This newspaper has been able to secure the exclusive rights in this territory to a series of short stories by Rex Beach, an author whose name is a guarantee of excellence in fiction. His stories of the far north are masterpieces.

He has traveled in the wildernesses where heroisms are everyday occurrences. He has made an intimate study of the sturdy characters that abound there. His descriptive touch in these short stories is beautiful and the humor quaint beyond measure.

In "Arms and the Woman," the first of the series, there is introduced a romance which is unique in its setting. Each story teems with human interest and heart throbs. Don't miss them. After you read the first you'll watch for the second. The titles of the stories to follow "Arms and the Woman" are:

"The Strategy of Shorty."
"The Verdict of Faro Mountain."
"The Vengeance of Big George."
"When the Mail Came In."
"Out of the Night."
"The Stampede."
"Guthrie Boyd of the 'Shooting Star.'"
"McGill."

Arms and the Woman

By REX BEACH

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"HERE'S the point," said Hoffmeister. "If you send a messenger they'll know there's treasure aboard. The stage has been stuck up so often its habitual. We've got to use ingenuity. I've wired to Horn for two Wells Fargo men. They'll meet you at the second relay so you pull out alone, as usual, and pick 'em up there."

Shorty [illegible] acquiescence.

"All the same, I ain't weighed down with glee at bein' dnnnna for $30,000 even for twenty miles—that is, not in the vicinities of this neighborhood."

"Oh, there's no danger this side of No. 2. It'll be on the Big Grade if it's anywhere."

"Let me impress on you [illegible] [illegible]

Hoffmeister and his companion drank, the large man wetting the bottom of his glass with the vitriol and tossing it off wryly, the other filling his to the brim and rolling it in his mouth like a toothwash. He swallowed lingeringly, with lazy enjoyment, breathing the fumes through his nostrils. One felt that a struck match would ignite him into the likeness of a dragon or a blue flamed cigar lighter.

"I suppose," said the superintendent, having coughed the paralysis from his vocal cords, "you saw the girl that came up yesterday with Newcomb?"

"What! Girl here? In this camp?" Shorty suppressed his nervousness. "Why, I come off up here on purpose to get shed of 'em."

"Yes, I only caught a glimpse of her myself, but what I saw looked mighty pretty."

The driver groaned. "It'll be just my infernal luck to run slap into her, an' if I do I'll stampede like a buffalo calf, see if I don't. Like as not I'll gallop clean over the bluff into the river. I got tore up fierce once back at the Bar X; the foreman's wife come up on me unexpected, an' I run through a barb wire fence."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Well, it's this way. The minute I see skirts I go plumb dippy. My eyes

"Oh, I want to ride up there!"

hang out like base-ball buttons, all them little saleratus ginnie in my mouth goes dry till my throat feels like I was beatin' carpets in a closet. My speech splinters up and sticks in my neck like I was eatin' sun perch. Talk about suspended animation, mine's hung up so high I couldn't reach it with a boat hook."

A man inserted his head through the door and yelled "All aboard!"

That was an example of Forest Hill's mild irony, for very rarely did passengers ride with Shorty, now that the mining season was on, and only such as had urgent business left the train at Auburn to toil back up the rugged divide to the camp at the head of the American river.

Two men carried the messenger box from the rear room, lifting it on to the boot. The postmaster tossed a dyspeptic mail bag into the stage body, and the driver scrambled to his throne [illegible]. Extracting a plug of tobacco, he bit a large farewell half [illegible], rolling the quid into his cheek for company. Then as he gathered the reins the voice of Peg-Leg, the hostler, came to him.

"[illegible]! Wait a minute! Passenger for you, Shorty."

There was a rustle and scurry, and the john's widening gaze beheld a [illegible] approaching. He slumped [illegible] upon him, more dreadful than a plague, and he froze in his seat.

"Oh, I want to ride up there!" she cried brightly, and Shorty's heart [illegible] [illegible]

It is said that the bat's cry is too high pitched for the human ear. Perhaps the converse held with Shorty's voice—mayhap it had gone so low as to be under the aural range where the sense could grasp its slow vibration.

Theatrically it was a stage wait, silent, agonizing, sweat producing, with a delighted audience grinning its approval. He swallowed desperately and —too late—felt his quid slipping over the precipice of his oesophagus like an oreskip diving into a shaft. His body doubled convulsively, and there came a cough, unheralded and sharp, as sudden, metallic and loud as the exhaust of a switch engine on a frosty morning. Men and horses leaped together, and the stage was snatched clattering into full flight. Simultaneously there was a jolting crash and a muffled squeak from the girl.

Oh, lasting disgrace! Shorty had taken out the corner post of the hotel porch.

For many endless minutes he sat in a blue funk; then gradually his emotions quieted, for the girl chattered gayly, either oblivious to his shyness in the perfect beauty of the ride or feigning a preternatural interest in the ragged scenery through which or above which they rolled, for the road follows the comb of the great divide between the north and middle branches of the river. Away down at the tip of this granite tongue, far across the main river, lies Auburn.

Hundreds of feet below them gleamed the Middle fork, ochre with the silt of the hydraulics that roared amid the heavy timber.

Under the girl's tactful loquacity the dust dissolved in Shorty's mouth, the constricted paralysis left his larynx, and sounds born of intellect began to issue, hoarse and unintelligible at first, but approximately rhetoric of a kind. Then as the wine of her presence rose in his head he straightened in his seat, his sturdy legs braced themselves more stiffly against the iron box, and he drove with a skill and dash that surprised himself. Down the grade they fled, the old coach yawning drunkenly, through narrow gorges, round curves whose long sides overhung green redwood tops or tall, naked bluffs.

Never in his life had the little man been so long in the company of the unknown sex, and now this unwonted intimacy with its most lovely member, together with the sense of being in a measure her protector, stimulated him strangely. His chest swelled round and full, and he thought:

"If the boys could only see me now! I ain't sweatin' a bit." Occasionally he stole furtive sidewise glances, then stared fixedly at the thirsty road ahead, planting the impressions of this lady in his memory that they might later grow and bloom into marvelous reminiscence. Manifestly such a visitation as this could, in the economy of affairs, occur but once in a lifetime.

"Do you always carry a gun?" the girl inquired, gazing doubtfully at Shorty's holster, from which protruded a carved ivory pistol butt, smoothed by much usage.

"Yep! I learned the habit as a baby."

"It's an awfully big one, isn't it?"

"Sure! An' she jumps like a goat too. First time I shot her she bucked me through a fence an' then kicked at me twice under the bottom rail. We've got acquainted now, though, an' she knows more'n some Swedes. Want to try her?"

"No, no!" hastily disclaimed the girl. "It might frighten the horses."

"Not on your life—they're used to it. 'Tain't over two weeks ago that Black Bart shot up the Auburn Kid—Wells Fargo man, you know. He was settin' right where you are."

"What do you mean?" said the young lady, moving uneasily. "Who is Black Bart?"

Shorty gazed incredulously at her, but she smiled into his eyes till he suddenly felt chills racing madly up his spine.

"Er—ah—ain't you heard about Black Bart, the outlaw? You must live plumb out of the world. New York? I thought so. Folks down your way is clean off the map, ain't they? Well, this Bart is a road agent with lemin's reward politicness an' a —— of an size. I beg your pardon," he stammered, while his face grew red and hot. "Them little cusses hide around the back of my mouth among the holler teeth an' learn to hop out like that."

"Go on, please."

"Nobody's ever seen Black Bart's face, though more than one claims hankerin's for a sight of it, such bein' mostly sheriffs an' Wells Fargo directors. He works alone, an' shotgun messengers sort of [illegible] him. They must be associated with something sad in his past, for he's acquired such an aversion to 'em that he's laid out five in [illegible] months."

"What a horrible creature," said the lady with heat.

"Oh, he ain't so considerable worse, S'pose he [illegible] shoot straight, for instance. Bart [illegible] some day. As it is, I hold my [illegible] [illegible] when he's through [illegible] himself with my [illegible]. I [illegible] like his nerve, too, tacklin' a [illegible] single handed."

"He ought to be shot," said the passenger with emphasis.

"Mebbe so, but I couldn't do it. It wouldn't be [illegible] [illegible] the driver, and drivers ain't supposed to draw cards in the game. Besides, I ain't a fightin' man. If I seen a gun at Black Bart an' [illegible] hunt himself into the [illegible] an' lay for me on my next trip."

The young lady studied for some moments.

"I hate to think about robbers. All the money I have in the world is in that box."

"What?" Shorty squared around.

"Yes! Two thousand dollars."

Suspicion lurked in the driver's voice as with true mountain adroitness he questioned her.

"How'd you get all the money?"

"It's the first payment for my brother's claim. Perhaps you know him, Lincoln Cushing? He was a trifle wild, I'm afraid."

Shorty guessed maybe her brother was wild and recalled only too well how the young rascal had jumped camp owing him a hundred dollars. He had been a likable scamp for all that, but had fallen in with the wrong lot and lacked moral courage to break away. There had been a shooting scrape. No one knew just how it

(To Be Continued.)

Food Vlaue of Milk Disputed

Portland, July 31, 1916. Editor Mt. Scott Herald.—In my letter published in your last issue I did not intend to enter into any controversy with you but merely called your attention to the fact that you advocated the use of Pasteurized milk. There was nothing in that article that accused you of advocating the use of milk, therefore your editorial which goes wide of the mark and in which you again suggest that milk be sterilized is not sticking to the subject proper. I tried to point out that milk being the essence of the blood of diseased cattle, particularly after they have undergone the tuberculin test, was not a proper food for people and was made into a starvation, disease carrying product when Pasteurized or sterilized. This is not a deduction of my own, but is a fact known to scientific men who deal with such matters.

I herewith give you the food value of whole milk which includes the cream:

Water	87 per cent
Indigestible material	.5 per cent
Protein	3.2 per cent
Fats	3.8 per cent
Sugar and starches	5 per cent
Mineral Salts	.5 per cent
Total	100 per cent

Food value per pound 310 calories. A calorie is the metric system unit of heat to express the amount of heat required to raise one kilogram of water from 0 degree to 1 degree centergrade. It takes 1000 kilograms to make 2.20 lbs. You are welcome to any consolation that this table affords in establishing and confining my statement as to the food value of milk.

It is not necessarily "puerile hacking" to state that Allopathic doctors know nothing of the chemical values of foods. As a former medical practitioner I can state that they have not been taught anything about foods or dietetics in the medical colleges. The medical department of the University of Oregon, considered to be one of the most "advanced" in this country, have only recently begun to teach what they call "dietitics" 15 hours in the last six months of their four year's course, while I studied it the best part of four years in Germany and did not learn it all. Again you will find that most of the "puerile hacking" is done by the allopaths, assisted by a subsidized press, who persecute, prosecute and ridicule every one opposed to them. Perhaps you read the article in the Journal recently by Dr. Roberg, state health officer, warning the people not to employ drugless doctors in cases of infantile paralysis. It is only the drugless doctors who can cure this disease. Still Dr. Roberg will claim $5000 a year of the taxpayers money—medical and anti-medical—to run around over the state to preach serums, vaccination and allopathic medical methods.

Disease is a very simple thing and not the great mystery that the medical politician try to scare the people into believing and the records of the great Nature cure hospitals of Europe show that nearly 95 percent of all disease is caused by dietetic errors. Therefore, can you wonder why "scientific medicine" knowing nothing about diet, including milk, has failed so miserably in healing the people and that the medical fraternity holds its grip on the people through rotten politics and not means? Editors are no better posted than the people in matters of health and should go slow in advising the people what to do in times of sickness. Let the shoemaker stick to his last. It is not a question of clean or dirty milk, but of Pasteurized Milk which I emphatically state is a great menace to the public health and if any school of doctors who knew food values were in charge of health affairs, except allopathic, it would never be advised or tolerated to pasteurize milk.—Dr. W. A. Turner.

Will Sloan's Liniment Relieve Pain?

Try it and see—one application will prove more than a column of claims. James S. Ferguson, Phila., Pa., writes: "I have had wonderful relief since I used Sloan's Liniment on my knees. To think after all these years of pain one application gave me relief. Many thanks for what your remedy has done for me." Don't keep on suffering, apply Sloan's Liniment where your pain is and notice how quick you get relief. Penetrates without rubbing. Buy it at any Drug Store. 25c.

HOUSEKEEPERS PREFER EGGS IN NEAT BOXES

Marketing of eggs is a feature which needs more attention. Many do not properly sort their eggs. Each lot should be as uniform in size and color as possible, and the culls should be used for home consumption. Private consumers should be served with eggs put up in neat packages holding one or two dozen each. Have these boxes clean and properly labeled. A neat package has advertising value. Have the eggs clean. No one cares to receive filthy-looking eggs. These little details are very essential in marketing eggs, and should never be overlooked.

Willamina has a loganberry juice plant.

When You Have A Cold

Give it attention, avoid exposure, be regular and careful of your diet, also commence taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It contains Pine-Tar, Antiseptic Oils and Balsams. Is slightly laxative. Dr. King's New Discovery eases your cough, soothes your throat and bronchial tubes, checks your cold, starts to clear your head. In a short time you know your cold is better. Its the standard family cough syrup in use over 40 years. Get a bottle at once. Keep it in the house as a cold insurance. Sold at your druggist.

Let Well Enough Alone

If your method of feeding brings good results do not change just because you read of other methods used by other poultry raisers. Various methods may be successful. Conditions are so different that they demand different methods. A poultry raiser must study the conditions of his own flock, their surroundings and the climatic conditions also.

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At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
8:00 p. m. Evening services.
7:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting.
8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.
W. T. S. Spriggs, pastor.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.
7:p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service.
8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice.
Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter s Catholic Church

Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
8:30 a. m. Sunday School.
12 M. Choir rehearsal.
Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting.
7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christain Church

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service.
6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor.
7:30p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all.
Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church

One block south of Woodmere station.
Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day.
Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual.
Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m.
Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec.
Rev. O. W. Taylor Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 6:45 p. m. Paul Bradford, President.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Maud Keach, Superintendent.
11:00 a. m. Preaching services.
6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching Services.
8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all these services. John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day. Bible School 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11 a. m.
Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist of Portland, Ore., Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.
Services Sunday 11 a. m.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m.
Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45. a. m.
Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Preaching 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.
W. E. F. Browne, pastor.
Residence 5[illegible] 93rd St.

Laurelwood M. E. Church

9:45 a. m. Sunday school.
11:00 a. m. preaching.
12:00 a. m. class meeting.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League.
7:30 p. m. preaching.
The pastor is assisted by a chorus choir and the Amphion Male Quartette.
8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.
Dr. C. B. Carlos, pastor.

German Evangelical Reformed Church

Corner Woodstock Ave. and 87th St.
Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor.
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11 a. m.
Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m.
German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

Third United Brethren Church

10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Preaching.
3 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor.
6:30 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching.

Brentwood M. E. Church

10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
Rev. W. L. Wilson, Pastor.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4028, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.