

OREGON SLOPE

The program committee of Park Improvement club held their first meeting Thursday afternoon at the home of the chairman, Mrs. Walter Davis. Mesdames Sullens, Tymlin, Bonis and Davis form the committee to arrange the program for the year.

Ernest Lauer returned home Friday after having spent the past three years in the Panama canal zone.

Mrs. John Barishe is the guest of Mrs. Belnap this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Shellhouse, Mrs. Wallace Griffin and daughter Helen were guests Friday of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Boals.

Homer Lauer of Boise, spent Wednesday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lauer, leaving Wednesday evening for Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Atterbury are enjoying an outing in the hills.

Mrs. Aaron Snyder and son, Alvin, of Fairbury, Nebraska, arrived Friday for an extended visit with the former's daughter Mrs. E. L. Brown. Mrs. Snyder will remain until October, while Mr. Snyder expects to attend school in Nampa the coming year.

Mrs. Lias spent Monday with Mrs. George Sullens.

C. C. Wilcox, I. I. and L. L. Culbertson spent several days in the hills last week cutting and hauling poles.

Messrs. Tom Heslop and Ivan Nelson motored down from Boise Saturday and spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Heslop.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodell of Kearney, Nebraska, spent Monday looking after property interests on the Flat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ora Wilkin of Payette, and their guests Mrs. N. E. Wilkin and daughter Esther of Westerville, Ohio, visited at the P. M. Boals and A. A. Gutteridge homes Thursday.

Miss Martha Newton of Payette, is spending a few days with Mrs. Nettie Bartshe.

Mrs. Clausen Andrus and son Willard were guests last week at the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd of Payette.

Mrs. Walter Davis was the guest of Mrs. H. K. Lattig Sunday.

James Ewing finished digging his spuds this week and reports a yield on one field of two hundred and eighty-seven sacks per acre.

Mrs. A. A. Gutteridge spent Wednesday with Mrs. E. Frost.

Gerald McKinley of Brogan, a former pupil of Miss Mildred Frost, arrived this week to spend the winter at the Frost home and attend Park school.

Mrs. H. K. Lattig and Miss Olive Wright were guests Friday of Mrs. George Skippen.

Mrs. E. Frost and Mrs. S. J. Simpson were guests Wednesday of Mrs. J. L. Brown.

E. Frost and Alvin Briethaupt were business visitors in Ontario Monday.

Some of the lettuce growers are meeting with discouragement in their lettuce growing on account of ravages being made by grasshoppers and June bugs.

E. L. and J. L. Brown are digging spuds this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Lattig and Miss Olive Wright were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mahoney.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brown were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. Frost.

DANCES TO ENTICE HIS MATE

In the Spider World the Male of the Species Must Be a Master of "Jazz."

There is a certain little spider, we are told by G. G. Clark in his "Tiny Toppers and Their Work," who has to exhibit his proficiency as a master of jazz in order to charm the creature with whom he would mate. If he is a bad dancer he goes unmated. He is called the zebra spider because of white stripes that run along his black abdomen.

In setting forth upon a matrimonial quest the zebra spider does not anoint himself with the special perfume which some insects use in like circumstances, nor does he, as the cricket is supposed to do, rely upon his ability as a maker of music; he simply appears before the object of his desire and begins to dance—first a jazz and then a waltz, alternating them. It would seem, with the idea that one or the other must captivate Miss Spider, who sits and watches him critically with all her eight eyes.

She frequently, it is said, is hard to please, and a male zebra has been known to repeat his jazz and waltz as many as 111 times for the entertainment of an obdurate insect with which it would mate. However, few "courtships" are as long as this, the wooed one usually making up her mind after a few minutes of his dancing. If her decision be favorable, she soon joins the supplicant in a mad whirling waltz. If, on the other hand, she is not charmed, she either turns away in contempt, or savagely rushes upon him with intent to murder.

INCIDENT POINTS A MORAL

Happening of the Middle Ages Which Should Give Food for Thought Today.

Because they chatter a great deal, the people of ancient days said that nannies were women changed into birds! That was not a very gallant thing to say, but nannies do not live in Canada, and there could have been no reflection on our ladies. They are pretty white and black birds, shaped like a crow, and about half as big.

They are fond of pretty things, and sometimes pick up articles they fancy to beautify their homes. In Florence, Italy, there is a lofty monument on top of which stands, or did stand, a statue of Justice with a pair of scales in her hand. Once the Duke Cosmo I lost a pearl necklace which an unfortunate little girl was accused of stealing. They put her to torture and racked her poor little limbs almost to pieces, until, unable to bear the pain, she said she would plead guilty to anything. Then she was hanged. That day a terrible storm visited Florence. The lightning struck the scales in the monument and down fell a nun's nest with the pearls in it! If you ever visit Italy, be sure you look for Stazzal monument, with its broken scales, and remember it is very wise to be "slow to judge."—Montreal Family Herald.

To Honor Noted Frenchman.

The French Academy of Sciences has been officially informed that Switzerland is preparing to commemorate the centenary of the great French mechanician and watchmaker, Abraham Louis Breguet. Born in Neuchâtel in 1747, member of the Institut and Bureau of Longitudes, he died in Paris in 1823. The astronomical and nautical instruments invented by Breguet were noted for the perfection of their workmanship. His improvements in watches included the use of rubies in pivot holes. He fled to London during the Reign of Terror, but returned after the ninth Thermidor. On the occasion of this centenary the Swiss council of state will hold next year an international competition for chronometers in the observatory of Neuchâtel.

THE GHOST LAID

By MILDRED WHITE

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The coupe came to a stop at the top of the hill. The driver turned, smiling resignedly to Cecily.

"No gasoline," he explained. "That is the result of leaving the entire care of the car to my chauffeur. I am sorry. Will you sit in the car while I go in search of gas, or would you prefer to wait on the veranda of that deserted house? I can promise you that no ghost will trouble you—the place has not that interesting reputation. I remember, however, when its inmates were prominent and happy residents; a long line of successive Websters. May I take you over there—the garden is beautiful in the moonlight; and I will be back shortly."

"I will wait at the house," Cecily said.

Wonderingly she gazed after the tall figure.

"Why," she asked herself, "do I not love Stephen Ware? What does he find to care for in me? Or is there, after all, no love—such as the poets and writers have prated of, throughout the centuries? Father is right; I must keep Mr. Ware waiting no longer for his answer, and by all that is reasonable, it should be the answer of his desire." The girl sighed. "Yet, if one might only have some sign by which to know—"

Her little slippers tapped the veranda floor of the old house, a sweet honeysuckle vine sent ghostly shadows across it. Through long French windows she glimpsed desolated rooms; at a farther end a white marble mantel also gleamed out ghostly. Cecily pictured the rooms gay with young folk of a former time—little happy children grouped about their mother's knee; young women, these mothers, like herself, now gone on to their rest, or dreaming, perhaps, over some far fireside, of this same old home and days long past.

Something warm, caressing, pressed against her. Cecily bent down to touch a dog's furry head. "Why," she said, "you might have been savage, threatening; and you are companionable, instead. Where did you come from?" Madly the dog wagged his tail.

"He is lonely for a woman's presence," remarked a pleasing voice near by. "Don has had to camp with me for a few days, and misses the women at our apartment, who spoil him with petting."

"I see," Cecily spoke doubtfully. Then, as the stranger remained, she added: "I am waiting here to be called for. Our car ran out of gasoline, and it was necessary to go for more."

Calmly the man sank down on the step, while the friendly dog rested his head on Cecily's lap.

"You like this old home? Pretty, tangled garden, isn't it?"

"I was trying to people the house in fancy, with those who have lived here," Cecily answered dreamily—"the mothers and little children." The man leaned toward her.

"I was one of those little children," he said, "and mine was a happy childhood. So happy that the years have brought nothing to compensate. There was a fishing pond down by the hillside—we used to spend hours there—and a leafy grotto, where my mother used to give picnic suppers to us children."

"Why," he demanded, "am I pouring this all out to you?—a chance victim?" He laughed shortly.

Cecily touched her face, to find it wet with tears.

"Why," she asked shakily, "am I crying about it?"

Down the road came an erect figure. "I must go," she said breathlessly. The man at her side gazed more intently into her sympathetic face.

"Is that your husband?" he asked.

Cecily shook her head.

"I am not married," she answered gravely. "Mr. Ware, with whom I am driving, is my father's friend—and my own. I am stopping at White Towers for the summer."

"I have heard of Stephen Ware, of course. He is as gifted in our profession as I am humble. My name is Paul Webster."

"We will be ready to start immediately, Cecily," called a voice; the vines hid her. Paul Webster put out his hand. Cecily's was in his clasp.

"You are going back to the city?" she asked him.

"Not if there is a chance of seeing you here," he answered daringly.

"I thought," she said slowly, "that I'd like to bring some of the children from White Towers, out to the fishing pond—and we might have a picnic supper in the grotto—if you would show us the way, and—"

"Show you?" cried Paul. "Why, if you would just come here sometimes, the ghost of the old house would be laid. I will get old Hannah to keep house for me here." Cecily was gone.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long," Stephen Ware said.

"Long?" Cecily questioned—she looked at him compassionately.

No Mystery.

"How do we hear?" asked a scientist. That is easily told. Somebody tells a friend and tells her not to tell, and the friend of the teller tells a friend of ours and she tells us. And so we hear.

Darwinian.

"Why did Percy van Dubb give up trying to trace his ancestry?"

"He said that the farther back he went the harder it was, until at last he found himself completely up a tree."

THEN SHE AROSE SUDDENLY

Elderly Lady Discovered She Had Made Wrong Choice of Her Resting Position.

It is hard sometimes for the old and the young to arrive at a common point of understanding. The old lady and the Sunday school boy in this story did finally arrive at an understanding, but not until the boy had suffered damage to his feelings, if not to his possessions.

A picnic was in progress, and the benevolent and elderly lady took much enjoyment in witnessing the delight of the children who were disporting themselves in her grounds.

She went from one to another, saying a few kind words to each. Presently she seated herself on a grass-plot beside Dickie, a little boy with golden curls and an angelic expression. But as soon as he observed her sitting beside him Dickie set up an ear-piercing howl.

"Have you the stomach-ache?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I ain't," snapped Dickie.

"Perhaps you would like some more cake?"

"No!" roared the angelic child.

"What I want is my frog that I ketchted."

"Frog?"

"Yes, my frog! You're sitting on him!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

IN THE LAND OF ROMANCE

Commonplace Couple Only Joking When They Compared Their Different Preferences.

They were sitting in the half-darkness of the picture theater, holding hands. They were very small, pale, and insignificant. He was "something in the city," she was the same thing in the female "line."

The stirring drama upon the screen was "The Queen and the Duke." "Ain't he a wonderful man?" applauded the girl. "I could die for a man like that—a tall, dark, handsome man, the kind that is born to rule. I don't see how she can resist him!"

Then he had his say:

"Ain't she a wonderful queen?"

That's the sort I like—the tall, stately woman that can look you over like a worm and go tralling them silk robes round and granting her favors with a cold, proud smile upon her beautiful lips.

"Really, Jack!"

"No, Sue; I was only joking!"

And they held each other's hands a little tighter, and the screen lost its interest for at least two more in the crowded picture house.

Increasing World's Food Supply.

Col. R. J. Sturdy, who was chief veterinary surgeon of the British armies during the war, has taken to the pastoral life now—but on a very large scale. He is raising sheep and cattle on the high pampas of southern Peru, under the aegis of the Peruvian government and the Peruvian corporation. His experimental and survey work he finds absorbing, and he expresses the opinion that some day this region will become one of the richest grazing territories in the world through expert breeding of the country's valuable native wool-bearing animals, the vicuña and guanaco.

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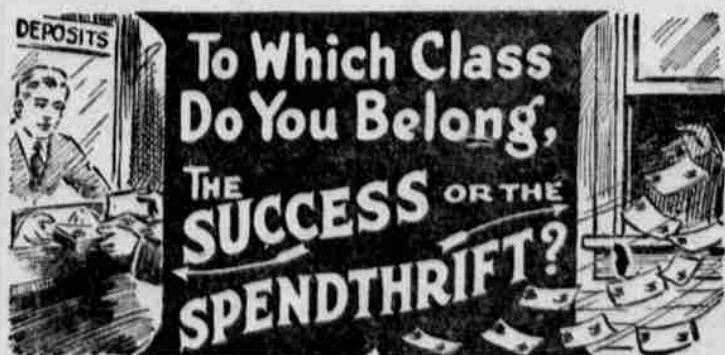
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