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**DR. CHAS. J. DEAN** 2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON  
SPECIALTY: THIS PAIN, WHEN YOU FEEL IT

**DAIRY FACTS**

**TANK HEATERS ARE FAVORED**

When Milk Cows Are Watered Infrequently It Is Poor Policy to Supply Ice Water.

When a cow drinks water, her body at once sets to work raising it. If necessary, to the same temperature as exists normally in the body. In order to warm the water taken in, heat is just as necessary as it is to warm a kettle of water on the stove.

To provide the heat necessary, the blood and internal organs give up a portion of their supply until more is supplied from food previously consumed. As the milk cow is a heavy consumer of water, much heat is required to warm it. Consequently when cows are allowed to drink water that is very cold, a high percentage of the feed eaten is required to heat it. If it is true that some heat is being given off from the body all the time and when the amount of water taken in at one time is small the loss is unimportant. But when the cows are watered only once or twice daily, and then get near ice water, they are likely to suffer injury and more feed is necessary. Stated briefly, it is a question of balancing good feed and the cow's time digesting it, against the cost of a good tank heater and a few pails of coals or coal. The man interested in getting the most out of his cows and in their comfort will not expect them to be their own tank heaters.

**SILAGE READY WHEN NEEDED**

Mistaken Idea to Think That Certain Time Must Elapse Before Feeding to Stock.

What is the best time to begin feeding silage, is a question which is interesting many dairy farmers.

The specialists on live stock feeding say that the time to begin using silage is when the dairyman needs it; they feel there is no justification for

**WILL CUT POST OFFICE STOCKS**

Department Announces Move to Cut Down the Burglaries of Smaller Offices.

Washington.—To check the prevalence of burglaries of the smaller and less protected post offices, the Post Office department announced it had decided to reduce the stocks of stamps in those offices to a minimum.

This has been made possible through

**Popcorn and Pink Lemonade**

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"Well," said Uncle Jack at the breakfast table, as he unfolded his napkin with one flick, "I suppose next week I have to make a sacrifice of myself, neglect my business, and waste the whole of a rare June afternoon. How about it, Billy?"

His young nephew, at the sound of his name, lifted uncomprehending eyes from his matutinal egg-toast-cocoa combination. "What you say, Uncle Jack?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. At least, nothing of importance. I merely remarked"—here this exasperating young man paused, then added impressively—"that the circus, the really, truly circus, stupendous, unparalleled—"

"Circus, Uncle Jack? Circus? Oh, gosh, Uncle Jack, going to take me?"

Now the reader must be immediately disabused regarding Uncle Jack's apparent reluctance to go to the circus. Uncle Jack would rather go to the circus than do almost anything else, unless it were to spend the equivalent hours in the company of Miss Caroline Prescott—an alternative, however, which was out of the question.

For only yesterday Jack with considerable vehemence for him, had told that tantalizing young woman that he was beastly sick of being fifth vice president in the firm of devotees, Fetch & Carriers for her ladyship and was ready to sell out all shares at once to the latest comer. Caroline had returned a retort discourteous, and, another one of the vice presidents arriving inopportunely, Jack had taken an abrupt departure.

Now the question reasonably arises as to just why Jack should have expected any special consideration. He did so on the grounds of having squirmed Caroline ever since he had first held her miniature umbrella over her head on the way to kindergarten and of having asked her to marry him semi-annually ever since she was seventeen and he nineteen—some five or six years ago. But with each passing year she had added new charms and piquancies which attracted new admirers until it looked as if her old-time companion would be crowded out of the running.

So much for the preliminaries which helped to bring about Billy's circus trip. Sailor-suited and exuberant, he trotted along by his uncle's side and explored the dusty environs of the grounds, poked peanuts at the trunk-waving elephants, gazed rapturously at South American anteaters and Australian marsupials suddenly and unscientifically become neighbors, and finally in the awed silence of expectancy, entered the big tent and headed for grandstand seats.

"Wait, uncle. There's Jean, Wait, Uncle Jack!"

"Now Bill, if we expect to get our seats before someone else does—never sit in my own seat at a circus yet, Bill!"

For Billy was tugging backward at his uncle's hand. "Wait for Jean. She's hurrying like everything. Her Aunt Caroline—"

At the name, Jack halted abruptly, and somewhere in the back of his mind an association of ideas began to form. Jean—Caroline's niece! Yes, there they were, sure enough, although from Caroline's unconcern he felt sure she had not seen him. Fresh and cool in green linen and wide hat. Lord! how attractive she was and what a darn shame he couldn't follow his impulse to rush wildly over. Yet dignity demanded that he stick by his guns.

Through the performance which followed, Jack was quite as conscious that Caroline was sitting directly in back of him, three rows up, as if he had had eyes in the back of his head, or as if Billy hadn't told him. He held himself stiffly and refused to relax even at the utmost efforts of near-human monkeys or bouncing clowns. Why had Caroline come to the circus without bringing along at least one of her escorts?

The afternoon seemed as long to Jack as it was brief for Billy, but the moment finally arrived when the last chariot race had been won, the spangled beauty had defied death and the laws of gravity for the last time, and the greatest show on earth, in a blare of trumpets, was over until evening.

Jack rose, determined not to glance around, yet somehow or other in the slowly-moving crowd jamming the aisles he managed to keep always in sight a bit of green linen. Half-way to the entrance one of those inexplicable occurrences took place which arise from very small beginnings. A muffled explosion from an automobile outside, the roar of a hungry lion in its cage—something alarmed the mob at one of the exits. Immediately the spirit of panic permeated the atmosphere. People who had been patiently waiting space to move, pressed forward. Common sense indicated that in a moment the place couldn't help but empty itself. Yet in that moment how much could happen!

Somehow, Jack got Billy on his shoulder, elbowed a bit ahead, and slipped his arm about a figure in green linen. "Keep tight hold of the youngster," he urged, and managed to draw the two of them out on to a row of seats.

"There! That's better!" he said. "Although the trouble's over, I imagine." Then he began to feel em-

barrassed and avoided looking directly at Caroline, whose own cheeks were rosy.

Billy unintentionally increased the tension. "I guess," he began importantly, "you're glad, Miss Caroline, I told you my Uncle Jack was going to take me to the circus. I guess—"

"Caroline! Did you—did you know—"

"It was a satisfactory circus," said Caroline. "Wasn't it?"

"Oh, Caroline," said Jack humbly, so low that the children couldn't hear, even if they had not been comparing notes, "I'm sorry for all I said that afternoon. Take me back and I'll—I'll be office boy!"

But Caroline, who still retained a thrilling memory of the feel of Jack's arm about her waist, shook her head gently. "Let's go into partnership," she murmured, "and freeze out the others!"

"Don't forget, Uncle Jack," reminded Billy, whose upbringing was dietetically perfect. "I can have some popcorn and pink lemonade. It's a special occasion, you know!"

"A special occasion? I'll say it is, old man!" exclaimed his uncle fervently.

**ON THE BERKELEY CAMPUS**

Scene Presented at University of California Has Been Likened to Musical Comedy.

On the University of California campus the sun blazes on a white campanile, on the white faces of huge new buildings, on the mountainous, smooth brown hills that climb up behind the campus, and far out through the haze, on the blue of San Francisco bay. Instead of sober New England elms, are altitudinous, half tropical eucalyptus, with rustling, gray green leaves and aromatic scent that somehow reminds one of Australia or Kipling's India and saddle horses and slightly arrogant "colonials" in riding clothes.

The lawns are spotted with curious, low spreading, Japanese-looking trees, and under these trees students squat on the grass with their books—boys and girls from California orchard and vineyard country, Filipinos, Russians, Japs and Chinese. The campanile bells chime, and out of the white buildings they pour in droves—there have been as many as 15,000 undergraduates at Berkeley—boys in corduroy trousers and class caps, girls in pink and sky-blue silk sweaters, in all sorts of costumes, from severe black and white collars to French heels and picture hats.

In the pause between recitations you will see a great covey of these airy, fairy coeds laughing at one end of a broad marble entrance, while a crowd of boys, with an earnestness and abandon impossible at 11 o'clock in the morning in the more self-conscious East, are roaring "close" harmony at the other. To anyone accustomed to the stern monasticism of Cambridge or Princeton, it is like a scene from a musical comedy.—Arthur Ruhl in Harper's.

**Giant Butterflies.**

It is said that in the northern part of New Guinea there are butterflies so large that the natives hunt them with the bow and arrow. They belong to the species *Troides chimeneus* and they are not only among the largest, but among the rarest butterflies in the world. Some specimens measure eleven and one-half inches across the wings.

The males, which are very shy, are found only at certain hours of the day and at the tops of lofty blossom-bearing trees. The natives sometimes shoot the butterflies with four-pronged arrows, and sometimes capture them in nets made of spiders' webs. The first specimens were taken to London not so long ago by Meek, who had spent more than twenty years in New Guinea hunting rare varieties of birds and insects for American and European collections.—Washington Star.

**Monosyllabic Language.**

In the monosyllabic languages the words are composed of simple monosyllabic roots isolated, and, as a rule, independent of one another. In this elementary form of language, the root words correspond in their essence with general conceptions only, and are unrestricted by any notions of person, gender, number, time, mood, or relationship.

The principal monosyllabic languages are the Chinese, Annamese, Siamese, Burman and Tibetan. To these may be added the Pegu in British Burma, and the Kasia, confined to a small district in the south of Assam.

**True Way to Make Discoveries.**

"Never refuse to see what you do not want to see or which might go against your own cherished hypothesis or against the views of authorities. These are just the clues to follow up, as is also and emphatically so the thing you have never seen or heard of before. The thing you cannot get a pigeonhole for is the finger point showing the way to discovery."

This advice to scientists and others was given in a lecture by Sir Patrick Manson, the celebrated British physician who discovered that malaria is caused by mosquitoes.

**A Property Car.**

"You'll never make a motor salesman."

"Why not, sir?"

"You tried to sell that movie actor a flivver, instead of showing him the most expensive cars we carry."

"Don't misjudge me, boss. He just wanted something on four wheels to drive over a cliff."

**Jane Thomas**



Although she started out to master the artist's brush, pretty Jane Thomas, the "movie" star, received a flattering offer to go into pictures and proved so successful that she is likely to entertain the public for some time to come. Miss Thomas weighs about 125 pounds, has dark eyes and is equally successful in emotional and comedy parts.

**THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME**

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

**TABLE DECORATIONS**

It is a bad plan that admits of no modifications.—Publius Syrus.

IT HAS been said that decorative flowers are even more important in the arrangement of the dinner table than the knives and forks; and true it is that the wise hostess takes as much thought in arranging her centerpiece as in seeing that the silver is freshly polished and properly arranged.

A fat pocketbook is not the only thing needed to make a tasteful floral arrangement on the dinner table. In fact, one need have very little money to spend in order to make an attractive and tasteful arrangement. An over-elaborate arrangement is no longer in good taste. Towering floral structures that really look like nothing so much as the "set pieces" that the florists prepare for far less joyous occasions are really quite bad, and the careful hostess does not leave the matter to the florist, but makes sure that something very simple in arrangement is selected. Except for a children's party or a dinner that is to be given in a spirit of extreme informality, paper decorations are not in good taste either. A cluster of roses or any other household or garden flowers attractively arranged in a glass or silver vase is a charming selection. The addition of ferns or smilax adds to the effectiveness. The vase may be placed either on a bit of embroidered or lace-trimmed linen or on a mirror that reflects the flowers and candles so as to add to the general effectiveness of the arrangement.

A short time ago some of the shops offered for sale rather splendid-looking centerpiece devices that combined a vase placed at the center of a silver standard and little bonbon or salted nut baskets that were hung up on the silver brackets that came out from the standard on all sides. This was rather a clever arrangement, but it was not in the best taste, for nowadays we do not use food as part of the centerpiece, as was the case when wonderful centerpieces were made of spun sugar and pastry. The only exception to this rule is in favor of choice fruits occasionally combined with the flowers.

**Earliest Known Machine.**

The earliest known machine is an Egyptian crank drill, invented before 3000 B. C.

**MEN YOU MAY MARRY**

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this ever proposed to you?

Symptoms: He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink, he doesn't like cards. He always has milk toast for breakfast—and hot milk to drink. He walks with a girlish glide, and has a condescending smile. He is really awfully thoughtful and you like it, and he has been a very adorable son to his widowed mother. He has a medium good job and he is quite satisfied with it, but talks about all the big folk in other bigger jobs as if he were sorry for them.

**IN FACT**

He is a superior young man who feels superior.

Prescription to bride to be: Be patient with his great goodness and calm.

Absorb this: A SATISFIED HUMAN BEING IS AS MOVABLE AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

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**After Every Meal**

**WRIGLEY'S**

In work or play, it gives the poise and steadiness that mean success.

It helps digestion, allays thirst, keeping the mouth cool and moist, the throat muscles relaxed and pliant and the nerves at ease.

Save the Wrappers

**FOR A BETTER SCORE**

Man and the Flowers.

The fragrance of plants is not for man's pleasure; it is a means of attracting insects to fertilize them. The object of many present-day florists is to improve a flower in its coloring, size and substance—in short to "paint the lily." They cannot improve the fragrance, which is perhaps the reason they seem to care so little for its disappearance under their handling.—Exchange.

**Birds and Animals Exterminated.**

Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the well-known naturalist, says that about fifty species of birds and animals have been exterminated in the United States, while several others are on the verge of extermination. The buffalo (or bison) is not extinct, there being nearly 70,000 living buffaloes in the United States today.

**Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.** On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

**Original Use of Word "Dope."**

The word "dope" as applied to drugs comes from the Dutch "doop," which in English originally meant a thick liquid or semi-liquid. It was first applied as a term for the treaclick preparation of the opium smoker.

**Jazz Records.**

Fond Mother—"Jack writes home and says that he has broken seven of the college records—one of them the discus record." Poor Dad—"More expense! I suppose I'll have to send him a check to cover the damage."

**Tea Grown in Pennsylvania.**

Pennsylvania has a tea crop in the vicinity of the Blue Mountains region which largely supplants Oriental tea in that district.

**Postal Employees' Holidays.**

January 1, February 22, May 30, and Christmas are the holidays that are given to employees of the postoffice department.

**Birds' Attitude in Sleep.**

Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back and their beaks thrust beneath the wing.

**That Word "Saffron."**

The word "saffron" comes into the English dictionary from the Arabic. The Arabs use the word "zafaran" to designate a species of crocus with light purple flowers which develop in autumn. The plant grows in parts of Asia and in the south of Europe.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**That's the Trouble.**

A road hog can't decide which half of the road he wants to use.—Nashville Tennessean.

**"Some Baby."**

At the time of its birth the giraffe measures six feet from its hoofs to the top of its head.

**Red Cross BALL BLUE**

is the finest product of its kind in the world. Every woman who has used it knows this statement to be true.

**Skin Tortured Babies Sleep Mothers' Rest After Cuticura**

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