

Uncle James' Advice

By JANE OSBORN

Jim Douglas had been named for his maternal uncle, James Wallach. Moreover, it chanced that he had the same deep-set blue eyes and the straight strong line across the eyebrows that some one had once told Jim's mother indicated perseverance and ability to succeed.

Somehow Jim Douglas accepted this decision without demur, and when other members of his class in college were planning preparation for professions of one sort or another, Jim announced his determination to start out at once in business.

The day after his graduation he went to see Uncle James Wallach. "Get a job for yourself," the uncle told him. "I'd only be hindering you in the long run if I made a place here. Keep your mind on the important considerations—not on unimportant details. Let some other fellow do that. Get to the top of whatever business you decide to enter. Then when you are ready to start in for yourself come back to me and I'll lend you the capital—not because I am your uncle, but because when you get ready to go into business you'll be in a position to make money for yourself and me."

Jim thanked his uncle for his good advice. He had expected at least that he would ask him to luncheon—take him in as a junior partner in his own well-established business. At the threshold of the office James Wallach called the nephew back.

"Say, here's another bit of advice," he said. "No matter how little you get to start on, support yourself. Don't live at home, and don't let them lend you a sou, and save a third of what you make."

"But if I have to start on, say, \$15 a week," protested Nephew Jim. "Some of the fellows in my class are glad to get that for a start—"

"Save five dollar," commanded the uncle. "You can do it. Black your own boots, press your own pants, don't smoke. Limit yourself to thirty cents a day for luncheon. My limit was fifteen when I started."

As it happened James Douglas had just thirty-five cents in his pocket at that time, so it seemed rather imperative for him to begin the thirty-cent luncheon regime at once. Five cents would be necessary for car fare. There must be no tip—that meant a cafeteria of some sort. Inconvenient now, wasn't it, of Uncle Jim not to ask his nephew to luncheon when he might have known that recent commencement activities had left him high and dry as far as cash was concerned?

With the help of a classified telephone directory at a corner drug store Jim located a nearby cafeteria, operated, as he learned from a sign over the door, by a group of college girls who worked on a co-operative basis. It was quite apparent from the crowds assembled that these young women were making very large profits.

It was that day that Jim Douglas first looked into the eyes of Kate Hudson, neatly capped and aproned, standing behind the steam table, scooping out "Spanish rice" from a flat baking dish with a large iron spoon. Jim had studied the menu posted on the wall with some care and had determined on "Spanish rice," for the simple reason that "Ic" was written down beside it. He could get a piece of yesterday's pie for ten and a cup of coffee for five more.

Jim noticed Kate because she looked pretty standing there with flushed cheeks, wearing the all-enveloping cap that left you wondering whether red hair or chestnut hair or golden hair went with those deep gray eyes and that fair, transparent skin. Then he seemed fascinated by the way the girl wielded the spoon. She seemed so expert about it—a back and forth motion in the baking pan that gave you the impression that she was being very generous, then over to the plate and down with the rice, with a little spreading motion of the spoon that might easily have deceived you into thinking that your plate was very full—if you did not realize how thin it was spread out.

It was very good, Jim was sure of that, but he decided that if he landed a job in that neighborhood and went to this cafeteria for luncheon—as he was quite sure he would—he'd try something besides rice. It left one with a very hungry feeling by mid-afternoon.

Jim did land a job that afternoon; it was imperative that he should if he was to follow out his uncle's instructions not to borrow and to support himself. He met a couple of classmates who were starting a businessmen's shopping bureau. Their

plan was to buy everything from a yacht to wastebasket for busy business men. Jim's two friends had sunk what little capital they had in the project but were willing to take on Jim at \$12 a week to start with. His job was to canvass business houses by way of advertising. "Three dollars saved—nine dollars to live on," said Jim. "Yes, I'll take you up. And when we're sure of our start I may have a financial backer for you."

For \$3 Jim managed to get a room and \$5 had to be spent for board. "Sit down here, please," she said, "and then we can talk."

When no one seemed to be looking Kate transferred a plate of creamed mushrooms and a fruit salad from her own tray to Jim's.

"We're allowed 80 cents worth every day—that goes with our salaries," the girl explained. "I took more than I wanted. Perhaps you'd like it." Kate had noticed that Jim invariably limited himself to 90 cents.

That seemed to break the ice. Then Jim found excuse to mention his college and his class. He also mentioned his business ambition and then the rules laid down by his uncle.

"So until I get started," laughed Jim. "I can't go to a show or a dance or take a taxi or play golf or even buy a new necktie. The worst of the whole business, though, is that rule for a 90-cent lunch limit. Gosh, but a fellow gets hungry sometimes, and you people give such little helpings. I used to think they were big, but it's just the way you help them out."

"Yes," laughed Kate, "we get rather expert. But you see, we began by giving big helpings and we didn't make a profit. Would you believe it that just by cutting down each portion just a little bit we are able to jump from no profits to a big gain every week? That is the real secret of our success—good cooking and small portions."

"I want to start another branch uptown. We could make it go, but we want capital."

Jim said nothing, but took time that afternoon to call on his uncle, told him Kate's story and asked him to invest. There was an interview between Uncle Jim and Kate the next day, and before a week was out Uncle Jim had given the requisite amount of capital for the starting of the new undertaking.

Then he sent for his nephew. "See here," he asked, "why did you let me in on that deal? That's not your business. I wasn't helping you out, was I?"

"No," said James. "I just thought it was a good chance for any one with capital to invest. I didn't have any capital of my own, so I thought I'd give you a chance."

"You've got more sense than I thought," replied the uncle. "Cut out this shopping agency stunt of yours. You might make a go of it sometime, but you can make more of a go working for me. I want a bright young man like you to keep an eye on my investments. In a few weeks you can get the run of the thing. I'll give you \$20 a week—live on twenty and save ten—with a commission on all increased earnings. There's your incentive to hustle."

"Just one thing more. That Miss Hudson is a fine girl. She likes you a lot. Lose no time in asking her to be your wife. She'll accept."

Jim did as he was told—with all eagerness—and his uncle's prophecies came true.

Qualities of Friendship. Friendship, like love, has its tragic side, but the tragedy is sometimes quite unavoidable, and no one is to blame. The pleasant evenings, the impulsive exchange of confidences and recital of the day's doings, come to an end, and one or other of the couple is drawn away into the sea of new interests. Disappointment, not bitterness, will be felt when good friends part, for the whole essence of good friendship must be that it remains spontaneous, and is bound with the links of unselfishness.

To preserve your friend's regard, be ever frank with him, and make yourself worthy of friendship's highest aims. For the rest, you are in the lap of the gods.—London Answers.

When the World Was Young. It was swampy around Denver 2,000,000 years ago, according to Prof. J. D. Figgins, director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History. The traveler who wants to hobnob with the monsters of long ago can do so in the City park collection in Denver, where the skeleton of an animal closely related to the present-day rhinoceros is on exhibition, one-half of it covered with an imitation hide.

Astrakhan Caviar. Astrakhan caviar, produced from the eggs of the myriad of fish that abound the Caspian sea, is known throughout the world. The most famous hotels in America are proud when Astrakhan caviar appears on the bill of fare. Its production is one of the important industries of the city of Astrakhan, at the mouth of the mighty Volga river.

Bell Got on His Nerves, Buys Church New One

Mitchell, D.—For more than twenty years in Quirk sat in his room and listened to the tiny church bell in Holy Family Catholic church ring for mass and peal for marriages. More than a third of a century the bell, which is scarcely more than a foot high, has done duty for the Catholics of Mitchell.

Its tone and its tune began to wear on the nerves of Quirk, a lonely

Never Condense Troubles. Troubles are best carried one at a time, each one as it comes. The smallest sticks gathered in an increasing bundle become too heavy to lift.

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hauler, whose home is a ramshackle structure, flly furnished and flly kept. He doesn't look the part, but Quirk, it is alleged, is worth more than \$100,000, and when the bell began to increase his nervousness there was, in his opinion, only one remedy. So Quirk bought the church a new bell.

Mexicans eat salt with oranges.

Merely a Popular Idea. There is no scientific basis for the statement that "It is always darkest before dawn." According to the United States weather bureau, there is not.

Red Cross BALD BIRE used for baby's clothes, will keep them sweet and snowy-white and worn out. Try it and see for yourself. At grocers.

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

BLAMING YOURSELF

IT IS always easy to find somebody to blame for your mistakes. You are probably misunderstood. Everybody is. You are probably a square peg in a round hole. So is every other unsuccessful person. Doubtless the world is blind to your talent. It was blind to Shakespeare's talent for many years. But Shakespeare died a rich and successful man.

The temptation to "pass the buck" is often almost irresistible. But yield to it till it becomes a habit and you might as well quit now. You will never get anywhere.

While most bicycle repairers in one large city were blaming the collapse of the bicycle boom for their hard luck, Wilbur and Orville Wright were at work on a vehicle that would as far surpass the bicycle as the eagle surpasses the tortoise.

They didn't blame anybody but themselves, and they blamed themselves severely when they made costly mistakes.

By and by they found a way to escape their own blame. Then they began to succeed.

In every office there are clerks that blame the boss for their lack of opportunity. They find an excuse for all their bad work, for the results of their idleness. And they are so busy finding excuses that they never have time to find the opportunities that are around them.

If you don't want other people to

criticize you, be your own critic. Don't be an easy one either. Make your own standard higher than your boss'. Give him a little more than he expects, or a great deal more than he expects and you will attract his attention. If you don't attract his attention except unfavorably, he'll begin to hunt for somebody who will. There are of course people who are abused as much as they think they are, but you can write on a postage stamp the names of all such persons if you were the boss. If it wouldn't do better work the next day. Nobody will be interested in your excuses or your "alibis." Everybody will be interested in what you really accomplish. You can get somewhere in the world if you try. But you'll have to try extremely hard, for there will be abundant competition. (Copyright by John Blake.)

SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

RESPONSIBILITY

NOT until you have arrived at a place of life where you can show willingness and ability to shoulder responsibility will you be in a position to keep step with the noble men and women who are moving steadily forward toward success.

You can never hope to get at the top by remaining at the bottom of the ladder in snails. Nor can you rise from the low level where the complaining masses are without first making sacrifices and fitting yourself for the ascent. There must be within you superior skill, which you know, as well as those above and below you know, cannot be acquired except by tireless diligence and continuous effort in the right direction.

To dare responsibility without being properly equipped, both mentally and physically, is to make a hazardous venture with all the fates arrayed against you. To lead others you must be qualified to find your own way when the dark comes and the storms rage. You are not fit to assume responsibility of any sort until you have mastered your own stubborn spirit, learned your lesson in patience, and practiced the principles set forth in the Golden Rule.

Your first test in leadership will prove the truth of these words, in spite of an egotism you may have, or of any fancied power of excellence.

Those who cannot accept orders from their superiors with becoming grace, who at every turn in their pathway

plunged headily dispute the right of authority, who openly show disrespect of law and order, the things which govern everything from atom to sphere, can never hope successfully to assume responsibility or rise from the common level.

If you will look into the causes of failure and discouragement, you will find that ignorance, false pride, obstinacy and selfishness were the fatal stumbling blocks. These are the things which ambitious men and women must do their utmost to avoid, otherwise their progress will be retarded and they will be forever barred from a seat among the world's leaders, who assume responsibilities seriously, conscious of their own frailties, but confident of their ability to hold steadfastly to the true course in all kinds of weather. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

It is easy to tell the toiler. How best he can carry his pack! But no one can raise a burden's weight until it has been on his back. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOT FRUIT DRINKS

THE hot fruit drinks, called soups by the Scandinavian people, are much more healthful than fruit cocktails, and better as an appetizer. A good fruit drink, even at the end of a

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —



You hate housekeeping? Does anyone laugh at your men friends because they like to do different things? You probably do your job better than you possibly could do housekeeping. It takes aptitude and knowledge for housekeeping, and you are wise to let some one do it for you, who does it well. Every one can't be perfect at house economy any more than everyone can be good bankers. You are wise to know your limitations and cling to the work you can do. Your home is better well run, than sloppily managed.

Your get-away here is: People don't laugh at men because all of them don't like shoe-clerking. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

meal, is much better than a cup of coffee. Apple Tea. Wash and cut one good-sized apple into quarters without paring it, then slice each quarter into four pieces. Pour one cupful of boiling water on the apple and let it set for two hours where it will be hot, but not cooking. Add a little sugar, orange or lemon juice and serve hot. Drink More Water. We need to make an effort to drink good, fresh water—at least two or three quarts daily—besides the fluid taken at meals. Physicians tell us if we drink enough water while eating reasonably of the right kind of food, we will be relieved of scatica, lumbago and constipation and a score of other ills. If we could

realize the necessity of plenty of water, the body being over three-fourths water in its composition, we would form the habit of frequent drinking of water. The skin, mucous membranes, kidneys and other organs need much water to function properly, and when it is denied them the body reels and we suffer all sorts of ills. The fruit juices prepared from grapes, raspberries, currants and other fruits are all most satisfying, and it is a wise housewife who provides them for her family.

Sliced Apple Tea. Prepare as above, adding six cloves, a small piece of candied ginger about the size of a walnut, thinly sliced, and let it stand for the two hours, serving it very hot. Add a little orange juice and a bit of sugar and you have a delightful hot drink. Take this same tea for a foundation for punch, adding strawberries, pineapple and orange juice, adding at the last a very little lemon juice and some charged water to give it zip.

Source of Pencil Supply. During my first year in high school, the son of my father's bookkeeper was my ardent admirer. Daily he brought me presents of new pencils. The affair progressed until I discovered that the pencils came indirectly from my father or via the bookkeeper father of the boy.—Chicago Journal.

RECALL



LITTLE HOP-SKIPPER

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LITTLE HOP-SKIPPER come in through the gate, Up through the garden and over the lawn;

Little Hop-Skipper is fearfully late— Over an hour of the morning is gone. There is so much for Hop-Skipper to do—

Roses to smell of, and berries to find, All of the orchard for wandering through, Acres or daisies a garland to wind.

Little Hop-Skipper goes skipping all day; Watching the swallows or wading the grass, Helping the fluffy, wee kitten to play—

Little Hop-Skipper's the busiest lass. But, when the shadows grow long by the wall,

When the gray twilight brings child-like alarms, Then comes the happiest moment of all—

Little Hop-Skipper creeps into my arms. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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