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Being to advise, or reprehend anyone, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, and in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of cholera, but do it with sweetness and mildness.—George Washington.

Picking the Good Ones.
"You see a group of girl children, or schoolgirls, or university girls, or factory girls, or ballroom girls—you can pick out, as plainly as if they were branded, the ones whom men will want to marry and the ones whom no man will want to marry."—"A Touch of Fantasy," by A. H. Adams

Daisy Fly Killer
placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers. 6 cent prepaid for 25. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Turn to Motor Vehicles.
The advent of motor vehicles in Madras is of comparatively recent date, but within a very brief interval they have to a great extent supplanted carriages drawn by horses, which formerly constituted the chief means of transportation among the European contingent.

Happiness and Piety.
Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also; and to be happy is the first step to being pious.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Cleaning Glass Bottles.
A glass water bottle, when constantly used, soon becomes discolored. This may easily be cleaned by pouring a little vinegar into the bottle and adding a pinch of salt. Allow this to stand for several hours; then rinse with clear water. The bottle will be perfectly clear and bright.

Key Ring for a Bride.
At a marriage service at Cheltenham parish church recently, it was found that the bridegroom had forgotten the ring. At the suggestion of the clergyman the key of the church door, which had a ring at the end, was commandeered, and the ceremony was completed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Typewriter for Two.
To enable two persons to use the same typewriter a table has been patented in which there is a turntable to hold the machine.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT
SAVES POULTRY LOSS.
Mrs. N. Warren, Seattle, Wash., writes: "My flock of chickens had been upon several of my friends' Mustang Liniment. I find it a wonderful remedy and my birds are improving fast. I am sure that I shall try my friends' Mustang Liniment. It is not safe to be without Mexican Mustang Liniment." 25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

Comedy of Love

By FRANCES M. ELLIOTT

The Carstons' dingy bungalow overlooked the discreet two-story brick of the Bassetts, a wicket gate and a low iron fence separating the Bassetts' rose garden from the scrappy marigolds of their neighbor. A hazy comfort enveloped the Carstons, and their weedy lawn was strewn with bones and battered baseballs; while not a leaf disturbed the velvet of the Bassetts' lawn, and within doors not a curtain erred from its counterpart.

Luncheon was in progress at the Carstons', although it was an hour past noon. Mrs. Carston brought in the cold meat, Johnny chased in with a plate of bread and tarts, and Philippa brought in the tea. Mrs. Carston sipped her tea hastily and sighed as she glanced over the mussed table. Wrinkles, a red-eyed lap dog, the type most unpopular in dogdom, set up a howl, and Philippa threw him small squares of meat.

As soon as Mrs. Carston had swallowed her lunch she returned to her sewing. Johnny seized his cap and disappeared. Philippa stacked the dishes and sauntered into the living-room, humming a gay little tune. She was teaching Wrinkles to sit up for sugar, when an ornate red automobile tore up the avenue and stopped at the Carstons'.

"It's Dicky Lambert and his new auto. It's as red as a lobster, and Dicky's as proud as a turkey cock," littered Philippa. She tossed up her curls and changed her flowered kimono, while Dicky turned off his gasoline and patiently rolled a cigarette.

"I won't stand for many more of these waits," he growled when Philippa appeared at last.

"I'm sure the neighbors are delighted with your new machine," cooed Philippa.

"I brought it up for you to see, and nobody else," said Dicky, patting its red sides. "Come out for a spin. We'll beat that old car of Bassetts's a mile."

"I'm sorry," murmured Philippa



"What Did You Want to Go Calling on That Old Crank For?" He Asked.

wickedly. "I'm going to call on Mrs. Bassetts this afternoon."

"The devil you are!" said Dicky.

"I'll go with you tonight," giggled Philippa.

"To call on the Bassetts," echoed Dicky.

Philippa underwent a sudden transformation before her call on Mrs. Bassetts. She twisted her curls up tightly and put on her plainest linen skirt and stiffest white shoes.

"Will I do?" she asked her mother.

"Don't you think it was high time you were deciding between those two young men?" parried her mother.

Mrs. Bassetts opened the door to Philippa. She was a short-waisted, gray-haired woman, her blue eyes hidden behind heavy spectacles, her thin-lipped mouth drooping at the corners.

"Miss Pendleton and I are sewing," she explained.

Miss Pendleton, a large-featured, bony young woman, shook Philippa's hand effusively.

"What are you making?" asked Philippa.

"Underclothes for the Orphan Home," answered Mrs. Bassetts.

"How lovely!" cried Philippa.

"Would you like to join our society?" asked Mrs. Bassetts dryly.

"I'm afraid I'm too busy," reflected the shameless Philippa.

"Miss Pendleton is never too busy to do her duty," said Mrs. Bassetts.

"I'm not so popular with the young gentlemen," laughed Miss Pendleton, snipping her shears through a pair of cambric pantaloons with telling effect. Philippa felt a wild desire to flee.

"How is your mother?" asked Mrs. Bassetts.

"She's well," answered Philippa.

"I'm afraid she's sewing too hard," said Mrs. Bassetts, drawing her mouth down. Philippa thought of the pink dress nearing completion, and employed a discreet silence.

"I do all my own sewing," breathed Miss Pendleton.

"Every girl should," said Mrs. Bassetts shortly.

"Have you seen Dicky Lambert's new auto?" asked Philippa.

"Has he an auto?" asked Miss Pendleton in deep surprise. "The last I heard of him he couldn't pay his office rent."

"He is an extravagant young man," said Mrs. Bassetts.

Philippa arose impulsively. "Where is Mr. Bassetts?" she asked amicably.

"Out in the barn," answered his spouse. "Smoking a dirty old pipe, I suppose. He can't come in the house with it."

"Does Mr. Raymond smoke?" asked Miss Pendleton archly.

"Raymond neither smokes, drinks nor plays cards, and I think I may add never swears," said Mrs. Bassetts. "If I were a young lady I should hesitate to accept attentions from young men addicted to those vices."

Philippa chuckled. "Too bad Mr. Bassetts smokes, isn't it?" she commiserated. "And chews, too," she added, reminiscently. "I've seen him spitting all over the flower beds. Does 'em good, he says."

A dull flush stained Mrs. Bassetts' cheek. "I didn't raise Mr. Bassetts," she said tartly.

"You married him, though," murmured Philippa as she skipped through the flower garden and in at the wicket gate. The Bassetts' cat, a respectable gray tabby, lay sunning herself under the rose bushes. Philippa "sicked" Wrinkles on her venomously.

After tea Philippa made a fetching toilet. She took down a pair of French heels and their silk-stocking mates. The bronze curls she flung up in loosened abandon, coaxing out the maddening little ringlets. The new pink frock was vastly becoming. Her dimpled elbows were bare, and her white throat and neck gleamed through filmy lace.

The appealing toot of Dicky's automobile clove the air, and Philippa gathered up Wrinkles and flaunted out triumphantly, her giddy heels clacking over the pavement.

The Bassetts were on their porch—Pa Bassetts, Mrs. Bassetts, and Raymond, the good-looking young surgeon, their son. He glowered on Philippa's escort and his new automobile with unmitigated hatred.

"You're a peach, Philippa!" said Dicky as they drove off.

"Thank you," answered Philippa demurely.

"What did you want to go calling on that old crank for?" he asked.

"To get pointers on Raymond," dimpled Philippa. "He neither smokes, chews, gambles nor swears."

"Mutt!" said Dicky.

"You do all those things, Dicky," reproved Philippa.

"Two beers is my limit," said Dicky.

"Isn't he the limit?" whispered Philippa to Wrinkles. "And he swears a little swear."

"You never heard me," retorted Dicky.

"Even this auto isn't paid for, and he has loads of horrid office debts," said Philippa pensively.

"So that's it," said Lambert slowly.

"You're going to turn me down for Bassetts, and want to rub it in."

"Raymond's a model of conscious virtue," said Philippa, with a side glance at Dicky. He turned the machine around in silence, and silently she skidded along. The twilight was deepening as Philippa laid a hand on his arm. He turned to her miserably.

Her nixie eyes were full of tremulous light. "It's you, Dicky, it's you!" she cried softly. "You're to rescue me from the Bassetts and a halo."

Dicky stopped the car abruptly and took a palpitating pink vision in his arms. Two young lips were crushed out from strangulation.

As they turned in at the Carstons', Philippa straightened Dicky's necktie with an unmistakable air of possession. Young Bassetts, straining his eyes through the dusk, saw the little byplay.

"Miss Carston called this afternoon," said Mrs. Bassetts acridly.

Pa Bassetts bit off the end of a plug of tobacco. He had preserved a vigorous individuality through forty years of marital vicissitudes. "She's a fine piece of goods, and so's her mother. A little kerless now, but the bit and rein'll steady her."

"Such allusions, father!" said Mrs. Bassetts, drawing the corners of her shawl around her. "Miss Pendleton was here this afternoon," she said, turning to her son.

"Yes?" he said without interest.

"There's a girl after my own heart," she replied.

Raymond shrugged his shoulders. He caught the tinkle of Philippa's mandolin and ground his teeth impotently. He, the hard-working young surgeon with a balance at the bank and a steadily increasing practice, had lost. And to what? A penniless young lawyer with nothing but the gift of gab and unlimited nerve.

"You'd like Miss Pendleton if you knew her better," his mother was saying.

A gay little French song of Philippa's floated out on the fragrant summer night.

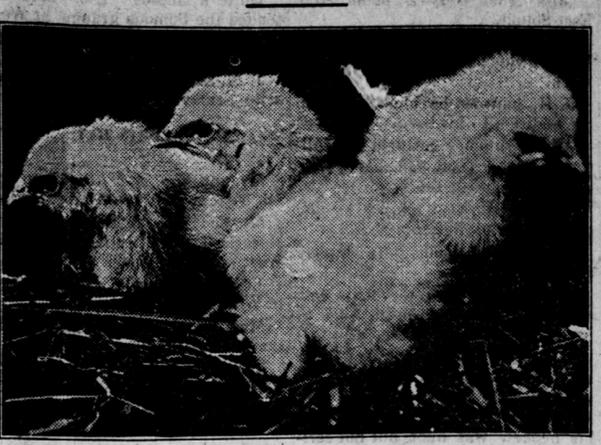
"Confound Miss Pendleton!" muttered young Bassetts grimly.

All in the Name.
"How about love in a cottage?"
"I could never marry a poor man," said the girl.
"But this cottage is really a bungalow."
"I might consider that."

Still on Earth.
"Mammy, it sez heah dat George Washington's been daid for 113 years."
"Doan' you beleive what's in de paper, chile! Why, I sav dat niggah only las' week on de street."

SYSTEM AND REGULARITY ARE IMPORTANT POULTRY FACTORS

Enthusiasm on the Part of the Beginner is All Right, But Patience, Sound Thinking and Hard Work are the Essentials—Not the Easy Occupation That Many Believe.



Sturdy Incubator Chicks.

As a rule the beginner starts in the poultry business with great enthusiasm. He carefully looks after the details and he gives the best of attention. In time, however, in many cases, the enthusiasm wears off and he becomes neglectful, then he fails.

If, on the other hand, he does not become discouraged, but keeps up his faithful work, he succeeds. The plant grows. There is an improvement in his stock, and his enthusiasm, instead of flagging, is increasing.

Now it is well not to be too enthusiastic at the start. It is apt to breed over-confidence. The beginner in such cases is apt to build air-castles and get to that point where he "knows it all." A little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing.

It is necessary, of course, to have some enthusiasm. All enterprises require it. Unless a heartfelt interest is taken in the work assigned us we are apt to poorly perform our duties.

Helter-skelter methods are disastrous. Every muscle should bend to the proper performance of the work. The man who begins poultry-culture with the idea of becoming rich, is very apt to, sooner or later, sell out at less than cost. We must not aim too high.



Langshans.

Two important articles are necessary to success. Capital and experience. All businesses require both capital and a trained mind. Some years ago the poultry business was boomed with the false inducement that raising chickens was an occupation that called for very little labor, practically no capital and a very small amount of experience. These false inducements were handed out in order to create sales for stock and machinery.

But instead of being that easy occupation, it was found to be one that required brains, energy, and every requisite needed in any other business. He who is easily discouraged, a victim of the "blues," or he who soon tires of the sameness of work, or the close confinement it entails, had better leave the poultry business entirely alone.

While it cannot be said that the care of poultry is hard, muscular work, at the same time getting up in the morning and repeating what every morning before was done during the week, working at night when a lantern is necessary, duties to perform on every day, Sundays and holidays included, soon tries the grit, the push and the patience of a man.

But if the man masters all these obstacles, and sticks to his business, he will, as a rule, succeed. There are times in all enterprises when it looks

as though the business would fail, but by pegging away it is soon discovered that only a dark cloud had appeared. But it is at these times that the faint-hearted begin to reason that the days for success in "this line" are gone by.

When a man gets to that state of mind that he cannot see a silver lining in the cloud, he is ready to accept the first offer to sell out. In the majority of cases he makes his losses all the greater by selling out below cost.

The writer has seen days when there was hardly a cent of income, when he had to go into debt to buy feed and pay other expenses, and days, too, when he couldn't even see a prospect of some business for a long time to come.

But he stuck to the work, and when the first money came in, it was soon followed by other money, and in time the debts were paid, and ever since there has been more or less regularity of income.

During those trying times, when it seemed almost impossible to keep the wolf from the door, the writer would meet men in other walks of life with the big rolls of bills in their pockets, with flourishing occupations, but nevertheless, he held on, never losing an opportunity of making a turn for the good.

He was rewarded. Some of those men with the big rolls of banknotes were not satisfied; they wanted to make more money, wanted to grow wealthy, read of the great sums, realized by men who invested in stocks, who became rich by the ownership of mining shares—they gave up their present occupations, sacrificed the "goose that laid the golden egg" and became slaves to the stock-gambling lure, which finally left them high and dry.

So the beginner must not forget that he who sticks to his work is the one who will finally come out on the right side. Trials are often angels in disguise.

The beginner must know that his fowls deserve and must have the best of care. He must keep a close watch as to conditions, must provide comfort, cleanliness and plenty of room. Likewise he must study the appetites of his flock.

Both system and regularity are important factors, never forgetting that shiftlessness is costly and filth is a dangerous stumbling-block. The quality and quantity of brain work put into the concern determines the amount of success.

"Trained thinking and wise working" is a secret that will, in the end, bring about success. "Bad luck" is merely another term for bad management. No duty is rightly performed that is done in a mechanical manner. The beginner must stop and think. He must notice the little matters. He must never assume more work than he can accurately perform. He must never overestimate his capacity, and he must never rush to get done.

Haste makes waste. Map out a plan, and then work by it. Scrub treatment will bring scrub results. The lack of good business sense has been the cause of more failures than has anything else. A man never shirks his duty when he is in dead earnest in his work.

process. The lime should not, of course, be confined, but merely covered, as confined, it possesses considerable explosive force. Strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste, half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix these well together and let the mixture stand for seven days in a reasonably cool and shaded place. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle, and when it is being used put it on as hot as possible, using a painter's or an ordinary whitewash brush. Always use magnesian lime for whitewash.

Whitewash That Sticks to Wall
Excellent and Quite Inexpensive Plan of Improving General Appearance of the Home.

There are many brick and stone walls, as well as wooden outbuildings, fences and the like, about a suburban place which, lacking paint, detract much from the general appearance of the home. But paint is somewhat expensive and cannot be applied with too lavish a hand by the average citizen. There is, however, whitewash, which is easily made and applied, is inexpensive, and which for most outdoor work will answer quite as well as oil paint. For chicken houses, brick walls and the like it is excellent.

To make the whitewash, slake half a bushel of fresh lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the

Killing Weeds.
Troublesome weeds or grass of almost any kind may be gotten rid of by scattering rock salt plentifully on it. The stock will eat it off close every time it comes up and tramp it out.

Tonic—Alterative

What is a "tonic"? A medicine that increases the strength or the tone of the whole system. What is an "alterative"? A medicine that alters or changes unhealthy action to healthy action. Name the best "tonic and alterative"? Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor about it.

Bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation, dizzy spells—these are some of the results of an inactive liver. Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Pills in these cases. The dose is small, one pill at bedtime.

Costumes Indicated Conditions. Peasant girls in parts of Europe declare their unmarried condition by modes of dress and coiffure, and bachelors are sometimes indicated in similar fashion. The zone or girdle had its significance in the Greek world, and the Roman husband wore as such garb of his own.

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort.

Spoons. Young Man (dining with his ownest own)—"Oh, waiter, may we have a spoon here?" Waiter—"No objection, sir, if you don't mind the other guests."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy is Aseptic, Painless, Safe and Effective. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Operation Successful. Agnes—"Was Emily's operation a success?" Gladys—"Glorious! She got fifteen gifts, a hundred dozen roses and had two hundred calls of 'inquiry.'—Life.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. Forty years I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation. Jessup, Pa.—"After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed. "Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman."—Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.

Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known, before submitting to a surgical operation.

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