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No. 14—Portland Express, flyer	11:35 a. m.
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 11—Shasta Express, Sacramento & San Francisco	10:15 p. m.
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Alice and Susie are drinking tea; the young man is waiting for Mary to play the piano; where is she?



Find the Third Lady in this Picture and Secure a Prize

DIRECTIONS—Trace out lines with heavy lead pencil. To every person sending correct solution of this puzzle, we will give, absolutely free of charge, a Music Book, nicely bound, containing fifty of the old favorite National Songs—only one copy to each person—with the words and music; also many other valuable prizes—FREE. Winners will be notified by mail. Cut this out, place in an envelope, enclose stamp for reply, and mail to main store.

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INTERESTING DISCOURSE
Continued from first page.

come every day better, nobler and stronger. She can make a man of him, or fill him with an ambition and a desire that later moulds him into a man. She can do this while she is young, and her companion is young. But she cannot do it later on, if she has been careless and neglectful of his habits and manners during the first days of their comradeship. If you allow your young man companion to smoke cigarettes in your company now, he will certainly do it later on. If you let him speak disrespectful things in your presence now, he will certainly be an evil-tongued man in later days. If you know that he drinks liquor and plays cards or gambles, and you hold your silence concerning it, he will certainly be a drunkard and gambler in days to come. The woman who marries a man to reform him, not only sacrifices her honor, but makes herself a slave to misery, wretchedness and woe, and sows broadcast the seed of vice and crime. Now is the time, young woman, to exert your humanizing influence, your inspiration or purity and moral courage on that young man friend of yours. You will not only be doing him an everlasting service, but will add one stone to the great monument of purity that woman has builded and is building upon the earth.

You need not be afraid of his getting angry when you gently correct him in things that you know and that he knows are wrong. If he is a gentleman, or has a spark of manhood in him, he will respect you for it, and feel under everlasting obligations to you for the good you have done him. The sensible young man always respects the sensible girl. On the other hand he pities and ignores the girl who is careless and indifferent. In the hearts of real men there is no place for the flirt or the 'girl sport.' By her own behavior and her own neglect she makes herself a moral outcast, the lonely inhabitant on an island of misery. All round her beat and lash the waves of degradation, and her life in later years becomes a never-ending season of agony and regret.

Young man, the mother of that 'best girl' will love you almost as devotedly as does the girl herself, if she knows you are a gentleman, if you prove by your behavior that you are a knight of honor. That mother will be truly proud of you, because she will have the splendid satisfaction of knowing that her daughter is safe in your company, that you are a young man who will protect rather than lead that girl astray. If you are such boy, such a young man, you will go gladly into the home of your girl

friend. You will go there in the afternoon as well as the evening, and if you are industriously attentive, you will happen around sometimes at a most unfashionable hour in the morning. You will not hang on the gatepost either, whether it be morning, noon or night. If it is morning, or early afternoon the girl will put you to wiping dishes and you will gladly and obligingly comply. And you will be just as much a gentleman in the kitchen as you are in the parlor. Let me assure you that if you do not learn to wipe dishes at that period in your life, you never will.

Another thing, young man, if you desire the company of your girl either to or from an entertainment you will go to the house, rap at the door and wait in the parlor for her. No gentleman hangs around outside and waits for her to come out. It may take a little courage to walk up to the door and face her mother for the first time and explain why you are there and what you have come for; and you may get nervous and fidgety while you wait for her to get ready or suffer a battery of cross-questions from her while you wait, but it is the facing and the braving of these things that makes a real man of you.

No sensible, right-thinking girl will accept the company of a young man home from church or an entertainment unless he accompanied her there. The worst vipers that infest our modern civilization are the cowardly young fellows who line up with the crowd of 'catchers' at a church door to approach and beg the company of girls. The young women who thus accept the company of after church 'catchers,' as they are styled, cast themselves from their high estate of purity and innocence and into the base depths of degradation. They lower themselves in the sight of all good men.

'My 'best girl' turned me down cold, gave me the 'mitten' as the young fellows express it, one night by refusing my company home from a church entertainment. I had been going with her too, for a couple of years and was become of the notion that she belonged to me, hairpins and all. But she taught me a valuable lesson that night—a lesson I never forgot, and for which I shall always feel deeply indebted. She found her way to the entertainment without my assistance and she knew she could find her way home without it. And she made that fact known to me in just so many words. My ears burn yet every time I think of it. If every girl would do as that girl did, the after-church 'catchers,' who are, in truth, the most destructive pests to young and innocent girlhood, would soon become extinct or be obliterated.

'The 'beau and sweetheart problem,' then is a matter of encouragement rather than discouragement. If the girl has a 'fellow' get that fellow into the home as soon as possible. Let him understand that if he desires the girl's company he must seek it first in her home. This is one of the things of the world that begins in the home, and that should forever remain there. If the young man lives at a distance, give him an invitation to visit, and keep him a week or two. Take plenty of time to get acquainted. If he is the right sort of young man he will gladly comply, and will appreciate the favor. The association thus formed around the home lamp will be a blessing both to him and to 'his girl,' who is possibly destined to be 'his girl' for all time. It is associations of this sort, made around the hearthstone, that insure the happiness and harmony of that other home that is to be. To all of us who have a heart, home is the dearest, sweetest spot on earth. 'Home is the shelter from the storms of life. Its voices are the echoes of love. Its smiles are the shadows of heaven.' Though one may have the choice and the good fortune to roam 'mid pleasures and palaces,' the memory of the old home, with its friendships and associates which gladden his youth, will appear in his dreams by night, and linger in his thoughts by day. You cannot drown the remembrance of that home, and though the old place may crumble to decay and pass from off the earth, the memory of it will always be an inspiration to you. Years after you have left it there will come to your mind's eye the old house, the protecting oaks and maples, the orchard—all the old scenes. Lying in the cool shade of the big porch is Shag, the dog. He is so big and fat and lazy with nothing to do but drive the cows home at night and keep the chickens out of the garden. You will see a beautiful old lady sitting in the doorway, rocking gently to and fro, her sewing in her lap. You will see her lift her head now and then, and adjust her glasses to gaze off up the road with a faraway expression in her eyes as if looking for someone. You will see a tear trickle down the cheek of the dear old lady while she sits and sews

and waits in the doorway. You will enter the hallway again and stand in the threshold of the parlor, with its lowered curtains, where neither you nor your chums nor the cat nor the dog were allowed to trespass. But you will take a peep in just as you did in former days. You will see the same familiar pictures on the wall, and the same big stand with the family Bible in the center of the room. O—back into the kitchen and the dining room you will wander. Sister and the hired girl are cooking dinner; hurrying to and fro, spreading the delicious viands on the table. Yes, and there's someone else helping—someone with her sleeves rolled to her dainty elbows and with sister's best apron on—darting here and there as familiarly and cheerfully as if she had always lived there. It's Mary, of course it's Mary. It's just as natural for her to be there with her sleeves rolled up and sister's apron on, as it is for you to be over at her house with your sleeves rolled up and one of her aprons on.

'And then you remember that dinner, the afternoon ride to church with the family, and the long, delightful, silent trip home. And your memory will follow the vista of happy, eventful years, of other rides and walks and jaunts under the glittering, summer stars, down wooded hillsides, where the peaceful breeze, sighing through the rustling leaves, whispered their tender secret to the katydids; strolling along the winding paths where every nook and turn is full of Nature's darlings; where Nature's peace flows into you like sunshine into trees; loitering where the chattering brook sparkles and leap over the pebbles; on up through life's pathway of years, a pathway strewn not altogether with roses, but bordered here and there with the thorn of trial and hardships, checkered with long years of struggle, and the long day of sorrow. There will come days when the home that has been a paradise of happiness and joy will be lonely and still. The music of child laughter and child prattle will be hushed. In a closed, quiet room a mournful spirit will brood over an empty crib, and you will kneel with bleeding hearts beside a little white casket. There will be prints of baby fingers on the pane, a box of toys under the window seat, a basket of unused clothes in the corner. Hand in hand, heart to heart, you will live the hour of sorrow as you have lived the hours of joy. Through the blinding tears you will get a glimpse of that eternal paradise, and as that infant spirit is wafted upward to the bosom of the Heavenly Father, you will catch a sweet breath from the fields of ever-blooming flowers. Despite the burning pang of sorrow, you will emerge from the shadow of that dark cloud with a renewed determination and purpose. Life to you will have a deeper, sweeter meaning. Though the song of the lark may never be as sweet, and the quiet old woods may never whisper their delightful secrets as in other days, your star of hope will be brighter and the great mountain tops of the future, with their sun-glimmering peaks rising high to the blue of eternity, which were only vague and hazy stretches of landscape, will appear in clear outline before you, gorgeous and beautiful.

'In conclusion I can do no better than repeat the words of a philosopher far older and wiser than I: 'Nothing touches the soul but leaves its impress, and thus, little by little, we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated; and if we learn to live with all that is fairest and purest and best, the love of it all will in the end become our very life.'

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