

EUROPEAN ARMIES STARVING THE SCHOOLS.



WHAT EUROPEAN POWERS SPEND FOR MILITARISM AND FOR EDUCATION.

When the Turkish soldiers in Asia Minor sack and burn the schools people are horrified at their lack of civilization, but a French writer comes forward to remind us just at this time that the so-called civilized nations are robbing the schools to support their soldiers, which comes to about the same thing. If a man spent five times as much for guns as for his children's schooling he would be considered a lunatic or a desperado, yet it appears that this is precisely what the powers of Europe are doing. The Paris review, Mon Dimanche, says: "France spends about five times as much on her army

as she does on the intellectual training of her children. Germany gives to educational purposes one-third of the amount she devotes to military purposes. In Austria and Russia the proportion between school and caserne expenditure is as two to nine. Italy spends upon her army nine times as much as she devotes to public education. Belgium is exemplary in that her military and education budget stand as eight to four. The only exception to this rule of priority in military expenditure is Switzerland, which devotes twice as much to the education of her children as she lays out on the purchase of powder and shot and the pay of her defenders.

THE STRUGGLE.

Not the struggle naught avaleth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor falleth,  
And as things have been they remain.

... hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in you smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fiend,  
And but for you possess the field.

... while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

... ad not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
From the sun climbs, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

Humble Pie

"I overheard the offer my father made you. You think the device is worth more?"

"Very much more."

"I have some money lying idle. Mr. Andrus, money I would be glad to invest. It is my own, left me by my Grandfather Atwood. Will you—please—let me buy an interest in your device?"

The young man's face flushed. He stared at her.

"You are quite in earnest about this?" he murmured.

"Your question is not complimentary," said the girl. "I am in earnest, however, and assure you that the investigation conducted by my lawyer will be a painstaking one. Does that meet with your approval?"

"Thoroughly," he quickly answered. "But is it possible that you really mean all this?"

"At 10 o'clock to-morrow morning you will be at the law office of John Delafield, in the Cranston building. Mr. Delafield is my adviser and holds my legacy in trust for me. I will notify him of your coming. Is that understood?"

She watched him narrowly.

"Yes," he answered, "unless I wake up and find this is all a dream."

"I trust," she gravely said, "that you will not forget our verbal understanding. If your device can be shown to the full satisfaction of my adviser you are to sell me a half interest in the Andrus transmitter for \$20,000 cash. Is this your understanding?"

He was quite overwhelmed by her directness.

"That is my understanding," he answered. "Shall I put it on paper?"

She shook her pretty head.

"This is a test transaction," she said. "You have faith in your device and I have faith in you."

It was a year later and Everett Carter sat before the blazing hearth. But the rheumatic leg was no longer resting on the cushioned stool. A soft footfall drew his attention. "Come in, Florence," he called.

The girl came and sat by his side on the low stool.

"Hallo, daddy," she said.

She rested her brown head against his arm.

"Well, dearie?"

His hand lovingly stroked the brown hair.

"Feeling pretty good, daddy?"

"Yes, dearie?"

"No twinges?"

"Not for a long time."

They watched the crackling blaze. "You didn't eat much dinner, daddy."

"Didn't I?"

"I'm quite sure you didn't."

He laughed.

"Perhaps the humble pie I ate today spoiled my appetite."

"Humble pie, daddy?"

"I guess that's what they call it."

"Tell me about it."

He laughed again.

"It doesn't put your daddy in a very interesting light. But I'll tell you about it. I had an appointment this afternoon with a certain party at your old Delafield's. I was a little early

In getting there—I wanted to ask Delafield some questions."

"Yes, daddy."

"Well, the certain party—"

"The man you were to meet?"

"Yes. He's a young man. His name is Andrus."

"Andrus?"

"That's it, Robert Andrus. He wasn't there when I arrived, and that gave Delafield an opportunity to tell me about him. If Delafield is right, he's a remarkable worthy young fellow—straight, honest and fine as silk. What's the matter, dearie?"

"The fire makes my face burn, daddy. I'll move a little back."

"Perhaps you don't care for the story?"

"Oh, yes, daddy, go on."

"Well, the funny part of it is that I once turned this same young fellow down cold. It happened one day when I was home here with the misery in my leg. And there I was in Delafield's office, keeping an appointment with the very same youngster."

"Go on, daddy."

"The boy had perfected a valuable device, a transmitter of a remarkably ingenious type. He brought it to me. He thought the Carter Motor Company could use it. I knew it was a good thing the instant I looked at it. But you know, daddy isn't exactly himself when the rheumatism nips him."

"I know, daddy."

"Well, I gave him to understand that we didn't want his device. But I offered to buy it from him and destroy it. He wouldn't sell. Somehow

satisfied with this promise. And that, dearie, is what I call eating humble pie—and lots of it."

There was a little silence.

"Daddy," said the girl, "I want your advice."

"But I know nothing about hats or gowns."

She softly laughed.

"It's a money matter this time, daddy. I bought a half interest in a manufacturing plant a year ago and I've been offered 400 per cent profit on my investment if I sell out."

The old man stared down at her.

"That sounds good. What's the plant called?"

The girl hesitated.

"It's the Andrus Transmitter Company, daddy."

"What?"

"Yes, daddy. I'm the partner who must be consulted."

"You!"

"Yes, daddy. What do you advise me to do?"

"Let me get my breath, you rascal!"

"All right, daddy. Take your time." She looked toward the door. "Robert!" she called. And Robert Andrus entered the room. "Here is my partner, daddy."

The old man stared at the newcomer.

"Well, well," he muttered.

"And, daddy, Robert's price has gone up. I—I found it out this afternoon. He wants me, too!"

The old man stared from Robert to the girl. Her arm stole around his neck.

"Say it's all right, daddy."

He sank back with a sigh of resignation.

"More humble pie," he murmured.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"TELL ME ABOUT IT."

I felt sure he would come back and accept my offer. I was positive he couldn't get the capital he needed to start a plant and manufacture the thing—and that's where I was wrong. Somebody let him have the money."

"Who was it, daddy?"

"I don't know. But the plant was built and proved a good thing from the very start. The boy found a market for his invention almost immediately, and the little factory has been working right up to its limit. It got me scared some time ago. And I was still more scared when I heard that the National Engine Company wanted the factory's entire output. The Carter Motor Company couldn't stand by and let that happen. And so I was there in your old friend's office, prepared to arrange a deal with this gifted youngster. Well, he came in presently—a fine looking lad, manly and scrupulously polite. He really seemed glad to see me—which might be wondered at. Well, I made up my mind in less than no time that there was nothing to be gained by beating about the bush, and so I came right out and offered him \$200,000 for his plant and his patents, and, in addition to this, the position of manager of our works with a \$10,000 salary."

The girl suddenly laughed.

"Why, that was fine, daddy. And what did the gifted young man do?"

"The gifted young man never turned a hair. If he was surprised at my offer he carefully concealed the fact. He thanked me, but added that he would be guided entirely by his partner, who owns a half interest in the factory and patents. He promised to let me know his partner's decision very soon, and I had to be

Suppose we pay the doctor by the week To doctor us however great or slight is Our ailment—health insurance, so to speak; We'd probably have less appendicitis.

Likewise if things could just be thus fixed up So we on the installment plan could buy a Good bunch of health 'tis likely that our cup Would not be bitter from neurasthenia.

It certainly's a most attractive scheme Thus to avoid the periodic shakedown. From bills that break us, so we'll never dream Of suffering again from general breakdown.

The joy of living it would color so 'Twould seem that we saw life's light through a prism, And yet we have some dire doubts, don't you know, About our darned old chronic rheumatism.

But let us pay the doctor by the week. As we pay for our furniture and fixtures, And maybe we the druggist need not seek So often, for those queer prescription mixtures.—Indianapolis News.

His Model.

Many a youth is taken with the desire to write. Often he does not know exactly what he wishes to compose, but the itch for the pen is strong. The Bellman tells the story of an ambitious young man who called upon a Chicago publisher.

He informed the publisher that he had decided to write a book.

"May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely.

"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant to literary fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know."

Never Say Dye.

"Yes," he chattered, "I will love you just as much when you are old and gray!"

"Well," said she, decisively, "I may live to be old, but I'll never be gray!"—Detroit Free Press.

Double Crossed.

Freddie—They have the no-breakfast fad around our house.

Bobbie—How do you stand it?

Freddie—Pretty well, except when I'm bad and get sent to bed without any supper.—Puck.

Plenty of people can stand adversity, but only a few can stand prosperity.

Diplomacy.

"Isn't there some talk that Gringo is going to enter the ministry?"

"The ministry? Why—O, I see. That's what he really wants, but he intends to try for a consulship first."—Chicago Tribune.

His Speedometer.

Inquisitive Person—How do you tell how fast you are going?

Chauffeur—I watch the expression of the faces of the policeman as I whiz past them.

Averages All Right.

Tenant (of flat)—One of the radiators in that large room of mine is always cold, winter and summer.

Janitor (with a scowl)—Well, I've heard you say that the other one is always hot, winter and summer. Ain't it a standoff?

His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

A Late Train.

"Jones says that he always gets to the bottom of anything he undertakes."

"Don't doubt it. At school he was always at the foot of the class."—Baltimore American.

A Parist at Large.

"Let me see—the census gives your town about 6,000 doesn't it?"

"No, sir; our town gives the census 6,000."

Innocent.

"Clifford," asked the teacher, "who wrote the Junius letters?"

"I—I don't know, ma'am," answered the terrified little boy. "I didn't!"

Where They Don't Muzzle 'Em.

Suburbanite—You are half an hour late this morning.

Letter Carrier—Yes, ma'am; the sections of stovepipe I have to wear inside my trousers legs on account of the dog you keep along this street hamper my movements, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

Escaping by a Technicality.

Teacher—Tommy, what is an improper fraction?

Tommy—You don't 'spect me to mention it 'fore all these people, do you?

There Are Others.

"Bings is afraid that he may be prosecuted for polygamy."

"Why, he is married to only one person, ain't he?"

"That is what he thought for a while, but now it appears that he married her whole family, and there are seven of them."—California Weekly.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Merely Friendly.

Elderly Relative—Mortimer, what are your intentions in regard to Miss Johnson?

Scapegrace Nephew—Strictly honorable and praiseworthy, uncle.

Elderly Relative—I am glad to hear that, Mortimer. I was afraid you were going to try to persuade her to marry you.—Chicago Tribune.

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weakens or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 127

DAISY FLY KILLER

Place it anywhere, attacks and kills all flies, mosquitos, gnats, house flies, etc. Kills on contact. Lasts all season. Use on walls or up over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers, or sent prepaid for 20 cents.

MAROLD SOMERS, 160 DeKalb Ave., B'klyn., N. Y.

CRESCENT BAKING POWDER

A pure phosphate baking powder that does all that the high priced baking powder does and does it better. It raises the dough and makes light, sweet and better risen foods. Sold by grocery stores 25c per pound. If you will send us your name and address, we will send you a book on health and baking powder.

CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, Wn.

P N U No. 29-09

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

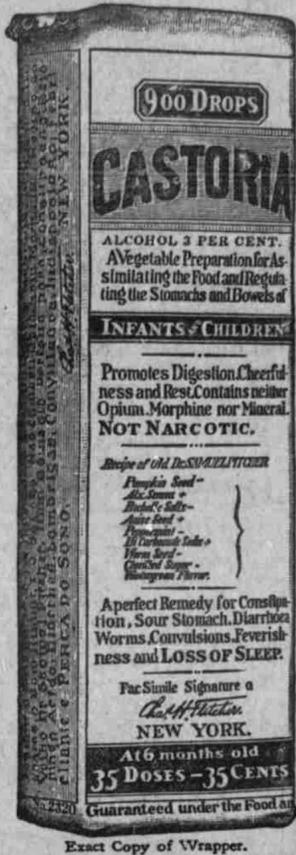
HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Elsengraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CERTAIN COMPANY, 27 BURLAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GOLDEN WEST

COFFEE! TEA SPICES BAKING POWDER EXTRACTS JUST RIGHT

FOR CLOSING & DEVERS PORTLAND, ORE.

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

FOR CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, URINARY DISCHARGES ETC.

AT DRUGGISTS OR TRIAL BOX BY MAIL 50c FROM PLANTEN'S 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN N.Y. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

DR. W. A. WISE

20 Years a Leader in Painless Dental Work in Portland.

Out-of-Town People

Should remember that our force is so arranged that WE CAN DO THEIR ENTIRE CROWN, BRIDGE AND PLATE WORK IN A DAY IF NECESSARY. POSITIVELY PAINLESS EXTRACTING FREE when plates or bridges are needed. WE REMOVE THE MOST SENSITIVE TEETH AND ROOTS WITHOUT THE LEAST PAIN. NO STUPIDITY, NO UNCERTAINTY.

For the Next Fifteen Days

We will give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for ..... 2.00  
22k bridge teeth ..... 3.00  
Gold or enamel fillings ..... 1.00  
Silver fillings ..... 1.00  
Good rubber plates ..... 1.00  
The best red rubber plates ..... 1.00  
Painless extractions ..... 75c

ALL WORK GUARANTEED 15 YEARS

Dr. W. A. Wise  
President and Manager  
The Wise Dental Co.  
(INC.) Third and Washington Sts.  
PORTLAND, OREGON