

Good for the Blood



J. M. Simmons

Eugene, Ore.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the very best medicine I have ever taken. I got to where I was confined to my bed for six weeks. My blood was bad and my circulation poor. My back hurt and I suffered with pains and aches all over. I was very weak and nervous. I took medicines and doctored but did not improve in health until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By the time I had taken one bottle I was able to be up and around. I kept on taking it and was soon well and strong. It built up my blood, my nerves were strong, and all the aches and pains disappeared from my back, joints and limbs. Now when I need a tonic or blood medicine, I take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it never fails."—J. M. Simmons, 84 N. Jefferson St.

Put up in both fluid and tablet form. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of tablets.

Wheat Meeting Big Success.

W. J. Spillman, consulting economist of the Department of Agriculture said that more and better information was presented at the Moro economic conference, February 11-13, than in any other gathering in the United States. Organization of the Eastern Oregon Wheat League was one of the accomplishments of the conference. State inspection officials and the federal supervision service were given a clean bill of health by the farmers, after charges of inefficiency had been made. Every detail of wheat raising, financing, marketing, discounts, cleaning, etc. were taken up.

Motor Cars in France.

According to a statement made by Finance Minister Doumer of France, the number of motor vehicles in use in France in 1924 totaled 572,243. Of these 260,895 were lorries and the remaining 311,348 were passenger cars including 18,890 taxicabs. There were also 24,686 cyclecars, 19,950 sidecars and 1,982 motor-boats in circulation. No statistics for 1925 are yet available but it is estimated that the number of motor conveyances now in use in France is about 600,000.

Big Grain Crops Forecast.

Prospects have seldom been better at the present time of year for big yields of wheat and other grain crops in Oregon and Washington, although much may happen to change conditions between now and harvest time. Wheat in eastern Oregon is in fine condition at present, due to plenty of rain and an open, growing winter.

Like Trading Dollars.

According to government reports the exports of butter from this country for the month of December last totaled 495,422 pounds, while during the same time we imported 159,000 pounds more than we exported.

Growing Seasons Vary

Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri and Kansas have a growing season of from 150 to 180 days. In the New England states the season is from 120 to 160 days long.

Tax on Windows

In early days of England there was a tax on windows and the influence of that restriction shows in the fortress-like architecture of the ancient Tudor castles.

Hard to Account For

The approximate age of the earth, according to a German scientist, is between 1,100,000 and 1,200,000 years. And we still have growing pains!

Roman Military Roads

It is estimated that there were about 50,000 miles in the entire Roman road system of main or military roads.

Champion Cookie Cutter

A cookie-cutter that will cut 86 cookies a minute has been perfected.

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THE BURGLAR BRIDEGROOM

By CALLY RYLAND

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

WITH his overcoat thrown over his arm and his hat and gloves in his hand, "Bobby" Tunstall stood waiting for his bride. The room in which he exercised his patience was blazing with electric lights, which repeated themselves in myriad reflections in the gorgeous display of gold, silver and cut-glass gifts strewn about the apartment in careless profusion. Bobby revolved slowly and looked about him.

"Whew!" he said, under his breath: "A small fortune in themselves."

He looked up quickly as a step sounded in the hall outside, but it was only a maid, bringing in "Miss Laura's" hand bag to wait beside his own, and he turned again to his survey of the costly wedding commitments.

A magnificent necklace of pearls and diamonds lay in an open case before him, and he picked it up and stared at it.

"Not less than twenty thousand," he said, and sighed.

It was long since he had held the equivalent of such a sum in his hand. His mind rapidly reviewed the past few months. How distinctly he remembered the first evening Jack Tarleton had brought him to this very room, to call upon Mrs. Bridges. How long ago it seemed, and yet how short the time since he had realized that he was desperately in love. How sickening the qualm of conscience when he discovered that he was his old friend's successful rival; how elated he had been when the adored one promptly accepted him.

Bobby was a generous soul, as his rapidly dwindling funds showed in the radiant days that followed, and the few crisply folded bills which he was now fingering nervously in his pocket were the sole means for a wedding journey.

"Not a very brilliant prospect for a lavish honeymoon," he murmured, and again his eye fell on the glittering necklace.

Which of the Three Tricky Sisters suddenly extinguished the electric lights! Only for two seconds, but when they flashed up again with a little sizzle of renewed energy Bobby found the diamond necklace in his hand—how, he could not tell.

A light step on the stair, and the necklace slipped into his pocket and its case into a convenient wastebasket, while Bobby turned with a smile to greet his bride, who stood blushing in the doorway.

Following a prevalent fad, Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Tunstall refused to divulge to family or friends the plan for their wedding journey, and so it was not until they were discussing their first dinner in their cozy little home—one of the wedding presents—that they were made acquainted with the loss of the necklace.

Bobby turned white, as Laura's sister, Agnes, told with dramatic effect the tragic tale, and Laura said, giving his hand a little surreptitious squeeze under the table: "I really believe you feel the loss more keenly than I do, darling."

"I am sure I do," said Bobby. All that evening the necklace hung about his neck like the Ancient Mariner's albatross, and at night it was securely tucked away into his sponge bag, for, he argued, that would be the last place a burglar would ever think of searching for valuables.

Although, through skillful management, he had been able to bring the necklace home without pledging a pearl for the purpose which had impelled him to purloin it, his heart sank at the futile devices of his brain for returning it to its rightful owner.

At first he thought of making a joke of the whole affair with his wife, but when he learned from Agnes the enormous excitement the matter had created, and was told that detectives were at work on the case, he gave up that scheme. As for going to Mr. Bridges, he preferred to imagine rather than experience a father-in-law's wrath. All night he was tormented by dreadful dreams, in which sponge bags played leading parts, and a necklace of millstones hung about his neck.

But the newspaper by his plate at breakfast brought him the first easy moment he had known for weeks, for in a prominent place he read this advertisement:

\$3,000 REWARD

The above reward will be paid, and no questions asked, for the return of the necklace taken on the night of January 19, from the residence of R. C. Bridges, to that address, or to 50 Broadway.

"No questions asked!" The phrase shone from the page rosy with the light of hope. Laura was amazed at the change in her husband's appearance when she came tripping down to breakfast.

"There, dearest!" she exclaimed. "I knew that tonic was just what you needed. You look even better than you did before our marriage."

"I have certainly found a wonderful relief," said Bobby, solemnly.

Mr. Bridges sat in his private office, immersed in a pile of correspondence, when the glazed door opened suddenly and his son-in-law walked in with a breezy "Good morning, father."

"Have you heard about the necklace?" was almost the first question

asked of the young man after the preliminary greetings.

"Agnes has told us," was the answer. "But you are offering too large a reward—\$1,250 will bring it."

Mr. Bridges swung around in his swivel chair in amazement.

"What do you know about it?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," Tunstall coolly replied. "It's a little secret—but it's all in the family. Write me a check to bearer for \$1,250, and I guarantee that the necklace shall be produced—and save you \$1,750!"

Still wondering, the broker complied, but with such an expression of inquiry that, when Bobby had pocketed the check, he proceeded, in a graver manner than his father-in-law ever had known him to assume, to make the mutely demanded explanation, having assured himself that the door was securely closed.

"Though possessed of an ample income," he said, "I have always spent it as it came—and not infrequently before it came. It was during such a state of temporary lack of funds that I was introduced to your household. I assure you most sincerely that I had no idea at that time of Tarleton's feelings toward Laura, and certainly had no intention of becoming his rival, and it was therefore without compunction that I accepted from him a loan sufficient to enable me to maintain a proper appearance in the social circle in which you move."

A soft whistle was the father-in-law's only comment.

"Well," continued Tunstall, "when Jack found that Laura preferred me he turned rusty, dunned me for the debt, which now aggregates \$1,250, and even at my bachelor dinner hinted that I might be served with a legal process on my honeymoon. That was one reason for concealing our whereabouts, and it was that threat hanging over me—together with an opportunity that fate itself must have cheated—that induced me to take temporary charge of one of my wife's ornaments, which I now feel much pleasure in transferring to you. I need hardly say that, for the sake of the reputation of the family and the feelings of your daughter, it would be well not to tell how you have recovered it, especially to my wife."

"What is that about your wife?" inquired Laura, entering the office unannounced.

"I was merely saying that you would be delighted to know that your father has recovered your necklace," said Bobby, with great presence of mind.

"Oh! how lovely!" exclaimed Laura, as her husband held it up. "You know I scarcely got a good look at it on our wedding day. But don't go, Bobby," she added, as he turned to leave. "I came in to ask papa to turn the management of my affairs over to you—just wait while he has the papers made out."

"You might charge that \$1,250 to the dowry," whispered Bobby to his father-in-law.

Iona Fitly Known as "Island of Ghosts"

Iona, the green and grassy island of the Inner Hebrides, is an isle of ghosts. It is holy ground. Fifty-three kings are buried there—kings of Scotland, Norway, France and Ireland. It was on this lone strip of moor and beach, lying at the foot of the Ross of Mull, that St. Columba landed in 563 and founded the monastery, the ruins of which bear his name to this day, says Pierre Van Passen, in the Atlanta Constitution. That monastery was destined to become the heart and center of Celtic Christianity and a place of pilgrimage to which people came by long and painful ways from all over Europe—coming that they might die on its holy ground. Their bones are everywhere. Kings and princes, chieftains of great Highland clans, southern barons, and merchants of wealth—they all came to this lone island of the Western seas to die. It is their ghosts who haunt Iona today, their ghosts and the wraiths of the monks who were slain when the Norse sea-rovers sacked into the Sound of Iona, and railed the holy places. That is why no man of Iona will, even today, walk of nights by the Rellig Diran. But why are the spirits restless? The natives say it is because of the dark work done in the day of the Reformation, when 300 of the sacred crosses of Iona were torn off the graves of the dead and cast into the sea.

Why They Take

Rev. Calvin C. Meury of New York, who recently gave a quart of his blood to a sinking parishioner, is opposed to sensationalism in religion.

"Deliver me," he said at a Bronx luncheon, "from the new creeds that spring up nowadays like mushrooms. I was bidding a friend bon voyage on the Cunard pier the other afternoon, and I said to him by way of a joke:

"Maybe you'll bring a new creed back with you, but be careful if you do—you know how hard it is to get things through the custom house nowadays."

"Oh," said my friend, "there'd be no difficulty about that. These new creeds never have any duties attached to them."

How It Was

"Our moving picture show, the Oriental Grotto, has an orchestra of 41 men," said the landlord of the tavern.

"Is it possible?" returned the young traveling salesman.

"Yep! The same one works alone every night for forty nights, and on the forty-first another man is added for one night.—Kansas City Star.

ROAD BUILDING

GAINS ARE MADE IN ROAD BUILDING

Forty-eight states, in conjunction with the bureau of public roads, Department of Agriculture, are rounding out their first decade of modern road building with gratifying results, according to a statement issued by the American Association of State Highway Officials.

The interstate system, however, on which state and federal governments have been working jointly, is not more than half complete, and suggestions of curtailment of the general program for the purpose of economy have served to arouse public interest in pushing on toward completion of the remaining half.

In some quarters the question of constitutionality of the present federal-aid road program has again been raised, which highway officials hold is irrelevant in view of the exhaustive studies that were made before the program was put into effect.

In response to points raised, highway officials in their statement call public attention to the fact that "there were those in the beginning of our national life who had visions of interstate highways as nation developers, for as early as 1803 the Cumberland pike was planned by congress. Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Clay, Calhoun and Webster all maintained a constitutional authority, as well as the national need, for federal activities in highway improvements."

"But a short time after the construction of the Cumberland pike it was turned over to the states, which likewise became weary and in turn passed it on to toll companies. And then for half a century the much vaunted local control was given a most excellent tryout. The result of all of which was that the only free public highways for years were those which were impassable during the unseasonable weather."

"It was not until 1891 that the states began a real program of road construction, and New Jersey has the honor of being the first state to create a state highway department. Two years afterward the federal government appropriated \$10,000 to establish the office of road inquiry, and for eight years it kept on inquiring. At the end of that time the name of this office was changed to the office of public roads. The constant growth of state highway departments naturally gave a larger vision of the highway departments and in 1912 the congress created a commission to investigate the problem as to whether the federal government had a real duty in the matter."

"For three years this committee made a thorough investigation and finally gave a favorable report. In 1916 the congress made its first real appropriation for highways. Recent discussions on the floor of congress as well as certain public addresses and published articles would lead some to believe that the congress had not made a thorough investigation of this subject. The personnel of the congress has changed greatly since the report of the 1915 committee. There are now but four of this committee—two senators and two members of the house—in government service, who were members of that committee of ten. And so, it is necessary to recall some things which it was supposed had been thoroughly established in the public mind."

Trees Along Highways Will Not Injure Paving

The planting of trees by state highway departments and by local government subdivisions is attracting much and favorable attention. Experts declare that if the trees are set back far enough their roots will not injure road pavements.

It was contended at one time that tree roots and the shade caused by the branches were detrimental to modern paving, but experience in many cases now where highways have been built along beautiful tree-lined roads has completely exploded this idea.

According to the A. A. A., however, judgment should be used in the planting of trees so that they will not act as wind breakers, particularly in the northern states in the snow belt.

Build Roads for Trucks

According to Mexican representatives the motor truck has awakened the necessity of improving roads in the vicinity of Sinola, which is considered one of the richest mining centers in the land of the Aztecs. Some time ago a road was completed between Dimas and Sinola. The construction of this road created unlimited enthusiasm and the outlook for the truck as a real factor in road building is very evident.

Good Roads Facts

It needs small effort to persuade the salesman who travels the rural districts in an automobile that an improvement in the highways he traverses would result in greater earnings for himself. More calls per day, lessened repair bills, greater demand due to easier trips by the farmer to the store, all these would swell his sales.

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Honorable Toil Exalts

If you perfume a slave and a freeman, the difference of their birth produces none in the smell; and the scent is perceived as soon in the one as the other, but the odor of honorable toil, as it is acquired with great pains and application, is ever sweet and worthy of a brave man.—Xenophon (Greek historian, Fourth century B. C.)

All This Worry is Baseless.

Talk about overcrowding the world is nonsense. On a conservative estimate there are enough unsold building lots laid out in the United States at this writing to accommodate 500,000 people, with plenty of purchasable acreage for allotments just beyond.—Miami Tribune.

Token of Betrothal

It was during the Second century B. C. that women began to flash a ring on the fourth finger of the left hand as a symbol of betrothal. It was displayed on that particular finger in the belief that a vein ran from it to the heart.

Must Bear Own Burdens

It's all right to "cast thy burdens on the Lord," but it's all wrong to hold Him responsible for the most of them. Man is largely the architect of his own fortunes—and misfortunes, too. The sooner he realizes the fact the better for him.—Grit.

Few Will Dissent

There are twice as many telephones in the United States as there are in all the rest of the world. And there are more automobiles in this country than there are telephones. It is a wonderful country, if anybody should ask you.—Exchange.

It Escapes "Nature Lovers"

After all, maybe the luckiest wild flower was the one that was born to blush unseen.—Detroit News.

Civilization Defied

Samoa, where the natives are encouraged to retain their natural mode of life, is the only spot in the Pacific Islands where the native population is not dying out. Everywhere else civilization seems to have brought disease.

Sometimes Wise to Detour

It is not enough that you form, and even follow the most excellent rules for conducting yourself in the world; you must, also, know when to deviate from them, and where lies the exception.—Greville.

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Curious English Clock

One of the world's most novel clocks is shown the numbers that indicate London. It takes the form of the bust of a negro who "winks" the time from her sparkling eyes. In one eye is shown the numbers that indicate the hours, and in the other the minutes. It was made by one Lepine, and is 29 1/2 inches in height and fashioned from ormolu.

Recruiting Costs

It cost 20 times as much to recruit the 2,400,000 men who fought on the Union side during the Civil war as it did to recruit the 4,800,000 raised by the United States in the World War.

Substitute

Sailor (proposing)—I know I ain't exactly handsome, but I'm tattooed all over, and think of the money you'd save not going to the pictures!—London Opinion.

Growing Deserts

Geographers say the great desert belt across Africa and Asia is growing larger and drier. The Syrian desert, which is now an utter waste, was crowded with cities only two or three thousand years ago.

Canned Tomatoes Valuable

In the old coal-burning ships of the navy, where the men are forced to work daily in temperatures of from 150 to 175 degrees, canned tomatoes have been found a cooling and nourishing food.

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