

Margaret Livingston



Winsome Margaret Livingston, the clever little "movie" star, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She is five feet, three inches tall, and weighs 118 pounds. Miss Livingston is proud of her pretty auburn hair—as well as of her soft brown eyes.

Your Health

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

ECZEMA IN INFANTS

THIS disease has different degrees of severity and may even be associated with conditions which end fatally, but that is not the usual result.

Any kind of a baby, fat or lean, plump or emaciated, may have it, but it seems to have a preference to those who have catarrhal troubles, who are scrofulous, as it is used to be called, or who have rickets, indigestion, anemia or fever of various kinds.

The disease may occur at any period of infancy, before or after weaning, and the pain and soreness of teething doubtless aggravates it in many cases. There is probably a germ which causes it, at least in some cases, and it may be associated with the itch and with vermin of different species. It also has a relation to filthiness and neglect of the nose, ears and eyes and with the irritating saliva of a dirty mouth.

Other causes are constipation, indigestion, prolonged exposure to the sun's rays or to the heat of a badly ventilated room.

Then an eruption appears on the entire body, on the face and scalp, or on the scalp alone.

At first this eruption is composed of red dots or points; in a few days they contain a fluid; and a little later the fluid becomes purulent, the points of the eruption run together, and we soon have a number of crusts or scabs, or perhaps a sheet of scabs covering the entire scalp.

The itching is continuous night and day, and there is constant scratching or rubbing the scalp.

Infectious material is carried by the nails and fingers and before long the eyes, nose, mouth and ears and other parts of the body are sore as a result of this transmission.

In treating such a case, select, if possible, a doctor who is familiar with the diseases of infants and children.

These few suggestions may also prove serviceable: Cut the baby's nails to prevent scratching; cut the hair; wash out the rectum daily; and protect the head and face with a thin muslin cap or bonnet.

Apply neither hot or cold water to the scalp, and keep the eruption covered with a dusting powder of boric acid, zinc, or starch.

When the scabs loosen, remove them cautiously and apply a mild astringent ointment, removing it and re-applying daily.

Find, by experiment and your doctor's help, the kind of food which will suit the child, and give a mild tonic to brace up the general condition.

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SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

CLIMBING THE HILLS

SLOWLY over the hills on the winding roads, toward a loftier crest and a higher life, noble men and women wend their weary way, forgetful of time, forgetful of everything but the goal that lies waiting for them at the end of their journey.

Some of these humans as they move along weave the scattered threads of gold which they gather into shining garments; others content themselves with humility, from which they get their greatest reward.

All are governed by Ambition. The censors enumerate, catalogue and classify the good and the bad. They leave the result of their labors to the travelers who are yet to come, and who like those of the present must learn from the climbers who have gone before.

If we of this day and generation have within us the proper energy and interest, we shall go a little higher, but we must fight every inch of the way for foothold and keep our honor as bright as burnished silver.

We must pay the price in constant work. We must lift our eyes to the skies and march on and on undaunted.

We must pack our hearts with faith. Faith is for the hour when defeat threatens, to carry us over the crisis, up to a higher altitude where the ground is firm, where hope becomes doubly sure, and we know and feel within our souls that we have at last reached the coveted turning point of our career.

From the hot-headed, the obtuse and the foolhardy, Ambition turns away sorrowfully; but to the earnest, the courageous and the unwavering she stretches out her strong arm and lifts them up to distinction.

If you have been tempted to withdraw from the chase, but have overcome the impulse, be assured that you are climbing on solid ground.

You may have smarted awhile under the stroke of the lash, but because of the stripes you have become a better climber, a better man or woman.

For you have learned how to shut your mouth and say nothing when angry; how to put forth the last ounce of your own strength, and how, when almost overcome, to rely on faith, which sustained you and enabled you to reach the goal, which is possible for any one who has the simple trust of a little child in the promise of his father.

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What People Are Interested In

DIFFERENCE IN MEN

THE degree of a man's intelligence may be judged by the worth of the things he considers important, always supposing that the judges know what things really are important.

Bill is an average man and sells bonds to get a living. He plays golf, reads the sport page and cusses congress. But the thing uppermost in his mind, the burden of his conversation and the goal of his labors is an extension of the car track from its present terminal to a point eight blocks farther east.

Jack is an average man. He lays brick and worries about the cost of meat and takes an interest in box scores and politics; but his chief concern is to persuade boys to join the Y. M. C. A.

Bob is average also. He clerks in a store and reads outdoor magazines and invests his spare money in fishing tackle. He thinks the most important task this generation has to face is the preservation of standing timber.

Henry is a planter. He is interested in radio development and religion, and enjoys his children and his flivver; but his spare time is devoted to earnest correspondence designed to promote interest in a high tariff on peanuts.

George is ordinary in all ways. He writes insurance and keeps a cage of pigeons; reads the magazines that tell how great and wealthy men get that way; delights in helping the children with their lessons, reads aloud from Shakespeare. He will tell you that the great need of the times is purification of the drama.

Pete isn't unusual. He is a tailor and enjoys the study of ancient fashions. He has a good collection of old coins; thinks everybody should sleep out of doors; teaches a class in Sunday school. Whenever opportunity appears he tells people that the great need of the present is universal study of Esperanto.

Clyde is a traveling man and reads Emerson. He thinks the breeding of live stock should be encouraged, and he is working on an automatic shoe lace; but his soul is disturbed by the urgent need of laws to suppress idle pleasure seekers.

"Ah, well; perhaps you can judge a man's intelligence by the worth of the things he considers important! One small head seldom affords room for more than one enthusiasm, and the average man just keeps on going in the direction that something or somebody directed him.—Baltimore Sun.

An egotist is a man who is always talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

AT THE THIRD HOUR

By CRETE WARREN

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IT WAS a cold, disagreeable day, late in November, and the cutting wind blew in fierce little gusts around the corners of the tall city buildings. The streets were almost deserted, save for a few men and women who, muffled almost beyond recognition, hurried with heads bent in face of the wind, which seemed to come from every direction. The thermometer registered several degrees below zero, and the sky was heavy, with every indication of snow.

No one noticed that the great clock in the courthouse had stopped, and at three o'clock no one missed the striking of the hour.

At just one minute before three the power which ran the clock was turned off, and, for the first time since it was started, several years before, the great hands were still. The nut which held the hands in place had become loosened, and a man skilled in the mechanism of clocks had been called to tighten the screw.

It was a perilous undertaking. The clock was three hundred and eighty feet above the street, and his only way to get at it was by lowering himself from a lookout thirty feet above. The face measured twenty-four feet, the minute hand was nearly twelve feet long, the hour hand nine. These hands were very heavy and solid, of wood covered with galvanized iron, and were two feet thick.

The man stood for a minute, gazing out over the city, after fastening the rope which was to let him down to the clock. He planned to gain a foothold on the hour hand, which was almost horizontal at this hour, and work his way across to the center, where it would take him but a moment to tighten the screw, get back to the rope and pull himself up. He drew a deep breath and carefully let himself over the stone railing of the lookout.

The snow was now falling fine and fast, driven hard by the wind. The man was almost blinded by it, when he felt his foot firm upon the hour hand. The rope was barely long enough, and he wished he had taken a longer one, but he thought it would not pay to go back, as long as this one would reach, though he realized that it would be harder for him to get back with the short one. Sitting down, he slid over to the center and commenced his work. Every moment the snow became more blinding, and as he glanced downwards he noticed that he could not see the streets below.

He had finished and was just about to start back for the rope, when he heard a great whirr inside the clock and almost at the same time felt a jerk of the hand upon which he was seated. He made one mad, hurried move towards the end of the hand, when all at once his every sense seemed to be paralyzed by the deafening sound of the chimes. The sound seemed to vibrate through every part of him, and it was impossible to attempt to move until the last of the three deep tones striking the hour died away, and he felt another jerk of the hand beneath him. It was but an instant, and he had gained the end of the hand and was cautiously getting to his feet. He reached for the rope. The wind was blowing it and he could barely touch it with the ends of his fingers!

He groaned aloud and strained every ligament in an effort to get a hold on the rope, but it seemed impossible. At last it was almost within his grasp, but with a jerk which nearly unbalanced him, the hand again slipped, and the rope was hopelessly out of reach! It seemed to the desperate man that his reason must go in that awful instant!

He repeated himself, for the shock had weakened his knees and his strength seemed gone. The cold was intense and there was no way of making anyone hear a cry for help. Nor was there any chance of anyone discovering his danger. With every minute the hour hand slipped downward over an inch, and—merciful heaven! As he looked up at the great minute hand he realized what an awful fate would overcome him in a few minutes if some help did not come to him. With every minute the descending hand brought certain death so much the nearer! Good God! Must he sit there calmly and count the minutes until he should be gradually crushed to death? For at a quarter past the hour, the minute hand must pass the hour hand on which he was seated, and the distance between the two was only a little over two inches!

His brain seemed dead. He couldn't think. His gaze was fascinated by the rapidly descending hand which was either to crush him to death or hurl him off on to the steeply slanting roofs of the building two hundred feet below. He glanced down. Would it not be better to jump then and end the horrible suspense? No, he loved his life, and then—some help might come. And so he waited. The minutes, which had seemed to come so rapidly upon each other at first, now seemed slower, until he wondered if the clock might not be stopping. But no, it came on and on, this dreadful thing which was to kill him. He found himself calculating whether it would crush him or knock him off. He wished the hands moved steadily instead of in those terrible jerks. One more jerk, or minute, and the

hand would touch his head. He crouched over and waited. The hand descended and he could not sit up without touching it. He must lie flat—it would be easier that way, he thought, and he was quite calm now.

All this time he had been sitting with his face toward the clock, his feet hanging down between the hour hand and the dial. As he raised his feet to lie on the hand he suddenly stopped, and in a moment was getting over the side of the hand next to the clock. Yes, there was room for his body if he could hold his weight until the minute hand had passed the hour, and then he could raise himself again to his former position. His muscles were strong, and at first his weight seemed as nothing. The minutes seemed longer now than ever and the biting cold was numbing his fingers in spite of the heavy gloves he wore. At last, just as it seemed that he must let go, it passed, and he raised himself once more.

But what would this avail him? he thought. Just another hour of life! He could not endure this for twelve hours, even if he could manage to keep his hold, and this seemed unlikely, for the slant of the hand was making it more difficult each minute to keep his position. In a few hours it would be dark, and with the night, the cold was certain to become more intense, and he would freeze. Death seemed inevitable, but he determined to hold out as long as a ray of hope came to him.

And so on through the lengthening hour. Then he found, with the increasing slant of the hand, that he must devise some other method of hanging on, so he laid himself flat upon the beam, and with his arms around it, braced his feet against the joint which formed the point. In this way he could keep his position, even though the hands were perpendicular. At each quarter the great chimes rang out, their vibration almost sickening him, so loud and close were they. Quarter past four—and he must soon hang on to the hand again while the other passed. He lowered himself, and this time it was harder than before, for his joints were stiff with the cold, and the altered position of the hour hand made it more difficult to get a good hold. Just as the long hand was passing over the short one, a desperate idea entered the frenzied mind of the man who was making such a fight for his life. Quickly, though with great danger of slipping and falling, he reached one leg and then the other around on to the minute hand, and just as it passed the hour hand, swung himself upon it.

The horrors of that dizzy journey around the clock on the minute hand, the terrible danger he underwent in changing his position on the hand so as to escape having his head downwards, cannot be expressed in words, but he was saved from death, for at a little after ten minutes past five o'clock, his half-frozen hands reached the rope that meant life to him. And when he had gained the upper halls of the building to take the elevator to the ground floor, the elevator boy stared at him in horror. The man he had taken up less than three hours before was young and his hair had been a rich, dark brown. This was surely the same man, but his hair was as white as the snow falling outside!

Real Log Once Used to Determine Ship's Speed

The nautical "knot" was originally an actual knot on a ship's "log line." This in turn took its name from the log of wood which was used by the old time mariner in measuring distance. Presuming the sea to be without current, a log thrown into the water will remain stationary. Obviously, therefore, if it is thrown overboard from the bows of the ship, by the time the stern passes it, the ship must have traveled its own length in such-and-such a time. The log, then, was really the first way of determining a ship's speed. The next step was to attach a line to the log, the line being knotted at regular intervals of so many feet. The log, by this time of a fixed type, was thrown overboard and the line allowed to run free from a reel. At the end of so many seconds the whole apparatus was hauled in and the knots that had been paid out counted. The ship was then said to be traveling at so many knots. The distance between the knots, as well as the number of seconds during which the log was overboard were regulated, so as to make it easy to work out how many nautical miles (which, by the way, are divisions of degrees of latitude, and are rather longer than land miles), the ship was traveling an hour. And though to-day the modern log is a complicated clockwork apparatus, the old term is still used.

Baffled Cross-Worder

"The other day in a public library," writes a correspondent, "I picked up a copy of a periodical in which some reader had been attempting to solve the cross-word puzzle. One clue was, 'a bird which never flies,' and the word had to consist of seven letters. The solver had triumphantly written down 'Ostrage,' and then abandoned the puzzle as a bad job."—London Morning Post.

Sun Baths While You Walk

A new fabric has been invented that allows the ultra violet rays of the sun to pass through it easily. This has made it possible for those in need of sun baths as a health precaution, to take their constitutional bath while promenading the boulevards and avenues. The new fabric looks and feels like silk.

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LACKING IN FAITH

The prisoner came before the court on a charge of murder. Many distinguished legal lights had assembled to hear the case.

The charge was read out, and the judge, as is usual, asked the man in the dock if he would like to be defended by an attorney.

"No, my lord," came the reply, "this is too serious a matter."

Good as a Scarecrow

Said a woman to her neighbor over the suburban garden wall, "I hope my daughter's singing does not annoy you."

"On the contrary," came the sweet reply, "my husband and I appreciate it very much. It keeps the birds away from our berry bushes."

Rather Curious

One of those pests known to every one met Florence Flinn hastening from rehearsal.

"You didn't know who I was when I called you up yesterday, did you?" he inquired.

"No," Miss Flinn answered, absently. "Who were you?"

Fond of Fishes

A negro was offered a job feeding sharks.

"Naw, sah, boss, me and sharks ain't friends."

"Why, boy, sharks don't eat black meat."

"Ah know, but it's just mah luck to meet wid one dat's blind."

Water Called Soup

"Another helping of soup, please."

Walter--You appear to like our soup, sir.

"Well, you see, my doctor ordered me to take the hot water cure for indigestion, so I'm obeying his orders."

—Guelph Evening Mercury.

TOO REALISTIC



"Did you enjoy the amateur dramatic show last night?"

"Well, I thought it was too realistic."

"Really?"

"Yes, it said on the program, 'One hour is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts,' and it actually did."—Windsor Magazine.

Language on the Loose

Good diction is of little use in work, however skilled; but when profanity turns loose, the audience is thrilled.

Find Relief in Books.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.—Puffler.

Keep Watch on Tongue.

If your foot slip you may recover your balance, but if your tongue slip you cannot recall your words.—Telugu Proverb.

And It's a Good One.

Looking pleasant can become a habit as well as anything else.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Must be Gilded.

Petitions not sweetened with gold are but unsavory and oft refused; or, if received, are pocketed, not read.—Massinger.

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Ancient Water Clock.

The Tower of the Winds is the water clock erected at Athens, Greece, in the Second or First century before Christ. It is octagonal in plan, 42 feet high and 26 feet in diameter. Toward the top of each side it is sculptured with various symbols of the wind. Originally the structure was surmounted with a bronze Triton, which served as a weather vane.

Fresh Air and Sunshine.

No matter how well fed the child may be, it will never bring roses and a healthy color to his cheeks if he is not given plenty of fresh air and sunlight. Mothers, let some of the work you do and get out these lovely days with your kiddies. It will benefit the whole family and prove more important in the long run than "a spotless house at all times."—Exchange.

Pillows Not of Pine.

The forest service says that pine needles are not generally used in making pillows. While the pillows are called "pine pillows," the needles are generally those of the balsam fir, or spruce—either red, white or black spruce. No special time of the year is specified for gathering these needles, since they are evergreens.

The Perfume Bearers.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air.—Francis Bacon.

Racing Items.

It's a sad thing to the lover of the horse to see the passing of that noble animal, particularly if the one he has staked his wad upon is the last in the bunch.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Sorrow's Consecration.

Great grief makes those sacred upon whom its hand is laid. Joy may elevate, ambition glorify, but sorrow alone can consecrate.—Horace Greeley.

Advancement.

To cure is the voice of the past; to prevent is the divine whisper of to-day.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Croesus First Gold Coiner

Croesus was the first sovereign to coin gold and Julius Caesar first set the example of engraving his own image on coinage.

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