

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!



The Dieting Nuisance.
The dieting fad prevails to such an extent in England that numbers of well known hostesses have put their heads together and drawn up a declaration of independence. This sent out with all invitations to country houses reads thus: "I am sorry to appear inhospitable, but my housekeeper and cook cannot arrange to cater for any guest who is obliged to diet." The food faddist, it seems, has become no end of a nuisance in other people's houses, and though the hostesses might be willing to endure it, the servants have risen in revolt. Complications arise when it is necessary to feed at the same table the carnivorous, the granivorous and the frugivorous.—Buffalo Commercial.

Returning Proofs of Love.
"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts to-day," said Titmarsh.
"Did you?" replied his friend. "I had no idea you had ambitions to shine as an author."
"Not exactly that," said Titmarsh. "You see, my girl and I quarreled, and she returned all my letters."—Tit-Bits.

Liberty Gone.
Mrs. Asker—The lending man in the show we saw last week got married. After that he left the show and now he advertises in the dramatic paper that he is "at liberty."
Mr. Asker—Hm! I can't see how he can be "at liberty" if he is married.

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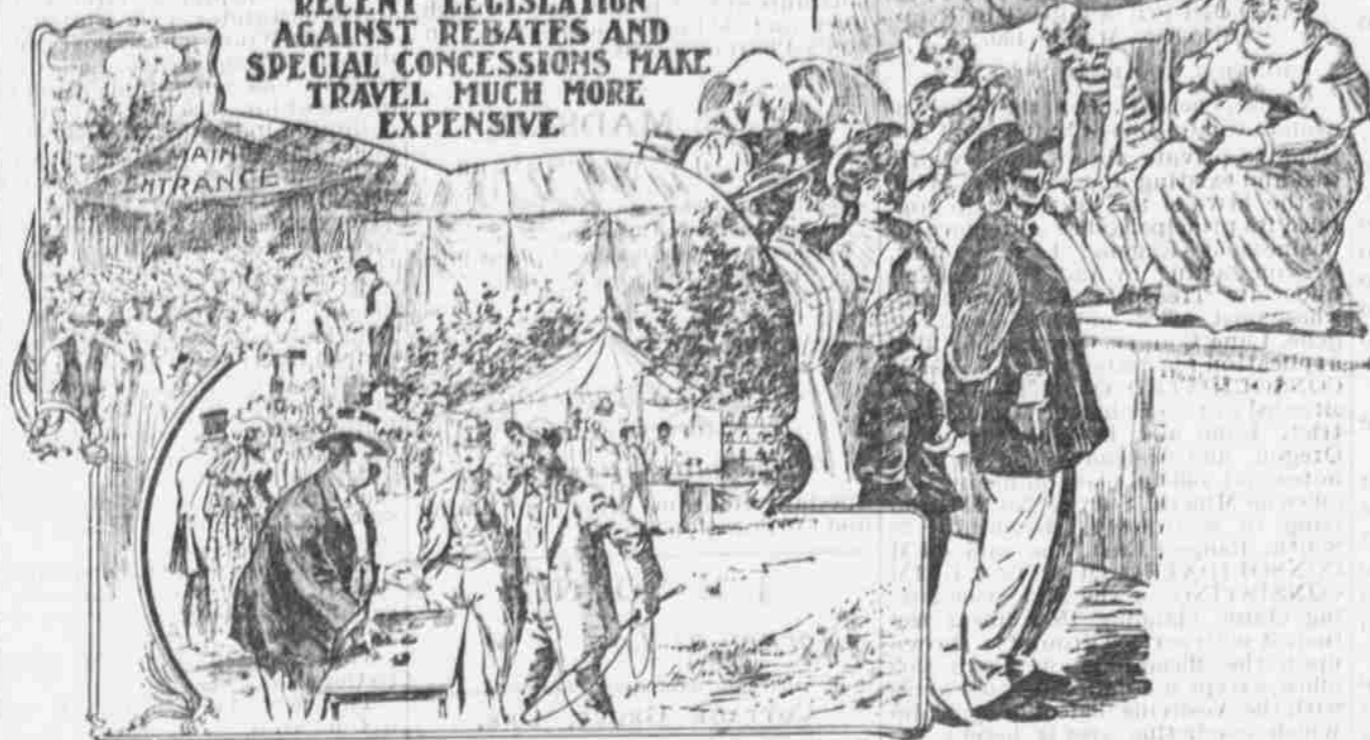
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Will The Old Fashioned Wagon Circus Be Revived?

RECENT LEGISLATION AGAINST REBATES AND SPECIAL CONCESSIONS MAKE TRAVEL MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE.



The old-time wagon show, "like our fathers used to see," is to come back. Let the trumpets blare and the bagpipes skirl!

There are many causes for this. One is, that while men may come and men may go, like Tennyson's brook, the wagon show will go on forever. But the main reason is to be found in the action of lawmakers, grave and serious, at various state capitals and at Washington.

The wagon show thrived like the proverbial green hay tree and was then supplanted by the railroad show. Jump was no longer called on to hoist the wagon out of the gully into which it had sunk while en route across country. The boys of the vicinity no longer found their opportunity, astride rail fences in the uncertain light of the morning, when the circus straggled into town, and fled with each other for opportunity to carry liquid refreshment to the elephant. Railroad competition surely and by no means slowly proved too fierce. Great circuses could be moved hundreds of miles while the old-time show was laboriously creaking along muddy roads, where the King drag was a thing unknown.

But there is a movement toward a revival of the wagon show. Excessive freight rates, the scarcity of rolling stock and the legislation, by states and nation, against the granting of rebates or making any concessions to circuses or theatrical companies, no matter how many people and animals and paraphernalia are transported, are responsible. The managers of circuses can no longer obtain concessions that make profitable long jumps from one city to another. The margin of profit in a great show is necessarily close and uncertain; heart-holding acts are high-priced, competition is strong.

No less an aggregation of circus talent, with millions of dollars at stake, than Barnum & Bailey's, is considering this matter. It is proposed to abandon railroads for motor coaches and vans, to quit the regular steel rails of the steam roads for the wagon roads over which the countryman drives to the city with his produce. In huge motor vans and cars, such as those now used by large concerns to move freight to depots and warehouses, it is proposed to move the show from city to city.

Smaller shows would undoubtedly follow suit. The old-style wagon show may flourish as it did two decades ago. Many of the wagons will be propelled by machinery, cunningly contrived, and hidden away in their interior. But there will be plenty of shows which, from necessity or by means of economy, will depend on horses, as of yore. There is no more interesting institution in the world than a circus, from the lieutenant general in command to the humblest stake driver in the rear rank of the privates. The picturesque-ness of a show, particularly a wagon show, does not end behind the scenes, though the bareback riders and the acrobats, the contortionists and the wild animal trainers mingle in ordinary clothes, talk ordinary topics, such as the weather, the size of the day's attendance, the latest bit of international scandal. Outfitting a circus is just about as small a job as getting an army ready to go to Cuba at a day's notice, and not die of starvation or be killed because of inexperience the first day out.

If anybody thinks getting an old-styled wagon show ready to quit winter quarters and take to the road is a sinecure, let him buy two or three dozen head of horses, train an elephant, a few camels, give a monkey daily practice in looping the loop strapped in a toy automobile, show some fifty negroes how to erect a tent so that it will stay erect, manage a side show, a menagerie, two rings and a platform, and hire a few cooks into the bargain. And the hiring of the cooks is not the slightest part of the task, by any means. Imagine hiring one to cook for 125 men and women, hungry and peevish, three good, big meals a day, with the kitchen in a new place every day!

After all, an old-styled wagon show is no small affair. Take, say, thirty-five wagons, for instance. They hold as much circus paraphernalia as fifteen railroad cars. One is apt to think of a wagon show as a small affair, of one ring, a dozen performers, a half dozen or so horses. That was the wagon show of yesterday, while the railroad show flourished, but now that the re-

turn movement has begun there are wagon shows—and wagon shows. There is a routine about the day's work that is as well preserved as though the show were an army moving on an enemy.

At 9 o'clock in the evening, two hours before the evening performance is to begin, the cook-house is dismantled, four horses are hitched to it, and with a rattle and bang, the cooks in their white caps and aprons vociferously shouting out some last message and the pans hanging against the side of the wagon, while the aroma of coffee and bacon greets the nostrils, the cook tent disappears down the road toward the town of the next day's stopping. The cook tent reaches its destination early in the night—twenty to twenty-five miles is the average daily jump of a wagon show—and all is put in readiness for the serving of early breakfast the next morning.

At 8 o'clock the performance in the big tent begins, and the crowds which have stood open-mouthed before the cages in the menagerie tent rush to their seats to see the big show. Immediately the work of demolishing the menagerie tent is begun. The animals are fed, then the sides are put on their engines, the horses are hitched up, four to each den or cage, and across country, accompanied by a route finder, the menagerie, making up the first main section of the show, starts in the wake of the cookhouse.

This route finder is an important personage in the circus; it is his business to scout ahead, ascertain the best roads, and by laying paths down at the intersections and divergencies disclose the route to the wagons that follow him.

The menagerie section comes up to the cook tent some time during the night and camps until morning. At 12 o'clock, as a rule, the baggage train takes up its start. The big show is over, the tent has been struck, the stakes have been pulled, the paraphernalia has been packed in wagons, the people have gone to bed, but while they sleep, with a merry, ringing chorus of "Yo-he-ho-o, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha," and so on, with the name of the home of every stoutabout sung in a long drawn out chant, the circus has been torn down and packed up ready for transportation.

Midnight strikes in the city, and the man who saw the circus dreams of the queen in pink tights and the fairy in glittering spangles, but the wagons creek across country and the roughest about snatch what little sleep they can as the wagons topple back and forth and the horses pull and plunge.

In the meantime, what of the spangled fairy and the pink-tighted queen, to say nothing of the musicians and the men performers of the sawdust rings? They are sleeping the sleep of the just in the best hotels the town affords. That is one reason why the average circus performers would rather travel with a wagon show than a railroad show. After the night performance of a railroad show, he or she must wend their weary way to the train, hunt for it in an interminable tangle of tracks, and seek what repose they can in crowded bunks as the car is switched around or pounds over the rails. But in the big wagon show, the performers go to hotels, get a good night's rest in a bed and sleep soundly until the next morning.

At 5:30 o'clock the musicians and performers are routed out of bed; at 6 o'clock they have breakfast at the hotel, and a half hour later the third section of the show takes up its journey, the band wagon in the lead, and busses, carrying the musicians and performers, in the van. This third section usually strikes the town of the day's performance at 9 or 10 o'clock. At 12:30 comes the parade, at 2 o'clock the afternoon performance, at 8 o'clock the evening performance, at 11 o'clock bed; and so on, day after day, week after week, until the season is ended. Such is life in the wagon show.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BIG FEET CAUSE TROUBLE.
Bibulous Youth and Grouchy Citizen Collide in Street Car.
He entered a north-bound 14th street car near the turn at New York avenue. Apparently he was suffering from a mild brainstorm induced by an excessive indulgence in that liquid which

cheers and inebriates. As he closed the door behind him he gazed over the other passengers of the car with a brotherly smile.

Then he started unsteadily for a vacant seat. Directly in the middle of the car sat a grouchy citizen, his face wearing an expression of acute pain and his attitude being that of a man who is at war with all his fellow beings.

Stretched out in the middle of the aisle was a pair of large, expansive-looking feet, incased in No. 11 shoes, the same being the property of the grouchy citizen.

As the bibulous one attempted to pass the grouchy citizen he slipped and, while endeavoring to recover his equilibrium, trod heavily upon the large, expansive-looking feet. The face of the grouchy citizen assumed an expression of even greater pain.

"You bright, clever, handsome young man," he said (pleasantly, of course), "are you mentally unable to proceed without causing unnecessary and useless trouble to those in your immediate vicinity?"

"Wazzermazz?" inquired the inebriated one, with a worried expression. "Oh, nothing at all," replied the grouchy citizen, and he proceeded to tell the young man what he thought of him. He went into a technical discussion of his antecedents and made prophecies as to his future, the most cheerful of which was death by hanging. He dwelt with evident enjoyment upon his various facial peculiarities and physical defects. Suddenly the gentleman with the "package" interrupted him.

"Shay, ol' man," he said, "if I had a pair of feet that struck on 'way yours do I wouldn't 'treat 'em to 'em by talkin'." Why, d'you know every person in the car's lookin' at 'your feet? 'A's awful pair of feet. Why, 'f I had them feet d'ye know what I'd do?"

The grouchy citizen arose and after glaring at his persecutor for a few minutes walked out of the car and rode the rest of the way on the back platform. And nobody knows what the bibulous one would have done if he had possessed the grouchy citizen's feet.—Washington Times.

Traded by Indians in New York.
Bishop Hare, of the diocese of South Dakota, was sent West many years ago as a missionary bishop of the Episcopal Church. He founded the mission at the Rosebud Indian agency, and it was his custom to give to each Indian that he confirmed a silver cross of a peculiar pattern.

A few years ago a lady from New York was visiting in South Dakota, and the bishop gave her one of these crosses. Some years after that there was a general convention of the Episcopal Church held in New York City, and several Indians were sent as delegates, all wearing Bishop Hare's crosses.

Arriving in New York, they were dazed, and at a loss to know how to find the building where the convention was to be held. But luckily they started out upon the street. Soon after they met a lady, whom they immediately began to follow. Whenever she turned, wherever she went they went, too. The lady became much annoyed and finally thoroughly frightened to find that wherever she went a line of red men was trailing behind her.

But investigation explained it. She wore their cross, and they, seeing it, had believed her one of their number, who would surely go to the meeting they wished to attend; so they had taken her for their guide.

An Easier Trip.
The president of this road," remarked the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "is one of those old-fashioned railroaders. He began as a brakeman. Instead of riding over the line in a private car to inspect it, he walks over it."

"I don't blame him," declared the man who was making his first trip on the road.—Cleveland Press.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.
"Do man dat keeps tellin' all he knows," said Uncle Eben, "is 'f he n't to git time to find out much wath tellin'."—Washington Star.

Gold Assay in the Transvaal.
The average yield of gold in the mines of the Transvaal is half an ounce to the ton.

"Misquotations."
When Louis XVI. laid his head beneath the guillotine, his confessor, Abbe Edgeworth, dismissed him from the world, so history tells, with "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" yet in reality he said nothing of the sort. The brave defiance, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," attributed to Canrobert when, at Waterloo, the imperial guard were ordered to throw down their arms, has been shown to have been the fanciful creation of some historian's mind; and the saying, "Providence favors the stronger side," or, as it has been corrupted, "God is on the side with the heaviest artillery," which has been attributed to Napoleon, really originated with writers of antiquity. Cicero alludes to it as an "old proverb."

It would take volumes to contain all the blunders, small, large and indifferent, that historians have made, and the lamentable part of it is that the old blunders are constantly being made over again.

Carrying It Along.
An elderly and most respectable-looking man was recently brought before a magistrate, says the London Telegraph, charged with unbecoming and hilarious conduct.

When he was asked what he had to say for himself, he mumbled something about "doing as the Romans do."
"Very good," returned the magistrate. "Continue to do as the Romans do. Pay seven shillings sixpence!"

CASTORIA
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Too Much.
"That man Reberndort is the most conceited, insufferable, vain, arrogant, insolent, purse-proud individual that tramples the earth," said the man with the automobile goggles.

"Why, I heard that he towed your runabout in for you yesterday," said the man with the goggles on his coat.
"Towed it in? Darn it! he happened along in his big touring car when my little machine broke down and I'll be hanged if he didn't rig up a derrick of some sort and swing my runabout into his tonneau and haul it in!"—Judge.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Shocked.
"Did you meet Miss Homer from Boston?" asked the hostess at the swell musicale. "She is such an intellectual young lady."
"I really can't see where it comes in," replied Mrs. Justrich. "She mixes things up horribly."
"Gracious! In what way?"
"Why, she asked me what I thought of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The idea of making a great poet with the meat market!"

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Strong.
"Yes," said the guard, "I was able to detect the enemy long before they arrived on the spot."
"Ah, you could scent danger at a distance?" said the interviewer.
"Easily. They came in gasoline automobiles."

Got What He Wanted.
Pat—O' wint on a stirolok fer shorter hours last week.
Miss—An' did yez get 'em?
Pat—Faith, an' Oid di thot. It's meself as ain't workin' at all now.

A brochure is a small book, stitched, not bound, so named from the French "brocher," to stitch.

SKIN DISEASES
HUMORS IN THE BLOOD
When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

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The Osprey.
Allusion is often made, especially in fashion journals, to "osprey" feathers. Few words have been more loosely handled about than this bird name. The Roman author Pliny's "ossifraga" (bone breaker) has been identified with the hammergeyer, a vulture that is reputed to break up bones too big for it to devour whole by dropping them from a height upon rocks. But both "ossifraga" and "osprey," a newer form, came to be applied to quite another bird, the fish hawk, which is now the true "osprey." Yet the "osprey" feathers—more properly egret feathers or aligrettes—do not come from this bird, but from the egret, or lesser white heron.

CLASSIFIED ADS
NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worthy your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

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