

SENDING IN HIS RESIGNATION

By GLADE EVANS

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MR. W. CLARENCE DICK had attained the morning of his fiftieth birthday without achieving his life's ambition, but he had reason to feel that his fulfillment was near.

Mr. Dick was, and had been for twenty-five years, chief clerk in the offices of Meecham & Barton, general agents, insurance and loans. Each year of those twenty Mr. Dick had hoped and believed would see his elevation to the position of office manager, and each year had seen the promotion of an older or a younger, a more aggressive or a more experienced, a more imposing-looking or a more prominently connected man. Mr. Dick had not been without his successes. He had married the good little girl he loved, and between them they had brought up another good little girl, even prettier and more accomplished than her mother had been; he had paid for a neat little home in a respectable suburb; he had acquired by dint of close saving enough absolutely riskless mortgages to provide a meager income for those years which are called "declining" and he had earned several diplomas in home study courses in salesmanship, insurance and banking, accounting, business law, and similar branches.

Nevertheless, these things were as nothing in the eyes of W. Clarence Dick, because his whole being was immersed in the affairs of Meecham & Barton, and his whole desire was centered upon the promotion to the management.

He sometimes pictured himself seated at the flat-top desk facing the entire office force, with the black glass sign hanging upon the plain wall behind him, neatly lettered in gold, "Office Manager."

Today, he felt, would bring about the realization of his dream. Todd, manager for the past two years, was leaving for a bigger post in another firm. There was absolutely no one save himself in the least qualified to fill the vacancy. He had nervously been aware that Mr. Meecham, whenever he passed through the office, was regarding him with a kind of fixed and speculative scrutiny. And Wyckham, the young head bookkeeper, who usually had the inside dope on promotions before they came about, had been unusually attentive to him of late and several times had addressed to him half-embarrassed, laughing hints of something. Mr. Dick had even begun to pack the neat contents of his desk in anticipation of the move to the desk across the aisle. "Mr. W. Clarence Dick, office manager," he said to himself, and the thought made a thin tide of color sweep over his small face.

A stir near the door where customers entered, and a general turning of stenographers' heads, made the chief clerk glance up from the work on his desk. He saw his daughter, Gayle, trimly clad in her dark blue street suit, a small edition of herself made charming by the transition to the feminine, just coming shyly into the office. She did not at once approach her father, however; Mr. Dick saw that she paused by the head bookkeeper's desk as Wyckham jumped to his feet and upset a heavy glass inkwell. Ordinarily such an occurrence would have exasperated the chief clerk; now, with eyes from which the scales seemed to have fallen, he saw that Wyckham's ears were dully red and that Gayle had a poised air of arrested motion, as of a wood nymph, half staying, half ready for flight, and that Wyckham leaned toward her in earnest, low-voiced conversation, which, however, seemed punctuated at every sentence with a nervous laugh from each of them. Why, Mr. Dick asked himself, should such things be in an insurance office?

The father rose from his seat and advanced to frustrate this transparent conversation. The daughter of an office manager should look higher than a mere bookkeeper, especially one who made a spectacle of himself before the whole office force. He was amazed to see how lovely she had become, as she turned, laughing and blushing, to meet him. She wanted money, she said teasingly, for some little shopping expedition; and Wyckham looked as though, had she addressed the request to him, he would have opened forthwith the company's safe and emptied it into her arms.

When Mr. Dick had disposed of his daughter he returned to his desk, but not to accomplish much work. He was growing increasingly nervous in expectation of the summons to the private office. His hands trembled so that he could not make his signature with the usual firm flourish above the typewritten words "Chief Clerk."

He saw Mr. Meecham's office boy come out and his heart leaped. But the boy went down to Wyckham's desk. Ah, he would be next, after the bookkeeper's report! Wyckham got some papers out of the safe and strode unconcernedly after the boy into the awful inner sanctum.

Ten minutes passed, fifteen, half an hour! They were consulting a long time with the bookkeeper. Mr. Dick felt his tongue sticking to the very roof of his mouth. He got up and took a drink of water from the office cooler. Then he fancied two of the stenographers were watching him. He decided that he would take some pa-

pers into the private office. Perhaps he might overhear a word or two in passing. He selected several of the more important of the papers destined for Mr. Meecham's personal attention, his eyes scarcely able to decipher the titles upon them, and with them in his hand turned into the little corridor that led off from the main office to the two private offices of Meecham & Barton.

With his hand on the doorknob, he paused, almost unconsciously. Mr. Meecham, inside, was speaking rapidly and decisively, but he could not distinguish the words. He heard distinctly, however, Wyckham's slower response, a moment later: "It's understood that I'm to be office manager, then, and have a free hand in the matter of policy, Mr. Meecham?"

Mr. Dick got back to his desk somewhat. He felt that his legs had turned to rubber. But after he had sat awhile staring at the letter he had instinctively spread upon the desk, a cold numbness, an iron rigidity seemed to settle upon him. This was the end. That this untold whippersnapper, this Wyckham, should be given the promotion over his head! The fellow probably would ask to marry Gayle, and he, Dick, would be left to work under his own son-in-law. It was too much. He resolved that he would resign. To give up the business to which his life was welded would be better than to suffer this humiliation.

As soon as Wyckham came out, walking jauntily and looking so pleased that anyone would have felt like congratulating him, except poor, disappointed Mr. Dick, the latter rose steadily and, his face set, walked into Mr. Meecham's room.

Mr. Meecham, his hat on his head, was in the act of getting into his overcoat.

"A few papers for you, Mr. Meecham," said Mr. Dick, in his deep voice, so oddly at variance with his neat little person. Then he cleared his throat which seemed to be closing on him. "I have a rather painful duty to perform, Mr. Meecham—painful, that is, in one way, and—er—of course, pleasurable in another."

Mr. Meecham glanced at his watch. His clerk's halting, labored style of speech was so characteristic that he did not catch the nervous tension underneath it on this occasion. He fought shy of the usual long-winded conference.

"Afraid I'll have to ask you to wait until I get back, Dick," he interrupted, moving toward the door. "I'm late for my appointment. Just put the papers on the desk; I'll look at them after lunch. And close the desk. See you at two o'clock, Dick."

Mr. Dick, left alone, felt that his chin was trembling in an unmanly way. They esteemed him so lightly as this! Suddenly he sat down in the boss' chair and drew a sheet of company paper toward him. He would get it over anyway, while he had the grit to go through with it. He dipped pen in ink and wrote rapidly:

"Dear Mr. Meecham—Today is my fiftieth birthday, and I long ago made up my mind that on that occasion I would quit work and begin to enjoy life to the fullest. I feel that there is a side of life which is never tested by the man who is continually immersed in business cares. Therefore, I—"

The composition of his resignation was interrupted by Wyckham, who burst into the room exclaiming, "I saw the big boss go out. Well, how are you feeling now? No one could be more pleased than I, Mr. Dick."

"To what are you referring?" inquired Mr. Dick with icy dignity, nervously pushing his letter out of sight.

"Why, to your promotion to office manager, of course," returned Wyckham, leaning expansively against the wall and looking down upon Mr. Dick with beaming fellowship. "I'm just as glad as I am about my own good luck. I don't suppose you know it, sir, but they're giving me the management of the new branch at Philadelphia, next month."

Keep Surplus Wealth in Form of Jewelry

It is hardly fair to remark that the native Egyptian woman has no public amusements. Certainly she has one pleasure, namely, the diversion of wearing jewelry. To her jewelry represents the ultimate power of applied wealth. There are more jewelry shops in Cairo than in any other city of its size in the world.

There are reasons outside of vanity why popular taste runs to jewelry. The Mohammedan law forbids lending money at interest. The countryman is suspicious of banks. There are no industrial undertakings to attract investment. Consequently, savings are either buried in the earth or invested in jewelry.

Land has always been favored for investment, but the price of agricultural lands has now been bid up above sound investment levels.

It is not uncommon to find an Egyptian helress carrying her entire fortune displayed in the form of anklets, bracelets, and of rich festoons which, when strung from neck and shoulder, descend in opulent strings upon the person. The poorer country woman, of course, must content herself with imitation stuff.—Alfred Fenner Dennis in the National Geographic Magazine.

Repudiated Theory

"So you deny that a chimpanzee was your ancestor?"

"So far as I am personally concerned," answered Senator Sorghum, "I do. No creature that couldn't talk could possibly have been the ancestor of a politician in my state."—Washington Star.

POULTRY

HIGH COST OF HATCHING EGGS

It costs \$1.06 to raise a leghorn chicken from the time the egg is set until the bird is six months of age. This was revealed by the class in poultry management, conducted by Prof. L. F. Payne, head of the poultry department at the Kansas State Agricultural college. The class recently completed a problem on the cost of hatching eggs and rearing the pullets to maturity.

The cost for hatching 100 chicks was based on the following items: Eggs at \$5 a hundred, fuel at 45 cents, labor at 63 cents, interest on investment in incubator at 95 cents, depreciation 95 cents, tax 26 cents, making a total of \$10.27. The cost for running the machine for three hatches was figured at approximately 10 cents for each chick.

The cost for brooding and rearing from the time the chickens were hatched to six months of age includes interest, depreciation and tax on the houses, brooders, drinking fountains, fencing, feeding hoppers, supply hoppers, self-feeders, and also such items as straw, fuel and labor at 25 cents an hour, total \$54.68 for 100 chickens.

Feed consumed by the 100 chickens until they were six months of age amounted to 2,215 pounds of grain and mash, and 1,706 pounds of milk. The food cost of the chicks for the first 12 weeks was 20 cents a chick, and for the last 12 weeks it was 41 cents. This brought the total feed cost of 61 cents for each chick and \$1.25 for the entire expense account of each of the chicks from the time the eggs were set to maturity of the chicks at six months of age. Deducting from this the income from the broilers and cull pullets, the total cost for each pullet matured was \$1.06.

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Feather Eating Caused by Idleness and Feeds

Feather eating is often caused by idleness and lack of something in the ration which the birds crave. Overcrowding in a small poultry house brings the birds in close contact with each other and may start the habit. One of the best remedies is to turn the hens out on range, where they will separate and become interested in other things.

One poultryman reports that feeding a little raw ground bone each day seems to satisfy the bird's appetite and they stopped picking at each other. Feed a balanced laying mash and plenty of green feed. Scatter the scratch grain in straw litter so the hens will keep busy. If only a few hens have the habit a short observation of the flock may locate the offenders and they can be isolated.

Clean Poultry Quarters Necessary for Success

Thorough cleaning of the poultry house every few days is absolutely necessary if the flock is to be kept free from disease. Not only infections but lice and mites develop under unsanitary conditions.

Cleanliness means not only a general sweeping out, but it means cleansing with boiling lye water and it means painting the inside of the building with a good disinfectant paint which will serve the double purpose of improving the appearance as well as making it sanitary.

Unless you are willing to keep the poultry quarters clean and sanitary you cannot hope to have very much success except by accident.

Sour Milk Is Best

Sweet milk is not advised in the chick's ration. Chicks do not handle the milk sugar to the best advantage, and changes from sweet to sour milk cause digestive disorders and should be carefully avoided at all times. As it is difficult to keep sweet milk from souring in the fountains near the warm brooder stoves, it is best to give only sour milk, or buttermilk, to chicks. The lactic acid in the sour milk seems to help in retarding bowel trouble and keeps chicks healthy and growing.

Green Ducks for Market

There are two sources of income from ducks—the sale of green ducks at the age of about ten weeks, and of eggs, both for hatching and commercial purposes. Ducklings grow rapidly and they can be made to reach practically their full growth at ten to twelve weeks. This means a very intensive feeding program. Those who keep a small farm flock will find it profitable to separate those which are to be forced for market and keep them in a separate pen.

Remedy for Leg Weakness

Leg weakness is not a disease but is usually a condition brought about by faulty feeding and lack of sunlight. The feeding of cod liver oil or the exposure of the growing chick to direct sunlight will usually prevent this trouble. Cod liver oil when fed to growing chicks, should be fed at the rate of about 4 per cent of the total ration, and there is very little danger of overfeeding cod liver oil. Many start feeding it when the chicks are two or three days old.

FARM STOCK

BALANCED RATION FOR FARM WORK

A few years ago the cattle feeders in the corn belt were feeding to their stock practically nothing but corn. Corn was what they had, and they thought they could market it more profitably as beef than as grain. After a while some feeders began supplementing the corn with a feed containing a large percentage of protein, such as cottonseed meal, and found that by thus balancing the high carbohydrate ration with protein they were able to get larger gains in the weight of their cattle. Those who had plenty of corn on hand found it hard to put out cash for cottonseed meal, yet the more progressive feeders soon learned that such expenditures were profitable.

As all animals do best on a balanced ration, more and more attention is being paid to the materials that make up the ration. If the animals are kept in a feed lot, their ration can be balanced closely. If they are running on pasture and are being fed also in the lot it is more difficult to balance the ration. The best feed to supplement corn must be determined by the nature of the pasture. The most satisfactory results can be obtained only by carefully considering the pasture, the animals and the supplementary feed. A pasture may be so poor, however, that merely a glance at it is enough to show that it will afford very little substantial nutrition, and that cattle grazed on it should be supplied with feed in a balanced ration and in amounts sufficiently large to insure their growth. Another pasture may be so good that cattle grazed on it will need little if any supplementary feed if only fair growth is desired, although there is a limit to the capacity of the best pasture.

Corn Is Basis of Best Rations for All Swine

Corn is the basis of all of the best and cheapest rations for swine of all ages. For pregnant sows, a mixture of 50 pounds of corn, 45 pounds of oats, and 5 pounds of tankage makes a good combination. Corn and skim milk, equal parts by weight, is satisfactory. Corn and tankage, 9 parts corn to 1 part tankage, is often used. Sixty pounds of corn, 35 pounds of wheat shorts, and 5 pounds of tankage is another good mixture. Feed three times a day and all that the sows will clean up quickly. Before and after farrowing, bran should be added to the mixture.

Genius

"Self-love is a principle of action; but among no class of human beings has nature so profusely distributed this principle of life and action as through the whole sensitive family of genius.—Diarrell.

Phosphorus in Foods

Foods containing a high percentage of phosphorus are buttermilk, codfish, celery, spinach, lettuce, cauliflower, cottage cheese and asparagus.

Satan's Color

"I agree," said Brother Williams, "dat Satan ain't black ez he's painted, but he sho' is black nuff ter make de saints rush them white robes ter de steam laundry."—Atlanta Constitution.

Anticipatory Alibis

Is it a sign you are chicken-hearted to count on your excuses before they are hatched?

Many Left-Handed

Left-handedness occurs in about 9 per cent of human beings.

King's Death Warrant

The death warrant for Charles I is still preserved.

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According to Kabalists, the archangels are Michael, Gabriel, Haniel, Raphael, Camael, Zadkiel and Zaphkiel. They represent Might, Grace, Splendor, Saving Power, Zeal, Justice, and Mystery of God.

Uncle Eben
"When a man has loafed 15 or 20 days out of a month," said Uncle Eben, "I can't take no interest in his efforts to tell me dat de trusts is 'sponsible for his financial troubles.'"—Washington Star.

Evolution
Man is a living waterfall; so is a nation—preserving its identity, appearance, but constantly changing and losing its individual particles.—Draper

Listen to Conscience
Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity asks, Is it popular? But conscience asks, Is it right?—Punchon.

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