

## RESOLUTIONS FOR THE MEN.

WHAT would I suggest? Oh, lots of things! To begin with, I'd have husbands make a cast iron resolution to spend more of their time at home. When a man marries a woman he leads her to suppose he does it because he yearns for unlimited quantities of her society, and it must strike any fair minded person a good deal like getting goods under false pretenses if as soon as the honeymoon wanes he chases off to the club or downtown the minute he gets his dinner, leaving her to solitude and the unexciting delights of her own company. It is a situation that perhaps a man never appreciates, because he has never been there himself. It couldn't happen to him, because the moment he detected a symptom of loneliness he would put on his hat and go off to the theater or the corner saloon or some place where there were light and brightness and gaiety. A woman has no such resources. She can't go around at night by herself hunting up company, but must sit at home, no matter how lonesome and bored she may be. Men are forever w-



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT," greets together in boarding houses. One answer to the conundrum is that they want somebody to talk to while their husbands are downtown at night. I have yet to see the woman whose husband was a home keeper and home loving man who wasn't satisfied to stay there too. There's one thing dead certain, and that is if men were so anxious to stay at home evenings as they were to call on a girl before marriage and if they took as much trouble and pains to try to entertain their wives as they do to entertain the domestic millennium who would be within hailing distance. Then, it seems to me a man might resolve not to unload all his troubles on the family hearth. Of course I know every day a man has to go through with enough to try the patience of a saint, but because cotton has gone down instead of up or things haven't run smoothly at the office is no real reason for slapping Sammy and kicking the cat as soon as he gets within his own door. A man might occasionally remember that a woman has troubles of her own and needs to be cheered and brightened. We are continually told that a woman should always meet her husband with a smile, but no woman can smile long enough or brightly enough to make a man's face brighten. We are continually told that a woman should always meet her husband with a smile, but no woman can smile long enough or brightly enough to make a man's face brighten. We are continually told that a woman should always meet her husband with a smile, but no woman can smile long enough or brightly enough to make a man's face brighten.

GOOD HUMOR FOR SOME CONSUMPTION. As it is a woman's. There's always room for plenty of good resolutions New Year's day and other days. He might resolve, if he really meant to turn over a new leaf and try to do his part toward making home happy, to make his wife an allowance and pay it promptly as a debt of honor; to remember that servants are mortal and that you can't hire a three dollar a week girl to cook like a \$1,000 chef; to bear in mind that a woman never gets too old to like a compliment or to be interested in hearing that her husband loves her and appreciates her and, above all, to save some of his good manners and good humor for home consumption.—Dorothy Dix.

CELESTIAL NEW YEAR. According to the Chinese calendar, the new year begins on the 25th of January. The day is celebrated with great rejoicings. Processions and festivals of the neutral sort are held in the principal cities. The Chinese are extremely fond of fireworks and are adepts in the manufacture of them. Many kinds are used in their New Year's celebrations. The noisy kind are particularly popular, so that the processions move along in a hullabaloo of popping noises. The processions differ in the different localities. At Canton, for instance, one curious feature is the bearing aloft of little girls on long poles. The girls are garbed to represent idols. Burnt high above the crowd, each girl is sheltered by a big umbrella carried on a still longer pole. They look like pretty flowers rising above a meadow. One of these quaint processions is always a most interesting sight to the foreigner.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN? Jim Tankle would swear off, so I hear. Every New Year's on whisky and beer. Which he thought was so great. That he'd then celebrate the feast all the rest of the year.

THE CORRECT TIME. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of S. W. Simmons, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned with proper vouchers at the office of H. H. Riddell, 735 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon, within six months of the date hereof.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. G. W. SIMMONS, Administrator of the estate of S. W. Simmons, deceased. Dated Nov. 26-31.

TO stop a cough or cold is just as soon as it starts—then there will be no danger of pneumonia or consumption. Just a few doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup taken at the start will stop the cough. If it has been running on for sometime the treatment will be longer, but the cure is sure. Sold by North Bank Pharmacy.

NOTE THE LABEL ON YOUR PAPER.

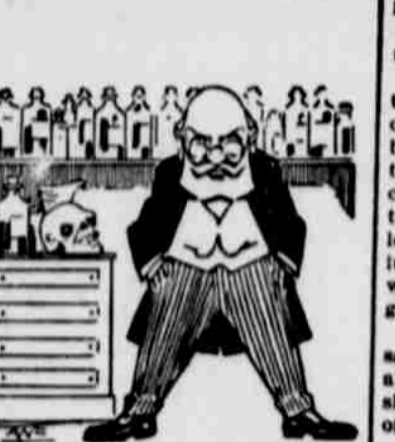
## THIS NEW YEAR'S HAIR SPLITTING.



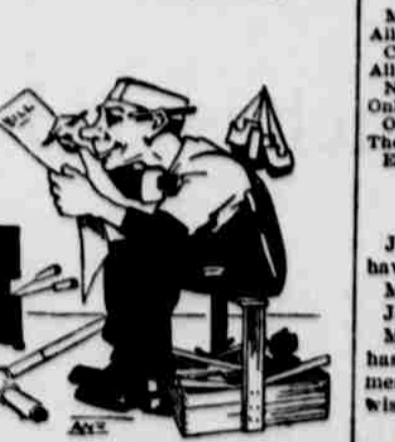
RESOLVED am I for this new year. In no high bonnets to appear. All costly wraps I'll now forego and do away with idle show. In husband's business I'll not mix and get him in another "fix". My shopping I'll curtail at once, for well I know I am a dupe; in scandals I shall no more speak; I'll lecture only once a week.



THE GROVER. WELL, this I s'pose, is New Year's day. And time for me to change my weigh. From this time on I'll do things clean and sell no oleomargarine. To patrons old I'll be as good as to the new ones, though my food I risk in doing so. I'll bust or sell as cheap for cash as trust. To him who pays I shall not place the debts of those who fall from grace. Adulterations I shall scorn, for honesty may e'en adorn. A grocery, and grocers reap Rewards in heaven, heap on heap.



THE DOCTOR. ANOTHER year! Well, I must make in my prescriptions no mistake in 1910, for these young men in drug stores talk too much—ahem! The code I'll follow close this year; no advertising shall appear. I'll speak no ill of other "docs" and quit for good all throwing rocks. I'll be on hand in hours late and greet good husbands at the gate. I'll upright live as any Quaker and spare my friend the undertaker.



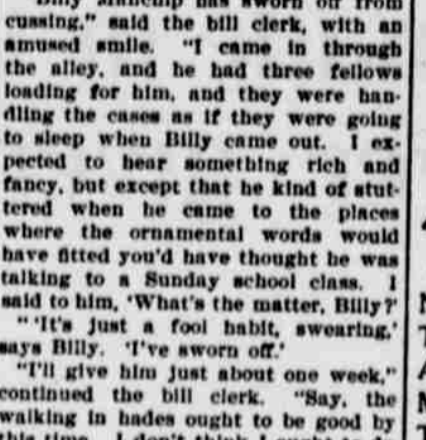
THE PLUMBER. O H, WELCOME, New Year's! Joyous day That finds the plumber's heart still gay. And full of vows of true reform. To him's ne'er dark the winter storm. For plumber's time and helper's toil I'll charge much less this year and oil My patron's fixtures free of cost (The generous yet have never lost.) And when I grease his stop and waste My bill I'll not present in haste. His pipes I'll give the proper fall And lay them on the southern wall To do things well shall be my mission And thus crowd out all competition. 'Tis my belief that sanitation is yet to save this periled nation. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

CHOKED TO DEATH. is commonly said of babies who have died of the croup. How unnecessary this is. No child ever had the croup without having a cold or cough at the start. If you will stop the first symptom of the cough with Ballard's Horehound Syrup there is no danger whatever of croup. Sold by North Bank Pharmacy.

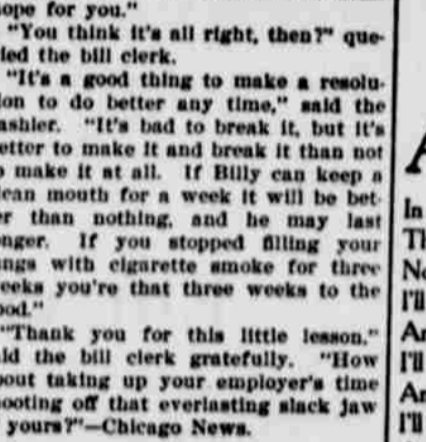
## GOOD RESOLUTIONS

Difference Between Resolutions and Good Intentions.

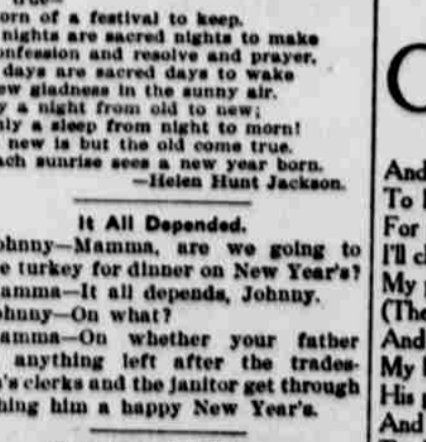
THE HUSBAND. I AM resolved this New Year's day To go a new and better way. No more the lodge shall I attend; The homeward road by nine I'll mend. While in the house I'll never smoke Or tell my wife a "chestnut" joke. The servant girl I'll never kiss, But be content with wedded bliss. I'll bear with patience all my ills And swear no more at dry goods bills.



THE PREACHER. AS this is New Year's, I may say I'll turn a leaf for this good day. My sermons now I'll shorten some; No more they'll charge that I'm humdrum. The wealthy sinner I'll assail And scorn his wrath if I shall fail. My salary I shall not seek To swell, for I'll be plain and meek.



THE LAWYER. WITH this new year I'll aim to please. I'll do great work for little fees. Peravention I'll eschew And utilize no dodges new. I'll advocate no unjust cause And break no wills, what'er the laws. These resolutions are not grudged, For lawyers, too, in time are judged.



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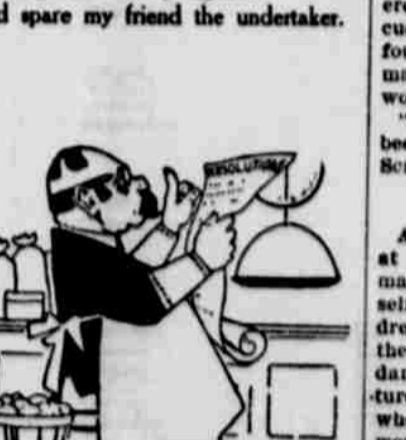
## RACING PIGEONS.

Their Wonderful Speed and Mysterious Homing Instinct. Racing pigeons are the fleetest of all creatures. They have maintained a speed of a mile and a half a minute for a hundred miles, according to a writer in Collier's, and they have flown 700 miles between the rising and the setting of the sun. Pigeons have flown a thousand miles back to the home loft. In 1904 a bird covered that distance in 5 days 2 hours 15 minutes, proving how unerring is the mysterious homing instinct that will drive pigeons across the continent without swerving. But this feat is not true sport. The birds simply hurt themselves against time and space till they are played out. They can never race again. The racer rises into the air with heavy, slow wing pulsations; then, once poised over the starting point, there is a swifter, shorter beat, and the time is "hit up" to the third and permanent wing rhythm, rapid and steady as a pulse beat, which carries it home. Racers fly 300 feet high over land, but fly over water. Their enemies as they fly are wind, rain, gunners and hawks. They do all their flying between sunrise and sunset. If caught out overnight they feed for themselves till dawn. The homing instinct is lifelong. During the Franco-Prussian war the German caught a homing pigeon which was on its way into beleaguered Paris. The bird was kept prisoner for ten years. It was then released. It immediately returned to its old home.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT. How the Paving Value of Asphalt Was Brought to Notice. All forms of bituminous pavement, whether manufactured from natural or artificial asphalt, are in fact artificial stone pavements. The industry started with the use of the natural rock asphalt from the mines in the Val de Travers, Canton Neuchatel, Switzerland. The mines were discovered in 1721, but it was in 1849 that its utility as a road covering was first noticed. The rock was then being mixed for the purpose of extracting the bitumen contained in it for use in medicine and arts. It is a limestone found impregnated with bitumen, of which it yields on analysis from 8 to 14 per cent. It was observed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagon were crushed by the weight of wheels, and under the combined influence of the traffic and heat of the sun a good road surface was produced. A macadam road of asphalt rock was then made which gave very good results, and finally in 1864 a portion of the Rue Bergerie was laid in Paris of compressed asphalt on a concrete foundation. In 1868 a still larger sample was laid, and from that time it has been laid year by year in Paris. From Paris it extended to London, being laid on Threadneedle street in 1869 and Chesapeake in 1870 and in successive years on other streets, and then its use in street and road making extended to other countries.—Exchange.



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War With Japan. could not possibly make so many cripples as rheumatism does every year. And yet there is no reason why this disease should cripple anyone, if all sufferers will rub the affected parts night and morning with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Cures all aches and pains. Sold by North Bank Pharmacy.

## A PRISON HORROR.

Awful Fate of a Russian Political Offender. David Soskice writes in McClure's Magazine of the horrors of the Schlusselburg, Russia's political prison. "Grachevsky, unable to stand his life any longer," says he, "struck a guard in order to be executed. But the commandant of the fortress declared him to be insane and therefore exempt from punishment. "Then," said Grachevsky, "it remains for me but to kill myself." He was taken to the stable and kept there under most vigilant watch. "One night," related Ludmilla Volkstein, "a terrible, inhuman shriek was heard. Footsteps hurried toward Grachevsky's cell. Feeble groans followed, and then his door was quickly opened, and it was evident that something terrible had happened to him. Smoke and the smell of burnt clothing and flesh pervaded the building and hung about it till the following day. We then knew that Grachevsky had burnt himself alive. He had soaked his clothes and bedding with the oil from the little night lamp and, rolling himself up in his blanket, had set it on fire. For several days beforehand he had disarmed the suspicions of his guards by exceedingly rational behavior, so that they had relaxed their watchfulness a little and enabled him to commit the dreadful deed."

STONE AGE CUSTOMS. Ancient Habits Still Endure Among Natives of Rural Roumania. Customs and habits directly traceable back to the end of the stone age are still observed by the inhabitants of the remoter parts of rural Roumania, says Dr. Emil Fischer of Bucharest in the Umschau. The latest statistics show that there are still in Roumania over 64,000 cave dwellings in existence, in which a quarter of a million peasant folk live. These caves are almost as primitive in their arrangements as the original cave dwellings of the stone age. As recently as in the eighties millet, the oldest Indo-Germanic grain, was still crushed in Roumania by means of hand mills and stored in peculiarly shaped granaries similar to those used by the natives of central Africa. Today the Roumanian peasants still use ancient plows. At funerals a peasant named coils is paraded consisting of soaked and boiled corn the exact way corn was first prepared and eaten by the tribes of Europe. Even today crabs and wild peas are the only fruit known to the Roumanian peasant, and his vegetables are wild herbs boiled with oil pressed from sunflower, hemp and gourd seeds. Medical men in rural Roumania are still known among the peasantry as wizards.

HE HAD LEARNED IT. Willie, five years old, was in his father's office one afternoon waiting to go home with him. Mr. S. was very much occupied—in fact, so much so that he had quite forgotten that his young son was sitting behind him. At length the telephone rang, and Mr. S. was told that there was a long distance call for him. He called "Hello!" a number of times, and just when his patience had about given out central rang vigorously while the receiver was still at his ear. At this Mr. S. uttered a terrible and forbidden word. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he remembered that his son was but a few feet from him. Wheeling about in his chair, he said, with humility: "That was very wrong of father to say those naughty words, Willie. I hope," he added, "that my little boy will never use such dreadful language."

THE PUN. The golden age of the pun in Britain was the reign of King James I., the "Stuart Solomon." That learned sovereign was himself a possible punster and made few privy councilors or bishops who were not reputed to be good at a quip. It was therefore in his day that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council table. The greatest authors in their most serious works made frequent use of puns.—London Globe.

A Peculiarity of Dreams. As to dreams, there was a discussion at the club lunch, and one man remarked that no man dreamed of himself as braver than he is. When the dream came the dreamer was always the underdog. He was in horrible danger and never did anything picturesque to face it. There may be men who are brave in their sleep, but it would be interesting to find one man outside of the doses sleeping towards who is a hero in a dream.—London Chronicle.

A Disappointment. "Uncle Jed," asked his neighbor, "how is your boy getting along at college?" "First rate," answered Uncle Jed. "He hasn't cost me a cent. He's working his way through, he's winning all the class honors, and they've promised him a professorship of some kind." "Great Scott," gasped his neighbor, "is that all he is doing? With that big husky frame of his I supposed he'd be playing center by this time!"—Chicago Tribune.

Making a Life. Many a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made epileptic lives who have made very moderate and even scanty livings.—Success Magazine.

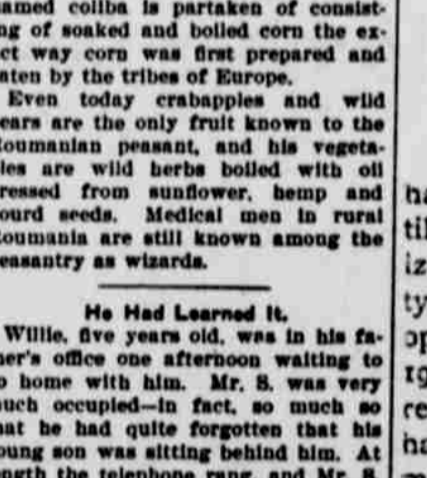
THE SHAKY LADDER. Many a man has spent the best years of his life climbing the ladder of fame only to have the thing tilt over backward just as he grasped the last rung. —Chicago Record-Herald.

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## STOP PAIN

HEADACHE NEURALGIA. "Dr. Miller's Anti-Pain Pills have been used by me for rheumatic pains, headache and pain in back and sides, and in every case they gave perfect satisfaction." Henry Cousins, Success, N. Y.

25 Doses 25 Cents. Your Druggist sells Dr. Miller's Anti-Pain Pills and will be glad to return the price of the first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.



THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ECZEMA LODGES IN THE SKIN. Not a Blood Disease—Cured by Oil of Watergreen Compound. For many years eczema was supposed to be a blood disease, and was erroneously treated as such, but now the best authorities agree that eczema is only a skin disease, and must be cured through the skin. The eminent skin specialist, Dr. D. D. Dennis, first discovered the eczema germ, and his discovery was quickly taken up in Germany and France.

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