1916 CATALOG

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PORTLAND Y. M. C. A.

will fit any ambitious young Man or Woman for high-class position in

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To men this includes valuable athletic, aquatic and membership grivileges, although tuition cost is less than elsewhere. Valuable courses can also be had in Grammar grade and College Preparatory Subjects. WRITE FOR CATALOG.

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Made from your old ones. Last long as Brand New TIRES Write us.
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WEEKS' BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS

A guaranteed remedy for Colds and Grippe. Price 25c of your druggist. If not good. Take nothing else.—Adv.

For Safety's Sake.

Business was very brisk, so the firm appointed Patrick foreman, a position of which he was very proud.

He was always fussing around, ordering this and altering that. One morning his men stopped work because they heard the well known voice of their new foreman shouting loudly. Down below on the ground stood him, yelling lustily and waving his arms wildly.

"Oi say, you, up there!" he shouted. "Do you know that ladder at the end of the scaffolding? Well, don't any av you thry to come down, because I've taken it away."—Philadelphia Record.

For any sore—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

A Pacifist.

"Are you in favor of preparedness?"

"No," replied Broncho Bob. "I think it's all wrong for people to carry guns."

"But you are carrying one right now."

"Sure. If I didn't something might happen to me that 'ud keep me from spartin' my moral influence in the cause of peace." —Washington Star.

WANTED—Every person who uses a Lantern to write us for descriptive pamphlet of DEAN'S SAFETY LANTERN, the Light of all Lights, for all purposes, wind, rain and weather proof. Routledge Seed & Floral Co., 169 2d St., Portland.

Particulars Wanted.

"What's that noise?" asked Willie when the owls began to hoot.

"It's a howl," said his English nurse.

"Pooh!" cried Willie, "I know that; but what is it that's howling?"—Harper's Bazaar.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam.

Its Contrary Results.

"There is one odd thing about a lottery."

"What is that?"

"It brings in solid returns."—Baltimore American.

For poison ivy use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

"And Thy Neighbor As Thyself."

Willie—Ma, may I have Tommy Jones over to our house to play Saturday?

Mother—No, you make altogether too much noise. You'd better go over to his house and play.—Boston Transcript.

WOULD YOUR SKIN STAND THIS TEST?

The bright lights of an evening gathering show up mercilessly the defects of a poor complexion. But the regular use of Resinol Soap makes it as easy to have a naturally beautiful skin as to cover up a poor one with cosmetics. It lessens the tendency to pimples, redness and roughness, and in a very short time the complexion usually becomes clear, fresh and velvety.

In severe or stubborn cases, Resinol Soap should be aided by a little Resinol Ointment. All druggists sell them.

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

Coptic Monks of the Sahara

DWELLERS IN THE DESERT

I HAVE come on horseback over reed-covered swamps and burning desert to an enigmatical looking building which has the shapelessness and silence of a ruin, writes a traveler in the Sahara desert. The cream-colored walls are lined, patched, broken, gigantic. It is a rectangular fortress. There is but the entrance, and that is a small one and heavily barred. A bell rope hangs down the wall by the door. Jingle, jangle! I ring the bell. There is a long silence and I ring again. Then a disheveled, barefooted monk laboriously undoes the little door in the wall, I present the letter which I bear from the patriarch, and I am admitted.

The monks are pleased; all shake hands. I sit on one divan and five of them on another. A novice washes my hands, another brings me a glass of brown liquid—water full of medlar fiber in suspension. When I finish this he brings a glass of pink sugar water, then coffee all round—thimblefuls of sweet coffee. The abbot, a fine looking fellow with regular features, broad face, black mustache and beard, and with an open space showing the freshness of the lower lip, is talkative. He has a towel wrapped round his brows for turban, and fingers black beads as he talks. Next to him is a comfortable looking monk in a blue smock and a white knitted skull cap on his head. Next to him, an old fellow with wizened bare legs and feet, old yellow rags on his grizzled head, a ragged black cassock over his gray underclothes.

"What do you do all day?" I asked.

"Pray, read, sing," they answered.

"What do you think of the war?"

"The war does not touch us. If they come and kill us we do not mind, but we pray each day that God will bring it soon to a close."

"If the Arabs come, what will you do?"

"If they shoot at us we will throw bread to them; that will be our reply."

They Are Christian Fanatics.

There were only sixteen monks, and including hermits there would not be more than 150 of these holy men in the desert altogether. There remain but four monasteries, whereas in the fourth century there were several hundred. Seven thousand holy bachelors and virgins learned of Ammon and his virgin bride alone. Here lived many of the most eccentric of the hermits and world deniers of the early church, the men who without knowing it gave Christianity tremendous advertisement. The men who prayed to God, kneeling for years on the tops of high columns, the men and women who had themselves bound to crosses or laden with irons, the saints who tamed the beasts of the forest, all gave to Christianity public interest and interesting lore. It became even fashionable to retire to Nitria and deny the world. Monasteries sprang up over the caves and cells of the saints, and gold and jewels poured into the monasteries. Art was bestowed on the building of new churches, and celebrated artists painted the frescoes on the walls. Not an inch of these little desert temples was left uncovered by Byzantine fresco.

But the Saracen came and murdered the cultured clergy, and tore away the jewels, as was fit, and rolled down many a wall, wrecked many an altar. The holy brotherhood was annihilated and there was a sixty-years' gap in history. Then a wilder type of Christian took possession, converted Arabs, for the most part, and they knew little Coptic, and so brought Arabic gospels and liturgies. They repaired the damage and put up Arabic inscriptions, and built round their temples impregnable fortress walls with drawbridges at a height of forty feet. They withstood sieges and persisted to this day.

The abbot showed me round the monastery. The buildings were all a patchwork of ruin and repairs and changes. The frescoes had been whitewashed out in nearly every part. The old stained glass, broken and shapeless, was mortared in with new glass. And yet there was a real odor of antiquity in the place. The patterns in the ikons were but dust patterns, and the face of the Virgin crumbled away as the abbot took the picture down to show me. In a niche here and there left by accident were the original frescoes in wonderful purple and crimson, pictures of the saints, their faces and bodies all of that unearthly and mystical shape and color to which the early Christians loved to attribute citizenship of heaven.

The lectern had a nail on which to fix the candle. The communion cup was swathed in the oldest vestments of the monastery. In a cupboard in one church they showed me the mummies of sixteen patriarchs, unwrapped one a little and showed me his dry, brown flesh. The seventeenth patriarch of the Coptic church is ninety-four years of age, and will be embalmed and put with these others in his turn. Here also in one of the churches is the mummy of the primitive hermit Macarius, once a candy seller in Alexandria. The church, perhaps, took the idea of embalming the saints from the Egyptians, and the fresco from the hieroglyph. The books from which the service is read are all copied books, beautiful specimens of calligraphy spattered on every page in a hundred places with new and ancient spots of candle grease. From the vault of one of the churches hang seven old dusty ostrich eggs. A monk explained to me that as the ostrich looks to its egg as the most precious thing in life, so they look to God in their prayers—at least the egg is to remind them.

Bread and Books.

We went into the fortress church, the only entrance to which is at a height of forty feet by a bridge from the outer rampart. They showed me how the bridge could be drawn in and the monks be safe from assault of arms. Upon the ramparts a novice had his duty beside a pile of bread and a stoup of water. When Bedouin beggars ring the monastery bell he lowers them bread and water in a basket. They showed me the illuminated books of a thousand years old, and the scrivener's cell where, among many quills, a monk still copies the scriptures day by day. They showed me one chapel, the floor of which was covered with chilies drying, the long room where every night all the monks gather about the abbot to read the gospel and discuss its meanings, and the massive doors, two feet thick, of wood and iron.

The monks were most kind, simple and loving. It was an amusing spectacle at lunch. I lunched; everyone else waited on me. An Abyssinian boy washed my hands, two monks shelled eggs all the time and filled my plate, two others stripped cucumbers for me, another kept helping me to hot milk soup in which slabs of sugar were dissolving. The abbot stood above me with a feather brush, waving the flies off. At one time there were a dozen shelled eggs in my soup and five pared cucumbers beside me.

I lunched and slept a little. Then my horse was brought out and I rode back to the village on the other side of the salt marshes.

Opportunities of the Horse Breeder In the Northwest.

About the professional horse breeder I shall have little to say. He is abundantly able to take care of himself and, if he is as foresighted as he should be he will profit by the impending conditions which will soon make horse breeding one of the most profitable phases of animal husbandry in this country.

Henry Ford and the European war conditions have completely changed the aspect of the horse business in this country—the first by putting the poor horse out of business and the second by practically cleaning the country of the lighter and less useful farm horses and both in causing conditions which make for the advantage of the drafter.

More than any other country the United States is a user of agricultural machinery and, as our machines have become heavier and more complicated we have suffered from lack of farm power. Motors will not supply this lack as they are yet too expensive both in cost and operation and they do not supply the mobility of power afforded by the horse and needed by the farmer.

The reason for this lack of power is not far to seek. It has been the long continued and almost universal practice for farmers to breed their mares to the nearest stallion regardless of breed or type but, all the time, very regardful of the size of the service fee. Too often the farmer will breed his mares to a Percheron one year, a Clyde or a Shire the next and then to a standard bred, a Morgan or a grade the next with the result that he has all kinds and types of horses on his farm at the same time.

The raising of pure bred draft horses on the farm should now offer greater opportunities than ever before. I mention the drafter particularly because he is the only kind for the farmer and his market for his surplus animals.

Never breed a mare to a stallion that is not of her own breed and never, under any circumstances, use a stallion that is not better than the mare. Good draft horses are just as essential as good seed or good machinery and the foals from pure bred parents are worth at least double any other kind. And then feed. Draft horses cannot be made without feed. Push the colt from three weeks to three years, give him plenty of open air and exercise, and he will pay you as well as anything on the farm.—I. D. Hraham, in Rural Spirit.

HOWARD E. BURTON — Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, $1. Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, $1. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

Nicknames Of Presidents.

Father of His Country—George Washington.

The Colossus of Independence—John Adams.

The Sage of Monticello—Thomas Jefferson.

The Father of the Constitution—James Madison.

The Poor but Spotless President—James Monroe.

Old Hickory—Andrew Jackson.

The Old Man Eloquent—John Quincy Adams.

The Shrewd Statesman—Martin Van Buren.

Hero of Tippecanoe—William H. Harrison.

The First Accident President—John Tyler.

Young Hickory—James K. Polk.

Old Rough and Ready—Zachary Taylor.

Second Accidental President—Millard Fillmore.

The Yankee President—Franklin Pierce.

The Bachelor President—James Buchanan.

Honest Abe—Abraham Lincoln.

The Silent President—Ulysses S. Grant.

The Teacher President—James A. Garfield.

The Chesterfield of the White House—Chester A. Arthur.

The Man of Destiny—Grover Cleveland.

The Little Major—William McKinley.

Teddy the Terrible — Theodore Roosevelt.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

A Modern Daughter.

"No, mother, this novel is not at all fit for you to read."

"You are reading it."

"Yes, but you know you were brought up very differently."—Boston Transcript.

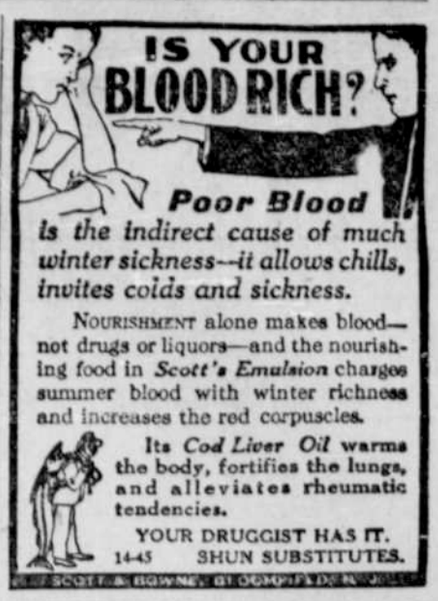
Best for Horses.

Give your horses good care and you will be doubly repaid by the better work they will do. For sores, galls and other external troubles apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Ranchmen, lumbermen and liverymen recommend it. Adv.

Heard in a Book Store.

"Hello, Brown! Buying a new novel? I thought you never read a book that is less than a year old."

"I don't, but by the time my wife and daughter get through lending this to their friends, it will be that old and more."—Boston Transcript.



Poor Blood

is the indirect cause of much winter sickness—it allows chills, invites colds and sickness.

NOURISHMENT alone makes blood—not drugs or liquors—and the nourishing food in *Scott's Emulsion* charges summer blood with winter richness and increases the red corpuscles.

Its *Cod Liver Oil* warms the body, fortifies the lungs, and alleviates rheumatic tendencies.

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT.
14-45 SHUN SUBSTITUTES.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 81 COMPTON ST., N. Y.

A Good Milker

is always a *healthy* cow. Nine cows in ten can be both healthy and profitable if the first sign of reduced milk yield is recognized as a danger signal.

Such cows can usually be toned up by the use of Kow-Kure, the great cow medicine. Used for twenty years for the cure and prevention of Abortion, Barrenness, Milk Fever, Scouring, Lost Appetite, Bunches and Retained Afterbirth.

Sold by druggists and feed dealers in 50c and $1 packages.

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Day and night classes. Expert training in repairing, driving and machine work, including forge, lathe, shaper, drill press, tractors, etc. Time unlimited. COMPETENT CHAUFFEURS AND MECHANICS SUPPLIED. WRITE US.

One trial convinces—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Modern Journalism.

Crack! ! ! !

A pistol shot cut the murky air of the rooming house and the little bullet whistled merrily as it sped across the dining room.

Plop! ! ! !

She fell to the floor.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The murderer was running up the uncarpeted stairs.

Slam! ! !

The door of his room crashed shut and the gunman was alone.

Another crack! ! ! !

Plot! ! !

And the murderer fell dead.

Honk! Honk!

The police motor signaled that it was on the job.

Clatter! Clatter! Scuff! Scuff!

A crowd was rapidly gathering at the scene of the double tragedy.

Sniff! Sniff!

Hysterical women were sobbing.

Chug! Chug!

The police motor hurried the dying woman to the hospital.

Wuxtra! Wuxtra!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes

Oculists and Physicians used Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Compounded by Our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes—No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no Substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

If It Comes to a Choice.

"Bobby, do you know you've deliberately broken the eighth commandment by stealing James' candy?"

"Well, I thought I might as well break the eighth commandment and have the candy, as to break the tenth and only 'covet' it."—Life.

Save Your Horses.

From Distemper, Mountain Fever, and all other forms of Contagion by using Spohn's Distemper Compound. Put on the tongue or in the feed. Safe at all times for all ages and sexes, under all conditions. Same for Dog Distemper and Chicken Cholera. Acts on the blood, expels the germs. Removes worms from stomach and intestines. A fine tonic and appetizer. Absolutely safe, even for human beings. Over 1,000,000 bottles sold last year. Greatest cure and preventive ever known for Contagious diseases. Nearly everyone knows Spohn's. Over 18 years on the market. Have you used this great remedy? Why not? It is not an experiment. Try it; be convinced; let "Spohn's" help you save and make money. All wholedruggist can supply you, or write to manufacturers, with price enclosed. A bottle, 50c and $1.00; $5.00 and $10.00 the dozen. Local agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

RAILROAD WATCH

To advertise our business and make new friends, we will send you this elegant railroad watch post paid for only 95 cents; gentlemen's size; full nickel silver plated, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set; a perfect timekeeper; fully guaranteed for five years; send this advertisement with 95 cents and watch will be sent by return mail post paid; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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