

Are You Constantly Fatigued?



Mrs. A. F. Rittenour

"I had a general breakdown, did not have much blood, was very nervous and restless, could not sleep, had very little appetite and the food I ate did me no good. I got thin and pale and was so weak and tired that I had no strength or ambition to do anything. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and by the time I had taken two bottles my nerves were good, I could sleep well and my appetite returned. I gained in weight and just felt fine. I think 'Favorite Prescription' is the best tonic any woman can take."—Mrs. A. F. Rittenour, 595 Union Ave., North, Portland.

All druggist. Tablets or liquid. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg.

Serge From China

Two textiles owe their name and origin to France; these are cretonne and cambric, the first of which came originally from the Normandy town of Creton, while the second is still manufactured at Cambrai. Serge was introduced into this country from China in 1660. The Latin name for China is Serrica, from which the modern word serge has gradually evolved.

Height of Economy

Two wives who lived next door were talking things over. "Does your husband ever get an economical streak?" asked one. "Does he?" replied the other. "He has one right now." "And what does he do?" came the next question. "What does he do?" was the reply. "I'll tell you what he does. He won't let me speak to him. That's what he does."

Advertiser's Decalogue

The ten commandments of advertising were drawn up by an American some years ago. Here they are: "Be human. Be interesting. Be easy to understand. Be easy to read. Be humorous, when you can. Be unusual. Be unexpected. Be tempting. Be subtle. Be positive."—Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman.

Copying the "Missus"

The tailor finished taking measurements and inquired of the man who was ordering a new suit: "And how wide do you want your trousers?" The customer smiled. "I don't exactly know," he replied, "but I'll tell you one thing. I hate to have my wife get ahead of me. How wide is a tight skirt?"

Love and Immortality

Some one has written that love makes people believe in immortality, because there seems not to be room enough in life for so great a tenderness, and it is inconceivable that the most masterful of our emotions should have no more than the spare moments of a few years.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Their Way

The Ananias club—"She was absent from the bridge party, but nobody said anything unkind about her," declared the wife, who was speaking of a woman of whom they all were jealous.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Drawbacks to Fame

A great man's fame would be more secure if his friends could maintain a censorship over the people who write poetry about him.

In Class by Himself

Once there was a man who went through his desk and knew why he had saved all the papers he found there.—Baltimore Sun.

Seattle.—Fifty-eight cases of who were seized here Sunday by prohibition agents. Each case was covered with a layer of pickled herring. The cases were consigned to the Lay Fish company of Seattle from the Superior Fish company of Montreal.

You Want a Good Position

Very well—Take the Accountancy and Business Management, Private Secretarial, Calculator, Comptometer, Stenographic, Penmanship, or Commercial Telegraph Course at

Behne-Walker

The foremost Business College of the Northwest which has won more Accuracy Awards and Gold Medals than any other school in America. Send for our Success Catalog. Fourth Street near Morrison, Portland, Or. Jesse M. Walker, Pres.

DAIRY THE DAIRY

BOSSY NEEDS CARE TO PRODUCE MILK

"The care and management of the family cow plays a greater part in the ability of the cow to produce a maximum flow of milk than is generally supposed," says A. C. Kimrey, extension dairy specialist for the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineers. "For highest milk production the cow must be comfortable. One of the important things toward making her comfortable is a clean, dry place in which to stay. The stall should be cleaned and bedded each day, or new bedding put in. If not possible to completely renew the old. The cow will thus be kept clean and the stall dry and fresh at all times."

Mr. Kimrey recommends that the stall be so constructed as to allow for plenty of fresh air and sunlight. A damp, dark stall is a good breeding place for disease germs which not only injure the cow but will probably be injurious to the people who drink the milk. A properly built stall should be boarded up tight for four feet above the floor so as to protect the cow's body from drafts, especially when she is lying down. Above this wall there should be plenty of windows to allow for a free passage of air and light. The cost of building such a stall will be more than paid for in the increased milk production.

During the period before freshening, the cow should be fed so that she will be in good flesh at freshening. Then she will come with a high milk flow, states Mr. Kimrey. With proper care and management she will maintain this production through a longer period of time than under haphazard conditions.

Selection of Dairy Cow by Production Is Best

It is agreed by all authorities that where records of production are obtainable, the selection of a dairy cow by production is best. If a record of milk and butterfat show that a cow has been a profitable producer for one year, this may be accepted as an index to her real productive ability.

The weight of milk and average fat test for one day, or even seven consecutive days, is not a dependable guide for the selection of the best dairy cow.

A yearly record for each cow may be made by weighing and testing the milk two consecutive days in each month, figuring the average daily yield thus obtained for the 30 days in that particular month. At the end of the lactation period the sum of the weights of fat for all the months will give a very close estimate of the actual pounds of butterfat produced during the lactation period.

Record sheets for milk and butterfat are obtainable from various sources.

Cows will sell for a much higher price if records of production can be furnished.

Bacteria in Milk

No matter how carefully milk may be produced, it always contains some bacteria. These organisms grow rapidly as long as the milk is warm. Prompt cooling to below 50 degrees Fahrenheit checks their growth. Milk should be cooled with the coldest water available, and should receive its final cooling with ice, except in cases where the available water supply will cool the milk to below 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Good Care at Calving

The cow that has just calved should receive no feed for the first 24 hours—unless it be a bran mash. Many successful dairymen offer only a bucket of slightly warmed water during the first day. Feeding should be gradually increased over a week's time, and if the cow is a heavy producer, she should not be on a full ration for two or three weeks. Better underfed than overfed at this time.

Dairy Hints

All grains or concentrates make better feed for dairy cows if they are ground.

One of the best ways to increase the dairy herd is to buy young calves from your neighbors who do not like dairying.

Take care of the milk cow during the cold winter months and she will return a good profit in increased milk production, say dairy extension workers.

The chief cause of rosy milk is bacterial growth on utensils. The remedy is careful scalding.

"Soy Beans for Dairy Cows" is the title of a new bulletin recently published by the South Dakota Agricultural college. It ought to prove very interesting reading.

The average dairy cow in the United States produces enough milk for four average American citizens, but the human population is consistently increasing faster than the cow population.

NAGOYA'S LOVE FOR REGINA

By GRACE F. BIRD

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

THERE came to Harvard university in the early sixties a little Japanese lad, Nagoya by name. And a droll addition he was to the student body of that institution's less cosmopolitan days. Still the contrast was by no means to the disadvantage of the young Japanese. Though of rather short stature, his lithe, graceful body was in perfect proportion, while his wonderful exploits in the gymnasium continually astounded those who mistook his delicate appearance for an index of his physique. His queer olive face, merry little eyes, and comically melancholy mouth proved all the more fascinating because of their unlikeness to the more sternly cut features of his classmates; while through its contrast to the harsher New England accent, his soft, gentle voice with its quaint intonations gained a piquant charm, whether heard in conversation or recitation. Being, besides, bright, jovial, and affectionate, Nagoya at once became a great favorite with the students, while his frankness, integrity, and persistent application soon won the favor of the most stony-hearted professors. Indeed, popular as he was among the students, it was soon noted with some surprise that Nagoya chieftly sought the companionship of older men. In this, however, the little Japanese was simply following out his instructions. For he had come to Harvard in accordance with a long-established custom of the Japanese government, which sends at frequent intervals, to the educational institutions of other countries, youth selected from the flower of the nobility, that thus the nation may benefit by its rivals' important discoveries and inventive devices.

His especial friend and confidant was Professor Bernardini, instructor in the scientific department. The two were constantly together, whether experimenting in the laboratory, reading in the library, or botanizing in long rambles into the country. Indeed, within a short time such a strong attachment had sprung up between them that the professor proposed to receive Nagoya into his home as a member of the family during the remainder of his college days; an offer that Nagoya gratefully accepted, no less because of the delightful home life thus opened to him than because of the opportunity for close association with a people whose manners and customs he was studying. And for this purpose the Japanese lad could not have found a better household. The family was not large; it consisted only of the professor, his gentle American wife, and three children, who, being not far from Nagoya's age, proved especially agreeable companions. Of these the two elder were boys—Nagoya's classmates—bright, honest fellows, full of healthy animation and enthusiasm. The third was a sweet little maid of twelve—Regina, the baby of the family—a roguish little tyrant with great black eyes, very long curls, and very short skirts. Altogether Regina was an absolute autocrat, and lived her name by ruling the members of her household with a despotism that amazed the young Japanese, accustomed to the submissive woman of the Orient.

For four years Nagoya remained in the happy American home, becoming with each day more and more attached to his foster relatives. He was, as a matter of course, a devoted admirer of the professor and his wife, and the constant companion of the boys, while Regina—well, Nagoya had long since ceased to wonder at the homage tendered the little queen by her devoted subjects. In fact, despite the lack of years on both sides, the young Japanese had fallen deeply in love with little Regina Bernardini.

Coming as he did from a land where children are wedded when barely in their teens, Nagoya saw nothing that was not perfectly natural in this youthful attachment, and cherished fond dreams of the bright future when he should sail with his dear one to the land of the rising sun. Meantime the Bernardinis had never for an instant guessed the young Oriental's secret romance. To them his open caresses and love avowals, his pretty gifts to their little daughter, seemed only the tokens of one child's grateful affection for another. So that when, a few weeks previous to his departure, Nagoya laid before the professor the pathetic little tale of his love and hopes, that individual was as much taken aback as though a bomb had been exploded at his feet.

Of course the proposal was not to be considered. Very gently the professor explained to his young comrade the situation as viewed by American eyes, dwelling upon Regina's youth and innocence and her unsuspecting affection for him, which could never attain greater depth.

The young Oriental bore the news quietly, but from that time his spirits drooped; his elastic step grew languid, his joyous laughter silent, until finally his friends feared lest some breakdown should follow this seeming apathy.

But they had underestimated the strength of Nagoya's character. During the few remaining days of his stay he pursued his customary duties with dogged determination; only now his slow, mechanical movements were never relieved by the enthusiasm once so characteristic of the lad, nor was

his dreamy, gentle voice ever raised in merry banter or laughing repartee.

On the day of his departure Nagoya was walking, as was his wont, in the little garden behind the house. A sudden turn in the path disclosed Regina idling in a hammock. She wore a dress of fleecy whiteness. A dainty cap rested on her shining black curls, her dark eyes gazed dreamily up through the branches to the blue of the summer sky. As Nagoya approached she turned, looking at him half regretfully, half eagerly.

"Don't rise," said the lad gently. "I have come for one last word—a farewell. Soon Nagoya leaves you. Ah, my land of the rising sun will be the land of the setting sun without you, my Regina. One token I leave you, the seed of our royal flower, the chrysanthemum. Tell no one I gave it, for it is of chrysanthemums the queen, and he who gives the seed to a foreigner is under death penalty. Give to it your dear name, Regina—queen. As its flowers bud and blossom, remember, so will Nagoya's love for you bloom, growing, growing forever. And now farewell, my Regina, my queen."

Placing the packet in her hand, he turned away. That night he left America, never to return.

When the next year the seeds were planted, and a gorgeous pink flower reared its head into the sunlight, Regina gave it her name. Soon the Regina chrysanthemum, the most beautiful ever known to the horticultural world, was the wonder of the season. Visitors came from great distances to see the lovely blossoms. But Regina never forgot the secret significance of the flowers as they budded and blossomed, and, thinking of the Japanese boy's pathetic farewell, would whisper with a sigh, "Poor Nagoya."

Seven years later Regina married. But in her new happiness she did not forget her old friend. When she changed her reign from her father's home to her husband's she would have no other name for her new home than Chrysanthemum Lodge. One of the first stories that she told her little son, John Ambrose, was of the young Japanese who had played with her when she was a little girl; and no story book fairyland pleased him half so well as his mother's descriptions of Nagoya's home, that queer, delightful, fantastic country on the other side of the world.

It was a day early during the recent war between Japan and China. In his private office the Japanese sagoon, or minister of war, sat closeted with an official who was the bearer of a petition for pardon from a prisoner lately condemned to death. The offender was a United States naval cadet accused of secretly aiding the Chinese forces, and appealing now to the sagoon as the one person whose intercession could save his life. Already, however, the impassive-featured minister of war had practically dismissed the case, when, as a matter of form, he tore open the envelope sent him by the prisoner. A sudden spasm of pain crossed the sagoon's face, as from the inner wrappings of soft tissue paper there fell a faded photograph of a lovely little girl and a few scattering chrysanthemum seeds. Very reverently, and all un-mindful of the astonishment of the official, the great man bent and pressed the little card to his lips. Then, as he read upon the back the words in which Regina introduced her son to her old friend and playmate, he turned to his visitor:

"Yarmatto, draw up an order for the immediate release of John Ambrose, an American prisoner sentenced to death, on a charge of having given aid to the Chinese; see that it is put into effect at once, and that the prisoner is brought to me."

Five minutes later Nagoya turned to his work, wearing the same austere mask as before. Five hours later he was reading, with perfectly controlled features, the cabled message of heartfelt gratitude from John Ambrose's mother, at last relieved from the awful suspense of her son's long silence, while John Ambrose himself stood by, his ardent thankfulness shining in the dark eyes so like Regina's.

But neither John Ambrose nor Regina herself will ever guess that for many days the picture and a packet of chrysanthemum seeds lay close to the great man's heart—the patient heart in which, as the boy Nagoya had foretold, his love for Regina had "bloomed, growing, growing forever."

And so it was that the tiny seeds sown so many years before in an American garden bore their perfect flower in the land of the rising sun.

Refinement Largely a Matter of Simplicity

Simplicity is worth the sacrifice; but all is not sacrifice. Rejection has its pleasures, the more secret the more unmeasured. When we garnish a house we refuse more furniture, and furniture more various, than might haunt the dreams of decorators. There is no limit to our rejections. . . . When we dress, no fancy may count the things we will none of. When we write, what hinders that we should refrain from style past reckoning? . . . Moreover, if simplicity is no longer set in a world having the great and beautiful quality of fewness, we can provide an equally fair setting in the quality of refinement. And refinement is not to be achieved but by rejection. One who suggests to me that refinement is apt to be a mere negative has offered up a singular blunder in honor of robustness. Refinement is not negative, because it must be compassed by many negations. It is a thing of price as well as of value; it demands immolations, it exacts experience.—Alice Meynell.

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HELP WANTED MALE Will Hollywood give me a chance? Submit photo to Frederick Paul, 1531 N. Mariposa, Hollywood, Calif.

Various Mourning Colors.

Black is not universally used as a sign of mourning. The South sea islanders use black and white stripes, indicating sorrow and hope, while in Ethiopia a grayish brown, the color of the earth, is worn. In Persia the mourning color is light brown, and in Syria and Armenia sky blue, an indication of heaven. In Turkey it is violet, and in China white, as an emblem of hope.

Ancient Commerce Body.

The chamber of commerce of New York was formed in 1768 and the charter granted at that time by King George III of England was to "The chamber of commerce of the city of New York in America." When the United States was established the association was reincorporated under the laws of the state of New York and the name changed to the chamber of commerce of the state of New York.

Get Busy.

You must select your work; you shall take what your brains can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of the idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. It is a step out of a chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Cousinship

The children of first cousins are second cousins. The child of one's first cousin is a first cousin once removed. If A and B are first cousins, their children would be second cousins. A's children would be first cousins once removed to B, and B's children are first cousins once removed to A.

Dancing as a Cure

Among some of the tribes of Africa dancing is held to be a cure. The performers become worked up and wildly excited, and many of them become affected and the disease spreads, although the afflicted person for whom the dance was given may be cured.

Benefit in Criticism

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you unless you are wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

Disease Spread by Insects

A medical scientist has ascertained that outbreaks of infectious disease may very easily originate in trees and shrubs and be carried by the insects inhabiting them to neighboring localities.

First Oil "Spouter"

The first oil well in the United States was brought in August 28, 1859, at Titusville, Pa., when it began producing at a depth of 69½ feet.

Sunny House

During Helen's visit to her aunt, it rained incessantly, and when she got home her mother inquired if the bad weather hadn't spoiled her pleasure. "Oh, no," replied the little one. "There were so many smiles at Aunt Mary's I didn't notice the rain."

Ever Thought of This?

There is very little we know that somebody didn't burn his fingers finding out.—Boston Transcript.

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Charles Bros., Florists, 287 Morrison St.

WE BUY Hides, Pelts, Wool, Mohair, Tallow, Cascara Bark Horse Hair.

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Government to Blame

If a country be found possessing a most fertile soil and capable of bearing every variety of production, yet notwithstanding, the people are in a state of extreme destitution and suffering, the chances are that there is some fundamental error in the government of that country.—John Bright.

True Charity

Giving money will have no value except we first give ourselves. All our giving must just be the renewal and carrying out of the first great act of self-surrender, and each new gift of money may be a renewal of the blessedness of entire consecration.—Andrew Murray.

Wishbone and Horseshoe

The belief that the "wishbone" of a chicken can bring luck is based on the similarity in shape of the wishbone to the horseshoe. To break the bone allows the luck to escape, and it goes to the person who gets the larger piece.

Forty People in Capital

Claimed as the tiniest capital in the world, Tulagi, the administrative center of the Solomon Islands, contains thirty white people and ten Chinese. It is proverbially one of the earth's loneliest spots.

Hedge Makes Bicycle

A man living in a London suburb has built a bicycle entirely of hedge sticks. A crocheted stick serves as a fork for the bicycle.

If Really Busy

A body who keeps busy hardly ever becomes a busybody.—Boston Transcript.

Accept Helpful Reproof

Aversion from reproof is not wise. It is a mark of a little mind.—Cecil.

SMILING EYES

are the sign of a healthy body. Keep your eyes smiling and your body healthy with

BARK ROOT

Nature's Own Tonic

1

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