A Voice That Wants to Reach Thin, Pale, Nervous Women



Salem.—Mrs. W. H. Martin of 1930 W. Liberty St., says: "I had become all run down in health caused by over-work and worry. I grew thin and pale, was nervous, weak, had very little blood and it was thin and impoverished. I got so weak 1 could scarcely walk. Finally I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it not only restored my blood condition but also built me up all over. I never knew there was a medicine that would build up a person's health so quickly and so permanently as does the Golden Medi-cal Discovery." The into any drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in tablets or liquid; or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalid's Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg. of tablets.

"Divine Rights"

George F. Baer was known as Divine Rights Baer because of a statement in which he is alleged to have said: "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for--not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country."

Her Ambition

I know a very nice woman, and what do you think her greatest ambition in? I have heard her say this is it. In her town lives a man named Tuttle, who thinks he is very good looking, and this nice woman longs to approach him, and say: "Tut. I don't think you are so d-n good looking." -E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Alaskan Schools

There are schools for white children and for native children in Alaska. Schools for white children are under the territorial board of education, while schools for the natives are under the direction of the bureau of education, and these schools are conducted for the benefit of adults as well as for children.

Ended Enforced Servitude

The habit of sending people to America to be made indentured servants was discontinued at the time of the American revolution. The habit of sending maidens to become the wives of colonists was discontinued the latter part of the seventeenth century or the early eighteenth.

Honor Accorded Indian

A Hatteras Indian named Manteo,



TRIFLES make history. The merest nothing may be sufficient to change maps, dynastles, gov-

ernments. An adder dreached a field in blood. A thirty-years' war was waged over a glass of water. An empire was lost for lack of a riding habit. A little wren saved an army from destruction. A city was de stroyed by silence. Rome was saved by some cackling geese. The City of Mexico stands where it does today on account of an eagle and a serpent. Mohammed's life was preserved by a spider.

It may be said, then, that a wise man does not overlook trifles. In an-other sense, he knows nothing of trifles, for everything is of importance. A finke of dust can blind a man as easily as a sledge hammer. The insig-nificant mosquito in his small buzzing way is as deadly as the cobra. All of which is by way of preamble to the piffling triffe that lost for Grogan the world's championship,

.

Partisans of Weasel Slavin, now champion, will tell you jubliantly that a left to the ear knocked out Grogan, the Kansas Cyclone. Adherents of the Cyclone will tell you almost with tears in their eyes that Grogan got his through a yellow streak. Neither view is correct. Appearances are deceltful. The hand is quicker than the eye. Things that show on the surface are sometimes not there at all. Slavin did put Grogan to sleep, but the Cyclone let him. Grogan did show a yellow streak all wool and a yard wide, apparently. But there was no real knock-out and no real yellow streak. Grogan fears neither man nor woman, God nor devil. What laid Grogan on the mat was the paltriest trifle. It did not bubble to the surface at all. Let us search among the hidden and unrevealed events that really constitute history and we shall know what knocked out Grogan.

. . • We shall now dive into the sea of psychology. We shall fish up Pat Mc-Coy, the Weasel's manager, a little red haired, blue-eyed son-of-a-gun; as sly as a fox, as slippery as an eel, as smooth as your favorite brand packed into your pipe, and as crooked as-well, as some aldermen-there is no better simile. Pat is out for the cush. and he doesn't care how he gets it. The word psychology is unknown to his vocabulary, but he is some psychologist. However, I would not advise you to intimate to McCoy that he is such a thing. He would think you were calling him names, and that is a trifle he never overlooks.

Let us now stand aside and let Pat prove our assertions. We shall "listen in" on a little conversation that he had with the Wensel a month or so before the fight. We shall find them both at the Weasel's training quarters. We behold the gym, a long, low, narrow room, bare of everything but punching bags and other fight paraphernalis, and a bench or so along the wall. Enter McCoy, who for some moments appraises with his keen little eyes Slavin's onslaught on the punching bag.

"I tell you, Wensel," he begins, as that athlete pauses for a moment's mouth of every Businegro path in "we gotta get his goat." "He sin't got none," the Wessel re-torts. "It 'ud be better t' fix it."

aggressive air, and uncovered, a blow from Murphy fells him to the floor. The spectators are astonished. Few of them have noticed the cause of Grogan's discomforture. I did. A good reporter has to see, even if he is not permitted to record everything. That is, perhaps, the reason why I have ferreted out the story of Grogan's defeat. It may also explain the reason why I cleaned up enough money on the fight to retire from paperdom. We shall let Slinky again speak

for himself to McCoy. "Sure," he is saying, "Twosscinch. I've lifted his goat. Wantta see the

beast?" and he places a small, green object in McCoy's outstretched hand.

Twenty-two rounds of the Grogan-Slavin fight were a classic-a pugil latic drama. Never in the history of the ring had there been such a battle. It was a whiriwind of quick action, Grogan, the Kansas Cyclone, 198 pounds stripped, lean and slnewy, in perfect fighting trim, was at his best. Slavin, twelve pounds lighter, well deserved his nickname. He was, perhaps, the speedlest performer ever admitted to the roped arena,

The first six rounds were more or less of a skirmish, each gunging the other. In the seventh, Grogan took the aggressive. All that saved Weasel in the fifteenth was his agility; in the eighteenth, the gong. From then on to the twenty-third I have never seen such an exhibition of gameness, Slavin was almost literally battered to a pulp. On that twenty-second round the referee had reached the count of nine when the gong sounded.

The gong clanged again and the cyclone rushed like a whirtwind to meet his opponent, who groggily reeled from his corner. A gasp ran through the crowd-they were keyed for the knockout. Then just before they encountered, the Cyclone fizzled to a gentle zephyr. He seemed to be in a daze and a look of fear crept into his face. There were the thumps of two blows delivered so rapidly that they sounded almost as one. The weasel had hurled his right into Grogan's solar-plexus, and deposited his left on the base of Grogan's right ear. Grogan dropped like a log and remained uninterested in the subsequent proceedings long after he had been counted out.

A sigh stirred the house, and then pandemonium reigned. Cheers and hisses and groans, shouts of triumph and of anger were confusedly intermingled. Grogan had unexpectedly developed a yellow streak. There were not a few who loudly proclaimed it a frame-up! A rlot was averted only by the sudden appearance of the police in force—their timely entrance giving color to the charge. The crowd dispersed sullenly. Such was the fight as it went down in history.

What really happened in that twenty-third round was this: When the Weasel had retired to his corner at the end of the twenty-second, he whispered into McCoy's car. "Get his goat. I'm all in." So, when at the tap of the gong, the Cyclone advanced, a veritable whiriwind, McCoy and I, alone of the thousands of spectators. watched a toad-a common, ordinary, garden variety of hop-toad, hopping toward Grogan. Grogan saw it, and that was enough. It was Grogan's goat-the one thing between earth and sky that the Cyclone feared.

Palm Branch Guards

Villages in Guiana An asung-pau-a barrier against bad phantoms - hangs across the

interior



I would think she was crying and then Pennsylvania. I would buy her a new hat or dress," was the testimony of a man in court in London, England, in answer to his wife's divorce suit charging him with excellent corn-growing land in Yorkneglect.

am past twenty-one, but not past A young man has written a correct spanking, and if I lit one of those dress department to ask what kind things in our flat. I know what would of hat a bridegroom should wear on happen to me, although I would not his honeymoon. If the young man inbe in a position to see it. We still tends to wear it afterward also, any put all the dinner on the table at one time and say grace, so I would hardly hat three sizes too small at the time of the wedding will do. - Arkansas

be expected to smoke. "As the lady said, when her daugh- Gazette. The world is a playground for those who are healthy. Nature knows the way

England Losing Land

the sea since the writing of Domesday

book

It is said that 160 square miles of

shire. England, has been washed into

they smoke. Youngsters imitate their parents from the time they play house, and dress up in their parents' "I come from a family where father still drinks his coffee out of a mustache cup. "My mother is religious, too, and

Normalcy in Headgear.

who was a faithful friend of the whites and was taken on a visit to England, was given the rite of Christian baptiam and the order of a feudal baron as Lord of Roanoke August 31, 1587.

Judicial Robe at \$2,000

The magnificent robes of black satin damask, heavily embroidered with gold thread, which legal etiquette compels the higher judicial officials in England to wear on state occasions, now cost nearly \$2,000 apiece.

Charge It, Please

Osteopathy means "the science of the correct manipulation of the bones." Think of the edge an osteo path has on the rest of us when the baby needs a new pair of shoes.

Knew What He Meant

This telegram was received by the bride of a civil engineer who took only winter flannels to the tropics with him: "S. O. S. B. V. D. C. O. D. P. D. Q."

Jewels for Watches

The best grade jewels used as bear ings in watches are made of sapphires or rubies.

Glory in Goodness

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good .--Michelet.

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No. 22, 1928

P. N. U.

"Fix h-1!" McCoy snorts. "Morgan an' Rockyfeller t'gether ain't got rocks enough t' frame up nuthing with that bunch. Two honest guys is the Cyclone an' his manager. Fools, I call Why, Grogan'd knock out his 'em. own grandmother if she'd be fool enough t' step int' the ring sgin him." "Then you'd better spread our dough on the Cyclone. I kin lay down if the

fron boys talk." "You make a noise like a book. I

don't want no short-end bets. We gotta get his goat."

"Fergit it. The Cyclone don't keep none o' them little pets."

"Sure, he does," McCoy comes back. "There never was a guy that didn't have a goat. Touch me in the ribs an' I'm ready t' quit. Some's afraid o' anakes, some o' mice, an' a fuzzy longlegged spider is the answer to one championship I knows of. Sure he's got a goat."

Which remark proves McCoy to be a psychologist.

An hour or so later we find McCoy holding earnest converse with one Slinky Grimes over a small table and a glass of root beer.

"Sure," Slinky is saying, "it's a pipe, I got pals in the Cyclone's outfit, an' if he's got a goat, I'll get it. If none o' them guys are hep, I'll find out myself. There's a bunch o' com-ons al-lus buttin' in, tryin' t' get a line on the champ's form. I'll be one o' them meself, an' if there's anything in this goat biz, I'll sure cage the animal."

Let us now invade the champion's training quarters. The room is very similar to that in which we found Slavin, A group of newspaper men and fight fans are eagerly watching the morning's work. The Cyclone is having a bout with Tim Murphy, one of his sparring partners. The blows fall thick and fast on Tim's chest and shoulders and head. He seems unable to elude the Cyclone's scientifically delivered punches. Suddenly the champion starts and stares, a look servitude, and the blushing bride w of fright displaces his confident and relegated to prison for six months.

of Surinam Gulana.

The utility of the thing is important, its form simple. An asung-pan is nothing but a long paim branch with hanging leaves supported across the way by two long forked sticks stuck in the ground at either extremity. To go up the path toward the village that hides up the rise of land, one must walk through and under the asung-pau, letting its rattling fronds brush against the face. A stranger who attempts to make his way around the end of the barrier is loudly called back and made to walk straight through, legitimately,

The theory, based on actual experience, is that no one who comes to the town on an unholy mission will venture bodily through the asungpau. Fear of the avenging fetish that protects the path will prevent. The same rule that applies to the living affects the dead. Good spirits can march through the palm barrier. Bad phantoms cannot.

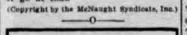
The Bushnegroes believe that the physical strength of the evil dead is so inferior to the vigor of the good that the branch which deters the one will present no obstacle to the other. Thus is the asung-pau doubly effec-tive.-John W. Vandercook in Harper's Magazine.

Married and Imprisoned

A marriage was celebrated at a sea port in Wales about fifty years ago under singular circumstances. The bridegroom was a returned convict, and was one of the prisoners sent for trial at the assizes for theft. The bride had joined him in his thieving enterprise, and was waiting to be tried. In the morning the happy pair were escorted by the police to the Roman Catholic chapel, where, in accordance with a judge's order, they were made man and wife; and immediately afterwards they were arraigned before Lord Coleridge in the Assizes court, and convicted of the crime laid to their charge. The man was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and the blushing bride was

well, it is mighty to raise a daughter, but most of us imitate our mothers and make a few improvements on the model, and let It go at that.

clothes to do it.



her children are all hand-spanked. I



WORLD-HER HUSBAND

F OB three days and nights Pied-Chapter L I mont Spray was all action, force-fulness and enthusiasm, not to say pep.

The idea had come to him to re furbish his fishing tackle, to make it gleam like new and shine like the deuce, and every spare second and every loose moment he was shining. painting, nickeling, scraping and polishing.

He arose at five in the morning to get in a few extra rubs before breakfast. He hurried home from the of fice to shine and scrub before supper and after supper he stayed up scour ing and painting till the small hours of the morning.

Chapter IL

"Pledmont," said Mrs. Spray timidly, "I wonder if you'd mind fixing the kitchen shade for me? I'm sure it wouldn't take you more than a minute, or an hour at the most." Pledmont Spray drew himself up to his full height and expansion, and his eyes blazed with honest indignation. "I'm a business man-not a carpenter or a mechanic," he withered When I come home for peace and quietness, thoroughly exhausted by the day's toll-by what am I greeted By a soothing and comforting sym pathy? No! By a cold-blooded de mand that I spend the night hopping on and off kitchen tables. No, madam, by the Lord Harry, no! !"

(C by George Matthew Adams.)

Deep and Hot

Pagusa springs, in Colorado, the largest of like temperature in the world, have been fathomed to a depth of \$50 feet and bottom never reached. The temperature of the water is 155

degrees Fahrenheit.

Giving Himself Away

Honesty that needs to be labeled is of a somewhat doubtful variety, and the man who is continually asserting that he is "as good as anybody" is thereby acknowledging his secret misgivings.

Moosehead Lake

Moosehead lake, in Maine, is one of the largest bodies of fresh water entirely within the borders of any state in the United States.

Much Discussed, at Least

While the younger generation may not be going to the dogs, it is beyond question a bone of contention .-- Harrisburg Telegraph.

Not Penn's Idea

The plan to pay the Indians for land taken by the Quakers did not originate with Penn, but with the bishop of London.

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