

Clarence H. Wilson



San Bernardino, Calif.—"A few years ago I was down with the 'flu,' sick in bed for two months. When I was able to be about I suffered from general weakness—had no strength or energy, and had a hard lump, the size of a walnut, on my spine. I underwent an operation for its removal, but it left me with a running sore, an offensive pus being discharged all the time. I was in this miserable state for about four months, and nothing I did gave me any relief. I was told of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and began to take it. I found so much relief and help from the first bottle that I continued, taking several bottles, at the end of which time the pus ceased, my flesh healed up, and I was absolutely well. I have had no sign of the trouble since."—Clarence H. Wilson, 768 Spruce St.

Step into any drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in Tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg.

Economic Move.

The husband was having one of his periodic streaks of economy. "We must cut down on our expenses," said he to his wife. "There's no argument about it. We simply must." The wife smiled. "Quite right, dear," she agreed. "As you say, there's no argument about it. I suggest that you do not try to get such long distances on the radio."

Fragrant Lives.

The purest lives I have known have not been those carefully screened from the world, but which, coming up in it, have kept themselves unspotted. The sweetest and truest have grown and ripened under conditions, you would say, most hostile, but which have been wrought into the means of a grandly elevated faith and life.—J. F. W. Ware.

Ancient American Race.

The Toltecs were a people that dwell in Mexico and Central America, prior to the Aztecs. According to tradition, they came from the North about the Eighth century after Christ and established their capital at Tulu, north of the Mexican valley. The Toltecs were a mild, peaceful people, devoted to agriculture and the arts, and especially skilled in architecture.—Kansas City Star.

Use Old Newspapers.

Newspapers make an excellent crack filler. Cut the papers fine and soak them. Make a paste by boiling one pound of flour in three quarts of water and add one teaspoonful of alum. Boil the shredded newspapers in this mixture until it becomes the consistency of putty. Force this into the cracks with a blunt knife. When it becomes dry stain or paint it to match the boards and you will have a smooth surface.

No Strength in Union.

Numbers mean little. A thousand men sit tamely through a speech that one man alone would not bear without being tied.—Duluth Herald.

Publishers Keep Busy.

If placed side by side, there would be a mile of new publications added to the British museum repository at Henden every year.

Let's Hope So.

On safe ground, New Hampshire paper.—"Friday, generally fair, probably followed by Saturday."—Boston Transcript.

Reported From London.

Mrs. Iggina (to visitor) — And so Emma's a mankip, is she? Trust 'er to go in for something with a man in it.—Boston Transcript.

Important in Quantity.

Driver ants, found in Africa, march in close military formation, 12 abreast, thus forming a column two inches wide.

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THE ATTRACTIVE BOARDER

By C. MARIE MOTT

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I SAW him pass every day; not that I watched for him, but it's against human nature that a woman should sit at a window all day and never look out. Besides, it was winter and I was watching the passers-by creep over my slippery sidewalk, with all a property-holder's anxious solicitude for their safety. I was turning away when he appeared and sped over the ice without the slightest fear. How we women love courage! And he was not only fearless, but handsome and well built, with just such broad shoulders and such an assured carriage as a frail little spinster with her own way to make in the world most admires.

I am sure a dressmaker ought to appreciate a fine figure if anyone can. Today, sitting there watching the familiar figure disappear in the distance, I felt my heart flutter like a girl's. Well, well, the sensation was strange and new; it was late, too late, perhaps, in coming—and yet it was not all unpleasant.

As I took up my work I sighed. Forty years I had spent beneath this roof, never repining at my lot, dull and cheerless though it was, content to pass all my life rendering others charming, that they might the more readily gain the love it was my fate always to have missed. I had never hoped to possess happiness. Why should I? I am no imbecile. No one pauses in a garden, undecided whether to pluck the glowing half-open rosebud or the homely magnolia.

Hitherto I had been happy enough in my cosy home, content to have my life history written in the words: "Stitch, stitch, stitch." But today all my woman's nature rose in passionate protest against my loveless, unloving life. I shuddered as I thought of the long, lonely future.

"With him," I thought, "life would be worth the living." True, he was considerably younger than I, but what matter years when the heart is fresh? But how could I win him?

I am not what is called a strong-minded woman. But I do think there ought to be an amendment to the Constitution, giving women the right to propose. There are so many fine men declining into forlorn, crabbed old bachelorhood simply because they do not know enough to ask some sweet woman to make them comfortable in homes of their own. Now, a woman knows by instinct when her ideal presents himself, and wouldn't waste half a lifetime in coming to the point. My ideal was late in coming, but now that he had come I would let no foolish timidity on my part blight the happiness that might be ours. By a few discreet questions I discovered that he lived with my next-door neighbor, Mrs. Emory; and I felt quite conscience-smitten when I remembered that I had not called on her since she moved here, a fortnight ago. That very night I ran in, and was glad that she insisted on my staying to tea. All the time that we talked I watched him furtively. He was the only one of the boarders whom she treated like a member of the family. He sat on a lounge before the fire, and I saw that he was even handsomer than I had thought. His large eyes were full of tender melancholy. His hair was dark and silky, and, though he had no mustache, his whiskers gave character to a face that otherwise might have seemed almost effeminate in its beauty. Even his silence prepossessed me in his favor. I myself am fond of talking than of listening. So my love grew. Before leaving, I pressed Mrs. Emory to call soon and bring Tom with her. She saw my deep interest and, as I said good-by in the doorway, told me his full history. After his family had been killed in that dreadful river accident he had made his home with her. He was perfectly independent, but I did not care for that. Riches have no weight with me, or any woman truly in love.

Next day, as he passed my window, he smiled such a pleased recognition that I sang over my work all the afternoon. That very afternoon Mrs. Brown told me they would drop in to tea. I made great preparations. A younger woman would have spent all the time before her mirror. I did not. I thought I knew the effect of good cooking on the affections of the other sex. Well, I don't think there was a cozier room or a better table than mine in the United States. We had a delightful time, the first of a pleasant series. Soon Tom got into the habit of coming alone. Never shall I forget the night when he first kissed me good-by or the hours when he would sit with his head on my shoulder in the soft firelight. Don't be shocked; he knew nothing about society's cold formalities. At length he became mine. I use the expression advisedly, because he seemed so helpless and confiding, and I vowed to love, protect, and cherish him. The obeying I meant should be furnished by the other partner. I did make him happy. How I love to linger over that brief period when we were all the world to each other. Alas! But I must go on, even though my heart bleeds afresh at each remembrance.

There was a snake in my Eden. Why is it that every member of the other sex is born with a propensity for staying out nights? No one can appreciate more truly than I the good qualities of the so-called stronger sex. But when my Tom took to keeping late hours I confess that I became embittered and made angry speeches that now I would give the world to recall. If only he had "talked back" at me we might have made up, and I would have retracted my bitter, angry words. But he only sat gazing at me with those melancholy poetic eyes, his very silence adding fuel to the flames of my indignation.

It was during this period of estrangement that one night he stayed out so late that I went to my room without waiting for his return. I don't know how long I slept, when suddenly I was awakened from troubled dreams by a most appalling noise. It seemed as if all the too-horns ever manufactured had joined partnership with countless steam whistles for the production of this—well, there are times when the privilege of profanity would be beyond the price of rubles.

I listened. All was silent. Pah! it was a nightmare. No, a long, low moaning tone, then a gradual swell, and it burst on the night air: As all the beads from heaven that fell had pealed the banner cry of hell. I threw up the window. Ah, how mistaken I had been. Dear Tom, with a few companions, was giving me a pleasant surprise. Two of them were in the middle of a duet. At least, one began the theme, and then another took it up, after which all joined in a grand chorus which sounded just like a Wagner opera.

I never did care for midnight serenades, and I fear my voice was none too pleasant when I begged them to desist. At any rate, they all went off in high dudgeon and Tom with them. A woman's patience isn't always elastic, and I banged down the window, got into bed, and pulled the blanket over my ears.

When I found he was still absent the next morning my resentment changed to alarm. I was just doing up my hair when Mrs. Emory rushed in. A glance at her face was enough, and I fainted. When I revived she told me the horrible truth. The lifeless body of my beloved Tom had been found in her garden early that morning. There was a bullet hole in his forehead, and his dark silky hair was stained with blood. He had been ruthlessly slain—cut off in his prime by the hand of a midnight assassin.

When I grew calm I tried to assuage my grief by attending to the last sad obsequies. Today a little mound under a locust tree on the edge of my garden marks the spot where the former companion of my joys and sorrows lies at rest. And every evening, as I stand beside his grave or sit watching the sunset light tinge the white tombstone on which "Tom" is carved in large letters, I vow anew that I will never keep a second pet. No other cat shall enter the temple sacred to his memory.

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Jungle Tiger Relies on Eyesight in Hunt

"The eyesight of the tiger is remarkably good," says A. A. Dunbar Brander in his book, "Wild Animals in Central India," "and it is on this sense and hearing that he depends. They nearly always detect the slightest movement, but unless they look directly at one they may fail to pick one out from the surroundings provided one remains motionless. Their powers of vision are, therefore, very much less than the peacock's. They possess great self-control, however, and on suddenly catching sight of one need not disclose that they have done so, which deer and most animals invariably do," quotes Nature Magazine.

"I have known tigers come slowly out in a beat and, suddenly, becoming aware of the sportsman, continue to come slowly on until they reached deep ground and then break back. No deer has this self-possession, and they would always make it evident that the sportsman has been seen. "With regard to the sense of smell, they hardly possess any, and what little they do possess they seldom use. Animals develop this sense either to hunt game, get their food, or for self-protection. None of these cautions applies to the tiger. They find their game by their ears and eyes, and having stalked it they rush upon it. They do not run things down like wild dogs. They have been 'top dog' in the country they inhabit for so long, their strength and ferocity have been all the protection they required. If they possessed even reasonable powers of scent, it would often be impossible to drive them up to guns under the circumstances commonly in vogue."

Deadly Tuberculosis

The public health service says that no age is immune against tuberculosis. Young infants succumb rapidly to it and, contrary to the common belief, persons over fifty years of age are by no means exempt, and deaths occur from it in a considerable percentage of the fatalities occurring in old age. About 10 per cent of all deaths among children under fifteen years of age are due to various forms of the disease and about one-third of all deaths between twenty and forty are due to it—chiefly the pulmonary variety.

Lights Lure Pests

One of the newest uses for electricity on the farm comes from New Jersey, where a peach grower discovered that a battery of lights, hung over pans filled with kerosene, was an effective way to rid his orchards of the oriental moth pest. The lights lure the moths from the foliage. They fly for the lights and soon fall into the kerosene.

MOST WELCOME

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

FAME, pass me by, and, wealth, elude My eager grasp, and what's all that? The stars is often only rude, And greatness only wondered at. I would be great another way, So great that other men would say, "I never knew a man so kind, For such a friend you seldom find."

Yes, wealth, elude my eager hand, And will it matter, after all? Who builds upon the golden sand May only build a house to fall, I would be rich another way, So rich that other men would say, "Though little is the wealth he spends, No mortal has so many friends."

Yes, wealth, elude, fame, pass me by, Though both a man may well desire, But let me know that always I Am welcome at another's fire. I would be famous in a way, So famous other men would say, "Through Croesus come, a king be host, He is the one they welcome most." (© 1925, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

MENTAL ATMOSPHERE

WHATEVER it may be with regard to your idea of peace of mind, quite apart from wealth and position, you will soon or late discover that the mental atmosphere in which you move from day to day has a great deal to do with your happiness.

You cannot experience those delightful seasons of peace, joy and harmony which come frequently to the souls who habitually indulge in right thinking, unless you, too, live and work in a spiritual and mental sunshine, attuned to the glorious harmonies which are all about you, waiting for you to clasp them in your hands, press them to your heart and accept them as your own.

You may grope for a solution of life's problems year after year, but you will not find it until you climb to the hill-tops and get in a cleaner atmosphere which has a mystic way of its own in clearing the vision and lightening the heart, even when the skies all around you are hung with somber gray curtains.

All that is good and glorious in life comes from right thinking. Superb paintings for which fabulous prices are paid; masterful music which stirs the soul and carries it away into the land of bright dreams; beautiful buildings with exquisitely blended proportions and pleasing lines, and even the human face with its beaming eyes and cheerful countenance come into being through right thinking—through living in a higher mental atmosphere, where mind substance is purified and molded into unusual forms, which in their simple grace and beauty arouse the admiration of the world.

You may have priceless talents, but they cannot long survive in a tainted atmosphere, for like the peach and the rose, they must have the helpful sunshine, the pure rain and dew, to develop their full sweetness; they require an atmosphere suitable to their proper growth and development.

You may have a wonderful mind, but unless you live in the right atmosphere, keep it in touch with other minds and burnish it by constant use and rubbing, it will sicken, mildew and perish among the vanities on which life turns from exaltation to despair.

If you would have understanding, a frank interest in accomplishment, two or three good friends and success in heaping measure, you must live and work continuously in an uncorrupted mental atmosphere, otherwise your little journey through this world will terminate in disappointment and sorrow.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says she always has stood and always will stand for the open window in China. (© 1925, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

PORTLAND OFFERS A MARKET FOR YOUR PRODUCE

HIPPODROME THEATRE PORTLAND, OREGON. Complete Change Saturday. Adults, Week day Matinee 20c; Evenings, 35c. Continuous 1 to 11 p. m. Children 10 cents all times.

WOOD FROM COBS. A good substitute for wood is said to have been made from corn cobs. The cobs are ground into a pulp, mixed with a substance that binds the product together and compacted by powerful hydraulic pressure. When the process is finished, it is said the wood is so hard that it can be whittled, shaved or turned in a lathe without danger of chipping.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. Marconi first succeeded in telegraphing certain signals across the Atlantic in 1901 and the first complete message was sent in 1903. Transoceanic telephony was first accomplished in 1915, when speech was transmitted from Washington to Paris and to Honolulu, the latter distance being almost 5,000 miles.

SEWING NEEDLE OLD. The sewing needle dates back to antiquity, and it is not known who invented the implement. It is evident from relics that stone needles were used in the Stone age. The Chinese are believed to have been the first to use needles of steel. They gradually spread westward until brought to Europe by the Moors.

CENTER FOR BEE TRADING. At the Veendendaal, Holland, bee market one recent week, 1,585 swarms of bees changed hands. The number of bees was about 30,000,000 and the value about \$1,500. Veendendaal is reputed to be the largest bee market in the world.

THERMOMETER FOR BLIND. A French inventor has designed a thermometer that may be ready by the sightless. It has raised figures similar to the Braille characters and a pointer which indicates the rise and fall of the mercury.

TO CORRECT A MISTAKE. A man in Mexico who was arrested for attempted murder, informed the court that he had shot at the wrong person. Subsequently he was released and will now be able to put the matter right.—London Opinion.

DESTINY CALLED. Herder and Schiller both in their youth intended to study as surgeons; but Destiny said, "No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body—heal the deeper!" And they wrote.—Richter.

FOOTBALL ANCIENT SPORT. Ancient Greece knew the game of football, and many savage tribes, such as the Polynesians, the Maories and the Philippine Islanders, have a similar sport.

KIND INTERVENTION. A Vermont man tripped over a fallen tree and broke his leg while chasing a skunk. Providence sometimes employs hard methods to protect humans from the result of their folly.

DISASTROUS RETREAT. During a retreat from Persia, in 1759, 18,000 men of the army of Ahmed, emir of Afghanistan, perished in one night from exposure to the severe cold that held the country around Herat in its grasp.

COUNTRY USES MUCH CHROMITE. Use of chromite by American leather and steel industries has made the United States the world's largest consumer of the mineral.

CHRISTMAS TREES CULTIVATED. In Massachusetts Christmas trees are being raised as a regular market crop.

KEY WEST SEES MANY SHIPS. More than 5,000 ships a year pass within sight of Key West, Fla.

SPAIN PROTECTS OLIVE OIL. Only real olive oil may be sold under the name of "olive oil" in Spain, according to a new ruling.

THEIR FATE. The world has seen many men who felt superior to the people, but it remembers few of them.—Duluth Herald.

DYES TO TRACE STREAMS. Subterranean streams in Kentucky Mammoth cave are being traced by means of dyes placed in the water.

WEEK'S GREAT THOUGHT. The man who doesn't put his name on his umbrella generally finds he hasn't an umbrella to his name.

EMPTY IS THE CRADLE. Lost—Sunday morning, black bag containing baby and vanity articles.

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Old English Tradition.

Who has heard of the "church in the wood" in the village of Hollington? Regarded as one of the quaintest churches in England, it is situated in the heart of a wood. There is a legend that the foundations were originally laid in the village, but the devil disagreed with the site and moved the stone to its present position.—London Tit-Bits.

America's Oldest University.

The oldest university in the New World is the University of San Marcos of Lima, Peru, which was founded in the year 1551, and is still one of most famous schools in South America.

Easy to Give Up.

It is, as a rule, far easier to sacrifice self—to give up, that is, our moral existence to the first one who chooses to take it—than to fulfill our spiritual destiny, to accomplish, right to the end, the task for which we were created.—Maeterlinck.

Antiquity of the Olive.

The earliest account of Egypt and Greece mention the olive. It was first planted in Italy about 562 B. C. Spanish monks introduced it into California and its cultivation there has since become a great industry.

On Backs and Heads.

Due to the absence of transportation facilities, thousands of tons of African produce are still carried on the backs of natives.

She Ought to Pay Him.

The more worthless a man is the more certain a woman is to sue him if he agrees to marry her and then backs out.—Miami Herald.

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