

HAD ENOUGH



Waiter—The people who dine here are very liberal, sir.
Diner—Ah, then there's no necessity for my giving you anything.

TENSE MOMENTS.

When Willie tried to lick the evidence off the back of his ears in the stolen jam case.

When Alfred, who had just been accepted, read in the evening extra that her father had gone broke.

When Mrs. Jones told him that the fish he said he had caught were salted herring.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

MACHINERY BY AIR EXPRESS.

By the use of airplanes mining machinery is to be taken to a mine in Utah and the output of the mine is to be taken out, reducing the time for the round trip to a few hours, whereas it requires six weeks for mule teams now.

SLOTTED INSULATORS.

For its telegraph and telephone lines the British post office has adopted insulators with slotted heads, into which wires are attached by screw caps.

ANXIOUS TO TREAT.

"Well, well, Bill, I haven't seen you for years. Do you know where we can get a drink?"

"No."
"Well, come in here and have a necktie on me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LIKE STORY OF OLD TIMES

Happenings in Books Written Twenty or Thirty Years Ago Puzzling to People of Today.

When you go on your vacation and take some books along you may include some stories written twenty or thirty years ago—perhaps an adventure or detective yarn. You will not have read long before you find yourself puzzled. Why didn't the disabled ship in the Caribbean use its wireless? Oh, of course—wireless had not been invented. And as you turn over the pages of the tale of New York life, how quaint it seems, remarks a writer in the Brooklyn Standard-Union. Why did the suspect flee from the detective in a Sixth avenue elevated train? When the beautiful heiress suddenly decides to go to the country, the old family coachman drives her down to the Thirty-fourth street ferry. No subways, no motorcars as a daily incident of life; the characters in the story do perhaps use telephones, but they never seem to have heard of the game of golf, and they have "clubmen" and "star reporters" and "cub reporters" and other quaint-sounding designations, and some utterly reckless young spendthrift couple may spend as much as \$60 a month rent for an apartment. You would almost think you were reading a historical romance of the period of Gov. DeWitt Clinton.

NONMETALLIC GEAR MATERIAL.

Up to a few years ago practically all noiseless gears were made from rawhide or hard fiber. Both of these materials are unsuitable for timing gears, because they swell and distort when immersed in oil. Recently a number of nonmetallic materials have been developed which have sufficiently high mechanical properties to permit of their use in toothed gearing and are nonsonorous and impervious to oil and alkalis. One of the latest of these materials contains two basic elements, a phenol-formaldehyde condensation product and a fabric.

The material is as strong as cast iron, is not affected by moisture or oil, is of a high dielectric strength and is inert, insoluble and resistant to most acids.—Scientific American.

"BIRDIOLA"

By LILLIAN CYR.

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Theed, in spotless white flannels, sauntered aimlessly down the sun-baked sidewalk in Newspaper Row. It was June, and the abhorred quest for education was temporarily suspended. In September he would enter Worcester high, as a junior, an estimable acquisition in Theed's opinion. He slowed down to a halt in front of a hitching post, and, having languidly reached out for its iron ring, he twirled it absently.

He was in one of those day dreams boys have. His eyes remained open; but he saw nothing. It has to be admitted that three-quarters of Theed's dreams, waking and sleeping, were of Anita, the girl who wore his fraternity pin, and whose lovely hand he had kissed in a pageant in which they had been the star performers.

He turned back up Newspaper row and down Old South to Anita's home. He hesitated with bewildering indecision at her gate, shyness or some other boyish attribute, having seized him; then he walked away. He soon returned, playing a melancholy air on a newly bought small instrument of baked clay, called a "Birdiola," said instrument containing ten holes for ten fingers and capable of a series of wierd and depressing whistling tones.

He had nearly passed the house when Anita hailed him from the piazza.

"C'm on up, and have some lemonade," she invited.

He pocketed his instrument and sank down in a comfortable wicker chair, while the little hostess presided over the drinks and edibles.

"What is it?" asked Anita, not without some curiosity, "that thing you were blowing?"

"This," said Theed, holding up the instrument, and adopting the manner and the fluency of the young clerk in the music store who sold it to him, "is a 'birdiola,' an instrument of rare qualities. From it one may induce the calls, the whistles of any bird, or all birds."

"Here comes Fred. Hello, Freddie," called Anita sweetly. "Oh, I'm so glad you brought your clarinet."

"Hello, Laurie, of top," said Fred, gayly.

"How d'y do," Theed responded, stiffly. He thoroughly disliked Fred and his clarinet.

A bit later the two boys rose to go. "I'm glad you boys are coming to my party," smiled Anita, "and Freddie, bring your clarinet."

The day for Anita's party arrived. Theed made an elaborate toilet and proceeded to Anita's.

A few minutes before the dancing began Theed made his way to Anita's side to claim her first dance.

"I just promised Fred," said Anita. "You promised it to me Monday afternoon when we were sitting in the hammock. Don't you remember?" asked Theed, pained that she should have forgotten that wondrous incident.

"No."
"Well, this is my dance, Anita. You promised me first," Theed declared stubbornly.

"Here comes Fred. Hurry, Theed. Find a partner before the dance begins."

Theed stared at her in amazement. "Very well," he said coldly.

And he did find a partner. A visiting girl received him tenderly.

At first he was a bit bored, his mind more on Anita's behavior than the lively talk of his companion, but she really was interesting, and Theed could not help coming out of his sad mood.

Great was Anita's indignation to find him so absorbed in that visitor that he had not returned to her for a single dance.

During an intermission Anita had Fred play his clarinet. At the first soft tentative toot Theed rose and slipped out of the room.

Fred was part through his ovation when he was startled by the wild trilling of a bobolink, which was repeated at intervals to the end of his recital. In several parts of his song sheeplike bleats and "moos" suggestive of cows exchanged places with the short, tentative toots and issued from his clarinet in rural discord. At the end of the song, however, polite clapping greeted Fred.

"Anita," he begged, "explain to them. That bird outside. Oh, my reputation's lost!" He was breathless and his complexion assumed a bright pink.

Just then through the open window there floated a melancholy air. Both Fred and Anita recognized the dreadful whistling tones as those of Theed's "birdiola." Fred was angry. Anita was pleased at Theed's flare of jealousy.

The mournful tone was touching, even if the tones were depressing. Anita ran out on the piazza and shut the screen door softly behind her.

"Theed," she called tremulously.

Anita sat down in a chair beside him. "Play for me," she commanded.

Theed brightened visibly and raised the "birdiola" to his lips.

Light-hearted once more, the depressing whistling tones of the "birdiola" grated on Anita's sensibilities.

"Theed," she said solemnly, "your 'birdiola' has become very dear to us. Please give it to me and I will keep it and cherish it forever and ever."

A wise little miss, Anita. She was insuring quiet enjoyment for herself in Theed's future visits. It was true that the instrument had bridged the estrangement between them, but it was a "birdiola."



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LITERALLY AS THE BIRDS.

A British inventor stated the other day that flying success will come either with what he termed "flappers"—which are nothing more or less than wings manipulated by the arms—or by helicopter screws

which will be attached above the flyer's shoulders and turned through a geared shaft by either the hands or feet, much in the same way as we pedal a bicycle.

These curious machines have been tested at Rochester, in Kent, and at Latou, and one enthusiast claims

to have lifted himself a considerable distance from the ground with the aid of arm wings.

An authority on aviation said: "There is no reason why a man should not be able to fly by human power until he gets tired."

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