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Comfortable  
**LADIES SHOES**  
No More **\$2.50** No Less  
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**Royal Shoe Co.**  
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Cream checks back by return mail.  
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Rates 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 Per Day.

**HAWTHORNE AUTO SCHOOL**  
The only Automobile School on the Pacific  
Coast, maintaining a Gas Tractor  
Dept., Using Holt Caterpillar, C. L. Best  
Tractor and Wheel Tractors, both in the  
school and operating field.  
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**Oregon Hernia Institute**  
Rupture treated mechanically. Private  
fitting rooms. Highest testimonials. Re-  
sults guaranteed. Call or write.  
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We want all you have. Write for prices and shipping tags.  
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Sharpened, 25c and 50c a dozen. Knives and  
Scissors ground. Automatic Keen Edge Co., 189 1/2  
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**Do Your Own Plumbing**  
By buying direct from us at wholesale prices  
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day your needs. We will give you our rock-  
bottom "direct-to-you" prices, f. o. b. rail or  
boat. We actually save you from 10 to 35 per  
cent. All goods guaranteed.  
Northwest headquarters for Leader Water  
Systems and Fuller & Johnson Engines.  
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212 Third Street. Portland, Oregon

**GOOD Paint Means GOOD Results**  
See Your Local Dealer Now  
**HE HAS IT.**

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**DR. KORINEK'S DISTEMPER REMEDY**  
is nothing to the organs of breathing and is a won-  
derful remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh  
and hoarseness, and when fever is present it removes it  
quickly without injury to the animal.  
**Dr. Korinek's Gall Powder** "Heals while the  
horse works." For  
galls, sore shoulders, wire cuts and old ulcerated sores.  
**Dr. Korinek's Absorbent Blister** has no equal in  
the treatment  
of sprains, ring-bones, side-bones, lumpy-jaw in cat-  
tles, bony enlargements and promoting the ripening process of abscesses.  
Any of the following remedies will quickly correct any of the ailments for which they are  
recommended:  
**DR. KORINEK'S COLIC CAPSULES.** **DR. KORINEK'S WORM CAPSULES.**  
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**DR. KORINEK'S DIARRHOEA CAPSULES.**  
Ask your dealer for Korinek's Remedies. They are guaranteed. Or write direct to  
**KORINEK REMEDY CO., Kenton Station, Portland, Oregon**

P. N. U. No. 33, 1916  
Not Through The Kitchen.  
"Has the furnace gone out, Bird-  
get?"  
"It didn't come through here, mum."  
—Boston Transcript.

**Northwest Land Products Show at  
Seattle, October 4 to 14.**  
Seattle.—Opportunity for all com-  
munities or counties in Oregon and  
Washington to make agricultural and  
horticultural displays is offered as a  
result of the holding of the Northwest  
Land Products Exposition at Seattle  
October 4 to 14.

This will be the first show of the  
kind ever staged in Seattle and the  
whole of the Northwest is invited to  
participate. The exhibition has the  
endorsement of commercial bodies and  
the railroads and the purpose of the  
display will be to bring about a better  
understanding of the many opportuni-  
ties offered to homeseekers in the  
Northwest.

In addition to displays from Oregon  
and Washington, Idaho and Montana  
will send exhibits of fruits, grains and  
grasses. Alaska, too, will have a sec-  
tion set aside for agricultural displays  
and British Columbia will have a part  
in the undertaking.

Oregon, Idaho and Montana will  
combine on a special day at the expo-  
sition. From Montana is coming an  
exhibit under the authority of the  
state and a special excursion party  
composed of more than 100 business  
men. It is hoped to have the govern-  
ors of Montana, Idaho and Oregon as  
well as the governor of Alaska and  
the Premier of British Columbia pre-  
sent at the exposition the same day.

Since Portland will not repeat its  
annual land show this year, the Seat-  
tle exposition will afford exhibitors at  
the Salem fair an opportunity to place  
their displays before thousands of vis-  
itors in the Washington metropolis  
and bring the truthful story of Ore-  
gon's countless opportunities to the at-  
tention of many men and women in-  
terested in a home on the land.

**A Deciduous Tree.**

John Drew was congratulated at the  
Players in Gramercy park on the  
abundant hair with which, despite his  
years, he is still blessed.  
"Thank goodness," said Drew, com-  
placently, "I'm not like Tree."  
"Tree went into a Los Angeles bar-  
ber shop the other day and said:  
"Can you cut my hair without my  
taking off my collar?"  
The barber, with a loud laugh,  
slapped Tree's pink and polished dome  
jocularly.

"Why, bless your heart, Sir Her-  
bert," he said, "I could cut it without  
your taking off your hat."—Wash-  
ington Star.

**Queer, But True.**

"It's a queer world."  
"Why?"  
"Stand up and say that riches don't  
make for happiness and everybody  
will agree with you heartily."  
"That's so."  
"And everybody will go out and keep  
right on trying to get rich."—Detroit  
Free Press.

**Excellent Plan.**

"Why do you work the back alleys,  
my good fellow? You don't look like  
a tramp."  
"I'm not. I'm selling a vacuum  
cleaner, and wherever I find the head  
of the house beating rugs I have a  
good chance for a sale."—Louisville  
Courier-Journal.

**Her Guests.**

"We're goin' to have company at  
our house," said Rose Elizabeth, age  
4. "And I'll bet you don't know who  
it is, either."  
"Who is it?"  
"Two lady girls and a gentle boy."  
—Indianapolis News.

**The Way of It.**

"There was a great wreck of schoo-  
ers lately."  
"How was that?"  
"The police raided the place just as  
the schooners were crossing the bar."  
—Baltimore American.

**In Desperate Straits.**

"What do you think of a man with  
a rent in his coat and only three but-  
tons on his vest?"  
"He should either get married or di-  
vorced."—London Saturday Evening  
Journal.

**His Start.**

"I hear, Miss Gladys, that your  
brother is ambitious to break records."  
"Well, he's begun practicing with  
the most expensive one we bought for  
our Victrola."—Baltimore American.

## TRUE AT THE LAST

**Wolf-Dog Deserted Master, But  
Still Loved Him.**

Answered "Call of His Fathers,"  
Though He Proved Loyal When  
Loyalty Meant Death by the  
Fangs of His Pack.

He had been called Wolf since pup-  
pood. He stood nearly forty inches,  
with a small ragged, rail-like body, and  
unusually long legs that ended in great,  
soft, padlike feet. Jack Stern, Steve  
Wormell's partner, used to say that  
the dog could not turn round in their  
"two-by-four" cabin without knocking  
over the table and chairs and seriously  
endangering the stove and other furni-  
ture.

One evening, as Steve and Jack sat  
playing a game of cribbage in their  
ranger cabin, a wolf howled lugubri-  
ously from the mountain side. After a  
moment came the answer; then an-  
other caught up the call, and another,  
until the lonesome wail echoed from  
mountain top to mountain top.

Suddenly there came a howl, nearer  
and more deep-throated.

Stern opened the door.

"Come here, Steve!" he said, and  
the ranger stepped to his side.

On a small, treeless mound, not far  
from the cabin, sat Wolf. He was  
squatting on his haunches, with his  
nose pointed toward the sky, while  
from his throat came a cry quite un-  
like his usual howl.

"It's the call of his fathers, Steve,"  
said Jack. "Some day you'll have no  
dog; he'll be gone with the pack."

Steve laughed at the idea. He had  
brought Wolf, an awkward, bench-  
legged puppy, out to the ranger cabin in a  
sack; the dog had always been faith-  
ful and contented with his lot.

But one morning in the spring Wolf  
was missing.

At first Steve clung to the hope that  
Wolf would return when the "running"  
season was over. He had heard of  
dogs doing that. But spring merged  
into summer, and summer into fall, yet  
the dog did not come back.

Then they began to hear that Wolf  
had been seen running at the head of a  
small band of wolves, although they  
never found a man who had actually  
seen him.

About Christmas time, when the  
snow was deeper than for many win-  
ters past, prowling bands of wolves be-  
gan to come down near the camp.

One day Steve found that a large  
bull elk had been killed within a mile  
of camp. Signs of the struggle were  
to be seen for a hundred yards round.  
Near the scattered bones of the elk  
were the disemboweled remains of two  
wolves. A little farther along a young  
cow elk had fallen beneath the fangs  
of the mountain bandits. And at each  
kill Steve found a large track, twice  
the size of that made by a common  
wolf.

When the snow had crusted so that  
it would bear up the weight of a man,  
Steve threw his rifle across his arm  
and walked over to the breaks of the  
Grande Ronde. He was nearing the  
broken lands when the sound of a run-  
ning pack came to his ears. A moment  
later a small band of wolves, perhaps  
fifteen in number, burst from the tim-  
ber, running toward him. And at their  
head ran Wolf.

The ranger forgot his danger. He  
cried, "Wolf, don't you know me?"  
The sound of his voice brought the  
great dog to a standstill, and the pack  
stopped with him. Nose in the air,  
sides quivering, he stood a moment;  
then, with a low bay of recognition, he  
sprang toward his one-time master.

The pack, evidently mistaking their  
leader's intention, likewise rushed at  
Steve. And the next instant, with his  
gun clubbed, he was in the midst of a  
snarling, snapping mass of famelic-  
ized wolves.

When Jack arrived on the scene he  
found Steve sitting in the snow, with  
the shaggy head of Wolf pillowed in  
his lap. Around him, with their mangy  
pelts torn and bloody, lay half a dozen  
dead wolves.

The ranger's clothing was torn to  
shreds and one arm and leg were a  
mass of cuts and gashes; but there  
were tears in his eyes.

"He fought for me, Jack," he said,  
pressing the stiffening lids over the  
glazed eyes of the dead hound. "He  
gave his life for me. How he fought!  
And against his own blood, too. Yon-  
der lies one of his own pups. Why  
shouldn't I love him?"—Youth's Com-  
panion.

**What, Indeed!**

It was a very serious conversation  
that was overheard by a number of  
passengers of a street car the other  
night. Two young girls of the "giddy"  
type were conversing about the possi-  
bilities of the United States getting  
into trouble with Mexico.

"Well, I certainly would hate to see  
all the American soldiers go down into  
Mexico," one girl said.

"Why?" her companion inquired.

"Because, while the soldiers were  
down in Mexico what would prevent  
the Europeans from coming over here  
and getting us girls?"—Columbus (O.)  
Dispatch.

**Price of Boll Weevils.**

If one of the counties in Alabama a  
cent apiece is being offered for boll  
weevils, and they are cheap at that  
price. A boll weevil, if let alone, will  
not take long to destroy several dol-  
lars' worth of cotton, and if he can be  
disposed of for a cent the investment  
is a good one.—Memphis News-Scime-  
tar.

## HORSE A FRIEND OF MAN

Ask Yourself the Question, How  
Have You Dealt With Faithful  
Animal Grown Old?

You may have had a favorite horse  
sometime, and it may have grown old  
and the folks may have advised sell-  
ing or turning it out to die, maybe,  
Erasmus Wilson writes in the Pitts-  
burgh Gazette-Times. Could you, or  
did you give consent to thus disposing  
of your old friend?

How would you like to meet such  
an old friend on the avenue geared in  
heavy, cumbersome harness to a rickety  
coalcart loaded to the limit of his  
strength to move, and to hear the  
coarse commands of the unfeeling  
driver and the cruel cuts of the whip  
when he was straining his stiffened  
joints and weakened muscles until he  
seemed ready to totter and fall?

But then you might not recognize  
him on account of the prominence of  
his bones, the roughness of his coat  
and his slavish and heartbroken ap-  
pearance. We can hardly recognize in  
a weary, shambling, ill-kept brute the  
once sleek, sprightly, prancing steed  
that was our pet and pride.

Maybe it is well that we do not  
know them when we see them in their  
sadly changed conditions.

Ask the veteran cavalryman about  
his favorite horse and he'll tell you  
things that will bring a lump into your  
throat. Many a time and oft, perhaps,  
they endured storms and braved dan-  
gers on picket posts, faced death in  
mad and turbulent rivers, occupied a  
common bed on the ground, foraged  
for food to stay their hunger and  
shared the last handful of parched  
corn or piece of hardtack.

And he will tell of the times his  
trusty steed saved him from capture  
or death, or bore him into the thick  
of the battle and maybe felt a victim  
to some merciless bullet or shell, or  
maybe both were wounded together—  
to die in mercy, he to live and suffer  
on.

The old trooper is never willing,  
much less anxious, to part with the  
horse that has borne him through try-  
ing campaigns, and to which he feels  
so greatly indebted.

No doubt this was the feeling of  
the Arab whom Mrs. Caroline E. S.  
Norton has so deftly and effectively  
sketched in the poem that made her  
famous—"The Arab's Farewell to His  
Steed," which concludes as follows:  
When last I saw him drink! Away! The  
fevered dream is over:  
I could not live a day, and know that  
we should meet no more:  
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hun-  
ger's power is strong:  
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I  
have loved too long:  
Who said that I had given thee up? Who  
said that thou wert sold?  
"Thine false," 'tis false! my Arab steed! I  
flung them back their gold.  
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and  
scour the distant plains:  
Away! Who overtakes us now shall claim  
thee for his pains.

**The "Cullud Gemmen" Speaks.**

A heavy shadow in the deep gloom  
of the recess approaching the bar be-  
came animated and presently strolled  
out into the lobby wearing a delegate's  
badge. He couldn't escape. A pud  
and pencil backed by a reporter con-  
fronted him.

"Is you one o' dem writers dat pulls  
dis cullud gemmen' stuff ev' day in de  
de neusspapers?" grinned the dele-  
gate, evidently overjoyed at the pros-  
pect of an interview.

"Sure," said the reporter. "That's  
me. Pretty good—eh?"

"Well, sir, you are not the corre-  
spondent I'm looking for. If I am to  
be interviewed send one of your more  
mature men, who elucidate the flank  
movements of the old guard and  
analyze the effect of a great man's  
dyspepsia on the vote of a delegation."

Whereupon the shadow faded into  
the deeper gloom of the streets.—  
Chicago Tribune.

**Censorship Dragon.**

Let the American people stand in  
fear and trembling of the eventful out-  
come of the insidious growth of cen-  
sorship powers.

Censorship is no fantastical bugaboo  
—it is a real national peril, because  
the day may not be far off when cen-  
sors, under the shadow of the Ameri-  
can flag of independence, will be em-  
powered by legislative enactment to  
foist their individual whims, hobbies  
or prejudices on the suffering public.

It is not beyond our imagination to  
see a fanatical functionary, with the  
title of censor, who is a vegetarian,  
forcing the people of his city to ab-  
stain from meat.

Other censors with similar whims  
might censor tea and coffee, cigars and  
cookbooks. Already it is reported  
ministers are sensing the possibility  
of their pulpits being ruthlessly  
purged of objectionable texts.—New  
York Telegram.

**Tobacco Aids Soldiers.**

The beneficent effects of tobacco at  
the front were affirmed by the Lancet  
as long ago as 1870, when the ques-  
tion was being discussed in connection  
with the Franco-Prussian war. "The  
soldier," it was said, "wearied with  
long marches and uncertain rest, ob-  
taining his food how and when he can,  
with his nervous system always in a  
state of tension from the dangers and  
excitement he encounters, finds that  
his cigar or pipe enables him to sus-  
tain fatigue with comparative equa-  
nimity. . . . For the wounded it  
is probable that tobacco has slight  
anodyne and narcotic properties that  
enable the sufferer to sustain pain bet-  
ter during the day, and to obtain sleep  
during the night."—London Chronicle.

**Preparedness.**

"How did you get your motorcycle  
so far in advance of the other orders?"  
"I seized the cycle-logical moment  
to ask for it."

**When You Follow  
The Trail**  
Go  
**Equipped With**  
**WINCHESTER**  
**Guns and Ammunition**  
Made for all kinds of  
shooting  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
ASK FOR THE **W** BRAND

**Potato Doughnuts**  
(Write for Recipe)  
retain the moisture several days. An  
excellent wholesome food when made  
with the pure  
**KG BAKING POWDER**  
Always sure to please.  
Try a can today—at our risk.  
A Handy Book containing 10 Cook-  
ing Lessons and 54 Tented Recipes will  
be mailed you FREE if you will send  
your name and address to  
**JAQUES MFG. CO., CHICAGO**  
Sold by  
all  
Grocers

**Ship** **Veal, Pork,  
Beef, Poultry,  
Butter, Eggs &  
Farm Produce**  
To the Old Reliable Everding house with a  
record of 45 years of Square Dealings and be  
assured of  
**Top Market Prices.**  
**F. M. CRONKHITE,**  
45-47 Front St., PORTLAND, ORE

**Sore  
Eyes** **Granulated Eyelids.**  
Eyes inflamed by expo-  
sure to Sun, Dust and Wind  
quickly relieved by **Martoc  
Eye Remedy**. No Smarting,  
Just Eye Comfort. At  
Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Martoc Eye  
Salve** Tubes 25c. For Back of the Eye, Frank  
Druggists or **Martoc Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**  
**Too Late.**  
This story was told by Admiral  
Dewey of the United States navy:  
One afternoon the business agent  
for a Chautauqua went to a prosperous  
town to see some of the natives with  
regard to booking a performance and  
finally landed in the office of Jones.  
"Yes, I am Mr. Jones," said the oc-  
cupant, "What can I do for you?"  
"I called to see you about a Chau-  
tauqua," returned the visitor.  
"Nothing doing," curtly interrupted  
Jones. "My wife and I have already  
decided on a car of another make."—  
Kansas City Star.

**Jarring Colors.**  
Mrs. Youngbride—I'd like to change  
these eggs I ordered by telephone yester-  
day.  
Grocer—What's wrong with them,  
ma'am?  
Mrs. Youngbride—Why, the shells  
are a deep brown and the only egg  
cups I have are a robin's egg blue.—  
Boston Transcript.

**Preparedness.**  
"When my husband proposed to me  
the poor fellow's voice stuck in his  
throat."  
"Then how did you know he was  
proposing?"  
"Well, you see, I was afraid that  
might happen so I had taken lessons  
in lip reading."—Boston Transcript.

**Shake Into Your Shoes**  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures  
painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes  
new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe  
Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample  
FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Answered Well.**  
Peckem—Why is the telephone like  
matrimony, my dear?  
Mrs. Peckem—Oh, I suppose it's be-  
cause one doesn't always get the right  
party.

Peckem—That isn't the right an-  
swer—but it is good and we'll let it go  
at that.—Brooklyn Citizen.

**Carranza's Limerick.**  
Says Venustiano Carranza: "I shall  
be just as good as I can, sir. But the  
border is rough. The greasers are  
tough, and they soon may be canning  
Carranza."—Louisville Courier-Journal

**Lonely.**

"I suppose you miss your husband  
terribly?"  
"Indeed, I do. You can't imagine  
how lonely I am with no one in the  
house to contradict."—Detroit Free  
Press.

**PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,  
ATTENTION!**  
**PERFECT PRINTING PLATES**  
Furnished on short notice. Write for  
Scale of Prices. Portland Electrotype &  
Stereotype Co., Front & Stark, Portland, Or.

**Forest Notes.**  
The first act of Congress relating  
to forestry was an appropriation of  
\$200,000, passed in 1799, for the pur-  
pose of acquiring timber for naval  
construction. Under this appropria-  
tion the government established re-  
serves containing live oak as the best  
timber for shipbuilding.  
The turpentine industry of southern  
France is a man-made industry. Out  
of shifting, barren sand dunes and a  
malaria, poverty-stricken region, the  
French government, through reclama-  
tion and planting of maritime pine,  
has made one of the most prosperous  
and salubrious sections of France. A  
century ago the barren sand dunes of  
southern France could be bought at  
any price. Today this barren land  
within the reclaimed area is worth at  
the lowest \$2.50 per acre, while the  
best brings as high as \$24.00 per acre.  
Volunteer fire fighters, when need-  
ed, are summoned to the aid of the  
forest rangers by the blowing of a  
certain signal on steam whistles in  
many towns in or near national for-  
ests in southern California.

## WELL KNOWN PORTLAND WOMAN SPEAKS

**IT'S THE SAME IN ALL OREGON.**

Portland, Oregon.—"I send this  
statement with  
great pleasure.  
My daughter owes  
her life to the use  
of Dr. Pierce's Fa-  
vorite Prescrip-  
tion. She was a  
very delicate girl  
before using your  
medicine.  
"I have used  
the 'Prescription' for weakness pecu-  
liar to women and found it perfectly  
wonderful. I have used Dr. Pierce's  
medicines for over thirty-five years.  
"My husband has used the 'Cough  
Syrup' and thinks it is great."—Mrs.  
L. A. FOSTER, 1502 E. 8th St., W.

When a girl becomes a woman, when  
a woman becomes a mother, when a  
woman passes through the changes of  
middle life, are the three periods of  
life when health and strength are most  
needed to withstand the pain and dis-  
tress often caused by severe organic  
disturbances.

At these critical times women are  
best fortified by the use of Doctor  
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old  
remedy of proved worth that keeps  
the entire female system perfectly  
regulated and in excellent condition.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak,  
lack ambition, are troubled with head-  
aches, lassitude, and are pale and sick-  
ly, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is  
just what they need to surely bring  
the bloom of health to their cheeks  
and make them strong and healthy.

For all diseases peculiar to women,  
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a  
powerful restorative. During the last  
50 years it has banished from the  
lives of tens of thousands of women  
the pain, worry, misery and distress  
caused by irregularities and diseases  
of a feminine character.