Through the Glad

Eyes of a Woman

By Jane Doe

the choicest of flowers, the most melt-

a wonderful love that can stand

apple ple and custard Sunday after

Don't worry too much over the fact

that there are hundreds and hundreds

of super-attractive damsels in the city

where he does his work, for no doubt

would be a back number amongst com-

killing love. Some wives do it by

and some by suffocation. Love needs

You'll know what it is to have him

present you with a button-missing

waistcoat while you are engaged in bathing your infant. It will save a

lot of snapplness on both parts if you

never sew on tomorrow the button you

When your husband comes in at

the door, do not let a sweetheart fly out of the window.

It is well to take heed that wives

are not the only ones that lament the

passing of the sweetheart stage. A

kiss, an unsought-for caress, and a

tender word of appreciation now and

(by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Young Lady Across the Way

again are not lost on any husband

sew on today.

expect you to.

LODGE DIRECTORY



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Knights of Pythias of Ne A., S. A., E., A., A. and A. (Operating Under Supervi-4151/2 Malvern Avenue

Hot Springs Nat. Park, Ark,

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BATH RATES: 21 Baths . . . \$13.00-10 Baths \$6.50 21 Baths to Pythians and Calantheans, \$8.50 .

I. B. P. O. E. OF THE WORLD



ROSE CITY LODGE No. 111, I. B. P. O. E. of W. MEETS the 2ND AND 4TH WEDNESDAY EVENINGS OF EACH MONTH AT THE STAG AUDITORIUM 3811/2 E. MORRISON STREET. ALL VISITING BROTHERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

> E. D. CANNADY, E. R., 311 Macleay Bldg.

> E. J. MINOR, Secretary,



NOTICE

Dahlia Temple No. 202, I. B. P. O. E. of W., of Portland, Oregon, meets the 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month at Stag Auditorium. All visiting Daughter Elks in good standing in their respective Temples are invited to eet with us.

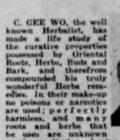
> LOUISE THOMAS. Daughter Ruler. BEATRICE H. CANNADY,

> > Syracuse Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., meets the second and fourth Friday nights each month at the Stag Auditorium 3811/2 E. Morrison St.

W. C. HOLLIDAY, C. C., 108 N. 6th Street. WILBER MARSHALL, K. of

419 Abington Bldg. R. & S., 834 E. 8th Street N.

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Daily Fashion Hint



DISTINCTIVE SIMPLICITY

Paris is especially fond of black this season, and chic Parisiennes wear their frocks in as simple style 2s possible. This youthful and charming model is in crepe satin. It is slightly draped at the side and trimmed with a sunburst rosette of black and silver ribbon. The flowing sleeves are slashed and picoted with silver. Medium size requires 334 yards 36-inch material. Pictorial Review Dress No. *1940. Sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust. Price, 45 cents.

REPP & SON

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HAS ENJOYED SUCH UNEX-PECTED SUCCESS IN THE PAST YEAR THAT WE HAVE DECIDED TO ADD A FEW MORE BEAUTIFYING PREP-ARATIONS TO OUR LIMIT-ED BUT EFFECTIVE LINE

The following is our complete list

Strait-Tex Hair Refining Tonic \$1.00 Refines kinky, frizzy, coarse hair to pre bette medium; medium hair to good. Strait-Tex Hair Grower

Not only promotes growth of the hair, but makes it soft, pliable and luxuriant. An excellent pressing oil. Gloss-Tex Brilliantine

Strait-Tex Herbs Is a vegetable preparation that actually straightens and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Color permanent—positively will not rub off, no matter how often the hair is shampooed. Three shades: Black, Brown and Chestnut-Brown.

Bronze Beauty Vanishing Cream

Is a soothing, greaseless vanishing face cream that will not grow hair. Bronze Beauty Lemon Cream Is nourishing, softening and stimu-lating to the skin; is filled with a triple strength of oil of lemon—mak-ing it a mild, bleaching cream.

Bronze Beauty Face Powders Are suited to all complexions. Can be successfully used on dry or oily skins. The shades: High Brown and Bronze Glow are favorites.

\$1.00
Is a special hair straightener for ment positively guaranteed to straighten the most stubborn hair in from 10 to 20 minutes without the use of hot irons. Will not injure the scalp or turn the hair red.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

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600 FIFTH AVENUE PITTSBURGH, PA., U. S.A. SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About By F. A. WALKER

IDLERS' ISLAND

IF you are resolved to continue your search for Idiers' Island, contrary to the advice of the experienced, and those disconcerted souls out at the elbow who have spent the best years of their lives in its quest, you may set it down as an unassailable fact that you are doomed to sorrowful disappointment.

The youth who dreams of this mystic place, forgetful of his duties to his parents and his employers, while he is fitting up his phantom ship to sail away in pursuit of perpetual pleasure, is heading straight to a land of sorrow and desolution, which be Daughter Secretary. will find in the meridian of life, when his sky is turning gray and the tcy winds of winter nip his shivering body and freeze up his last remaining

> There is only one event at this time of his existence which really as- it equally concerns him that there are tonishes and startles him out of his self-imposed impoverishment, and that have your home. is, he cannot build himself up again to hopeful manhood.

He is pushed and jostled on the streets and takes it as a matter of no If men conducted their business on the friends who pass him with a sneer, but there is not enough fire in his mercial nations. blood to kindle resentment; he is miserable and lonely, but so dull in sensibility that he is unconcerned.

He may sometimes try to brace him- strangulation, some by malautrition. mentarily flashes across his darkened mind, but the effort proves too much thrives on rations. for him.

The background of his subconscious self is still covered with dream pictures of Idlers' Island, blurred by cobwebs and out of harmony with the colorful scenes around him, and his present physical and mental lassi-

When he was twenty-five he was lazy, careless, wasteful and improvident, with friends everywhere delighted to help him spend his inheritance; now that he is five and forty, he is destitute and alone, left to drift seaward with the ebbing tide.

Oh! that he could warn the hotheaded youths of today of their folly. But he cannot. He is despised and shunned; ragged, hungry, gaunt and cold, all because in his earlier days he refused to work, so that he might have time to search for Idlers' Island, where now he is imprisoned for life! (6. 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

******************* MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed

Symptoms: A perfect Apollo! Tanned, a figure like a pagan god, can wheedle you into doing anything he wants you to; you like him 'cause he can. He never bothers to do

what any one else wants. He lounges sumptuously all over a room and looks like the cat who swallowed the canary when he's comfy. IN FACT He's the original Panther Kid.

Prescription to his bride R Show him there are others: Absorb This: ONE MAN IS A HOST IN

It Will Do to Tell The hardware clerk who claims he's

never lost patience with a woman customer, and that historic party who declared he'd rather be right than President, will probably sizzle on the same gridiron.-Good Hardware.

she sees by the paper that the banknote circulation in Germany has passed the trillion mark, so she supposes their financial troubles are over

(by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Average Life Duration Is Increased 18 Years

the last ten years have much greater living longer than the average man, possibility of living their full span of years than the older members of their families or communities.

In two generations the average duration of life has been increased from 40

statisticians find.

Zinoviev Is Honored Khargok, Russia.—The town and district of Elizabethgrad in the years to 58 years. The death rate for Ukraine have been renamed "Zinoviev" 1921 was the lowest ever known in the United States and the expectation of the chairman of the executive committee of the Communist International.

GIVING PIERRE EQUAL CHANCE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

EAN MINGUY'S heart was beating fast as he came within sight of old Baptiste's cabin on the Peace river. He spurred his horse, and it broke nto a canter across the snow.

Though the ground was still white, pring was in the air, and spring was n the heart of Jean Minguy, for he was riding to see his sweetheart Nanstta, old Baptiste's daughter. They had been engaged eight months, ever since Jean's last visit to the cabin in

Now he had amassed a pile of rich first he must see Nanette and get her to fix the wedding day.

He had left his furs in his cabin and

his course that were necessary for him to meet his old friend, Pierre Du-

Old Baptiste came to the door and iaid a hand upon his horse's bridle. "You have come for Nanette?" he quavered. He was very old and already in his dotage.
"Where is she?" demanded Jean,

feeling his heart hammering within his breast.

"Haven't you heard?" cried the old

WHEN YOU MARRY A MAN had been friends for many a year, and Jean had known that Pierre was in love with Nanette. But the girl had plighted herself to him, and he had hardly thought of Dufour in the echangly the experiment of the exper T WOULD be foolish, O Miss, to let the idea take root under your hair that he who stood you the best of theater tickets, the slickest of taxis,

stasy of his happy anticipations.

He had been so proud of her, his beautiful bride-to-be, with her dark hair and eyes. One more season in the little shack. What a place to take a woman to live in! Nanette ing of chocolates, doesn't know that 100 cents make one dollar, and won't the north, and then, if luck was with him he had intended to take her south Observe that even as a lover he found much to stare at in the menu. to civilization, and the perils and hardships of the wilds would be a thing of favorite dishes; try some of your the past. own sometimes for a change. It is

Jean Minguy pulled up his horse sharply.
"Listen!" the old man began, catch-

ing at the bridle again. But Jean Minguy was already spur-ring his horse back along the trail, paying no attention to old Baptiste's shouts. Only a single thought was in his mind—to kill the false friend who had betrayed him.

many super-attractive men where you Dufour's cabin lay at the junction of the Peace and St. Paul, a small tributary stream, 40 miles back, and some 12 miles off the route along Taunt not your husband by alluding to his ignorance of domestic matters. which he had come. There was his cabin; that was the trapping district which Dufour had marked off for his own. Jean had visited there in the days before they had ever thought of lines of some households, America Nanette, save as a shy girl of fourteen Remember there are many ways of or fifteen, and they had spent many

a long evening together, smoking, silent, happy in each other's company. There they must fight it out face to face. Jean contemplated no treacherous attack. He would give Pierre an equal chance: but it must be a fight

to the death. If Dufour had won the girl fairly Jean would have acquiesced. But Nan-ette and he had been engaged so long. and Dufour had known it, and he had stolen her. Jean could understand what pressure he might have used, when she had only a doddering old man for her companion. His anger rose into a fierce flame as he pursued

his way. Night fell before more than half of the 40 miles was accomplished. Jean dismounted and scooped out a shelter in the deep snow beside the stream. He was not sorry for the opportunity to nurse his wrath. He crept inside, turning his pony loose, for the weath-er was warm enough for the little,

half-savage creature to take care of itself, and Jean knew that it would not stray far from blm. He wrapped himself in his furs and lay down. But his mind would not let him forget his grief and rage in the temporary relief of sieep. He had dreamed so long of the day when Nan-ette was to be his wife; and now his

dream was ended and his life was shattered. Toward dawn he started up, alert upon the instant. His trained ear had detected the approach of a mounted man, coming from the direction of the St. Paul. It was not his own horse that he heard, for that, being In- did you get those chickens." dian, did not trot, as this horse did-

mistakable. Jean crept out of his shelter. The

besides, the difference between the

sound of a horse with a rider on its

Sewing Needle Old

Jean recognized Dufour, though to other eyes he would have been only a slihouette against the snow. He saw Dufour rein in his horse and lean forward. They were within 25 paces of each other.

Jean drew his revolver, "Garde tol 17

Jean drew his revolver, "Garde toi!"
he shouted, and fired again and again.
Pierre'n horse reared and plunged
down the steep mank of the Peace.
The frightened animal regained its
feet and stood trembling upon the
brink of the descent. But Dufour was
lying upon his back in the river bed.
There was no sign of blood upon him. and his horse had not been siruck, either. It had shied at the sudden sound of the shots and fallen with its

ing. Jean stood over him, looking into his unconscious face. All at once he realized that his vengeance had slipped from him. He could not kill Dufour now that the man was unconscio

He caught the horses. Then he took the unconscious man in his arms and placed him in his saddle. He sprang upon the back of his own horse, and. Now he had amassed a pile of rich supporting his enemy with one arm and guiding the reins of the two bridles with the free hand, he began the slow march toward Pierre's cabin.

"She left here with Dufour this So Pierre had been on his way to A flery mist swam before Jean's eyes. Plerre Dufour! The two men had been friends for many parts of Africa.

The two men had been friends for many parts of Africa.

With it they play various forms of the bad been friends for many parts of Africa.

must love Pierre greatly to be willing to share that exile with him. The thought no longer enraged him. He had put the matter to the test of fate. and she had decided against him

Nanette had flung the door open and was standing in front of him, a radiant image, exactly as when he had last seen her. Jean turned his head slowly away. "Come, Nanette!" he said, and rode back to where Pierre was lying As he dismounted and kneeled at Pierre's side his enemy opened his eyes. There was consciousness in them. He looked into Jean's face. "Where am I?" he muttered. "It is thou, Jean?"

"Yes, it is I, whom you tried to mur der," answered Jean, slowly, without

"I shall say nothing to Navette, Jean whispered; and then the girl was beside them. "Jean! What has hap-pened?" she cried. "Your lover fell from his horse,"

"My lover!" she exclaimed, and came close to Jean. "Dost thou not

Jean looked dully at ber. "O, Jean, I could not wait for thee," she sobbed. "Hast thou not understood? I knew that another day would bring thee, but I wanted thee sooner; and Pierre told me that he would ride back with me along the Jean, didst thou—dare to think—I loved Pierre?"

Jean was staring at her wildly. He could not be mistaken in his interpre-tation of her look of innocence and

and covered her with kisses. "I know! I know!" he cried. "I was

a fool—and madly jealous, Nanette,
But now all is ended, and we shall
ride back to thy father's house—"
Pierre touched him upon the sleeve,
"I shall say nothing to Nanette," whispered.

Literal Rastus Judge Charles E. Ashe told a story at one of the hallway gatherings in the court house recently about a negro who was brought up in court for

stealing chickens. "Rastus," queried the judge, "where "Ah raised them, yer honor."
"Raised them? This man says tha

the chickens belong to him and you back and that of a horse alone is un-took them from his hen house. How do you explain that?"

"Well, yer honor," said the darky dawn was not far and sy, but the moon after a moment's thought, "Ah guess still shone brilliantly. A horseman I'd better tell the truth, Ah reached was riding along the bank of the Peace down through a hole in the roof."— them.

Rich Field Set for Meeting of Monarchs

An international gathering famous in history is that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in June, 1620. Here in the jourst and tournaments on French soil, the Kansas City Star records, English and French knights met in tests of skill and strength. Henry VIII journeyed thither from England and The incident is said to have rankied in the mind of Henry and did much to tests of skill and strength. Henry VIII journeyed thither from England and Francois I, king of the French, was present to welcome the royal visitor. It is related that Henry was an excellent archer and was "good to see" in his trials with the crossbow. One Fleurange also records what took place one unlucky day when the two kings were in the great pavillon together where they had partaken freely of the wine.

of the wine. The king of England, inspired by the king of England, inspired by the wine to emulate the prowess of his knights, lay hold of the king of France, saying: "My brother, I will wrestle with you." He secured a good hold and sought to upset the royal person of the French king, but Francois was something of a wrestler himself, and before Henry realized what was something of the chinese are believed to have been the first to use reedles of steel.



Removing Ink Stains.

The day dawned, and the sun rose.

He had left his furs in his cabin and had ridden 200 miles to see her; and he had ridden so eagerly that he had not even turned the dozen miles out of his course that were necessary for time to crunch at the new grass that was appearing where the snow was meiting beside the river. Once or twice, Jean dismounted and bathed his enemy's face with snow-water.

It was during one of these halts that Pierre began muttering.

"I love thee, Nanette," he said, and Jean clenched his fists and ground his teeth together as he listened against his will. "I love thee, Nanette, I will go and meet him. He cannot be far

A piece of string about eight feet long, with the ends tied together to form a loop, is the favorite plaything "cat's cradle" games. .

Mrs. E. L. Henson



The Appealing Charm of Health!

Portland, Oreg.—'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 nervine, and the Pleasant Pellets for stomach and liver ills. While briuging 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, 768 E. 6th St., North.

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.

"Do Frenchmen know our slang?" would ride back with me slong the trail. And we did not see thee, and so, last night, he left me in his cabin and rode back through the darkness to find if thou hadst lost the way. The trail the manner of the trail to find if the same to think—I asked Mr. Barber. "Some do, I sup-

Reason of Education. Education is the constraining and directing of youth toward that right reason which the law affirms and which the experience of the best of our elders has agreed to be truly right. -Plato.

Bring Hunger to the Board. The chief pleasure in eating does not consist in costly seasoning, or exquisite flavor, but in yourself. Do you seek sauce by sweating?-Horace.

First Religious Newspaper.

The first religious newspaper ever issued was the Herald of Gospel Liberty, which was published by Elias Smith of Portsmouth, N. H., in 1809. Indianapolis News.

Instincts of the Birds.

The young of many species of birds migrate southward before their parents and make the journey without any memory of the route to guide

Therefore, Exercise Care.

A word-a look, which at one time would make no impression at another time wounds the heart; and like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at .- Sterne.

You Want a Good Position

