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Robbers Loot Cash Car.

Seattle, Wash. — After leading an automobile carrying money to stores of a chain of the Brewster Cigar company down a main street of this city to its next stop Friday, three men in another automobile took \$583 from two employees of the company in the cash car when it arrived at its destination. The cash car stopped in front of one of the cigar stores with daily change when two men approached it and demanded a grip containing the money. The other robber remained at the wheel of the bandit automobile. Many pedestrians witnessed the holdup. The robbers escaped.

Putting Eye in Needle.

In 1826 a stamping machine was used for the first time to drill eyes into needles. The needles are fed into a machine which forms the flats of the eyes, which are then driven through by a punching machine. The processes for manufacturing needles are in excess of 20.

Hit From the Shoulder.

The Lady (describing disagreement with another lady)—"So I sez to 'er, 'Pansy,' I sez—'yer calls yerself Pansy—well, wot I calls yer is Chimpanzee, with hall the 'abits and hinstinks of sich.'"—London Answers.

Meaning of "Ozark."

Ozark is a corruption of the French words aux arcs meaning "with bows," a term descriptive of the Indians who inhabited the country.

Loose-Working Garment.

News Item in Southern Exchange—"The Rome Hosiery mill has put on a night shift to fill large orders coming in for the last several weeks."—Boston Transcript.

FISH

Columbia River Smelt shipped direct same day caught. 100 a box, 50 lbs. F. O. B. Kelso, A. A. Fisher, Box 643, Kelso, Washington.

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FRIENDS ON BIG THUNDER

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

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Both convincing and timely, though not to be generally approved, is the expression of friendship which greets a Tennessee mountaineer when he returns from service overseas.

SERGEANT DAVID HATTON, late of the national army, was going home to his mother's cabin on Big Thunder mountain, Tennessee, and he was a little happier than he had ever been before. Not that he had found fault with the drafting of the army; he had gone easily from the paths of a timberjock to those of a soldier and he had won his two promotions quickly. He knew his mother wanted him back, and he knew his sweetheart wanted him back, and always life had been as bright as new gold to him. Rosemary McLane had not known how to write, and neither had his mother; but the faithfulness of both, one as much as the other, was entirely beyond question to him. It had been a trifle difficult, sometimes, to explain to his comrades just why he never had letters from home; but—well, he did it satisfactorily, and always without lying outright.

He reached the little lowland town, Jamesville, at three in the morning, and immediately set out to walk to Big Thunder.

The first dwelling he reached was the rambling, heven-log house of "Ole Jam'paw" Whitson. Old Whitson was a god, a sort of perpetual Santa Claus, to the Big Thunder kiddies, and he was a favorite with the grownups as well; the kiddies had innocently nicknamed him while trying to call him "Old Grandpa." He sat on his front porch, that fine May morning, when Hatton hailed him merrily from the road:

"Ho there, Ole Jam'paw! Guess who's back?"

Whitson rose. He fairly ran to the gate, and shook hands with Hatton. "Dave," said he, "I'll be danged ef I ain't plum' awful glad to see ye. How big ye look! As straight as a pine tree, too. Now mebbe ye mother won't be tickled to see ye! I reckon she's at meetin'—at the Pickett's Cove meetin'house—be danged ef we ain't shore got some preacher there, now. Dave—J—'d ha' went, but—it's the first Sunday I've missed in ten years—nothin' but death couldn't keep ye mother back—"

The old hillman had become badly upset about something, and Hatton saw it. And Whitson, he knew, was not easily upset.

"Why didn't you go, too, Jam'paw?" Hatton put the question in a manner that wouldn't admit of evasion.

Whitson pulled a splinter from the fence, took out his knife, combed his almost white beard with his khotty fingers, and leaned weakly against a gatepost as he began to whittle aimlessly.

"Ye'll find it out anyhow, Dave. Rosemary McLane is 'bein' married to a feller name o' Highlow Jack Hamer in the meetin'house today, Dave. I wist I may die ef I wouldn't a heap ruther drap dead 'n to haf to tell ye, son. I jest had to, or I wouldn't ha' done it; be danged ef I would. That's why I stayed away from meetin'. I couldn't bear to see it. Because I know some things other folks mebbe don't know, Dave. I know Rosemary ain't a-marryin' that lowdown, gambler rake because she wants to, Dave. She promised to do it to save her brother, Bubber McLane—a good feller, Bubber; too good, mebbe, and too easy led off—and she wouldn't break her promise—"

Ole Jam'paw choked and stopped trying to talk. Dave Hatton stood fixedly and stared with eyes that saw nothing. His jaw was set, and he was white.

"Rosemary—married," he muttered after a heavy, silent moment. "Rosemary—married."

Whitson nodded. Came another heavy moment of silence; then Hatton took a firmer grip on himself and faced the matter bravely.

"I knowed Jack Hamer. Met him in the timber camp. He was a bully. He's dirty. He ain't fitten to marry Rosemary. Tell me all about it, Jam'paw; begin at the beginnin', and tell me all about it."

"All right. A heap of it, Dave. I couldn't prove. Rickollect that. But 'm a old man, and I've seed a heap o' human nacher, and I know danged well I'm right about it. It was this-away, Dave:

"Bubber McLane and Rosemary still lives with their Aunt Polly, at the old home place. Rosemary was foolish about Bubber; she allus was, as you yerself know. The day he was eighteen, Bubber went to some loggin' outfit over on Rock Creek and got him a job as a cutter. On the fust payday he had, he went with the crew to Jamesville, and there they had a danged big time. A feller name o' Patterson was shot and killed, and Bubber was arrested and jailed for the crime. Highlow Jack was the only witness, and he wouldn't say nothin' much about it until he'd come out here and broke the news to Rosemary. He hung around out here fo' several days. When he went back to Jamesville, Rosemary, heartbroke, had promised to marry him; and she let on to people, fo' her pride's sake, that she loved him.

"Well, I'll hurry along with it, Dave. They had Bubber's trial, and Highlow Jack swore the bullet 'at killed Patterson come through a win dow."

"It was gen'ally messed up, but that's the meat of it. Highlow's word wasn't gilt-edge, by no means, but it was enough to throw the balance in favor o' Bubber, and they turned Bubber loose. Bubber tried to persuade Rosemary to break her promise to Highlow, but she wouldn't do it; the McLanes, she says, allus does jest edzactly what they says they'll do. Then Bubber tried to buy Highlow Jack off, but the 'ole wasn't nothin' a-workin' in that line, not a danged thing. And so—

"And so they're to be married at the meetin'house today, Dave; I reckon it's about time it was a-bein' pulled off now. Which is why I never went; I couldn't bear to see it, Dave, danged ef I could. I—where are ye a-goin' to, son?"

"I'm a-goin' to the meetin'house. Mebbe they ain't had the weddin' yet. I want to see Rosemary. I can tell by lookin' at her whether she loves Highlow Jack or not."

"Wait; I believe I'll go w' ye, Dave." Ole Jam'paw opened the gate and limped after Hatton.

When they had reached a point within a hundred yards of the meetin'house, Hatton turned into the laurels to his right, and Whitson limped hastily after him. Hatton threaded the thick undergrowth and soon he had come up to an open window directly behind the rough pulpit. The sight that greeted his gaze fairly chilled him. Before the minister stood the pretty, brown-eyed Rosemary and the smooth, sleek brute, Highlow Jack Hamer; their right hands were clasped together, and Rosemary, white-faced, was saying tremulously: "I do."

Dave Hatton, too, was white-faced. Both his big, strong hands gripped the weather-beaten window sill suddenly, and at that moment a strapping young hillman dove from the laurels and caught Hatton from behind by both arms. Hatton wheeled to find himself staring into "Bubber" McLane's sunburned, boyish countenance.

"Don't go an' spoil nothin', Dave," whispered Bubber, tensely. "Everythin's all right—git me!"

With that, Bubber disappeared in the undergrowth like a spirit. Hatton turned to the window again. He saw, at a fleeting glance, his old mother sitting with her head bowed. And then he caught Rosemary's eyes with his own and held them for one instant.

When she saw him, Rosemary Hamer did a thing she had never done before. She fainted. Once more Hatton put his hands on the weather-beaten window sill. Ole Jam'paw caught him by both arms and pulled him backward.

"It's done now, Dave," Whitson whispered. "It's done now. She's jest fainted; she'll be all right in a minute. Come on w' me, Dave, dang it. I think we'd better go now, my boy; eh?"

"Mebbe," Hatton said slowly, under his breath. "Mebbe we had. But I'll wait at the door and go along home w' my mother."

As the people began to pour from the meetin'house, Sergt. David Hatton saw that there were few men except grandfathers among them, but this fact did not get any marked attention from him until afterward. It was a very silent congregation, a strongly sympathetic congregation, and many were the frowning glances that were directed toward the back of the villainous groom as he plotted his pale bride of minutes toward the trail that led to her home. They had seen through her pitiful subterfuges; they knew!

Then, all of a sudden, Highlow Jack Hamer stopped and stooped to pick up a brass watch that had been placed carefully in the center of the trail, and his new wife walked on a few yards ahead—and then half a dozen rifles thundered out as one from the two nearby mountainsides, and Hamer crumpled dead, when his face struck the dust!

Rosemary reached him first. She saw at once that she was free of the hateful bonds she had welded about her rather than break the promise of a McLane. Oblivious of the gathering crowd, she clasped her hands at her throat, and turned her topaz eyes upward in a wordless little prayer of gratitude to the Most High for her deliverance.

Ole Jam'paw Whitson hastened up and took charge of the situation. He ran his now severe old eyes over the people of Big Thunder Mountain.

"We live our own lives," he said finally, his voice ringing like a voice of benediction. "Ef anythin's ever said about it, let it be this and only this: 'He jest drapped dead.'"

A week later, Dave Hatton saw Bubber McLane at Ole Jam'paw's. "Rose was a wonderin' why you hadn't never been over to see us, Dave," said Bubber. "Say, Dave, I never killed Patterson; but I think I know who did kill him; I think it was Highlow; but I couldn't prove nothin', y'see. And ye needn't be a-thinkin' I was one o' them 'at shot Highlow Jack, neither, because I shore wasn't! But I come might nigh a-bein' one o' 'em. I meant to do it, and I had my finger on the trigger, when them other rifles barked and beat me to it, Dave, the 'ole 'ol ha' been twenty men had sneaked out, every one o' 'em unbeknownst to the others, to set Rose free when she walked from the meetin'house! We've got friends here on Big Thunder, Dave, dang ye good old sojer hide!"

Allan Dwan



Not a "movie" star, but a director who is famous in the production end of the game, is Allan Dwan. He was born in Toronto, Canada. He was educated in the public schools of Chicago and at Notre Dame university. He had brief experience as an actor in college plays and failed at play writing. Later he produced scenarios, and following a brief career in writing picture plays he was given an opportunity to direct, in which he has proved highly successful.

Your Last Name

IS IT BEAN?

ONE of the earliest of Bean families in this country has the distinction of having been of Jersey origin. That is, the progenitor of the family was a native of the Isle of Jersey in the English channel. He settled in Boston, Mass., in 1670. There he died, leaving a widow and three sons, Lewis, Ebenezer and Joseph. The widow Bean removed from Boston to Maine, settling in York. Ebenezer was killed by the Indians and Joseph was captured and kept captive for six years. Lewis became the progenitor of all of his family in the New world. One of his descendants was Eli Bean, a general in the Civil war.

One branch of the Bean family in this country was founded by John Bean, a native of Scotland, who settled in Exeter, N. H., in 1660. His descendants lived in Maine. Among them is to be found the name Joshua, which seemingly does not appear in the other Bean family.

William Bean, a companion of Daniel Boone, was the first white settler west of the Alleghenies. He explored with Boone, returning to Kentucky with his family in 1788 to make his permanent home in the wilderness.

There are several suggestions as to the origin of this name. The probability is that with this name, as with many others, there were several independent origins in different localities where families of the name sprang up. It is said that in most cases Bean is derived from the Scottish "ban," meaning white. It has been thought that in certain sections the bean is and was to an even greater extent a crop of immense importance. When the name is found to have originated in Cornwall, England, it is undoubtedly derived from the worn "bean," meaning in Cornish small. Then it is an adjectival nickname.

Waters.—Quite clearly this is a surname derived from Walter and not from water in the present sense. It has been pointed out that two or three hundred years ago Walter was always pronounced as it spelled water, and the dropping of the silent "t" in the surname would have been a natural development.

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A LINE O'CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

APOLOGY FOR FEBRUARY

WHEN February comes alone
 And hums her melancholy song
 A little voice within me sings,
 "Be patient with her mummer-
 ing."
 'Tis not her fault that she draws
 near
 This sad and solemn time of year.
 And there be places on this earth
 Where she's a time of joy and
 mirth,
 And gladness brings, with snow-
 ers gay
 To decorate the cheery way;
 And if she seems to you to be
 A thing of winter, blustery,
 'Tis but because with your own
 eyes
 You chance to view her in that
 guise.
 And do not seek her elsewhere
 In climes more genial and fair."
 (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The less a wife finds out about her husband the more suspicious she is of his actions.

Mrs. B. A. Rymus



The Message of Thousands of Women

Seattle, Wash.—"I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a splendid aid to prospective mothers. I was advised to take it during my first pregnancy and I got so much help from it, in added physical strength and restfulness to the nerves, that I have always used it during each expectant period. I was able to continue my house-work right up to the last day and had practically no suffering. It would not be right for me to not tell of the benefit I have derived from the 'Favorite Prescription' for the sake of other women.
 "Mothers and prospective mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a great friend to women!"—Mrs. B. A. Rymus, 519 23rd Ave., South.
 Start at once with this "Prescription" and see how quickly you pick up—feel stronger and better. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice or send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

Liberal.

Rule 42 of the house of representatives of the great and honorable commonwealth of Massachusetts provides, soberly and solemnly, that bills shall be printed on "not less than one sheet of paper."—Pointed out by one of the representatives.

Bestowed in Derision.

"Bluestocking" is a humorous and rather contemptuous epithet applied to a woman author or a lady of any literary attainments. The "Bluestockings" was the name applied to a literary club in the early eighteenth century in England.

Distributing the Bouquets.

According to a Welsh paper, Sir Walford Davies writes to Mr. Gwilym Jones as follows: "I wish to thank the splendid choir and yourself for their and our own fine work in the Mass in B minor at Wembloy."—Boston Transcript.

Dictionary Still Growing.

Almost 3,000 words have been added to the English dictionary since 1914, it is estimated. These newcomers are derived principally from the war, the radio, the movies, the dance, medicine, aeronautics and general science.

Brute.

Lady—My husband is a deceitful wretch. Last night he pretended to believe me when he knew I was lying to him.—London Mail.

Touch of Savagery.

The civilized peoples are those that pay the highest prices for beads.—San Francisco Chronicle.

What Makes Them Wild.

Our idea of a wild woman is one who hasn't anywhere to go.—Dallas News.

"Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrighleys"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go to home to night.
 Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet for pleasure and benefit.



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P. N. U. No. 7, 1925