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Pleasures and Business.

A man that knows how to mix pleasures with business is never entirely possessed by them; he either quits or resumes them at his will; and in the use he makes of them he rather finds a relaxation of mind than a dangerous charm that might corrupt him.—St. Evremont.

Protects Himself.

"Men are not as fickle as women." "Perhaps not," assented Miss Cayenne. "A woman is free to change her mind, but a man after buying an engagement ring has a little something to protect in the way of an investment."—Washington Star.

Peer's Relatives Commoners.

The relatives of English peers do not officially belong to the English nobility, although to all purposes they are nobles. They may, however, hold titles through courtesy, but according to English law they are mere commoners.

Destroyed by Electricity.

Big growers and shippers use electricity to kill insects that may lurk in bags of nuts. The sacks are run through an electric ironing machine which destroys, through heat and pressure, any insect eggs or larvae.

Rifle Inventions.

The flint-lock rifle was invented in France in the year 1640. The percussion-lock rifle was patented by a Scotch clergyman named Alexander Forsyth in 1807, and had been adopted everywhere by 1820.

Some folks saddle their troubles on the world because they think it has so many to carry, a little more won't make any difference.—Atlanta Constitution.

Don't Waste It.

Little Girl (to painter copying a masterpiece)—Would you please tell me what they will do with the old one when yours is finished?—Ridgeway Mercury.

Suspicious.

"Somebody Wants Your Photograph," declares an advertisement. All right, but we make this proviso—not if it's for the rogue's gallery.—Boston Transcript.

There seems to be something about certain persons that violeta really dislike, and not only will they withhold their perfume but they will droop as well. Much the same kind of thing has been observed in the more delicate sorts of roses.

After Every Meal



Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house.

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P. N. U. No. 13, 1925

LEE SONG, THE CHINESE HATCHET-BOY

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

LEE SONG, squatting at midnight in a back seat of the smoker, drowsily inhaled the warm fumes of his cigarette, as he blinked through the lamplight reek on the lines of sleeping men sprawled along the sides of the car. His face, round, unwrinkled, guileless, proclaimed him an ordinary inoffensive Chinaman.

Under Lee's feet lay his straw extension case. It contained a Testament and several Chinese tracts, but also the tools of his trade—a bulldog revolver, a long, narrow knife and a stout cord.

A poor workman quarrels with his tools—but Lee Song never quarreled with his. The cord was new and unfayed, the knife ground keen, and every chamber of the seven-shooter loaded. It was Lee's attention to details, joined with certain other admirable qualities, that had made him the foremost hatchet-boy of the Liu Kwen Tong.

Lee Song was an artist, either at premeditated assassination or impromptu murder. In his makeup was nothing spectacular, no boasting or bravado. Pistol-butt and knife-haft showed no notches—but he never failed to get his man.

When the Tong sends Lee Song after you, you are as good as dead already, and may as well get measured for your coffin.

On this special night the hatchet-boy was bound for a certain city to send a laundryman named Billy Wing to sleep beside his fathers. Why the Tong wanted Billy killed was immaterial to Lee. His business was simply to obey, to strike like lightning, like lightning to disappear.

The job promised to be a simple one. Lee smoked drowsily. His soul was at peace, save when he thought of his only son, who had died a month before. Every time the little devil who stood beside him night and day ran a sharp dagger into his heart. So often had the devil done this that the spot was very sore.

All night he journeyed, sleeping and waking, and at early dawn came to the city where lived Billy Wing.

There were few Chinese in the place, and Lee easily found Billy's laundry. Entering, he made the optician's sign to the proprietor, who was wrapping up a shirt for a customer. Billy signaled back, his eyes glittering. After the customer went out, he asked eagerly:

"Tonight?"

"Tonight at ten," answered Lee. Men who smoke opium should not incur the Tong's displeasure.

The hatchet-boy ran an experienced eye over the laundry, sizing it up for the kill and the get-away. Ah, yes, that back room! The job over, he could shed his false queue, shift his clothes, and slip out of town on a freight like a common American tramp.

As he started out of the door, a little Chinese boy slipped in. The devil stabbed Lee sharply in the sore spot, for the lad was about five, just the age his own son had been. The hatchet-man's heart warmed toward him, and he turned back. Billy was upbraiding the child for being late.

"Son of a pig!" he screamed shrilly. "Where have you been so long?"

With a buffet he sent him reeling into a corner. The little fellow picked himself up without a whimper, and disappeared into the back room, rubbing his head. Lee's fingers drew up toward something in his sleeve. He wished it were ten o'clock at night now.

"Tis Jing, the son of my brother, who died with his wife of the fever last spring," explained Billy. "Would the boy had died with them. He is not worth the food he eats or the clothes he wears. I can save no money while he is with me."

Lee replied nothing. Billy was going that night where money would not be needed.

All that day the hatchet-boy lurked in the outskirts of the city. He thought much of little Jing, and of Billy's cruelty to him, and the spot over his heart was very sore. But he could not kill the laundryman, until he received final orders, at seven that night, from the Tong.

Promptly on the hour he was at the post office. The general delivery clerk handed him a letter containing a white sheet, entirely blank. Its upper right-hand corner showed a slight nail-mark. This was made by the right forefinger of the chief of the Tong. It signified that Billy should live.

Lee Song felt the devil's dagger again. He had planned that afternoon to adopt little Jing, after Billy had

gone to his fathers. Sorely disappointed, he pondered, walking in the dusk. At last he came to a decision. He would kill Billy on his own account, and take the boy. True, it was somewhat irregular—but the Tong's rules did not forbid the avenging of a private feud, and Song took Billy's abuse of Jing as a personal matter.

At quarter to ten he started for Billy's laundry. A crowd of young hoodlums on a corner hooted and hustled him back. Song bore it meekly. But they would not have hustled him, had they known what lay hid in the secret pocket up his broad sleeve.

It was half-past ten before he tapped on the laundry door. Billy opened it quickly.

"You are late," grunted he resentfully. He did not enjoy being cheated of his smoke.

"Be content," smiled Lee Song. "You shall have enough presently."

In a box in the back room Jing lay asleep, curled up like a kitten. Billy did not even look at him. Out of his sleeve he shook two packets of opium. "Try this, before you buy," said he, and Billy snatched it greedily.

Each produced his pipe, and they began to smoke.

For the first five minutes between whiffs, Billy talked of Canton; for the second five he spoke occasionally in monosyllables; the third five he smoked in silence; suddenly the pipe twitched from his fingers, and he tumbled back on the bunk. Surely, it was strong opium.

Lee Song, watching him cat-like, laid down his own pipe, and stood up. The time had come for Billy to join his fathers.

There are pistol-jobs, and knife-jobs and rope-jobs. This was to be a rope job. From his sleeve Lee produced a cord. Skillfully slipping it round Billy's neck, he rolled him over on his face.

Crossing the rope-ends the hatchet boy grasped one firmly in each hand. His arms stiffened. A strong, steady pull would soon do the business. But Billy snored peacefully on.

Lee Song's gorge rose. Disgust possessed him; not pity, for hatchet-boys know no pity. It was a job for a novice, a bungler, unworthy a finished artist.

"Bah!" he grunted. "It is too easy. I kill men, not pigs."

Contemptuously pulling out the cord he rolled Billy over again on his back. Then he stepped to the box where Jing lay curled, and shook him lightly.

"Come," he said.

The boy started up, looked at him a moment in sleepy wonder, then, hesitatingly stretched out his arms. The hatchet-man lifted him, and passed into the night.

Two hours later Lee Song sat in the corner of the smoking car, bound for the great city. In his arms lay Jing, fast asleep, one hand tightly clasping Song's right forefinger, that terrible finger which had sent so many Chinamen to join their fathers.

The hatchet-boy looked down on the little black head in the hollow of his arm. He pressed the limp, tiny body against his breast, and felt the quick beating heart and the gentle breathing. His room in Mott street would be brighter with this little fellow playing in it.

A wave of strange tenderness swept over Lee Song. Again the devil stabbed him, but his dagger was blunted. The sore place did not hurt so much. His lips were silent, but in his heart he said:

"It is good to have a little boy."

Lovely Arithmetic

A girl complained to her male companion that she didn't like arithmetic. She couldn't understand it and didn't see the use of it. The young man said he would teach her.

"Now," said he, "I kiss you three times on one cheek and four times on the other. How many does that make?"

"Seven," whispered the girl, disengaging herself to breathe more freely.

"Well, that is arithmetic."

"Dear me," said the girl, "I didn't think it could be made such a pleasant study."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pot From Ancient Copper

Charles M. Forsberg of Williamsport, Pa., has in his possession a coffee pot made of copper more than 400 years old. He made the pot from copper taken from the roof of the cathedral of St. Peter, in Rome, about 42 years ago, at which time replacement of some of the copper was undertaken after it had served nearly 400 years. The roof had been on since the building of the cathedral, in 1508. Commenting on the copper roof, he said that the perfectly made joints indicated that the ancient roofers who did the work were thorough craftsmen.

In a Hurry

Mrs. Twigg (after ten minutes' conversation on the street with chance acquaintance)—Well, I must be getting along to the plumber's, Mrs. Brown, 'cos me 'usband's pipe 'aunting till 'e comes.—London Passing Show.

Made Up Her Mind to Show Those Jacksons

In earlier days of eastern Indiana, when the community physician acted as dentist, surgeon and sage, it was not infrequently that his knowledge of the personal prejudices of families served him well, the Indianapolis News remarks.

It is recalled by an early physician's son that his father told often of how a cure was effected by a remark that now would come under psychological classification. Mrs. B., a member of a family known for its strength of character, which then was called by neighbors, "plain contrariness," was ill and had given up recovery. The family happened to have an inherent dislike for all members of another family. The physician wisely thought of a plan.

"Nancy," he said the next time he called on the woman who refused to get well, "I was talking to Bill Jackson today and told him you were pretty sick. He said: 'That's the way with them B's—they are always dyin' off.'"

Everything that lives, lives not alone, nor for itself.

World's Oldest Trees
America makes the most of the age of California's big trees, which were growing before the Christian era began. The dates are proved by the growth rings of the trees themselves. There are other trees of an age; the cypresses of Chapultepec, Mount Etna's chestnuts and a plane tree near Constantinople which is as famous as the legendary trees of the sun and the moon, Lombardy has the Soma cypress, also pre-Christian.

Perfect roads are coming within 25 years, according to a prediction at the convention of the American Road Builders' association, but it does not advance the cause of perfect roads to build the so-called good roads of today perilously narrow.

GOOD ROADS

PAVED HIGHWAYS SHOW BIG GAINS

According to American Automobile association officials, substantial progress is being made in the development of a national system of highways. The association cites as an example the fact that it is now possible for a motorist to start from the zero milestone in Washington and make a circular tour of 2,350 miles back to Washington over a continuous dustless paved highway.

This is but one of many numerous long stretches of paved highway, says the A. A. A. touring and transportation board. The highway from Vancouver, B. C., to San Diego, covering a distance of more than 1,700 miles, is another example. Each year constantly increasing mileage of continuous paved highway is added to the national highway system of the country as the various states fill in gaps on trunk line highways.

The greatest need for continuous paved highway is between northern and southern points, as the South during the winter months offers climatic and scenic attractions which no other section can provide. The same is true of similar attractions for the motorists of the South, which are to be found in the northern states in the summer months. Even in the South marked progress is being made. The southern states were naturally slower in getting started in their development of trunk line highways. The resources which can be drawn upon for road building purposes are not as great. Among the eastern seaboard states North Carolina is leading the way for her sister states.

The barrier between the northern and southern travel through the central tier of states has been the mountain ranges in Kentucky and Tennessee. Both of these states have spent millions on the removal of these barriers. In both states definite proposals of the issuance of \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000 in state bonds are being considered. This will give these states ample funds to complete the work under way and provide the same facilities of easy travel as between the North and South as now exist in the North between the eastern and central states.

Paved Roads Increase Motor Vehicle Travel

Paved highways increase the amount of motor vehicle travel. Every motorist has seen instances of where comparatively little-used roads become arteries of heavy traffic almost as soon as the pavement of the new surfacing was ready for use.

An instance of a well-known highway will serve to bring out this point. In 1919 a stretch of the Pacific highway near Modford, Ore., was paved. In 1919 4,448 tourist automobiles passed over the stretch of road, while in 1920 the number increased to 22,000.

Mainly, the paving of highways means that the traffic over them must be increased. This must result in congestion of vehicles unless the roads are built wider than was necessary in the case of the dirt or gravel highway.

And we find that everywhere today is the policy of road builders to lay wider pavements on the highways. They realize that this is the only way of making motor traffic safe and efficient to the highest possible degree. We find that in many places, where old pavements have become inadequate because of the constant increase in the number of motor vehicles, those in charge of road-construction programs have made them wider by adding new strips of pavement at the side.

The need of wider pavements and do his part in the work to bring wider highways for his community. Such work on his part will make driving more safe and more comfortable for him as well as all other users of the roads.

Good Roads Squibs

What's the issue, from the standpoint of the autoist's pocketbook, good roads or sad inroads?

Thirty-one states and Alaska share in the pro-rata distribution of funds made each year by the forest service to those states and territories containing national forest lands.

More than \$10,000,000 has been spent in highway construction—paving, grading and bridges—to bring the famous Bankhead—Old Spanish trail route through the Southwest—to its present all-year-round perfection.

Traffic laws which differ in different states and different towns in the same state are a cause of confusion, accident, loss of property, and loss of life. Uniform traffic laws, the same the country over, will promote safety.

Plans for a highway from New Orleans to Portland, Ore., which will follow as nearly as possible the boundary lines of the old Louisiana Purchase, have been officially launched. It will commemorate the purchase of the territory by the United States.

Good roads are worth a few million dollars to the state, and then a few million dollars more. What we called good roads ten years ago we now consider very rough, and actually become peeved when we are obliged to drive over any but a smooth road.

DAIRY FACTS

IMPROVEMENT SEEN IN BREEDING STOCK

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

More than 1,000,000 head of breeding stock on farms in the United States are undergoing systematic improvement through the use of pure bred sires, according to a report just issued by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture. Persons participating in this work at the close of the year 1924 numbered 15,137 exclusive users of pure bred sires, widely distributed among 46 states. The department, in conjunction with state and county extension workers, is aiding these stock owners to improve their methods of breeding and feeding.

This organized plan known as the better-sires-better-stock campaign has resulted in noticeable rivalry among counties and states, where agricultural leaders have used it as a means of bettering farm live stock. Ohio, Kentucky and Virginia each have more than 2,000 farmers enrolled in the campaign. Largely through the activities of county extension agents, 40 counties in nine states each have the distinction of possessing 100 or more live stock owners who are using pure bred sires exclusively in all their live stock breeding operations. Pulaski county, Virginia, leads the list with 592 such breeders, and Union county, Kentucky, is second with 457 participants. The chief advances in the progress of the work during the last three months of 1924 occurred in Kentucky, Vermont and Ohio. A conspicuous new center of interest in this field of live stock betterment was in Lee county, Iowa. Altogether 235 additional stock owners affiliated themselves with the cause during the three-month period.

In commenting on the keen interest which live stock owners are taking in systematic improvement by the better-sires route, specialists of the bureau of animal industry call attention to the most important result of the work—namely, the superior types of animals which these breeders are raising and the substantial market benefits they are deriving. As a typical example, an Oklahoma stock owner reported to the department that "the difference in price on the market more than pays to keep pure bred sires even though we sell no breeding stock." Scores of similar reports show that the benefits are practically the same in all parts of the country. The department's records, showing the gradual growth of the better-sires movement, appear to be an index to the growing prevalence of good live stock on farms and in market centers.

But before good live stock can be produced in large numbers, the specialists add, there must be a wide appreciation of the utility value of good breeding coupled with the actual use of high-class pure bred sires at the head of the herds and flocks. The better-sires-better-stock campaign undertakes to supply this need in an educational way.

Any live stock owner who replaces his inferior male breeding animals with good pure bred sires is eligible to take an active part in this work. The department grants each participant a barn sign, "Pure Bred Sires Exclusively Used on This Farm," besides furnishing helpful information on the breeding, feeding and care of farm animals.

The new report on the progress of the work contains summaries of state and county activities, statistics on number, kind and breeding of animals, announcements and terse facts on the practical value of improved stock. It contains nine pages and is in mimeographed form. Copies may be obtained, as long as the supply lasts, from the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Breed Dairy Cows for Late Fall Freshening

Dairymen who can successfully practice a system whereby their cows will freshen during the early winter months almost invariably make a greater net return and find that the cow's production holds up longer, as when spring grass comes the milk flow is stimulated after three or four months of winter production.

In addition the price of butterfat is increased during these months, which is an added inducement for early winter freshening.

The fact that most farmers have more time at their disposal during the winter than during the growing season constitutes the third important reason for having the cows freshen during the late fall and early winter months. H. R. Inslee, Colorado State Dairy Commissioner.

Calf Needs Colostrum

All calves should have an opportunity to suck their dams at least two or three times because, as dairymen well know, the first milk, or colostrum, is necessary for the new-born calf in order to clean out its bowels. This milk seems to be laxative; nature has made it so for a specific purpose and that is why a calf should suck its dam for at least a day or two. After that it is best to resort to hand feeding. As a general rule, start by feeding the calf one pound of milk for each ten pounds of its weight.

Cream on Grading Basis

The market grades of butter are extras, firsts and seconds, and there is usually a difference of between four and five cents a pound in the price between extras and seconds. Paying one price to all producers of cream, instead of paying according to quality, invariably results in lowering the quality of all the cream delivered to the creamery. Paying for cream according to grade is the only just system and should prevail in all creameries everywhere.

LODGE DIRECTORY



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



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 meet with us.

PAULINE YOUNG, Daughter Ruler.
LULA HUBBARD, Daughter Secretary.

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, 381½ E. MORRISON STREET. ALL VISITING BROTHERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

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Syracuse Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., meets the second and fourth Friday nights each month at the Stag Auditorium, 381½ E. Morrison St.
W. C. HOLLIDAY, C. C., 108 N. 6th St.
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