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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed without injury to the skin by New-Born
Lepidatory. Sample on request. Key-Born Lab-
oratories, 619 Morgan Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Exploited by the Camera.
Some of the satellites of Jupiter
were discovered photographically, and
have never been seen except on photo-
graphic plates.

The vanity of human life is like a
river, constantly passing away and yet
constantly coming on.—Pope.

Mathede Schonberg, Who Was Taken
Prisoner by Chinese Bandits, Faced
Death to Save Others.

Mathede Schonberg, maid of Miss
Lucy Aldrich, was taken captive by
Chinese bandits. The band of bandits,
when pursued by soldiers, placed their
captives in front to receive the fire.
It became evident that whatever
happened to the bandits, no captive
would escape alive. It was essential
that the fire of the soldiers should
be stopped if any captive was to be
saved.

The only way was to send one of
the captives as a messenger to the
soldiers. One of the men volunteered
to go. Presumably, any man would
go, but some men are more competent
than others in the face of danger.
But Miss Schonberg insisted that a
woman should go, as the soldiers
would be less likely to fire other than
on a man. That the danger was real
is shown by the fact that one of the
bandits who escorted her was shot

dead. Facing the deadly fire, she
passed through safely and accom-
plished her mission.

It is already proposed that Miss
Schonberg receive the Carnegie medal
for heroic conduct, and it may be
assumed that she will get it. She
will certainly be exalted in the souls
of those whose lives she saved and
their families.

Woman is naturally timid. She
shrinks from facing it, and yet con-
stantly does face what men would
never endure. And at every moment
of extreme peril which can by no
means be escaped, woman invariably
faces the peril with a calmness and
resolution which few men can achieve.
—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nature Writers.
Nearly all our nature writers are
men of the north temperate zone.
They yearn so much to write about
trees and flowers because of the winter
that they annually suffer under.

Leaves Estate to Dog, \$10,000 Annuity to Spouse
Boston.—Of an estate valued at
\$500,000, an annuity of \$10,000 is left
to the husband of Mrs. Lucinda E.
Shaw, originator of a brand of candy,
whose will was filed for probate re-
cently.

Provision is made for the comfort
of Mrs. Shaw's pet dog. The house-
hold and personal effects and real es-
tate here and in Maine are left to Al-
bert W. Myer, in Mrs. Shaw's employ

for many years, on condition that he
take care of her dog for its life "and
treat it kindly during such period."

The residue is left to George R.
Blinn, executor and trustee, with di-
rections to pay certain annuities, and
to distribute the remainder upon Mr.
Shaw's death among a number of
philanthropic and charitable institu-
tions.

The Tale of an Overcoat

By BERTHA R. M'DONALD

Ben Partridge possessed two short-
comings which bothered and annoyed
those closest to him immeasurably.

For one thing, he was too apt to
become absent-minded about the every-
day things of life when he was im-
mersed in the details of big projects,
and for another thing, he hated an
overcoat like poison, even in zero
weather. Thereby hangs this tale.

One afternoon late in December, as
he was sitting in his office thinking
over the interesting details of a big
deal just closed, he looked up and saw
Rogers, his neighbor, from the adjoin-
ing suite, passing his open door, sans
any outer garment and shaking with
a touch of old-fashioned gripe.

Without hesitation Ben, who was big
hearted, hailed the sufferer and in-
sisted on covering him with his own
overcoat, which hung neglected upon
a customer nearby.

That night Ben's solicitous sister,
with whom he lived, upbraided him
soundly, as usual, for going about in
such inclement weather without pro-
tection and warmth. It brought to his
mind another similar upbraiding re-
ceived some time before from the
girl he loved best in all the world.

"Oh, come now, Molly," he had pled,
"please leave me pleasant memories
instead of scoldings."

Molly Hastings had laughed and
nestled a little closer to the stalwart
man at her side as she answered:
"Bennie, you're positively incorrigible.
I won't spoil our last evening; but,
mark me well, once we're married,
things are going to change. You're
going to take some much-needed les-
sons in remembering, and you're go-
ing to learn to love an overcoat."

The next day she had left to spend
a few days with her aunt, and Ben
Partridge had squared his shoulders
to face the loneliest period of his ex-
istence. He buried himself in his
work, running to cover this prospect
and that, welcoming each fee as one
more move toward the bungalow he
purposed building for Molly.

As he sat in his sister's home this
particular evening, thinking about
Molly Hastings, he realized that in a
short time she would be back home
again. He decided not to write her
about the deal he had closed that af-
ternoon, the very biggest thing in all
his business career. It would be such
sport to see her lovely golden-brown
eyes open in amazement when he
showed her the check.

And then, in what seemed an in-
credibly short time, Ben Partridge's
little world lay in ruins about him.
Molly Hastings came home suddenly,
without letting him know, and the
next day, returned, by special messen-
ger, without a word of explanation or
mention, the engagement solitaire
he had so proudly placed upon her
finger some six months previously.

Forthwith every avenue of approach
to the young lady was closed to him.
She refused to answer the telephone
herself, and if she received any of his
messages she gave no such evidence.
When he called she was "not at home,"
and a letter written to her was "re-
turned to writer unopened." A friend
volunteered his services, but Molly in-
formed him at once that she had abso-
lutely nothing to say to any emis-
sary from Mr. Partridge.

Ben was indeed sick at heart, and
the weather seemed to grow colder
and colder along with the lowering of
his mental temperature. The Janu-
ary winds were absolutely pitiless.
For the first time in ages Ben felt
the need of his overcoat. But he could
not remember where he had left it. Not
a single illuminating thought occurred
to him to pierce the obscurity of that
overcoat's whereabouts.

One particularly cold, damp day, as
he was going into a restaurant for
luncheon, he noticed at his feet what
appeared to be a much-soiled pawn
ticket. Idly, without a suspicion of
real interest in the act, he picked up
the ticket and thrust it into his coat
pocket. Later, pulling it out with his
handkerchief, he fell to studying it,
and finally was struck with an odd
notion.

An hour later he visited the pawn
shop, presented the ticket and, by the
payment of \$10, was given—his own
overcoat! He was astounded. A few
moments of quiet reflection in his of-
fice served to recall the fact that he
had lent the coat to Rogers some time
before, but Rogers was a man who had
no need for recourse to pawnshops
to obtain funds. What was the solu-
tion to this mystery? He decided to
speak to Rogers about it, but the of-
fice boy informed him that Rogers
was in a sanitarium.

He had just slouched down in his
chair to wait for another inspiration
when the door opened softly and Molly
Hastings, his Molly, came shyly in.

"Please put my ring back where it
belongs, Ben," she pleaded, without
further preliminary, holding out her
left hand. "Somewhat I just knew
you'd have it with you," she went on,
as he drew the ring from his pocket
without a word and slipped it into
place. "Now, I'll—"

Once more the door opened and a
pale, haggard little woman with a
narrow, peaked face, rushed in.

"It's me as is ter blame, mister,"
she whined. "She said I needn't come,
but I was 'fraid yer wouldn't b'lieve
her mebbe. Yer see, the old gentleman
hired my Jimmie to fetch yer coat
back an' he was struck by an auty

on the way. I didn't have a cent an'
the feller wot struck him had flew,
so I hooked the coat for \$10 an' lost
the ticket, but afore that I found a
package an' a letter in the pocket.
Afterwards I opened the package an'
when I saw it was some classy beads
I hooked them, too, an' then, after
Jimmie died, I kinda got cold feet like
an' mailed the letter ter—"

"It went to auntie's and she sent
it on to me," Molly interrupted. "This
poor woman wrote a rote explaining
everything and I was so glad to know
the truth that I hunted her up to
thank her. You'll never know how I
suffered, Ben, not having even so
much as a postal from you."

"Oh, yes I will," Ben answered con-
tritely. "I've done a little suffering
on my own hook lately, but I guess all
this has cured me of a couple of ail-
ments. I'm going to keep my over-
coat on hand for my own use after
this. Then I'll have occasion to re-
member what I've parked in the pock-
ets. I was expecting to register that
package to you the very afternoon I
lent the coat to Rogers."

He opened his arms and she came
to have there, both of them utterly
oblivious to the presence of the peaked-
faced stranger, who was fumbling in
a shabby purse for something which
she finally laid on the desk before
turning to leave.

"There's the ticket for them there
beads," she called from the doorway.
"I only raised five bones on 'em."

"Five bones!" exploded Partridge,
aghast. "Great Scott!"

The beads which the poor old soul
had pawned for \$5 happened to be an
expensive necklace of first grade,
finely cut, perfectly matched, real
topazes, which he had bought because
they just matched his Molly's gold-
brown eyes, but that much Ben Par-
tridge wisely kept to himself.

PLANTS GIVE OUT LIGHT
Phosphorescence is Found Clearly in
Animals, but is Rarer in
Vegetation.

The list of organisms, animals and
plants reported to give off light occa-
sionally is very large. Those that
habitually and undoubtedly do so are
not many and the function is little
understood. Various observations tend
to show, with reference to so-called
phosphorescent mushrooms, that, in
fungi, at least, a vital function akin
to respiration is seen in the emission
of light, and that it is accompanied
by oxidation of tissue and the giving
off of carbonic acid.

Phosphorescence, or the faculty of
emitting a visible light in darkness, is
found clearly in certain groups of the
animal kingdom, especially in insects
and myriapods; it is rarer and less
characteristic in plants. Only certain
plants found in Brazil would appear
certainly to possess a juice that is
phosphorescent at a high temperature.

Linnaeus relates that his daughter
saw intermittent flashes from various
flowers of a yellow-orange tint. Tre-
viranus doubts this observation and
advances the hypothesis that orange
color seen in half darkness may affect
the eye in such a deceptive way as to
give an illusion of fugitive gleams.

If this be so, the phosphorescence
in the vegetable kingdom should be al-
most exclusively relegated to the
mushrooms. Here, however, the phe-
nomenon is very decided. Decayed
wood is sometimes phosphorescent.
This is attributed to the presence in
the dead wood of the substance of a
phosphorescent mushroom. Perhaps
it must be ascribed to bacteria, living
either on the wood or on the substance
itself.

His Father's Crown.
The school teacher was inculcating
principles of morality and religion in
the minds of her young charges, and
said:
"Now, children, if you do right al-
ways, you will each have a gold crown
to wear some day. Just think of
that!"

"Yes," said a young Jewish pupil,
"my father always does right, and he
has a gold crown."

"He has?" asked the teacher. "I
know your father well, but I never saw
him wearing a crown of gold."

"Oh, no," was the answer, "he
doesn't wear it on his head—he wears
it on his tooth!"

She Was Safe.
A little girl went to see her grand-
mother, who was particular about her
spiritual affairs.

"My dear, I hope you say your pray-
ers every night before going to
bed?" said the old lady.

"No, gran'ma," replied the young-
ster.

"Why, my dear, aren't you afraid
to go to bed without asking that the
good angels shall watch over you dur-
ing the darkness of night?"

"No, gran'ma, I'm not afraid, 'cause
I sleep in the middle."

His Excuse.
A country sexton officiated at a fu-
neral clad in a red waistcoat. At the
conclusion of the obsequies, the vicar
remonstrated with the old grave-dig-
ger, saying: "Robert, you should not
wear a red waistcoat at a funeral; you
hurt the feelings of the mourners."

Robert replied, placing his hand on
his breast: "Well, what does it mat-
ter, sir, so long as the heart is
black?"

Magnetic.
"Lots of girls use dumbbells to get
color on their cheeks," said the gym
teacher to his class.

"And lots of girls use color on
their cheeks to get dumbbells," was
the rejoinder of a saucy modern
miss.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"CURFEW"

SO MANY histories have re-
lated the fact that the institu-
tion of the "curfew"—called
from the French couvre-feu, cov-
er-fire—was due to William the
Conqueror that to deny this
would be almost equivalent to
denying history itself. But the
fact remains that the curfew was
known long before 1066, both in
England and on the continent.

As far back as the time of
King Alfred the "cover-fire" bell
was rung, not as a precaution
against political conspiracies—
as William the Conqueror in-
tended it, but merely as a form
of fire insurance. The great ma-
jority of the houses in England
at that time were built without
chimneys and the live coals pre-
sented a constant peril to the
towns at large. Though this
menace has passed, the curfew
is still sounded in a large num-
ber of places throughout Eng-
land, and, during the war, was
revived as a warning that all
lights should be extinguished. In
times of peace, however, its prin-
cipal function is to warn resi-
dents that it is time to go to
bed and in some places there are
laws that forbid children under
a certain age from being abroad
after curfew has been rung. The
usual "curfew hour" is eight
o'clock in the evening, but here
and there it is sounded at seven
or nine o'clock.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Mother's Cook Book

To take your basket and go to the
market is more fun than a movie. The
advantage in marketing in person is a
greater variety in the bills of fare.
There are many foods and vegetables
that are forgotten, and one is remind-
ed of them in all their attractiveness
when found in the stalls at the mar-
ket. In many places one may buy a
pound of butter made that very morn-
ing, a freshly-dressed chicken or a
piece of spare-rib right from the farm,
which will have some meat left on it.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

PERHAPS some inexperienced
housewife may be helped by
the recipe for

Cranberry Sauce.
Take six cupfuls of cranberries,
three cupfuls of granulated sugar,
one-half cupful of water. Wash and
pick over the berries and add the
sugar and water, but do not stir. Af-
ter they begin to boil, cook ten min-
utes closely covered. Remove the
scum and when cool they will be jel-
lied, the skins soft and tender.

Cranberry Punch.
Take one pint of cranberries, one
and one-half quarts of water, one
and one-half cupfuls of sugar, four or-
anges and two lemons. Cook the
cranberries in the water and sugar
until tender, strain and cool. When
cold add the juice of the fruit and
freeze until mushy.

Four-Minute Fruit Cake.
Take two-thirds of a cupful of soft
butter or chicken fat, two and one-
half cupfuls of brown sugar, four eggs,
one cupful of milk, three and one-half
cupfuls of sifted flour, two tablespoon-
fuls of cocoa, one-half teaspoonful of
mace, one teaspoonful of cinnamon,
three teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
one cupful of raisins, one-fourth of a
pound of chopped dates, one and one-
fourth pounds of currants. Put all the
ingredients together into a bowl and
beat vigorously with a wooden spoon
for five minutes. Bake in loaf pans
for 45 minutes.

Gluten Muffins.
Take two cupfuls of gluten flour,
two cupfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls
of baking powder, one well-beaten egg;
mix the dry ingredients; stir in the
beaten eggs and milk. Beat thor-
oughly all together and half-fill but-
tered gem pans. Bake 20 minutes.

Baked Apples With Figs.
Wash apples and remove the cores,
leaving the blossom end unbroken. In
the cavity of each apple place a tea-
spoonful of chopped figs and fill with
sugar or sirup to which the juice of
a lemon has been added. Place in a
baking dish in a slow oven and bake
until the apples are tender, basting
occasionally.

Fried Rice.
Take six cupfuls of cooked rice, one
cupful of cold roast pork chopped,
two tablespoonfuls of fat, one table-
spoonful of salt, and two eggs. Add
the salt, fat meat and onion and let
fry a few minutes. Add the rice, mix
well and when hot add the eggs whole.
Stir and cook until the eggs are set,
then serve at once.

Camel's Peculiarity.
The camel cannot swim. The mo-
ment it loses its footing in running
water it turns on its side and makes
no effort to save itself from drowning.

Some Fail to Recognize Truth.
Thou dost give audience everywhere,
O, Truth, to all who ask counsel of
thee, and at once answerest, though on
manifold matters they ask thy counsel.
Clearly dost thou answer, though all
do not hear.—St. Augustine.

Road Twenty Centuries Old.
England's oldest road, which must
have been made at least 2,000 years
ago, runs between Winchester and
Canterbury.

Variety of Materials for Books.
In the British museum are books
written on oyster shells, bricks, bones,
ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheep-skin,
wood, and palm leaves.

Red Cross BALL BLUE
used for baby's clothes, will keep them
sweet and snowy-white until worn out.
Try it and see for yourself. At grocers

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Good Positions
Enroll any time of year. Write for free
success catalog. Fourth and Yamhill,
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WRIGLEYS

after every meal

Cleanses mouth and
teeth and aids digestion.
Relieves that over-
eaten feeling and acid
mouth.

Its 1-a-s-i-l-n-g flavor
satisfies the craving for
sweets.

Wrigley's is double
value in the benefit and
pleasure it provides.

Sealed in its Parity
Package.

Wrigley's
P.K.
CHEWING SWEET
TOBACCO
100 TO 1000 PIECES

The flavor lasts

To Remove Tarnish.
To remove tarnish from silver, put
one tablespoonful of borax powder in
each quart of water. Put in the silver
and bring to boiling point. Wipe with
a flannel cloth. It gives a wonderful
polish and saves time, labor and sil-
ver.

A Short Turn.
I was out prospecting with Larry
the other day—in the mountains, you
know—and said, "See that little butte
over there." Larry is in the hospital
now. He was in such a hurry to turn
around that he sprained both ankles.
—Saturday Evening Post.

Mrs. Isabella McLachlan

Operation Avoided

Portland, Oreg.—"Dr. Pierce's
medicine has been so very benefi-
cial to me that I am glad to give it
my recommendation. Doctors said
I would have to undergo an opera-
tion, but after taking the 'Favorite
Prescription' I found that an opera-
tion was not necessary. During
one expectant period I suffered with
inflammation and became so weak
and rundown I could not do my
work. Doctors again advised an
operation, but instead I began taking
the 'Favorite Prescription' and it
soon put me on my feet. My health
returned, I had practically no
suffering, and my baby was very
healthy. Since that time whenever
I have felt badly I have taken the
'Favorite Prescription.' It always
makes me well in no time."—Mrs.
Isabella McLachlan, 768 Mich. Ave.