

PORTLAND OFFERS A MARKET FOR YOUR PRODUCE

HIPPODROME
 ACKERMAN & HARRIS
 PORTLAND, OREGON
 VAUDEVILLE PHOTO-PLAYS
 Complete Change Saturday, Adults, Week day
 Matinee, 20c; Evenings, 30c. Continuous 1 to 11
 p. m. Children 10 cents all times.

Northwestern School of Commerce
 Has a Good Position for You
 Its FREE book "Moving Your Future Forward" tells you about it.
 Write Today. No Obligation.

Hot and Cold Water and Phone in Every Room. Comfortable Accommodation at Moderate Prices.

European Plan **HOTEL MORRIS** Free Garage
 MR. AND MRS. H. M. BRANSON, Proprietors.
 Phone Broadway 1270. Tenth and Stark. Portland, Oregon

HOTEL ALDER REOPENED AND NEWLY FURNISHED
 Fairness, Courtesy, Good Service, European Plan
 Exclusively. Rates \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Most
 Central Hotel in Portland. FRED SMITH, Mgr.

BAB'S RESTAURANT
 A good place to Eat and Live Well.
 Remarkable 40c luncheon at noon.
 Open 7 a. m. to 2 a. m. 364 Yamhill St.

A JOB WITH A FUTURE
WE use men between ages of 18 and 50.
 pay 40c per hour as minimum wage.
 give best of meals at 35c each.
 supply beds for 25c, 30c and 40c.
 have FREE hot and cold water baths.
 advance employees rapidly.
 give positions FREE on application.
 have Employment offices at West Linn,
 Oregon, Camas, Washington, and 209 Commonwealth
 building, Sixth and Burnside, Portland, Oregon.

Crown Willamette Paper Co.

We Pay Same Day Goods Are Received
HIGHEST PRICES FOR
 HIDES, FELTS, WOOL, MOHAIR,
 CASCARA BARK.
PORTLAND HIDE & WOOL CO.
 100 UNION AVENUE NORTH, PORTLAND, OREGON.
 Branch at Pocatello, Idaho.
 Write for Prices and Shipping Tags

BRAZING, WELDING & CUTTING
 Northwest Welding & Supply Co. 33 1st St.

CUT FLOWERS & FLORAL DESIGNS
 Clarke Bros., 287 Morrison St.

PLEATING SPECIAL
 Cut, seam, hem and machine
 heat skirts ready for hand.
 Hemstitching, pleating and tucking.
85 cents
EASTERN NOVELTY MFG. CO.
 85 1/2 Fifth St. Portland, Ore.

PATENT ATTORNEY MECHANICAL ENGINEER
 Protect that Idea with a United
 States Patent. Others have made fortunes
 out of Patents. Why not you? Thomas
 Bilyeu, 202 Stevens Bldg., Portland, Ore.

PILES
 I USE no knife, anaesthetic,
 clamps, ligatures, stitches,
 burning or other disagreeable
 or dangerous methods, and
 GUARANTEE to permanently
 cure all Piles. Write today
 for my FREE illustrated book.

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

A Hopeless Job.
 Ever since the world began men
 have tried to invent something that
 women would refuse to wear. Thus
 far they have not succeeded.—Out-
 look.

Placing studios on the roof of New
 York warehouses may be taken as evi-
 dence that industry is elevating art.—
 Boston Transcript.

An interesting device—that motor
 truck which "walks like a man." Now
 for a pedestrian who can run like a
 motor truck. — New Orleans Times-
 Picayune.

GATHERED FROM ONE BIG TREE

Innumerable Products Derived From
 Wood Pulp, Through the In-
 ventive Genius of Man.

My wideawake railroad friend,
 George D. Ogden of Pittsburgh, was
 talking to some lumbermen.

Boards, shingles, planks, lath and
 joists were once the only output of a
 log, he said, but now behold what a
 forest tree does for you.

Your cravat was very likely a Cana-
 dian spruce or a birch, and so were
 your wife's silk stockings and under-
 garments, writes "Girard" in the Phila-
 delphia Enquirer.

We see carpets, rugs, tapestries,
 dishes, phonograph records moving
 picture films, paints, soaps, rope,
 twine, disinfectants, dyes and celluloid
 all built upon wood pulp. When Penn-
 sylvania was still the leader of lum-
 ber states, sawdust at the mills was a
 nuisance and a dead loss.

Many of the articles mentioned
 above are partially made of this by-

product that was once given over to
 fire in order to get rid of it.

Of course, all the wrapping paper
 and paper boxes you see, as well as
 the page upon which this is printed,
 were once trees of the forest.

Earth's Climatic Condition.
 Coal is pretty evenly distributed
 over the world. Neither the equatorial
 nor the polar regions are unduly
 favored. This means that for most of
 the time the differences between the
 torrid and the frigid zones have been
 slight. At first sight this appears
 strange, because we are accustomed
 to the passing of seasons and changes
 of temperature with latitude. We find
 it difficult to picture in our minds an-
 other state of affairs. Nevertheless,
 it seems that our time is the unusual
 one, with its extremes of climate.
 Fully three-quarters of the time that
 the earth has stood, mild weather has
 prevailed from the equator to the
 poles.

Shanghai Plant Owners Reduce Cotton Output

Shanghai.—The cotton planters of
 Shanghai have agreed to a reduced pro-
 duction schedule for a period of sixty
 days, that will cut their output by 50
 per cent.

This was brought about under an
 agreement approved by the Cotton Mill
 Owners' association, and was caused by
 a weak and falling market for yarn at
 a time when high prices were ruling
 for raw cotton.

It was estimated that stocks of yarn
 in the hands of mills and merchants
 in Shanghai ran to 100,000 bales.

This Lobster a Freak.
 An ordinary sized lobster was
 taken in one of the traps during the
 lobster season in Nova Scotia. But
 instead of the dark shell common to
 lobsters when alive it had a blue
 shell.

Generosity by Proxy
 By JANE OSBORN

Seventy-year-old Mrs. Gerald Travers certainly had no expensive reputation for liberality, but when Tom Travers, her long-departed husband's nephew, found himself at the end of his meager resources the autumn of his last winter in law school, he did not let any lack of favorable reputation in this regard stand in his way. She had no end of money—this his old sister had told him—and after all he was not going to ask charity.

So he had put false pride in his pocket and had gone to call on his aunt by marriage—though, of course, he never dreamed of calling her anything but "Mrs. Travers." He wanted to arrange to live in the garret or somewhere in the old house so as to help pay expenses that last season in law school. In return he would promise never to make himself more apparent than she wished, and would be glad to take on any household tasks—tending furnace, shoveling snow, even scrubbing kitchen floors, if she wished.

Mrs. Travers had not been unkind, but she proudly said that no Travers need stoop to menial labor. "You come here at once, and occupy one of the small rooms on the fourth floor," she had ordered. "You'll have meals here, too, though not with me. You can have them when you like in the breakfast room I never use. I'll find enough for you to do to square our score."

"But I don't want to accept charity—" Tom protested, and then old Mrs. Travers had laughed, not altogether pleasantly, as Tom recalled later.

"You'll earn your board and keep, never fear," she said. "I'm not in the habit of being imposed on."

Tom soon found that it was true that he really was earning his way. Every evening he reported to his relative for orders and the tasks she assigned him were always well planned out before his coming. They did not take so much time—but they would have taxed the resources of any one less persistent than Tom Travers.

One day she wanted to invest \$10,000 that had just come to her in a matured bond. Tom was given orders to look up the best possible way for her to reinvest that money. The next day her pet dog needed to visit the veterinary surgeon's; would Tom take him in the morning and see that he was well treated? Another day a friend landed from Europe, might have a little difficulty with the customs; Tom was to go to the meeting and the smoothing. Then once, when the dressmaker was coming, there were countless samples of ribbons and silks to be matched—but Tom didn't even balk at that, nor on that other occasion when Mrs. Travers asked him to go to the milliner's with her "to see that the fool saleswoman didn't try to give her anything unbecomingly youthful."

So Tom paid his way.

One day toward spring Mrs. Travers handed him \$500 in bank notes.

"There's a fair for the Day Nursery this afternoon. I detest such things. I'd send the amount in a check only I don't want to give any one of the women managing the affair the satisfaction of bringing in all that money at once. But I would like to help the good cause along a little. Now your job today will be to go to that fair and spend this money—a little here and a little there—without letting any one know I'm responsible."

At first this did not seem like such a herculean task—at least not so bad as the trip to the milliner's or some other of his recent errands. But Tom Travers had never attended a fair before. He had the money changed into five and ten-dollar bills and carried a fat wallet in an inside pocket to his afternoon lectures so that he could stop at the fair in mid-afternoon.

First he went the rounds systematically. He bought a five-dollar doll at the doll table and left twenty dollars without taking any change. Then he passed on to the fancy table, where he acquired something all covered with embroidery and lace, the purpose of which he did not know, and left twenty dollars for that, though it was priced but ten. At the candy table he left five dollars for a pound of adamantine fudge, left twenty dollars for a single rose at the flower table and had little difficulty in getting the young girl at the grab bag to accept a ten-dollar bill instead of ten cents for his chance.

But Tom so far had spent only \$75. He had \$425 still to dispose of and he found that he had already attracted considerable attention. He took a seat in the tea room, hoping here to derive inspiration for the rapid spending of the rest of his money.

Tom was interrupted in his reverie by the appearance of a very pretty young woman clad in what was intended to represent the costume of a Dutch peasant. It wasn't at all authentic, but it was very becoming. The girl was Susan Dodge—of the old, aristocratic, immensely rich Dodge family.

She had come to ask for Tom's order. "Smile your sweetest," some one had whispered, "and maybe he'll leave you a ten-dollar bill. He's shabby enough, but seems to be a millionaire in disguise."

"I don't think he's shabby," Susan had answered. "The most aristocratic

people often dress the most inconspicuously."

Susan smiled her sweetest when she took his order and Tom drank the tea and wafers she brought as if they had been nectar, because of the second even sweeter smile with which they were served.

When she returned with the check, on which was written twenty-five cents, Tom cautiously took his wallet from his pocket, glanced at it as he held it under his coat and then counted out \$250.

"I don't want any change," he said with considerable embarrassment. "And please don't say anything. You see—"

Susan had sat down beside Tom, because from her sheer surprise she really felt unable to stand. Then she noticed that his suit really was shabby, and that there were mended places on his shoes. Perhaps he was unbalanced—yet as she looked into his clear, straight-browed eyes she knew this conjecture was wrong.

So Susan took the money with a little gasp of surprise and promised to say nothing about the amount until after he had left.

"I still want to spend \$175," Tom said. "What shall I do with it?"

"Oh, there's a crazy quilt that poor Mrs. Hawkins made over at the domestic table. Nobody in the world will buy it, and she'll be disappointed. It's marked \$50, I think."

Tom handed Susan the balance of his roll of bills.

"While I sit here, would you go and get that quilt and leave this money for it? But don't say anything."

Susan kept her promise—she did not advertise Tom's generosity until after his departure. Then she told somebody, who told somebody else, and then was noised abroad the fame of the fairy prince. By those who had seen him it was agreed that he was one of the best looking of men, that his manners were perfect and that it was perfectly obvious that he was a man of great fortune.

Gradually thereafter Tom found himself a much-sought-after young man. Dowagers who recognized him as the mysterious young philanthropist bowed to him as they passed and on two or three occasions he was hailed and invited to take a place in the limousine of one of those dowagers, who expressed her surprise at seeing him on foot. It was Mrs. Fellows—Mrs. Daniel Fellows—of well-known social prestige—who beamed upon Tom and asked him to call and the call led to a dinner invitation. Tom did not wish to explain his own poverty because he was bound by his word not to let it be known that his aunt had really been so liberal to the Day Nursery. Besides, he rather enjoyed playing the role of a young and eccentric millionaire, and all an occasional fling in society would cost would be the running expenses of his evening clothes—which he had already acquired when he played in the college glee club. Then this was an opportunity of seeing Susan, for Mrs. Fellows explained that she would be one of her dinner guests. By way of giving a meager explanation of himself Tom said he was studying law. Yes, he belonged to the same family as Mrs. Gerald Travers. He did not explain that he belonged to an entirely impecunious branch of the family, and that with his aunt's fortune already bequeathed to women's colleges in the Orient, and with some twenty cousins and some ten or a dozen aunts and uncles to be considered first, in case the will were broken, he was quite without prospects.

Tom knew he should at least have made his position clear to Susan, but he didn't. And this made it awkward a month or so later when Susan, confident in her own radiant beauty and the admiration that was very apparent in Tom's eyes, told him in a roundabout way that the reason why she had decided never to marry was because a certain young law student of her acquaintance didn't seem to want to make her his wife. Tom said nothing. There was nothing he possibly could say. Not for five years would he be in any position to support an ordinary wife, and heaven knew when he could support a girl like Susan.


That night when Tom arrived at his aunt's house after one o'clock the old woman was sitting up for him. She ordered him to sit down beside her and rated him soundly for his late hours. And then she said:

"Tom, you have surprised me. I thought you were an ordinary, self-effacing young man like the rest of your tribe, willing to grub along with your law books, permitting poverty to cramp you and keep you back. But I have noticed that you have been going out much of late, and through a private detective I have found out where you have been going. You have apparently been taken up socially by really worth-while people. You are clever enough to do a little social climbing. I like that in you." Then she dismissed Tom and told him not to keep her up any longer. But as he was leaving the room she called him back and with much embarrassment told him that she had decided to make him her sole heir.

"I like you. I admire you. Marry a rich wife if you like, but don't let that you have to. And you needn't wait until I'm dead, either," she laughed mirthlessly. "I've planned to give you \$200,000 now. We'll make arrangements in the morning."

And arrangements were made, and very soon afterward other arrangements to Tom more important. For he hurried to the home of Susan and offered his heart and hand, and was accepted even before he had had time to discard the old patched shoes for new.

Charles de Roche



Charles d'Authier de Rochefort, the screen star who is idolized by many, and better known as Charles de Roche, was born in 1893, at Port Vendres, near the Spanish border of southern France. He was educated in the schools of France and graduated from Hoche college at Versailles. He weighs 178 pounds, is slightly over six feet tall, has chestnut-brown hair and gray eyes. He is not married, and makes his home in Hollywood. He is an athlete of varied attainments; also a talented interpretative dancer.

Red Cross BALL BLUE
 is needed in every department of house-keeping. Equally good for towels, table linen, sheets and pillow cases.

Egg Waste for Poultry
 Is Recommended by Ohio

Egg waste from incubators is rich in protein and, after boiling and grinding, can be profitably fed to poultry by mixing it with a dry mash to form a slightly moistened, crumbly mixture.

In tests at the Ohio experiment station, infertile and dead germ eggs were boiled for an hour, passed through a sausage mill, dried, reground and mixed in the dry mash as a fattening ration for young cockerels. The average gains from this mixture were 9 per cent greater for the egg product than for skim milk, supplying the same amount of protein.

For feeding market broilers in crates the following mixture proved excellent: Ground corn 40 parts, standard wheat middlings 20, and moist egg product 40, with enough water added to make a batter that could be easily poured.

Like all moist mashes this mixture should be fed with great care to avoid overfeeding, as the egg material is a concentrated feed and is greatly relished by the birds.

Cholera Is Contagious Among Chicken Flocks

Fowl cholera is germ disease which is very fatal, says Harry Emblem, head of the poultry department of the Oklahoma college. A fowl showing no symptoms of the trouble may be found dead under the roost the next morning.

All affected birds do not go in this way. Some may linger a few days, showing a great thirst, due to fever, also a loss of appetite. The bowels will appear very loose, the bowel discharge being of a greenish-yellow color.

This trouble is contagious and can be carried on the feet of fowls and man. If this trouble is apparent a thorough cleaning up of the premises should be made, and the house thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. The ground around the house should be plowed and cultivated. All affected birds should be killed and burned.

"What's in a Name?"
 By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

FAITH

FROM a Biblical source comes the charming Faith, which sprang into popular usage during the vogue of Puritanical names. The prevalence of appellatives which denote abstract virtues marked the beginning of Puritanism in England and many such names came under the ban from other classes because of the widespread dislike of the "Round-Heads."

But the simple beauty of Faith, as well as the divine virtue for which the name was symbol, kept her popularity undimmed. For was she not one of the trio whom St. Paul commends to the Corinthians, saying: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

The Puritans brought Faith to New England when they migrated from their native land and the name has been universally popular there, at the same time spreading to other sections of the country. It is one of the few feminine appellatives which cannot be contradicted.

The pearl is Faith's talismanic gem. It is a fitting symbol of purity, for its wearer who will possess enviable charm and affability and have many friends. Wednesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Well Answered.

Sam, the new butcher boy, was smart and energetic in every detail and was giving his master great satisfaction.

One day he stood by the butcher's block intently watching his master cutting up a bullock's head. After a while the butcher cut out the tongue, and turning to the lad, he remarked:

"There, my boy. That's a tongue that never told a lie."

"Ay, sir," answered the boy.

"Can you beat it?" asked the butcher.

"Ay, sir," said the boy again.

"In what way, sonny?" asked the other.

"Well, sir," said the boy, pointing to his own mouth, "this tongue has often told the truth. The bullock's never lies."

Sure Cure.

"Yuh know, my wife gets my goat. She must think I'm nobody or something. She wants to boss everything, me included, on every little thing. I just naturally can't—"

"Stop worrying, old man. She's only a woman—yuh gotta pity 'er. Just let 'er have her own way and ignore the fact that she's got it, and she'll quit soon's she finds out she's not makin' yuh lose sleep. Meantime, what'll yuh have an' how many cards 'yuh want?" —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Development of Chicks Comes From Attention

Best development of young chicks comes from close attention to the brood coops, cleanliness, proper feed and water, shade and free range. Keep a good mash before them. Watch for lice and mites. They multiply rapidly during warm weather. Clean and spray houses and coops.

DOULTRY NOTES

The eggs of ducks retain their hatchability for a shorter time than the hen eggs. The fresher the eggs are when incubated, the better.

If your turkeys are wild, make friends with them. It is cheaper and easier to handle birds that trust the caretaker.

Experimental work by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, shows that good egg yields and economical results can be secured with a wheatless ration for chickens.

Lice, overfeeding and fifth kill two-thirds of all turkeys that die. The other third die from too close confinement, accident or inherited weakness.

Let turkeys roost in the open air, but in a high, dry place. If turkeys roost near a swamp there is almost sure to be trouble from roup.

Young ducklings and goslings must be kept from the dampness the same as chicks. They grow fastest if kept on soft mash feeds and only allowed enough water to drink.

Reflection on Great Cities.

If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous purpose, and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the greatest cities.—Bruyere.

Concerns the Trades People.

John Selden.—Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage doth least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.—Boston Transcript.

Swiftest River.

The Amazon can lay claim to being the largest river in the world, but the swiftest flowing is the Sutlej, in India, which rises 15,200 feet above the sea and falls 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

The best way to get along with some people is to ask for more than you expect and then compromise on what you want.

Are You Satisfied? **BEHNKE-WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE** is the biggest, most perfectly equipped, Business Training School in the Northwest. Put yourself for a higher position—With more money. Permanent positions secured our Graduates.
 Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill, Portland.
 P. N. U. No. 28, 1923



Copyright by McVey Syndicate, Inc.