

TURKS STILL POLITE

"Courtesy About All We Have Left," Says Ruler's Heir.

Official and Wealthy Turk Retains Grand Manner Which Marked People for Ages Back.

Constantinople.—The contrast between the manners of the Turk and the people of the western nations who mingle on the streets of this ancient capital is striking.

Courtesy to a stranger is a quality still preserved from the ruins of the Ottoman empire.

"Courtesy is about all we have left and we still try to hold on to that," said Abdul Medjid Effendi, heir-presumptive to the throne, who is himself a model of quiet kindness and distinguished manners.

The official and wealthy Turk retains still a certain grand manner which would have belonged to another age in western Europe or the United States. He carries himself with dignity, if not with modesty.

Deep is the contrast between him and the soldiers and civilians brought here by the allied occupation of Constantinople or seeking trade or adventure.

These tramp up and down the streets, sometimes sober, sometimes drunk, depending on the time of night, elbowing, fighting, swearing, brawling, as it suits their humor.

Stamboul, the Turkish quarter, becomes a sedate place at nightfall, while Pera, the European quarter, drops its daylight garb of trooping throngs and reckless drivers and becomes a city of immense capacity for evil. Gambling dens, cafes and dance halls open and sailors from the fleets come ashore and declare they "will not go home until morning."

MIKE IS CHAMPION RUNAWAY

New York Youngster of Six Rescued from Forty-fifth Spasm of Wanderlust.

New York.—Six-year-old Michael Clementi, the hop-a-wagon, steal-a-ride and runaway champion, is back home after having been rescued from his forty-fifth spasm of wanderlust.

In ten months Mike has disappeared from home at least once a week, his father told the police. Sunday afternoon Mike was absent at meal time, and Papa Clementi notified police headquarters.

Mike turned up the next morning in the Coney Island station. He was claimed by his father and mother, taken home, then started to school. He hopped a wagon, rode to a subway station, eluded the ticket agent, rode to Manhattan, climbed atop a Fifth avenue bus and hid himself under a seat.

A policeman hauled Mike from the bus, and the closing scenes of the forty-fifth episode were a police station and a woodshed. Mike answered roll call at school today.

ADOPTS WOMAN OF 50 YEARS

Treated as Daughter Since She Was Six—Is Made So Legally by New York Court.

New York.—Miss Mary Sherwood, who at the age of six took the place in the family and affections of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Webb which had been occupied by their only daughter, who died a few years before, has received the right to legally use the name her foster parents bestowed on her forty-four years ago and by which she has been known ever since.

When the Webbs first took her into their home in 1877, Mrs. Webb bestowed upon her the name of Malmee S. Webb. During the long years that followed they never thought to take out formal adoption papers. Recently, however, surrogate Foley at Mr. Webb's request affixed his signature to the paper that assured the fifty-year-old woman her legal status as the daughter and heir of her foster father.

BLACK CAT LIKES JOY RIDES

Insists on Mounting to Top of Automobile Every Time Owner Leaves Home.

Haddonfield, N. J.—Whenever Dr. A. K. Wood backs his sedan out of the drive alongside his home members of the family are obliged to make sure that "Tee," the black feline pet, is not perched on top of the car, insisting upon a ride.

Several times lately the doctor has been obliged to stop somewhere down the street because some one has discovered the pet serenely holding on, despite the smooth surface of the top.

Bullet-Proof Man Tried Vainly to Kill Himself

After firing two .22-caliber bullets into his forehead and two more into his body, Walter Stewart, a farmer of Hartland Hollow, Conn., decided that the suicide route was a hard road. He was walking about the house, smoking a pipe, when the doctor arrived. Asked why he had tried to end his life, he replied that he was discouraged. His failure, to kill himself made him more discouraged, but he declared he would never try the gun route again.

LIKE PAGE FROM JEST BOOK

Collegian's Expenses in 1839 Unreal in These Days of Universal High Prices.

College days when more affluent students paid as high as \$2 a week for board while others got a \$1.25 rate are described in letters received at Williams college, Williamstown, Mass., from its senior alumnus, Rev. Edward Lord, who has rounded out a full century of life.

Writing from Clifton Springs, N. Y., by his own hand, Reverend Mr. Lord says that when he entered Williams, in 1839, tuition was \$9 a term, and, with room rent, fuel and washing, the total yearly college expense of a student ranged from \$98 to \$130. The faculty at that time consisted of only eight persons. Mark Hopkins was president, "not a cold, dignified man, but easily approached and always ready to assist and encourage students."

When he left his home in Danby, N. Y., near Ithaca, for college the young subfreshman rode across country by stage to Utica, a distance of 100 miles. "It was a wonderful sight to see the stage drawn by four horses," he writes. "It was to me a greater wonder than the airplanes that now sweep across the sky. From Utica I found the railroad just completed to Albany. From Albany it was only by stage that I could reach Williamstown. About that time Morse was spending a hundred nights inventing the telegraph."

CHANGED HIS MIND

Judge—What is your plea? Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—I intended to plead guilty, but after talking to my lawyer I'm convinced that I'm innocent, so I plead "Not guilty."

SPARROWS VANISHING.

Robins are once again hopping over the lawns in the suburban districts; the advance guard of the crow blackbirds, their natural and inveterate enemies, have reappeared, though not as yet in sufficient force to give battle, and those who watch these things are again pondering the question, "What has become of the English sparrows?" Census figures are not available, but to even the most casual observers it is plain that they are fast disappearing from city and country alike, while the native birds are coming into their own again in corresponding degree.—Boston Globe.

FURNACE AS ICEBOX.

The man who has still a private stock was frankly glad that a fire is no longer needed in the furnace, for it now serves as an icebox for the precious bottles.

"During the winter," he said, "I could have a good part of the icebox in the kitchen because the wife used to keep things outside. But lately I haven't had any place at all. The furnace is an ideal place, the cellar being cold, anyway. It is big enough, too. And none of my friends will be able to discover the stock."

DIFFICULTY IN SIGHT.

"I'll have it understood," remarked the boss, "that my will is law."

"You're getting on difficult ground," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "Whenever a man says that he may as well expect considerable trouble with the enforcement facilities."

BUILD 1,000 BRIDGES.

According to the Japan Advertiser, a scheme at an estimated cost of 1,400,000 yen is planned by the municipality of Tokyo for the construction of a thousand bridges. Three hundred of the bridges now of wood are to be replaced by iron framed structures.

SHOULD DO MORE WALKING

Wise Old John Burroughs Urged People to Cultivate the Art of Pedestrianism.

I do not think I exaggerate the importance or the charms of pedestrianism, or our need as a people to cultivate the art. I think it would tend to soften the national manners, to teach us the meaning of leisure, to acquaint us with the charms of the open air, to strengthen and foster the tie between the race and the land.

No one else looks out upon the world so kindly and charitably as the pedestrian; no one else gives and takes so much from the country he passes through. Next to the laborer in the fields, the walker holds the closest relation to the soil; and he holds a closer and more vital relation to nature because he is freer and his mind more at leisure. Man takes root at his feet, and at best he is no more than a potted plant in his house or carriage until he has established communication with the soil by the loving and magnetic touch of his soles to it. Then the tie of association is born; then spring those invisible fibers and rootlets through which character comes to smack of the soil and which make a man kindred to the spot of earth he inhabits.—John Burroughs.

ROBBED THE DEVIL OF FOOD

Cynical Caribbean Chief Tells of Appropriating Supplies Left for His Satanic Majesty.

No part of the West Indies seems to have escaped piratical visitations. The Caribbean islands, inhabited solely by redskins, who knew nothing of gold or bad habits, were frequently called upon. Esquemeling, the chief of pirate historians, tells of the Caribbean customs, notably that of the widowed Caribbee woman, who was obligated by custom to carry choice foods to the grave of her husband for 12 months and after that dig up the bones, scrape and polish them and carry them on her back for another year before she could marry again. It was the popular belief, says Esquemeling, that the devil ate the food, "but I myself, not of this opinion, have oftentimes taken away these offerings and eaten them instead of other victuals. To this I was moved because I knew that the fruits used on these occasions were the choicest and ripest of all."—New York Tribune.

TO SAVE CHINCHILLA.

"In view of the fact that it is desirable to conserve the species of useful wild animals in the republic of Peru, and that the chinchilla is one of the animals whose extermination is threatened," reads a resolution recently passed by the government of Peru, "the hunting of these animals in the territory of the republic, as well as the sale of skins and articles made from them, is prohibited."

In fact, the provisions of the decree of October 8, 1920, referring to the skins of the vicuna apply also in the case of the chinchilla. Dealers who import skins made from this animal shall be obliged to certify as to their origin.

PERTINENT INQUIRY.

An elderly lady was trying to overcome the reluctance of her little niece, who was visiting her, to go to bed. "Being six years old," she said, "you should go to bed at six. When you are seven you will be able to stay up till seven, and when you are eight you can keep awake till eight."

The child did a little mental arithmetic and gazing at the wrinkled old face and white hair of her aunt, she said: "Then I suppose you never go to bed at all."—Boston Transcript.

SEEING THINGS.

Mildred, age four, had been to the country for a little visit with her grandparents. When she returned home she said:

"Oh, papa, I saw an olive at grandma's as big as a watermelon."

Her papa laughed and said: "Surely not."

Mildred replied: "Well, it might have been a squash."

APT PUPIL.

Old Mr. Fewlox—"Don't you think in time you might learn to love me?" Young Miss Goldlox—"Well, if I had a nice young tutor I might learn the theory of it."

DANCE TO EUROPEAN STEPS

Younger Folks Among the Japanese Said to Evince Keen Appreciation of the "Jazz."

The desire among the Japanese to learn Occidental ways is steadily increasing, one gathers from the Tokyo Times and Mail. Languages, school systems, military and naval tactics, engineering, music and numerous other things have been mastered by them, and now the younger folks are taking up dancing—and the older persons, too.

The fox trot, the waltz and all fanciful steps are being learned to the so-called "tune" of the jazz music. And with the coming of the dancing fad the conversation turns to jazz and to steps, and to music. The dancing craze has swept over many countries, and all have been enthusiastic, but Japan's young people appear more enthusiastic than all the others. They can do the airplane dip and the tail-spin dive with as much grace as any Parisian. To the girls, the kimono and zori are as comfortable to glide around the dance floor as the costume of the American girl. A dancing teacher is now as much a necessity to the Japanese student as a person well acquainted with the grammar of a foreign language—and dancing seems to be included in the curriculum of most well-educated Japanese.

NOT A WASHINGTON

Teacher—Where are your sums? Willie—Why, teacher, on de way to school I was attacked by a big tiger an in de scuffle dey got lost.

POWERFUL MACHINE.

A gigantic machine, with jaws which open to take in timber or assembled wood structures 30 feet in height and which can crush them like egg shells when the jaws close together again, has recently been erected at the forest products laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture at Madison, Wis. This machine is to be used for testing very large wooden columns. It is possible to exert a force of a million pounds with it, and it is built to crush a wooden post a foot square. Its great range of testing speeds enables it to apply its tremendous load with the fatiguing slowness of a building settling on its foundation timbers or with the speed of a train dashing onto a wooden trestle. Architects and engineers have very little data of the kind which this machine will supply to the scientists at the laboratory.

NEW PENOLOGICAL IDEA.

The officials of a penitentiary are trying a new experiment by repainting the four cell-blocks and allowing each prisoner to select the color he likes for his own cell, for the psychological effect it has upon the malefactor. The corridors of the cellhouses are being painted a light brown. The cells are being painted in attractive tints of yellow, blue, brown, buff, etc. None of the cells, the warden explained, is to have somber settings, but are all to be bright and cheerful. The penologist is always an optimist.

GIDDY YOUTH.

Mother—By the way, Ruby, your father and I are going out to dinner. Can't you and Jack call for us on your way back from the dance?

Ruby—Oh, no! mother. We don't think you ought to sit up as late as that!—London Mail.

TASK FOR A SOLOMON.

"Mr. Jibway is not in his office." "He's serving on the jury." "Important case?" "Very. He and 11 other good men and true are trying to appraise a broken heart."

SMOOTH WORK.

"How did that pretty book agent manage to get an interview with Mr. Wadleigh?" "First of all, she let him catch a glimpse of her face and figure through the door of his private office." "Well?" "Then she said she wanted to ask his advice about something. He doesn't know yet that he signed on the dotted line."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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