

MERRY SWIMMING PARTY

Nine couples of young people with Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wirtz as chaperons had a fine time at the "old swimmin' hole" at the Stewart dam last night with a swimming party at six to eight with a picnic supper beside a big bonfire on the beach to close the event.

—W. S. S.—

OMAR AND JAP GET IN RIGHT

Without question Omar Wilson is the most popular "kid" in town so far as the swimming femininity is concerned. Omar sprang into prominence without warning and it all came about in this way: These warm, yes hot days have taken many of the young "sprouts" (and a few older shoots) to the balmy beach at the "little" dam and Omar, with a heart the size of a bushel basket, very generously donated his portable tool house for the use of the ladies as a bath house. Jap Ireland with a heart bordering on the size of Omar's together with a "flock" of willing helpers, transported the very much appreciated donation to the scene of activities. Seriously the young ladies are very much pleased with the generous spirit shown by those who donated material, services etc., in order that swimming might be made a real pleasure.

—W. S. S.—

TOMMY MAKES AN APOLOGY

His Work of Art Was Not Appreciated and He Endeavors to Set Matters Right.

The New York Times is responsible for the following:

Dear Teacher: My mother says I hafta apologize for drowin your pickchure on the bored as if you was an oiled made with curls and a long whisker on your chin witch you could not help or me neether.

It was a meen thing to doo and I am sorry I did it but I could not help it becaws you stod thare looking so nacherl with the curls and the whisker and all and Jenny Ames dared me to doo it at recess.

I doo not blame you for wippen me becaws it looked so mutch like you you had a purfocck rite to be mad. If I was you I would be mad too.

My mother says nobody is so sennative about her looks as a lady teacher espeshully if she is a litle oiled but this was not to go in the letter.

If you only understood what is inside of boys heads maken them be mischeffuss you would be sorry for them for it is not exncky their fault.

I know you feel worse about it than I do becaws my wippen does not hurt now but a pickchure does on forever.

Teachers have a hard eruff time goodness knows without bein shade how they look with a whool school to laff at.

Sometimes if you do not cure I will drowe you on the bored looken sweete and yung and put your name under so everybody will know who it is and so no more for the present froum your too friend and skoller.

ANSWER TO OLD CONUNDRUM

At Last Is Explanation Made as to "Why Does a Hen Cross the Road?"

Now that a savant has given serious thought to the behavior and motive of a hen crossing a road, an ancient conundrum, one of the best known in the world, receives plausible solution. Whoever has closely observed a hen must have noticed that her eyes are so placed that she looks on both sides but does not look straight ahead. Her left eye, for example, sees an approaching automobile, and her quick decision is to run away from it. But she cannot take her eye off the dangerous object. Instead of fleeing to the right, which would take her off the road, she runs to the left, constantly watching the automobile, and so crosses the road directly in front of it. The savant approaches the conundrum from a point of view different from that of the wag Jo Miller, who is said to have invented it, but the conclusion seems to be much the same. The hen wishes to cross the road, although it might be added that her desire depends very much on her way of looking at things.—Christian Science Monitor.

Castle Carriga-Hooley.

On the west coast of Ireland stands a castle bearing the euphonious name of Carriga-Hooley. Several centuries ago this was the favorite castle of Grace O'Malley, an Irish amazon, who took unto herself the title of queen, and ruled over several counties in a fashion not at all in accordance with sixteenth century ideals of femininity.

Home rule in Ireland was demanded even in those days. When Queen Elizabeth offered to make the Irish maid a countess, history reports that she answered proudly, "I consider myself as great a queen as your majesty."

On her voyage from the English court to her mountain domain, Queen Grace stopped at Howth castle, and being but coldly received by the lord, she proceeded to teach him hospitality by abducting his son and heir, returning the child only on the promise that the gates of Howth castle were to swing open always at the dining hour.

"D'ye Ken John Peel?"

"Some songs are immortal, and 'D'ye Ken John Peel?' is one of them. The hitting tune of it was infectious on the fields of France, and many a British soldier learned the words, too, for the first time. The history of the song, about which there have been many excited arguments, can now be definitely settled, for at Sotheby's, recently, the original manuscripts of John Woodcock Graves' words, and of William Metcalfe, the Carlisle cathedral singer's music, were offered for sale," says the London Telegraph.

"I declare that I never thought myself more than a hedgerow rhymor till I was called out as the author of 'John Peel,'" Graves said.

"NOTHING DOING" IN COTTON

Kitchen Maids of Sultan of Morocco Entitled to Nether Garments of Expensive Stuff.

The sultan of Morocco was always an absolute monarch, and in that capacity the revenues of the country were his. There had never been any distinction between public funds and private funds—all belonged to the sultan. It was therefore no easy task to arrive at an agreement as to which were state and which private debts, so inextricably mixed had they been in the past. There was, for instance, a bill for some hundreds of yards of very expensive and very fine crimson cloth. Naturally the protectorate authorities scheduled this among the private debts. The sultan protested. The cloth, he said, had been purchased for governmental purposes—in fact for the trousers of the imperial kitchen maids; for there are several hundred slave-women employed in preparing the palace food. The protectorate government refused to be responsible for this debt. The ex-sultan drew up a historical treatise to prove that imperial kitchen maids were part and parcel of the state, and passed, like the palace itself, from sultan to sultan. The principle was accepted, but the debt was disallowed on the ground that these good ladies did not require such expensive stuff for their nether garments. A cotton material, they argued, would have equally well served the purpose. The sultan's reply was unanswerable and crushing. "In Europe," he said, "it may be the custom for the imperial kitchen maids to wear cotton trousers, but in Morocco we have more appreciation of the dignity of their position." There was nothing more to be said. The debt was paid by the protectorate government.—From "The Liquidation of a Sultanate," by W. B. Harris, in "Asia" magazine.

FOLLOWED PATHS OF PEACE

Aborigines of Texas Unlike the Fierce Tribes of Other Sections of the Country.

Stone implements found in ancient workshops in Texas, antedating French, Spanish or American settlers, prove that the original settlers of this state were not like the fierce tribes encountered in modern times by the white settlers.

Little is known about the aboriginal population of Texas, which lies between the Pueblo and mound builders' area, but Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, chief of the American bureau of ethnology, aided by Professor Peave of the University of Texas, have located some long-forgotten village sites. Their investigations lead to the belief that the original people of the middle part of the state were hunters, while those of the eastern part near the timber belt, were followers of agricultural pursuits and were skilled in the manufacture of pottery. They resembled the mound builders. The western part of the state was a more elevated and less arid plateau. Here the people resembled the Pueblos of New Mexico. Some of the tribes are reported to have been cannibals. In the opening of the eighteenth century Apaches, Comanches and other savage tribes roamed over Texas, following the buffalo, or raiding across it into Mexico. There seems to have been constant hostility with these Indians, in which many smaller tribes were exterminated.

Franklin's Discovery.

On June 15, 1752, Benjamin Franklin "discovered" electricity by demonstrating his theory that lightning and electricity were identical. Choosing a sultry day, when menacing clouds showed that a thunder storm was imminent, Franklin sent up a kite of silk on a framework of iron wire. The cord was of hemp with a piece of silk at the head end, and above the silk was attached an iron key. When the storm broke the string stiffened and sparks darted from the key. Again and again Franklin drew the spark from the iron, and thus demonstrated his theory.

WHY SOCKS HAVE "CLOCKS"

They Were Originally Made, It Is Asserted, to Hold the Seams in Hosiery.

It is surprising how much of the past still remains, more especially in regard to the clothes we wear.

On the backs of most gloves will be found three thin strips. These marks correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers. In earlier times gloves were not made so neatly as they are today, and the stitching of the fingers was carried down part of the way on to the back of the glove, braid being used to conceal the seams.

To a practically similar reason does the clock on a sock owe its origin, says London Answers. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams occurred where the clocks are now displayed, the decoration being utilized to hide the seams.

The little bow which will invariably be found in the leather band inside a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it and drawing it together with a piece of string.

Handkerchiefs were not always square. At one time they were shaped to the user's fancy. It chanced that this irregularly displaced Queen Marie Antoinette, who suggested one winter evening at Versailles that a uniform shape would be an indication of good taste. The result was a decree by Louis XVI, issued in the early days of 1785, enacting that all pocket handkerchiefs should have right-angled edges henceforward.

IN HEART OF MOORISH CITIES

Houses to Which Few Visitors Penetrate Are Frequently Luxurious in Their Appointments.

Through the narrow lanes of Moorish cities the water carrier, who has filled his goat-skins at the nearest fountain, piles his trade from house to house. The town of Morocco does not extend open, smiling arms to the stranger. The houses present cold, forbidding fronts. The winding, irregular streets twist and turn in a bewildering fashion, and the low arches, often linking house with house, convert the streets into a series of high-walled, semiopen courtyards, still more confusing to the uninitiated. But if one is privileged to enter through the massive gates, formidably re-enforced with heavy iron bands and heavily bolted, one may step into courtyards inlaid with mosaics and ornamented with faced arabesques, surrounded with arched passageways, richly carved and covered with luxuriant hangings; into a melancholy garden flagged with ancient white stones, where a marble fountain plays softly and great orange trees are outlined voluptuously against the white walls and the unclouded sky. Who knows how many wistful harem ladies have languished there, what fantastic tragedies have been spun on curiously fatalistic silken threads?—From "Through the Gates of the Moghreb," by Eisie F. Well, in Asia Magazine.

Sport in Haiti.

"Roosters that crow night and day and have no sense of proportion at all," is the way William Almon Wolf describes Haiti's only fowl of any importance, in an article in Colliers. In addition he accuses them of not being educated, "like the mass of the population," and of being ignorant of the fact "that a cock's business is to let an unobservant world which wouldn't notice the phenomenon itself, know that the sun has risen." "When it comes to cock fighting in Haiti," Mr. Wolf writes, "the rooster plays a very important role. Sunday afternoon is the great time for that," he says, "and all day Sunday you may see sporting Haitians going about with a gamecock or two under their arms. There are two rings in Port au Prince; thousands of men gather there every Sunday afternoon and bet on their favorites. Haitian cockfighting is not a very brutal affair; the birds aren't spurred. It is the custom for the owner of the losing rooster to cry quits before much damage is done."

Human Frailties.

Our structure, both external and internal, is full of imperfection; yet there is nothing in nature but what is of use, not even inutilty itself. There is nothing in this universe which has not some proper place it. Our being is cemented with certain mean qualities; ambition, jealousy, envy, revenge, supersatition, despair, have so natural a lodgment in us that the image of them is discerned in the brute beasts; nay cruelty itself, a vice so much out of nature; for even in the midst of compassion we feel within us an unaccountable bitter-sweet titillation of ill-natured pleasure in seeing another suffer; and even children are sensible of it.—Montaigne.

Did More Than Come Back.

Jane's mamma left Jane home alone for a few moments while she ran around to the store. Before going she told Jane that she positively must not let the cat in before she returned. Jane assured her mother that she would do as she was told and not let him in. Ten minutes later Jane's mamma returned and Jane sat where she left her, petting the cat.

"Jane," said mamma, "I think I told you not to let kitty in until I came back."

"You did, mamma," replied Jane, "but I didn't let him in. He opened the door hisself and walked in."

Firestone Tires

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