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New Pacific Northwest Pocket Map

The Union Pacific has just received
from the press a new pocket edition in-
dexed map of the Pacific Northwest,
which is perhaps the most complete and
convenient map of Oregon and
Washington ever published. A copy
will be sent free to any address by Wm.
McMurray, General Passenger Agent,
Pittcock Block, Portland, Oregon, upon
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CHAS. J. DEAN, M.D.
2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

PILE
For many years I have spe-
cialized in treating HEM-
HEMORRHOIDS. GUARANTEEING
positively to cure any case of
piles or refund the patient's
fee. Send for FREE book.

Birth of Revolutions.
Great revolutions are the work
rather of principles than of bayonets,
and are achieved first in the moral,
and afterward in the material sphere.
—Mazzini.

John B. Giesy, mayor of Salem, Ore.,
has announced that he is opposed to
the plan to invite William A. (Billy)
Sunday to Salem to conduct a series
of evangelistic meetings.

Only Line of Conduct.
The way to mend the bad world is
to create the right world. — Ralph
Waldo Emerson.

Kissing a girl is like opening a bot-
tle of olives—if you get one, the
rest come easy.—Denison Flamingo.

Greenwich (Conn.) Pair Married for 65 Years

New York.—Mr. and Mrs. Eliphaz
P. Husted celebrated the sixty-fifth an-
niversary of their marriage recently at
their home in Greenwich, Conn. Be-
cause of the slight illness of Mrs. Hus-
ted no attempt was made at special
ceremonies, but many neighbors of the
couple called to pay respects. Mr. Hus-
ted at eighty-seven is in splendid
health. His wife is eighty-five.
—Mr. Husted's father, Capt. Benjamin

Husted, owned a large farm in Hecks-
land, now known as the Wells estate.
There Mr. Husted was born and served
many years as town assessor and also
as a member of the board of relief. His
wife, before her marriage, was Miss
Caroline Brown. Four generations are
represented in the family.

About \$100,000,000 was spent in the
United States during 1920 for furs.

Apples and Carrots

By JANE OSBORN

Clive Rumball, vigorous, well-built
young man of twenty-eight, was ruddy
of cheek and bright of eye in spite of
his hours indoors as junior member
of the law firm of Smith & Jenkins.
Now he was spending three weeks of
his late summer vacation at the home
of his uncle, Samuel Todd, by whom
he had been reared—a man whom
nothing would induce to desert his
farming estate in the country for more
than a few days at a time.

"What do you say to taking in the
state fair tomorrow?" asked the
uncle over their leisurely breakfast on
Sunday. "I've arranged for my usual
exhibits—apples and potatoes and so
forth. I'd like you to go along."

Clive Rumball's ruddy cheeks grew
perceptibly ruddier. He was well aware
of the fact that the state fair was
booked for the following week on
grounds just outside the state capital
in the next county. The roads and
village streets in the surrounding
country had been so placarded with
notices of the fair that only a blind
man could have remained in ignorance
of the fact that it was to take place
and that it was to "eclipse all previous
state fairs in magnitude and splen-
dor."

"I'd like to go with you, uncle,"
began Clive, rather feebly. "But, of
course, I can't say I take much in-
terest in that sort of thing. I—Frank-
ly Clive loathed state fairs, and he had
good reason to do so.

"It's a little different in your case,"
interrupted the uncle. "Fact is, I'd be
disappointed if you didn't go. You see,
I am sending up an exhibit of the
Clive Rumball apples, quite a lot finer
than anything else we've ever been
able to produce—larger and redder and
finest. They are of all odds the
finest apples of their class. It will be
a feather in your cap as well as mine,
and with the farmers all talking about
the Clive Rumball apples they will be
greatly interested to see the one for
which they were named." The uncle
did not heed the look of protest and
entreaty on his nephew's face. He
smiled reminiscently.

"Yes, it was just about twenty-three
years ago when I first perfected that
apple, and you'd just come to live with
us. I'd been working hard trying to
get the right strain, and I'll tell you
I'd come pretty near being discouraged
more than once. You were a pretty
little boy with round, red cheeks. I
looked at the apple and I looked at
you, and it came over me in a flash.
That apple would have to be called the
Clive Rumball. I didn't know," added
the uncle with the embarrassment of
pride, "that it was going to be one of
the most famous apples in the world.
I didn't know that it was going to, as
it were, make the name of Clive Rum-
ball famous."

Clive Rumball himself had heard
this story often enough before and he
had endured for many years the em-
barrassing consciousness of bearing
the name of one of the world's most
famous varieties of apple. In school,
until the boys had learned to know
the strength of his arm, he had been
known as "Apples," and frequently
jesting allusions through college had
been made to his ruddy apple cheeks.

"I hope," said Clive, trying not to
show the least suggestion of his an-
noyance, "I hope, uncle, that I may be
able to make the name Clive Rumball
known as something besides that of a
red-faced apple."

"Hey!" said the uncle, who had
never dreamed that the situation was
embarrassing for his nephew and not
quite understanding this protest. "Oh,
well. Don't worry about that. You'll
never lack a reputation. People will
always be glad to meet you, just to
see what the little apple-faced boy
looks like when he has grown to be a
man."

If the name had been anything less
usual than Clive and Rumball the task
of becoming dissociated with a fa-
mous apple might have been less dif-
ficult. If the world-famous apple had
been the Thomas Smith he might have
passed unnoticed as Tom Smith. But
there was no getting around Clive
Rumball. It meant an apple and noth-
ing but an apple to millions of farmers
far and near, just as surely as Dan
Tucker means a dance or Jenny Wren
means a bird.

The following Monday the dutiful
Clive Rumball drove over to the fair
grounds near the state capital with
his Uncle Samuel Todd. Samuel Todd
had made his small fortune as the
conservative partner of a brokerage
office, but his hobby had always been
farming in general and apple raising
in particular, and he never felt more
at home than with a group of pro-
gressive farmers.

"I want you to meet my nephew,"
said Mr. Samuel Todd with a smile
as he clapped a broad-palmed hand
on the back of a white-bearded old
farmer. "My nephew—Clive Rum-
ball."

"That so!" exclaimed the farmer,
beaming at the nephew. "Well, if
you're as sound as the Clive Rumball
apple, you're all right." And he
laughed long and loud at his own
comment.

The remark was only typical. Before
Clive and his uncle had been on the
fair grounds for a half hour Clive
Rumball had been introduced at least
ten times to, as many farmers who all
cracked some sort of joke about the

famous apple which had been named
for him.

They had parked their car and
were directing their steps toward the
building where were exhibited various
fruits and vegetables—along with a
new and improved Clive Rumball from
Samuel Todd.

"There's my friend, Mr. Jennifer,"
said the uncle, pausing as he saw a
man alighting from a car in the park-
ing field. He was in agitated con-
versation with a young and animated
woman, so Samuel Todd did not in-
terrupt. Mr. Jennifer was apparently
trying to get the young woman to
alight and the young woman was re-
sisting. Clive Rumball became some-
what interested. Though he caught but
a blurred outline of her face, he felt
the locks that showed beneath her lit-
tle cloche were red—red like burnished
copper. And Clive Rumball had a fail-
ing for red-haired girls.

Presently the farmer, Mr. Jennifer,
got out alone, sighed deeply and the
car turned while the girl at the wheel
threw Mr. Jennifer a kiss.

Mr. Jennifer caught up with Clive
and his uncle.

"Let me introduce you to my
nephew, Clive Rumball," began the
uncle, importantly pronouncing the
name, but Mr. Jennifer was too preoc-
cupied with his own affairs to hear
the rest. He merely bowed to Clive
and his uncle and said, "By heck!"

"That gal of mine," he went on.
"She's all right, but she's stubborn.
But, then, red-haired girls usually are.
All I wanted was that she should get
out and go around with me. I wanted
to introduce her. But she had made
up her mind she wouldn't. So she said
she'd drive around and call back for
me instead. I've got a mighty fine
showing of carrots," he continued, ad-
dressing Samuel Todd in particular.

And Clive Rumball wandered along
while the two agriculturists discussed
apples and carrots.

It was about then that Clive Rum-
ball summoned courage to slip his
moorings. Suppose you and Mr. Jen-
nifer look around awhile and I'll meet
you later, say at the judging stand at
about twelve."

It was agreed, and Clive Rumball,
hoping that no one would recognize in
him the godfather of the rosy-cheeked
apple bearing his name, wandered
back to the parking field. He strolled
around it, wondering whether by
chance he might find the red-haired
daughter of Jennifer. He was still
looking when a motor coming around
the wrong direction honked violently
to him.

"Excuse me," said the driver, who
proved to be no one in the world but
Miss Jennifer. "You were with my
father when he went off. Will you
see him again?"

"I expect to," said Clive with a
bow. "I expect to meet Mr. Jennifer
and my uncle at twelve."

"Well, will you tell father, then,"
said the girl, "that I've gone. I told
him I wouldn't come, and he knows I
hate these fairs and why—and now
I'm going. I don't know just where,
only I'm not going to hang around this
place. And that's that."

"I suppose it is," said Clive with a
laugh. "In the meantime, why do you
hate state fairs, Miss Jennifer?"

"Why shouldn't I?" threw back the
girl, and then fearing lest an attend-
ant might find her with her car faced
the wrong way, she added: "I'll tell
you, but not here. I've got to turn.
Hop in, and I'll set you down where-
ever you are going."

Clive got in beside the girl with red
hair and, having explained that he
was going nowhere in particular but
that he had just drifted back toward
his own car, they started out of the
grounds and along a country turnpike.

"I hate state fairs," she explained,
"because my name's Deborah Jen-
nifer." She paused to see if this
brought a smile of recognition to the
face of her companion. "You are ap-
parently not a farmer," she went on.
"If you were you would no doubt have
made some remark about carrots and
red hair. You apparently don't know
that the Deborah Jennifer is the most
celebrated variety of carrots in the
country—maybe in the world. My
father perfected it. He named it
for me when I was a little girl be-
cause I had red hair. I'd like to dye
it sometimes—not that I mind being
red-haired, only I do mind the jokes
that people crack when they know my
name is Deborah Jennifer. Honestly,
it is enough to make me want to get
married, just so I could be called by
some other name." Then she added
quickly, "Only, of course, I don't in-
tend to be married."

"I should think," said Clive with
a smile, "that that would be your
best way out of it. Unfortunately my
own name is Clive Rumball."

He got no further. "Heavens," cried
the girl. "Then you're an apple. And
I suppose people kid you about being
apple faced—only of course you aren't.
No," added Miss Jennifer with a twinkle
in her bright blue eye, "I couldn't
think of marrying you even if you
wanted me to."

All of which shows that red-haired
girls are just as apt to change their
minds as any one else, for before an-
other summer had brought another
state fair every farmer's magazine
throughout the country had published
the pictures of Clive Rumball and his
bride, Deborah Jennifer, under a head-
ing to the effect that an apple had mar-
ried a carrot.

Sure a Relief.

A little girl, on her first visit to the
country, after gathering a lot of wild
flowers, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma,
how nice it is to live where somebody
doesn't own everything."

DAIRY FACTS

Use Eternal Vigilance in War on Tuberculosis

In fighting tuberculosis in cattle the
old reliable eternal vigilance is as
much the price of victory as in any
other contest.

Men who are most closely in touch
with dairy conditions say there is
grave danger of reinfection even after
the herd is clean.

They say that special care should
be exercised in cleaning and disinfect-
ing a barn after the removal of re-
actors. The dairyman should be sure
that every corner is scrubbed, cleaned
and disinfected.

The danger that cows from a clean
herd will be infected at fairs, stock
shows and sales is also said to be
great. The cattlemen at the New
York State Agricultural College at
Ithaca go so far as to say that the
farmer with the clean herd should re-
fuse to exhibit his stock unless he is
quite sure that the regulations permit-
ting only the entry of tuberculin-tested
stock are strictly enforced.

The pasture offers another source of
infection. Even if the farmer is sure
his herd is clean, the cattle may get
the germs from a stream which car-
ries them from another pasture in
which tubercular cows are kept. One
herd was known to have become in-
fected by drinking from a stream
which flowed through a slaughter
house yard where reactors were killed.

The calves need to be protected.
They should not be fed milk which
is even suspected of harboring the
germs. Such milk can be made safe
only by holding it at a temperature of
150 degrees for twenty minutes.

Different Methods for Hand Feeding of Calves

There is some difference in the
method followed by farmers as to the
time to begin hand feeding of the calf.
Some take the calf away without al-
lowing it to nurse at all. Others pre-
fer to let it nurse once, and some al-
low it to remain with the cow three
or four days or until the fever is fit
of the udder and the milk is fit for
use in the dairy. It probably makes
very little difference as to this point,
but it is a fact easily established that
the earlier the calf is taken from the
cow, the easier it will be to teach it
to drink.

If the cow's udder is in good con-
dition when the calf is dropped, it will
generally be more satisfactory to take
the calf away early. When the udder
is caked, it is best to leave the calf
with her until this condition is re-
moved. The point that must be kept
in mind is that at first the milk from
the mother should always be given the
calf and not the milk from some other
cow. The first milk, or colostrum, given
by a cow is especially suited to the
requirements of a young calf, as it has
the property of acting as a physic and
stimulating the digestive organs.

With the higher testing breeds, it is
particularly desirable to take the calf
away early or else exercise care that
the calf does not eat too much of the
high testing milk which may bring on
digestive troubles that are difficult to
overcome.

Vermont Station Favors Pumpkins for Dairy Cows

Pumpkins are a valuable feed for
dairy cows. In composition they re-
semble mangels and are as valuable
for cows. The tradition among farm-
ers that pumpkin seeds increase the
kidney excretions, tend to dry up
cows, and hence should be removed
before feeding has no good founda-
tion. The seeds contain much nutri-
ment and should not be wasted. The
Vermont experiment station found
two and one-half tons of pumpkins,
including seeds, equal to one ton of
corn silage.

They can be either fed in the barn
or out in the pasture. When fed in
the barn they should be cut in small
pieces. If fed in the pasture they
need only be broken in two pieces.
Cows that have never been fed pump-
kins must first learn to eat them be-
fore they relish them.

Alsike Clover Hay Very Good Feed for All Cows

Alsike clover hay is a very good
feed for dairy cows. It is a little bet-
ter than red clover hay. Feed cows
all the alsike clover they will clean
up without very much waste. For a
grain ration take 400 pounds ground
corn, 200 pounds ground oats and 100
pounds of this mixture for every three
to three and one-half pounds of milk
produced if your cows are Jerseys or
Guernseys and one pound for every
three and one-half to four pounds of
milk produced if your cows are Hol-
steins.

Overfeeding is Dangerous.

A newly freshened heifer is very
likely to eat heartily of all kinds of
food, especially grain, that is put be-
fore her, and right here is where the
danger lies. The feeder must exer-
cise good judgment right from the
start.

Disease is Dangerous.

Tuberculosis is a danger. A clean
herd safeguards your family, increases
herd value, protects the milk supply,
is a protection to the buyer and a
satisfaction to the seller.

L. D. Porter



If You Have A Cough Take this Advice

Salem, Ore.—"Some years ago
I was a farmer in Kansas. Thru
exposure, serving as a soldier during
the Civil War my health had become
impaired. I was bothered with a
chronic cough and catarrhal con-
dition; I felt like an old man, al-
though I was only forty. I heard
of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery. It helped me so much that
I continued taking it (I think about
six bottles in all) and felt new pure
blood coursing thru my body. The
'Golden Medical Discovery' drove
out the catarrh and also the cause
of my cough. There are somethings
we can forget, but when a person
has received as much help as I
did, it is impossible to forget it. I
feel younger and more vigorous
at 78 than I did at 40."—L. D.
Porter, 451 South 15th St.

As soon as you commence to take
this "Discovery" you begin to feel
its bracing, appetizing effect. Buy
it of your druggist, in tablets or
liquid. Write Dr. Pierce, President
Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., if
you desire free medical advice.

Also Birthplace of Napoleon.

The island of Corsica is in the Med-
iterranean sea, 50 miles from Italy,
100 miles from France and 8 miles
from Sardinia. Three thousand three
hundred and eighty-six square miles.
It belongs to France.

Appropriately Named.

"How did your friend get the nick-
name 'Louis the Fourteenth'?" "From
Miss Bright, after he had been invited
to a dinner so that there wouldn't be
13 at table."—Boston Transcript.

First "Glazing Cards."

Tablets of glazed earthenware de-
picting the owner were left by the an-
cients at temples; these are supposed
to be the origin of the modern visiting
card.

Unselfish Love.

Convey thy love to thy friend as an
arrow to the mark, to stick there; not
as a ball against the wall to rebound
back to thee.—Quarles.

Shark's Keen Sense of Smell.

The shark has so acute a sense of
smell that it is asserted it can detect
a human body when it is 20 miles from
its prey.

Giraffes Post Guards.

Giraffes are not easily taken by sur-
prise, as two or three of their number
always stand sentinel while the others
feed.

Look for the Right Road.

The easy way is not of necessity the
right way. The line of least resis-
tance may not be the appointed road.
An opening may not be a call, it may
be a trap.—Robert Freeman.

Stray Bits of Wisdom.

None are so fond of secrets as those
who do not mean to keep them; such
persons covet secrets as a spendthrift
covets money, for the purpose of cir-
culation.—Colton.

Sage Reflection.

What miserable lives most of us
would lead if we could hear every-
thing that is said about us when we
are not listening.—Exchange.

Just a "Would-Be."

"When a man is over-anxious to
show dat he's boss," said Uncle Eben,
"he's afraid dat he ain't."—Washing-
ton Star.

A Queer Place.

A missing Cincinnati boy found
asleep in a soap factory evidently
didn't know where he was.

About Oil on Facings.

Fuller's earth and sulphur will ab-
sorb the accumulation of oil on fabric
or leather facings.

On Making a High Mark.

You can't make a high mark if you
lie down on the job.—Forbes Maga-
zine.

Red Cross BALL BLUE

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

Are You Satisfied? BEHNKE-WALKER
BUSINESS COLLEGE
is the biggest, most perfectly equipped
Business Training School in the North-
west. Fit yourself for a higher position
with more money. Permanent positions
assured our Graduates.
Write for catalog—Fouquier and Yamhill
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P. N. U.

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