

News of the Churches

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Study, 11 A. M. Y. P. M. V. 30-
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Ellesmere "Lost
Land" of Arctic

Island to Get Close Scrutiny
by MacMillan.

Washington.—"Ellesmere Island, the
second nearest known land to the
North pole, is to get the closest
scrutiny it has ever had by white men
as one result of the MacMillan Arctic
expedition," says a bulletin from the
Washington headquarters of the National
Geographic society. "This land, which
lies at the head of Baffin bay, the
broad water highway to the Arctic
which is inclosed on one side by Green-
land and on the other by Baffin Island,"
continues the bulletin.

"William Baffin, for whom the bay
and island are named, was the first
white man to catch a glimpse of the
unknown land which came later to be
called Ellesmere Island. That was in
1616; but it was only a glimpse, and
other Arctic explorers were so long
in duplicating Baffin's farthest north
that there came to be serious doubt of
the existence of Ellesmere Island.

Existence Long Doubted.
"The land was not sighted again un-
til 1852. The first white man to set
foot on it was Doctor Hayes, a mem-
ber of Kane's expedition in 1854. After
Hayes explored an isolated section of
the shore, the land gradually emerged
from the traditional ice veil; but as
in other of the northern discoveries
different explorers discovered various
headlands and peninsulas independ-
ently and dubbed each a 'land.' Hayes'
portion, the east coast of the north
central section of the big island, be-
came 'Grinnell Land.' The north end,
along the Polar sea, became 'Grant
Land.' Other names which have stuck
to localities of Ellesmere Island are
'North Lincoln,'—paradoxically the
southernmost portion—'King Oscar
Land,' 'Bear Cape Land,' and 'Jesup
Land.'

"Ellesmere Island lacks only about
fifty miles of being the northernmost
known land in the world, that distinc-
tion being held by the north point of
Greenland, Cape Morris Jesup, not far
to the east. Ellesmere island's north-
ernmost point, Cape Columbia, is fa-
mous as the starting point of Peary on
his memorable dash to the North pole
in 1909. From Cape Columbia, Elles-
mere Island extends 600 miles to the
south, its southernmost point being
still nearly 400 miles farther north
than Point Barrow, Alaska, and 2,000
miles farther north than the United
States-Canada boundary.

"Ellesmere Island is 300 miles wide
at the point of greatest width, but the
land is so cut into by deep fjords that
in many places the waters of the eastern
and western sides lie only 50 to
75 miles apart, distances that can be
covered quickly by dog teams. These
fjords, reaching toward each other
from the opposite sides of the island,
mark out the two or three routes that
have been used so far by expeditions
crossing the island. It follows, there-
fore, that Ellesmere Island is known
chiefly along three narrow bands: One
between Grant Land and Grinnell
Land, one near the middle of the
island, and a third toward the south
end.

"Despite the fact that Ellesmere
Island is perhaps better known than
any of the other Arctic lands north of
North America, knowledge of it is con-
fined largely to the coasts and the
fjord crossings. Extensive areas of the
interior are still unknown or imper-
fectly mapped and no careful surveys
have been made of any of the regions.
The planes of the MacMillan expedi-
tion will repeatedly cross Ellesmere
Island this summer in establishing the
advanced base in Axel Heiberg Land,
and, equipped with map-making cam-
eras, will make detailed records of the
terrain. Grant Land in particular,
over which the direct air line from
Etah to the Axel Heiberg base lies,
should be as well known topographi-
cally by next autumn as Maine or New-
foundland.

Goes Through College With Son



Mrs. Mary A. Church and her son, James Church, who have been class-
mates for four years at William Jewell college, Liberty, Mo., have just been
graduated with A. B. degrees. Mrs. Church was a grandmother when she
entered college. Along with her studies and taking an active part in student
activities, Mrs. Church has kept up her home.

Meets Civil War Nurse
Joplin, Mo.—Farnell Walton of St.
Louis, an old soldier waiting of the
state encampment of the G. A. R.,
met and recognized here recently the
woman who nursed him in St. James
hospital in New Orleans in the Civil
war.

Easy Ascent
If the ladder of success were an
escalator there'd be mighty little room
at the top.

Twenty Different Uses for Intelligence Tests
Washington.—That the schools of
the country are using intelligence and
achievement tests with definite pur-
poses in view is set forth in City
School Lenten No. 29, of the Depart-
ment of the Interior, bureau of edu-
cation. Of 215 cities reporting to
the bureau, 64 per cent are using in-
telligence tests to classify pupils in
the elementary schools and 62 per
cent to supplement teachers' estimates

SAFETY CONTEST PRIZE



"Sentinels of Safety" is the statue
designed and executed by Regent del
Patta for the Explosive Engineer, a
publication for users of explosives.
The trophy is to be placed in com-
petition as an award for national mine
and quarry safety in a contest being
conducted under the auspices of the
United States bureau of mines.

when 18 of the 25 men died of starva-
tion. The site of this Arctic tragedy,
across Smith sound from Etah, is now
marked by a bronze memorial tablet,
placed during the summer of 1924 by
Commander MacMillan on behalf of
the National Geographic society."

Germany Needs Beds
Berlin, Germany.—Sofa Goetz of
the German Welfare Institute be-
lieves that for hygienic, moral and
social reasons every man, woman and
child should have his own bed. She
estimates that in Germany 9,000,000
beds are needed to bring about this
condition.

turned into the United States treasury
\$35,523.96 in cash removed from mis-
directed letters or found loose in the
mails.
Postage stamps were taken from let-
ters or found loose in the mails hav-
ing a value of \$12,165.67, almost double
the entire revenue of the postal service
in 1789.

Three-cent fees collected for the re-
turn to senders of letters which could
not be delivered totaled \$92,007.54.
But this is not half the story. Checks,
drafts and money orders, whose owners
could not be located, and amounting
to \$3,546,542.43, finally found a resting
place in the dead letter office.

For want of correct or complete ad-
dresses 21,000,000 letters were deposited
in the dead letter office, not 'o'
speak of 800,000 parcels which had
been improperly addressed or wrapped.

Strange to say, this depositing of
letters and packages in the mails with
incomplete, inadequate or incorrect
addresses and wrappings comes, in a
large majority of cases, from those
patrons who are the most liberal con-
tributors to this branch of the United
States government.

Big Business is Big Loser.
It has been estimated by postal of-
ficials that 300,000,000 pieces of mail
are given "directory service" every
year, which means that employees
must take time from the regular han-
dling and dispatching of mail in the
endeavor to provide correct addresses
for this huge volume of misdirected
matter. In New York city alone the
cost of this service approximates \$500
every day in the year, and the total
amount through the country is stu-
pendous.

While the revenue from the dead
letter office is sufficient to keep that
branch of the postal service function-
ing, it is not nearly enough to pay the
annual toll for support of the "tulle."
A "tulle" is a letter or parcel so im-
properly addressed that it can neither
be delivered to the addressee nor re-
turned to the sender without special
treatment. This special treatment
costs the Post Office department, or
the taxpayer in the final analysis, ap-
proximately \$1,740,000 every year.

Tames Jail Birds
Los Angeles, Calif.—C. E. Jennings
is no fake pugilist, according to guards
at the Los Angeles county jail. Arrested
on a check charge, Jennings was
placed in a cell. There were several
"toughs" in jail and jailers soon no-
ticed these had developed sweet dis-
positions. Some even hopped and
jumped and went to sleep for Jen-
nings, who revealed that several years
ago he was the principal in a hypo-
tism sketch on a vaudeville circuit.

Petroleum First Taken From Water's Surface
The earliest system adopted for the
collection of petroleum appears to
have consisted in skimming the oil
from the surface of the water upon
which it had accumulated, and it is
stated on good authority that at Point
Creek, in Johnson county, Kentucky,
that a man named George, and his as-
sociates collected oil from the sands
by making shallow canals 100 to 200
feet long, with an upright board and
a reservoir at one end from which
they obtained as much as 200 barrels
per year by stirring the sands with a
pole.

The Pennsylvania Rock Oil com-
pany was formed in 1854, but its op-
erations were unsuccessful, and in
1857 certain of the members of that
company founded the Seneca Oil com-
pany, under whose direction E. L.
Drake started a well on Oil creek, in
northwestern Pennsylvania. This was
the first well avowedly drilled for the
production of petroleum. After drill-
ing had been carried to a depth of 69
feet, on August 29, 1859, the tools sud-

THE
BELATED
EXTRA
By W. T. WATERS, JR.

NOTHING could have been more
hideous than the series of
mysterious murders down in
Southend. The whole city
was horrified to find the spotlight of
the country turned unblinkingly on
one of its own suburbs.

The fourth and last murder had
been the most atrocious of all. A
steady young bookkeeper, head of a
happy little household, was on his way
home Saturday evening, with his arms
full of week-end packages. Searchers
found him late that night. The
bundles were scattered about just as if
he had fallen. A cabbage lay unrolled
from the wrappings. Some oranges
had rolled out of a paper sack and
lay scattered in the mud at the edge
of the sidewalk.

The bookkeeper himself—well, there
were no evidences of robbery. There
was the same lack of apparent motive
that had characterized all the other
killings of the past three months. The
same devilish hand seemed to show
in all of them.

The police were baffled. Such faint
clues as they managed to unearth led
them nowhere. The city was getting
nervous. Men asked each other tim-
idly where this thing would stop.
Few were bold enough to walk the
streets of Southend—or, for that mat-
ter, any other part of the city—after
nightfall.

Haden, star man of the News, was
on the story for his paper. For days
he had not been seen about the office.
Not a line of copy came from him. To
his mates he himself had become a
mystery.

Early on this particular afternoon
he sat in whispering conference with
Farnum, managing editor of the News,
and Burke, the city editor, in the for-
mer's office.

"It's the biggest story of my life,"
Haden was saying. "I've tied every
thread together, and there's no doubt
on earth that I've located the fiend.
Whatever you think about my yarn,
now, before the day's over you'll have
to believe it. He's the man, and no
mistake. I've hardly lost sight of him
for three days. At three o'clock I
meet Roswell. He's the deputy, you
know. Then we go together and get
the warrant, and after that there's
nothing to do but serve it."

Farnum laughed nervously. "Just
be careful, Haden."

"Roswell doesn't know where he's
going, and has no way of knowin' it
till I tell him. Nobody knows but you
and me. I've promised Roswell all the
credit if he keeps his head shut.
Every hole is plugged. There just can't
be a leak outside the office. If it's
kept tight inside here we'll make
them all up with the biggest story of
the decade—facts, solution, all."

"I think it won't get out from here,"
Farnum opined, smiling with a show
of satisfaction, and pointing to his
locked desk. "In here's the type and
the only proof that's been taken.
The foreman of the composing room
himself set it last night, after every-
body had gone. He wouldn't tell you
under torture. If you've got it sewed
up outside, Haden, it's in a bag here.
We'll stand by till you 'phone to let
'er go. Then she goes."

Haden stood up, looking at his
watch.

"Fair enough, then. I'll have to get
along. We've got to be prompt to the
dot. He doesn't vary a second. Ros-
well and I will get out there and wait,
and then while the fit is on him, while
he's in his own trap with all the grus-
some stuff around him, we'll get him."

"It's a ticklish business, and you
don't want to get hurt," said Burke,
shifting in his chair.

"Oh, I'm not feeling myself about
that part of it," Haden answered,
shaking his head and smiling. "I
warned Roswell to never prepared for
trouble. And he knows I never joke."

He opened the door and stepped
across the threshold, lowering his
voice, though there was no one in sight
in the corridor.

"When you hear 'let'er go' from m-
you can just send that extra sizzling
out, for I won't say it unless every-
thing is all right. So long."

"With a nod and a smile he clos-
ed the door and was gone."

The regular city edition of the after-
noon run was off the presses and gone.
The big machines in the bowels of the
building were thundering forth the
out-of-town edition. One of them was
not working, however. Its crew had
been ordered to "stand by," and they
waited without knowing or caring the
reason. The boss pressman himself
had slipped the casts on the cylinder,
and nobody else below knew they were
there waiting for the press of a button
that would send them racing into the
extra wheel, was to turtle the country.

Burke, on the top floor, held his
whole force of reporters together.
"Something's up, I'm thinking, and
it's got the bosses scared, from the
looks of things," said Hurdy, of the
courthouse run, to Flisk, the city hall
man. They sat together with their
feet elevated upon a litter-straw
table. But no explanation was forth-
coming, so they talked of other things.

Burke sat at his desk, apparently
busy. His thoughts, however, were
flitting through doubt and conjecture.
Farnum, nervously pacing the floor of
the local room, caught Burke's eye
once in passing, but neither changed
expression or spoke. The tempo of
rings and again. At each ring
Farnum and Burke thought their
nerves would snap till the call was
answered.

One of the rings came from Carson,
the man on police. He warily report-
ed an ambulance call from "some-
where down south." He was told
where he could for the night edi-
tion, if the story turned up anything.
The wait went on and on. The
blank, meaningless strain began to
worry the men. They tried to busy
themselves at their desks with dub
stories for the next day. The endless
clatter of the telegraph keys at their
gossip and the sporadic ringing of the
telephones upon a flat silence grew
irritating.

A shrill cry came up from the street
below.

Burke leaped to his feet and rushed
to a window, with Farnum beside him.
A faint clamor of treble voices, grow-
ing in volume every second, was to
be heard from the street below. Burke
slammed the window open.

"Extra—a-a! Allerboot de—"
Carson burst into the room behind
them.

"It's Haden," he groaned. "Oh, my
Lord, he's gone! Here it is." He
thrust a flaring extra of the Sentinel
under Burke's eyes. "It was that am-
bulance call. I had just landed the
story when the boys caught me with
this down on the street."

Every man in the office was stand-
ing alert. Without a word they gath-
ered around Carson and Burke, listen-
ing silently and tensely to what Burke
read aloud:

MURDER 'TEND IN SOUTHWEND
GETS TWO MORE
Deputy Sheriff and Newspaper Man
Lastest Victims
Albert Haden, of the News and
Deputy Sheriff Roswell found dy-
ing and dead behind "haunted"
shack in forty-ridden district. Mys-
tery piles on mystery. Police sum-
moned by call from unknown
source and respond with reserves
and bloodhounds. Finding Haden
and Roswell in weeds behind aban-
doned house on Allen road where
son killed parents thirty years
ago. Shack surrounded by offi-
cers. Besiegers under fire of mur-
der fiend within walls. He can-
not escape.

Then Burke's eyes skipped to other
lines of big type below these:

Haden, in delirium on hospital
table, mutters "Let'er go! Let'er
go!"

Farnum burst out of the group and
disappeared through the door.

"Quick, the last mother's son of us!"
commanded Burke. "Carson and Hurdy
to the shack. Risk to the hospital.
Brady—"

He shot across right and left, while
the telephones rang madly and men
vanished like magic. The presses
were already rumbling and roaring an-
grily in their pit.

They were still hot and fuming
from their mad race through extra
after extra when, about midnight,
Haden became aware that Farnum
was standing beside his cot in the
hospital. He regarded him steadily
for several moments, to be sure that
he was not seeing another of the
phantasms that had been bothering
him in his fevered dreams. Farnum
was smiling.

"Did we make it?" Haden strained
to make his question audible.

Farnum nodded. "They got him,"
he added.

Whereupon Haden closed his eyes
again, and without further ado went
back to sleep.

Wife Evidently a Power
A certain ex-pugilist decided that in
the future all public wars could be
carried on without his interference,
and married and settled down. There
were rumors in the neighborhood that
the wife was a power in the family,
and sympathy became even more pro-
nounced when the ex-pugilist, becom-
ing afflicted with appendicitis, was
sent to a hospital for an operation.

The operation was performed. The
patient put his hand feebly to his
brow, opened lids that covered glazed
eyes, and shuddered, as if the feelings
of dizziness that assailed him were fa-
miliar. Then his lips parted and he
whispered: "Yes, dear, you've con-
vinced me. I was wrong—you were
right."

First German Pope
The first German pope was Bruno
of Carinthia, who reigned as Gregory
V, from 996 to 999. He was a nephew
of Emperor Otto III, whose influence
helped to elect him to the papal
throne.

Won't Go That Far.
Howsoever every man may complain
occasionally of the hardships of his
condition, he is seldom willing to
change it for any other on the same
level.

Not Missed.
"Conversation at breakfast," says
an essayist, "have become a lost art."
Well, a lot of it was pretty loud any-
way for those poroknit apartment
houses.—Detroit News.

The Way of the World.
Benjamin Nash, the English arbiter of
fashion in the Seventeenth century, in
his prime gave large sums in charity,
but when in old age he suffered from
actual want, no one came to his aid.

Criticism.
There is no just and serene criti-
cism as yet. Our taste is too delicate
and particular. It says nay to the
poet's work, but never says yea to
his hope.—Thoreau.

American Santa Claus.
The American consul general to Ar-
gentina says that "they do not have
a Santa Claus in this country as we
practice it in the United States, but
on each 6th of January they dress
up to a very limited extent what they
called 'Los Reyes' (the Kings), wear-
ing a Santa Claus beard and a red or
colored coat, but the performance is
very tame and not at all general."

Consume Many Pine Seeds.
Government experiments with the
appetites of ground squirrels and chip-
munks in an endeavor to determine
what damage they do to the seed crop
of our conifer trees showed that the
ground squirrel averaged 340 pine
seeds in 24 hours while the chipmunk
got away with 237 over the same
period.

Uses for Jetties.
A jetty is an embankment which ex-
tends into a lake or ocean for the
purpose of controlling the sand drift that
would otherwise shoal up a channel or
encroach on the shore. Jetties are
usually built of large broken stone, or
timberwork; concrete blocks, etc., can
be used.

Plants and Animals.
The fundamental differences be-
tween plants and animals are that as
a rule animals can move from place to
place, and plants cannot; plants make
their own food from sunlight and com-
mon chemicals while animals depend
on eating other animals or plants.

Practical Idealism.
One should keep one's eyes raised
to the mountains, and refuse to lower
one's ideals. All the same, one must
not ignore the road one is traveling
along, or one will trip. Idealism must
be translated into the practical terms
of everyday life.

Son Was Interested.
Old Richleigh (in lecturing mood)
—"I well remember the time when I
hadn't shirt of my back." His Son—
"that must have been a hot old foot-
ball game, dad. What wash did you
play?"—Boston Transcript.

Scourge of the Seas.
Montbars, a French pirate of the
Seventeenth century, was called on,
on account of his ferocity, the "Extermin-
ator." When eighteen he went with his
uncle, a naval officer, to the West In-
dies, and there joined the buccaniers.

The Call.
Josephine—Mother, I must go home
sooner than I expected. I just had a
letter from Edward telling me to stay
as long as I wanted to!

Breakfast Burglars.
Four burglars broke into a house in
London, coolly lit the gas and boiled a
dozen eggs for their breakfast. They
then ransacked the house without
waking any of the occupants.

Life's Doors.
"Life has three doors. There's the
door marked 'Push' and the door
marked 'Pull.' "Well?" "And there's
the revolving door.—Louisville Cour-
ier-Journal.

South Carolina Took Lead.
South Carolina was the leader in
advocating and fighting for the
doctrine of state's right. It was the first
state to secede from the Union, De-
cember 20, 1860, and it opened the
Civil war, April 12, 1861.

Has Been Held Master.
Kubla Khan, the grandson of the
great Genghis Khan, who completed
the subjugation of China begun by
Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler, as an
able and enlightened ruler.

Fortunately for Humanity.
There is in the heart of woman such
a deep well of love that no age can
freeze it.—Bulwer Lytton.

Unlike Humanity.
Animals are such agreeable friends;
they ask no questions, pass no criti-
cisms.—George Eliot.

You Want a Good Position
Very well—Take the Accountancy and
Business Management, Private Secre-
tarial, Calculator, Comptometer, Steno-
graphic, Penmanship, or Commercial Teach-
ers' Course at

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Esthonia's Dairy Exports
Esthonia dairy and poultry produc-
tions are growing rapidly and butter
and eggs are being shipped to many
parts of the world.