

WRIGLEYS

AFTER EVERY MEAL

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEYS is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.

CAMEL BONES FOUND 6,000,000 YEARS OLD

Chicago.—Six million years ago a freak storm drove thousands of camels, each eight or nine feet high, into an area ten by four miles, near Lusk, Wyo. Probably all of them perished.

The skull, leg bones and neck of one of these American camels has been discovered by Paul C. Miller, curator of the Walker museum at the University of Chicago. He is sending them, together with 1699 pounds of miscellaneous fossils found in the miocene and oligocene areas of Nebraska, Wyoming and South Dakota, to the museum here.

A million years after the storm, two merychippis, or three-toed horses, ancestors of the modern dobbie, died near Sleep creek, Nebraska. Their skeletons, about as large as Shetland ponies, have been found.

In the oligocene strata, going back 10,000,000 years, Dr. Miller found a saber-toothed tiger, another three-toed horse and a giant titanotherium, a distant relative of the modern rhinoceros with a skull 2 1/2 feet long.

The camel was encased in a rock covering built around it by centuries. More than a year will be required to remove all the bones from their rock envelopes.

Business Shows Gain.

Indications of a greater amount of business transacted by firms in Oregon as well as a substantial increase in the number of business firms in the state are given in the report on returns on the capital stock tax for July of this year in comparison with the report for the year ending July, 1923.

The total return for July and August, 1923, according to figures issued by the Internal revenue department of the United States, was \$355,930. The return for July and August, 1922, amounted to \$419,698, or an increase of \$63,767 during the two years. The capital stock tax is imposed on all corporations in the state for the privilege of doing business.

The tax is levied on a basis of capital stock.

Butter Men to Meet.

Plans are under way for the entertainment of the National Association of Buttermakers which meets in its annual convention in Portland September 15 to 17. More than 1000 visitors from all parts of the United States are expected to be in the city for the event.

Would Be Quiet World.

"If nobody talked ceppin' when he knew 'zackly what he was talkin' 'bout," said Uncle Eben, "dar'd be a heap mo' time to listen to do music."—Washington Star.

First German Railroad.

The first railway built in Germany was the Ludwigsbahn, connecting the cities of Nuremberg and Furth. It was about four miles long and was opened to traffic in December, 1835.

Gold-Lace General.

General Abercrombie, who came to America in 1756 to command the English forces against the French and Indians, was not popular. The colonists, unimpressed by his gold lace, called him Miss Nabbycrombie.

Inferiority Complex.

Inferiority complex—Being awed by a man who knows things you don't know and doesn't know things you do know.—The Duluth Herald.

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ABOUT MIGGLES' ALLEY

By HERMAN BROWNSON

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

His real name was Tim O'Hagan, but in Miggles' alley he was familiarly known as Shingles. This was because, while a bootblack by profession, he spent a large share of his life on the roof of a five-story tenement house, tending his baby brother. On this particular occasion, however, he rose above his calling of bootblack and nursemaid, and became a hero.

The region about Miggles' alley is not precisely a hotbed of heroism. Indeed, there is probably not a corner of America in which the poverty-stricken and deprived of all nations meet in such strength as here, where the social sewers from the four corners of the earth seem to empty themselves. But Shingles, looking down upon the streets from the high plane of the tenement housetop, saw more of the color, and whirl, and bigness of the streets than of their mud and meanness. He saw the circus parade as it swept gleaming by. He saw the crowd pouring through the neighboring streets—a black river of humanity.

Best of all, he looked almost daily on the wonderful maneuvers of a fire company, whose engine house, opposite one entrance of the tenement house, was Shingles' favorite resort. On those rare occasions when he was free to ply his trade, Shingles earned several dimes and nickels, and incidentally many golden opinions, from the good-natured fire laddies, who recognized a kindred spirit in this mite of ten. And when chained by duty to his post on the roof, Shingles could, if he liked, exchange occasional salutes with the objects of his worship as they lounged in the street below. As for those moments when the alarm gong rang, and his friends at the engine house jumped into their places on the hose carriage or the hook-and-ladder trucks, and were whirled off to scenes of adventure, those were periods of combined pride and pain to Shingles. The pride was for his comrades; the pain that he, by reason of his ten years and absorbing occupation, was cut off from any share in these deeds of daring. Only in make-believe could he climb ladders and rescue people from burning buildings; and while it was easy to play circus parade with the baby and pussy cat in a soap-box on rollers for the band chariot, the heroism of the fire laddies called for a greater exercise of talent.

On this June morning Shingles' mother, who was today engaged in scrubbing at one of the big insurance buildings on Broadway, left the youngster with his charge on the roof, screaming back strict injunctions to the boy to keep the baby amused. To this task Shingles addressed himself with an ardor born of the beautiful day and the necessity for some occupation for the long hours that stretched between now and supper time. What would he do to amuse the baby and incidentally himself? Why, "play fire," of course. His engine-house experience, joined to his observations from the roof, gave him a familiarity with the fire laddies' modes of operation that resulted in the most stirring realism. The baby seemed pleased, and listened with open-mouthed wonder, while big brother imitated the clatter and clangor of the engine gong or the hoarse shouts of the firemen, and gazed with special delight at Tim's astonishing climb up an imaginary ladder as foreman of the rescue corps. Indeed, he was so much amused by this new game that he did not vince while Shingles tied one end of the clothes-line around the tiny figure, puffing and blowing laboriously for imaginary smoke the while. Baby even thought it great fun, until brother bore him over the edge of the roof and began to let him down, down—a tiny morsel of humanity dangling five stories above the pavement of Miggles' alley. Then fun changed to fright, and baby set up a lusty howl. It was this scream that aroused Shingles from his realistic play to the grim earnestness of the situation. There was no ladder waiting below; there were no brave comrades—only himself, a mite of ten, clutching in his small hand the very end of the rope from which dangled the helpless figure of his tiny brother. Real fear gripped at the little fellow's heart. Slowly, painfully, he began to pull in that endless length of line. Inch by inch he brought that tiny, swaying figure nearer to the housetop. Then suddenly a knot in the rope caught in the iron railing. Cold perspiration rolled down the little fellow's cheek. Already his strength was falling him. To slacken a single foot meant to loosen his hold altogether. He tried to call for help, but the shrill little voice attracted no more attention than had the baby's feeble wail. In the neighborhood of Miggles' alley children lift up their voices in lamentation so often that nothing short of an alarm of fire or murder excites special notice. Suddenly, in this moment of agonizing terror, the boy was seized by an inspiration. On his left rose a large chimney. Around this the little fellow drew the taut rope, making it fast to the clothes-hook in the masonry. Then he rushed to the edge of the roof, and shouted: "Fire, fire, in Miggles' alley!"

At this sound the firemen lounging in the street below leaped to their feet. Looking up, they recognized the figure on the roof's edge as that of their little

comrade, and, convinced that this was no false alarm, rushed into the engine house. A moment later the street below resounded with the rumble of trucks, the whang of gongs, and the rush of the surging crowd. In this focal point of cosmopolitan New York, where a quarter of a million people are located within a stone's throw of a common center, the elements of a stirring scene are always at hand. At the sound of the alarm, Chinamen crept from their basement bunks in Mott street—reeking with opium and dazed by the noise; long-haired Hebrews tumbled into the alley from their sweat shops; swarthy Italians came pell-mell from their hovels; and the Arab lost his fez, which, in the surging crowd, was trampled under foot. By the time that the engines and hook-and-ladder company reached the alley they found it jammed with a mass of excited humanity, whose eyes were focused upon a tiny white bundle that swayed in mid-air, 70 feet above the pavement. At once the firemen realized that they had been duped; but the necessity for effort did not escape them. Up shot the great ladders, one above another, and then an agile rescuer began the swift ascent. The crowd cheered in a babel of tongues; but as the climber reached the last few rounds, and began creeping out over the slender threads toward the precious prize, a hush fell upon the multitude. Now he was almost there—now he stood directly under the dangling mite—now he put forth his hand with extreme caution. The crowd stood at tip-toe. Not a soul breathed. Then, just as the strong hand touched the hem of the little frock, the child began struggling once more, this time so violently that, in the very moment of apparent safety, it slipped from the noose and fell.

In that moment even the hardened faces of the multitude below, accustomed to sights of all degrees of danger and wickedness, blanched with terror; eyes bleared by drink or opium were shudderingly averted from the awful scene that seemed inevitable. Meantime the tiny bundle of humanity, in its wild plunge downward, struck a rope stretched across the alley hanging full of wet clothes. The strand broke with the strain, and the child was lost in the flying mass of white. A few stray rags fluttered down—but the baby? It had disappeared like a wraith. Strong arms outstretched to make a desperate effort to catch the flying wail fell helpless at many a side. The vast crowd stood speechless, dumfounded.

An instant later a deaf old Irish woman in the second-story tenement looked up from her work and gave a shrill cry of surprise as she saw crawling through the window that led from the fire-escape where she had just laid her feather-bed to air, an almost naked child with scarlet bars around its little body. "By all the saints together!" she cried, dropping on her knees. "If that kid didn't rain down from heaven o'll never say another pater noster as long as I live!" And it took the combined eloquence of Shingles and his distracted mother to convince the old lady of the child's earthly origin.

Hard to Cope With Fire Beyond Reach

In a score of different places in these islands underground fires are smoldering. Some have been alight for many years and are fair imitations of volcanoes on a small scale. The fuel in most cases is coal.

A pit between Ayr and Girvan caught fire in 1847 and was still burning at the beginning of the present century. "The Steaming Bug," the country folk call it.

Londre, an important junction station near Swansea, was for some time rendered useless by an underground fire said to be burning in old chemical and metal refuse. The platforms were hot and the whole place was poisoned by fumes. The town of Dudley has suffered severely from a slow burning going on deep beneath its foundations, which at one time threw out fumes of deadly gas, half-poisoning many people.

It is easy to understand coal catching fire, but more difficult to comprehend land blazing up. Yet this phenomenon happens quite frequently. Some years ago there was a remarkable outbreak at Halsall Moss, near Rirkdale. A potato farmer plied unslaked lime on one of his fields and set fire to the peaty soil that had been rendered bone-dry by a month of sunshine. A wind got up and soon three acres were ablaze, the fire biting deep into the ground.

Two years ago there was a similar outbreak near Shrewsbury. The burning of a pile of brushwood started it. The fire caught into the roots of a great tree and five weeks later the tree crashed down. Then the whole earth was found to be afire, and the fire spread until winter rains put it out.—London Tit-Bits.

Degeneration

"The American people used to read Thoreau and Emerson. Today their idea of intellectual enjoyment is to gloat over films of pretty girls in bathtubs."

The Boston critic, Everett P. Wheeler, was addressing a women's union. He went on:

"A sight-seeing motor bus was gliding through Boston's historic streets. The man with the megaphone was raising the instrument to his lips for another spiel when a pretty girl gave him a look that said 'cut out that heavy stuff.'"

"Aw, say, cut out that heavy stuff. You've told us enough about the splendid Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston. Now can't you show us inside a few of them for a change."

FARM STOCK

SOME ADVANTAGES IN RAISING SHEEP

Farmers are becoming interested in raising sheep as a profitable undertaking. One of the first problems that comes up before the farmer who is interested in the proposition, is the advantages and disadvantages of sheep. There are several advantages in raising sheep, and with a little care most of the disadvantages can be overcome. In general, sheep raising will pay provided the sheep are given proper attention, says L. V. Starky, chief of the animal husbandry division at Clemson college, who gives below some of the advantages and disadvantages that the farmer may expect to find in sheep.

The outstanding advantage of the sheep industry is that they require less grain than any other class of live stock. This does not mean that sheep can get along without feed. There are times when they must have plenty of feed. A good grade of legume hay is one of the most satisfactory feeds.

Sheep will consume about 90 per cent of the weeds and bushes grown in the ordinary pasture. In this way they make the pastures better. They also spread their manure over the parts of the pastures which need it most. They seem to like to occupy the spots which are too poor to grow grass.

There are two money crops, the lambs and the wool. It is often the case that the wool will pay for the feed and the lambs are clear profit. If the lambs come early they will bring a good price on the market.

Diseases, parasites and dogs are the three drawbacks to the sheep industry. Diseases and parasites may be controlled to a certain extent by changing pastures frequently. If sheep are brought up into a lot at night dogs are not likely to bother them. Dogs very seldom attack sheep in the day time.

Proper Feeding Is Best in Growing Market Hogs

"Farmers will some day learn that it pays to feed hogs properly and market them wisely," says W. W. Shay, swine extension specialist for the North Carolina State College of Agriculture.

"On February 10," states Mr. Shay, "County Agent E. A. Sheffield of Davidson county weighed nine pigs belonging to J. E. Young of Lexington. At that time the pigs weighed 245 pounds."

Tanage, red dog, and corn meal were mixed in what has been proven by the North Carolina experiment station as the best ration to meet the requirements of such pigs from the standpoint of both gains and profits.

"At the expiration of five weeks," says Mr. Shay, "the pigs were again weighed and fed in different proportions was mixed for another period of five weeks. This was continued during four periods of five weeks each, the feed being changed each time, and all the time an amount of corn equal by weight to the slop mixture was fed."

As a result, Mr. Shay reports that, on July 1, the pigs were sold for 13 cents per pound. At that time they weighed 1,831 pounds and brought \$238.03.

After paying for all the other feeds at actual cost, these nine pigs paid \$22.21 per bushel for the 83 1/2 bushels of corn which they ate during this 140-day period. If Mr. Young produced his corn at a cost of 75 cents per bushel, the profit on that eaten by his pigs was \$122.23.

Live Stock Items

Don't waste your surplus feeds.

Don't turn cattle or sheep on luxuriant clover when the dew is on.

Don't allow pregnant breeding animals to become too fat.

Don't feed a ration containing corn alone to any class of stock.

Empty corn cobs help explain why stockmen are feeding and marketing lambs so much these days.

Don't allow your breeding animals to become so thin that you have to apologize for their condition.

Hogs and mineral matter, placed where the twain can meet at all times, will produce thrifty porkers.

Sheep and hog parasites live inside the animals; you can't get at them with external remedies.

Don't use pastures too early in the spring and don't graze pastures too closely.

A good feeding ration for steers, be they yearlings or two-year-olds, is corn, oilmeal and alfalfa hay.

Brood sows, bred to farrow in the spring, should be kept in good flesh, but not allowed to become too fleshy.

A good grade of alfalfa hay is much appreciated in small quantities by the sow and helps in producing milk.

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FEEDING GRAIN TO COWS ON PASTURE

Does it pay to feed grain to cows on pasture? The answer is that it depends largely upon how much milk the cow gives and how good the pasture is.

If a cow is producing less than a pound of butterfat each day, the necessary food can be obtained from a good pasture. If she produces more than this, some grain can be fed with profit. This means that a Holstein should be able to get food enough from grass alone to make 25 to 30 pounds of milk daily, and a Guernsey or Jersey about 20 pounds. It will pay to feed grain to all giving above this amount as it is impossible for the animal to gather sufficient feed in the form of grass.

To produce a pound of butterfat daily requires at least 25 pounds of dry material. Fresh pasture grass contains only ten to twelve pounds of dry matter in a hundred pounds, making it necessary for a cow to gather and digest from 200 to 250 pounds of grass to produce from 20 to 30 pounds of milk. It is clear from this that it is impossible for a really high-producing cow giving 40 to 50 pounds daily to go so long on grass alone.

A cow yielding a pound and a half of fat daily should receive about five pounds of grain, and about seven or eight pounds of grain for two pounds of fat. When not more than five pounds of grain is needed, it may be corn, barley, oats, or any combination of grain that is cheapest. The grass supplies a good amount of protein so the danger of a shortage of this necessary material is not serious. With a high-producing cow requiring more than five pounds of grain daily, a small amount of bran, linseed meal, or other high protein feed should be added.

These recommendations hold good only when pastures are good. In mid-summer it will often be necessary to feed more grain to high-producing cows or to give some silage or green feeds to help out the pastures.—C. H. Eckles, chief of the division of dairy husbandry, University Farm, St. Paul.

Dairy Calves Need Right Feed to Make Best Growth

Dairy calves should be taken from their mothers when twenty-four hours old. They must have their dam's first milk in order to get started off right. Place them in a clean stall or pen and teach them to drink by letting them suck your finger until they get a taste of the milk. Feed two or three pounds of whole milk morning, noon, and night. Do not neglect the noon feed. If you do they will gulp down the night ration, and the result is scours and other intestinal trouble.

When a month old drop the noon feed and begin to add separated milk, about four pounds at a feed. After feeding the milk, put some bran and corn chops before them in a pan. This will keep them from sucking each other to some extent though when several calves are being fed it is better to let them separately or put them in stanchions.

Keep plenty of pure water before the calves and nice bright hay or pasture grass. It is surprising how much water they will drink. Provide shade in summer, be kind and gentle in handling them, and if you have any foundation at all you will raise a real dairy cow.

Why Fifty-Dollar Scrub Is Most Expensive Bull

Usually they figure "What is a pure-bred sire worth?" That is fine, but just for variety let us figure what a scrub bull costs his owner. United States dairy bureau figures show that scrub bulls cost 13 dairymen a decrease of 56,848 pounds of butterfat, and \$29,732.42 in decrease in sales. This is a cost to each owner of the scrub bull of \$2,280.47. Wouldn't that money buy a dandy bull? The cost of these scrub bulls to the 13 dairymen, when computed on a cow's basis, was \$56.15 per cow. Is a \$200 pure-bred bull an expensive bull in a herd? Absolutely not. The expensive bull is the \$50 scrub sire that we pick up because he is cheap.—B. W. Fairbanks, Extension Service, Colorado Agricultural College.

Original "Falstaff"

It is said that John Oldcastle, a boon companion of Henry V in his younger days, was the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff. Oldcastle met his death, condemned as a traitor and heretic, during this monarch's reign.

Progress This Century.

Habit clings. The old-timer who worked his way through college is now working his son's way through.—Minneapolis Star.

Some men seem to be made out of dust that has no sand in it.—Boston Transcript.

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Historic Sherwood.

The original Sherwood forest of Robin Hood fame was twenty-five miles long by ten miles wide; but included pastures, heaths and even barren tracts, with here and there a densely wooded grove.

Long Rail Line.

The longest continuous line of railway in the world extends from Kurgan, Russia, to Vladivostok, a distance of 4,500 miles.

These Beads Like Jewels.

Made by the glassmakers of Murano, where the art has descended from father to son for several hundred years, are beautiful glass beads, almost like jewels in their delicacy and coloring. These form necklaces which are worn by the woman of fashion.

Smile That Lingers.

A Bavarian peasant is the proud possessor of a set of false teeth owned by the late King Ludwig. His majesty's deeds may be forgotten, but his winning smile, at least, is to be preserved for future generations.—Motor Age.

Bird's Rapid Flight.

The swift, the fastest of birds, has a "feeding" speed of 70 miles an hour, but its maximum speed is not known. There is said to be a record of a swallow flying 195 miles an hour from Roubaix to Paris.

Trimmers Held Power.

The name "Trimmers" was applied in England to George Savile, the first marquis of Halifax, and his political followers, who, between 1680 and 1690 held the balance of power between the Wigs and the Tories.

The First Meistersinger.

Heinrich von Meissen, who died at Mainz, Germany, in 1318, was the founder of the first school of Meistersingers. The women of Mainz, whose praises he sang, carried his body to his tomb in the cathedral.

Hard Labor.

Ethel—"So Dick presented you with that splendid engagement ring!" Clara—"Presented nothing—I earned it!"—American Legion Weekly.

In 1950

Owens (driving his airplane)—Gee whiz! I must hurry and get behind a cloud; here comes my tailor.—Boston Transcript.

Hand-Made Cigarettes.

A skilled workman can make 2,000 to 3,000 cigarettes by hand a day, while a machine will produce 150,000 in the same length of time.

Suspended Radiators.

A device for suspending radiators from the side walls of rooms, thus eliminating supporting feet and also diffusing the heat, has been patented.

Nature's Inexorable Law.

Friend after friend departs; who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts that finds not here an end.—Montgomery.

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