

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family



BRUIN'S RED MITTENS

OF COURSE Granny Bear knew that her little Grandson Bruin would not need mittens...



When He Woke Up the Mittens Were Gone.

mittens and, being a grandmother, Granny Bear said at last, "Well, run along with you and wear the red mittens if you like, you little tease."

Your Health By Andrew F. Currier, M. D.

ACID INDIGESTION

OF THE innumerable glands with which the mucous membrane lining the stomach is provided, one set secretes mucus and another pepsin.

This gastric juice is made or secreted principally from one to three hours after a meal.

If there is more hydrochloric acid than is needed, the excess becomes a cause of trouble in the form of discomfort, pain, and a sourness sometimes called water brash or heartburn.

Now, cancer of the stomach occurs more frequently than any other form of that dreadful disease, hence the importance of avoiding indigestion or keeping it under control if it persists in appearing.

Super-acidity may come from many causes, some preventable, and others non-preventable; from disease of the teeth, mouth, throat, lungs, and heart; and also from improper food.

The super-stition regarding the dragon fly or, as it is popularly called, the devil's darning needle, is an inheritance from Norse mythology.



(By Wholes Syndicate, Inc.)

THE SANDMAN STORY

of the red mitten was a bit of red yarn. Timmy had an idea perhaps he could get the red mittens after all.

Old Mrs. Birdie had asked him only that morning if he had seen in his travels a bit of yarn or soft twine she could use in repairing her nest.

Mrs. Birdie could pull at the yarn that hung from little Bruin's red mittens and perhaps she would pull them off Bruin's paws. She could pluck the bit that hung from the mittens and use it for her nest, and then, of course, she would leave the mittens on the ground.

So off ran Timmy Coon to tell her. He did not have to go far because Mrs. Birdie lived in a tree close by.

"I'll come right along," said Mrs. Birdie when she heard the news.

By and by the other Mrs. Birdies made such a noise quarreling over the red yarn that little Bruin awoke and his eyes nearly popped from his head when he saw only a band of red around his wrists—all that was left of his beautiful red mittens.

He jumped up and ran for home, still looking at the red wristbands but as he ran the bands grew narrower, for the scraggly Mrs. Birdies had tangled the yarn about a bush which held it fast, and when little Bruin reached home not a sign of the red mittens did he have. It had all unraveled.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Granny Bear when little Bruin came tumbling into the room where she sat knitting. "What has happened?"

Between his sobs little Bruin managed to tell his sad story. "It just flew away," he said. "The faster I ran the faster it went away."

Little Bruin wiped the tears from his eyes and, taking Granny's hand, he led her along the path through the woods. He did not have to go far before they came upon the red yarn trailing on the ground.

Granny Bear followed the red line and pretty soon she saw the bush where the Mrs. Birdies were still pulling at the yarn.

"You say you were asleep and when you woke up the mittens were at one end and the wrists?" inquired Granny Bear.

Little Bruin nodded his head. "I turned them inside out," he explained. And then Granny Bear remembered the unfastened end of yarn and, being a wood dweller, she knew what had happened. But she did not see two bright eyes looking down at her from a nearby tree, or she might have thought some one beside a little bird could tell what happened to little Bruin's red mittens.

(By George Matthew Adams.)

George O'Brien



This popular "movie" star has been seen in a number of motion pictures, much to the satisfaction of his many admirers.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

UNDAUNTED

I'LL crack a joke if possibly I can. To bring a laugh unto the heart of man, but best of all the specimens of wit.

By H. IRVING KING

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

DEVIL'S DARNING NEEDLES

FEW people realize what a great mass of persistent superstition underlies our modern culture—how, though the temples of Isis and Osiris are crumbling by the banks of the Nile; the "stars glimmer through the loops of time" in the Roman coliseum, and Odin reign no longer in the Norseman's heaven and Stonehenge lies Druidless upon Salisbury plain, the superstitions evolved in the days when these things belonged to a living present and not to a hoary past remain still with us, descended from all these various sources, apparently indestructible and forming a part of the lives of the people in the present day.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL Facts about your name, its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day, lucky jewel.

LUCILLE

LUCILLE is a poetic name which has come into everyday usage in this country. It used to be considered a diminutive of Lucy, but as a matter of fact, it is a complete, separate name which merely happened to spring to fame simultaneously with the shorter and more serviceable appellation.

It signifies light, coming from the Latin word lux.

Lucille comes to us through the masculine form evolved from lux. A certain British is said to have had a kin called Luefer Mawr who was Latinized into Lucius. Viscount Falkland brought fame to the name in England and Ireland and in the meantime Lucius was growing in popularity in Rome.

The Lucilian gens of the plebeian order was formed from Lucius and from it arose the name Lucilla. Several Roman empresses bore this name, and a saint at Florence was so called. Lucille is the French version which was immediately accepted by Englishmen. Owen Meredith made the name famous by his poem of that name.

The diamond is Lucille's talisman gem. It will bring her courage and physical and mental strength. Wednesday is her lucky day and three is her lucky number.

(By Wholes Syndicate, Inc.)

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By GORDON ARTHURTON

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

IN JUNE, 1892, the United States steamship Visitor sank on a reef off the southern coast of Florida with all on board. Half of the passengers were saved by efforts directed from land, and the bodies of half the remainder were found. But one-fourth of the people of the Visitor lay, undiscovered and unburied, in the waters of the Gulf.

A few days later divers were sent down with a view of raising the steamship if she were found to be in good enough condition. Among these divers was one Joel Vaughton, a hardy, worn veteran with scars of the Civil war on his body and the signs of toll and hardship on his rough, honest face.

Vaughton was forty-five—possibly a bit over. He did not know, but he remembered enlisting in '63 as sixteen years of age. He had not brilliantly distinguished himself in the war—so many luckier ones had, but he had fought hard and well. No opportunities had been given him of leading a desperate charge or of capturing an enemy's flag. He had been twice wounded, at Bull Run and at Gettysburg. The surgeons had decided the last time that he was to die, and they had given him up. But he had determined to live, and live he did. He was discharged from the hospital just in time to join Sherman in his march to the sea. After the war he drifted around doing nothing, and yet doing everything. There was no occupation that he did not try his hand at, and there was none that he tried longer than a week. Finally he drifted south, and in '82 started farming on a small scale. This evidently proved the exception to the rule, and he stuck to it for seven years, making a modest income thereby. But it was too monotonous for him. He lacked the excitement which hitherto had never failed him, and in '89 he discovered the work that suited him. He became a diver. He was well fitted for it physically, with his sound heart and his good lungs, and he made a success of it almost immediately.

Three days after the Visitor had sunk, Joel Vaughton and one of his comrades were fitted into their suits and lowered down to the wreck. Vaughton had long ago got over the singing in his ears and the sickness that is first incurred by divers, and he was steady as a rock when he was lowered cautiously on his rope. Looking down he saw the deck of the Visitor looming up beneath him. Already it was covered with weeds and green with slime. As his feet touched the boards he gave the signal to stop lowering, and, slowly and cautiously, made his way to the forward hatchway, taking care to lay his rope and supply-pipe in such a fashion that they might not become entangled in the stray wreckage, of which there was a great quantity.

His inspection of the forward part of the ship showed him that it was in no condition to be raised. The bow had been shattered by the contact with the reef, and the grinding had worn away the entire plankings of the forward decks. He returned slowly to the stern of the vessel and climbed over the remains of the rail down on to the sandy bottom. Then he walked along the stern of the ship, keeping a sharp lookout for any damage done in that direction.

As he did so he beheld a sight that, cool veteran as he was, caused him to utter a cry and to step quickly backwards. Staring at him through the porthole, his face livid and sunken, his eyes bloodshot, but gleaming with excitement, his hair matted over his forehead and his lips moving in what must have been utterances or entreaties, was a living, breathing man. Vaughton at first thought that his senses had left him, and he turned away to see if the apparition would have gone when he next looked around. But no—the pale, excited face was still there, and this time the hand was beckoning wildly to him and the eyes supplementing the movements. Then, as soon as he realized that he had attracted Vaughton's attention, the man disappeared, only to show himself again with a sheet of paper covered with writing. This he held up against the porthole, motioning Vaughton to approach and read it. It ran as follows:

HELP!!! When the ship sank I went down with it, locked up in this water-tight compartment. Have had hardly any sleep, eat and drink and air is giving out. I cannot last an hour more. I shall be destroyed by the water which will rush in. FOR PITYS SAKE, HELP ME SOME WAY!!! I AM STARVING FOR FOOD AND AIR!

The words were written in a fairly

legible hand and Vaughton had no trouble in making them out. But the question was, what to do. How should he save this man? There seemed to be no means of doing it, unless the entire ship were raised, and this, as he had seen by his inspection, was impossible. Then, suddenly, another plan flashed through his brain—a plan that was, really, the first thing that should have occurred to him. Why couldn't the man trust to his chances of reaching the surface before his breath gave out? He, himself, could take down a rope and tie it around his body while the men above hauled him up by it as quickly as they could.

Vaughton motioned to the man, who had been gazing anxiously at him, and, nodding to assure him of his assistance, gave the signal to be hauled up. As soon as he was above the surface and had been stripped of his helmet, he told the men, as briefly and as quickly as he could, the strange sight that he had seen. A long rope was secured and Vaughton wrote out his name on a piece of cardboard, so that the men might understand exactly what was to be done.

Then he dived down a second time, taking with him the extra rope. He found the man occupying the position he had left him in, only starting up towards the porthole for the help that he knew was to come from above. Vaughton held the sheet of cardboard close up to the porthole, and, as the man within read, his face lightened up in comprehension. Then, upon a signal from Vaughton, the prisoner threw open the door of the compartment, and, quick as a thought, was bound around the waist with the rope. The sign was given to the waiting men above, and he was hauled up as fast as human sinews could do it.

The stranger reached the surface in an unconscious state, but was soon revived, and, after having eaten all the sandwiches that were to be procured, he showed great willingness to tell his remarkable story.

"I was sleeping," he said, "at the time the ship foundered, and it was by a miracle that the door of the water-tight compartment was closed, else I would not be here to tell the tale. You may wonder at the fact that I slept so soundly that the hurry and confusion on the decks did not awaken me. I will answer that simply by telling you that I regularly roll off my bed at night and never wake up. When I did wake up, however, imagine my astonishment, upon glancing out of my porthole, to find that I was entirely surrounded by water—water to left of me, in front of me, above me, and to right of me. At first, as you may suppose, I could not realize what had happened. Then, gradually, it dawned on me that I was at the bottom of the sea. This idea was immediately strengthened by the sight of a couple of lazy fish, swimming up and down in front of my porthole. I believe that no one has, hitherto, equalled my adventure. No human being that I have ever heard of has lived for two days, clad in his ordinary costume, at the bottom of the ocean, except, of course, in a submarine boat. Well, to continue: About the second day I realized that my supply of air was giving out—the compartment was not very large—and I became oppressed in breathing. It was lucky that I was the only one down there to use up the air. Finally it occurred to me that divers might be sent down to the ship, and I prepared the sign that I showed at the porthole. If it had not been for your timely assistance, I should have been a dead man by this time."

Presidential Immunity

Theoretically, the President of the United States cannot be legally arrested no matter what his offense might be. The only action which can be taken against him while President is impeachment. If a President were to commit some serious crime he could first be removed by impeachment proceedings and then indicted and arrested. However, in practice a President cannot be arrested. For instance, President Grant was once arrested by a negro policeman for driving a horse too fast in Washington. Grant forfeited \$20 collateral and commended the officer for enforcing the law.

Admission to the Bar

Admission to the bar is formal recognition by a court that a person is qualified to practice law in that court. A lawyer may be ever so able and yet if he is not admitted to the bar in a certain state he cannot practice his profession there. Usually a person is admitted to the bar upon examination and by motion of a lawyer who has known him for some time. The qualifications for admission to the bar are different in different states.

General Timing

"That was a very fine sermon," said an enthusiastic church member who was an ardent admirer of the minister. "A fine sermon and well timed, too."

"Yes," answered his unamusing neighbor, "it certainly was well timed. Fully half of the congregation had their watches out."

Inventions That Came From Women's Brains

Who invented the cotton gin? Eli Whitney has received the credit through the years. However, the cotton gin was invented by the wife of General Greene. She gave it to Whitney and he patented it.

Who invented the loom? A woman invented the loom that weaves every stitch you wear. Her name was Mrs. Jacquard.

Who invented the sewing machine? Ask any schoolboy and he will answer "Elias Howe." Elias Howe did take out the patent in his own name; but his wife invented the machine. Howe struggled for 14 years trying to work it out and failed. Finally Mrs. Howe decided if something were not invented pretty soon they would starve to death. In two hours she invented the sewing machine. Howe acknowledged it to Russell H. Conwell during the Civil war.

Who invented the mower and reaper? A West Virginia woman invented them. Mr. McCormick, in a confidential communication published some

time since, so reported. After McCormick and his father had failed a woman took a series of shears and sharpened one sheaf of each rigidly to the edge of a board. Then she attached a wire to each movable shaft and by pulling one way she opened the series and by pulling the other she closed it. The mowing machine is a lot of shears, and a woman used her own tools to cut man's hay.

Who invented the great iron squeezers that lay the foundation of all the steel mills and millions? A woman invented them, according to the statement of Andrew Carnegie.—Los Angeles Times.

Use of Opportunities

Whatever one's position in life, be it great or small, his plain duty for the time being is to use all his strength and knowledge to make the most of his opportunity. Unconsciously he may be undergoing a test for greater responsibilities.—Grit.

All, All Alone.

"Eat a raw onion every day and you'll be happy and healthy," advises a doctor. And you'll find there'll be more room for you in the trains and busses, too.—London Opinion.

Similar Experiences.

A bulldog at Macon, Ga., has been given two baby tigers to raise, and some day that bulldog is going to feel just like most American parents do now.—American Lumberman.

Land of Rubber.

A traveler can ride for seven hours by train between Singapore and Penang, through the Malay states, and not once lose sight of the rubber plantations which support that country.

Rubbing the Fat Off.

An Australian recommends the use of a scrubbing brush on corpulent bodies to remove fat. Its vigorous application to the floor might accomplish the same results.—New York World.

Instructing Her Doll.

Little Annette had overheard the people next door quarreling. Shortly afterwards as she was sitting on the piazza with her doll, she said very impressively: "Now, Dorris, when you know I am right, you must never, never talk backward to me."

Mythological Goddess.

In mythology, "Bellona" was the wife of Mars and the goddess of war. Her parents were called Bellonari. On the 24th of March, Bellona's day, her votaries hacked themselves with knives and drank the blood of their sacrifices.

Beautiful Thought.

As the sparks falling on the river, so shall the glories of our strength go out. But the graces of the holy soul shall be as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.—John Mearns.

Removing Paint Spots.

Paints spots on glazed tiles are removed by soaking the paint with a few drops of strong ammonia and scraping off with a wooden stick. For removing paint from unglazed tiles, ammonia, soap and hot water, scouring powder and sharp sand may be used.

Joys of Spring.

More than 100,000 people joined in ceremonies celebrating the Setsuban, or advent of spring. Buddhist families revived the ceremony of driving out the devil, which consists of throwing roasted peas in their homes and shouting, "Out with the devil."

Played Heavy Part at Ninety.

Charles Macklin, English actor and dramatist of the Eighteenth century, who lived to be one hundred years old, created, when he was ninety, the strenuous part of Maccyphor in his own play, "The Man of the World."

Not Worth While.

"There is no tax on brains," remarks an exchange. The revenue would be too small, brother, the Boston Transcript replies.

Precisely.

Said an Irishman at a conference in London: "Gentlemen, this is a most insidious proposal. If you accept it, you will find it to be neither more nor less than the thin edge of a white elephant."—London Tit-Bits.

Lamb's House Sold.

Charles Lamb's little cottage near Edmonton, England, where he lived for many years and died, recently was sold at auction for about \$4,000.

Hand Lever Lifeboat.

A lifeboat made in England is operated with hand levers instead of oars, which are apt to be lost or damaged.

Slow in Development.

The upright piano was invented in 1807, although it was many years before it even approached its present perfection.

Control of Breathing.

The nerves that control our breathing are controlled in their turn by the concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood.—Science Service.

Rights and Duties.

No human being is entitled to any "right," any privilege that is not correlated with the obligation to perform duty.—Roosevelt.

Dragon Fly's Antiquity.

The dragon fly is the most ancient insect known to scientists and has the least complex anatomy.

On His Dignity.

Marylebone Wife—"My husband obeys me in everything, but when there is a stranger about he disobeys me to show that he is not obliged to be obedient."—London Tit-Bits.

Punishment.

Teacher (to sleeping pupil)—You're not fit to sit by anyone with sense. Come up and sit by me.

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News of the Churches

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Bronze Beauty Vanishing Cream 50c Is a soothing, greaseless vanishing face cream that will not grow hair.

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Bronze Beauty Face Powders 50c Are suited to all complexions. Can be successfully used on dry or oily skins. The shades: High Brown and Bronze Glow are favorites.

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