



**From School Teacher To Great Eminence**

A young man who was brought up on a farm in Western Pennsylvania studied diligently and qualified for district school teacher. Further pursuing his studies and teaching, he managed to save up enough money to put him thru medical college. He began the practice of medicine in the new oil section of Pa.

He was a student of nature, knew and could easily recognize most of the medicinal plants growing in the woods.

Later, he moved to Buffalo, N. Y. where he launched his favorite remedies, and in a short time, they were sold by every druggist in the land. Today, the name of this man, Dr. R. V. Pierce, is known throughout the world. His Golden Medical Discovery is the best known blood medicine and tonic. More than fifty million bottles have been sold in the U. S. If your druggist does not sell the Golden Medical Discovery, in liquid or tablets, you can obtain a trial pkg. of the tablets by sending 10c to Dr. R. V. Pierce, in Buffalo, N. Y.

**Lonely Spot.**

Once a year a little ship, the Moravian, crosses the Atlantic to Moravian missions among the Eskimos of Labrador. A solitary missionary of the Church of England is stationed there at the Indian settlement of Ungava. There are few lonelier, inhabited areas in the world.

**Masculine Dress.**

A phrase in Bulwer-Lytton's "Pelham" (1818), "People must be very distinguished in appearance to look well in black," started the fashion of black for evening dress. High silk hats reached their perfection in the '20s and the masculine dress has changed very little since then.

**Eiders of Greenland.**

The northern eider breeds on the islands of the Greenland and Ellesmere island coasts. Four thousand eggs may often be gathered from one small island in a few hours. The beautiful king eider arrives at Etah in May with the northern eider and frequents the same coasts.

**To Brighten Ebony.**

Sometimes ebony brushes and band mirrors become dull in appearance. They can be improved considerably by rubbing in a little white vaseline with a soft piece of material until the wood has absorbed all the grease and has taken on a rich gloss.

**Lily of the Valley.**

The number of its names testifies to the popularity of the lily of the valley. Prettiest of all these is "ladder to heaven," which refers to its quality of purity and humility. The French call it "Muguet de Mal," the German, "Mai Blume."

**An Explanation.**

Women learn to swim sooner than men because the men have to teach themselves.—New York American.

**Chickens for All.**

On the farms of this country are five chickens for every man, woman and child in the entire United States.

**3 handy packs for 5¢**

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*Fits hand ~ pocket and purse*

**More for your money and the best Peppermint Chewing Sweet for any money**

Look for Wrigley's P. K. Handy Pack on your Dealer's Counter

**THE MUSIC OF MONEY**

By NEWT NEWKIRK

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BAPTISTE LACROIX was weakened, withered, little and old when he came alone from France to New Orleans. He died there, but that was in 1801, so his story has been lost to the world in the years that have passed. Baptiste LaCroix had a god—Baptiste LaCroix loved but one kind of music—his god was money and his music was the tink of the shinning metal.

Often, as he walked, Baptiste thrust his hands into his pockets and ran his trembling fingers among a few coins he always carried, so that they would clink together. Then his eyes would dilate, his step would quicken and over his seamed face would creep a smile, but it was a smile that chilled—the smile of a miser. He never did this within the hearing of any one but himself. Baptiste was selfish of his music, and besides, he feigned to be poor—so poor that the covering was worn off the buttons on his coat and the cloth upon his elbows thin and polished with long service—so poor that he scarcely bought food sufficient to sustain him, and therefore he sometimes went hungry. He was often called a beggar and was often pleased, for if the world believed him poor the world would not rob him. Poor Baptiste!

He brought with him from over the sea two chests which were bound in iron, and stout. They were small, but they were heavy. In the old French quarter of New Orleans the miser bought a house. The reason he bought it was because the house was put up at sale to satisfy a creditor and went for a song. The building was not large—certainly not beautiful—but it was strong, the walls were thick, and that sufficed. Into this house the miser moved the two chests and within it he lived, its sole tenant. When the nights were dark he would close the shutters, bolt the door and, by the light of a sputtering candle, unlock the chests and filter through his trembling fingers the gold and silver coins that filled them, until his heart would pound in uncounted rhythm to their music. Baptiste would then relock the chests, push them under his bed, tie the keys about his neck, blow out the candle and creep to bed, where the blended echoes of gold and silver would lull him to sleep. When there was a moon, enough light filtered through the windows to make the candle an expensive luxury. Moonlight cost him nothing.

Baptiste began to look about him for some means whereby he might add to his hoard of wealth; the more money, the merrier music. There were profits to be made in the traffic of slaves. He investigated and learned that men about him had become rich in that business; they had made money that might as well have been his. But the buying and selling of slaves had a risk that terrified him. These blacks were ill-treated and ill-fed; many of them were old and one or more might die on his hands. The loss of their lives was nothing but—the loss of profits! He wished he could have bought and sold their souls, for he had heard somewhere that souls never die.

The conditions, however, were before him and he must risk if he would win. He bought with the marvelous eye of a miser, in a small way at first, but, as he learned the tricks of the trade, more extensively. Baptiste was a modest middleman. He knew where to put his hands on such slaves as his patrons wanted. He dealt in fathers, mothers, sons and daughters as if they had been so many sheep or cattle. He bought low; he sold high, and prospered, but in such a quiet way that few seemed to know who he was or where he lived.

Baptiste, in his best years, had never accumulated money so rapidly. He saved it, all but the trifle on which he lived, and in time filled a third chest. The music grew the sweeter and the more mellow as his hoard increased and as his creeping age enfeebled him. The time came when it required all his strength to drag the smallest chest from under the bed so that he might sift the coins and hear them ring. The exertion spent his strength and he often wished it were possible to sit idly by and yet hear the tinkling of the coins. As he pondered over the idea of the money making its own music a plan unfolded itself and Baptiste resolved to adopt it straightway, even if it should cost something.

The next day, and for many days thereafter, workmen were busy in the miser's home. Baptiste followed them about and directed. When they had finished, the result of their labors stood in the center of the room where he ate and slept. It was massively built, stone upon stone, from the ground beneath the floor to the height of nine feet. Its other dimensions were three feet each way, making its horizontal section square. Its walls were six inches thick, leaving an interior two and one-half feet square in which a man might stand erect and turn about. The inside was metal lined. There was a solitary barred window, a few inches square, in one wall of the structure, within arm's reach from the inside, that admitted a shaft of light. There was also a heavy, swinging panel door that locked with a great key, through which a man might squeeze within the walls.

Above, and with its apex hanging downward on the inside, was a metal hopper as large as the top of the structure. The slot in the apex of this hopper was the thickness and width of a current gold or silver coin. Baptiste's triumph might have passed for a huge stone chimney, but it was a money music box and, at the same time, a vault.

The miser had only to carry his coin in small loads up the ladder against the outside, empty them into the hopper, release the mechanism of the slot, which would drop the pieces at whatever pace desired, and listen in idle ecstasy to their music as they dripped within the vault, rolling and ringing in sweetest symphony. There was something almost pathetic in the childish way poor old Baptiste would unlock the vault door at night, carry a few gold and silver burdens aloft to the hopper, release the slide at the slot and then sit crouched outside the walls, listening to the money's music.

The miser had been blessed with a most profitable week in his slave traffic. He counted his earnings with excited fingers on Sabbath morning and promised himself a concert, the like of which he had never heard, on that very day. Going up and down the ladder was toilsome work for a feeble old man like Baptiste, but the promised music seemed to lend unusual strength to his tottering legs and palsied hands. How many times he crept aloft burdened with coin—he knew not, but at last his wealth lay gleaming in the hopper and the vault was empty.

Then Baptiste set the slot at a measured pace, went down the ladder for the last time and, sliding through the open panel door, pulled it slowly to and locked it on the inside. He even removed the key and placed it on the ledge of the single window which lighted the interior, as if it were safer there. The miser's grand concert was under way. The coins fell at his feet and rolled about with ringing accents. Baptiste crouched in the corner and closed his eyes, so that vision might not share with hearing. The music thrilled, then soothed, his tired faculties, and at length his white head nodded and Baptiste slept.

When the miser opened his eyes he knew not for the instant where he was, until his ear caught the sound of the coins which were yet falling. He was chilled and aching with the sensation of a great weight bearing him down. He tried to rise from his cramped posture, but his stiffened limbs responded weakly and it was with difficulty that he shook off the weight and struggled to his feet. Then he reeled and would have fallen had not the close walls of the vault supported him. He was seized with a choking sensation, and in nervous haste stretched his thin hand upward toward the key which lay on the window ledge.

His trembling fingers touched it—pushed it through the bars—where it hung balancing an instant, and then fell on the outside.

As the key struck the floor it rang with a clink that seemed to mock the clink of the falling coins within.

As the full significance of the miser's situation forced itself upon him, his knees gave way and he sank in a limp and motionless heap—a prisoner with his wealth. His eyes were closed and his head rested sidewise on his knees, directly under the slot. Each falling coin struck him on the temple and glanced against the metal lining of the vault with a ring. Baptiste was yet conscious, but without the power to move. The coins smote him with pendulum-like regularity, until each one pinged like a knife thrust and then jangled merrily to rest among its fellows. At length the money's music came to him indistinctly, as if it were a great way off, and he felt the pain no longer. Baptiste was drifting—drifting in a golden ship over a golden sea. The silencing waters rocked him gently, while the waves covered him with their glittering spray. Then Baptiste fell into a sleep—a sleep wherein the heart stops and the flickering light of life goes out.

The coins continued to fall in measured accents, chanting a weird requiem and wasting their music within that prison sepulcher.

**Caves Are Treasure House of Minerals**

A series of grottoes, near Salsfield, Germany, mined for alum and vitriol long before Columbus was born, and rediscovered shortly before the World War by the Berlin geologist, Dr. Hess von Wichdorff, have been found to be veritable chemical treasure trove. A spring claimed to be the "strongest" spring in the world issues from one of the most beautiful parts of the grottoes and contains phosphorus, arsenic and iron sulphate.

Minerals of the rarest colors jewel the caves in numberless many-hued formations. Chemists, physicists and geologists who examined the springs and minerals systematically for a year and a half from a scientific and medicinal viewpoint, have found radioactive springs such as have never before been found. Tests have revealed that the springs are almost bubbling drug stores. Besides phosphorus, iron and arsenic, they contain in addition molybdenum, copper, aluminum, manganese, calcium, magnesium, sodium and potash.

**Noiseless Airplane**

Riding in airplanes would be much more popular if there were less noise. So a Britisher is working on a noiseless propeller and engine. His propeller, instead of having but two blades, would have many small blades, which he claims will reduce the noise.

**POULTRY FACTS**

**PLACE INCUBATOR IN THE BASEMENT**

It is just as important to locate the incubator in a suitable place as to have a machine that will produce good chicks. The best incubator made cannot do well unless it is properly located and given correct attention.

Fresh air is essential. When the incubator is placed in the residence it will give best results in a room where there is a uniform temperature and plenty of ventilation. A window should be partly open except in extremely cold weather.

The incubator should be placed in a room to itself when possible. A good cellar or basement is the best place for an incubator if vegetables, oils or other articles which give off gases or odors are not stored there. The machine should be set perfectly level, then run for at least two days and nights before the eggs are placed in it. Be sure to have the right temperature and understand the working of the machine. It is a good plan to place a paper over the egg tray when testing out the machine. By so doing practically the same space to heat is provided that will be used when the eggs are in the machine. When the incubator is empty the thermometer will read a little lower than it would if the machine were full, for as the eggs become warmed they raise the temperature slightly. By using the paper over the egg tray a fairer test will be secured.

Placing an incubator in a bedroom or living room is not advisable. The fumes from the lamp are not best for a sleeping person to breathe. Even with the windows open at night it is best to keep the incubator out of bedrooms unless there is no other convenient place. The living room lacks the uniform temperature that brings best results. Too often the room is hot during the day and rather cold at night. This usually causes trouble in regulating the incubator to hold a uniform temperature in the machine.

The incubator should not be placed in the same room in the basement with the furnace. The gas and dust from the furnace are detrimental.

Special rooms in the basement or a regular incubator cellar give an ideal location for incubators. Uniformity of temperature and plenty of ventilation without too much evaporation and no drafts, give the incubator the proper surroundings. When two or more machines are used it will pay to provide such a place.

Very little heat is necessary in the incubator room unless it is necessary to air the eggs. The better machines are so constructed that the eggs are removed only for turning. If this is the case the incubator can be run successfully after March 1 where there is no heat, but it must be protected and free from drafts.

It takes a good incubator properly located and carefully attended to substitute for the setting hen. A hen will leave her nest for fifteen to twenty minutes even in cold weather, yet produce a good number of chicks. Further, the chicks will be strong and vigorous if from the right sort of a flock. A good incubator will hatch just as successfully and just as strong chicks if given the chance. Too often a person running an incubator will take more care of the machine than he does of the eggs. The incubator should be used as a means of helping the egg to produce a good, livable chick instead of a method of forcing every egg to hatch. To a large extent this difference can be brought about through better care of the eggs and proper location of the incubator.—Noel Hall, Extension Specialist, Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station, Mountain Grove.

**Moldy Grain Harmful**

In many cases it has been found that the fowls eat on the range have been able to get moldy grain such as is found around straw stacks or where the machine was set at threshing time. Sometimes this damp sprouted corn is not injurious, although fowls are likely to get too much of it, but the worst effects are found when this grain has become moldy. Molds are poisonous to fowls.

**POULTRY HINTS**

Oyster shell is good, but it won't take the place of grit for hens.

The best hen is the one that eats the most and turns the food into the form of eggs.

After three years old, turkey hens, as a rule, are unprofitable, but a gobler is good at five years of age.

More turkey losses are due to breeding from immature stock than to any other cause, including the blackhead scourge.

A vigorous gobbler will fertilize all the eggs the hen lays in a season. Hence, a gobbler will suffice for from fifteen to twenty hens.

Notice the candler has places for the good eggs as well as for checks (cracked eggs), dirty eggs, and "rots." When selling eggs insist that they be bought on a quality basis.

**PORTLAND OFFERS A MARKET FOR YOUR PRODUCE**



Portland, Oregon.

**Danger Somewhere.**

Two men were watching two women pitching their tent at an auto camp in the mountains. "It's dangerous for women to be traveling around alone that way," remarked one, as the women set up their cots and unrolled their bedding. Just then one of the women opened a satchel, pulled out a big revolver, dumped out some cartridges and began cleaning and oiling the weapon. "Yes," said the other man, "it is dangerous. Mighty dangerous."

**Use for White Stockings.**

An eastern hosiery firm received an order from a North Carolina woman with the following note: "The reason I get white stockings is on account of fleas, and we don't know where so many fleas come from. I can't see them on black stockings and they are gone before I can see them, so that's why I get white stockings, so I can catch fleas on them."

**Br'er Williams' Petition.**

Lawd, make us better'n' what we think we is an' keep us gwine w'en we thinks we done traveled far 'nuff. Make us ter see dat de worl' whar you put us is mighty good ter live in, an' dat we ain't too good ter de worl'. Help us ter love our neighbor much ez we kin; ter keep up de fire an' watch de woodpile.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Apes and Monkeys.**

The terms "ape" and "monkey" are frequently used interchangeably; all monkeys are called apes and all apes are called monkeys. But the term "ape" is more particularly applied to the tailless, manlike monkeys of the old world, such as the chimpanzee; while "monkey" is more often used when speaking of the smaller aboreal monkeys.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Japanese Decorations.**

Catching fireflies is proving a profitable venture for several firms at Tokyo, Japan. The flies are sold to people giving lawn parties. Sometimes they are hung as decorations in cages about the grounds. Often they are released among the guests like a shower of sparks.

**Liberal Mr. Total.**

The missionary meeting was over and the various amounts contributed by the members of the church had been, as usual, one of the most popular features. On the way home little Jane said to her mother: "What a kind man Mr. Total must be. He gave 'ever so much more than anybody else!"

**Important Statistics.**

A statistician has figured that the lumber used yearly in the United States would build and finish a double row of five-room houses, which, 100 feet apart, would reach from New York to Seattle, south to San Francisco, east to New Orleans and back to New York.

**Relics of Past Age.**

Most English towns have lost their walls and city gates. York and Chester, however, still retain them. Many English castles, abbeys and colleges still have their medieval barriers.

**Microscopes.**

Rods of clear fused quartz are now being used to carry light to microscopes and so avoid heating the specimens by working too close to the light source.—Science Service.

**What Volcanoes Create.**

The geologist, Suess, holds the source of the sea salt was volcanic eruptions, when the earth's crust was beginning to harden. Eruptions, he says, give forth gaseous compounds containing chlorine, brought down by rain.

**New Mother-in-Law Lock.**

A lock of recent invention records the name of anyone who opens the door, together with the date and time at which it was opened.

**Agreement That Pleases.**

A woman always credits another woman with having excellent judgment when they both dislike the same person.—Chicago News.

**Smile With a Kick.**

Speaking of smiles, how bad is this one, "—as friendly and agreeable as a homely debutante." — Duluth Herald.

**Course of Exaggeration?**

Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together they are standing in line.—The Duluth Herald.

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**Wild Cereals.**

At one time or another all cereals, such as wheat, rice, and maize, were wild grasses, and many years of patient research have been necessary to develop their edible utility. There must be numerous grains of potential value growing throughout the world, but until the discovery of adlay no addition had been made to our existing supplies for centuries.

**Famous Old Legend.**

The story of Frankenstein was published by Mrs. Shelley in 1818. In it a young student relates how he created a monster with materials collected from tombs and from dissecting rooms. The creature acquired life and committed many terrible crimes. He murdered a friend of the student, strangled his bride and eventually met his death in the Northern seas.

**The Russian Beard.**

We are all accustomed to pictures of Russians wearing beards. The wearing of them is due to a belief that beardless men were soulless; that is why even now almost every Russian man wears a beard.

**Flowers That Fade Not.**

These flowers of jade in their little box. May your precious thought be like these flowers, indestructible and beautifully arranged.—Emperor Kien-Loung. Translated by Toussaint and Joerissen.

**Choo-Choo's Warning.**

It is better to stop, look and listen. The car behind won't knock you as far as the locomotive will. — Duluth Herald.

**We, Us & Co.**

The chief benefit of a vacation is the renewed conviction that it's darned nice to have a regular job. — Duluth Herald.



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