

Mrs. Mary C. Sweet.



"I am sure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my daughter's life," said Mrs. Mary C. Sweet of 1514 Willamette St., Eugene, Oregon. "When she was eight years old, eczema broke out on top of her head and spread until it completely covered her head. She kept getting worse so we finally decided to give her Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. We bought \$5.00 worth of the Discovery and along with it we gave her Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' improved her blood, and the breaking out on her head disappeared. The 'Pellets' drove out the poison from her system and she was never bothered after that with eczema. 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the greatest blood medicine I have ever known."

Ask your nearest druggist for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in tablet or liquid form. Good for young or old.

Write Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

**Two Mine Victims Buried.**

Pittsburg—Residents of the little town of Horning Sunday gave up their watch at the mouth of Horning No. 4 mine of the Pittsburg Terminal Coal company long enough to attend the funerals of two of the victims of last Wednesday's disaster. Sixteen men are still unaccounted for within the workings. Tony Hern and Reese T. Bradburn, the latter a foreman, were those for whom services were held.

**Made Study of Necromancy**

John Dee was an English mathematician and astronomer; born in London on the 13th of July, 1527. He was educated at Cambridge and spent some time studying abroad and in Holland. He returned to England and held several offices. After 1578 he became interested in necromancy and his philosophical researches were concerned almost entirely with this study. He died in December, 1608, at the age of eighty-one.

**Causes of Monsoons**

A monsoon is a wind that blows along the Asiatic coast of the Pacific over the extent of about 40 degrees latitude, in winter from the northeast (dry monsoon) and in summer more violently from the southwest (wet monsoon). The wind is due to the differences of pressure between areas of land and sea which are primarily caused by seasonal difference of temperature.

**Clocks and Watches**

To keep the works of a watch clean, and to insure that it will run smoothly, cut a piece of white paper the size of the cover, and after soaking the paper in petrol, place it in the inner case of the watch. The paper should be periodically removed and a fresh piece, also soaked in petrol, substituted. The same plan may be adopted for small and medium-sized clocks.

**Earthquakes in Old Rome**

There never was any outstanding destruction in Rome as a result of earthquakes, but the city did have its quakes, and some historians contend that many Roman palaces and temples said to have been destroyed by the barbarians between the fifth and the ninth centuries were really shaken down by earth tremors.

**Locks for French Windows**

It will be found that French windows, owing to their size and being hung on hinges, are subject to warping. To stop this it is well to have two locks or catches, one located midway between the center and top and the other between the center and bottom of window.

**Elephants Slaughtered**

Thirty thousand male elephants are killed every year in the Belgian Congo.

**Historic Death Warrant**

The original warrant for the execution of Charles I is in the library of the British house of lords. It was produced by Colonel Harker after the Restoration, and was the evidence upon which those who had signed it were excused from the indemnity act.

**Foundation Stone**

Truth is the beginning of every good thing, both in heaven and on earth.—Plato.

**Sea Shells in Oil Well**

At 1,900 feet depth, the baller on the Copening oil well, near Bowie, Ariz., brought up a number of small shells, of type common on the sea-coast.

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P. N. U. No. 7, 1926

## FASHIONABLE SILKS FOR SPRING; ARTFUL HATS IN SIMPLE LINES

WHO does not treasure the more a book, a bit of pottery, a vase or a picture if it be autographed? With what a feeling of satisfaction do we call attention to the author's or artist's signature. But where, you ask, is the connection between works of accredited art and spring silks? Just this—the best shops, this season, are showing a collection of American silk prints which have the unique distinction of being designed by several of our well known contemporary artists. Does it not seem in the range of possibilities that, ere long, women of color fashion will be insisting that the silks they wear be autographed by the artists who designed them? Why not?

For instance, the striking silk of



Charming frock in striking silk.

which the charming spring frock here pictured is styled, is designed by no less a personage than Neysa McMein, she of magazine cover fame. This gifted woman together with several of her contemporaries are making a candid effort to create for American women silk prints which are representative of true American atmosphere—a challenge to the traditional French domination in the field of textile art. Modernistic art is written all over this brilliant silk, which the designer declares was inspired by thoughts of Hollywood. Its confusion of vividly colored futuristic motifs so



Some of the Spring Hats.

unconventionally grouped makes not only an arresting pattern, but constitutes a decoration which reflects something of the exotic nature of the American colony of film people.

Never was there promise more fair for the domination of gray print throughout the mode than at this very moment. Unusual design in the outstanding feature for silk this spring. Large floral patterns are prominent. Exquisite chrysanthemums, large bunches of poppies and huge roses contribute their loveliness to silk design.

"Simplicity, thou art a jewel," seems to be the guiding thought among millinery designers this season.

**Winter Neckwear**

When mannish neckties are worn, the proper type of neckwear consists of heavy silk scarfs very similar to those worn by men. These may be of plain as well as any highland chieftain ever dared to be, with combinations such as brown, dull yellow and blue green.

**Yellow Chiffon**

Pale yellow chiffon dripping with rhinestones makes a very lovely dance frock. It has a wide, circular skirt.

## THE PROFESSIONAL RECALL

By REX T. STOUT

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

THEY met at Quimby's unexpectedly, for the first time in three months, and after the handshake proceeded to their old table in the corner.

"Well, how goes it?" asked Bandy.

"Bandy," said Dudd Brownson, ignoring the question. "I am the greatest man in the world. I myself, am for ham and cabbage, since it tickles my feelings, but it you want anything from peacocks' hearts to marmalade, it's on me."

Bandy stared at the roll of bills Dudd brought out of his trousers' pocket. "Dudd," he said, his voice trembling. "I respect you. Please put it in your breast pocket so I can see the bulge. What was the occurrence?"

"I hate to tell it," declared Dudd. "Bandy, I am a modest man. When you admire me most, remember I said that."

"The pity of it is that there was no one to watch me. I done it in solitude."

"One day, about two weeks ago, I walks into the sanctum of David Jetmore. Jetmore is the best lawyer in Horton, over in Jersey."

"Mr. Jetmore," says I, "my name is Abe Delman. I been running it a store over in Pauline with my brother Leo. We had a fight over a personal matter and now I want to get my half of the store, and you should write to Leo's lawyer, who is Mr. Devlin of Ironton, about a settlement."

"Have you something for a retainer?" asks Jetmore.

"No," says I, "I'm livin' at a hotel."

"I'm a busy man," says Jetmore, "and how do I know I'll get any money?"

"Mr. Jetmore," says I, "that store's worth three thousand dollars if it's worth a cent. And if my half ain't enough, maybe you can get Leo to give you some of his."

"Finally, after I explained promiscuously why I had to keep at an unsafe distance from brother Leo, and other delicate points, Jetmore says he'll take the job. When he says Devlin, Leo's lawyer in Ironton, is a personal friend of his, I told him that made it all the better."

"That same afternoon about four hours later I walks into Devlin's office in Ironton."

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "my name is Leo Delman. I been running it a store over in Pauline with my brother Abe. We had a fight over a personal matter which ain't to the purpose, and Abe left for parts unknown. Two days ago comes a letter from Abe's lawyer, Mr. Jetmore of Horton, about Abe's share in the store, which he didn't wait to take with him, and I told him to write to you, because you should make it a settlement for me."

"Have you something for a retainer?" asks Devlin.

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "I have not."

"Then," says he, "how do you expect to settle with brother Abe?"

"I told Devlin I didn't want any Pauline natives to know about mine and Abe's intimate pertinacities, and I waits in Ironton for a settlement. As soon as he got my fifty he wrote off a long letter to Jetmore which he let me read to correct the sentiments."

"It was last Thursday when I got to Devlin's sanctum just in time to see him puttin' on his coat to go to lunch with the stenographer."

"Hello, Delman," says he, "I'll see you in about half an hour. Here's a letter from Jetmore. Make yourself at home till I get back."

"When he'd gone I read the letter over just to make sure there wasn't no changes since I saw it the night before in Jetmore's office. It said that Abe had decided to accept Leo's offer of twelve hundred dollars cash, provided it was paid within three days."

"I goes to the stenographer's desk, picks out a nice printed letterhead, and writes on it as follows:

March 21, 1925.

Mr. David Jetmore,  
Horton, N. J.

Dear Sir—

As per advice contained in your favor of the 20th inst., I am enclosing herewith check for twelve hundred dollars in full payment of the claim of Abe Delman against Leo Delman.

I shall be pleased to have you acknowledge receipt of same.

Yours very truly,

"I had already practiced Devlin's hand till I was sick of it, and I signed that letter so that Devlin himself couldn't tell the difference. Then I pulls out a blank check, makes it to the order of Devlin for twelve hundred dollars and signs it 'Leo Delman' and indorses Devlin's name on the back.

"Of course, I could have done some of this work in my own bodwar, but I wanted to use Devlin's typewriter. "When Devlin come back I had the

letter all ready to mail stowed away in my pocket.

"Have you got that twelve hundred?" says he.

"No," says I, "but I'll get it in three days or bust."

"You'd better," says he, "for when Jetmore says three days he don't mean four."

"I mailed the letter and check in Ironton that afternoon, and next day—that was Friday—I goes over to Horton on the very first train, and pedestrate into Jetmore's office on the stroke of ten.

"Jetmore met me cordial like a mule that's just found something to kick. He'd smelled my money.

"Did you get it?" says I.

"He pulled out the check I'd mailed in Ironton the day before.

"I guess about fifty of that belongs to you," says I.

"Fifty?" says he. "Fifty?"

"No," says I, "I only said it once."

"That's what comes of gettin' into the clutches of one of them grafters, Bandy. But I let it go at a hundred to preserve my own interests."

"Well," says I, "give me the check."

"Give me my hundred," says he.

"I ain't got it," says I.

"Then we'll cash the check," says he, and puts on his coat and hat.

"Bandy, ain't that pitiful? Ain't it pitiful? It was comin' so easy I yawned right in his face. Says he, 'Then we'll cash the check.' Oh, the big fat boob!"

"We goes down to the bank, and Jetmore stops up to the window."

"Good-morning, Mr. Jetmore," says the teller, obsequious-like.

"Jetmore takes a pen, indorses the check, and passes it through the window."

"Give it to us in hundreds," says he.

"Not for me," says I, stepptin' up. "Make it twenties."

"The teller counts out ten twenties, slaps 'em on top of a pile with a bandage on 'em, and shoves 'em through the window to Jetmore. He counts off five and it sticks the rest in my pocket."

"Better count 'em," says Jetmore.

"I'll take a chance," says I. "The young man looks honest." The truth is, I was beginning to get the shivers.

"Me and Jetmore turned to go. Just as we reached the door I felt that pile of twenties jump right out of my pocket and slap me in the face. Standin' there lookin' at us was Devlin."

"Hello, Jetmore," says he. Good-morning, Mr. Delman."

"Bandy, stand up. No man can sit unrespectful while I relate the sequence. It fills my eyes with tears to think of it. I've been a modest man, but this is too much for me. I must tell the truth."

"I was in a hole, all right, but I still had hold of the rope. I know that Devlin thinks I'm Leo and Jetmore thinks I'm Abe, and as long as they didn't get a chin on it I was safe."

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "I'm glad to see you. There's a little matter I want to ask you about."

"Jetmore started to spout before Devlin could answer and I interposed.

"It's an important matter," says I, "and I won't keep you long."

"Devlin stood lookin' at us like he didn't understand. Of course, Jetmore knew I knew Devlin, because I'd told him he was mine and Leo's lawyer before a fight."

"Jetmore pulls out his watch and starts to go."

"I've got an appointment," says he. "I'll see you later. Drop around to the office about one." Then he turns to me. "Come in and say good-by," says he, and off he goes.

"It took me about two minutes to explain to Devlin that I'd come up to Horton to try to get Jetmore to chop off a hundred on the settlement. Devlin laughed."

"Jetmore don't do no choppin'," says he.

"Right you are," says I. "He won't even give me no extra time."

"What was it you wanted to ask me?" says he.

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "I'm a poor man. Whether I get that twelve hundred I don't know. But I got friends in Pittsburgh what's got it, and if you'll let me have fifty back for railroad fare, I'll make it a hundred when I settle up."

"Devlin blinked hard, and I thought he'd jumped it. But bein' a grafter, that hundred looked too good to lose. He pulls out a big black wallet, counts out five tens, and hands 'em to me careful-like."

"Delman," says he, "I know you're an honest man. I can tell it by your eyes. I feel sure you'll get the money."

"Mr. Devlin," says I, holdin' his hand in one hand and the fifty in the other, "I will get the money. And I leaves him standin' there in the bank, watchin' me through the window."

"Did you go to Pittsburgh?" asked Bandy.

"Bandy," said Dudd, "don't be factious in the presence of genius. You offend me."

"Forgive me," said Bandy, humbly. "Let me see the fifty, Dudd. I just want to touch it."

**Killed Little One to Prevent Capture**

Lieutenant Girard, who returned recently to Paris from Central Africa with a consignment of animals for the Jardin des Plantes, told her he had seen a mother giraffe kill her young one to prevent it from falling into the hands of the hunters.

The lieutenant had surprised a herd of giraffes in a clearing near the Sudanese village, and the animals had taken flight, leaving one baby giraffe peacefully grazing. For a mother giraffe to abandon her young is extremely unusual, and this was evidently a bit of carelessness on the mother's part, for the latter suddenly burst from the surrounding undergrowth and dashed back to retrieve her child.

She seized the little giraffe by the neck, just above the shoulders and started off, holding it at the full stretch of her long neck. The lieutenant's negro attendants could not resist the temptation to fire, and the mother giraffe fell with her burden, mortally wounded. As the hunters drew near, however, the dying animal struggled

to her feet, seized the baby by the throat, swung it several times in the air like a sling, and released it. The little one described a great parabola through the air and crashed to the ground, breaking all four of its legs. When the men reached it it was dead. The mother also perished.

That is why there is no baby giraffe at the Jardin des Plantes, according to Lieutenant Girard.—From La Bulgare, Sofia. Translated for the Kansas City Star.

**Desert Mirages**

Light plays queer pranks on the desert. Often travelers will see, for a whole day, what looks like a narrow strip of water, shimmering along the horizon many miles ahead. You may well imagine how enticing this looks to those who are tired, warm, and thirsty. This is not water, however, for when the sun rolls around to the west, it disappears. It was merely a mirage.—Grit.

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**Easy One For Mother**

Listening to the conversation of grown-ups, as children often do, Duncan, five years old, learned there were such things as stepmothers. He rolled the idea around in an active and eager brain for nearly an hour, without getting anywhere; then sought information from the encyclopedia oftentimes consulted by little boys. "Mother," he asked, "how does a stepmother step?"—Capper's Weekly.

**Like a Dream**

When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world has any reality; but I look upon all that 'passed phase' as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.—Lord Chesterfield.

**Father of Saxophone**

Adolphe Sax, maker of musical instruments, invented the saxophone in 1840, in Paris, in trying to produce a clarinet that would overblow an octave like the flute and oboe. It became popular at once in France and Belgium. Johann Georg Kastner, a musical composer, introduced the saxophone into the orchestra in Paris in 1844 in "Le Dernier Roi de Juda."

**Freddy Scored One**

Bobby and Freddy were discussing the relative prowess of their two big brothers. Said Bobby: "My brother rows stroke on his college crew. I suppose you didn't know that?" Freddy was not much impressed. He replied promptly: "What of it? My brother is too big to get into the boat. I suppose you didn't know that?"

**Odd Natural Freaks**

Fish that climb trees, monkeys that brush their teeth after meals and birds that sleep upside down are among the strange creatures discovered in the Malay peninsula, according to a recent explorer. Another freak of this part of the world is a fish that flirts. It is the only swimming animal known to have a real wink.

**"Bloc" and "Lobby"**

In a political sense, a bloc is a group of legislators organized to influence legislation, while a lobby is, specifically, persons not members of a legislative body who try to influence legislation.

**Everything Worth While**

There is no action so slight nor so mean but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled thereby.—Ruskin.

**Where the "Mac" Came In.**

"Yes, I'm rather a mixture. My father was English, my mother French, I was born on an American ship off Naples, and Macpherson's my dentist."

"What's Macpherson got to do with it?" "Well, that makes me of Scottish extraction."—Humorist.

**Get to Patients By Air**

Seven doctors of Canterbury, England, have purchased flying machines to be used in visiting patients.

**There's Not Enough Made**

It is said that 80,000,000 pounds of twine are used in Canada to tie up the annual grain harvest, but even this wouldn't be enough to tie on some men's fingers to make them remember to post a letter.

**Arogance of Mankind**

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance; his natural tendency is to egotism; in his infancy of knowledge, he thinks that all creation was formed for him.—Dulver.

**By No Manner of Means**

A treasury expert estimates that the life of a dollar bill is seven months, but most of 'em we get don't last as long as that.—Exchange.

**Empty Majority**

Never worry about a "foolish majority." If it is foolish it won't remain a majority very long.—Duluth Herald.

**Best Not to Crack 'Em**

Glass, china and reputation are easily cracked and never well mended.—Benjamin Franklin.

**Heart Stuff**

Every woman's heart is touched by a baby and a man with a button off.—Duluth Herald.

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**The Faithful Printer**

Years ago, when the New York Herald and James Gordon Bennett, Jr., were in their prime, the latter issued one of his arbitrary orders that thereafter the name Herald should never appear unless in italics. One printer followed it almost too literally. Christmas week came round and churches announced in their programs, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," the printer duly italicizing.—Kansas City Star.

**Beecher Echo**

It is impossible to indulge in habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow men without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings.—Henry Ward Beecher.

**Silence Not Always Good**

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver; but there are times, also, when silence is death, and speech is life—the very life of Pentecost.—Max Miller.

**Possible Explanation**

A writer says Eskimos never spank their children. It probably would take most of the day to get the children undressed to a degree where a spanking would be noticed.—Kansas City Star.

**Where's Intuition?**

Woman's intuition isn't so impressive when she is deciding which way to turn in traffic.—Rochester Times-Union.

**Foppish Fighting Men**

The world-conquering Roman legions wore fancy clothes and gorgeous trappings. For a thousand years, Roman masculine dress sparkled like a sapphire, while the Roman eagles carried the empire north to Gaul, east to Asia Minor and Egypt, west to Spain and south into Africa.

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