

MUNYON PREACHES HOPE PHILOSOPHY

New Association Gains Many Members—Faith's Curative Power.

Noted Health Expert Gives Reason for Big Success in Medicine.

Tremendous success has attended the organization of the new Munyon "Hope Cult." Professor Munyon claims that he has secured more converts than he even anticipated, and says that his "Hope Cult" is growing in leaps and bounds. It is said that the total membership of the association throughout the United States is now well over the half million mark.

In a statement for publication, Prof. Munyon said:

"I want to talk to every sick, ailing and despondent person in this city. I want to preach my new creed to them. I want to tell them about my new philosophy of health, which is the fruit of a lifetime of study and experience in dealing with sick folk.

"I want to expound the Great Truth that I have learned that there is more curative power in an ounce of Hope than in pounds of Drugs. That sick people should not take medicine except as a medium through which the great curative power of Hope may be made effective. Medicines are necessary in the present state of the world's progress because they give a patient physical support and strength and renewed vigor with which to brace up the will power. One knows, from the action of the proper medicines, that he or she is feeling better by the inspired hope and faith, which complete the cure.

"I think that probably half a million persons at least in the United States have declared themselves cured by my medicines, and I know that these people have had the best remedies medical science had to offer. I have always contended that if there is any virtue in medicine my followers should have the best, but I verily believe that more than one-half of those who have been lifted to health from the bondage of chronic illness, through taking my medicines, have been really cured by the knowledge that they had the utmost in medical lore at their command, and the Hope this inspired.

"I am not in any sense a practicing physician. I employ at my laboratories in Philadelphia a large staff of expert physicians and chemists, and I have many other physicians in various cities of the United States detailed to give free advice to the sick and afflicted. My headquarters are at Munyon's Laboratories, 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa., and I have there a staff of duly registered physicians and consulting experts, and to all who desire it I offer the best of medical advice absolutely free of charge.

Write today, addressing Prof. J. M. Munyon personally, and your letter will have a special care.

Properly Punished.
"I refuse to pay. If I do, I hope my arms will drop off," declared a man recently when summoned by the Stourbridge (Eng.) Guardians for delinquency to pay a week towards the maintenance of his mother. A startling sequel to his oath occurred the other day when he became paralyzed, and lost the use of both his arms.

Beware First False Step.
He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Properly Punished.
"I refuse to pay. If I do, I hope my arms will drop off," declared a man recently when summoned by the Stourbridge (Eng.) Guardians for delinquency to pay a week towards the maintenance of his mother. A startling sequel to his oath occurred the other day when he became paralyzed, and lost the use of both his arms.

Properly Punished.
"I refuse to pay. If I do, I hope my arms will drop off," declared a man recently when summoned by the Stourbridge (Eng.) Guardians for delinquency to pay a week towards the maintenance of his mother. A startling sequel to his oath occurred the other day when he became paralyzed, and lost the use of both his arms.

Properly Punished.
"I refuse to pay. If I do, I hope my arms will drop off," declared a man recently when summoned by the Stourbridge (Eng.) Guardians for delinquency to pay a week towards the maintenance of his mother. A startling sequel to his oath occurred the other day when he became paralyzed, and lost the use of both his arms.

Properly Punished.
"I refuse to pay. If I do, I hope my arms will drop off," declared a man recently when summoned by the Stourbridge (Eng.) Guardians for delinquency to pay a week towards the maintenance of his mother. A startling sequel to his oath occurred the other day when he became paralyzed, and lost the use of both his arms.

By the Aid of the Incubator

By Mary Gilbert

Esra Townley was forty years old and a bachelor. Few men arrive at this state unless the door to their hearts has been closed by a woman's hand, and Esra was no exception to the rule. While still an awkward schoolboy he had centered his affections on pretty Abbie Cummings, and the scorn in her eyes had never shaken his loyalty.

She was still Miss Abbie, an alert, self-reliant little woman, serenely conscious of the fact that the village applauded her wisdom in refusing to mate with so shiftless a man as Esra. Perhaps there were moments when womanliness conquered widowhood—when she yearned for the lonely man. But her dark eyes told no tales and Esra, naturally diffident, had never dared come to the point of proposal.

They had lived across the street from each other all their lives, but were still only good neighbors, with no apparent prospect of changing their relationship.

Esra's cottage stood in the center of an acre of ground, the greater part of which was devoted to his garden. There were vines of bees standing under the old apple trees, while behind them was a small poultry yard.

Every spring Esra laid plans for hatching a large flock of chickens, but he had never succeeded in raising more than nine. His interest in poultry was unabated, and he availed himself of the first spring auction to become the possessor of an incubator.

It was rather loose as to doors and wobbly as to legs, and the heating apparatus was hardly in a state to court investigation. But Esra's expectations of success were as sure to bloom as were the hardy perennials in Miss Abbie's garden. He saw in the much-worse-for-wear incubator a sure road to the realization of his hopes.

Having carefully read the tattered book of directions, he set up the machine in his barn. Then taking a basket, he went down the street to the village store. When Miss Abbie entered the store a few moments later, she found every one laughing heartily.

"There will be great doings in your neighborhood in about three weeks," said the young clerk who had stepped up to wait upon her. "I suppose you know that Esra Townley has an incubator?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't suppose you'd care, Abbie. If I had ever dared to think so—"

For once in her life Miss Abbie was speechless. But any one seeing her face at that moment would have known that her days of wisdom were at an end.

"I didn't suppose you'd care, Abbie. If I had ever dared to think so—"

For once in her life Miss Abbie was speechless. But any one seeing her face at that moment would have known that her days of wisdom were at an end.

"I didn't suppose you'd care, Abbie. If I had ever dared to think so—"

For once in her life Miss Abbie was speechless. But any one seeing her face at that moment would have known that her days of wisdom were at an end.

It proved to be a tiny seal, that made his eyes open wide in astonishment. Surely there could be no mistake. It was the setting to a ring that Miss Abbie had worn for many years, and would have been instantly recognized by any of her village friends.

How came the seal out of the ring? Above all, how came it to be lying there, among the egg shells in the incubator? Miss Abbie had not been among his visitors—that he was very sure. Wondering would neither solve the mystery nor restore the ring to its owner, so a few moments later he was knocking at her door.

Miss Abbie welcomed him cordially, and ushering him into her cozy sitting-room, made a cheery comment on the weather.

"It is a fine day," Esra admitted, "but that is not what brought me here. I have just found something that I mistrust belongs to you and no one else."

He extended the seal, and Miss Abbie took it at once, gazing at him with startled eyes. For perhaps the first time in all her life, she felt ill at ease in his presence.

"Why, where did you find it, Esra?" she gasped.

"That is the queer thing about it, Abbie. It was in my incubator, and I should like to know how it managed to get there."

"I never wanted you to know anything about it," she faltered.

"About what?"

"Why, the incubator. The boys knew that those store eggs wouldn't hatch, and they were coming up to laugh at you."

"But they did hatch," protested the bewildered Esra. "I have 45 chickens in my brooder this minute."

"You have the chickens," Miss Abbie admitted. "But they didn't come from those eggs."

"Not from those eggs!" Esra echoed blankly. "Then where on earth did they come from?"

Miss Abbie's confusion was increasing every moment. It was decidedly becoming, brightening her dark eyes, and bringing an almost girlish flush to her cheeks.

"I set four of my hens the night that you set the incubator, and came over early in the morning and changed the eggs."

"What morning?"

Married in Evening of Life.
Mr. James Thomas Wells, aged 73, was married at St. John's church, Ealing, England, the other day to Mrs. Emma Coster, aged 71. The couple were sweethearts in their youth, but their engagement was broken off. Each married and brought up a large family. They met again some time ago, and, both being free, decided to marry.

WASHES CLOTHES FASTER.
Use RED CROSS BALL BLUE and you will find it makes beautiful, clear, white clothes with less effort and less cost than any other blue. It is far superior to any liquid blue on the market for the best of liquid dyes is principally water. Use the blue that is all blue. AT ALL GROCERS. Price, 19 cents.

Disturbing to a Precise Man.
"This place removed" is a sign you see often enough in empty store windows, but, "said a precise man, "I can never get used to it. Of course we know well enough what it means; it is the business that has been removed; but it always disturbs me, just the same."

Fishermen's Superstition.
To mention the word "rabbits" on board a Cornish fishing smack arouses the ire of the crew. Should the hated word be uttered as the boat is leaving the harbor on a pilchard expedition, the speaker would stand a fair chance of being hurled overboard. The mere mention of "rabbits" destroys all chances of a "catch."—London Mail.

OUTSIDE MONEY COMING IN.
Pacific States Fire Insurance Company Makes Loan in Kelso.

C. L. Ayres and O. O. Koeppl, who have been in Kelso for the past two weeks, in the interest of the Pacific States Fire Insurance company, negotiated a loan of \$8,000 at a low rate of interest on the Market building, owned by Gray & Gross, the first of the week, and are looking for other gilt-edged investments in Kelso.

The Kelso State Bank has been appointed agent for the company in this city and all loans will be made through, and passed upon by, the local institution.

By keeping the money paid for fire insurance on Northwest property in the Northwest, the money can be loaned in Kelso and other towns in this region to the mutual benefit of the company and the borrower.

The Pacific States Fire Insurance company's entry into Kelso means the big insurance companies are beginning to recognize the importance of this city in a financial way—and are commencing to loan money on Kelso property—something the people of this city have endeavored for the past 20 years to have eastern companies do.

The headquarters of the Pacific States Fire Insurance company are in the Chamber of Commerce building, Portland, Oregon. Its officers are F. E. Beach, president; F. I. Fuller, vice president; A. H. Averill, treasurer, and Wm. M. Cake, attorney. Board of directors—A. H. Averill, William M. Cake, Louis G. Clarke, C. A. Craft, Chester Deeming, F. I. Fuller, John Gill, D. J. Quimby, S. W. Stryker, and Manuel Friedly.—Kelso Journal, Aug. 11, 1911.

Speak Distinctly.
Do not make the mistake of pitching your voice too low. It must be annoying to be forced to ask a person to repeat what they have just said, and mumbled words give a most unpleasant impression.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Worth Bearing in Mind.
The surest way of governing, both in private family and in the kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogatives.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes
Finest in Quality, Largest in Variety. They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-22 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass., The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

P N U No. 34-11
WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

The Human Heart

The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping round and round through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour. "Remember this, that our bodies will not stand the strain of over-work without good, pure blood any more than the engine can run smoothly without oil." After many years of study in the active practice of medicine, Dr. R. V. Pierce found that when the stomach was out of order, the blood impure and there were symptoms of general breakdown, a tonic made of the glycerin extract of certain roots was the best corrective. This he called



Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" helps the stomach to assimilate the food, thereby curing dyspepsia. It is especially adapted to diseases attended with excessive tissue waste, notably in convalescence from various fevers, for thin-blooded people and those who are always "catching cold."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for the French cloth-bound book of 1068 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

GILLESPIE SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

534 Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.
Two-year courses for teachers, readers and public speakers. Graduates after completing two years of post-graduate work, granted professional diplomas. Continuous classes from 8 to 10 o'clock, five days per week. Individual lessons with either the principal or the assistants, afternoons and evenings.
EMMA W. GILLESPIE, Principal.

DR. COOPER'S COMPOUND DANDELION PILLS

are the safest and most reliable cathartic and system cleanser. The best remedy for Torpid Liver, Biliaryness and Sick Headache.
At Druggists' or by Mail, 25 Cents
HOYT CHEMICAL CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

Y. M. C. A. GROWS.

Special Effort Made to Accommodate Out-of-Town Students.
The Educational Department of the Portland Y. M. C. A. made a growth of over forty per cent in its membership the past year. It is already evident, from the present enrollment, that an even larger increase in attendance will be realized the coming year. This increase is due to the excellent boarding accommodations provided for out-of-town students, well equipped laboratories, a large and well-trained corps of teachers, and, too, the organization of the work, which allows a student to progress as rapidly as he is able.

The following work will be carried on the coming year: Full college preparatory course, business college course, automobile school, electrical course, school of pharmacy, English course, boys' trade and business course, English course for men, school of trades for carpentry, plumbing, and sheet metal work, assay and mining course.

A complete educational catalog will be issued in a few days, giving a full statement of the details of all courses and subjects. This will be sent to any address on application to Educational Director, Portland Y. M. C. A.

W. L. DOUGLAS

*2.50, *3.00, *3.50 & *4.00 SHOES
WOMEN wear W.L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W.L. Douglas Men's shoes.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W.L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make for the price.

CAUTION
The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom of your foot to wear, all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass. ONE PAIR OF my BOYS' \$2, \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS OF ordinary boys' shoes

REMINGTON UMC
Steel Lined NITRO CLUB SHOT SHELLS

The best shot shells ever made improved with a steel lining.
This steel lining around the smokeless powder insures better pattern, better penetration, and greater velocity for the same load. It gives added strength to the shell and protection to load and shooter.
Nitro Club shot shells have won every interstate handicap for the last two years. Cost no more than ordinary shells.
For Remington-UMC and all other shotguns.
Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination.
REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway, New York City

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer, or we will send postpaid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors.
MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Illinois.



Joke Not on Esra.

Esra? He is going to start the machine tonight, and has stocked up with cold storage eggs. I told him that we would all be up to see how the machine turned out. Maybe we won't have some fun with him then!"

Miss Abbie went homeward with her head in a whirl. Why should people pick on Esra as the butt of such a joke? What should she do about it? Tell Esra of his mistake? No, he should never learn from her that he had been an object of ridicule.

Suddenly her face lighted up with a smile, showing that the right idea had come. Never had she been more cheerful and serene than during the next three weeks. At times her eyes would twinkle as at some secret joke, and more than one village gossip wondered what good fortune had befallen Miss Abbie.

Esra was not an early riser, but on the day that the incubator hatch was due he awoke just before dawn. It seemed to him that he heard the barn door creak. Dressing himself quickly, he went out to investigate. Everything was in perfect order, with no sign of any disturbance.

But hark! What was that sound? A faint peep from one of the eggs in the incubator? Were they already beginning to hatch?

Never had he so many callers as walked up the path that day. One and all they turned away, baffled, bewildered and sure of only one thing—that the joke was not on Esra.

"There were 28 chicks out the last time that I counted," their host explained jubilantly, "and of course they just keep a-coming. I tell you it was a great streak of luck for me when I got that hatching machine!"

When the hatch was over and the chickens consigned to the care of a home-made brooder, Esra cleaned out the incubator and brushed up the broken egg shells. Among them he noticed a bit of gleaming black, and stopped to pick it up.

GOOD CIGAR WAS WASTED

Man Was Sure He Would Have a Berth Until Told the Train Was a Freight.

"Do you know what time the next train will pass through here going north?" asked a man who had been compelled to stay over night in a small town in Arkansas.

"There will be one in about twenty minutes," replied the ticket agent.

"Bully! Do you ever smoke?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Here's a cigar that I bought in Dallas. You can't get anything like it in this town. I think you'll enjoy it. They charge 17 cents apiece by the thousand for that brand."

"Thanks. I'm afraid it may spoil my taste, but I'll take a chance on it, just the same."

"Say, can you fix me out with a lower berth for St. Louis?"

"I can telegraph to have one reserved for you on the train that passes through here at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"No, no; I want to go on the train that's coming now. Can't you fix me out on that one?"

"Nope. I'm very sorry I can't do it."

"O, come on! you can arrange it some way."

"No, it's impossible."

"Well, I'll have to fix it with the conductor, then, I suppose."

"You won't be able to get a berth from him."

"I won't eh! You watch me. There's a sleeper on the train, isn't there?"

"No."

"What! No sleeper? What kind of trains do you run on this line, anyhow?"

"Well, this one that's coming is a freight train."

"Uncle Tom" in England.

I see it stated that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a first success from the moment of its first issue in England. This is altogether inaccurate. "Uncle Tom" was declined by a well known London publisher, but another firm brought out an edition of 2,500 copies at half a crown. This proved a failure, so the price was reduced to one shilling and then the book sold rapidly. In a few weeks every one was reading it. The firm which had made a good thing out of this speculation were anxious to secure Mrs. Stowe's next work, so they gave her £500 for the early sheets of the key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which an edition of 50,000 copies was printed, but the book proved a disastrous failure. Mrs. Stowe's second title was "Life Among the Lowly," but this was changed in England to "Negro Life in the Slave States of America."—London Truth.