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**The Erudite Druggist.**  
"Why was Solomon considered so wise?"  
"Well, he learned the drug business when he was young. After that he could answer any question propounded."

**Old Habits.**  
"I think our new butler must have been a baseball umpire once."  
"Why so?"  
"He's dusting off the plate with a whisk broom."

**Now Suffrage Has Come.**  
Lawyer (in equal suffrage state)—Don't worry, the jury is sure to disagree.  
Prisoner—But are you certain?  
Lawyer—It's inevitable; two of the jurors are man and wife!—Puck.

**Up a Tree.**  
Mrs. Bird (late from suffrage meeting)—My! I hope I can get in without walking hubby!  
Mr. Bird (late from the club)—Gee! I hope I can get in without walking wifey.—Chicago News.

**DAISY FLY KILLER**  
KAROLD SOMERS, 180 DEKALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**BLACK LEG**  
The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California.

**What He Weighed.**  
Pat—How much do ye weigh, Mike?  
Mike—O! weigh 175 pounds.  
Pat—You must a' got weighed with your coat on.  
Mike—An' O! did not. O! held it in me arms all the time.—Magazine of Fun.

**Too Much Publicity.**  
"I disapprove of the senate having secret sessions. I favor the utmost publicity for everything."  
"I did; but since the new gowns came out, I think the women are going a bit too far."

**To Get Even.**  
Gibbs—Have you decided where you will go this summer?  
Dibbs—No; my wife always waits until some neighbor with a grudge against us recommends the worst spot on the continent.

**Expensive, Though.**  
Peek—My wife's will is law.  
Heck—So is my wife's; but occasionally I can bribe her not to enforce it.

Celluloid wings for aeroplanes that are said to be so transparent as to be invisible 300 feet in the air have been invented by a German engineer.

Long and short coats will be acceptable this fall, says a fashion hint. Even a medium length one will suit us on a cold day.

Another tip is that form-fitting suits are going to be it for the men. Some of us will have to reform our forms.

Less quicksilver was produced in the United States last year than in any year since 1860.

**Takes "Grit" to Win**

This really means keeping the system full of vim and vigor, the blood pure and the general health good, all of which must come from perfectly digested food, and liver and bowel regularity. This is an especially good reason why you should try

**HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

P. N. U. No. 34, 1914

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

**WITH BOGUS PISTOLS**  
INSTANCES OF THIEVES HAVING BEEN SCARED OFF.

Trick is an Old One, But Seldom Falls of Success—Prank of New York High School Boys That Looked Serious.

Recently Solomon Berman of Manhattan scared into flight two thieves who entered his store by pointing his index finger at them and fooling them into supposing that he had a revolver. It is an old trick and yet it succeeds, just as the confidence man can always sell a gold brick to a farmer who never heard of Hungry Joe.

A short time ago river thieves boarded a tug moored along the Hudson and attempted to enter the captain's cabin and secure money and valuables from a small safe he had there. The engineer of the little boat heard the thieves, and creeping up out of the engine room called: "Halt! Who's that? Halt, or I'll fire!" At the same time he ran around the side of the cabin with a dipper handle.

Not until the thieves got ashore did it seem to occur to them that there couldn't have been a pistol in their disturber's hand or he would have fired. When it came to mind they retreated to a safe distance, and then shaking their fists at the grinning engineer cursed him profusely.

Over near Hunt's Point a few months ago they had an amusing case of cross "pistol" purposes. Several dwellings had been robbed and everybody in the vicinity became suspicious of the slightest unusual movement after dark. Two high school boys planned a masked holdup of a citizen after dark. They held him up all right, both presenting proper looking pistols with shining barrels. After the citizen handed out all of his valuables and whined abjectly that he had nothing more the boys revealed themselves.

In a great rage the citizen then blew a police whistle and a mounted officer galloped up. The boys protested they had only joked with a neighbor. The citizen declared they should be punished. The officer was willing to look lightly on the affair until it was pointed out that pistols had been brandished.

This made the matter serious. The officer arrested the boys and took from them the weapons that might bring them a term of years in prison, so heavy is the New York penalty. But when the pistols were exposed the whole matter was dropped. The pistols were first rate imitations of the real thing, only in this case they could explode nothing more deadly than a cap.—New York Herald.

**When Poisoned by Ivy.**  
After exposure to poison ivy, the ill effects can often be warded off by prompt removal of the irritating substance. Vigorous washing with soap and water, preferably using a hand brush, and after that with alcohol, will do this. This often prevents the ill effects, and often when the characteristic inflammation has become manifest it can be reduced to slight intensity by the same measure. This cannot be done, however, after the irritation has become intense; vigorous washings are impossible and alcohol painful. Witch hazel water, followed by application of dusting powder, is comforting. Salves are not well borne as a rule, and if the poisoning has reached a stage not controlled by these treatments, it is best to have professional treatment, as few, if any, of the innumerable domestic remedies prove to be entitled to reliance.

**Cat Led Him Home.**  
Smith and Jones met in the smoke end of a Pullman car one afternoon, and during a gabfest Smith referred to the town into which he had just moved.  
"The streets of the blooming burg," he eloquently described, "are the crookedest of anything in that line on the face of the earth. You may not believe it, but a couple of days after we got there my wife had a cat that she wanted to lose and told me to take it over and leave it along the river about a mile distant. Well, sir—"  
"I see, old pal," smilingly interjected the other. "That's where you lost the cat all right."  
"You've got another guess," returned Smith. "If I hadn't followed the cat I would never have found my way back home."

**Long and Merry.**  
A short life and a merry one! The most fallacious quip ever uttered. Why need a life be short to be merry? Rather make it a long and a merry one. There's more sweetness in a dollar's worth of sugar than in the lump or two that goes in the coffee at dinner.  
A long life and a merry one, sanely, usefully, wholesomely merry. That is the life. The other counterfeit maxim came when youth and folly first tasted the quick dregs that come to those who try the short and merry.  
A short life and a merry one! Bah! There's no such thing, unless it be by accident—the chance cutting off of a life that was to have been a long life and a merry one.—Kansas City Star.

**Benedict's Dilemma.**  
"You seem to be having a struggle over that letter."  
"Yes; I want my wife to think I miss her, but I don't want her to get to feeling so sorry for me that she'll hustle home."—Kansas City Journal.

**WIT and HUMOR**



**HIS ONE REDEEMING QUALITY**

Bill Smithers, Ugly, Bow-Legged Simpleton, Were Most Beautiful Neckties Ever Created.

They had not met for many years. Girlhood chums, their paths of life had separated and when they accidentally encountered one another, naturally they had many things to discuss; mutual friends, etc.  
"By the way, Mamie," inquired Mary, "what ever became of Bill Smithers—that ugly, bow-legged man, who was such a simpleton that he could not come in out of the rain?"  
A frigid look overspread Mamie's face. With the hauteur that her sex can display on needed occasions, she freely spoke:  
"Madam, he is my husband."

"Poor Mary. What could she say? Her face was scarlet and she worked her brain overtime to say something to appease her friend. This is what she managed to stammer:  
"W-W-Well, Mamie, he certainly did wear the most beautiful neckties that I ever saw."—Louisville Times.

**The Other Way Around.**  
"There's a married brute for you! His wife stopped and gazed with longing eyes at the posters in front of a moving picture show, but he didn't offer to take her inside."  
"Don't be too hard on him. I happen to know that his wife keeps the family purse. She probably wanted to see that picture, but was too stung to squander a dime."

**She Knew.**  
"Mama."  
"Yes, my son?"  
"Does disarr mean to take away one's arms?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I heard the minister and Deacon Jones say they were discussing papa. Does that mean they were taking his cuss away from him?"  
"They didn't, anyway, son."

**Corrected.**  
"What's the trouble here?" asked the policeman.  
"This man called me a cheap face scraper," said the barber.  
"Well?"  
"I'd have him understand that I am a physiognomical tonsorial artist," said the barber with dignity.

**Slight Mistake.**  
"I believe Fanny is making me an afghan," said the youth. "I was calling there last night and she was working on it; but she wouldn't tell me who or what it was for."  
"She told me. It is for you, but it is not an afghan. It's one of a pair of sar tabs."

**TESTS NOWADAYS.**



**First Youngster—**Aw! you ain't so many. I ain't never seen your picture as having been cured of anything.  
**Second Youngster—**When you was sick last week I didn't see no bulletins up or any extras out.  
**Departure From Custom.**  
"You say this part of the country is unique?"  
"It is," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "as a summer resort."  
"In what respect?"  
"Well, we haven't any cliff called 'Lover's Leap' nor any ridge known as 'The Devil's Backbone.'"  
**One Way.**  
"A young wife wants to know how to get rid of ants," said the Questioner and Answers editor.  
"Tell her to take her meals out and starve them to death," suggested the second assistant city editor.

**Know What to Expect.**  
"Good heavens! Here it is 1 o'clock and I promised my wife I would be home before midnight."  
"You are in for it."  
"I'm afraid so. The domestic weather forecast indicates a storm followed by a heavy shower."

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**Her Right Number Was 4s.**  
Bena was much excited over the prospects of a commencing that was about to take place in her neighborhood. For weeks she had been preparing and gaudy feathers for the array, and now her outfit was complete save a pair of much desired patent leather slippers. She approached her mistress:  
"Miss Ford," she said, "I sho' wants to git a pair o' slippers fo' de meetin' commences, an' I ain't got a single cent left."  
"What size do you wear, Bena?" asked her mistress.  
"Mah right numbah is fo'," she replied, "but I has to wear sehens, 'cause fo's hurts me dat had I jes natcherly can't hardly walk."—Woman's Home Companion.

**Obliging Disposition.**  
"Are there any bears in these woods?"  
"Not yet," replied the resident. "But we're going to do our best. The next time a circus comes through here we are going to take up a subscription and buy a bear or two just to satisfy the summer boarders."

**Grave Danger if Blood is Disordered**  
Little Causes Develop Worst Kind of Trouble—No Danger if Blood is Fortified.

**THE BLOOD IF PURIFIED WITH S. S. S. WILL RESIST ALL GERM INFECTION.**  
There are so many reasons why everyone should look to the blood for health that the action of S. S. S. as a purifier and preserver is of paramount importance. We need so much food, so much oxygen, so much water, all of which in right proportion maintain nutrition. But the liver, kidneys, lungs, skin and bowels must all work in co-operative harmony to convert the intake and expel it after it has served its purpose of regenerating the tissues and cells of the body. And this process is repeated every few seconds throughout life. Now, as it happens with most people, the body does not expel all the waste and it remains a destructive influence to produce catarrh, rheumatism, boils, eruptions and a myriad of troubles recognized as the result of poisoned blood.

**Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the brightest and fastest.**  
A Maine town has built a concrete watering trough for horses that is flanked by high walls to shield animals using it from sun, wind and storm.  
Well-known sayings of unknown men: "Them kind has come to stay."  
The age of sex equality may be here, but the wives frequently decline to support their husbands.

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