

If You Would Avoid Constant Colds, Grippe, take a Good Tonic.



Mrs. V. J. Allen

Salem.—"Dr. Pierce's medicines have been used in my family and I have no hesitancy in saying that they always gave satisfactory results. My husband had the flu and it appeared as though he was never going to get well. He would cough all night long, and suffered from severe headaches. He got so weak and poorly that he could not get out of the house. He was in a miserable state of health when he decided to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He could notice an improvement during the first bottle, and by the time he had taken three he was rid of the cough and pains in his head, and was well and strong. He has been a strong healthy man ever since."—Mrs. V. J. Allen, 1927 N. Commercial St. Ask your nearest druggist for Doctor Pierce's Discovery, in tablet or liquid form; or send 10c for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y.

Another Mistake Exploded.

The buttercup is another of those little things that deceive us by their name. It derived its title from the ignorant notion that, when cows ate buttercups, the butter-producing qualities of the milk were improved. The truth of this has not been proved, for the simple reason that cows don't eat buttercups.

Rock Formation.

The term "monadnock" is derived from Mount Monadnock in New Hampshire, and is applied to an isolated mountainlike remnant of hard rock extending above its surroundings in the late stages of a period of cycle of erosion. Stone mountain in Georgia is another instance of this class.

In Boston Keep Going.

Persons who visit Boston are often perplexed by its maze of streets. A visitor was complaining to a resident that he was constantly getting lost. "Never mind," said the Bostonian. "Just keep on going straight ahead and you will always come out where you went in."—Exchange.

Cheese Very Much Alive.

"An old story," said a well-known author recently, "tells us how a railway freight agent wrote to a gentleman: 'Dear Sir—We have now held your shipment of one Camembert cheese for three days. If same is not called for immediately, it will be shot.'"

Remarkable Linguist.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the celebrated English mathematician, who died in 1865, had an extraordinary faculty for learning languages, and is said at the age of twelve to have mastered 13 languages, besides English.

Conclusive.

"My client is not mentally normal. The fact that he murdered his wife is partly a proof of that, but the fact that he married again is conclusive."—Dorfbartler, Berlin.

Two Fire Causes.

Electric light wires hung over nails and oily rags thrown into a corner are two of the things which give the newspapers stories about "fires of unknown origin."

Hating Oneself Ill.

Hate, in the course of time, creates poison in the system as well as in the mind, and all evil emotion is bad for the health. One of the earliest-discovered truths was that health and morality depend on each other, and many religions are built largely upon hygiene.

Great Lawyer-Presidents.

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WHEN HE PROPOSED TO PENELOPE

By SWIFT ADAMS

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"I THINK I'll get married," said Penelope to herself, as she sat in a quiet corner on the veranda of the Seaside hotel.

Penelope was young and pretty. No level-headed person would ever have thought of making an assertion that, by any possibility, could be construed as contradictory to such palpable facts. And every man at the hotel was beel over head in love with her.

After having reached this important matrimonial decision, she charged along the piazza, so wrapped in her cogitations that at a sharp turn she bumped, with considerable violence, into Tom Hathaway.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I beg your pardon! I—"

"You can't have it," interrupted Tom. "There's no reason why I should give it to you. It was delightful."

"Tom Hathaway, aren't you ashamed?"

"No at all," said Tom. "Let's play golf."

"But it's so hot," protested Penelope. "Even the caddies are asleep."

"Never mind," said Tom. "Then we'll have the links all to ourselves. Come along."

Tom was on his knees, making her tee, when it happened. Penelope stood close to him. Suddenly he seized her hand.

"Penelope, dearest, for a long time I have wanted to tell you something. I want to say" (he fervently kissed her hand) "that I—"

"Oh Tom!" screamed Penelope. "Whatever is the matter?" Tom had jumped to his feet and was wildly grabbing at his mouth and choking. He had planted a passionate kiss on a wad of damp sand that, in his excitement, he had pressed into her hand.

"Hello, what's he?" and Bob Hamilton, who had heard Penelope scream, came running out of the clubhouse.

"I—I guess Tom has some sand in his mouth," said Penelope.

"Good," said Bob; "it's good for his digestion. But how on earth—"

He stopped short. Neither of his listeners was in a condition to utter an intelligible answer. Tom made a break for the pump, and Penelope was sitting on the ground, sobbing with laughter.

"What in heaven's name is the matter with Tom?" asked Bob, after she had in a measure recovered her composure.

"He just had an accident," she replied.

"Oh, all right," said Bob. "If you don't want to tell, I don't want to know. Let's take a walk."

They promenade lazily until they came upon a secluded bench. They sat and chatted, and his arm crept toward her waist, much to the consternation of an old gardener, who unobserved behind them was sprinkling the lawn with a hose.

"There is something I have long wanted to say to you," began Bob.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Penelope to herself. "They all begin the same way."

"I want to tell you a secret darling," he said, approaching nearer to her lips than her ear.

The poor gardener was so perturbed at Bob's words and actions that he nervously dropped the hose.

Bob opened his mouth to make the rest of his declaration, and was astounded to receive in it an inch stream of water. Gasping and spluttering, he struggled to his feet. In mad conurbation, the gardener clutched the offending hose and disappeared.

Penelope gazed at Bob with stunned horror and surprise.

"You—you are not having a fit, are you, Bob?" she asked tremulously.

"Some careless d—n fool—" spluttered Bob.

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed Fred Chase, another of the Devoted Circle, suddenly coming into view, with a pair of oars over his shoulder. "Penelope, I'm ashamed of you. I didn't think you would tolerate profanity—even from Bob," he tacked on with good-natured sarcasm.

Bob glared at him, and, without a word to either of them, stalked away.

"What's the rip with Bob?" asked Fred. "He looks out of sorts."

"He feels a little tired," she said drily. "Is it nice rowing?" she added quickly, anxious to divert his attention from poor Bob.

"It is, if you have a parasol and are prepared to lie quite still," he said. "Come on and try it, anyway."

As she sank down on the boat cushions, she gave a little sigh. "I suppose he couldn't have gone on after that," she murmured half aloud.

"Eb, what's that?" asked Fred.

"I was thinking how handsome you look in that hat," she replied calmly.

"Thanks," said Fred. "The same to you and many of them."

"You don't talk connectedly, Fred," commented Penelope.

"How could I," suddenly burst out Fred, "with you so near me? Penelope, dear, I want a wife."

"He's original, at any rate," thought Penelope.

"And you, darling, ever since that day—"

"Look where you're going, Fred!" shrieked Penelope.

It was too late. The boat crashed into a rock that stood half out of the water. The boat stopped. Fred didn't.

He kept on going and landed on his back several feet the other side of the rock.

"Fred, oh, Fred, are you drowned?" cried Penelope.

But it happened that Fred was not drowned. He presently reappeared, standing in about four feet of water. Nevertheless, Malarack Hartford, who from the shore, had witnessed the latter part of the incident, jumped into somebody's boat and pulled frantically for the scene of disturbance. He first made sure that Penelope was not hurt and then rowed over to Fred, who was busily engaged in wiping the water from his face and cursing himself heartily.

"Too bad, old man," said Malarack. "Jump into the boat and I'll take you to Penelope."

"No," said Fred, "I'm too wet. You take her ashore, old chap, and I'll be everlastingly obliged to you. I'll take your boat."

Malarack was not at all reluctant to make the change, and soon had Penelope on terra firma.

"Do let us walk under the trees," said Penelope. "So much has happened to me today that my nerves are quite on edge."

Malarack assented. As they strolled along, Malarack suddenly turned and said:

"Penelope, there is something I have wanted to say to you for a long while. I—"

"Wait!" cried Penelope, with sudden decision. "Sit down on that bench."

Malarack stared at her curiously and complied.

"You won't fall off, will you?" asked Penelope.

"I should hope not," said Malarack, looking at her in blank surprise.

"Please put this parasol over your shoulder," directed Penelope.

Malarack did so, eyeing her nervously.

"Have you any sand in your pockets?" she suddenly demanded.

"Penelope!" he began severely.

"There! It's all right now," said Penelope, sinking down beside him. Malarack, after all, was the one she would have chosen, she thought. "You were going to say?" she said softly.

"Eh? Oh, yes," replied Malarack. "I have been wanting to tell you, as an old friend, that you really powder your nose too heavily. Now, I hope—good heavens! Penelope, what ails you?"

Penelope had fainted.

Hungry World Calls for Much Foodstuff

Even if you are what is called a small eater the amount of food needed to keep you going for a year is considerable. In that period you will eat 120 pounds of meat and fish, 378 pounds of breadstuffs, including other grains such as rice and oatmeal, a similar amount of potatoes, vegetables, and fruit, besides some 20 pounds of butter and cheese, mustard, pepper, salt, and so on.

When you remember that there are some one thousand six hundred million people in the world, the amount of food required to feed them all is colossal. Yet a hundred million people produce it all. These plow and cultivate fields, orchards, and gardens, reap or gather their crops, milk the cows, make the butter and cheese, and catch the fish.

The case may be cited of one American family consisting of a father, his four sons, a nephew, and a son-in-law. They run a large farm in South Dakota. In 1924 these seven men produced, by their own labor, 20,000 bushels of wheat, besides keeping and feeding nearly one hundred head of cattle.

The record of fishermen is even more wonderful than that of farmers. Europe and the United States between them require more than five million tons of fish yearly, while the total number of men employed in the fisheries of these countries is under a million. So each man is responsible for catching five tons of fish yearly.

All He Ever Called Her

In certain parts of rural England it is uncommon for a man to address his wife by her baptismal name, in illustration of which Thomas Hardy, the novelist, told the following story: An elderly farmer called in a lawyer and explained that he wished to make his will. The lawyer took out his fountain pen, and prepared to receive his client's instructions. "I'll leave all my brass to my wife," the farmer said. "We've been married 30 years."

"What's your wife's Christian name?" asked the lawyer, making a note of the bequest. The farmer scratched his head, thought hard for several seconds, and finally said that he couldn't remember. The lawyer thought of a plan that would spur his memory. "Walk to the door," he suggested, "and shout upstairs as if you were calling her." The farmer did, and shouted, "Missus."

Possibly Correct

A non-commissioned officer was instructing a squad of recruits in the use of the rifle.

"Now, Private Struphy," he said, turning to a strapping young man, "Supposing I was standing a thousand yards away, over by that farm building, and a party of infantry were firing at me from here, while you were in between us, what would happen to you?"

"Why, sergeant," replied the recruit, "the bullets would pass over my head."

"Quite right; and what would happen to me?" asked the sergeant.

"I scarcely know," said Struphy, with a grin. "But I expect you would be dodging round the house."—London Answers.

IN ANY SEASON

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MY MOTHER'S mother had a way of saying things that others say. But saying them a whole lot better. I never saw her write a letter. I never heard her make a speech. I never heard her really preach. And yet she said, well I remember: "The flowers are never out of reach. I've found them even in December."

She looked for flowers all the year. And always found the flowers here. When others thought the summer over.

It's easy in the time of clover To find the blossoms by the wall; But, when the leaves began to fall, Perhaps with drifting snow around them,

She looked for flowers, after all. And mother's mother always found them.

She found them even in her grief. Yes, she would lift some fallen leaf. And find some bud forever starting. Some comfort in the hour of parting. In every trouble she would find Some reason for content of mind;

Yes, even in the darkness groping. When hearts we're sore, and eyes were blind, She always found some cause for hoping.

Her back was bent, her hair was gray, Yet mother's mother had a way Of always looking for the roses; And there are more than man supposes.

It all has helped me quite a lot. Not only June, but June or not—I've always tried to find a reason. However cold the weather got, For being glad in any season.

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AN ABBREVIATED STORY

THE SPORT

"MR. TWILLER SCRATCH?" asked Verna Binnion.

"The same," said Twiller Scratch.

"Oh, I'm so glad to find you in! Our girls are getting up a fund to teach foreign children in America their native language, so they can talk to their fathers and mothers in case the parents can't speak English, and if you would care to—"

"Delighted!" said Twiller Scratch heartily. And he made out a check for \$50.

"The boss cert'n'y is a sport," the stenographer murmured admiringly to the bookkeeper.

During the next two hours Twiller Scratch bought a set of books entitled, "Eighty Thousand Selected Chinese, Siamese and Portuguese Proverbs," for \$9 from a book peddler because the poor devil looked so hard up, subscribed \$20 to a fund for sending overshoes to the Dago savages in Africa, and gave the office boy \$10 for his birthday.

Then he went to lunch with Fred Osprey and insisted on paying the whole check, which came to \$8.

"Twiller, you're a sport and everybody knows it," said Osprey as he patted him on the back.

"Not a-tail, not a-tail," said Scratch modestly, as he dropped a dollar bill into a burly beggar's overflowing tin cup.

And in the course of the afternoon he loaned Artie Slater \$30 and gave a messenger boy a \$2 tip.

That evening after dinner his wife said timidly, "Twiller, everything for the table's so high, and I've run a little short of money."

"Money! Money! Money!" snapped Scratch. "Didn't I just hand you a whole five-dollar bill the day before yesterday?"

And he dodged behind the evening paper and didn't come out again till his wife had gone to bed.

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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

The young lady across the way says she doesn't suppose smoking hurts you so much if you don't exhale.

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International Bridges
 Under the treaty between the United States and Mexico the old bed of the Rio Grande river remains the boundary. Below El Paso about 13,000 acres of American territory has been cut to the south of the Rio Grande, and the river runs for about 20 miles in the United States. There are three bridges on what is known as "San Elizario island"—Lee Moor bridge, Fabens bridge and Torrallo bridge.

More Sweets, Less Sentiment.
 Father (looking over bills)—Hello! Five dollars for a box of candy that boy of ours sent to his sweetheart. Good heavens, Jane, how things have changed since we were young. In those days all a young fellow had to do was to hand her a lozenge with "I love you" stamped upon it.—Boston Transcript.

To Clean Matting.
 To clean matting on which grease or oil has been spilled spread thickly on the spot a paste of fuller's earth and water. When this dries put a paper over it and let it stand for a few days. Then brush off with dry fuller's earth and the stain will disappear.

Ambrosia?
 Mrs. S. was instructing the new maid about dinner before leaving for the afternoon. After enumerating the various viands, she added, "and we shall have ambrosia for dessert." The maid looked puzzled for an instant, then said: "Ambrosia! Who's she?"

Queer Dishes
 At a luncheon given recently in London many strange edibles appeared on the menu, among them being goose stewed in honey, chicken stuffed with pistachio nuts and dates and served with honey sauce and cherries, and pigeons stuffed with cherries.

Boston's Original Name.
 The English name first given to Boston was Trimountain, which was changed to the present one at a town meeting of the early settlers who gathered at Charles town, across the river, on September 7, 1630.

Flattery's Value.
 Flattery is the art of making others believe you are interested in them, when in reality they make you weary. —Klod Hans (Copenhagen).

A Test of Blood Pressure.
 Another good test of blood pressure is to watch a man being liberal with the money he owes you.—Flint Journal.

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Bedroom Moldings.

When the bedroom ceiling is too high, making it a cold and uninviting room, it is a good plan to carry the ceiling color down the walls all around as far as the tops of the window casings, forming a "canopy" which can be separated from the wall with a molding or a simple line of color.

Considerate.

"Why is it that confounded new maid never answer when we ring the bell?" "I don't think we'd better be too exacting at first, Horace. The girl tells me she used to be employed at a telephone exchange."

An Example.

A philosopher says he never heard a generalization about women that was not a lie. How about this one?—Providence Journal.

How Kind!

Landlady (to boarder who has been