

WHAT MOTHERS NEED

Too many women struggle under pains and aches. They are not sick—but weak, nervous, irritable.

Such women need that blood-strength that comes by taking SCOTT'S EMULSION. It also strengthens the nerves, aids the appetite and checks the decline.

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WANTED—Men to sell Little Wonder Gasoline lights. Big money. Exclusive territory. Write today for agency proposition. Little Wonder Light Co., Terre Haute, Indiana.

Not Much Time To Spare.

The conversation at a recent social affair turned to the subject of narrow margins, when Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma recalled an amusing incident along that line.

Some time ago a circus drifted into a rural town and announced the prices of the performance at 25 cents, children under 10 years of age 10 cents. At the afternoon show a small boy leading a little girl by the hand advanced to the ticket wagon.

"Two tickets, mister," said the boy with a business-like air; a 25-cent one for me and a 10-cent one for this little girl."

"A 10-cent one," returned the ticket-seller, sizing up the small mite of femininity. "Isn't she 10 years old?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt rejoinder of the boy. "Ten years old today, but she wasn't born until 5 o'clock in the afternoon."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Keep Hanford's Balm in your home. Adv.

Real Conversation.

"I hope you don't indulge in gossip." "I'm afraid," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "that I like it. Of course I don't try to make up any for myself, and I don't care much for what my friends now and then mention. But I must say that Charley was never so interesting as he was while he was serving on the grand jury."—Washington Star.

A Feathered Reformer.

Customer—I like this parrot. I hope he doesn't use bad language.

Dealer (emphatically)—Never, mum, never. Why, I had some parrots that swore something awful, but if you'll believe me, this here bird returned the lot.—Boston Transcript.

A Mercenary Courtship.

"Do you think Bill Jones is after the widdy Muggins for her money?" "Sure ting! Don't she make a dollar a day stiddy goin' out washin', and ain't she got de refusal of de big offing buildin' cleanin' at nights?"—Baltimore American.

A Beginning.

"I am absolutely convinced that my arguments are correct," said the earnest man.

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "it's a good start. You've got one man convinced, anyhow."—Washington Star.

Disappointed Maid.

"My bride is disappointed about housekeeping."

"What's the trouble?"

"She can't get a maid who will curtsy as they will do in the musical comedies she goes to see."—Kansas City Journal.

Why Dads Go Dippy.

"Pa, was Joan of Arc Noah's wife?" (A moment later):

"Pa, does ink come from the black sea?"—Boston Transcript.

Tireless.

Man at door—I'd like to see the meter.

Housewife—Well, it's pretty busy but I suppose you can see it for a moment.—Boston Transcript.

RAW FURS

Ship Direct to New York, the International Fur Market, and Secure the Highest Cash Prices.

Why ship to the middleman, who most eventually will give you the lowest price? Why not ship to the International Fur Market, where you can get the highest cash price? We have the largest stock of raw furs in the world, and we are ready to buy your furs.

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P. N. U. No. 4, 1916

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

Bagdad the Magnificent

BAGDAD has been the fencing ground of generations of the most skillful of European diplomats and secret agents, and is one of the most important strategic centers in the near East. It is the dominant city of the eastern part of the Ottoman empire, yielding little in importance to its great sister metropolis on the Bosphorus. As Constantinople is the guarding heart and brain of Turkey in the west, so Bagdad is the strength of the empire's eastern defense. Within its boundaries are the administrators, the officers, the supply depots and the bureau for organization, operation and supply, which constitute the backbone of defense of the whole Mesopotamia division of Turkey, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society.

The ancient city, moreover, lies upon the natural line of communication between Persia and the West, and between the West and the Persian Gulf. Three ancient caravan routes, one from Khorasan, another up the Euphrates into Syria and the last up the Tigris into the Armenian plateau and to the Black sea behind it, were the elements of Bagdad's trading strength in ancient times. Today its importance is almost wholly bound up in the potential wealth of its surrounding plains, watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, where some of the earth's earliest civilizations dawned, flourished, decayed and shrank into oblivion; and in its dominating position upon the limbs of communication between India, Persia and the West.

Now a Decaying City.

Bagdad the Magnificent is now a decaying city, and the years that have rolled by since Turkish overlords



STREET SCENE IN BAGDAD

first began for Mohammedan lands of the near East have seen it sink slowly in importance as a mart for international trade, as a station on the path of the rich merchandise caravans from the East and West, and as the center of a land of abundant harvest. It is still, however, the second city in the empire, and its loss to the Turk would be relatively almost as great as the loss of Chicago would be to the United States. But more than this, the nation of the West controlling Bagdad would control the whole fruitful area between the world's two most historic rivers—the Tigris and the Euphrates; would dominate the Persian gulf, and would exercise a powerful influence in the affairs of southern Persia.

Bagdad has awakened during recent years, and has given its strength to schemes for reclaiming the vast waste areas about it by irrigation. It planned the expenditure of \$130,000,000 for the reclamation of 12,500,000 acres, and as an immediate project it decided upon the reclaiming of a tract of more than three million acres. A new order of things began for the time-burdened city in the few years before the outbreak of the war, and hints of the nervous, keen, hasty, modern life of the West were multiplying. The restless beat of the American oil engine was replacing more deliberate ways of the donkeys and bent-oppressed human. Oil wells were sunk in the Karun river region, south of Bagdad, and American well drills were employed. Oil refineries were built here, and

the Tigris ends at Bagdad, though sailing vessels ascend much higher up the river. Two lines of telegraph, one British and one Turkish, formerly connected the city with Europe, while the Euphrates furnishes a water highway through many hundreds of miles to the northwest.

Bagdad and Teheran, for years diplomacy's chief bear eastern theaters of strategic endeavor, have been places of keenest interest to the foreign offices of England, Russia and Germany. In these two cities, the one the second city of the Turkish empire and the other the capital of the decaying Persia, the great game of eastern politics was fought at close range with all the dexterity which the great empires could bring to bear.

He Just Pitted Her.

Here's the latest in the way of kisses: Exit the lingering kiss, the soul kiss, and the bird peck. Enter the sympathetic kiss. "I did not assault this lady. I kissed her because I felt sorry for her when she told me that her husband did not love her as she wanted him to." This is what a man told a New York magistrate when he was arraigned to answer a charge of assault preferred by the kissable woman. "What kind of a kiss would you call it?" asked the magistrate. "I would call it purely a sympathetic kiss," said the sympathetic one. But the magistrate had never heard of a sympathetic smack. So it was the cooler for the sorrowful man.

LOST BROOM AND TEMPER

Groceryman the Center of Little Tragedy Which Newspaper Man Was Privileged to Witness.

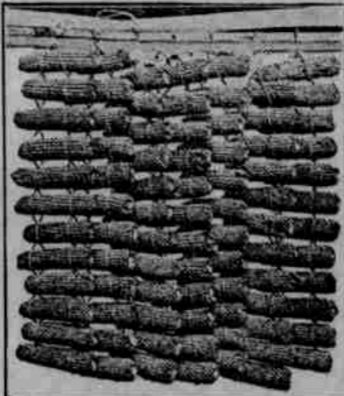
If a contraband sent this tale in we should have filed it quick, believing it to be a yarn, remarks the Cleveland Leader. But since we were so fortunate as to witness the little tragedy, it must be a true story.

He was a fat German-American groceryman. His shop is well out on the edge of town. The other morning after he had filled all his orders and started his boy out to make the delivery rounds, he sat down for a little rest and a quiet puff at his pipe. He snapped a quiet puff at his pipe, through his blaring match through his habit, once his pipe was going, to hear it ring. This time he didn't notice where it fell. A crackling noise made him look around, and he saw a broom blowing up. Grabbing the broom he ran to the street, where he began to sweep the sidewalk so vigorously that a half dozen sons of Italy, who were there waiting for a

WORK FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Boys and Girls Encouraged to Learn How Farmer Cares for Seed Corn and Write Deductions.

The seed corn work of the children of the public schools has assumed gigantic proportions. The superintendents of county schools have given splendid support to this movement. The boys and girls are encouraged



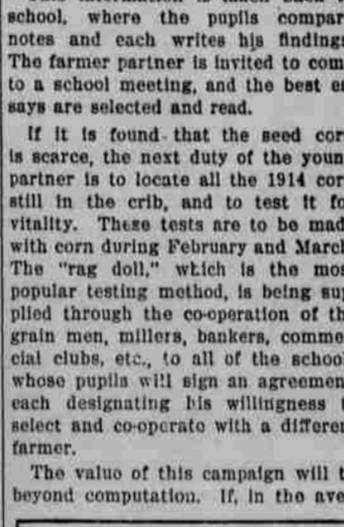
Hang Seed Corn So Air May Circulate Freely Around Each Ear.

each to select a farmer partner. It is noticeable that there are just about the same number of farmers as pupils in the average district. In any event the children are so apportioned that each farmer has a young partner to learn how he cares for his seed corn, asking him the name of the variety, how many bushels he has secured per acre, what date the crop was planted, what date gathered, how hung up, how protected from rats and mice, how much he has on hand, and how much he is willing to take for what surplus seed corn he may have for sale.

This information is taken back to school, where the pupils compare notes and each writes his findings. The farmer partner is invited to come to a school meeting, and the best essays are selected and read.

If it is found that the seed corn is scarce, the next duty of the young partner is to locate all the 1914 corn still in the crib, and to test it for vitality. These tests are to be made with corn during February and March. The "rag doll," which is the most popular testing method, is being supplied through the co-operation of the grain men, millers, bankers, commercial clubs, etc., to all of the schools whose pupils will sign an agreement, each designating his willingness to select and co-operate with a different farmer.

The value of this campaign will be beyond computation. If, in the aver-



Getting Seed Corn Ready to Keep During Winter.

age corn county there are 100,000 acres of corn land, an increase of ten bushels per acre, which is entirely reasonable through seed selection alone, would add millions of bushels of corn which might otherwise not be grown. It would therefore seem that children, in addition to obtaining this practical training, would greatly add to the wealth of the community.

MORO BOYS LIKE BASEBALL

Filipino Youngsters Take Up American National Game—Settle Differences With Gloves.

That Moro youngsters are now inclined to settling their differences with boxing gloves, instead of appealing, as did their fathers before them, to the law of the knife, is one of the more interesting of the features of letters received from time to time at the executive bureau from James E. McCall, acting division superintendent of schools for Cotabato, says the Manila Times.

Baseball has likewise made a big hit among the Moro kids, and Mr. McCall reports that this game has struck the Piang Agricultural school since last December "like an epidemic."

Mr. McCall cites one case where the son of one of the influential families in some way imposed upon a little orphan Tao boy, who immediately called for the gloves, putting on one pair himself and offering the other to the Tao's son. After the contest, which lasted about fifteen minutes, the two boys shook hands and walked away arm in arm.

The boys at the Piang school, Mr. McCall says, play baseball before breakfast and continue it during the day in spare time until dark.

Wanted What He Couldn't Get.

Secretary Garrison, listening in Washington to the visionary hopes of an advocate of universal peace, said: "Such desires are as impractical as Willie's. His aunt said to him one morning:

"Willie, an angel brought your mamma such a nice little brother for you last night. Wouldn't you like to be the dear little baby?"

"No," Willie replied, "but I'd like to be the angel."—New York Tribune.

Chickens Like Doorbells.

Why are chickens like doorbells? Because they are often rung for company.

THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F.A. WALKER

GRAY HEN'S STRATEGY.

"Yes," said Brown Hen, "Chicken Young is the sauciest chicken I have ever known."

"He has been from under his mother's wing so long," said White Hen, "that she has not the least control over him; in fact," she continued, "he does not hesitate to snatch a worm from her the same as he does from me."

"What he needs is a good lesson," said Gray Hen. "We stand around and let him do as he likes. I notice he never takes a worm from the rooster."

The trouble was this, when Chicken Young saw a hen scratching for worms he would watch to see if it was a nice large one and just as the hen held it dangling from her bill he would come up behind her, snatch it and run away as fast as he could.

Then he would go under a bush or any place that offered shelter and devour it. Young did very little scratching for himself, he lived by his wits rather than by labor.

The hens were tired of this treatment and called a meeting to decide what should be done to cure Chicken Young of his unfortunate habit.

They stood in a corner of the yard talking it over. Chicken Young was watching them from his hiding place under a bush. He could not hear what



The Rope Scratched His Throat.

they said, but he felt sure they were talking about him.

"Let them talk," he said. "I can run faster than any of them, and that is what counts, and what is the use of scratching when those old hens know just where all the fat worms are? They ought to give me one once in a while."

But Chicken Young would have been wiser if he had listened to what the wise old hens were saying, instead of thinking he was so clever himself, for Gray Hen had thought of a plan to teach him a lesson.

"If we can get an end of the clothes line," said she, "just about the length of a worm, we can bury it in the ground, and when Chicken Young is watching, one of us can scratch and pick it up. He will jump at it, of course, because it would look so nice and plump, then we will laugh at him and ask him how he likes a rope worm."

"The very thing," said White Hen. "Here comes the dog. We will ask him to bite us off a piece of the clothes line."

The dog thought it would be a good oke, and he soon had the rope for them, and when Chicken Young went down the road for a walk they buried the rope.

A little later when he came in the yard Gray Hen was busy scratching.

"She always finds a fat worm," said Chicken Young, stealing up behind her and his eyes nearly popped out of his little head when he saw what he thought was the largest worm he had ever seen dangling from her bill.

Quick as a flash he snatched it from Gray Hen, and then, thinking she might run after him because it was an extra large worm, he swallowed it.

The rope scraped his throat and choked him, and he jumped about and flapped his wings, scratching his neck with his mouth wide open, and gasping for breath.

The hens had not expected him to swallow it, and they rushed out from all sides, looking very much frightened.

"Slap him on the back," said Gray Hen. "It has stuck in his throat."

"Shake him by the feet," said another, and, after a vigorous slapping and pounding, the piece of rope slipped down his throat and Chicken Young sank upon the ground exhausted.

"I guess you will be a little more careful next time," said Gray Hen, "and look before you leap."

"Stolen fruits are not always the sweetest," said White Hen. "Perhaps you will scratch for yourself next time." Chicken Young did not reply to these remarks, but lay very quiet with open mouth.

"He is young," said Gray Hen, "and has learned a lesson, I am sure; let us take him to the pan of water and give him a drink; that is what he needs."

Gray Hen helped on one side and White Hen on the other and they stood Chicken Young on his feet. After he had drunk the water he flapped his wings and stepped about feeling quite like himself.

"You are all right now," said Gray Hen; "run around and stretch your legs."

Chicken Young walked away with a crestfallen air and in a few minutes they saw him scratching in a corner of the yard.

"I had no idea he would swallow it," said Gray Hen. "Nor I," said White Hen, "but he will not forget it soon, and it is just as well he got a good scare."

Turning Meanness into Joy.

One does not often envy millionaires—the galling of their golden chains is too evident in their faces—but one recent exception stands out. Three days before Christmas the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings was closed by the state officials, and among its depositors were over 41,000 school children who had about four dollars apiece to their credit. The bank had had an arrangement with the board of education by which collectors visited the schools every week and got the children's pennies. When the bank closed all the children had for their pains was the chance of a 50 per cent dividend some two months later. But Henry C. Frick came forward that same day and said briefly that the kids were to have all their money at once.

So the storm passed by for those young depositors and their faith in men was justified. Mr. Frick has a stately and expensive house on Fifth Avenue filled with works of art from many lands, but we doubt if there is anything in it more cheering to the soul than the memory of that abrupt kindness. Sometimes it pays to be a millionaire!—Colliers.

The Very Latest Chart and Instructions in Palm Reading.

Purnick Publishing Co., 325 Chamber Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

Where the Strong Are Weakest.

In view of the deadly inroads of gripe and pneumonia and the warnings in this connection issued by the public health authorities, a word addressed especially to the strong and well may not be amiss. Though seemingly remarkable, it is a perfectly logical fact that both gripe and pneumonia find their greatest number of victims among persons who are in normal health. The latter disease, in fact, seems rather partial to exceptionally robust persons, and, in every-day parlance, the stouter they are the easier they fall. The reason for this is simple. Frail persons are accustomed to take extra care of themselves in the knowledge of their weakness and liability to sickness, and thus escape some of the ills that overtake the stronger ones. The robust ones, especially the man who "never had a sick day in his life," come to regard their health as being immune from attack and so expose themselves recklessly. Also they are inclined to indifference after having contracted a cold or even more serious affection, relying on their usually rugged health to pull them through.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

For Galled Horses.

When your horse is galled, apply Hanford's Balm of Myrrh and you can keep on working. Try it and if your horse is not cured quicker than by any other remedy, the dealer will refund your money. Adv.

Connubial Repartee.

Robert Lowe, the great English commoner, was exceedingly sarcastic and frequently ungallant. Upon the occasion of a well known wedding he began to descant on the absurdities of the marriage service.

"When I was married," he said, "all the worldly goods which I endowed my wife might have been carried in a bundle over my shoulder."

"Ah! but Robert," interposed Mrs. Lowe, "there was your great intellect."

"Well, I certainly did not endow you with that dear," was the rejoinder.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Shortest Day.

"Mother, what is the shortest day of the year?" asked little Alfred, who was studying his lessons.

"December 21, I think, but ask your father, to be sure," replied his mother.

"December 26 is the shortest day in the year," affirmed Alfred's father, who was just then reckoning up his Christmas expenditures.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Her Preference.

Judge (in divorce case)—Whom do you prefer to live with, my child—your father or your mother?

Child—If you please, sir, whichever gets the motor car.—Case and Comment.

A Clear Saving.

"Yes, I'm engaged."

"Has the lady any dowry?"

"No, but she has had her appendix removed. This puts me \$500 to the good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For poisoned wounds use Hanford's Balm of Myrrh. Adv.

Disappointed Expectations.

"Uncle Mose, your first wife tells me that you are three months behind with your alimony."

"Yes," jedge. Ah reckon dat am so. But yo' see it's jes' dis way: Dat second wife of mine ain't turned out to be the worker that Ah thought she was gwine t' be."—Detroit Free Press.

As Advertised.

"Say," said the man as he entered the clothing store, "I bought this suit here less than two weeks ago, and it is rusty looking already."

"Well," replied the clothing dealer, "I warranted it to wear like iron, didn't I?"—Detroit Free Press.

Not Stingy.

"Did you give your son a liberal education, Mr. Tite?"

"Well I don't know as you'd call it liberal exactly, but there wasn't a month passed while he was in college that I didn't send him two or three dollars."—Buffalo Express.

Overlooked It.

The Thin Man—For example—you remember the fight between David and Goliath?

The Fat Man—I saw some of the headlines about it, but I never read the sporting news in the papers.—Judge.

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USE THIS TO FILL THIS

Catarrah Fever

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SPOHN'S is the best preventive of all forms of distemper.

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Don't Tell Your Age

Not Gray Hair but tired Eyes. Make us look older than we are. Old age and Dull Eye-tell-tale.

After the sooties and smudges, and blurring your eyes, two Drops will refresh and cleanse. Eye is healthy.

Martin Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, Send Book of the Eye upon request.