

Rome's Glories



View of Rome From St. Peter's Dome.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

WITH the signing of an agreement between Italy and the Vatican, Rome has become a center of world interest. It is a city of Rome's. It was the first of all the Italian cities to shake the world, and it has been the imperial center of civilization, culture, politics and religion. Two of civilization's periods developed in Rome and bear forever her stamp and sign. Her first period gave to the world lessons in discipline, centralized government, colonial policy and control, civil law, military science, hygiene and water supply. The very persecutions of that age stimulated the primitive Christians throughout the empire into banding together until the early church took definite shape.

Though the situation of Naples, with its enervating charm, worked nothing but evil to that city, the location and physical character of Rome—hills for defense a river for navigation, broad surrounding fields for grazing—proved the greatest asset of her people. It had so many natural advantages that every warring tribe which captured it was itself captured and quickly became Roman, thus making the city always the strongest in the peninsula, because it was the home and fortress of the strongest people.

And from being the strongest city of her district, and then of her whole country, Rome naturally expanded until she dominated all the world of her time. One of her mightiest weapons was her malleability, her willingness to learn of others, even though her inferiors. So she progressed swiftly, irresistibly, originating here, improving there, experimenting yonder, with the result that the ichor flowed from her sturdy veins throughout the whole world in inspiration and example.

The charming legend of the beginnings of Rome is quaintly illustrated by the famous bronze figure known as the Capitoline Wolf. For the benefit of visitors to the museum, it should be said that the wolf is a very ancient beast, but the twins so naively attached to her are modern additions. The archeologists, alas, no longer permit us to believe the legend, or that the town took its name from one of the twins.

Rome's Sewers and Water Supply. Tiber has always been an unruly and turbulent stream; but the sophisticated descendants of the early Romans—the latter sought to appease his anger by sacrifice and rich gifts—have restrained him within massive walls. From a height the river looks a huge vaulted fosse, as if one-half the city were protecting itself against the other. The bridges that leap the tawny flood in noble arches of gleaming limestone and ruddy brick and dark metal—throbbing by day with pedestrians and vehicles and sparkling of an evening with their golden lights—give a curiously different effect: that of stitches binding together the edges of the great gash.

At first Roman genius concerned itself only with useful works, such as sewers, bridges, viaducts. The Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer that still drains the Forum into the Tiber, is probably the oldest true arch in Europe, and testifies both to the Romans' study of Etruscan models and to their skill as architectural engineers. And what aqueducts they built—simple, grand, splendid! Witness the towering Aqua Claudia, 45 miles long, that comes striding over the low, flat Campagna like a giant on stilts—a hundred feet high in places. Water was something every Roman community enjoyed by right of citizenship.

Ancient Rome is said to have consumed no less than 340,000,000 gallons of water a day; and one of the most noticeable features of the modern town is the prodigious effluence of its water, gushing from fountains of every conceivable size and design. The Trevi is the most magnificent in that city, its water—called Acqua Vergine, virgin water, because of its purity—the finest.

The time, the skill, the money the Romans put into their highways—among the most remarkable of all their engineering works—are almost incredible. No less than 11 of these great arteries radiated from the city—"all roads lead to Rome," runs the ancient proverb. The most famous, the Via Appia, was built in 312 B. C. It was kept in constant repair until the Middle Ages, and still connects Rome and Brindisi, a distance of 360 miles. Though no burials were permitted

in Roman cities, it comes as a surprise to find the finest roads lined with the ruins of all sorts of tombs; stranger yet to find that in medieval times the most magnificent of the tombs were turned into strongholds and crowned with battlements. The oldest and handsomest of the tombs on the Appian Way is the enormous circular mausoleum of Lady Caecilia Metella, more than 90 feet in diameter with a frieze of flowers and skulls of oxen.

Huge Impressive Tombs. Equally impressive, though not a stronghold, is the slender, graceful, pyramidal tomb of Sir Calus Cestius, 116 feet high, which stands just outside the Ostian Gate, whence St. Paul emerged on his way to martyrdom. We probably never should have heard of Sir Calus but for this pyramid; the egotism of men sometimes lives after them.

Rome's greatest historic and traditional interest centers in the Forum Romanum, once a deep and marshy little valley between the Capitoline and Palatine hills. In the beginning it probably looked something like one of the present-day open-air markets. But it did not look like a market long, for temples and imposing public buildings were added more and more to the shops and stalls until the whole forum was a blaze of gilded bronze and marble, a magnificent show place worthy of the center of civilization.

And today? Ghosts and ruin! Here in a somber ile are the stumps of the Colonnade of the Twelve Gods. That heavy basement of brick and mortar, with bits of cracked marble still bravely shining on it, was the orator's platform, where Antony came "to bury Caesar, not to praise him." Across the Holy Way all there is left of murdered Caesar's Basilica Julia is its brick foundation; beyond, the crumbling fragments of the palace of the Vestal Virgins, where a few melancholy, shattered statues of the high priestesses of this pure and lovely cult stand tranquilly amid the desolation.

Ancient Art in Modern Setting. And hither and yon, from Palatine to Capitoline, from Tabularium to Colosseum, only ruin—brick, mortar, marble, columns, arches, statuary—all desolate and forlorn and broken. And the lamentable part of it all is that it was not the northern barbarian who accomplished the greatest ruin, though he did his share. For a thousand years any Roman who wished to build church or palace simply came here, tore down and carried away whatever he would. Worse yet, contractors actually demolished whole structures—to burn their marble for lime—and eventually peasants turned the buried waste into a vegetable garden and a cow pasture. It was not until 1870 that the Italian government began systematic excavation and unearthed the present panorama of destruction. The Romans were late in developing artistic genius, for first of all they were men of action: fighters, strategists, politicians—imperialists. Their work reflects them—their vast strength, their love of lavish adornment, their lack of true refinement, and their carelessness of subordinate detail. Simpson points out in his "History of Architectural Development" that had they possessed the artistic sense of their Greek neighbors their architecture would have been the grandest the world has ever seen.

For all the destruction and modernizing that has transformed the Eternal City, its ancient magnificence crops out in unexpected places: in the blank wall of the stock exchange, eleven columns of Neptune's temple; in a narrow street, twelve arches of the Theater of Marcellus, filled with workshops; again, a few forlorn survivors of the once splendid Porticus of Octavia, and so on. At the end of one of the massive stretches that span the Tiber the gleaming solid marble of the exquisite little round temple of Mater Matuta—or whatever it may have been called—genuis the bank like a great pearl.

A few paces farther along, thrusting indomitably up from the level of older days, all the beauty of pure Ionic ideals is crystallized in the so-called Temple of the Fortune of Men, soft-lined tufa and weathered travertine. The two stand almost intact, because of the early Christians whose eye for beauty—or was it their practical sense?—seized upon and preserved them as churches when the old gods ceased to call.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kissler of Redmond celebrated their 58th wedding anniversary at their home recently.

An organization of dairymen with 700 cows will spend \$150,000 this year in the erection at Klamath Falls of a farmers' cheese factory and creamery.

Plans have been made for financing the erection of a modern hotel at Nyssa. The structure will cost \$75,000 and the building will soon be under way.

The Dayton-Wheatland electric line installed by the Yamhill Electric company of Newberg is practically finished. Since January 9 new units have been completed.

The Sweet Home city council is considering plans for providing the town with its own jail, thus saving the money now paid for keeping prisoners in other jails.

Rails on the Modoc Northern railroad are now being laid within three miles of Merrill. More than 200 men are working on the Klamath Falls end of the 80-mile line.

Thomas B. Kay, state treasurer, predicts that within a few years flax will be the leading industry of the state, not only in raising for local consumption but in sales to the east.

The Walla Walla County Shipping association last week shipped out two double-deck carloads of hogs and two cars of cattle. Two cars went from Joseph and two from Lostine.

A survey made April 11 on the Nehalem bar revealed that it had a water depth of 15 feet at low water. The channel was found to be straight to sea from the end of the jetties.

The F. S. Curl and L. L. Rogers grain elevators at Astoria are both undergoing extensive additions that will give each of them a total grain storage capacity of 100,000 bushels.

The skeleton found recently in the woods southeast of Astoria has been identified as that of Robert Carlson, a logger, who disappeared five years ago, leaving \$2000 in an Astoria bank.

A new section dredge has been installed at the Rogue River Gold company's plant to aid in the work undertaken by Manager Ferry to keep the Rogue river clear below Foothills creek.

A call for bids for the construction of the Sprague River highway from the town of Sprague River to Whiskey creek on the Lakeview highway has been issued by the Klamath county court.

The Domestic laundry in Eugene was destroyed by fire recently. The loss on the plant, owned by Newton Anderson, was estimated at \$45,000, and on the frame building which it occupied \$5000.

McLaughlin high school of Milton won the silver loving cup presented by Pendleton high school for the highest team average in the eastern Oregon typing contest, a total of 74 students competing.

Pioneers of Wasco county from all sections of the Pacific coast, more than 500 strong, gathered in The Dalles recently for the eighth annual session of the old Wasco County Pioneers' association.

Simpson Lumber company officials at Empire have received instructions from eastern stockholders to run the mill on double shift, starting May 13. This will increase the mill output to 225,000 feet a day.

The Baker Rod and Gun club has started a campaign for the destruction of magpies and crows in the county. The federal government through the predatory animal department will assist in the work.

The Von der Hellen Gravel company, operating a pit near Gold Hill, expects to start soon on a contract for the Southern Pacific for ballasting seven miles of road between Gold Hill and Central Point.

The 12-spotted cucumber beetle is becoming a great pest in Washington county, having destroyed the February seedling of red clover during the past two years. There is no known method of controlling the insect.

Deschutes county officials are hunting for the mother of a baby whose partly burned body was found recently in a dump heap just south of Bend. The body had been horribly burned in an attempt to destroy it.

The Eugene police department has received a machine gun which fires 450 shots a minute. Other equipment just received by the department consists of two bullet-proof vests. More of the vests will be bought, it is announced.

Stevens & Koon, Portland consulting engineers, recommended that Coquille spend approximately \$85,000 in repairing the water system and installing meter service. It is probable that a bond issue will be voted upon this summer.

Fruit and berry crops in the Willamette valley will be normal this year, according to growers. It was said that some loganberries have been contracted at four cents per pound but most of the crop is unsold.

J. H. Fredrick, president of the Hood River County Game Protective association, and A. L. Day, the association's secretary, recently carried 167,000 steelhead eggs, taken from the Rogue river, to the Dead Point fish hatchery near Dee.

Farmers of the Rowland community have shipped in a carload of lime from the penitentiary plant, and will use it on soil for clover and alfalfa. Little experimenting of this nature has been done there, but the farmers decided to give it a trial and thought best to get enough to show satisfactory tests.

A number of Portland men, including Fire Chief Grenfell, will be speakers at the tenth annual convention of the Oregon State Fire Chiefs' association, which convenes at Tillamook city June 5 for a three-day session. More than 150 fire chiefs, fire marshals and wives from all over Oregon are expected to attend.

The Hermiston Light & Power company, operating for the last 17 years in the towns of Hermiston, Echo, Umatilla and Stanfield, has been sold to the American Engineer & Management corporation, according to an announcement of Frank Ralph, vice-president and treasurer of the Hermiston Light & Power company.

For the first time since the drastic postage reductions went into effect last July, an increase was shown in receipts over the same month for the year previous when the April figures were compiled at the Portland post-office. Receipts for April, 1923, were \$245,719.78, John M. Jones, postmaster, announced, as compared with \$239,928.90 for April of 1923.

Work of building a new telephone line that will extend seven miles up Smith river from Gunter postoffice was started by the Western Lane County Fire Patrol association, according to C. V. Oglesby, supervising warden of the association. In addition the crew will build four miles of trail from Smith river to the Umpqua divide at the head of Cleghorn creek.

All Baker county mining circles were electrified recently by the discovery of rich ore bodies in the Poor-man tunnel of the Baker copper belt, where the south vein has been cut in the 300-foot level. Assays were pushed in an effort to determine the richness of the find. The discovery was regarded as one of the most important yet made since operations were begun four years ago.

Work on the building of a new bridge across the Skipanon river on the Roosevelt highway between Astoria and Seaside will be started soon by the Clackamas Construction company, which was awarded the contract for approximately \$15,000 by the state highway commission. The new bridge will be of concrete with steel lift span and will require three months for construction. A temporary detour bridge will be built to handle traffic.

The summer session of eastern Oregon normal school will open June 17 and the first period will end July 26. The second period opens July 29 and closes August 30. The fall term begins September 23. Approximately 150 students are expected to attend the summer session, according to A. R. Hunter, chamber of commerce secretary, who has been receiving applications. President Inlow of Pendleton will not move to La Grande until May 15.

Ray Adams, 9-year-old son of John Adams, for 15 years a deputy game warden in Curry county, shot and killed a big cougar at his home at Potato Blaine, 15 miles up the Rogue river, recently. The boy was out with his dogs on the prairie back of the farm when the dogs treed the cougar. Ray hastened to the house, got his gun and returned to the tree and with one well aimed shot brought the cougar to the ground. The animal measured 9 feet from tip to tip.

An experiment to determine whether thinning of forests in areas of second-growth timber increases the growth and makes for larger trees is being tried out in the Cascade national forest, according to Nelson F. Macduff, supervisor. Two acres of second-growth fir, where trees have been growing for 40 years, have been set aside. On one acre trees have been left standing, while on the other two-thirds of the trees have been cut away and the underbrush cleared. The trees will be measured every five years to determine growth progress.

The Terrill-Voigt Planning Mill company at Eugene will transform their plant into a box factory, it has been announced. The box plant will begin operations some time between May 15 and June 1, it is stated.

John Glafke of Monument survived serious wounds in the world war, survived an attack of tuberculosis that destroyed one lung, and lived to the age of 36 with his heart on the right side of his body, only to succumb to spotted fever as the result of the bite of a sheep tick.

FLASH: The Lead Dog:

By
GEORGE MARSH
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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lacroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. While out alone Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be-slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. Gaspard finds him and the two start out on Brock's trap line. They find an Indian who had been stalking them caught in a trap, dead. On him was knife that belonged to Gaspard's father. They decide to camp until spring and then continue their journey. Two months later they start out and reconnoiter an Indian camp. They avoid the camp without making their presence known.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Cree camp—four men—below here—Black Jack—five sleds—at little pond. Etienne," slowly translated Brock, "Great glory, Gaspard, that'll run 'em out of the country!"

"Wen dey see dat, dey head for de coast, eh?" laughed the crafty half-breed. "I geeve dem good scare wen dey hear Black Jack ees on dere trail wid five-dog team."

"That's a great idea! Unless the wind rises they'll know that somebody's walked the lake trail last night, in that snow. Now, instead of following us up today, they'll likely quit trapping and carry the news to that white man I got my hooks into, and the big boss at their main camp. You're a genius, old pard. Put 'er there!"

The grinning friends shook each others' mittened hands. Gaspard's stratagem was a flash of genius, for five sled teams meant at least ten men on the trail of the free-traders' Cree servants. The news that five sled teams of provincial police were in the country should cause a speedy stampede north if they didn't smell a rat in this bold message left on a traveled trap-line trail.

"Of course," said Brock, "they may spot this for just what it is—a bluff." Gaspard nodded in agreement. "Dey 'ink eet ver' strange for sure, but dey weel have worry just de sam', I know dem Cree."

Gaspard's Indian blood enabled him to read only too well the mercurial and superstitious mental make-up of his mother's people—to know their weaknesses and value their sturdier qualities.

"Well, let's go, we've got a long day ahead," said Brock. "I'll take a last squirt at the lake trail to see if they've started this way." Returning from the shore, he said, as he slipped his feet into the thongs of his shoes and followed Gaspard into the southeast, "No sight of 'em yet, they're a lazy crew."

Through quiet February days the two snowshoed through forest and scrub, over ridges and around ponds, sometimes, for miles, following the convenient thoroughfares of deadwaters and streams, but they avoided crossing all lakes and barrens. These they circled, for on open lake or muskeg they could be seen for great distances. But, to their surprise, they crossed no country trapped by their enemies. Evidently the mysterious disappearance of their friends had aroused in the trappers of "Red Beard" a wholesome dread of the Yellow-Leg Lake watershed. Nevertheless, not for an instant did the canny Gaspard relax his vigilance as the two traveled southeast in the direction of the outlet of the big lake. Frequently through the day, while Brock kept on, the halfbreed buried himself in a clump of spruce or fir to watch the back trail. If there was a bold and shrewd enough man in the camp they had seen at the lake, the boys would be followed. Gaspard took no chances.

But late in the afternoon, far south of the divide between Carcajou and Yellow-Leg water, when the weary snowshoes were beginning to look for a good camp-site, and their clamoring stomachs chiefly occupied their thoughts, Gaspard, a hundred yards to Brock's left, suddenly stopped with raised arm. Hurrying to his friend, Brock's eyes swept the snow in front of them for the cause of the gesture.

"Look!" At Gaspard's feet ran a settled trail filled with new snow but plainly distinguishable to a bushman.

"Dey not use dis in some day—since de las' snow." "You mean the one before last night's fall?"

"Ah-hah," nodded Gaspard. "We follow it a piece." They had traveled a mile, single file, when the halfbreed who was ahead stopped and pointed.

Fifty yards away was a snowed-over, brush lean-to trapping camp,

similar to those Gaspard and Brock had built at the far end of their own trap-lines. As the boys reached and curiously examined the abandoned camp covered with a foot of new snow, with an exclamation Gaspard suddenly walked up the trail and stood looking at a blazed spruce.

"Listen to dis!" he called to Brock who was scraping away the snow from the fire-hole of the camp. Brock quickly joined his friend, who read: "Antoine not come back. I wait ten sleeps. If I stay dey weel find me here. I go to Beeg Carcajou."

Lettie Jacques. "Ah-hah!" grunted the halfbreed with a shake of the head, his deepest eyes glittering in satisfaction. "Antoine weel not come back—ma' fren'. Antoine put hees foot een de bear-trap." "By the horned owl, Gaspard!" exploded Brock. "They must have made this camp to hunt us from. He didn't stop to hunt for his partner—this Little Jacques—but made tracks. Not much like a partner I've got."

Two days later they were back in their camp south of Big Yellow-Leg. Through February, or Mikisipiwisim, the Cree Moon of the Eagle, there was little rest for the two trappers, who were daily adding to their fur-park. In the timber the snow had settled and in the barrens, the wind had hammered and packed it, greatly improving the sledding. Every two days now, Brock made the circuit of his lines with Flash. The fur was not so prime as in the early winter, but, after the winds and blizzards of January, foxes and lynx were traveling more, fisher and marten extending their ranges, and the otter seeking new fishing water which he entered at the broken ice of falls and rapids.

Often they found their traps sprung and bait eaten by thieving squirrel and whisky-jack. Sometimes the talons of the horned or snowy owl marked the snow around a pilfered trap; and once, a lynx trap held the legs and feet of an imprisoned "snowy" which a plundering wolverine had calmly torn to pieces. For ten days this carcajou baffled the ingenuity of Gaspard and Brock. Time and again, with an uncanny shrewdness, he avoided the traps buried in the snow beside baited fisher, marten and lynx sets; but in the end he fell victim to his own cunning. For, one night, in the act of tearing down the rear of a fisher cabane, to avoid passing the trap set in front of the bait, he stepped, into the circle of traps buried in the snow by the boys in anticipation of this very maneuver.

It was a veritable demon of fury and savage desperation that Brock and Flash found waiting them, one quiet morning. As he watched their approach, the evil, red eyes of the trapped carcajou flamed with hate. Crouched in the snow, his rust-brown hair stiff on neck and back, his overful forelegs, armed with clatter-like claws which would rip a wolf's pelt into ribbons, ready to strike, the Injun-devil lifted his hairy lip from the most feared teeth in the forest in a warning snarl.

With a roar, Flash started to the battle with the strange foe who challenged him, but, with a quick movement, Brock had him by the collar. "No, you don't, old boy!" cried Brock, holding his enraged husky, harnessed to the sled, as the crouched wolverine, anchored to the caught clog of the trap, snarled his defiance, his thick forelegs tensed for the double flash of knife-like claws which awaited Flash's lunge. "We need you whole and sound, for March, old partner! You're not going to get sliced up fighting that feller! You might kill him in the end—break his neck; but he'd hurt you for sure, before he died."

So, lashing the maddened puppy, hot for battle, to a spruce, Brock advanced cautiously, with his ax, the head reversed.

Built somewhat on the lines of a small bear, but more rangily, the wolverine, pound for pound, is the strongest beast in the north. To this he adds a fighting fury which commands the respect of all, beasts or humans, who meet him. The killing qualities of the great tusks, and the savage strength of the Ungava, might overcome the flying knives of the carcajou's feet, but Brock had no intention of seeing the slate-gray mane of his puppy smeared with slashes which, if they did not kill, would cripple him for weeks. In usual hunter fashion he would stun and kill the wolverine with the ax.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lighthouse Centuries Old

At the most northerly point of Judgment, where the North Sea and the Kattegat meet, is an ancient lighthouse. The waters there have a bad reputation among seafaring men, but the men who have manned the beacon have just the opposite, most of them having been heroes of a high order. Many centuries ago, says tradition, this lighthouse was built by a peasant, Thorkeil Skarpa, and his shepherd clan. A fishing village in time grew up around the beacon and King Erik of Pommern, as he was called, though king of Denmark, granted it a town charter in 1413. The shifting dunes have so buried the church of this village that now only the top of the tower is to be seen.—Detroit News.



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Birds Hamper Flight

of Australian Plane

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the noted Australian explorer, upon his arrival in Chile from his base at Deception Island stated that he had met with an unexpected menace in flying in the Antarctic. "The plane on numerous occasions," the explorer said, "was hampered by immense flocks of birds which flew into the path of the machine in such numbers that hundreds were killed by the propeller. Luckily, however, the plane was not damaged."

Wilkins established the existence of more than 1,000 miles of coast line in the region situated to the west of Weddell sea. During one of his aerial trips of 3,000 miles he was unable to find a successful landing place and therefore failed to make interesting discoveries which might have been of great geographical importance. He did succeed in discovering, however, that Graham land, which figures on all maps as part of the Antarctic continent, is merely a series of islands separated by a strait from the mainland.—Pathfinder Magazine.

For Health's Sake

"Wife, hand me that diet list, will you?"

"But you've had your dinner, dear." "I know, and now I'm going to eat what the doctor ordered."—Life.

Skimpy

"What are these?" "The new dresses. Don't get them mixed up with the neckwear."



A Bad Wreck

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