times he crept aloft burdened with coin he knew not, but at last his wealth lay gleaming in the hopper and the vault was empty.

Then Baptiste set the slot at a measured pace, went down the ladder for the last time and, sliding through the open panel door, pulled it slowly to and locked it on the inside. He even removed the key and placed it on the ledge of the single window which lighted the interior, as if it were safer there. The miser's grand concert was under way. The coins fell at his feet and rolled about with ringing accents. Baptiste crouched in the corner and closed his eyes, so that vision might not share with hearing the music that filled, then soothed, his tired faculties, and at length his white head nodded and Baptiste slept.

When the miser opened his eyes he knew not for the instant where he was, until his ear caught the sound of the coins which were yet falling. He was chilled and aching with the sensation of a great weight bearing him down. He tried to rise from his cramped posture, but his stiffened limbs responded weakly and it was with difficulty that he shook off the weight and struggled to his feet. Then he reeled and would have fallen had not the close walls of the vault supported him. He was seized with a choking sensation, and in nervous haste stretched his thin hand upward toward the key which lay on the window ledge.

His trembling fingers touched it—pushed it through the bars—where it hung balancing an instant, and then fell on the outside.

As the key struck the floor it rang with a clink that seemed to mock the clink of the falling coins within.

As the full significance of the miser's situation forced itself upon him, his knees gave way and he sank in a limp and motionless heap—a prisoner with his wealth. His eyes were closed and his head rested sideways on his knees, directly under the slot. Each falling coin struck him on the temple and glanced against the metal lining of the vault with a ring. Baptiste was yet conscious, but without the power to move. The coins smote him with penitential regularity, until each one pained like a knife thrust and then jingled merrily to rest among its fellows. At length the money's music came to him indistinctly, as if it were a great way off, and he felt the pain no longer. Baptiste was drifting—drifting in a golden ship over a golden sea. The shimmering waters rocked him gently, while the waves covered him with their glittering spray. Then Baptiste fell into a sleep—a sleep wherein the life goes out. The clinking continued to fall in measured accents, chanting a weird requiem and waiving their music within that prison sepulcher.

Painful Athletic Ill

Charley-horse is a slang phrase used in reference to a severe pain. Athletes seem to be especially susceptible to this condition. Grantland Rice defines it as a sudden bunching of muscles into a hard knot and says that it is one of the most prevalent and most painful of athletic ills.

Caves Are Treasure House of Minerals

A series of grottoes, near Sasfeld, Germany, mined for alum and vitriol before Columbus was born, and rediscovered shortly before the World War by the Berlin geologist, Dr. Hess von Wiedorff, have been found to be veritable chemical treasure trove. A spring claimed to be the "strongest" spring in the world issues from one of the most beautiful parts of the grottoes and contains phosphorus, arsenic and iron sulphate.

Minerals of the rarest colors jewel the caves in numberless many-hued formations. Chemists, physicists and geologists who examined the springs and minerals systematically for a year and a half from a scientific and medicinal viewpoint, have found radioactive springs such as have never before been found. Tests have revealed that the springs are almost bubbling drug stores. Besides phosphorus, iron and arsenic, they contain in addition molybdenum, copper, aluminum, manganese, calcium, magnesium, sodium and potash.

Surely Untrustworthy

Consistency was not one of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's strong points, and one evening some of his friends were chiding him about his fickleness in changing his views on the slightest pretext. But Sheridan, as usual, got in the last word. The accusation, he said, reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who, hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying, "Past three o'clock," remarked: "Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He is the most inconsistent fellow out. Why, he changes his story every half-hour."

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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 those, 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.

Swore in Five Presidents.
John Marshall, chief justice of the Supreme court of the United States, administered the oath of office to five Presidents during the 34½ years, from 1801 to 1835, he held office.

New Guinea Love Tokens.
When a New Guinea woman falls in love with a man, it is customary for her to send a bit of string to his sister or mother, and it is eventually passed on to the favored mortal.

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 screw driver; 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 chemoseal 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 "junio" is derived from the Latin word "junia," 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.

Expressive.
Little Arthur, when asked if he would like to stay with his grand-mother 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.

Fished Out.
Local Person (in reply to disappointed angler—Told you there was fishin' ere, did they? Well, there was, but last year a gent came down from London and caught it! — London Opinion.

Haphazard Happiness.
The happiest moments of our lives are not those we plan for, but those that come entirely by chance.—Boston Transcript.

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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