

THE NAME PORO

Your name defines your character and personality and is a symbol of what you are.

"PORO" is the trade-name of very exceptional Hair and Toilet Preparations and a System of Scientific Hair and Beauty Culture used and praised by ever increasing thousands.

Mrs. A. M. Turnbo-Malone, Founder of this great business, has put into PORO her character, personality and ability.

PORO Products and Treatments are amazingly efficient. Try PORO Products and Treatments dispensed by PORO AGENTS everywhere.

YOU WILL BE HIGHLY PLEASED

If you don't know a PORO AGENT, write us and she'll call.

PORO COLLEGE

4300 St. Ferdinand Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.



NEW WONDERFUL PREPARATION FOR NAPPY, WIRY HAIR!

MAKES ANY HAIR SMOOTH AND WAVY IN THREE MINUTES

Here is the most important beauty discovery of the age. Already tens of thousands of men, women and children of the Race are using this wonderful preparation for making any hair soft, smooth and wavy.

called KINKOUT and is now being prepared for the grateful public by ZURA, Inc., 508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. It comes only in green and yellow tubes and absolutely is guaranteed to make any hair soft, smooth and wavy.

Old women are being made young. Men fly in aeroplanes and talk by radio. Not the least of modern discoveries is this new, simple preparation for taking the kinks out of unruly hair. It's time for straight hair, too, making it lay down nice with a fine polish.



KINKOUT is simple to apply. Just rub a little on according to simple directions printed on each package, comb the hair a few minutes and the job is done. No fuss, no bother. So easy and simple and your hair will look so fine you won't know yourself. Don't have to use hot irons or sleeping caps.

"KINKOUT is a wonder. I would not be without it now." W. H. J., Tarboro, N. C.

"This is the third tube I have used and it does my hair more good than anything I have ever used." P. J. Calera, Ala.

"I was overjoyed with KINKOUT." R. J., Washington, D. C.

"I received my KINKOUT a few days ago and it is a wonder. I am telling my friends of your wonderful hair preparation." J. E. H., Athens, Ga.

"KINKOUT makes a wonderful difference in my appearance." C. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Forward more KINKOUT by return mail. It has proven its true value." C. P. T., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Your wonderful hair preparation, I am proud to say, is worthy of its name. You speak just what is true about KINKOUT." L. E. D., Oriente, Cuba.

"I have used your KINKOUT and it has proved so wonderful that I am out telling all my friends about it." T. M. R., Hudson, N. Y.

KINKOUT is for sale at all good druggists. Your druggist can get it if he wants to. Insist on the genuine KINKOUT in green and yellow tubes. Substitutes may be dangerous.

Gold-Thread Magic

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Vere made a picture against the silver trunk of a huge beech, sole survivor of a primeval forest. The turf at her feet was tawny and ragged, but she loved it better for that—the tussocks gave shelter to so many vagrant wild flowers, and garden strays—harebells, scintilla violets, white, blue, and yellow; harkspur, sweet williams, even starveling nigella and candytuft.

There were runaway June roses, too, in a thick clump on beyond, with a backing of stout blackberry briars. Gold-thread, whose countryside name is love vine, laced the thorny tangle richly. Vere had pulled a handful of the fine yellow filaments, and stood snipping them in pieces, saying under her breath:

"Love live! Love die!"

Black mammy had taught her the charm when she was fifteen. She had practiced it, as she thought, in the strictest privacy, only to be discovered by Royal Dent, the object of her incantations. His shouted laugh had been cruel enough, but less so than the shameful silliness of his eyes when her flaming confusion enlightened him.

He was two years older. They had been comrades half a year—pals. Evidently by his thought she had never sensed articulately what he had meant to her.

Sudden knowledge had been scathing as a lightning stroke. He had turned from her awkwardly, saying dully: "Oh, I better be going. Aunt Margaret sent me to—ask if she can get you people to help out with the party—cups and spoons and plates and things, you know. I'll tell her yes, and that you'll come help with the flowers."

She had slept ill that night, thinking of what she must endure facing him again. But Fate kindly spared her that—Aunt Margaret made her gray good-bys from Royal—he had been suddenly called home—but was coming back at Christmas—she was not to forget him, and be sure to save him dances. And she had smiled beautifully.

In the night she had suddenly grown up. This mature self knew Royal would not come back—at least not for years. In truth he did not come—his father's slight illness had turned suddenly so serious that he had had to go far away, taking Royal with him.

Then nebulously she heard of him, prop and stay of a falling fortune—later of the father's death, the son's engagement to a heiress of the golden coast—after that silence—five full years of it.

They had been eventful years for Vere. She had found her voice, a magnificent one. Then, just as it was coming to full strength and charm, tricky Fate had flung into her lap a tidy fortune. It had ended her potential career—she had never craved distinction, but sang as birds sing, because inner music must come out.

Now, standing in the old spot, idly repeating the old charm, she wondered whether she had been wise to choose the high distinction of private station rather than the world acclaim. She had had lovers—sheals of them—one or two so fine she had considered them for perhaps a fortnight and ended by giving them the kindest of nays.

Not that she was romantically faithful to that girlish fancy, but that the scar of it seemed to bar her heart from again swelling at another voice, another touch.

If Royal had ever kissed her it would not have been so strange. She had nothing to remember, but she shouted laugh, the sullen, shamed eyes—meager food, indeed, for a heart throughout a stretch of years.

He was coming in a very little while—hence her present employment. Fancifully she had told herself she could better show him thus her complete indifference to anything in the past. As a married man, he might be ever so much more susceptible than the lad she remembered. If he came, bent on making amends for that old cruelty, there might arise a situation—unless she took great pains to avoid it.

Had the ten years changed him greatly? To her they had been wholly kind, robbing her of nothing, only changing her lithe, angularity into a singular grace of pose and motion. Yet—would they know each other if they met elsewhere? A faint amused smile hovered about her lips at the thought.

"As I spoke to Miss Hawthorn—or Vere?"

"Upon whom? Or what?"

"Upon whom you seek!" airily, not lifting eyes from the gold-thread now almost exhausted.

"As to that—honestly, I can't say."

came to see Vere—but her supplanter will not let me find her." "Not yet," rather thickly—then, as she flung away the last yellow shred: "I want that, please. Don't believe I should have known you if you hadn't been playing the same game as when I saw you last."

"What a memory!"

Vere apostrophized space, then, quickly: "Come to the house. I want your judgment of several and sundry things there. I have such a passion for changing, and then so little confidence in the results—"

"Of course you have daffodils all along your drive, and starbuds and geraniums," Royal interrupted. "Those were your two pet ambitions in the old time. Now that you're not only a rich lady but a person of distinction, I am certain you have achieved them."

"I have not," pretending to pout. "My lawn is as unfaded as ever my conscience. Out back there's a real riot of blooms. I ravage to my heart's content there."

"I see! Your predatory impulses have come to the surface," Royal laughed. "I felt them without knowing they were there. That was what made me always deadly afraid of you."

"Politeness is a fearful sin," Vere said reflectively.

Royal laughed, saying softly, "Say d—n—call me a liar right out—if you're thinking such things."

"What a mind reader you are!" Vere interrupted him. "You know—well—what awe of your lordly self I stood in—after the day you pulled me out of your saddle."

"You had no business in it—foot of a side," Royal countered, his chin going up.

"But I wanted to try it," Vere persisted. "And have been glad always of the trial. It has made and kept me a side-saddle fan—helped, of course, by your going away—it wouldn't have done at all to let you know you had any hand in it."

"Come along! I want to see how you have desecrated 'The beeches,'" Royal said masterfully, clutching her arm.

She drew it away and half ran along the tussocks to the smooth grass, pausing there to say: "Shut your eyes—tight—till I give you leave to open them."

Silently he obeyed—walking beside her, guided by her light footsteps. Presently he was aware of a darkening overhead—at the same instant Vere cried: "Look!" pausing back of him so his vision might range unimpeded up, down, athwart, the green temple of ancient trees.

Royal bared his head to them, saying reverently: "You have kept the faith. All is better than even hope could paint it. Talk of changes—I see none. The place has always haunted me—now it will haunt me more than ever."

"I wonder—will your wife like it as well?" Vere said, half-wistfully.

Royal caught her hand and raised it to his lips, saying: "I am sure she will—unless she is yourself, she will never be anybody at all."

Timing of the Nerves.

A curious instance of the cure and minuteness with which the human body is now studied, in an effort better to understand its powers and functions, is furnished by a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Society in London on "The Rapidity of the Nervous Impulse in Tall and Short Individuals."

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS AND "BUDDY" SYSTEM

In its ranks of nearly a half a million boys, scouting aims to assist in carefully planned and appropriate ways the various types in their progress towards the ultimate goal: "Men of character trained in citizenship."

The "Buddy System" is but one of these aids, and that it produces results in helping untrained or unstable boys to uphold the scout ideal of conduct is cited in the following instance by Ray O. Wyland, assistant director, national department of education, Boy Scouts of America:

"Scoutmaster Fred Gassert of Troop No. 1, East Newark, N. J., who has conducted a very successful troop during the past six years," says Mr. Wyland, "has evolved a 'buddy' system which is well worth recognition."

"Each new tenderfoot voted into the troop or patrol is assigned to two advanced Scouts, whose responsibility is to 'pal' with the new scout and help him in every way to live up to the scout oath and law. The tenderfoot knows nothing of this arrangement; all he knows is that a couple of older scouts have become interested in him and have made themselves unusually companionable."

"These scouts, by close association, learn all about the tenderfoot and his personal habits. They mildly suggest modifications in conduct when the tenderfoot shows evidence of failure to maintain the ideals of the scout law. Weekly verbal reports are rendered to the scoutmaster and conferences held on methods of treatment. If the scout fails to react favorably to the influence of his scout 'buddies' after a month or two, the scoutmaster decides to attach himself to this particular tenderfoot for the express purpose of helping him to see the light and to adopt the accepted standard of worthy conduct which marks the scout throughout the world."

"Scoutmaster Gassert states that in six years he has yet to find the impossible boy who has been given up as hopeless."

"On one occasion he visited a family to obtain permission for their boy to join his troop, and was told that this boy could never be a scout because of dishonesty. He would even steal money from his father's pockets when his father was asleep! The scoutmaster was not daunted by this report. The boy did join the troop and today is a bonded messenger for a large insurance company with headquarters at Newark, N. J."

"On another occasion the scoutmaster was led by the tenderfoot to a gambling den filled with slot machines and other devices for siphoning the money out of the pockets of luckless boys. He took steps with the police authorities and had the proprietor arrested and put out of business."

SCOUTS—CONSERVATIONISTS



Boy scouts of Eveleth, Minn., doing a community good turn—stocking a lake with fish.

GOVERNOR COX SAYS—

In a proclamation of welcome to scouts in the recent big scout rally of the New England states, held at Cambridge, Gov. Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts said, in part:

"Without drawing distinctions of creed, race or position, the boy scout movement is giving to the boys of our commonwealth invaluable training in all that makes manhood and power. It develops mind, body and morals. It is helping to make future citizens of the same character as those of the past who have given greatness to Massachusetts."

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT

"Few modern movements, if any, hold as great possibilities for good to the nation and the race as the Boy Scouts of America,"—Arthur M. Hyde, Governor of Missouri.

Complaint About Heavy Trucks Injuring Roads

Speaking about maintaining good roads, there is much complaint about big trucks that make trips over the roads immediately after every rain, cutting them up, making travel difficult, and causing a lot of extra work to keep the ruts filled and the roadway in traveling condition. Some day we shall have to plan some restrictions on traveling with big trucks immediately after a rain.

Immense Sum for Roads.

Throughout the United States last year \$270,000,000 was spent by the federal government, the states, counties and municipalities in building and improving roads.

Quality Before Quantity.

Pure bred live stock on every farm—and remember, "Quality before quantity!"

Cream Absorbs Odors.

Cream separated in the barn absorbs odors.



Mrs. E. L. Henson

The Appealing Charm of Health!

Portland, Ore.—"I can speak in terms of highest praise of all of Dr. Pierce's remedies, especially the 'Favorite Prescription' for woman's ailments and as a tonic and nerve, and the 'Pleasant Pellets' for stomach and liver ills. While bringing up my family, whenever I have been in a run-down weakened or nervous condition, I have always been strengthened and helped by the use of the 'Favorite Prescription.' And in later years when my stomach has become disordered, and my food seems to disagree with me, then Dr. Pierce's Pellets give me immediate relief!"—Mrs. E. L. Henson, 763 E. 6th St., North.

Start at once with the "Prescription" and see how quickly you pick up—feel stronger and better. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice, or send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

Stevenson's View of Life.

Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And that is all that life ever really means.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Duty to Read Newspaper.

The newspaper is one of the foremost wonders of the modern world. The family that does not take, and carefully read, at least one newspaper, is not living in the Nineteenth century.—J. A. Broadus.

Such is Man.

When he is born, his mother gets the attention; at his marriage, the bride gets it; at his funeral the widow gets it.—From the Associated Editors.

The Pie-Eating City.

The greatest pie-eating city of this country has been claimed by Los Angeles, Cal., with a consumption of 40,000 pies per day.

When Brains Are Really Necessary.

It is true, Chiquinda, that no brains are required to inherit money, but a good supply is necessary to keep it.—New Orleans States.

Unsinkable Craft.

Three logs lashed together flush with the surface form the famous catamaran used off the coast of India. The craft is unsinkable, and its navigators brave surf and storm on it.

Intention Must Be There.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—Ruskin.

No Fun Then.

What, after all, would be more disagreeable than living in a world where everyone told the absolute truth all the time, not only about themselves, but about you?

All Married in One Day.

At Plougastel, a small town in Brittany, all the weddings of the year are celebrated on one day. Sometimes as many as 40 bridal couples go to the altar simultaneously.

Stray Bit of Wisdom.

A lie can be turned inside out and so decked in new plumage that none will recognize its lean old carcass.—Ibsen.

WRIGLEYS

Take it home to the kids.

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

After Every Meal.

Sealed in its Purify Package.

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM.

Red Cross BALL BLUE

is needed in every department of house-keeping. Equally good for towels, table linen, sheets and pillow cases. Covers.

Are You Satisfied? BENEFICIAL WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE is the biggest, most perfectly equipped Business Training School in the Northwest. Fit yourself for a higher position with more money. Permanent positions awarded our Graduates.

Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill Portland.

P. N. U. No. 38, 1923

ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS SILVERWARE AND WATCHES

Staples---The Jeweler---Optician

Have Your Eyes Tested—No Charge for Consultation

268 MORRISON STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH