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 Give me the man who can hold on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens up when others weaken; who advances when others retreat; who knows no such word as "can't" or "give up"; and I will show you a man who will win in the end, no matter who opposes him, no matter what obstacles confront him.

A Helping Hand.
 When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving — trifles in themselves light as air — will do it at least for the 24 hours.

Life.
 He who invests us with a new power; who summons our will to finer tasks; revives our falling hopes; recovers our lost aims; renews our youth of love and enthusiasm, and helps us to read anew and better the great meaning of life — raises us from the dead.

Green Gold.
 The term green gold originated in the early days when someone declared that metals went through a process of evolution and ripened at last to a finished product. The originator of this false theory claimed to have the secret that aided gold in refining. Green gold is an alloy. When 17 per cent silver is mixed with gold, a green color is produced.

"Just Average" Persons.
 People who continue to be "just average" do so because they are saturated with the belief that they can never be any more. They have thus "fenced in" their talents so they cannot get into the pasture green of greater achievement.

Armenia Has 40,000 Acres in Cotton Plant
 Erivan, Armenia.—American methods of cotton growing are being introduced in Armenia.
 A new cotton factory, equipped with modern American machinery, has just been completed in Erivan.
 At the present time, more than 40,000 acres of cotton are under cultivation. This is 40 times greater than the acreage under cultivation in 1921.
 The Armenian government expects

this year to produce 30,000,000 pounds of raw cotton. One factory in Erivan has an output of nearly 2,000,000 pounds a month.
 In order to encourage farmers to cultivate their own cotton fields, the government is allotting them large quantities of free seed. The government pays \$2.75 for 40 pounds of the raw material. The present average yield is about 1,000 pounds an acre.

FORCED TO TELL THE TRUTH

By MARY B. WOODSEN
 (©, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THIS story has no moral. It is a true story. Hilda Hancock is the heroine. She was homely. Since this is a true story that is a fact. From the peak of her high and shining forehead to the toes of her large and substantial feet she possessed not a point that could charitably be called passable. But people always said kindly she was such a sweet girl, so sensible.

At the age of sixteen and three-quarters, Hilda graduated from the Haytown high school and her parents tactfully suggested that she get out and hustle for herself as there were seven younger Hancock's to be graduated by degrees. The old folks realized it was useless to keep Hilda around the house as matrimonial bait. So Hilda sold her pet cow—beef was high that year—packed her hairpins, class picture, heavy stockings and some other things and embarked for the city. She promptly enrolled in a business factory where in due course of time she learned to make pot-hooks in a notebook as fast as a man can talk, and to hit the right keys on a typewriter seven times out of ten. She also learned to add a column of figures on her fingers and to strike a balance sheet in a set of books that would make a wire-walker seasick. When the factory boss had no more knowledge to give her, he gave her his blessing. Instead of the address of a man needing a stenographer, and advised her to go gunning for experience.

Hilda's chase of this shy bird led her into many and various offices. In rapid succession she worked for a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant chief, a rich man, a poor man, a beggar man and a trust magnate. Her longest record for holding down a job was two weeks when she compiled a list of investments for the beggar man and made out his income tax blanks. She picked up a few shekels in this way and much wisdom about men. She knew her work was as good as the average and that there must be other reasons why she couldn't make permanent connections with a job. This began to dawn on her after she had been handed her weekly stipend by her eighteenth employer with the remark that she needn't come back Monday. It was clinched when a beautiful blond doll, wearing a dazily striped sweater and bobs a half yard across asked her the location of her ex-eighteenth employer's office.

No that evening, in the solitude of her room, Hilda took a careful inventory of her personal disadvantages. She summed up the net result which was discouraging, not to say distressing, in her frank, bucolic way.
 "Say, sister," she confided to her mirror, "you could sue your parents for the face they've given you. But you can't get away from it—it's glued on. So you might as well invent a disguise."

The telegram she sent her father next day startled him so he couldn't enjoy his after-dinner nap. But he went to the bank on Monday and borrowed the money which he permitted with a paternally expostulating letter and her mother's butter and egg money. So Hilda was financed for her experiment.

When the beauty doctors saw her coming they thought her an easy victim, but Hilda was on to their game. She told them in the beginning she was a desperate case and wanted something done, quickly, to give her a general family resemblance to other girls. So the beauty doctors pitched in. They massaged and cold-creamed. They steamed and iced. They shampooed and singed. They plucked her eyebrows and darkened her eyelashes. They manicured and polished. And occasionally they retired behind the door and fell on each other's necks in despair only to come grimly back with another kind of "treatment" and another way to fix her hair so her chin would stick out more and her nose less. When they turned her loose at last, with an armload of jars and bottles, she looked like a French doll that had gotten mashed in packing. With the few dollars left, Hilda bought a dress of a color combination she couldn't wear and a hat that shouldn't have gone with the dress. Her last four dollars went for French kid boots, made in New Jersey, with three-inch heels. With her heart and pocketbook light she felt she was made.

But at the first place she applied for work next day, the manager seemed to suffer a violent rush of blood to the head, followed by a severe coughing spell. He finally said he had decided they didn't need any more help, though his ad was in the morning paper. And after the fourth separate and distinct refusal, two of them not so polite, Hilda began to lose faith in her beauty and have an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of her stomach when she thought of the money "Paw" had borrowed and she had spent.

The last place on her list was the general office of a large corporation. She was obliged to wait a few minutes before seeing the manager and realized with dismay that she had never seen such an array of feminine beauty as was concentrated in that one office. Such peachy cheeks and creamy throats, such silky hair, pearly teeth, fascinating dimples—hours hammering typewriters, peris sharpen-

ing pencils, nymphs taking notes. They seemed to smile from desk to desk in naive admiration of their own beauty—or something.

"Well," thought Hilda, as her heart hit the sole of left shoe, "This is no place for little me. I don't hanker to be the fly in the ointment."

But before she could escape, the manager, an old-young man with bored eyes, spoke to her. His gaze seemed to hold faint interest.

"Can you spell?" he asked wearily.
 "Oh, yes, sir." Almost unconsciously Hilda answered in her professionally willing manner and her teeth leaped at him—she had those large, straightforward teeth.

"You're hired," he said.
 And astounding as it may seem she remained hired. Though the beauties came and went and the pulchritudinous average of the office force remained greater than that of a musical comedy, Hilda held her job. As the days slipped by she gained more confidence, made fewer mistakes and was "raised" with gratifying regularity. She was too dog tired after a long day at the office to bother with the beauty doctor dope and just resigned herself. And within a reasonable length of time she was doing the old-young manager's work exclusively at a worthwhile salary. Then he held her one day he was going West to open a new branch for the company and wanted her to go along as his private secretary. Hilda was as surprised as anybody.

"I'll go, if you'll answer me one question," she said at last.
 He seemed warily willing.

"I'm pretty, homely, ain't I?" asked Hilda.

He looked so uncomfortable that she laughed her hearty laugh.

"Oh, I'm used to it now," she said. "And I'm too busy to mind any more. But I've always wondered why the dickens you ever hired me—ME—to be a blot on the landscape, and want me sticking around—"

Still cautiously, the old-young man hesitated.

"You won't get mad and quit if I tell you?"

"No."

"Well, you're valuable because—you're so darn homely, you—rested my eyes."

Great Sculptor's Joke on Joseph Pulitzer

The late Joseph Pulitzer was singularly delicate about being fully clad and could not bear to have any part of his person exposed to the gaze of another. His sensitiveness in this particular developed in an amusing way at Cape Martin in the spring of 1910 when, after much negotiation, the great Rodin was commissioned to execute a bust.

Rodin insisted that Mr. Pulitzer in posing should lay bare his shoulders in order that the poise of the head might be correctly revealed. To this Mr. Pulitzer objected strenuously. Rodin was obstinate but it was not until he threatened to throw up the commission and return to Paris that his subject surrendered, and then only on condition that none but his immediate attendants should be admitted to the studio.

This was agreed to and the work went on, the model proving very impatient and unruly and refusing to talk to Rodin, who naturally wished to put his sitter at ease and to get at least a glimpse of his mind.

The contract was for busts in bronze and in marble. The bronze is a mere head with no attempt to indicate the shoulders. The marble goes further—and here Rodin had his revenge; for he laid a bit of ruffing across the chest, playfully suggestive of a chemise.—Don C. Seitz, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Isn't It Strange!

When the animals came out of the ark, Noah had forgotten their names, and so he and his family gave them new ones. When an enormous thing with a long nose came out, Shem said, "Let's call it an elephant."

"Very good," said Noah; and they wrote it down.
 Then out came an animal with a very long neck.
 "Let's call it a giraffe," said Ham.
 "Very good," said Noah; and they wrote it down. Then they went through the stripes, and the wools, and the furs, and the short legs, and the long legs, and named them all in turn.

But right at the end, out came a small thing that did long jumps.
 "Let's call it a frog," said Ham.
 "But why call it a frog?" asked Noah.
 "Well," replied Ham, "what else could you call it? It looks like a frog, doesn't it?"—De Molay Councillor.

"Presidents" of States

Under the first constitutions of New Hampshire, Delaware and South Carolina the chief executive of the state was called the president. South Carolina changed the title to governor in 1778 and New Hampshire and Delaware in 1792. From 1776 to 1784 the highest executive authority of Pennsylvania was vested in an executive council, the chairman of which was called the president. However, after the Constitution was adopted by the 13 original states Texas was the only independent republic with a president at its head to be admitted into the Union as a state.—Exchange.

Two Styles in One House

To teach Japanese the advantages of electricity, a two-story house, having one-half the rooms furnished according to Japanese methods and the other half in accordance with present-day western ideas, has been built near Tokyo for exhibition purposes.

FARM POULTRY

BREEDERS ENTITLED TO COMPLETE REST

Both the males and females in the breeding pens having fully done their duty during the summer are now entitled to a well-earned rest. It is imperative that they be permitted to fully recuperate at this time if they are to prove worthy breeders again next season. The numerous progeny departing themselves on the range is ample proof of the past labors of the breeding birds.

This strain on the fowls that comprised the breeding pens has been so small one, so we should allow them a complete rest and provide for their every comfort. It is extremely unwise to still persist, as some do, in encouraging the fowls to keep up laying by feeding stimulating foods. The breeding birds are entitled to a good rest and the conscientious poultryman will see that they get it.

The first thing in order then, is the breaking up of the pens and the separating of the sexes. The females should by all means now be freed of the annoyance of the males. It is essential to their obtaining a complete rest. The females can now be together and given the use of the range. A range with plenty of green stuff offers an ideal place in which the hard-worked females may spend their summer vacation. Little attention need be given them, merely seeing to it that they have sufficient feed, clean, cool water, and comfortable, vermin-free sleeping quarters.

The food ration of these breeders should be such as not to stimulate production. Only two meals a day need be provided, but they should be full meals. While no surplus of food is needed for egg production now, yet sufficient quantities should be provided to enable the fowls to grow their new feathers, for molting will now be in order. And the tissues, affected by the wearing labors of production, must undergo repairs at this time, and the proper food and in sufficient quantities, are essential. When the fowls have liberal range, the animal and vegetable food secured by them will benefit them greatly.

The male birds should be penned apart and given rooey pens, so they may obtain the necessary exercise. If it is possible to arrange it so the males can also have the use of the range, it will be just so much better for them. It is always good policy to take the very best of care of the male, as he is always half of the pen. We have only one male where we have ten or more females. When we lose a good male we lose half our pen and often more—very much more—for often a male as good in every respect cannot be secured to replace him. Therefore it will readily be seen that to lose a good pen header for any reason is to sustain a big loss.

A little extra pains exercised in the care of our pen headers, after the breeding season is over, will be time and labor well spent. It is preferable to have small runs for each male and have the runs covered with some suitable material to protect the plumage from the sun and weather.
 It is a good plan at this time to cull out the less desirable hens. With the hens kept for laying purposes only it is a good plan to cull out those that have had their second laying year. It is seldom that they prove profitable after this when kept for laying only.

Eliminate Early Molter

From All Laying Flocks
 The beginner with poultry soon finds that there is a time in the fall when the egg returns become very low and often it is just the time when feed bills are high and he wishes to buy all feed not raised on the farm and stack it up for winter. This period of slack production usually occurs somewhere between August first and December first, and the length of time it lasts depends on the skill of the poultryman. Why do the egg returns fall at this time? Because there are too many early molting hens in the flock which have ceased producing eggs. And the pullets are not the early hatched birds that lay in the early fall and keep it up throughout the winter.

Must Produce Eggs

To be most profitable a flock must produce eggs the year around, in winter as well as summer. There is small profit in summer eggs, but when they get up to top-notch winter prices there is a handsome profit in them. The flock that does not produce a reasonable number of eggs during the period from November 1 to April 1 of each year is often kept at an actual loss for the year, as it is almost impossible to make an annual profit from the flock that lays all its eggs when the market is average.

Clear Thinking.

To do much clear thinking a man must arrange for regular periods of solitude when he can concentrate and indulge his imagination without distraction. Working at night always appealed to me, because then most people are minding their own business by going to sleep.—Edison.

Kindness.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.—George Sands.

Must Fight It Out.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must fight it out or you perish; why not fight it out or you now, right where you stand?—Steven-son.

Cause for Soft Pork

Tests have shown that soy beans fed to hogs with or without minerals or with 2 1/2 per cent of sanded corn produced soft carcasses, even when the soy beans were not used until the pigs weighed 100 pounds, and when fed on this ration for only seven or eight weeks. It is hard to get a carcass firm by feeding corn or tankage after early use of soy beans. One reason for this outcome in using soy beans is that they are low in calcium or lime.

Mrs. Jennie Butterfield



Good Advice for Women

Portland, Ore.—"All my life I have known of Dr. Pierce's medicines. My mother was a physician and she thought so well of Dr. Pierce's medicines that she quite frequently recommended them to her patients, especially the 'Favorite Prescription' for women. For about two years after the birth of my fourth child I suffered with feminine trouble of a very serious nature. I had all the aches and pains a woman could have. I was nervous and weak—just able to be around. I was in distress all the time, when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, but was completely relieved of all my ailments and restored to perfect health.

"When my daughter was growing into womanhood she was backward and had such poor health that she was compelled to quit school. I gave her the 'Favorite Prescription' and it completely restored her to health and she came into womanhood in a very natural way."—Mrs. Jennie Butterfield, 821 Mich. Ave. Write Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice or send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

Knighthood.

Knighthood was originally a military distinction, but in the Sixteenth century it came to be conferred on civilians, as a reward for valuable services rendered to the crown or the community. The first civil knight in England was Sir William Walsworth, lord mayor of London, who won the distinction by slaying the rebel, Wat Tyler, in the presence of the king.

The Truthful Man.

Many business deals are closed on the golf links. A traveling salesman went around in 125 and the merchant with him said pleasantly: "You are a little off your usual game."
 "No, this is my usual game."
 "Well," stated the other, "you may be no golfer but you're an honest man. I'll just sign that contract you were speaking of."

Mercury.

The chief producing countries of mercury are Spain and the United States. California and Texas furnish the entire amount over here. Practically the only ore which is regularly worked for mercury is cinnabar. Mercury in the metallic state is found in small quantities only.

How Rewards Are Won.

Big rewards in this world are asured to those who discover new and better ways of benefiting mankind. Every government, for example, protects the inventor's profit on a valuable patent. The surest road to advancement is finding the better way to do each job assigned to you.

Origin of Sewing Cotton.

The sewing cotton used in every American home is made almost exclusively of long staple Egyptian cotton. No cotton now grown in the United States has been found suitable for spinning the finer sizes of thread, for which there is the greatest demand.

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Nora.

"But, Reginald! I'm very cross with you, really! You promised faithfully to bring our engagement ring tonight." Reggie—"Believe me, dear, I'm sorry. The truth is—the other girl hasn't returned it yet."—London Telegraph.

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