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PORTLAND HIDE & WOOL CO. We Pay Highest Prices for
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Page & Son Now is the time to market capons. We are pioneers and largest handlers of these in the Northwest. Write us. **Capons**

Direct from Factory to Car Owner
MULTNOMAH BATTERIES

Guaranteed for one year.
Send no money. We ship by Express C. O. D.
\$18.00—Ford, Chevrolet 490, etc.
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ination free. 307 Dekum Bldg., Portland, Ore.

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Right Down Town
Park and Morrison Sts., Portland, Ore.
Cheerful Large Lobby. Well furnished rooms
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You will certainly feel at home here.
W. J. Sofield, Manager.

SHIP US YOUR WOOL
Cleaning, carding and mattresses. Crystal
Springs Woolen Mills, 760 Umatilla, Portland.

NEW MARKETING METHODS
for farm produce brings producer better
returns. We like to tell you of our plan.

RUBY & CO.
215 Front St. Portland, Or.

DR. CHAS. J. DEAN
2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

Australian Bird's Many Names.
The Australian thick-headed shrike
is about six inches long, rich-yellow
below, with a jet-black collar and a
white throat, black head and partly
black tail. It is sometimes called the
black-breasted flycatcher and it has
also a variety of French and new
Latin names.

"The French Fury."
"The French Fury" is a name given
to a treacherous attack on Antwerp
by four thousand French soldiers un-
der the Duc d'Anjou, January 17, 1583.
The citizens repelled the attack, kill-
ing about one-half the French and
taking the rest prisoners.

BARBERS IN THE BIBLICAL TIMES

Occupation Specifically Mentioned and
Otherwise Referred to in
Pages of Scripture.

The word barber is only once men-
tioned in the Scriptures, namely, in
Ezekiel 5:1, which reads: "And thou,
son of man, take thee a sharp knife,
take thee a barber's razor, and cause it
to pass upon thine head and upon thy
beard."

Although barbers are not often ex-
pressly mentioned, yet from the con-
stant mention of shaving and the in-
cident of Delilah sending for a man
to shave Samson, there can be no
doubt that his class existed among the
ancients. The Hebrews were particu-
larly careful of their heads and beards,
and all seem to have applied the razor
except the Nazirites, who were un-
touched by it from their birth. The
Egyptian barbers were called khak or
shavers, and they are represented at
work in a tomb of Beni-Hassan, of
the Twelfth dynasty, holding their

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

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Cut, seam, hem and machine
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we make all kinds of Hair Goods of your
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Culture. 400 to 414 Dekum Bldg., Phone
Broadway 6902, Portland, Oregon.
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Northwest Welding & Supply Co. 88 1st St.
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us. We pay return postage.
Information and prices given
upon request.
ENKE'S CITY DYE WORKS
Established 1899
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Clarke Bros., Florists, 247 Morrison St.
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FOOT CORRECTIONIST
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Portland, Ore.

MOER BARBER COLLEGE
Teaches trade in 8 weeks. Some pay while learn-
ing. Positions secured. Write for catalogue.
234 Duane street, Portland, Ore.

"IF IT HURTS DON'T PAY."
Guaranteed dental work. Crowns \$5.00,
Plates \$15.00, Bridge work \$5.00 a tooth.
Teeth extracted by gas. Latest modern
methods. Dr. Harry Semler, Dentist, 3rd
and Morrison, 2nd floor Alisky Bldg., Port-
land, Or. Write or phone for appointment.

Strawberry and Raspberry Plants
Write Platers Gardens, 3512 W. Queen
Ave., Spokane, Wash., for price list ever-
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and save money.

MONUMENTS—E. 3d and Pine Sts.
Otto Schumann Granite & Marble Works.

WRITERS, ATTENTION
Stories, poems, scenarios, articles, edited
and typed by professional writer, mem-
ber of Oregon Writers' League. Send for
rates. Western Writers' Workshop, 514
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PATENT ATTORNEY MECHANICAL ENGINEER
Protect that Idea with a United
States Patent. Others have made fortunes
out of Patents. Why not you? Thomas
Billey, 202 Stevens Bldg., Portland, Ore.

PERSONAL
Marry if Lonely; most successful "Home
Maker"; hundreds rich; confidential;
reliable; years experience; descriptions
free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Nash,
Box 556, Oakland, California.

Wedding Bouquets and Funeral Pieces
Lubliner Florists, 245 Morrison St.

Ants Too Much for Steeplejack.

Ants were swept up by the bushel at
Shakelford, near Aldershot, on Satur-
day. They had been smoked out from
the church spire, where they had pre-
vented the work of the steeplejack
who was carrying out repairs.—Lon-
don Times.

Added Things.

Prosperity, enjoyment, happiness,
comfort, peace, whatever be the name
by which we designate that state in
which life is to our own selves pleas-
ant and delightful, as long as they are
sought or prized as things essen-
tial, so far they have a tendency to
disenoble our nature, and are a sign
that we are still in servitude to selfish-
ness. Only when they lie outside us,
as ornaments merely to be worn or
laid aside as God pleases—only then
may such things be possessed with
impunity.—Froude.

Mahomet's Wise Words.

Every good act is charity. A man's
true wealth hereafter is the good that
he does in this world to his fellows.—
Mahomet.

Major Thorne, while a prisoner of war, saved a grandson of Herr Gartner from death under a train in Leipzig.

A codicil to Herr Gartner's will recites that the legatee, "although an en-

emy of my country, did in the station, while under armed guard, jump in front of an approaching train and save Little Karl."

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The Sacrifice They Made

By MARION A. CHILSON

(©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was dusk when Doris Royace dropped her book into her lap and gazed steadfastly across the water. Her thoughts went back to the day when she, with little Dick, had left home in bitter anger and had taken refuge here, in answer to Cousin Beth's invitation to spend a few weeks with her at her cottage on Lake Fairview. The quarrel had been over a trifling matter, but of the whole episode one utterance stood out clearly, the answer her husband had given to her hysterical statement that he no longer loved her.

"Love, real love, is gained only by sacrifice," were the words that repeated themselves over and over in the girl's troubled brain and puzzled her strangely.

Another thing troubled Doris. Little Dick had always been his father's constant companion, and in his estimation no one else was quite so great as daddy. The two idolized each other, and now that they were separated the little fellow begged constantly for his father. It hurt Doris to refuse him, since he was not very well and never had been during his short life of four years. Often something within her whispered for the boy's sake, if none other, to forgive and forget. But in the end her pride always conquered.

Although the days at Fairview were full of young people, gaiety and fun, they passed slowly for Doris. Something was lacking, and she, knowing where this something was and that her happiness depended upon it, could not reach out and grasp it, although it lay just beyond her reach.

Two weeks passed when, one afternoon, Doris, with the same heavy heart, put little Dick to sleep in his crib and then lay down herself. She awoke about two hours later and arose quickly, as she had slept longer than she had intended. Glancing toward the crib, she was astonished to see that it was empty. Rushing downstairs, she gave a hurried survey of the rooms. Her face went white as she noticed that the screen door was unlatched. Beth had forgotten it before going to her rooms.

A quick thought came to her. Twice before little Dick had started to find his daddy. Sudden panic seized her as she noticed black thunder clouds gathering. Hastily she awoke Beth and together they made a more careful search. Beth telephoned to the neighboring cottages, but nothing had been seen of the runaway. Meanwhile the thunder rumbled and the storm drew closer.

Men from all around gathered and the little party began their search. Doris, wrapped in a raincoat like the men, went with them, as nothing could persuade her to remain at home. Her face was deathly white and her eyes were like coals, but with the others she pushed onward. The storm broke with torrents of rain, vivid lightning and crashes of thunder. Still the search continued. Doris trembled, but clung close to Beth and could not be forced to turn back. It was late when the storm let up and the moon broke through the black clouds. Slowly Doris became her own calm self, but the fear and pain in her heart were almost unbearable.

Midnight passed and they had almost decided to give up the search when Doris heard a slight noise and some way managed to slip away from the others unnoticed. Her heart gave a leap as she spied, a short distance ahead of her, a man half standing, holding a little figure in his arms. They were in the shadow of a large tree and the man's back was towards her, so that she could not see his face. As she approached them she bent over the little face.

"Oh, Dickie," she faltered. "Oh, darling! Is he hurt?" She asked this of the man, who had now risen to his feet.

Before he could speak, Dickie threw out his little arms. "Mother," the little voice was soft and unsteady; "mother, I've found my daddy." The baby eyes closed, and he snuggled closer to the man's breast.

"My Doris, could you ever forgive me?" The man put out his arms and drew her to him.

"Oh, Jack, you don't know how I've wanted you!"

"Not any more than I've wanted you, my little girl," he whispered, as he kissed her quivering lips.

It was nearly morning when, at last, Dickie lay in his little bed, while the doctor said one word, "pneumonia," and shook his head doubtfully.

It was during these hours, while Dickie slept, that Jack Royace found a minute to explain. Finding life at home a torture without his wife and child, he had hired a cottage and, with a friend, had gone there for their vacation without the least knowledge of his wife's whereabouts. Upon the preceding afternoon, while walking alone, he had taken shelter from the storm in a cave. A few minutes before Doris found him holding the boy, he had heard a cry, and going out, had found Dickie in a wet, rumpled little bundle.

All of that night, the one following Dickie's rescue, Doris and Jack knelt side by side at the little white crib. It seemed to the two breaking hearts that all that they held most dear, most sacred, seemed slowly slipping away with each tiny breath that came from the white, still body. It was only occasionally that Dickie opened his big

blue eyes, but seeing his father and mother, he closed them happily. Only once did he venture to speak, and then his voice was so weak that it frightened the listeners.

"Daddy, you will always stay with mother and me, won't you?"

"Yes, darling, I'll never go away again," Jack slipped his arm under the little fellow while Doris smoothed a little hand and smothered back a sob.

The end came about one. "Daddy," he whispered faintly, and then, fainter still, "mother," Jack crushed the little body against himself. Doris looked away for one long moment, and when she looked into the crib the little body once more lay white and still.

Two weeks later a white-faced woman and a grave, silent man sat alone in the moonlight. Their souls were full of grief, but they were young, and when you are young life is sweet, even though touched with sorrow or with bitterness.

The girl was the first to break the silence. "Jack, dear, long ago you said that real love was gained only by sacrifice. I didn't know what you meant then. I am just beginning to understand. You meant, dear, that we should give up, or be willing to give up, things we loved—be willing to sacrifice anything, or do anything for the other. But, Jack, we have now; we have sacrificed the one we loved best. We have sacrificed our darling for each other. Don't you see, dear? You didn't give him up for me, nor did I give him up for you, but we both gave him up for each other."

"Yes, Doris, and when you make such a big sacrifice, the biggest possible, the love ought to be the same, dear—the biggest, the best, also."

In the moonlight Doris' eyes slowly filled with tears. But behind them there was a new light, a light of glory, sweetness, love and the beauty of life. Jack drew her tight into his arms, and his lips touched her dusky hair, then they both looked away into the darkness to where little Dick slept.

And although he was no longer with them, his memory was dear, and his spirit seemed to be ever near, all about them, softening their sorrow and helping to increase the new love that he had created.

INDIAN UPRISING PUT DOWN

Notable Battle Between Aborigines and Spaniards Recorded in History of Durango, Mexico.

The name of the little settlement of Tepehuates, in Durango, Mexico, recalls one of the earliest events in Durango's recorded history, a bulletin of the National Geographic society remarks. It was the tribe which gave the name to the village which, with the Tarahumares, arose against the Spanish settlers four years before Plymouth colony was founded. In that year some 25,000 Indians of these two tribes marched on Durango city. They killed missionaries and burned down churches as they moved. Not more than 600 white people withstood this siege, and even allowing for an exaggeration in their estimate of 15,000 of their enemy killed, the white man's victory was a terrible lesson to their assailants.

These tribes had a beverage, tesvino, peculiar to them—a beer of milk and water hue—made from maize corn and grass seed.

The descendants of these Indians retain symbols introduced by early missionaries, but little of Christianity. When they worship pagan gods before a Christian cross they pour out libations of tesvino. They feed it to infants along with their mother's milk to ward off sickness. They use it as a liniment, and take it internally for every ill. They employ it at orgies with no thought of debauchery, for such orgies are part of their worship.

"Wild Spirit" Advances Illumination.

Man's eternal search for riches and the futile endeavors of alchemists to change the baser metals into gold, led to the accidental discovery of artificial gas.

John Baptist van Helmont of Brussels studied and practiced medicine, and later turned to chemistry and research work in the Seventeenth century. In the course of his experiments with fuels in 1600 he discovered that they yielded what he described as "a wild spirit." He found that this "spirit" could be produced by means of combustion, fermentation and the action of acids on limestone.

So phantom-like and elusive was Van Helmont's discovery that he named it after "geist," the old German word for spirit. It was nearly 200 years after Van Helmont's discovery that practical steps were taken to harness this elusive spirit.

A Commuter's Record.

"Did you attend the funeral of our late friend, Sam Biffels?"

"Yes. The preacher delivered an eloquent eulogy over Sam's remains, praising his qualities as a husband, a father and a citizen, but he failed to mention an achievement Sam bragged about more than anything else he ever did."

"What was that?"

"He commuted for twenty years and never missed the eight o'clock train to town."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Why Millionaires Keep Busy.

"Are you thinking of retiring from business?"

"The idea hadn't occurred to me," said Mr. Grabeon.

"You have more money than you will ever be able to spend."

"What keeps me plugging away is the sad realization that there is more money in the world than I will ever be able to get."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE GREAT EVENT

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

INTO each life shall come some great Event,

Obliterating all that was before And making all that comes incon-
sequent.

The measure of our life forever-
more.
Some episode our whole career in-
clines.

Some hour of sweetness so surpass-
ing all
It is the truth in all life's faulty lines,
In all the songs of birds the per-
fect call.

And so that song has summoned even me;

I, who had been busy with so many things,
The small concerns that seemed so great to be.

I have been lifted up on sudden wings.
The night is fair that once was dark and drear.

The day is joyous that was full of care;
The clouds are gone, the sun, the stars, appear.

And now the world is beauty every-
where.

Some alchemy transfigures all the earth.

Toll now is pleasure, once a weary round;
New friends draw near, the old have greater worth.

The wealth of human hearts my heart has found.
Now merrily I climb the hard ascent.

But now the grass is green, the sky is blue;
Into each life shall come some great Event.

And, in my own, that great Event was You.
(©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

Kindness is a language that the dumb can speak and deaf can understand. Telling the truth is a business in which there is but little competition.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

FOR those who enjoy sweet sauces with meats this will be an appealing dish:

Raisin Sauce With Beef Tongue.

To two cupsful of water add one cupful of seedless raisins, one table-
spoonful of vinegar, and one table-
spoonful of butter; more vinegar may be added if liked. Add two table-
spoonfuls of flour mixed with a table-
spoonful of brown sugar, a dash of
cinnamon and salt. Simmer the raisins in one cupful of the water for fifteen
minutes, then add the other ingredi-
ents and when well mixed the other
cupful of cold water; let come to the
boiling point. Serve with sliced boiled
tongue.

Rice and Sausage With Cuban Sauce.

Fry as many sausages as are needed,
having ready two cupsful of boiled
rice. To one can of tomatoes add
a thinly sliced onion, a little chopped
celery, a sprig of parsley, pepper, salt,
four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a
saltspoonful of curry powder; stew
for twenty minutes, strain, thicken
with a little cornstarch mixed with
cold water. Heap the rice on a hot
dish, lay the sausage around the edge,
and pour the sauce over all. Garnish
the dish with parsley.

Boiled rice served hot with a hot
chocolate sauce is a dessert that is
enjoyed by all chocolate lovers.

Honey Rice Pudding.

Take one-half cupful of honey, two
cupsful of boiled rice, one beaten
egg, one and one-half cupsful of milk,
a little salt and cinnamon, and one-
half cupful of raisins. Mix well and
put into a buttered mold, sprinkle with
spices and bake in a moderate oven
until thick and brown. Serve hot or
cold.

Fig Filling for Cake.

Mix two cupsful of fresh fig jam
with one-half cupful of walnut meats,
four tablespoonfuls of creamed butter
and four tablespoonfuls of orange
juice. Mix and spread on the cake
while slightly warm.

Nellie Maxwell
(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

RECALL

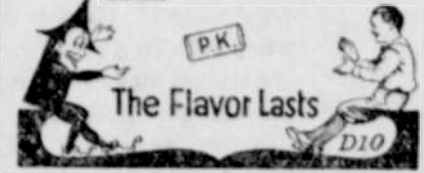
THE TIME WHEN YOUR
TEACHER TOLD YOU TO PUT
YOUR NAME ON THE BOARD
ONE HUNDRED TIMES



provides pleasant action
for your teeth, also
penetrating the crevices
and cleansing them.

Then, too, it aids
digestion.

Use WRIGLEY'S after
every meal—see how
much better you will
feel.



Evidently Christians.

An American family living in China recently hired two servants from Nan-
king, a missionary center. Accord-
ingly, the new servants were Christians.
Another Chinese servant in the family
discovered the newcomers' religion
and reported the fact to his mistress.
Asked how he knew the new boys were
Christians, he said: "Oh, they know
all about God, Jesus Christ, and Santa
Claus."

The Old Year and New.

Different nations began the year at
different times. The Romans started
it with March 1, the Macedonians in
September, the Aztecs on February 23,
the Athenians in June and the Per-
sians on August 11.

Must Get Confidence.

All the cleverest hocus-pocus of the
"born salesman" and all the systematic
strategy of the book-trained, "scientific
salesman" fail if the customer's confi-
dence is not aroused.—P. K. March.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads
smear them with Cuticura Ointment.
Wash off in five minutes with Cuti-
cra Soap and hot water. Once clear
keep your skin clear by using them for
daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to in-
clude Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

Seems Reasonable.

We do not in the least object to a
row in an adjoining apartment. But
if we are kept awake by it we think
it only fair and equitable that we
should be permitted thoroughly to un-
derstand and enjoy it.—Philadelphia
Public Ledger.

Lake Champlain.

Lake Champlain was discovered in
1609 by Samuel de Champlain, a
French explorer and colonizer, who
gave it his own name. The lake is
drained on the north by the Richelieu
river, which empties into the St.
Lawrence.

Early Machine Sewing.

The earliest attempt at sewing by
machinery of which there is an au-
thentic record was in 1755, in which
year a machine was patented in Eng-
land by C. F. Weisenthal.

Loss by Evaporation.

The volume of gasoline that is lost
by evaporation in one stage in the
handling of crude oil is equal to one-
thirtieth of the country's annual gaso-
line production.

True Wisdom.

Wisdom consisteth not in knowing
many things, nor even in knowing
them thoroughly; but in choosing and
in following what conduces the most
certainly to our lasting happiness and
true glory.—Lander.

Ceylonese Superstition.

The natives of Ceylon believe that
the coconut tree will not grow out of
reach of the sound of the human voice.

Fly Is Record Pedestrian.

A fly walks, in proportion to its size,
thirteen times as fast as a man can
run.

Red Cross BALL BLUE

is needed in every department of house-
keeping. Equally