

PIRATE AT HEART

Present-Day Arab a Robber Like His Fathers.

No Longer Employs Force, But Certainly Ranks High as a Shrewd "Confidence Man."

The Arab is said a pirate at heart. Though his methods have changed since the days when the pirate states of Barbary dominated the Mediterranean, he still has his eye on the next man's purse. The wily old Arab guide that Mr. Willard Price tells about in Travel was in point of avarice and guile a worthy descendant of the ancient corsairs.

One evening, says Mr. Price, while I was in a hotel at Tunis an Englishman whom I did not know came to my table. "Did you know that your guide is a notorious character?" he asked.

I did not know it. I knew only that Okba, my guide had a chest like a bantam's and a step like a peacock's. "You will do well to keep him," said the Englishman. "He has such a kingly manner that he can get you into places that are closed to other guides. But don't let him fool you with any stories."

Then he told me how Okba had become notorious. A wealthy English family had come to Tunis in their private yacht. The blood of Okba's pirate ancestors at once began to stir in his veins. He borrowed some magnificent clothes and garbed his imposing figure in them. Then he went to the rich Englishman and told him that he was the son of the bey—for the bey of Tunis still exists as a figurehead under the French protectorate.

"The bey has known of your coming," said Okba, "and regrets exceedingly that it has been necessary for him to leave the city. However, he has requested that I personally conduct you through his palace and show you the wonders of Tunis."

Anyone may go through the less private parts of the bey's palace, but the visitors did not know it. They were flattered at the thought of being conducted through the bey's own mansion by the bey's own son!

For two days the proud young "heir to the beydom" feasted his guests in the best hotels, but never in the palace. He explained that the bey's brother had just died and that the palace was in mourning.

When the Englishman was about to depart he said, "Is there not some return we can make for your very kind news to us?"

"Your presence in our city is a more than sufficient return," Okba replied grandly.

"But surely you will permit us to cover the bare cost of our entertainment," and the Englishman proffered three hundred francs.

Okba was terribly shocked and pained. The Englishman, perceiving how deeply he had pierced his host's sensitive soul, made profuse apologies. The "bey's son" gradually softened. "I pardon your error," he said at last, "and I will let you do as you wish, but not quite in the way you suggest. For myself or my father I can accept nothing. But my father has a chest for the poor."

The Englishman pressed into Okba's hands five thousand francs "for the poor."

When the bey learned that Okba had posed as his son he sent him to prison for three years. I remember that when Okba took me through the public parts of the bey's palace the guards continually joked him. Perhaps they were inquiring after the welfare of the "bey's son" and asking how much the American was to contribute to the poor "chest."—Youth's Companion.

Has Wildcat for Pet.

The holder of an exciting incident at Sylvan Lake, South Dakota, is the manager of the Sylvan Lake hotel. During her stay at the lake this winter, the woman made friends with a small wildcat, and it became so friendly that it would sit on her lap and even sit in her lap while eating. The wildcat would come every morning for his morning meal, and the woman became quite attached to it and decided to keep it there and tame it. While she was feeding it in her lap one morning she threw a robe over it and put it in a safe place to keep it. While doing so she was considerably scratched trying to hold it, but she now has the animal in captivity and is going to tame and raise it for a pet.

Only One Municipal Telephone.

The city of Hull has the distinction of operating the only municipal telephone system in Great Britain. Telephone service in the rest of the country, with the single exception of one small isolated system on an island in the English channel, is under the control of the central government, operating through the post office. In 1899 an act of parliament was passed permitting municipalities to operate their own telephone systems, but only six of over 1,800 municipalities actually constructed telephone plants. All except Hull found the telephone venture not to their liking, and sold out, in some cases at considerable loss.

Air Disagreement.

Mrs. Hoy—Have you moved yet?
Mrs. Doyle—No; my husband and I can't come to an agreement.
Mrs. Hoy—What is the point of difference?
Mrs. Doyle—I want the apartment to have a kitchen, and he wants a cellorette.—New York Sun.

GOING NATURE "ONE BETTER"

Man Has Been Engaged in Work of Altering Domestic Animals for Many Centuries.

What a curious thing it is to realize that a St. Bernard, a Pekinese, and a Skye terrier all three come from a common wild stock!

Man has been altering domestic animals of every kind for centuries past. He has taken the common pig and by crossing it with the wild boar has produced the many distinct varieties, while hundreds of different sorts of fowls have come from the original jungle bird of Ceylon.

Curious experiments have been made in coloring birds by feeding them on certain foods. One man obtained pigeons of a beautiful red by putting in their food a chemical with the terrible name of "methyltrabromo fluorescein," and he got others of a rich blue by similar means.

Man is changing not only animals and birds, but also fish and insects. Take bees, for instance. Of course, various species of bees are constantly crossed in order to get kinds that will produce a bee which shall be more useful for fertilizing flowers than any of the present sorts.

With object, certain breeders are trying to produce a bee with a longer tongue than any possess at present. For flowers like clover such a bee would be invaluable, since the result would be a great increase of fertile flowers, and, consequently, seed.

The latest branch of creation which man is tackling with a view to modifying is fish. The experiments were begun at the University of Chicago about five years ago.

NEVER LINCOLN'S REAL LOVE

His Marriage With Mary Todd Seems to Have Been Largely Matter of Convenience.

Mary Todd, wife of Abraham Lincoln, was the sort of woman who is described as "capable and upright." Lincoln, it is testified by biographers, was not deeply in love with Mary, either before or after their marriage. As a matter of fact, his heart was buried in the grave of his first love, and he had proposed marriage to a second and unwilling young woman. By the time he married Mary Todd, who was neither beautiful nor gracious, he had come to regard marriage as a necessity rather than as the ultimate result of love and romance.

Their courtship was long and uneventful many bumps and separations before it culminated in marriage. When Lincoln first met Miss Todd she was only sixteen years old and was being courted by Stephen Douglas the great man's rival in many things.

Lincoln had suggested in a rather offhand way that he would marry her. Apparently regret set in rather soon, for he made several attempts to gracefully withdraw from the compact. But Mary, with prophetic vision, had an idea that he would one day reach the White House and she was determined to be its mistress.

"Kidnap" Camera.

When you inquire about the big camera the station photographer uses in taking the 1 1/4-inch square photographs for the 50-trip family ticket he says, "Oh, it is a special one we invented years ago for kidnaping."

"How do you number them?"

"It is a six-exposure plate, and each of these spaces on the sheet of paper corresponds to one on the plate. Each plate is numbered. We used to use this camera for kidnaping."

Then you swallow your pride and ask boldly:

"What do you mean—kidnaping?"

He laughs kindly at your ignorance.

"Why, you know," he says, "we take our camera and go out on the street and see a little boy and take his picture. We get his name and address. By and by, after we develop the picture, we go around to his home and show it to his mother. If she likes the picture, she buys one. That's kidnaping."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Furs.

Trapping is being carried on more extensively this season than for the last ten years, and the catch is abnormal, reports the manager of the Winnipeg Fur Auction Sales company. Economic laws work as rigidly in the fur north as elsewhere. A shortage of any commodity runs prices up. Then high prices lure larger production. With the supply increased price slumps. Then production falls off.

It's the eternal merry-go-round, with speculators playing the turn in the market.

He Found Himself.

The marine had tumbled off a motorcycle, and he was dead to the world when they carried him to the hospital. The next morning he woke up just as the doctor came around to see how the patient was getting along.

"Well, well, my man," said the doctor cheerily, "how did you find your self this morning?"

"I opened my eyes," said the Gyrene, "took a good look at the bed—saw some guy lying in it—and there I was."—The Leatherneck.

The Youngest Soldier Killed.

Representative Isaac Siegal, of New York, recently made claim in the house of representatives that Albert Cohen, whose parents now live in Memphis, Tenn., was the youngest soldier to be killed in action in France. He was killed in action on October 5, 1918, while serving with the 26th infantry. At the time of his enlistment he was thirteen years and six months old.

SURELY MEAN MAN

Young Woman Had Her Idea of Staten Islander.

All Right to Employ Flashlights in a Proper Manner, but One Should Use Discretion.

"Fired in white," ejaculated the visitor to Staten island. He was gazing on a little lake set in the midst of a stretch of woodland. It was a dark night, unlighted by a moon, and yet having that clarity of atmosphere that makes even a dark night outdoors so much less dark than a dark room.

Above the figures which he could dimly descry moving about on the frozen surface of the pond numbers of fireflies seemed to flit. The lights followed the gyrations of the skaters. It appeared, coming together at times in groups of golden points picked out against the darkness.

"It isn't fireflies, it's flashlights," replied the Staten island householder who had led a group of Manhattan visitors through the woods to the pond. "Here on Staten island, where we're close to nature, we don't patronize rinks, but seek out open-air lakes and ponds. Flashlights have come to be part of our necessary skating equipment because we have to provide our own lights on secluded ponds far from municipally lighted areas.

"We drive our cars down to the edge of the lake and then leave the headlights on while we skate, but even this illuminates only a small part of the lake. For putting on skates, identifying friends and finding our way over the occasional rough stretches of ice we have to depend on our flashlights."

A look of distress mantled the face of the Staten islander momentarily.

"By George, I had a narrow escape the other night," he confided. "If it hadn't been for my flashlight I'd have been a goner."

"Holdup man?" questioned the Manhattanite.

"Holdup!" scornfully replied the Staten islander. "Why, man, that's nothing to what I got away from. I almost said something sweet to the wrong woman! She's one of the marrying kind, too, by George! Just thought to turn on my flashlight in time. She'd have had me, sure. It was a darn close shave."

The Staten islander, who is a confirmed old bachelor, shivered perceptibly, although the night was not at all cold.

As they moved over the ice the Staten islander from time to time flashed his light on the wooded edge of the bank; especially, it seemed to the Manhattanite, and he seek out secluded little corners and indentations of the shore line with its revealing torch.

More than once the flash illuminated a couple of figures clasped in a warm embrace, and on these occasions the Staten islander chuckled delightedly.

But apparently the diversion of exposing love's young dream was not equally popular with all the patrons of the lake. As they reached the shore after a couple of rounds they encountered a young couple loitering on the bank. It seemed to the Manhattanite that the young woman raised her voice unnecessarily as they passed.

"I used to think," she said, in clear, far-reaching accents, "that the meanest man on earth was the one who worked the flashlights on the Albany night now."

"But now I know there are even meaner people in the world—especially one old dodo who noses around this lake with a flashlight."

Investigate Volcano.

Extensive drillings into the great active volcano Kilama on the island of Hawaii, will be undertaken during the year in an endeavor to determine the heat of the volcano, the quantity of steam underneath, the mineral constituents and the solution of other related questions, according to an announcement of the government volcanologist at Hawaii. "The places of most interest are where the ground is hot from recent volcanic activity," the scientist said. "It is aimed to penetrate the surface where the lava flows are of known date so as to learn what changes of temperature underground have taken place with the passage of time. If high temperatures are maintained, possibly at red heat for years, it would be possible to utilize the heat for power." Kilama now is unusually quiet, but a "living up in March, at the equinox, is expected," the scientist said.

A Two-Ply Defense.

The prosecuting attorney had just concluded his opening statement to the jury. The defendant, a negro, was on trial for murder. The prosecutor had clearly outlined what the state expected to prove. Then the attorney for the negro stepped forward.

"If it pleases the court and gentlemen of the jury," he began in the usual dignified manner, "that defense in this case will be twofold: first, alibi; second, self defense."

The negro got ten years. The lawyer is still at large.

Russians Still Use Scythes.

Soviet Russia manufactured 1,307,000 scythes and imported 4,300,000 last year. Grain raising is carried on in such a primitive way by the majority of peasants that the scythe is in general use for harvesting, especially since the shortage of labor-saving machinery began.

BIG CENTERS OF POPULATION

Twenty-Five of the Largest Cities of the World, in the Order That They Come.

London, England (Greater London), had an estimated population of 7,562,124 (in 1919); New York city (Greater New York), had a population of 6,141,445 (in 1919)—and the city within limits, had a population of 5,620,948 (in 1920); Paris, France, (in 1911), had a population of 2,833,110; Chicago, Ill. (in 1920), 2,701,706; Petrograd, Russia (in 1913), 2,318,045; Tokyo, Japan (in 1913), 2,173,162; Berlin, Germany (in 1919), 1,902,509; Vienna, Austria (in 1920), 1,842,000; Philadelphia, Pa. (in 1920), 1,823,779; Buenos Aires, Argentina (in 1920), estimated population, 1,674,000; Hankow, China (in 1918), 1,443,950; Osaka, Japan (in 1920), 1,252,972; Calcutta, India, with suburbs (in 1911), 1,222,313; Budapest, Hungary (in 1921), 1,184,616; Rio De Janeiro, Brazil (in 1920), 1,157,873; Moscow, Russia (in 1919), about 1,121,000; Glasgow, Scotland (in 1919), estimated population, 1,113,454; Peking, China (in 1918), over 1,000,000; Constantinople, Turkey (in 1921), about 1,000,000; Shanghai, China (in 1918), 1,000,000; Detroit, Mich. (in 1920), 993,678; Hamburg, Germany (in 1919), 985,779; Warsaw, Poland, 980,000; Bombay, India (in 1911), 979,445; and Canton, China (in 1918), 900,000.

SIEGFRIED'S SWORD IN BERLIN

Weapon Had Long Been in German Capital, Though the Hero Was Really a Belgian.

The theft of the sword from the statue of Siegfried in Berlin raises the question, What has Berlin to do with Siegfried's sword or with Siegfried himself? That hero was no Prussian, but rather a Belgian—at any rate, a Netherlander—and it was a Burgundian princess that he married. In his day the Borussians were an obscure tribe and scarcely heard of in Burgundy and along the Rhine.

Moreover, the difference in character makes it hopelessly incongruous for the Prussians of today to exploit Siegfried as one of their national heroes. Hagen of Troneje would be more fit, chosen at the moment when he treacherously murders Siegfried, when he steals Kriemhild's fortune or when he brutally slays the infant Ortleib.

But Siegfried was honorable. Siegfried was brave. Siegfried was chivalric, Siegfried was not a Hohenzollern.

To exploit Siegfried and his Balming as emblematic of Prussia, or indeed of the Germany of today, is gross impertinence perhaps. It is well that the sword is gone. The statue itself should follow it into retirement from a place where it does not belong.

Now Believe London Is Dead.

The Danes are at last convinced that Jack London is dead. A rumor had been widely circulated among them to the effect that the American author was living a secluded life on a South sea island and would not emerge until he had finished a momentous novel. A young Dane returned to Copenhagen the other day, fresh from San Francisco. He said he had taken a walk with Mrs. Jack London, near the London's California home. Coming to a boulder, he leaped over it. Mrs. London said: "Do you know what you have just done?" The Dane confessed his ignorance. "You have jumped over my husband's grave," she said. The Dane apologized for his seeming lack of respect, took the next train for South Brooklyn, and embarked on the Oscar II for the Danish capital, where he related his experiences. Jack London's Danish publisher, Herr Martin, said: "I never did quite believe that rumor."—New York Evening Post.

And Now the "Finale-Hopper."

That section of Manhattan called the Acropolis of America, extending from Riverside drive to Morningside Park, has a new designation for ultra-modern girls—"finale-hoppers." They are the young women who are a year ahead of the present or think they are doing now what the rest of their sex will be doing at some time in the future.

A finale-hopper is never in style. She is a trailblazer, a pathfinder. She anticipates style. As soon as what she is doing is taken up and adopted by the crowd she drops it and turns to something else that is absolutely new. That applies to music, art, dancing, dress and even slang. She is ever on the still hunt for anything fresh that has never before been done or known.—Raymond G. Carroll, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Improving on Nature.

I plucked an autumn leaf in the park and took it to the studio. Showing it to the man with the wonderful relatives, I said: "How's that for an imitation leaf made out of a very fine grade of leather?" "Le-seewit!" asked the man with the wonderful relatives. Passing his fingers over the tinted surface, he remarked: "My uncle used to make imitation leaves." "I suppose," I queried, "that they were much better than this one?" He looked at me in pity and sneeringly said: "I'll say they was!"—Exchange.

Valuable Weather Predictions.

Forecasts recently issued by the British meteorological office predicted ten days of fair weather, probably a record for long distance weather prediction in England. No doubt wireless figured largely in this innovation, which, if found to be tolerably reliable, promises much for the agriculturist and others.—Scientific American.

GEORGE SALTON, CIVIL WAR VETERAN, IS DEAD

George Salton, veteran of the Civil war, passed away at 10 o'clock Friday night of last week following an illness from pneumonia. The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the chapel, Rev. Simpson Hamrick, of the Methodist church, officiating, and interment was in the A. F. & A. M. I. O. O. F. cemetery.

Mr. Salton was born in New York 75 years ago. He removed from there to Michigan, where he remained for many years before coming to Cottage Grove. He is survived by the widow and by two sons from a former marriage, William, of Roseburg, and a son who resides in Michigan, both of whom were here for the funeral.

H. B. & M. Store Force Picnics.

Employers and employees of the Howell, Bangs & Marks store enjoyed a picnic near the Shortridge bridge on the Coast fork Wednesday evening. Mrs. Ada Bennett, Maggie Burns and Ren Sanford were guests.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the erection of a school house in District No. 25, Lane County, Oregon, located at Latham, Oregon, will be received by the undersigned board of directors of said district. Plans and specifications may be seen by application to the board. Bids will be opened on July 9, 1922, the board reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated at Cottage Grove, Oregon, the 30th day of June, 1922.

A. J. WISER,
IRA BEIDLER,
JOHN DUGAN,
Directors.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, God in the goodness of all his appointments has called home to rest our beloved sister, Helen E. Sibly, member of Cottage Grove chapter No. 4, O. E. S., we are brought to realize that in the midst of life we are in death, but that God has taken our beloved sister from the darkness and shadows of earth to the sunshine of the beautiful city, beyond the smiling and the weeping of this earth, believing in the sweet assurance of him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die;" and

Whereas, It has pleased our all wise Father to summon this sister to the Grand Jurisdiction above,

Therefore, We extend to those whose hearts have been saddened by the grim reaper, Death, our deepest love and sympathy.

Respectfully submitted,
CLARA A. BURKHOLDER,
GLENNIE E. FROST,
Committee.

Obituary.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Grant, who died June 21, was held at 10:30 Saturday forenoon at the Bemis cemetery, near London, where many relatives and friends gathered to pay their last tribute of respect.

Mary Ann Funk was born near London, Ore., February 13, 1871. When a small girl she moved with her family to Vancouver, Wash., where she lived until 1903, when she returned to London.

While in Vancouver she was united in marriage to James Groat, who survives, and to this union eleven children were born, ten of whom survive. They are Mrs. Cassie Reed and Elmer, of Brookings; Mrs. Hugh Harrison, Roseburg; Mrs. Isabel Jenkins, Cottage Grove; Everett, Astoria, and Leslie, Clifford, John, Robert and George, of London.

She also leaves her mother, Mrs. Susan Walker, a brother, Thomas Funk, and a sister, Mrs. Lizzie Garman, all of Black Butte, and a sister, Mrs. Ella Prudue, of Brush Prairie, Wash.

ENGINEER KIRBY MAKES BIG GAIN IN SHORT TIME

"Tanlac Is The Greatest Builder I Have Ever Seen," He States—Is Now 25 Pounds Heavier and Is Feeling Better Than in Years.

"I have gained twenty-five pounds since taking Tanlac and for the first time in over a year I can eat whatever I want without suffering afterwards," declared C. R. Kirby, 394 Salmon St., Portland, Oregon, a popular locomotive engineer.

"My stomach went back on me and I fell off in weight until I hardly had strength enough to work. Sourness and gas on my stomach made it impossible for me to get a long breath and I would often have bilious attacks lasting several days and I would get so nauseated that I became deathly sick. Constipation bothered me and at times I had terrible headaches.

"Tanlac did more for me than I thought any medicine could possibly do. My stomach never bothers me, the other troubles have gone and I'm now feeling and working better than in years. Tanlac is the greatest builder I've ever seen."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

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Mrs. J. W. Clark, S. 2nd St., Cottage Grove, says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills from experience. My kidneys were in a bad condition and I suffered with a continual dull, aching backache and had no energy and became run down. I also had spells of headache and the action of my kidneys was irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me so I bought some at the New Era Drug Store. They helped me wonderfully, strengthening my back and kidneys and benefiting me generally."

Price, 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Clark had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. j30j17

Invest in Oil!

Gordon Campbell Offers You a Share in Millions

The whole world knows that Gordon Campbell well at Kevin has come in a large producer. You now have a chance to share in the immense profits.

Gordon Campbell's agent will be in Cottage Grove at J. S. Milne's real estate office for the next few days. Drop in and talk it over.

Don't fail to investigate this opportunity. jn30p

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