

Denver Boy is a Winner



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Oregon & California Directory

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The Settling of the Sage

By HAL G. EVARTS

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

At the Warren ranch, the "Three Bar," a stranger applied for work as a rider. William Ann Warren—known to all as "Billie"—is the owner of the ranch. The girl's father, Cal Warren, had been the original owner. The newcomer is put to work. Cattle "rustlers" have been troubling the ranch owners. The new hand gives his name as Cal Harris. By his announcement in favor of "squatters" he incurs the enmity of a rider known as Morrow. The will made by Cal Warren stipulated that half the property should go to the son of his old friend, William Harris, under certain conditions. The new arrival is the man, and he discloses the fact to Billie Slade, a ranchman with an unsavory reputation, visits Billie Slade, endeavoring to embrace Billie in a friendly way. While the riders are at their evening meal, far out on the range, six outsiders join them. Billie knows them to be "rustlers." To test Harris' courage the girl appoints him temporary foreman, suggesting that he order the visitors to leave. Somewhat to her surprise he does so. The men depart, making threats. Billie makes Harris permanent foreman. Catching Morrow leaving cattle were he can be stolen. Harris discharges him. Riding with Billie, a man presumably Morrow, shoots at Harris. Three riders start in pursuit of Morrow. One of them, Bangs, is ambushed and killed. Harris outlines his plans for bringing settlers into the country.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"They say folks get disappointed in love and go right on living," he observed. "I wonder now, I've heard that men run mostly to form and at one time or another let it out to some little lady that there's no other in the world. That's my own state right about now. Are you always going to keep on disliking me?" "I don't dislike you," she said. She was still convinced of his father's trickery toward her own; but Cal Harris' quiet efficiency and his devotion to Three Bar interests had convinced her, against her will, that he had taken no part in it. "But if you brought me out here to go into that I'm going back."

"I didn't," he denied. "But I drifted into it sort of by accident. No matter what topic I happen to be conversing on I'm always thinking how much I'd rather be telling you about that. Whenever I make some simple little assertion about things in general, what I'm really thinking is something like this, 'Billie, right this minute I'm loving you more than I did two minutes back.' You might keep that in mind."

"Listen," tapping his knee with a forefinger to emphasize his point. "Cal Warren always wanted to put the Three Bar flats under cultivation. He's probably told you that a hundred times. This will always be range country. It will only support a certain number of cows. If the Three Bar had a section in hay to winterfeed your stuff you could run double what you do now on the same range. It's the same with every other small concern. There's only a few spots suitable for home-ranch sites and every one of those has a brand running out of it now—excepting those sites down in Slade's range. If all those outfits put in hay it wouldn't cut up the range any more than it is now—except down Slade's way. Every outfit in the country could run twice as many head as they do now—except Slade. He couldn't. The minute farming starts there'll be squatters filing on every quarter where they can get water to put it in crop. There's twenty places Slade would have to cover by filing to hold his range where the others would only have to file on one to control the amount of range they're using now."

She nodded as she caught this point of view. "Folks have fallen into a set habit of mind," he explained. "You think because every squatter is burned out that every outfit but the Three Bar is against sticking a plow in the ground. The rest probably feel the same way—know they haven't a hand in it but figure that you have. As a matter of fact, it's Slade alone. There's a persistent rumor to the effect that any man who burns out a squatter can drop in at Slade's and get five hundred dollars in cash."

"The sheriff has never been able to pick up a single one of the men who have burned those squatters out," she said.

"And he never will without some help," Harris agreed. "Alden's hands are tied. But he is playing his own game single-handed the best he can. One day he'll get his hooks into some of those torch-bearers so deep they'll never shake them out. The honest laws can't be defied indefinitely. The government will take a hand and send marshals in here thicker than flies. Then the outfits that have hedged themselves in advance are on top. The rest are through."

"But what can the Three Bar do against Slade until those marshals come?" she asked.

"There's a difference between socking an established outfit with a big force of hands and burning out some isolated squatter roosting in a wagon," Harris said. "I've filed on water on the Crazy Loop to cover the section I bought in the flats. We can pick men and give them a job with the Three Bar between spells of doing prove-up work. We can put in a com-

pany ditch to cover all the fillings, pay them for working on it and charge that pro-rata share of improvements up against each man's final settlement. When they've made final proof we can buy out those who want to sell. Let's put the flats in hay, girl, and start grading the Three Bar up. It doesn't take much more feed to turn out a real beef steer than of those knife-backed brothers down in the flat. In five years we'll have a straight red brand and the Three Bar will be rated at thirty dollars a head, come as they run on the range. Instead of round ten or twelve as they'd figure us now. We'll have good hay land that will be worth more by itself than the whole brand is today. Say the word, girl, and we'll build up the old outfit! That both of our folks helped to found."

The girl had closed her eyes as he painted this picture of possibilities and except for the difference of voice it might well have been old Cal Warren speaking; the views and sentiments were the same she had so often heard her father express. Next to the longed-for partnership with old Bill Harris the dream of his life had been to see the Three Bar flats a smooth meadow of alfalfa.

"I'll put a bunch of terriers in there that will be hard for Slade to uproot," Harris said. "What do you say Billie? Let's give it a try."

"I'd like to see it done," she said. "But so much depends on the outcome. I'll have to write Judge Colton first. He has all my affairs in charge."

They mounted and rode back to the wagon and the girl went straight to Waddles with the proposition Harris had urged.

"Tell him to go his best," Waddles advised, when she had outlined Harris' scheme. "He'll put a bunch of terriers on the Three Bar that will cut Slade's claws. If they burn out the boys Cal Harris puts on the piece then there'll be one real war staged at the old Three Bar."

"He's been telling you," she accused. "He did sort of mention it," Waddles confessed.

"Then his idea is to import a bunch of gun-fighters," she said. "I won't have a bunch of hired killers living at the Three Bar."

"These boys will just be the sort that's handy at knowing how to avoid getting killed themselves," Waddles evaded. "You can't rightly blame any man for that. And besides, Slade has to be met on his own ground."

"Do you think Slade is at the bot tom of the Three Bar losses every year?" she asked.

"Every hoof," Waddles stated. "Every last head! Maybe the albinos' layout rustles an odd bunch out and off. But Slade is the man that's out to wreck your brand." The big cock heaved a sigh as he reached a decision on a matter which had been troubling him for days. "That's what Cal Warren was afraid of—Slade's branching out our way like he had already toward the south. And that's one reason he left things tied up the way he did."

He tapped a much-thumbed document on his knee and handed it to the girl. "You and Young Cal have been sort of half-hostile," he said. "Cast an eye over that and maybe it'll help you two youngsters to get along."

Three times the girl read every word of the paper while Waddles smoked his pipe in silence. Then she sat on the gate of the wagon and gazed off across the sage; and she was picturing again the long trail of the Three Bar cows; but this time she was reconstructing the scene at the end of it. Instead of one man scheming to trick an old friend at the last crossing of their trails she now visioned two old men regretting that the life-long hope of a partnership had never been fulfilled and planning to cement that arrangement in the next generation. For old Bill Harris had left her a full half-interest in everything he owned on earth with the single stipulation that she retain her half of the Three Bar for five years after her father's death.

"But why?" she asked presently. "Why did he do that for me? He'd

never seen me since I was three years old."

"He did it for the girl of old Cal Warren, the best friend he had had top-side of ground," Waddles said. "Your dad and Bill Harris had been pals since they were hatched. They knew there was hard times and changes ahead and both hated to think of the old brand going under or changing hands. They were afraid that if both you and the boy knew your path was going to be carpeted soft in any event that you might sell out if things got to breaking wrong. This way it looked like you'd be sure to stick. They were planning the best they knew. Your dad told me to keep an eye on the general lay. And Judge Colton sent me that copy to have on hand to sort of iron things out when I thought best. I'm telling you because I know you wouldn't quit the Three Bar as long as there's two cows left."

"Does Cal know?" she asked. "Not a word," Waddles asserted. "He's likely considerable puzzled himself. But he surmises things will break right some day, knowing his own dad and havin' visited round a day or two with yours. You drop the judge a line, girl, and turn Harris loose to rip up the Three Bar flat and seed it down to hay."

She nodded and slipped from the end-gate of the wagon, taking the paper with her. Harris was soaking a flannel shirt in the little stream, flattening it in a rifle and weighting it down with rocks. She went straight to him and sat on the bank, motioning him to a seat by her side. He dried his hands and took the paper she held out to him.

"What's in the wind?" he asked. She nodded to indicate the document and he sat down to look over it. His quizzical expression was erased as he saw his father's name and the girl watched his face for some evidence of resentment as he read on. Their status was now reversed, for Bill Harris' holdings had been easily double those of her own parent. She saw the sun wrinkles deepen at the corners of his eyes as he grasped the text of it and he looked up at her and laughed.

"Now we're resting easy," he said. "An even trade."

"Uneven," she dissented. "Of course you know that I'll not take advantage of that."

"Accounts are all squared off between us now," he said. "And of course you'll do just what it says. He held up his hand as she started to dissent. "Don't you!" he reproved. "Let's let that end of it slide—rest for a while. Maybe some day we'll jump both into one and the two of us boss the whole job."

She rested a hand on his arm. "Of course you know I'm sorry for a number of things I've said to you," she said. "But I want to thank you for being too decent to return them in kind. You're real folks, Cal."

"Good girl, Billie," he thanked her. "As to what you said, it's remarkable that you didn't say more. I knew you weren't crabbng over what you might lose for yourself but over the thought that your father had been tricked. I tried to put myself in your place and if I'd been you I know I'd have kicked me out the place, or told Waddles to turn loose his wolf."

He switched abruptly away from the topic in hand and reverted to the subject they had discussed an hour past. "We've a clear field now with nothing on our minds but the job of putting the Three Bar on its feet," he said. "The Three Bar is a pretty small outfit; the way things are today but in a few more years the brand that runs three thousand head will be almost in the class of cattle kings. The range will be settled with an outfit roosting on every available site. The big fellows will find their range cut up and then they're through. If the Three Bar files on all the water out of Crazy Loop and covers the flat with hay we'll control all the range for a number of miles each way. There's not another site short of Brandon's place west of us—twelve miles or so; about the same to the east; still farther off south of us. We'll be riding the crest. You try and get a letter off to the judge today."

The girl nodded. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Colonists Placed Ban on Sumptuous Dress

Nowadays one of the most prominent features in the attire of the fair sex is the use of silks and satins. However, such was not the case with the women in the early days of the colony of Massachusetts. Their mode of dress was not governed by their own discretion and fashions. Rather the authorities took it upon themselves to dictate just what should be worn, not only by the women, but also that the men folks should dress in accordance with the judgment of those handling the affairs of the community at that time.

As early as 1651, the general court was enacting legislation which provided that if a man was not worth 200 pounds, he was not eligible to wear gold lace or silver lace, buttons or points at the knees. They were not permitted to wear boots owing to the scarcity of leather then.

As for the women, if their property was not valued to the extent of 200

pounds, their attire was not to include silk, tiffany hoods or scarfs. Thus, it was possible, by glancing at the dress of neighbors to tell approximately how much of this world's goods they possessed. The distinction of dress was an accepted distinction both of social rank and of occupation.

Solomon's Grand Song

The Song of Solomon was incorporated in the earliest Jewish scriptures. Selections were sung at certain festivals in the temple at Jerusalem prior to its destruction by Titus. It was first declared canonical by the Synod of Jamnia 90 A. D.

More Optimism

We haven't given up hope that one of these days some real smart scientist is going to discover valuable vitamins in a food that we really enjoy eating.—Rushville Republican.



SNOWBALLS

"Oh, look," said Peter Gnome, as he arrived at the Brownies' place for their party. "here are great enormous snowballs all ready for some sort of a game."

"They're certainly too big for a snowball fight," said the Elves.

"Yes, laughed all the Gnomes, "it would take about ten of us to lift one of them."

"Let's see just how heavy one of the snowballs is," said the Elves.

"All right," said the Gnomes. They started to move the snowball. It was very, very heavy.

"It seems to me," said Peter Gnome, "that I feel something moving in this snowball, and I hear a queer sound."

"Look! It's going to burst."

The snowball did burst. And what should come rolling out of it but Billie Brownie!

"Well, of all things," said Peter Gnome. "To think that I should take hold of the snowball in which you are hiding."

"Are there other Brownies in the other snowballs?" asked the guests.

They had been wondering why the Brownies hadn't come forth to meet them before.

"Look and see," said Billie Brownie, laughing.

"It seemed strange to see that you had made so many of these great big

snowballs, but now I see that every one of the Brownies is hiding that way."

"Did you hear us talking?"

And Peter Gnome went on chatting about their surprise in not finding the Brownies around, and then the still greater surprise when Billie Brownie fell out of one of the snowballs.

Of course Billie Brownie was delighted to hear that their joke had been such a good one and that they had really surprised the Elves and the Gnomes so much.

Then the different Brownies came out of the snowballs.

"We have to put the snowballs back again," said Billie Brownie, "as we're going to use these as our picnic tables."

They put them back again, covering up the places where the Brownies had hidden, and they used these huge snowballs for their picnic tables.

Well, the Gnomes and the Elves had a great deal to say about the surprise the Brownies had given them.

In fact the snowballs and the great surprise were talked about in Brownie-land and Fairyland for days and days.

It was such a huge, unexpected surprise.

The party was such fun, too, and it was almost the last one of the season.

Dog Saves Child

In one of the garden suburbs of Budapest, Hungary, a motor lorry was going along at a brisk pace. A man coming from the opposite end of the road saw it from afar and told his dog to beware of it. The dog walked by his master's side till the danger should have passed. But before that time something occurred which changed the whole situation.

Through an open garden gate a child's ball shot out, and the child, all unaware of the approaching lorry, came running after it. For a horrible second it seemed that the vehicle must pass over it, but one sharp word of command sent the dog dashing to the rescue. Catching the child's frock in his teeth, he hurled it with all his force out of the motor's way; but unfortunately he was unable to save himself.

Got Eggs When Milking

Little Bernice dearly loves to visit her grandparents, who live on a farm. She arrived early in the afternoon and that evening she hurried out with a little pail "to help Uncle Dan milk." On her way she saw her grandmother feeding the chickens. Changing her mind, Bernice went over to the hen house.

Soon she came running to the house, greatly excited. "O, look, Aunt Emma," she called, "I went milking and got three eggs."

Uncle Jack Knew

Jane lives with her uncle and aunt. "I am going to get a pair of roller skates," she told her nearest neighbor. "Oh," Mrs. W. said, "has your Aunt Nan said you could have skates?"

"Well, no," Jane replied, "Aunt Nan said I was too little, but Uncle Jack said, 'Oh, I guess she's big enough.'"



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—



For Wounds and Sores Try HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh. All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

Signs Direct From Factory to Consumer hand made. Box 50, 130 size, \$2.18 or 100 for \$7.35 postpaid with m. o. Bala. guar. W. M. Rockenwald, 1423 Clybourn Ave., Chicago.

PISO'S for Coughs. Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And generally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

A Perpetual Motion Clock. Since 1914 a clock in Dayton, Ohio, has been running without being wound. It is equipped with a thermal motor, consisting of a gallon tank filled with alcohol, a one-half-inch cylinder and piston with a ten-inch stroke. A rise in the temperature expands the alcohol, pushing the piston up with a series of weights weighing sixty pounds. A fall in temperature allows the weights to descend, winding the springs in the clock movement. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

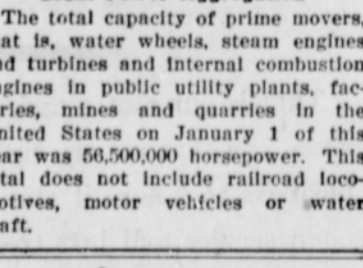
HAD TO WORK TOO HARD

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Gave Her Strength

Mt. Carmel, Pa.—"After my second baby was born I had to work too hard and be on my feet too soon because my husband was ill. After his death I was in such a weakened and run-down condition that nothing seemed to help me. I am starting the fourth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel a great deal better. I am much stronger and don't get so tired out when I wash or work hard. I do housekeeping and dressmaking and I highly recommend the Vegetable Compound as a tonic. I am willing to answer any letters I receive asking about it."—Mrs. GEORGETTE BURTS, 414 S. Market, Mt. Carmel, Pa.



Great Power Aggregation. The total capacity of prime movers, that is, water wheels, steam engines and turbines and internal combustion engines in public utility plants, factories, mines and quarries in the United States on January 1 of this year was 56,500,000 horsepower. This total does not include railroad locomotives, motor vehicles or water craft.



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