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POULTRY

Ducks Grow Quickly and Excel in Laying Ability

In considering the possibilities of the poultry industry, the heavy egg production and quick maturing qualities of the duck should not be overlooked. Ducks will lay more eggs than chickens and will, if properly fed and handled, weigh six pounds each at nine to ten weeks of age.

Unlike chickens, ducks may be housed in very inexpensive houses. One Indiana woman who a few years ago sold over \$1,100 worth of ducks in a year, housed them in rail pens covered with straw, at a cost of less than \$10 for the entire flock.

In duck raising, as in all other branches of the poultry industry, it is wisest to start with a small number of birds or eggs, learning as you proceed, rather than to plunge in to "make or break," which to the beginner usually means break.

A large, well-matured drake mated to five to seven thrifty ducks will produce 60 to 100 ducks, which is about as many as the small poultryman or farmer's wife can care for successfully.

Unless the brooding quarters are warm, ducks should not be hatched too early, as the loss from chilling and cramps will offset the gains from an early market.

Feeding Young Turkeys Is Not Difficult Task

Feeding young turkeys is about the same as feeding young chicks, and as a first feed for the poult they may be given stale bread, soaked in milk and squeezed dry, to a crumbly state, and mixed with finely chopped hard-boiled eggs, cracker crumbs and dandelions.

Feed them the food frequently, every two hours for the first couple of days, after which they should be given grain feed of wheat, oats and barley, equal parts, ground together and sufficiently fine for them at this tender age.

After the poult has reached two weeks in age, feed them a mash of equal parts of cornmeal and the ground grain feed, moistened with sweet milk, to which should be added a small amount of finely cut meat, and feed at least three times daily, if confined in runs, or twice daily, mornings and evenings, when allowed to range.

Grit is necessary, and a liberal supply should always be near at hand. Charcoal is excellent for the poult, and at times some should be used in their food.

Free Choice System of Mash Feed for Chickens

A study of the free choice system of mash feeding for chickens made by the United States Department of Agriculture at its experiment farm located at Beltsville, Md., showed that the best results and highest egg production are obtained when hens are allowed to select their own mash constituents. It was found that hens selected a mash composed of 66 parts cornmeal, 26 parts meat scrap, 4 parts wheat bran and 4 parts wheat middlings.

This mash gives best results with Leghorns, and a less stimulating mash, containing more bran and ground oats, with less meat scrap, has given better results with general-purpose breeds.

Light Breed Cockerels Should Be Sold Early

Light breed cockerels should be sold early; it seldom pays to feed them to maturity. If broilers are early it pays best to sell the fowls when two or three pounds in weight rather than to keep till heavier. This is especially so when the sexes cannot be separated and where the runs are small, the pullets will soon require all the room and green feed available.

POULTRY POINTS Never use a fowl that is known to be constitutionally weak in the breeding pen.

Ducks thrive on sandy soil whereas turkeys do best on land which is high and dry.

Hatch bantams in July and August if you want small-sized birds as they should be.

Prevention costs very little labor; inspection often reveals surprises. "Stop, look and think."

It is folly to market your large, choice fowls and use the inferior ones for breeding.

A TRANSFERRED GOOD TURN A lad and a lady each with a transfer and both without change were the principal figures in the following "good turn" by a member of the boy scout troop connected with a Legion post, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Give up my transfer to a lady who had taken a wrong one," says the scout's laconic statement. "Without the proper transfer she would have had to walk quite a way, whereas I had only about a mile to go out of mine."

SCOUT RADIO FANS UNITE Members of boy scout Troop 1 B of Bloomington, Ill., are very congenial in their tastes, for each one is a specialist in radio and signal work and able to instruct along those lines.

Ushered Right Into Life

By RUBY DOUGLAS

Ed Cranston was spending a few days of his leave of absence from the academy at Annapolis in seeing the plays he had been reading about all winter. Next year he would be at sea and this was his last opportunity to see some of the good productions offered from the stage.

None of his classmates happened to be with him and he could not think of the address of a single girl in town. Otherwise he would not have gone to the theater alone.

He managed to get a single seat on the center aisle pretty well down in front. He took off his overcoat and hat and was standing waiting for the usher to take him to his seat.

As he stood in the semi-darkness of the back of the theater, he saw a beautiful face coming toward him up the aisle. His eyes had traveled no further than the girl's face so that when she stood before him clad in the Quaker gray uniform of the theater's ushers and was repeating "Check please," he came hastily to himself and apologized all the way down to his seat.

Unfortunately, the seats in front of him were nearly all occupied and only twice did the girl need to pass him to show patrons to their places. As often as he dared, before the curtain rose, he looked back to get a glimpse of her as she deftly wound her way in and out among the hurrying seat-seekers.

"Bowled over—in my last year," he admitted, weakly, as he turned with a secondary interest to his program. She had given him the leaflet, apparently, though he had forgotten that detail in the wonder of the moment.

Cranston thought he had never seen so stupid nor so long drawn out an act as the first setting of the play. The house was dark; he had no excuse to turn around; he did not know where she was.

At last the curtain descended and the lights came on. Leaving his coat in the seat, he took his hat and walked back to the promenade aisle. As he brushed through a group of men he came suddenly upon the lovely usher. His eyes caught and held hers for an instant, not knowing why he had come back there, he wandered aimlessly up and down.

Suddenly he discovered that the young woman was passing glasses of ice water, held in a rack, to the persons seated. He hastened to his seat in order to be there when she should be so kind as to offer him a drink.

As he almost dashed to his seat it occurred to him that he was acting far more nearly like a piebald than an upper classman. It occurred to him, also, that in and about Annapolis, that part of the South so famed for its beautiful women, he had never seen a girl one-half so lovely as this simple uniformed usher whom he did not know.

"Oh—thank you—thank you," he was saying as he took a glass from the rack. She must think him stupid, indeed. She stood very close to him as she reached over to pass the water to others in the aisle beyond him.

"May I help you?" he asked as he collected the empty cups and handed them to her. She flashed him a wonderful smile—a smile that promised to make the second act even duller than the first had seemed.

Darkness again. Cranston sat irascibly watching the actors walk stolidly across the stage and utter bits of dialogue meant, no doubt, to thicken the plot of the play. The heroine seemed clumsy as he thought of the graceful girl in gray sitting somewhere in the back of that endless crowd.

When the curtain went down on the big scene, the big moment of the play, and the audience called the play-ers back again and again, he looked so at the enthusiasts as if they were fit for nothing but a madhouse. They were keeping the house dark; they were keeping the girl out of his sight.

"I've always said that just around the most unexpected corner of life I was going to find the greatest thing in the world," he remembered saying to himself as he strode back to get a glimpse of her.

He almost ran into her as she emerged with her rack of water cups. "I'm sorry," he said, bowing, humbly.

"Don't be—please," she replied, laughing.

What a voice! Cranston knew she was the girl when he had heard her voice. He felt that it had a southern intonation, even though he had heard her utter none of the tell-tale words.

During the third and last act he did not even see the stage. He was wondering how he was going to meet that girl—meet her properly and wait for the proper moment in which to tell her how completely and wholly she had, in one short walk up a theater aisle toward him, crept into his heart.

He left the theater with only one other glimpse of her as she hurried away with two other girls, after having changed her uniform and donned a big, warm coat and a gray, becoming hat.

At dinner, picked up in a chop house, he was disconsolate. He walked the streets until 8 o'clock, when he found his way back to the same theater and bought a seat in the same section of the house. Then it occurred to him that perhaps she was only on day duty. Surely such a lovely young woman could not be out at night alone.

His heart skipped a beat when he beheld her and once more heard her ask for his check. She looked at him oddly. "You must have enjoyed the play," she ventured as she handed him back his check at the seat entrance.

"Oh—a—yes. No—I really didn't quite grasp it this afternoon," he stammered.

Then she did scrutinize him. There was nothing to grasp in that play. A baby could have understood it.

Even at the night performance he watched the girl far more than the stage and she seemed to be interested in him—either curiously or otherwise, he could not tell which.

At the beginning of the third act he did not take his seat again. He stood at the back. She, too, was standing. "I wonder," he found himself saying, as they stood by the rail together, "I wonder if you know any of the upper classmen at the Naval academy this year?"

The girl's face lighted up. "Do I?" she gasped. "I should pretty nearly think I did. My very biggest, grandest cousin Bob Tremain is—"

"Never Bob Tremain—the old Virginia rascal. Is he your cousin?" The girl nodded. "My name is Babs Tremain—his is Bob. I'm crazy about him and so proud of him. He's asked me for the hop."

That was all Cranston needed. "I'll see your card before you arrive and you won't mind if I—take a good many dances, will you?" he asked. "My name is Cranston, Ed Cranston. Write to Bob about me and get my credentials."

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"I don't need a man's credentials any more. I've been out on my own so long now, earning my living and being knocked about a bit, I pretty nearly know a man when I see him."

"Then—I shall hope—and be patient," he said. "I do want us to be properly started on what looks to me like a very primrose path."

She looked at him and laughed. "It does look pretty—even to me. I'll be at the hop, so don't be afraid of your dances."

He wanted to shake hands. He wanted to take her home. But he knew that the right way was to wait. And he waited.

"You ushered me right into life, Babs," he told her after the hop.

Cleaning Leather. Leather pieces that are not badly marred will clean nicely with almond oil on fine cloths. Portraits that are exposed may be wiped very carefully with a damp cloth, then with a fine cloth with a wee bit of almond oil. They should be wiped carefully with soft, clean cloths. The wiping must be done quickly and very lightly. Sometimes just a damp cloth will be sufficient. A dry brush and soft cloth are all that is safe to use in cleaning fine gilt frames unless they need doing over badly, in which case an old-fashioned remedy is as follows: The flour of sulphur enough to color golden, a pint and a half of soft water. In this boil two chopped onions until soft, then strain and cool the liquid. When cold, use it to go over the frame with a camel's hair brush, and when the frame dries it will look like new.

Difficult Form of Song. The Si-jo is a long and slow process, said by the Koreans to be the most difficult form of song. A drum accompaniment consists merely of a drum beat from time to time as an indication to the vocalist that she has quavered long enough upon one note. The melancholy note which seems the motif of most Oriental music becomes an extreme plaintiveness, the probability of an almost unlimited quavering on one note.

The second style of Korean music is the Ha Ch'i, or popular music, the leading song of the Ha Ch'i being the A-ra-ung of 782 verses. There is a third style between the classical and popular, but hardly worth mentioning. Love songs are popular.

Feared the Results. Father—"That fellow you're going with is a bad egg."

Daughter—"I know it. I'd have dropped him long ago if it weren't for that."

Better Than Wife Thinks Him. No matter how much of an old sinner a married man may be, the chances are that he doesn't do half the things that his wife suspects him of doing.—Allentown Record.

HEILIG Beg. Sun. Night AUG. 12 THEATER Twice Daily Thereafter at 2:15 and 8:15. PORTLAND, ORE Emerson Hough's World Famous Story of the OREGON TRAIL

THE COVERED WAGON

A Paramount Picture Directed by James Cruze. Mail Orders addressed to Heilig Theater, Portland, and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope will receive prompt and careful attention.

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OREGON EPIC IN PORTLAND "The Covered Wagon," Famous Motion Picture Depicting the Pioneer Founders of the State, to be Shown at the Heilig Theater Opening August 12.

The late Emerson Hough wrote "The Covered Wagon" and published it in Saturday Evening Post and afterwards in a book to illustrate the adventures, hardships, fortitude and glory of the early pioneers who achieved the difficult and hazardous passage of the 2000-mile Oregon Trail from the banks of the lower Missouri to the Columbia. The wonderful record of the pioneers' feat has been pictured by Paramount. On account of the historical and local interest of the theme to all the people of the Northwest, Portland the end of the Trail is favored with the first unit production whilst the extraordinary

Living on Easy Avenue. A group of wealthy New York families finding the servant and supply problem of private houses annoying, have built on Park Avenue a great \$13,000,000 apartment house with apartments that range from two rooms in a bachelor apartment at \$5,000 a year to 22 rooms for a nominal rental of \$55,000 a year, and the tenants have all been hand-picked. As they didn't want to be bothered with employing servants they sent to France for Louis Sherry, who used to run New York's swiftest restaurant in booze days, says Capper's Weekly. Now when a maid is wanted the tenant has merely to press a button and there's always one waiting to answer as promptly as a fire engine. Cooks likewise. A private household can be equipped with every possible need from a box of matches to a flunky to light them in thirty minutes.

Big Ship Heavily Insured. The greatest insurance ever written in the American market for a single ship has been taken by the American Marine Insurance syndicates. The syndicate, which was created more than a year ago, to provide a market capable of carrying \$2,500,000 risk on a single American vessel, announced that 71 members have accepted an insurance of \$2,000,000 on the Leviathan on her trip from New York to Newport News. The giant liner also is insured for \$2,500,000 while under repair at the southern port. Additional insurance has been written abroad. The liability which the syndicate has assumed would have been impossible without the formation of syndicates.

Badger Girls Resolve. Pledged to accomplish at least one act of social service each semester, thirteen woman students of the University of Wisconsin have organized a woman's sociology club, to be called the Alpha Pi Epsilon. The impetus for the creation of such a club—which is encouraged by the faculty of the sociology department—came from a group of senior women specializing in sociology.

Repays Sum Borrowed When Boy. Mansfield, Pa.—An old man who did not reveal his name recently sent to Robert Urell a one-dollar bill "in payment for 25 cents I borrowed when a boy." The aged man said he felt duty bound to repay the money, and that he "calculated the 75 cents would cover interest for the loan."

The spectroscope can detect the millionth of a milligram of matter and tell the nature of matter billions of miles away.

Red Cross BALL BLUE is needed in every department of house-keeping. Equally good for towels, table linen, sheets and pillow cases. Growers

Are You Satisfied? BENNETT WALKER is the biggest, most perfectly equipped Business Training School in the Northwest. Fit yourself for a higher position with more money. Permanent positions assured our graduates. Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill, Portland.

MISS LOIS WILSON, As the Oregon Pioneer's Daughter in "The Covered Wagon," runs in New York, Chicago, Boston and Los Angeles are still in progress.

This epic of the Forty-Niners will come to the Heilig Theatre, Portland, for two weeks beginning Sunday evening, August 12. It will not be shown in "movie" houses anywhere for at least two years to come. The Portland production will have a symphony orchestra equally large as those in the metropolitan cities.

While historically accurate, "The Covered Wagon" is not in any sense a chronicle but rather a love-and-adventure dramatization of The Trail. Love, battle, birth, death, thrill, romance play their parts as potently as in "The Birth of a Nation." Lois Wilson is the beautiful heroine and fair driver of the prairie schooner, with J. W. Kerrigan and Alan Hale as rival suitors for her hand. Three thousand people were employed in making the production. Two shows will be given daily at 2:15 and 8:15 with the price scale of \$1.65 top evening, and \$1.10 top matinees.

P. N. U. No. 32, 1923

FIND FLOATING LAND IN HOLLAND

Turf Is Transported From Marshland to Add to the Area of an Existing Town Site.

Of all countries of Europe, Holland affords, perhaps, the best example of how the topography of a country affects the habits of its people, and influences their lives. A considerable portion of the low country lies below the level of the sea, and it was to resist its cruel invasions that the gigantic levees, or dikes, were built. Nevertheless, some of the flooded regions, periodically inundated by the sea, have been water-logged for centuries, and one of these is the province of Overijssel. Perhaps its quaintest spot is the floating village of Giethoorn. Taking advantage of the condition of the soil, these hardy Dutchmen have learned how to cut away sections of turf, and then float them to the spot where they are wanted.

Considerable skill, of course, is necessary to escape a ducking, because the footing is uncertain and slippery, and the marshland deceptive and treacherous. Poles, about 12 feet in length, are employed to shove off the floating home sites, which are cut away beyond the village limits and then guided to town. Some eight or ten men follow this work exclusively, and, naturally, are very adept in the handling of their poles and the "islands" in their charge. Giethoorn has been built up in this manner.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Originality. The most original authors of modern times are so, not because they produce what is new, but only because they are able to say things the like of which seems never to have been said before. Thus the best sign of originality lies in taking up a subject and then developing it so fully as to make every one confess that he would hardly have found so much in it.—Goethe.

Declares Science Will Add 20 Years to Life

Atlantic City, N. J.—Death under seventy-five years of age of diabetes, Bright's disease, cardio-vascular ailments and, perhaps, cancer soon will be a crime, according to Dr. Claude A. Burratt of Rochester, president of the American Institute of Homeopathy, at the institute's annual convention.

Modern scientific methods will add 20 years to man's average span of life within the next half-century, he declared, asserting that present-day research soon would make it as great a crime to die young of one of the now supposedly fatal ailments as it now is to die of typhoid fever.

Cloisonne enamel was supposed to have originated in India or Persia. Pocketbooks, tobacco pouches and even gloves are now made from the skins of rats.

Gems Returned in Dark After Threat of Search

Norfolk, Va.—When diamonds valued at several thousand dollars disappeared in a woman's dressing room at a local beach resort the manager announced to the half-dozen women present that the lights would be turned out for two minutes and that if at the end of that time the jewels were not returned all women present would have to submit to a search.

At the end of the two minutes of darkness the stolen jewels were found on the bureau from whence they had disappeared. Texas Girl Wed Over Phone. Fort Worth, Tex.—Miss Helen Leona Satterwhite, sitting at the telephone office in Fort Worth, was wedded to Horace Keller, critically ill in the naval hospital at Bremerton, Wash., by a long-distance ceremony.