

Raises the Dough Better!

25c
Pound Can
All Grocers



Yorkshire Duck.
Take the heart, liver, tongue and a thick slice from one cheek of a pig and wash thoroughly, then put on the stove to cook with sufficient water to cover and salt to suit taste; when nearly done add one onion (chopped fine) and add pepper to suit taste and stove and drain, then run the meat through the food grinder (or chop real fine) and add pepper to suit taste, and a little sage. Place in a granite-kettle or dish and let cool. It is then ready for use.

Get "In the Game"

but remember you must be strong and robust to win. A sickly person is the loser in every way; but why remain so?

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

will aid digestion and help you back to health and strength. Try a bottle today. Avoid substitutes.

"Improved" Bull Fight
A bull fight in Tokio is quite as much excuse for a gala day as a bull fight in Madrid. Business men leave their offices, and women and children their homes, to hurry to the arena. Stripped of all the less exciting, or less horrible, preliminaries which characterize the Spanish bull fight, the animals are brought in and sent at each other at once. So the battle is shorter, and two or three more fights will follow in quick succession during the course of an afternoon's "entertainment."

Canada's Oyster Industry.
There are no oysters on the coast of New England, north of Cape Cod, but they are numerous in certain parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent Canadian waters. Efforts are being made by the Dominion government to develop the oyster industry to much larger proportions than its present comparatively small size.

Use Sea Water in Baking.
The local papers are complaining about the size of the bread sold by the Iroquois bakers, who, besides charging two and one-half cents for a loaf of bread of 22 grams weight, it is said are using sea water in their bakeries.—From the West Coast Leader, Lima, Peru.

America's Vast Corn Field.
The combined area of the corn fields of the United States is nearly equal to the area of France or Germany.

COLD IN THE HEAD

Is the First Chapter in the History of Chronic Disease.

A cold in the head is the first chapter in the history of disease and death. This has been so often repeated that there are few people indeed who have not witnessed many examples of it.

A cold in the head is rarely severe enough to confine a vigorous person to the house. As a rule, it ends in recovery without any treatment. This has led many people to regard a cold in the head as of no importance. It is a terrible mistake, however, to pass by a cold in the head as a trivial matter. Each case should be treated.

Those who have used Peruna for such cases will testify unanimously that a few doses is sufficient to remove every vestige of the cold. How much better it is to allow it to go on and on for weeks, perhaps months, leaving effects that will never be eradicated.

Yet there are those who neglect to take Peruna for a cold in the head. This neglect is due to the false notion that a cold in the head is hardly worth noticing.

A cold in the head is in reality a case of acute catarrh. It ought to be called so, in order to awaken people from their lethargy on this subject. In a large per cent of cases cold in the head will end in chronic catarrh. Unless properly treated with some such remedy as Peruna, perhaps 50 per cent of cases of cold in the head will lay the foundation for chronic catarrh.

A tablespoonful of Peruna should be taken at the very first symptom of cold in the head. Usually where the cold is not very severe a tablespoonful of Peruna before each meal and at bedtime is sufficient. It may be necessary, however, where the attack is more serious, to keep strictly in the house and take a tablespoonful of Peruna every hour. Younger people, feeble or delicate women, should take a teaspoonful every hour.

MADE YOUTH A SAILOR

GREAT MAN REMEMBERED HIS PROMISE TO BOY.

Had "Fought for Jackson," and the President Redeemed Partial Promise That He Had Made Some Years Before.

The subject of Mr. Stephen Bonsal's stirring biography, "Edward Fitzgerald Beale," was the son of Paymaster George Beale, who served with distinction under Macdonough at Lake Champlain, and of Emily, the daughter of Commodore Truxtun of the famous Constellation. Young Beale, as a member of two naval families, therefore, had what was regarded in the old navy as a prescriptive right to enter the service.

With the advent of President Jackson, all such rights were brushed aside, and the claims of young Beale might have been overlooked except for a fortunate and characteristic incident.

The boys of Washington, where the Beales spent their winters, were ardent politicians, like their fathers, and they were divided by allegiance to antagonistic statesmen. The disputes between the Adams partisans and the Jacksonians grew so bitter that the boys decided to settle all their political differences once for all by the ancient test of battle.

Ned Beale was the Jacksonian champion, and the Adamsites were represented by a boy named Evans, who afterward became a distinguished citizen of Indiana. The fistie battle was appointed to take place under a long arch, which at that time marked the southern entrance to the White House grounds.

While the battle raged and the enthusiastic spectators applauded, a tall figure suddenly appeared, scattered the boys, and seizing Beale by the collar, asked him why he was fighting. He replied that he was fighting for General Jackson, and that his opponent had expressed a poor opinion of the president's politics and personality.

"I am General Jackson," said the man. "I never forget the men or boys who are willing to fight for me, but I do not wish them to do it all the time. Now put on your coats."

A few years later, when Beale reached his fourteenth year, his desire to enter the navy became overwhelming. One afternoon he called at the White House with his mother to see General Jackson and ask for a midshipman's warrant.

Mrs. Beale told her story, and spoke of the fact that her boy was the son and grandson of men who had served their country and been wounded in battle. Jackson listened with courtesy, but seemed uncertain how he should act. Suddenly the boy interrupted his mother.

"Mother, he said, 'let me speak to General Jackson.'"

He then reminded the president of the fight and the promise he had made, at least by implication, to serve him whenever the opportunity presented.

Without a word, General Jackson tore off the back of a letter lying near him, and wrote to the secretary of the navy. "Give this boy an immediate warrant," and handed it to Mrs. Beale.—Youth's Companion.

Treasure Hard to Get At.
News that a fresh attempt is to be made to recover sunken treasures from the ship General Grant recalls the story of that ill fated vessel. She sailed for London from Melbourne in 1866 and was wrecked off the Auckland islands. For two years her disappearance remained a mystery. Then chance led to the rescue of a few survivors, who told how the vessel had been dashed against a cliff 400 feet high and in sinking had been swept into a cave at its base. There for close on half a century the wreck has lain in fourteen fathoms of water, with treasure to the value of \$1,250,000 in the bullion room to tempt the treasure hunter. The estimate may be an exaggeration, but the report has already attracted five well equipped expeditions. The swirl of the tide and the deadly backwash within the cave have so far defied the efforts of the most skillful and daring divers to reach the treasure. It remains to be seen whether the sixth attempt will share the failure of its predecessors.

Imaginary Insomnia.
Brand Whitlock, who is writing stories and books when he is not maying and reforming, hates, with all the vindictiveness that is in his heart, clocks that strike the hour and throw out on the silvery air of night their bell-like chimes.

One evening he went to Columbus and put up at a hotel near a church tower, which was some tower when it came to chiming. Brand got into bed, and after tossing restlessly about for a long time, heard the big clock strike "one." After what seemed an interminable hour, during which his brain was teeming with ideas for uplifting the human race and taking money away from publishers, the bell rang twice.

"Two o'clock!" groaned Whitlock. "I'll never get to sleep."

"Insomnia!" wailed Brand. "I'm going mad!"

He sprang out of bed, turned on the light and looked at his watch.

It was a quarter to one in the morning, and his agile brain had changed the quarter chimes into hour bells.—Popular Magazine

Horse Cars in the Metropolis



NEW YORK'S TIME-HONORED VEHICLE

IN PARIS recently they held a "funeral" for the last of the horse omnibuses. Three thousand people, some in motor cars and others on foot and wearing crepe, formed in the Place St. Sulpice and marched in solemn procession behind a bus that was making its last journey as a public conveyance in the city streets. They hung magnificent wreaths about the old-timer, and twice the legal allowance of thirty-four passengers crowded aboard for the last trip. An automobile, draped in black, followed close behind spilling silver-paper tears as it went, and that night every music hall revue included a song in its program that was supposed to be sung by the last conductor, the last driver, or one of the last two horses.

It will not be long before New York may have an opportunity to perform similar rites in honor of the horse car, for that time-honored vehicle which has stubbornly refused to "die" these many years is destined soon to disappear from our streets. Will New York deign to pay its respects to that last horse car after the fashion of the Parisians with their late-lamented horse bus? It is possible, but unlikely.

Ashamed of Them.
New York is just a bit ashamed of the longevity of its horse car. That the second largest city in the world still travels in a vehicle that would be hooted at in many a less pretentious western town, has been pointed out so persistently that it has begun to hurt. It is doubtful if New York will mourn — at any rate in public — the passing of the horse car. There are too many strangers in town who have come on from the west to gape at the subway and remain grinning on the sidewalk as some jingling relic of the fifties goes clattering along West street.

A few might feel a pang of regret at the sight of the last horse car journeying through Manhattan's streets. To them, it would mean the passing of an institution that did all that could be expected of it, and did it well, too, in the days when New York was not so dreadfully grown up. So long as the city did not demand the impossible, the horse car carried people to business in the morning, and home in the evening; and it took them to the theaters at night in a manner that met all the requirements of the day and age. But in these pay-as-you-enter days it doesn't even pretend to be able to fulfill its share of the contract.

"You will have to excuse me," it seems to say, as it journeys through the thick of the waterfront traffic these days. "I used to be able to do your transportation work, but you've grown altogether too fast for me and I can no longer manage you. So take your subway express or taxi or your Fifth Avenue motor bus, and leave me alone. I'll not be here to disgrace you much longer."

The horse car that says this to you is almost the identical horse car that supplied rapid transit on nearly all the main thoroughfares fifty or sixty years ago. Its style hasn't changed much. If you board one today, you are very likely to find that you are even being driven by an ancient who has been a horse-car driver most of his life. There's old George Lent who, at the venerable age of sixty-nine, is still commander-in-chief of his car on the Belt Line that runs along the waterfront from the Battery to Fifty-fourth street. In the forty-three years that Lent has been a driver, he has had only one route, and it is said he can tell what street he is driving past, even with his eyes closed, just by the "feel" of it. Matthew Kiernan is another. Kiernan is seventy years old, and apparently as hale as ever, at the end of thirty-four years of horse-car driving along West street.

But the veteran of them all is Matthew F. Murphy, or "Matt" Murphy, as he is called, who began to drive a horse car on Third Avenue on April 1, 1866, and is still driving his car today along the East river waterfront. In a little more than a month, Matt will celebrate his forty-seventh year as a driver, and although he is

sixty-nine years old he has no notion of quitting until they quit running horse cars. Then, of course, he will have to stop.

Old-Time Rush Hours.
Oh, yes, there was a rush hour as far back as the sixties. It lasted from six to nine in the morning, Matt says, and the Third Avenue line handled it by pressing nearly all of their rolling stock, numbering 150 cars, into service and sending them downtown at intervals of one minute and forty-five seconds. At other times of the day there would be fewer cars and longer waits, and at night, after the theaters had closed on the Bowery, there were only twelve cars running. But then New York kept earlier hours in those days.

"In those days we drivers usually knew most of the people who lived along the line and traveled with us every day, and they knew us," said Matt. "So in the morning, when the rush was on, I'd often wait at a corner when I saw the man, who always took my car there, hadn't finished his breakfast yet. Sometimes a steady passenger would open his dining-room window and call out that he was just finishing breakfast, and ask me to hold up a minute until he came out. Would I do it? Of course, I would. That was the way we ran horse cars in the old days."

Matt says it was the usual thing for horse-car drivers to work sixteen and seventeen hours a day in those days. Each driver had his own car, that is, a car which he alone used, and also his own team and his regular conductor. He was responsible for the general condition and appearance of the car, and usually took personal pride in it. The fare for the entire trip on the Third Avenue line was six cents. Matt says the conductor would collect five of it in the beginning, and then go around and exact an extra cent from every passenger still on board when the car reached Sixty-fifth street. In the beginning, the conductor didn't ring up fares; he just pocketed them.

There was no heating system—not even a stove—in the old cars, according to Matt. In winter, passengers kept their feet warm by plunging them in a matting of straw that was thrown on the car floor. Also there was no cushion on the long wooden seats inside. This made it rather uncomfortable for people traveling any distance, and Matt says that Peter Cooper, who was one of his regular passengers, always brought a cushion with him.

Value of Accuracy.
We strive so much to know everything that we lose sight of the fact that accuracy is more important than knowledge, since knowledge that is misty and fragile is a poor guide. But it is not only that what we know should be true as that the fact that accuracy is one of the most important elements of character.

Vague ideas tend to make a weak character, since character is only another name for truth. So that in the education of every man and child, accuracy should be made a vital part. One of the tests for entrance to the naval academy is, or was, an addition of a column of figures to ascertain the quantity of carelessness, if any, the applicant has in his character. It should be made an important item in our education to require accuracy.—Ohio State Journal.

New Side Show.
Tommy had been to the circus with his father and was telling his mother all about it.

"But," he said, regretfully, "there was one side show we didn't see."

"How do you know you didn't?" asked his mother.

"Well," explained Tommy, "just as we were leaving I heard Mr. Jones tell papa that he'd better stick around so as to see some of the pretty chickens."—The Popular Magazine.

Its Oddity.
"There is one queer thing about an embroiderer of letters and monograms."

"What is that?"

"No matter how many she does, the latest is always an initial venture."

W. L. DOUGLAS

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SAVE TIME ON IRONING DAY

Attention to These Small Details Will Lighten Labor and Result in Better Work.

When ironing small articles, such as napkins and handkerchiefs, do not let your iron cool while you do the folding. Iron a table napkin straight and true and dry on the wrong side; lay it aside and iron another and keep on as long as your iron keeps hot enough.

Then place the iron on the stove and pull the napkins with the hands and you have the loose folds used by the best housekeepers. Also the thread of the linen stands out nicely on the right side, as does any hemstitching or embroidery that may be there. Linen towels should be done this way, and the most common ones will look wondrously fine, not to mention the appearance of the best ones, says the Washington Herald.

Fillow slips being double, must be ironed on the wrong side and laid aside. When ready to put away in boxes, fold in required size with the hands. Fold your table cloths once wrong side out, and iron on both sides of fold. Place irons on the fire, then fold tablecloth loosely. Treat linen sheets the same way, but cotton ones may be folded twice before ironing.

Distemper
In all its forms, among all ages of horses and dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$50 and \$1.00. Good druggists, or send to manufacturers, Agents wanted. Write for free book, Spohn Med. Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Test of Sobriety.
Many shibboleths have been devised for testing sobriety. George Meredith, who doubtless could have evolved some wonderful examples, had he chosen, calls them "olnimeters," or methods of determining the condition of man, according to the degrees of wine or beer in him." One of the most snarful of these is the sentepce, "Give James Grimes' gilt gig-whip, and a cup of coffee from a copper coffee pot."—London Chronicle.

FREE ADVICE
For the cure and prevention of every disease with HERB-NATURE'S OWN REMEDIES. Are you sick? Have you a friend that's sick? Write today for symptom blank and we will diagnose your case free of charge and tell you what remedies are needed to cure yourself at home. Aid Dept. American Herb Doctor, 4158 Arcade Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Memory Gems for Children.
Children learn readily of right thinking and right doing through anecdote and memory gems. We cannot give them too many memory gems, provided they are suited to their age and intelligence. Every thought will not affect every child, but every thought will affect some child. Robert Louis Stevenson said he was brought up on poetry and stories, and these poems and stories were the source of his later inspiration.

New Material.
A new development of the toweling material is now being shown. On the back this has the same appearance as pique, while on the right side the little loops of thread are arranged in even rows. A heavy thread of black or dark color appears at intervals of an inch.

FILES CURED IN 4 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Files in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Tripe and Liver Fricasseed.
Take equal weights of tripe and liver. Fry the liver in strips; cut some cold-broiled tripe in the same way, flour it and fry it also. Then cover with a thick brown gravy or stock. Serve hot, garnish with fried parsley and little heaps of fried onion.

Feathers.
"A man might succeed in feathering his own nest," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "if so much of his money did not go towards putting them on his wife's hats."

WOMAN'S ILLS DISAPPEARED

Like Magic after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

North Bangor, N. Y.—"As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with great benefit: I feel it my duty to write and tell you about it. I was ailing from female weakness and had headache and backache nearly all the time. I was later every month than I should have been and so sick that I had to go to bed."

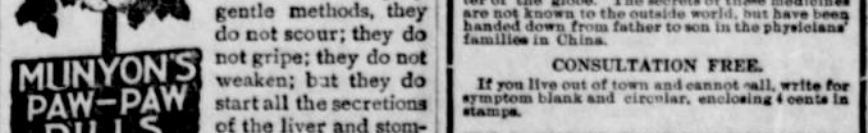
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and these troubles have disappeared like magic. I have recommended the Compound to many women who have used it successfully."—Mrs. JAMES J. STACY, R.F.D. No. 3, North Bangor, N. Y.

Another Made Well.
Ann Arbor, Mich.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me. For years I suffered terribly with hemorrhages and had pains so intense that sometimes I would faint away. I had female weakness so bad that I had to doctor all the time and never found relief until I took your remedies to please my husband. I recommend your wonderful medicine to all sufferers as I think it is a blessing for all women."—Mrs. L. E. WYCKOFF, 112 S. Ashley St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

There need be no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to remedy woman's diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical. Why don't you try it?

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