

A Voice That Wants to Reach Thin, Pale, Nervous Women



Salem—Mrs. W. H. Martin of 1930 W. Liberty St., says: "I had become all run down in health caused by over-work and worry. I grew thin and pale, was nervous, weak, had very little blood and it was thin and impoverished. I got so weak I could scarcely walk. Finally I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it not only restored my blood condition but also built me up all over. I never knew there was a medicine that would build up a person's health so quickly and so permanently as does the 'Golden Medical Discovery'."

Step into any drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in tablets or liquid or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg. of tablets.

"Divine Rights"

George F. Baer was known as Divine Rights Baer because of a statement in which he is alleged to have said: "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for—not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country."

Her Ambition

I know a very nice woman, and what do you think her greatest ambition is? I have heard her say this is it. In her town lives a man named Tuttle, who thinks he is very good looking, and this nice woman longs to approach him, and say: "Tut, I don't think you are so d—n good looking." —E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Alaskan Schools

There are schools for white children and for native children in Alaska. Schools for white children are under the territorial board of education, while schools for the natives are under the direction of the bureau of education, and these schools are conducted for the benefit of adults as well as for children.

Ended Enforced Servitude

The habit of sending people to America to be made indentured servants was discontinued at the time of the American revolution. The habit of sending maidens to become the wives of colonists was discontinued the latter part of the seventeenth century or the early eighteenth.

Honor Accorded Indian

A Hatteras Indian named Manteo, who was a faithful friend of the whites and was taken on a visit to England, was given the rite of Christian baptism and the order of a feudal baron as Lord of Roanoke August 31, 1587.

Judicial Robe at \$2,000

The magnificent robes of black satin damask, heavily embroidered with gold thread, which legal etiquette compels the higher judicial officials in England to wear on state occasions, now cost nearly \$2,000 apiece.

Charge It, Please

Osteopathy means "the science of the correct manipulation of the bones." Think of the edge an osteopath has on the rest of us when the baby needs a new pair of shoes.

Knew What He Meant

This telegram was received by the bride of a civil engineer who took only winter flannels to the tropics with him: "S. O. S. B. V. D. C. O. D. P. D. Q."

Salesmanship

Floorwalker (to clerk) — When a lady customer comes in you ask her the size of her feet. She says, for example, "Seven." You say, "Oh, no; six will suit you, madam," and then fit her with an eight.

Brush Up

You'll agree that this, that or the other girl has a "mean hair in her head," when your wife finds it on your coat.

Jewels for Watches

The best grade jewels used as bearings in watches are made of sapphires or rubies.

Glory in Goodness

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.—Michelet.

You Want a Good Position Very well — Take the Accountancy and Business Management, Private Secretarial, Calculator, Comptometer, Stenographic, Penmanship, or Commercial Teachers' Course at

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GETTING GROGAN'S GOAT

By ELIOT KAYS STONE

TRIFLES make history. The merest nothing may be sufficient to change maps, dynasties, governments. An adder drenched a field in blood. A thirty-years' war was waged over a glass of water. An empire was lost for lack of a riding habit. A little wren saved an army from destruction. A city was destroyed by silence. Rome was saved by some cackling geese. The City of Mexico stands where it does today on account of an eagle and a serpent. Mohammed's life was preserved by a spider.

It may be said, then, that a wise man does not overlook trifles. In another sense, he knows nothing of trifles, for everything is of importance. A flake of dust can blind a man as easily as a sledge hammer. The insignificant mosquito in his small buzzing way is as deadly as the cobra. All of which is by way of preamble to the piffing trifle that lost for Grogan the world's championship.

Partisans of Weasel Slavin, now champion, will tell you jubilantly that a left to the ear knocked out Grogan, the Kansas Cyclone. Adherents of the Cyclone will tell you almost with tears in their eyes that Grogan got his through a yellow streak. Neither view is correct. Appearances are deceitful. The hand is quicker than the eye. Things that show on the surface are sometimes not there at all. Slavin did put Grogan to sleep, but the Cyclone let him. Grogan did show a yellow streak all wool and a yard wide, apparently. But there was no real knock-out and no real yellow streak. Grogan fears neither man nor woman, God nor devil. What laid Grogan on the mat was the paltriest trifle. It did not bubble to the surface at all. Let us search among the hidden and unrevealed events that really constitute history and we shall know what knocked out Grogan.

We shall now dive into the sea of psychology. We shall fish up Pat McCoy, the Weasel's manager, a little red-haired, blue-eyed son-of-a-gun; as sly as a fox, as slippery as an eel, as smooth as your favorite brand packed into your pipe, and as crooked as—well, as some aldermen—there is no better simile. Pat is out for the cash, and he doesn't care how he gets it. The word psychology is unknown to his vocabulary, but he is some psychologist. However, I would not advise you to intimate to McCoy that he is such a thing. He would think you were calling him names, and that is a trifle he never overlooks.

Let us now stand aside and let Pat prove our assertions. We shall "listen in" on a little conversation that he had with the Weasel a month or so before the fight. We shall find them both at the Weasel's training quarters. We behold the gym, a long, low, narrow room, bare of everything but punching bags and other light paraphernalia, and a bench or so along the wall. Enter McCoy, who for some moments appraises with his keen little eyes Slavin's onslaught on the punching bag.

"I tell you, Weasel," he begins, as that athlete pauses for a moment's breath, "we gotta get his goat." "He ain't got none," the Weasel retorts. "It 'ud be better 't fix it." "Fix it—!" McCoy snorts. "Morgan an' Rockyfeller 'tgether ain't got rocks enough 't frame up nothing with that bunch. Two honest guys is the Cyclone an' his manager. Fools, I call 'em. Why, Grogan'd knock out his own grandmother if she'd be fool enough 't step int' the ring agin him." "Then you'd better spread our dough on the Cyclone. I kin lay down if the iron boys talk."

"You make a noise like a book. I don't want no short-end bets. We gotta get his goat." "Fergit it. The Cyclone don't keep none of them little pets." "Sure, he does," McCoy comes back. "There never was a guy that didn't have a goat. Touch me in the ribs an' I'm ready 't quit. Some's afraid o' snakes, some o' mice, an' a fuzzy long-legged spider is the answer to one championship I knows of. Sure he's got a goat." "Which remark proves McCoy to be a psychologist."

An hour or so later we find McCoy holding earnest converse with one Slinky Grimes over a small table and a glass of root beer.

"Sure," Slinky is saying, "it's a pipe. I got pals in the Cyclone's outfit, an' if he's got a goat, I'll get it. If none o' them guys are hep, I'll find out myself. There's a bunch o' com-ons alius buttin' in, tryin' 't get a line on the champ's form. I'll be one o' them meself, an' if there's anything in this goat biz, I'll sure cage the animal."

Let us now invade the champion's training quarters. The room is very similar to that in which we found Slavin. A group of newspaper men and fight fans are eagerly watching the morning's work. The Cyclone is having a bout with Tim Murphy, one of his sparring partners. The blows fall thick and fast on Tim's chest and shoulders and head. He seems unable to elude the Cyclone's scientifically delivered punches. Suddenly the champion starts and stares, a look of fright displaces his confident and

aggressive air, and uncovered, a blow from Murphy falls him to the floor. The spectators are astonished. Few of them have noticed the cause of Grogan's discomfort. I did. A good reporter has to see, even if he is not permitted to record everything. That is, perhaps, the reason why I have ferreted out the story of Grogan's defeat. It may also explain the reason why I cleaned up enough money on the fight to retire from paperdom.

We shall let Slinky again speak for himself to McCoy. "Sure," he is saying, "I was a cluck. I've lifted his goat. Wanta see the beast?" and he places a small, green object in McCoy's outstretched hand.

Twenty-two rounds of the Grogan-Slavin fight were a classic—a pugilistic drama. Never in the history of the ring had there been such a battle. It was a whirlwind of quick action. Grogan, the Kansas Cyclone, 198 pounds stripped, lean and sinewy, in perfect fighting trim, was at his best. Slavin, twelve pounds lighter, well deserved his nickname. He was, perhaps, the speediest performer ever admitted to the roped arena.

The first six rounds were more or less of a skirmish, each gunging the other. In the seventh, Grogan took the aggressive. All that saved Weasel in the fifteenth was his agility; in the eighteenth, the gong. From then on to the twenty-third I have never seen such an exhibition of gameness. Slavin was almost literally battered to a pulp. On that twenty-second round the referee had reached the count of nine when the gong sounded.

The gong clanged again and the cyclone rushed like a whirlwind to meet his opponent, who groggily reeled from his corner. A gasp ran through the crowd—they were keyed for the knockout. Then just before they encountered, the Cyclone flinched to a gentle zephyr. He seemed to be in a daze and a look of fear crept into his face. There were the thumps of two blows delivered so rapidly that they sounded almost as one. The weasel had hurled his right into Grogan's solar-plexus, and deposited his left on the base of Grogan's right ear. Grogan dropped like a log and remained uninterested in the subsequent proceedings long after he had been counted out.

A sigh stirred the house, and then pandemonium reigned. Cheers and hisses and groans, shouts of triumph and of anger were confusedly intermingled. Grogan had unexpectedly developed a yellow streak. There were not a few who loudly proclaimed it a frame-up! A riot was averted only by the sudden appearance of the police in force—their timely entrance giving color to the charge. The crowd dispersed sullenly. Such was the fight as it went down in history.

What really happened in that twenty-third round was this: When the weasel had retired to his corner at the end of the twenty-second, he whispered into McCoy's ear, "Get his goat, I'm all in." So, when at the top of the gong, the Cyclone advanced, a veritable whirlwind, McCoy and I, alone of the thousands of spectators, watched a toad—a common, ordinary, garden variety of hop-toad, hopping toward Grogan. Grogan saw it, and that was enough. It was Grogan's goat—the one thing between earth and sky that the Cyclone feared.

Palm Branch Guards Villages in Guiana

An asung-pau—barrier against bad phantoms—hangs across the mouth of every Bushnegro path in the Interior of Suriname, Dutch Guiana.

The utility of the thing is important, its form simple. An asung-pau is nothing but a long palm branch with hanging leaves supported across the way by two long forked sticks stuck in the ground at either extremity. To go up the path toward the village that hides up the rise of land, one must walk through and under the asung-pau, letting its rattling fronds brush against the face. A stranger who attempts to make his way around the end of the barrier is loudly called back and made to walk straight through, legitimately.

The theory, based on actual experience, is that no one who comes to the town on an unholy mission will venture boldly through the asung-pau. Fear of the avenging fetish that protects the path will prevent. The same rule that applies to the living affects the dead. Good spirits can march through the palm barrier. Bad phantoms cannot.

The Bushnegroes believe that the physical strength of the evil dead is so inferior to the vigor of the good that the branch which deters the one will present no obstacle to the other. Thus is the asung-pau doubly effective.—John W. Vandercreek in Harper's Magazine.

Married and Imprisoned

A marriage was celebrated at a seaport in Wales about fifty years ago under singular circumstances. The bridegroom was a returned convict, and was one of the prisoners sent for trial at the assizes for theft. The bride had joined him in his thieving enterprise, and was waiting to be tried. In the morning the happy pair were escorted by the police to the Roman Catholic chapel, where, in accordance with a judge's order, they were made man and wife; and immediately afterwards they were arraigned before Lord Coleridge in the Assizes court, and convicted of the crime laid to their charge. The man was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and the blushing bride was relegated to prison for six months.

Ounce of Prevention

Ordinary colds in poultry often develop into contagious roup unless immediate precautions are taken. Symptoms of cold involve excretion from nostrils and eyes and some wheezing. Cold may be controlled by removing drafts or damp conditions in the poultry house or by securing better physical conditions through proper feeding and giving of tonic. A good tonic consists of one part of epsom salts and one part of sulphur with twelve parts of dry mash.

FARM POULTRY

ARTIFICIAL CHICK MUST BE CODDLED

Overcoming lack of vitality in the artificially reared chicken is one of the chief problems of the modern poultry producer in the opinion of Prof. L. F. Payne, head of the department of poultry husbandry at the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"The artificial chicken," said Professor Payne, "is hatched artificially, brooded artificially, supplied an artificial ration, and latest scientific developments have made it profitable to supply this type of chicken with artificial sunlight—light from quartz mercury vapor lamps.

"The artificial chicken has little in common with its ancestors who were hatched in small numbers under hens. They fed on grain around the stack, grasshoppers from field, and minerals from the soil. They grew to be strong, robust chickens, able to roost in the top of a tree or in the wagon shed all winter and be none the worse for exposure in the spring. They produced a meager surplus for the market basket and the dinner table, but they did survive. Health and vigor were their chief assets.

"The important thing in managing this new chicken is to make its artificial life as natural as possible, recognize its shortcomings, and keep the poultry house free from drafts and dry."

The advantages of the artificial chicken are that it has a more rapid rate of growth, loses the maternal instinct, and is a heavier producer of eggs. Professor Payne stated.

Natural Incubation Is Most Satisfactory Plan

Natural incubation has proved to be the most satisfactory method of hatching goose eggs. The first eggs that are laid should be placed under domestic hens for incubation. Large Brahma and Cochins can incubate seven goose eggs at one time, while hens of the American breeds will not be able to cover more than four or five, depending on the size of the hen and the size of the eggs. Geese will cover nine or more eggs. It is always advisable to have a smaller number under domestic hens and geese than they can cover. The period of incubation for goose eggs is from 28 to 30 days. Geese are remarkably good sitters and are very successful in hatching their eggs. In order to successfully incubate goose eggs, a certain amount of moisture is required. In some localities it is the custom during dry weather, or when the nest is located in a place that is unusually dry, to dampen the eggs every four days by sprinkling them with water warmed to a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. It is generally considered, however, that it is better to moisten the earth around the nest, or if geese are used, to permit the geese the privilege of a swimming pool. If she has the opportunity of swimming, she will carry some moisture to the eggs in her feathers each time she comes from the water.

Insure Development of Goslings by Right Care

Hens are often given four to six goose eggs to incubate, but as the eggs are large, the hen may not give them enough turning. Turning them by hand once or twice a day helps to insure the proper development of the goslings. If the goose has her nest on the damp ground, it is not necessary to add moisture to the eggs.

When goose eggs are hatched in an incubator, or in a nest that is dry, moisture should be added. On the seventh day sprinkle the eggs with water at about 100 degrees. During the second week sprinkle the eggs twice. At the start of the third week they can be soaked in warm water for a minute about every three days. During the last three days, soak the eggs for a half minute to a minute every day. Goose eggs usually take about thirty days to hatch, but the time may vary from twenty-eight to thirty-three days.

White Diarrhea Cause

White diarrhea is transmitted from the hen, which is a carrier of the disease, through the egg to the chick. Scientific investigators tell us that three testings of the flock may be necessary to eliminate, or nearly eliminate, the trouble. The fact that the disease may have seemed to be dormant one year and then appeared again may be due to two causes. New birds may have become carriers. All of the carriers may not have been eliminated by the test.

Hens for Breeding

Hens that have gone through their second laying season are usually used for breeding purposes, and they are considered the best. The reasons that pullets are not used is that the percentage of eggs that hatch is small and that the chicks are small and sometimes lack vitality. The size of the chicks is largely determined by the size of the egg. The chances are that you would not be satisfied with the results if you use the pullets for breeders.

News of the Churches

FIRST A. M. E. ZION CHURCH 417 Williams Ave. Rev. John F. Moreland, pastor. The Stranger's Sabbath Home

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST 62nd St. and 39th Ave. S. E.

Sabbath School, 10 A. M. Bible Study, 11 A. M. Y. P. M. V. society, 2 P. M. Mrs. K. O. Johnson, Leader. Visitors welcome.

ST. PHILLIPS MISSION Rodney at Knott St.

Morning service, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 12 m. Archdeacon Black in charge; Mr. B. Coles, lay reader. A cordial welcome awaits you at St. Phillips.

SHILOH BAPTIST CHURCH 76th and E. Everett Sts.

Preaching 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.

BETHEL A. M. E. CHURCH Larrabee and McMillen Streets

Rev. F. X. Runyon, Pastor. E. L. Jameson, Assistant

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER

28 Union Avenue North, Portland, Or. Elder Robert Searce, Pastor. 6541 66th Street, S. E. Phone Su 2794 Sunday School 10 A. M.; Sunday services, 12 M. and 7:30 P. M. Mid-week Services, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. All nations welcome

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Rev. E. C. Dyer, Pastor. Phones: East 3333; Tabor 1491

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Daily Fashion Hint

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Smartness and severity are synonymous terms in the lexicon of fashion, and both are eloquently interpreted in this model in natural color kasha cloth trimmed with novelty braid whose color scheme combines black, red, and old blue. The blouse closes in surplice fashion, being worn with a skirt that is plaited in front and plain in back. Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards 40-inch material and 2 1/2 yards novelty braid.

Pictorial Review Printed Pattern No. 3018. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust, 45 cents.

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.

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