

THIS COUPON IS WORTH
Twenty Dollars
The VERY BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT
for YOUR BOY or YOUR GIRL is a
Thorough Business College Education
This ad is good for \$20 on a complete
Business Course if used by Jan. 1, 1918.
Save it, and write today for particulars.
LINK'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
Teeth and Morrison Sts., Portland, Ore.

Forest to You
Lumber, Shingles,
Lath, Moulding,
Doors, Windows and
other Building Material from
Sam Connell Lumber Co.
Portland, Oregon.
Send us a list of what you require
for your buildings and we will name
you prices delivered at your station
and Guarantee to save you Money.

Dalles-Columbia Line
Winter Schedule, Nov. 25 to Mar. 15.
Steamers J. N. Teal and Twin Cities for Ken-
necott, Paces, Wallula, Umatilla, Arlington, The
Dalles, Lyle, Hood River, White Salmon, Cannon,
Rivermouth, Cascade Locks. Leave Portland Tues-
days and Fridays at 11 p. m. Freight and passen-
gers. Landing Taylor St. Dock, Portland.

Double Tread Puncture Proof Tires
Made from your old ones. Last loss
on tread new TIRES. Write
OREGON VULCANIZING CO.
500 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

LEARN WATCHMAKING
Pleasant, profitable work not overdone; few
months' learning; positions guaranteed; write for
references and particulars. Portland Watchmak-
ing, Engraving and Optical School, 213 Comm-
wealth Building, Portland, Oregon.

WEEKS' BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS
A guaranteed remedy for Colds and
La Grippe. Price 25c of your druggist.
It's good. Take nothing else.—Adv.

How to Be Happy Though Chicagoans

A Chicago couple celebrated their
fifty-ninth wedding anniversary some
time ago. Believing their long years
of wedlock have qualified them as ex-
perts on the subject, they have drawn
up the following recipe for marital
happiness—and the Chicago "Tribune"
prints it:
1. Love each other all the time.
2. Keep silent when she wants to ar-
gue. 3. Keep silent when he wants
to argue. 4. Use good common sense
in times of depression. 5. Don't
blame your husband when he's doing
his best. 6. Don't scold. 7. Have a
few children playing around the
house.
This married couple have lived up
to the seventh of their commandments
and now that their own youngsters
have grown up they have seven grand-
children and four great-grandchildren.
And we notice this detail of the re-
cipe: these rules are applied to both
parties, not just to one of them. We
haven't yet arrived at that stage of
civilization wherein we honestly apply
the Golden Rule in all life's everyday
relations, but applying some part of
that Rule at home means having a
home.—Colliers.

Papa's Nemesis.

Evelyn is cowardly and her father
decided to have a serious talk with his
little daughter.
"Father," she said at the close of
his lecture, "when you see a cow, ain't
you 'fraid'?"
"No!" with scorn.
"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders'?"
"No," with laughter. "Oh, you silly,
silly child."
"Papa," said Evelyn solemnly,
"ain't you 'fraid of nothing in the
world but mamma'?"

A Good Player.

"Thump-rattley-bang" went the
piano.
"What are you trying to play,
Jane?" called out her father from the
next room.
"It's an exercise from my new in-
struction book, 'First Steps in Music,'"
she answered.
"Well, I knew you were playing with
your feet," he said gruffly, "but don't
step so heavily on the keys—it dis-
turbs my thoughts."

Canned.

"Is your wife putting up any fruit
this summer?"
"No, but I've canned a few peaches
myself."
"You have."
"Yes. I've had three different
stenographers this year, and not one
of them knew half as much about
spelling and grammar as she did about
the latest fashions."

No Room for It.

"Will you have a cherry or an olive
in your cocktail, major?" asked the
host.
"Neither," replied the major. "They
merely take up a lot of space that
might be better devoted to the likker."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Wise Fool.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise
again," quoted the Sage.
"Yes," responded the Fool. "But it
seldom rises in time to get the num-
ber of the joy rider's machine."

C. Gee Wo
Successful Home
Remedies
His successful her-
bal remedies cure all
kinds of ailments of
men and women with-
out operation, used
from the wonderful
Chinese herbs, roots,
buds and vegetables, which are unknown to
the medical science of this country.
Write for book and circulars. Send stamp.
CONSULTATION FREE. Address
The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.
1214 1/2 First St., Portland, Ore.
Mention Paper.

P. N. U. No. 51, 1918

Write to advertisers, please men-
tion this paper.

A Fairyland of Nature



TURRETED CASTLES

THE Black Hills of South Da-
kota and Wyoming, which are
in fact mountains rising from
the great plains to an eleva-
tion of 7,000 or more feet above sea
level, were millions of years ago a
small, low island, surrounded by a
vast shallow sea. This sea extended
as far west as the Rocky mountains,
which were more highlands rising
above it, writes Guy E. Mitchell in the
Utica Saturday Globe.
The average traveler today, much
less the bandits and Indians who have
in recent years infested this elevated
region, would probably, according to
their various nationalities, smile
grimly or laugh to scorn the statement
that this portion of the country, now
so arid and barren, was once the
ocean, and later a vast tropical
swamp, among whose rank and luxu-
riant vegetation lurked strange and
huge reptiles, and on the shores of
which roamed giant herbivorous ani-
mals, which were in turn preyed upon
by the terrible flesh-eating monsters
of the early world. Such, however, is
the fact as attested by the vast quantities
of fossilized bones which have been
found imbedded in the rocks and many
of which are now mounted in lifelike
attitudes in various museums of the
country.

Following this age of sea and swamp
the whole region was uplifted thous-
ands of feet by the dynamic forces
from within the earth; the hills be-
came mountains and the bed of the
ancient sea, long since turned to
stone, became a lofty plateau. Then
the rivers began their slow work of
cutting, carving and dissecting this
tableland. The result today is that
wonderful region of several hundred
square miles east of the Black Hills,
known as "The Big Bad Lands," where
nature has chiseled the soft rocks into
thousands of strange of curious
shapes. The cloudbursts of spring and
summer which visit the Bad Lands cre-
ate innumerable rivers, from small
rills to raging torrents, whose rushing
waters cut deep into the old ocean
bed—layers of hardened sand and clay
—carrying it into most startling shapes
and forms. There is a bewildering
variety, a kaleidoscopic change from
every different viewpoint. The Bad
Lands are not, as might be supposed
from the name, somber and desolate
in appearance. Had they been in the
unhappy traveler's comfort, even in-
deed his safety, since the watering
places are few and far between.

Chaos of Rugged Shapes.
Different from the titanic carvings
of nature, such as the great canyon of
the Colorado, which has been cut
largely by a single river running cease-
lessly through the endless centuries,
the Bad Lands present a fine network
of comparatively minute sculpturing,
in hundreds rather than thousands of
feet, the result of intermittent erosion.
Neither does the wanderer's eye rest
on any forests, glittering lakes, or
green meadows. Instead, there is a
veritable chaos of rugged and ero-
sive shapes fashioned by the rains
and the winds out of the crumbly
rocks, softly tinted with many hues.
The bright western sun reflects the
light from thousands of glittering
pyramids, towers, galleries, and cy-
clical spires, all bare of vegetation,
but casting back in subdued shades
every color of the rainbow.

No land of fable could picture a
greater variety of fairy castles, with
watch towers, battlements and tur-
reted, impregnable strongholds built on
lofty cliffs, commanding the country
around, until the domain of the next
lofty castle or nestling chateau is
reached. The fact that many of these
fantastic structures appear to be fall-
ing into ruin in no way detracts from
the romantic charm of the scene; such
indeed seems in harmony with the sil-
ent, deserted aspect of the region.
Fortress after fortress and embat-
tlement after embattlement meet
the eye from different positions as
the traveler wanders here and
there through the Bad Lands, some-
times in need of repair—long aban-
doned in the imagination—others
standing out bold and sharp against
the clear blue Dakota sky. Hardy can
the clear blue Dakota sky. Hardy can

SAYS WOMEN FAIL IN DUTY

Writer is of Opinion They Do Not
Realize Their Full Responsibility
as Purchasing Agents.

Woman's responsibility as purchas-
er does not end with her own satis-
faction, her own economy, nor does
it remain within her home walls. Upon
this subject Ida Tarbell says, writing
of conditions in the United States:
"Woman argues that her work has no
relation to the state. Her failure to
see that relation costs this country
heavily. Her concern is with retail
prices. If she does her work intel-
ligently, she follows and studies every
fluctuation of price in standards. She
also knows whether she is receiving
the proper quality and quantity; and
yet so poorly have women discharged
their obligations that dealers for
years have been able to manipulate
prices practically to please them-
selves, and as for quality and quan-
tity we have the scandals of American
woolen goods, of food adulteration
and false measures. No one of these

THEIR CHANCE TO STOP WAR

Peace Agitators Meeting in Back
Room Given Opportunity to Bring
Conflict to End.

The peace agitators were meeting
in the back room. They had just de-
clared the war must be brought to an
end.

"It's all up to us," the impassioned
chairman shouted. "If we do our duty
the thing's accomplished."
At that moment the door opened
and a military aid in full uniform ap-
peared on the threshold.

"Fall in," he cried. "You are now a
part of the first company of the Sec-
ond regiment of the Black Brigade.
You start for the front this afternoon!
Forward march!"
And the little band tramped forth
to end the war.—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

An Achievement.

"Are you sure you thoroughly un-
derstand that question you attempted
to decide?"
"No," replied Senator Sorghum;
"but I fancy I expressed myself in
terms sufficiently obscure to prevent
anybody else from taking enough in-
terest to call me down."

IN COLD HANDS.



"She returns my love."
"When you get it back you will find
that she, being a Boston girl, has
chilled it through, and you will have
to warm it over."

Point to Consider.

"I'm afraid Grabson thinks too much
about the material things of life."
"Perhaps so, but we need a few
people in the world like him."
"Yes?"

"If everybody spent his time in
reading poetry, admiring works of
art and listening to soulful music,
who'd donate the money to build li-
braries, art galleries and audito-
riums?"

Wistful Waiting.

"I passed a man sitting in a broken-
down motor car while taking a trip
through the country this morning."
"Did he seem worried?"
"Not particularly. In fact, he had a
far-away look in his eyes."
"Maybe he was thinking of the place
he hopes to reach some day."

'Twould Seem So.

"Trolley car conversation is about
on a par with street corner gossip."
"I think it's rather above."
"Why so?"
"Considering the difficulty of mak-
ing oneself heard on the average trol-
ley car, the person who talks there
must have something worth while to
say."

Just a Theory.

"Good heavens! Why does that
young woman playing the piano next
door sing so loudly?"
"Maybe her conscience hurts her."
"What do you mean?"
"She probably wants to drown out
the racket her mother is making in
the kitchen washing dishes."

Indifference.

"Which do you prefer, summer or
winter?"
"I've no preference," replied Mr.
Growcher. "It is equally depressing
to me whether I put in a large por-
tion of my time reading about the
hottest day ever, or the coldest day
ever."

Doubtful Aid.

"My barber is a Frenchman. Every
day while he's shaving me he gives
me a little lesson in French."
"Fine. But don't you find it rather
difficult to make replies?"
"Yes, to a certain extent, but the
latter that gets into my mouth seems
to help my accent."

Carefully Proportioned.

"How were your crops this year?"
"Jes' about right," replied Farmer
Cornstossel; "not big enough to mean
much work or risk an' at the same
time sufficient to make the summer
boarders think that they was livin'
on a sure-enough farm."

His Preference.

Oldsm—Are you going to hear the
lecture tonight on "The Girl of To-
day?"
Youngun—I should say not. The
girl of tonight is far more attractive.

Professional Humorist.

Diggs—Your friend the doctor is a
funny fellow, isn't he?
Biggs—In what way is he funny?
Diggs—Why, he is always taking
somebody off.

She Fixed It.

Husband—Why in the world do you
have our bills come in weekly instead
of monthly?
Wife—You told me that you didn't
want them so large, didn't you?

Quite So.

"That aviator looks rather disap-
pointed, doesn't he?"
"Somewhat so, but then it is quite
natural for a birdman to look seedy."

Just It.

"Excuse me, my friend, but your
violent utterances will simply encour-
age lynch law."
"I don't care a hang!"

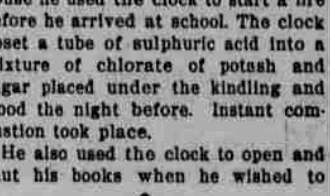
FAMOUS OLD CLOCK

Invention of John Muir That Was
a Wonder.

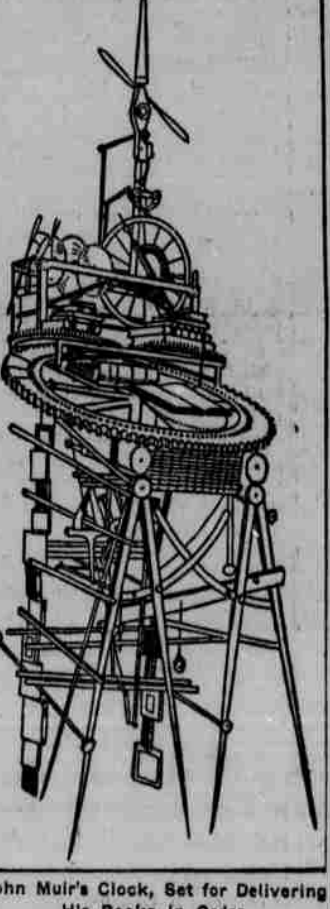
Not Only Effectually Aroused Sleeper,
but Could Be Arranged to Start
Fire and Deliver Books
When Wanted.

The famous clock of the late John
Muir, the noted naturalist and ex-
plorer, which not only woke him up
in the morning, but dined him out
of bed; which delivered his books to
him in regular sequence when he was
studying and which lighted his fire in
the morning, has just been presented
to the Wisconsin State Historical so-
ciety's museum at Madison by the
Wisconsin Alumni Association of
Northern California. The Milwaukee
Journal gives the following account,
with illustration, of that extraordinary
clock:

The clock was used by Muir during
his school days at Wisconsin uni-
versity in the early sixties. Because of his
desire to work, he kept late hours and
found it hard to get up. First he tried
tying a string to his toe and having
the janitor pull it at 5 a. m. This
worked until some of the students
nervously pulled him out of bed. Then
he built a clock which would do the
work.
He built a bed of pine boards with
three legs, two at the head and one
at the foot. The leg at the foot was
in two sections and operated on an
elbow. This elbow was held by a peg
so that if the peg was released the
bed would drop to an angle of 45 de-
grees. A strong cord, fastened to the
peg, led to the clock; on the end of
the cord near the clock was a large
stone. Before retiring the cord was
attached to the clock and at five the
clock would do its deadly work. The
noise of John falling out of bed and
the falling stone awakened everyone
in the building.
While teaching in a country school
house he used the clock to start a fire
before he arrived at school. The clock
upset a tube of sulphuric acid into a
mixture of chlorate of potash and
sugar placed under the kindling and
wood the night before. Instant com-
bustion took place.
He also used the clock to open and
shut his books when he wished to



John Muir's Clock, Set for Delivering
His Books in Order.



John Muir's Clock, Set for Delivering
His Books in Order.

study. By arranging his books in a
small car which operated on his study
table they arranged themselves in a
certain order and were placed before
him at a stated time by the move-
ment of the clock.

Material for Briquettes.

Peat and chalk are being extensivel-
ly used, it is reported, for briquetting
in Canada. The peat is mixed with
coal breeze and then pressed into
briquettes. Such a fuel has been
found efficient and economical. Chalk,
also, of which there are large de-
posits in Canada, are pulverized
and then combined with a certain
percentage of breeze and solidified
tar, the mixture being compressed into
small briquettes or pebbles about the
size of an egg. The briquettes burn
with perfect satisfaction. The fuel
has the advantage of being smokeless,
has a high calorific value and burns
freely.

Madame Joffre.

She, who had never been separated
from her husband, not even for a day,
broke out, never been to see him, al-
though the general staff's headquar-
ters are scarcely a couple of hours
outside of Paris. It is against the
rules for a soldier to see his wife, or
for a wife to try to visit her husband
at the front, therefore, although
Madame Joffre has every facility for
doing so, she will never go to see her
husband. She does not avail herself
of any privilege granted through her
position, but makes a point of setting
the example.—From a Paris Letter.

Power in Japan.

The great dictator in the legal ad-
ministration of Japan is not the min-
ister of justice or the chief judge of
the court of cassation, but the chief
general public prosecutor of the su-
preme court, Kichiro Hiranuma,
Hogaku-hakushi. Doctor Hiranuma
is the strength and embodiment of
the procuratorial system as it works
in Japan today. He is a man of fifty,
has been an official of the department
of justice since 1888, and in 1912 was
word carries greater weight in the
courts of Japan.

Sea-Fighting at Long Range.

The fight in the North Sea began
twelve miles away. When the Bismar-
cker was struck, she was ten miles
from her English enemy. When von
Spee and Craddock fought off Chile,
they opened fire at a distance of 12,
000 yards; and Craddock had old-
fashioned obsolete ships. If old-fash-
ioned obsolete ships open fire at 12,000
yards, what the superdreadnoughts
can do, may be guessed. What they
can do, experts say frankly, is throw
a 2000-pound projectile twenty-five
miles with such accurate range-finders
that the deflection will be only twenty
yards for six miles. In fact, the im-
provement and change in naval equip-
ment has been so swift and revolu-
tionary that the life of a battleship has
been rated first rank for only five
years. In speed, in size, in armor
proof, and big gun fire, the changes
have come so fast since 1905 that the
nations had either to fight it out or
cripple themselves financially building
bigger and bigger monsters of the sea;
and oddly enough, the changes all date
from a little "cheese box on a floating
sauceman," the Monitor of Civil War
fame. From the time the Monitor and
the Merrimac spat out their fire-crack-
er shots at each other, it has been a
race among the nations for speed, ar-
mor proof, big guns, and long range.
Those best informed declare that the
big gun and speed have rendered sec-
ondary both armor proof and subma-
rine; but these are disputes that will
be finally settled in the present war.
Neither side has had any monopoly
of courage. The courage of both sides
has been magnificent,—almost terri-
ble, but speed and the big gun have
won.—From "What Sea Power Means
to England," by A. C. Laut, in the
American Review of Reviews for De-
cember.

THAT COLD YOU HAVE

may bring sickness, doctors bills and
loss of work; you know that serious
sickness usually starts with a cold, and
a cold only exists where weakness
exists. Remember that.
Overcome the weakness and nature
cures the cold—that is the law of
reason. Carefully avoid drugged pills,
syrups or stimulants; they are only
props and braces and whips.
It is the pure medicinal nourishment
in Scott's Emulsion that quickly en-
riches the blood, strengthens the lungs
and helps heal the air passages.
And mark this well—Scott's Emul-
sion generates body-heat as protection
against winter sickness. Get Scott's
at your drug store to-day. It always
strengthens and builds up.
16-31 Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Sure of Help.

The boy was very small and the
load he was pushing in the wheelbar-
row was very, very big.
A benevolent old gentleman, put-
ting down his bundles, lent him a
helping hand.
"Really, my boy," he puffed, "I
don't see how you manage to get that
load under the gutters alone."
"I don't," replied the appreciative
kid. Dere's always some jay
standin' around as takes it up for
me."

A Problem.

Little Elizabeth and her mother
were having luncheon together and
the mother, who always tried to im-
press facts upon her young daughter,
said:
"These little sardines, Elizabeth,
are sometimes eaten by the larger
fish."
Elizabeth gazed at the sardines in
wonder and then asked:
"But, mother, how do the large fish
get the cans open?"

Insulted.

"I don't see Griggaby at the club
any more. He used to spend nearly
all his time there."
"Yes, but when some of the other
boys suggested that he ought to spend
something else besides his time once
in a while he got mad and resigned."

Extraordinary.

Kind Old Lady—I'm sure you won't
mind my asking you, but are you a
relative of Captain Jones, of Mudford?
The Officer—Madam, I am Captain
Jones of Mudford.
Kind Old Lady—Ah, then, that ac-
counts for the extraordinary resem-
blance!—London Opinion.

Not Particular.

Brown—Did I leave an umbrella
here yesterday?
Barber—What kind of an umbrella?
Brown—Oh, any kind at all. I'm
not fussy.—Boston Globe.

Spillover.

"Young man," said the magistrate
severely, "the assault you have com-
mitted on your wife was most brutal.
Do you know of any reason why I
should not send you to prison?"
"If you do, your honor," replied the
prisoner at the bar, hopefully, "it
will break up our honeymoon."—Phil-
adelphia Ledger.

NEW MODERN DANCING.

E. Fletcher Hallamore, the leading Dancing Ex-
pert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I
have used ALLEN'S FOOT-PAK the entire
powder to be shaken into the shoe, for ten years,
and recommend it to all my pupils. It cures and
prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Depart-
ment Stores, Etc. Sample FREE. Address, Allen
E. Dimotol, La Roy, N. Y."

Not Guilty.

"Do you know that that young man
who is going to marry your daughter
is an inveterate gambler?"
"Nothing of the sort. He merely
thinks he is. Why, I trimmed him out
of fifteen dollars myself at stud poker
the other night."

Had to Follow.

Jim had looked in at the country
livery stable in search of a job. He
seemed promising and was set to work
greasing the axles of a carriage. In
a remarkably short space of time he
reported the task finished.
"Look here," said his new boss,
"d'ye mean to say you've greased all
four of them wheels already?"
"Well," rejoined the new hand,
"A'ave greased the two front ones."
"And why haven't you greased the
two hind ones?"
"Well," exclaimed Jim, calmly, "se
lang as the two front ones gans all
reet, the two hind ones hev to foller."

Apt Title.

"This collar stud is my own inven-
tion," said the Cheap Jack, "and the
name I have given it is 'Fault.'"
"Because everybody has faults?"
suggested the red-nosed man in the
crowd.
"No, my dear sir; simply because
it's so easy to find."

For Every Kind of Lameness



Put it on and
Rub it in,
Thoroughly

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh ALINMENT

For Cuts, Burns,
Bruises, Sprains,
Strains, Stiff Neck,
Chilblains, Lambe Back,
Old Sores, Open Wounds,
and all External Injuries.
Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody
About It.
Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00
OR WRITE
All Dealers & C. Hanford Mfg. Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

TYPHOID

It is no more necessary
than Smallpox. Any
experience has demonstrated
the almost miraculous effi-
cacy, and harmlessness, of Typhoid Vaccine.
Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and
your family. It is now vital to business interests.
Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have
you had Typhoid?" (Selling of Typhoid Vaccine,
results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers,
THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CALIF.)
PREPARED BY CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CALIF.

Pay \$10,000,000 for Poodies.

"The most astounding extravagance
of the women of America is that we
spend \$10,000,000 each year for
poodies."
Mrs. R. L. Barker told this to the
delegates to the annual meeting of the
Women's International Missionary
union in New Orleans in describing
the American women make the money
fly. She continued:
"We spend more for hats yearly than
it takes to support the army and navy
and several other federal depart-
ments. We also spend \$107,000,000
for soft and cooling drinks and \$178,-
000 for candy. It is time to call a
halt and to return to the sane ways of
our mothers."

He Was The Man.

A colored man called at Mrs. Bar-
ley's looking for work.
"What is your name?" she asked,
after hiring him.
"Mah name is Poe, ma'am," was the
answer.
"Poe!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps
some of your family worked for Edgar
Allan Poe; did they?"
The colored man opened his eyes
wide with amazement.
"Why—why, ma'am," he said, as he
put on a dusky finger at himself—
"why, Ah am Edgar Allan Poe!"

Not A Thought Promoter.

"You must admit that my speech
has stirred a lot of people up," re-
marked the orator.
"Yes," replied his friend, "you have
stirred 'em up all right. Your appeal
to sentiment and emotion ought to
set them to thinking."
"That isn't the purpose. Remember I
am an impassioned leader. I depend
on unquestioning obedience. My
method is to get 'em so excited that
they can't think and will take my
word for it."—Washington Star.

Very Simple.

"How can you sell these shirts for
98 cents if they are worth two dol-
lars apiece, as you say they are?"
"It's like this. The goods were so
popular that the manufacturer could
not make them fast enough to supply
the demand, so he failed, and we
bought his entire stock at a sacrifice."

Provoking.

The Professor—Humph! Dear me!
I gave that young man two courses
on the cultivation of the memory and
he's gone away and forgot to pay me,
and I can't for the life of me remem-
ber the fellow's name. How provok-
ing!