

Mrs. J. B. Ellis



Fifty Years Ago

Bellflower, Calif.—"I can remember 50 years ago, when my mother used and praised Dr. Pierce's medicines because they had so helped her. When I was developing into womanhood, I was delicate and needed some aid to nature and it was the 'Favorite Prescription' that did me so much good. Again after my marriage when the children were coming into our home, the 'Favorite Prescription' gave me the strength and nerve to keep up with my work. Also when I reached middle life I found the 'Prescription' a wonderful help. "Once when stricken with typhoid fever, I was left in a weakened condition, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was what helped me to recover my health."—Mrs. J. B. Ellis. Your druggist will sell you Doctor Pierce's medicines in tablets or liquid, or send 10c for trial pkg. to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice.

Marsh Punishment.

The Bedouins of the Persian desert believe that when a bad man dies of thirst his soul goes into a green owl. The owl flies for one thousand years over the desert, all the time screeching for water.

After Every Meal... WRIGLEYS... 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. Costs little - helps much.

Our Old Habits. It's a tremendous task to excavate a large cellar with a teaspoon — a small matter with a steam shovel. Then why use some of our old habits?—Indiana Construction Recorder. Kipling Philosophy. After all, yourself is the only person you can by no possibility get away from in this life and, maybe, in another. It is worth a little pain and money to do good to him.—Kipling.

His Name in Full. Summoned at Burton, a man stated that his name was Bertram Abiff Welborne Montague Thomas William Henry Lawrence Stupemaduke Simpson Hudson.—London Tit-Bits. Greeks Left Few Paintings. On a tripod in the Naples museum are mounted a few thin slabs of marble the paintings upon which constitute the only Greek paintings possessed by the world.

Crystal for British Museum. A crystal of olive of gem quality, weighing 137 grams, from the island of St. John in the Red sea, was purchased recently by the British museum.

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THE SABLE WINGS OF CHARITY

By FRANK H. CRAWFORD

A CARBINE shot split the night air; a bullet impinged against the top of the prison wall and went singing off down across the city, and a man in stripes dropped thirty feet to the city street. He lay for a moment in a grotesque huddle where he had fallen, near the curb, in the inky shadow of the granite wall. The heel of his right shoe had been torn off by the carbine shot. The man heard quick footsteps behind him. He turned toward the two forms that approached him. "All I need," he admitted pleasantly, "is paper, matches and a bag of tobacco. Can you make 'em myself?" He stepped coolly in between the two, took an arm of each in his and walked out with them into the Halloween moonlight. The man who was dressed in the garb of a green devil thrust the end of his tail in his pocket and grinned appreciatively at the bareheaded man in the convict's garb. "All he needs," he repeated, "is paper, matches and a bag of tobacco." The devil reached inside his jerkin. "You don't look like a man that would match up right with a cigarette. If you want a man's size, long, black stogie made right here in Pittsburgh out of imported Connecticut filler, with fine old Pennsylvania wrapper, why, smoke up."

"Good!" breathed the man in stripes, as he exhaled a puff of the heavy, fragrant smoke. "Good! Let's be moving. What do you say?" Arms-arms they went down the middle of the brilliantly lighted, white-cliffed canyon. At each crossing the bareheaded man glanced to right and left. The streets were blocked with packed cars filled with gay onlookers, and traffic police at each corner held in check all vehicular movement east or west. The man held close to his companions' arms and drew them on slowly down the avenue through the rout. Somewhere, a bell had begun to toll. Dropping heavily down upon the city, out of the night, still came the tootling reverberations of the bell. But three blocks north the man, peering ahead through the crowd, saw a second line of blue that reached from wall to wall—that advanced step by step to meet that other line. "Say," inquired the devil, "are you seeing things?"

A headless form in flowing white edged through the mob. "Yes! A ghost!" gasped the man, but he laughed aloud as he swung about. They moved southward once more along the close-packed avenue. Half way down the square a hideously grinning baboon elbowed them apart. The man in stripes was alone among the jostling thousands. He edged over to the sidewalk. Before him was the vestibule entrance to one of the few old-fashioned office buildings still left in the section. He stepped back through the vestibule, grasped the handle of the inner door and turned it. The door was locked. With cool fury he gripped the handle with both hands and twisted steadily. It was quietly done, but the screw of the handle shank was sheared off by the strain and the knob came loose in his hands, though the lock still held. The man dropped the knob silently in his pocket. He flexed his lean fingers appreciatively and turned to regard more closely whoever else might sight chance to share his shelter. He found himself face to face with two black-robed, black-hooded sisters of charity.

"We are not in costume," the taller of the two answered the inquiry in his eyes. "We are what we seem. We were caught in this—in crossing the city, and took shelter here till the crowd should thin." The man bowed. He stepped to the doorway and glanced up and down the avenue. In a momentary spirit of aloofness he noticed, in vivid detail, the lighting scheme of a show window, the gilded sign over a shop, the checkered facade of a towering white building where, here and there, on thirty floors, was going forward the nightly routine of office cleaning. He turned back toward the rear of the vestibule. "Good ladies, I think it might be well for you to go—now!" The taller sister stepped to the entrance. "I think not, yet." She shook her head. "The crowd is still too great." He saw that she had the wide-eyed loveliness of Du Maurier's Trilby. And he saw in her bearing the unmistakable evidence of good birth and gentle breeding. "But still, you must go—now," he insisted gently. "For here are three of us not in costume, sister. I, too, am what I seem."

"You!" "Sudden he felt a childlike and restless longing for a woman's understanding, for a woman's compassionate and divine forgiveness. Through the din of the city's barbaric play, still came dropping heavily out of the night, the bell's alarm. "In three minutes they will be here—I will be seen, and then—I shall say goodnight to all the world," he told the pale girl beside him swiftly. "For I will not go back. And I find that I would not want—you—here, when that time comes. But hear me! Tonight, each night out in the world, a thousand, whom one tiny crumb from the rich world's plate would save, starve to death. But the crumb's withheld. Who then are the murderers? Last week a factory burned—a hundred girls, white-fleshed like you, with bosoms made for children's lips, were trapped and killed. Whose lips is claimed for blood atonement? Today a people sing a chant of hate and the smell of men unbred poisons the air where that song is heard. Who walks in stripes up a scaffold's steps in penalty for that? "I—I have—killed—one man—a man I had not hated. It was in his room. You perhaps have read? Benedict Grant, he was—a big man—and beautiful as Absalom. We played that night. He lost. He was given to sullen rages at times. That night he lost his hold upon himself. He said one thing—the unforgettable, unforgivable thing—of a woman, and I told him just how abominably he lied. It was primitive. He jerked a javelin from the wall and I found my hand upon a Fiji club. "You will not leave? Then I must go to meet them, before they find me here. I would like a prayer from you to follow me—where I will be—tomorrow."

He stepped toward the outer doorway. "Stop!" A hand touched his shoulder. He turned swiftly but the thing was done. The girl with the wide, gray eyes, had unknotted her clasp, had thrown her left arm about the man's shoulder so that her unloosened robe fell like a drooping sable wing behind him, and with her hand, she had caught up the other woman's arm in a tense grasp so that the man's stripes were hidden by their somber garments. "Bow your head! Come!" she whispered. He bent his head to the girl's height and the three stepped down to the pavement and out to where, for an instant, a space was clear, and then the girl with the wistful lips drew the other into a simple step and they danced their way through a little lane that opened up for them, till they neared one line of blue, and the girl snatched a feathered wand from a careless hand and saucily brushed with it the face of a stocky sergeant of police, and glanced archly back over her shoulder and laughed at him; and so the three danced out from that zone of death and then, in silence, moved on and away to where the streets were empty and quiet and dark. Then the girl drew gently away from the man whose head was bare. They stood silently for a moment in the purple shadow of a belfry tower, beside a gray-stone, century-old churchyard wall. "To try to put in words what is in my heart," the man spoke slowly, "would be so useless! But—" He knelt and lifted the hem of the girl's black robe to his lips. Then he stood before her, with his hands clasped behind him. From where they had stopped they could see the green and red lights of a towboat bound for the Gulf, gleaming across the silent river's ink-black surface; the blast of the steamboat's deep-toned whistle quivering on the cool night air. "I have not the right to ask," the man spoke reverently, "but might I have a name to link with the memory of this night's charity—to carry with me to the end of my life?" The girl, with eyes downcast, drew her companion's arm in hers. She moved silently away a step or two, then paused and turned and looked up steadily into the man's eyes. "If, for what I have done this night, I should chance to be remembered through all those years of peace and happy freedom, I pray that you may have, then let it be as—Sister Benedicta."

"But, while you were of the world, when you were still a carefree girl, a little laughing child, may I not have that name, also, to bear in memory?" "Ah! You ask—me—that?" The girl called Sister Benedicta clasped her rosary with a quick gesture of sudden anguish. Her eyes were closed. When at last she spoke again, it was in a voice of level tones and utter weariness. "In the world, while my brother lived—my only brother, whom I dearly loved—my name was Janet, Janet Grant. My brother's name was Benedict. There are people who, whatever their reason, cling to the lighting of a generation ago. The New York bureau of fire prevention received a complaint from a Fulton street house that a neighbor was using kerosene lamps. Investigation showed it was true. Electric fixtures had been installed in the room where he worked at engraving, but he wanted the lamps, he said. And the bureau let him have his way. Turkey eggs may be very satisfactorily hatched in an incubator. Of course it takes a week longer than hen's eggs and the temperature at the beginning of the hatch should be run a little lower than for the hen eggs. A stream or pond of natural water is an excellent aid in raising geese as they have free access to water at all times. Waste land that is watered, or a swamp that is not fit for anything else can be turned into a profitable piece of land by letting a flock of geese rove over it.

English "Clock Jacks" Are Still in Evidence Our ancestors were not content with public clocks that merely chimed the quarters and sounded the hours from within. They must have some visible sounding and striking agency. So very frequently we see on an old timepiece the little figures styled "clock jacks," says London Answers. Some of these queer little mechanical mannikins have disappeared, but a goodly number remain, especially on cathedral and church towers. Among the oldest of the clock jacks is that oddly grotesque group on the tower of St. Mary steps at Exeter. These clock jacks originally stood over the west gate, and only when it was demolished did they come to their present position. The figures are in bronze and are said to date back to the time of Henry VIII, who is himself represented by the sitting figure which kicks out the hours with its heels, while the men-at-arms sound the quarters. Liked Old Illumination There are people who, whatever their reason, cling to the lighting of a generation ago. The New York bureau of fire prevention received a complaint from a Fulton street house that a neighbor was using kerosene lamps. Investigation showed it was true. Electric fixtures had been installed in the room where he worked at engraving, but he wanted the lamps, he said. And the bureau let him have his way. Tackle one trouble at a time.

FARM POULTRY LIVE STOCK

CONTROL OF ROUP BY SANITARY RULES

Contagious roup is probably caused by unsanitary conditions of the hen-house and yards. It is aggravated by cold, damp weather. Correction of the causes, so far as possible, is most advisable, as remedies are slow working and not sure in effect. It causes a loss, not only from a heavy death rate, but also from the interference with egg production and weakened vitality in breeding. It is very contagious, especially in damp, cold weather, and attacks both young and old stock. Contagious roup is probably easier to identify than any other poultry disease. It usually starts like a simple cold, with a thin, watery discharge from the nose and eyes. This secretion has a peculiar, offensive odor. Inflammation sets into the nasal passages, eyes and spaces just below the eyeballs. The birds then often cough and sneeze, breathing becomes noisy, and if the air passages of the nose become entirely blocked, they breathe through their mouths. The birds soon lose their appetite and become depressed, their wings drooping and their feathers ruffled. The secretions from the nose and eye change from fluid to a yellowish, cheese-like mass. This grows rapidly about the eyelids and the nostrils. One or both eyes become enlarged and swelling may appear on the head. The exact cause is not known. Whatever it is, the organism is hard to kill, because it penetrates into the tissues. If the formations about the head are removed, the uneven bleeding surface which is left forms a new mass in 24 to 48 hours. Infected birds carry the disease from place to place and infect others by contact. Food and water may become contaminated by the secretions from sick birds and healthy birds become infected in this way. Roup is easily controlled by proper management and housing. Damp, unsanitary, poorly ventilated, overcrowded, drafty quarters are conducive to its spread. The first treatment is to remove the cause at once. Only valuable birds should have individual treatment. A simple cure for the sick bird is as follows: Place it in a dry, well-ventilated place away from the other birds, and give it plenty of fresh water and feed. Every morning and evening remove all the matter from the eyes and nostrils of the bird and dip its head into a solution of bichloride of mercury (1-1000). This is made by placing one 7.3 mercury bichloride tablet in a pint of water. Hold the bird firmly and immerse the head until the eyes are covered, keeping it there a few seconds or until it struggles. In most cases, the following procedure is advisable: Dispose of bad cases by killing and burning them. Isolate birds having colds. Be sure quarters are dry and tight on all sides, with adequate opening in the front for ventilation and light to reach every part of the house. Allow at least three square feet floor space per bird. Place a little kerosene on the top of the drinking water or one 7.3-grain mercury bichloride tablet in a gallon of water in a nonmetal container. These should never be used more than ten days in succession. Place one pound epsom salts per 100 birds in the drinking water or a wet wash.

Judgment in Feeding Good judgment must be exercised in feeding the pullets after they are mature and are in their winter houses. Usually eight quarts of hard grain is fed to one hundred birds a day. One-third or one-fourth of this amount should be fed in the morning and the balance at night. When about half the birds are laying well they may require as much as ten or twelve quarts per day. Sometimes, however, eight quarts is too much and it is necessary to cut down on this amount. Mash should always be kept before them in hoppers or feeders.

Poultry Notes Cull nonproducing hens. Chickens need sunlight to prevent rickets. It is a good plan during warm weather to keep a little earth spaded up in the shade of a tree for the fowls' dust bath. Broilers and fryers are most profitable when they reach the market before the slower-growing chickens are ready. There are a good many different systems of feeding the young chicks and a good many feeds which are used for this purpose. Commercial baby chicks scratch and pick mash may be fed to advantage in place of the home-mixed feeds and can be bought from almost any feed dealer. The use of the large colony brooder stoves makes it possible to raise chicks in larger numbers and with less labor than can be done when the chicks are brooded with hens. Turkey eggs may be very satisfactorily hatched in an incubator. Of course it takes a week longer than hen's eggs and the temperature at the beginning of the hatch should be run a little lower than for the hen eggs. A stream or pond of natural water is an excellent aid in raising geese as they have free access to water at all times. Waste land that is watered, or a swamp that is not fit for anything else can be turned into a profitable piece of land by letting a flock of geese rove over it.

Care for Sow and Litter The sow and litter can be left in the small pen until the pigs are five to eight days old, after which both sow and pigs should get a little exercise. Care must be taken not to feed the sow too heavily on rich feed or she will produce so much milk that the pigs will very quickly become too fat and some will be lost simply because they get too fat. Once a litter of pigs has reached two weeks of age, losses should be very small. Healthy Hogs Best "The three first principles for healthy hogs are segregation, sanitation and vaccination," said L. E. Drury, a farmer of Morgan county, Ill., who markets about 1,000 head yearly. Cleanliness, sunlight, and plenty of commercial disinfectant he regards as necessities in sanitation. He regards it of importance to have the farm fenced in small well-watered fields with portable hog houses, and also to keep the herd assorted according to size. Roughing Calves Pays Cottonseed oil meal and linseed oil meal in the beef cattle ration proved profitable in experiments carried on last year at the Kansas State Agricultural college, according to Prof. B. M. Anderson, in charge of beef cattle experiments. Another group of experiments demonstrated that roughing calves through the winter months produces a good result as full feeding and is less expensive. Experiments now are in progress on feeding cattle on grass.

FARM POULTRY LIVE STOCK

SEPARATED MILK IN RATION FOR SWINE

The Michigan experiment station has recently reported an interesting experiment in growing pigs on corn and water as compared to corn and separated milk. Two pigs that got milk gained 221 pounds each in five months. Those on corn and water gained only 95 pounds. At the end of five months the milk-fed pigs were marketed and the two stunted pigs put in separate pens. Pig No. 4 got shelled corn, water and a good mineral mixture. Pig No. 3 got corn and separated milk and though he only weighed 43 pounds at seven months old, weighed 850 pounds at a year old, a gain of 307 pounds. No. 4 gained only 28 pounds, weighing 76 pounds at one year. Then No. 3 was marketed and No. 4 got separated milk and corn for five months. At the end of this time he had gained 274 pounds, weighing 350 pounds, showing that separated milk can bring out even a stunted pig to make good gains. The gains with separated milk cost 6.7 cents per pound, with skim milk at 35 cents per 100 pounds. Gains without milk cost 19.7 to 30 cents per pound. Although separated milk contains valuable mineral matter, this was evidently not what was lacking in the corn. The main deficiency was in protein and in the growth-promoting vitamins, both of which were supplied abundantly by the separated milk. Many people try to feed pigs on corn alone, while others who have dairy cows separate the milk and throw the skim milk away. Both are making a serious mistake. If separated milk is not available one should use alfalfa pasture, tankage or some other protein supplement along with corn. Some will say that they get better results on corn than were obtained by the Michigan station. This is probably true where pigs are getting some grass or weeds to supply them with mineral matter and vitamins and with some of the supplementary proteins. The main thing to remember is that corn is not a complete feed for growing animals. Separated milk should be considered as a supplementary feed, not as a complete feed in itself. Where fed in moderate quantities, 2 or 3 pounds of separated milk may take the place of 1 pound of corn. In large amounts count 8 or 10 pounds of milk equal to 1 pound of corn. A good rule is to count 100 pounds of separated milk worth half the price of corn per bushel.—Chas. I. Bray, Colorado Agricultural college.

Salt Supply for Stock Is of Great Importance Without giving much thought as to why they do so, most farmers provide salt for their live stock. They know that cows will become "salt hungry" if not well supplied with salt regularly. Denied salt, normal growth, health, general thrift and production either cease entirely or are sadly impaired. Carefully conducted experiments have proved this to be true. Salt is an essential as good feed and pure water. Most farm crops and mill feeds are very low in the element chlorine, the very element that common salt supplies cheaply, abundantly and in readily available form. The main use of salt is to supply chlorine that is required to make the hydrochloric acid found in the digestive juice of the cow's stomach, and without which that organ cannot properly perform its digestive function. Diminished milk flow and generally impaired physical condition soon follow if salt is not included in the ration. It is sometimes customary to add salt to the grain mixture at the rate of one pound salt to 100 pounds grain. This, however, is not enough to provide the requirements for all purposes. Whether fed in the grain mixture or not, additional salt should be available at all times in the barn lots and pastures. This may be provided in the form of rock salt or salt blocks. It is advisable to keep this outside supply protected in some way from the weather. A common practice is to keep common feeding salt in a covered box, where the cattle may have access to it at all times.

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