

# ART FOR LOVES' SAKE

By M. E. BAKER

At each end of the dune sat a young person. At the precise points where sand and beach-grass ceased to be a part of this particular dune, they began the construction of other dunes.

Their backs were toward each other, though they were manifestly very conscious of the presence of each other and might easily have seen each other by turning their heads a little.

They had quarreled, and were not ready to make up again. What they had quarreled about does not matter; it was some inconceivable trifle.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a far-off shout.

Toward the beach could be seen the figure of a stout man, very small, on the summit of a dune, gesticulating.

"Oh, it's uncle," cried the girl in an awed tone. She rose quickly to her feet—then sat down again.

"Perhaps he didn't see you," she said cooly, without turning her head. "Would you mind going away?"

"If you mean me," said the young man, with equal coolness, "I should mind. I'm not a coward."

The stout man disappeared into the hollow. He was evidently coming in their direction.

"I wish you'd go," said the girl. "I can sit here. I can say I was alone—quite truthfully."

"I don't know why I should," said the young man doggedly, with rising color. "Of course, if you're ashamed to be seen—"

"Oh, it's not that," she cried hastily. The stout man had reappeared on the top of another dune, and was waving his hand.

"You're very disagreeable. You know he doesn't like you—"

The stout man plunged into another hollow. "If you don't go—He's almost here!"

The young man did not answer. A moment later the stout man rose on the crest of the dune that formed the opposite rim of the gully before them.

His foot slipped, the sand sliding away from under him. He swayed wildly, made a desperate lunge to recover his balance, caught his toe in a twist of root, and began the descent of the smooth face of the dune by the simplest and most direct route.

By the time the stout gentleman had rolled to the bottom of the gully and half way across it, and sprawled dizzily to a sitting posture, waiting for the cranberry bog to become stationary enough for him to get up, they were facing each other, too overcome with laughter to attempt the descent themselves. The young man managed to cross the beach. He held in his hand a small, black object. Upon this the girl's eyes rested uncomprehendingly for an instant; then they lighted with accusation.

"You've taken him!" she gasped. The young man nodded, and their eyes met. They clasped hands, and scrambled down the dune to the stout gentleman's assistance.

He was brushing the sand from his face, and struggling with his tie, which had made almost as many revolutions around his neck, as he himself had in descending the face of the dune.

He spluttered undistinguishable sounds, but he was plainly very wrathful.

At length he gave his feelings verbal utterance.

For a short time his remarks were unprintable—they dealt with the aspect of the landscape in general, with the roots of beach plum bushes, and various other harmless natural objects.

Then he directed the force of his indignation full at his niece.

"You, Emily," he thundered. "What are you—holding onto that—young fool's hand for? What are you out here for, with him, anyhow?"

"Do let me brush the sand off you, sir," urged the young man kindly. Mr. Cuthbert seemed about to strike him.

"You get out of here, sir, or I'll sir you," he snarled.

"I would," said the young man, "but I don't dare to leave Emily unprotected, with a raving lunatic." His own temper was not of the smoothest.

"I'll attend to Emily," roared the Honorable Mr. Cuthbert.

"I guess I'm capable of taking care of my own niece—if I do fall down a blanked sand hill over a blanked plum bush."

"I want you to understand," he said sternly, "that this settles it. I absolutely forbid you to communicate with my niece—or try to see her."

The eyes of the young people met—they were communicating, in the very face of his prohibition; but the situation was grave. Mr. Cuthbert may have presented an undignified appearance rolling down the dune, but he was a man of character and determination.

His opposition to Philip Dunbar's suit had hitherto been of a passive

rather than active kind. He did not want anybody to carry off his niece; and being her legal guardian, and usually a kind and loving one, he had a right to some say in the matter.

It was evident now, by the concentrated disgust with which he was surveying the young man, that henceforth he would associate him in his own mind with the day's unfortunate accident, and that his attitude would be one of positive hostility.

"You will oblige me," finished Mr. Cuthbert, "by never addressing either myself or Miss Cuthbert again, on any pretext whatever."

He turned his back and taking the startled Emily's arm again, strode off, leaving the young man gazing after them very genuinely troubled.

Suddenly an illuminating idea flashed upon Philip Dunbar. He sprang hastily after the retreating pair:

"Mr. Cuthbert," he called, "wait a moment."

The sheer audacity of this made Thomas Cuthbert stop and turn around.

"I am coming to address you again, Mr. Cuthbert, after we get back to town; and you will see me, and listen to what I have to say; that's all." He waved his hand, in token that he had finished, thereby causing Mr. Cuthbert to become apoplectic once more.

He kept his word. One afternoon in February he visited Mr. Cuthbert's place of business and sent in his name, receiving, as he had expected, a message to the effect that Mr. Cuthbert would see him further, before he would see him at all. Thereupon he played his trump card.

"Take this in, please, to Mr. Cuthbert," he said to the meek stenographer, "and tell him that I am still waiting."

The stenographer disappeared, then came out again and resumed her chair and banging of the typewriter. A moment later the door of the inner office was jerked violently open.

"Come in here," said Mr. Cuthbert, "and shut the door."

He thumped the desk with his forefinger, where lay a small photograph



His foot slipped the sand sliding away from under him. He swayed wildly, made a desperate lunge to recover his balance, caught his toe in a twist of root, and began the descent of the smooth face of the dune by the simplest and most direct route.

—a photograph of a horse-neck dune, very clear and distinct.

In the middle of the dune, like a beetle pinned to a sheet of cardboard, was a strangely sprawling figure, whose face, although very small, was perfectly recognizable.

"This—this!—you!" he remarked ineffectually.

"Yes," said the young man mildly. "I was thinking of using it to illustrate a magazine article on horse-neck."

Vividly before the mind's eye rose the horse-neck—the calm peace of the dunes, the long, blue shadows of the summer afternoons, the glitter of the sun. He saw Mr. Cuthbert, not well dressed or dignified, sitting in a gully and trying vainly to adjust his necktie, and his lips twitched.

"I was thinking of it," he repeated. "But I've changed my mind. I want Emily more than anything else in the world. I want her too much to make her unhappy by making you ridiculous. I came to offer you the film. That is the only print. You may do what you like with the film; tear it up, or keep it."

"You've changed your mind," repeated Mr. Cuthbert incredulously.

He took the small dark film mechanically, looking sharply at the young man. He was, after all, not a bad judge of character.

"You are positive this is the only print there is?"

"On my honor, sir."

Slowly Mr. Cuthbert reached for a paper knife and stabbed a hole through the white features of the little man on the black sand dune. Slowly he picked up the print, tore it twice across and threw the pieces into the waste basket.

"Exactly what it is worth to you?" he asked in a friendly tone, holding the now worthless film.

"Emily," replied the young man.

### POSITION OF ROMAN WOMEN

Statistics seem to show they were very much submerged members of society.

There was at no time in Rome anything that could be called a feminist movement. No solidarity existed in a sex split by caste into classes that had no motive in common. The ladies from time to time organized to obtain legislation in their interests, but as far as we know, such legislation dealt only with pecuniary questions. We have no record of any attempt on their part to improve the lot of women in general. Women in general were in fact submerged. An inspection of the literature and the inscriptions of the late republic and the early empire gives the odd impression that the Roman women of the lower classes had pretty nearly ceased to exist. The professional woman, if we may so call her, the doctor, the accoucheuse, the masseuse, the actress, the dancer, the courtesan, the dressmaker was almost always a Greek. In trade and industry, the same was true; according to

the inscriptions Greek women were the fishmongers, the barmaids and the laundresses of Rome. No one can doubt that hundreds of thousands of hardworking, God-fearing Roman women lived silent, unrecorded lives, and bore children to carry on the state. But the lady had nothing to do with them. Her struggles were directed to the strengthening of her own position. It was to this end that Hortensia and her ladies came down to the Forum to argue that taxation without representation is tyranny.—Emily J. Putnam, in Atlantic Monthly.

### To Clean Oil Paintings.

Take a raw potato and cut in half; with the cut side rub over the picture, and, as it becomes dirty, cut off a thin slice, wiping off the dirty froth with a soft cloth.

In this way go all over the picture till it is clean, carefully wiping as you go.

Then rub with a silk handkerchief till dry.

Afterward apply a proper picture varnish.

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## "PURN SACH" Queries That Puzzled Dad



DURN SACH POOL QUESTIONS

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Was education more practical a generation ago, or did John's father study his books more thoroughly than John does? John is a seventh grade student in the public schools. He asked his father one day to help him solve the following problem:

A. asked how much money he has in the bank, replied: "If I had 10 more I would have \$1,000 more than half what I now have." How much money had A?

"Such a fool problem," said the father. "Tell that teacher to ask the cashier. You have been pestering me with problems like that for a week. Suppose your teacher asked you how old you are. Would you tell her?"

"I was ten times as old as I am, diminished by 42, I would be 30 years older than dad, and he now is one-fourth as old as he was in 1900." "What would your teacher do if you answered in such a manner? In my days we had practical problems in our arithmetic."

In order to investigate his father's statement he went to the public library and asked for an old arithmetic. The librarian gave him "Richard's Natural Arithmetic." He turned to the page marked "Practical Exercises" and read:

A puts his whole flock of sheep into three pastures; half go into one pasture, one-third into another and 22 into a third. How many in the flock? "That's queer," said John. "Practical exercises, ten. Here is a man who wants to find how many sheep he

has. He counts them so he will know when he has half of them. This he puts into a pasture. Then he counts out a third and puts it in another pen. Next he counts what's left and finds he has 32. After a little figuring he finds how many in the whole flock. Very practical. I guess dad didn't study that book."

The next book he examined was "Mills' Inductive Arithmetic," edition of 1879. In miscellaneous examples he found the following:

Two ladders will together just reach the top of a building seventy five feet high. If the shorter ladder is two-thirds the length of the other what is the length of each?

"Why didn't he measure each ladder separately?" John asked himself. "That problem is not practical. I guess dad is older than I thought. I want an older book."

The text book written in 1868 was handed to him. The book was evidently influenced by the Civil war, for it was filled with problems dealing with battering down fortifications and the sustenance of soldiers. One problem was:

If twelve pieces of cannon, eighteen pounders, can batter down a fortress in three hours, how long will it take nineteen twenty-four pounders to batter down the same fortress?

"That's fine for a general," John reflected, "but dad says that I am going to be a captain of industry."

Another arithmetic of the same date had the famous fish problem, with which John's teacher had troubled him for six weeks before he himself finally explained it to the class. The fish problem is:

"The head of a fish is ten inches long. Its tail is as long as its head and one-half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail both. How long is the fish?"

Very handy problem for a butcher.

## Partners for Years But Never Speak



NEW YORK.—In one of the large wholesale houses in this city there are five partners. Two of them have not spoken to each other except over the telephone for twenty years. Their private offices are not more than twenty feet apart and they see each other a score of times a day, but they meet and pass without the slightest sign of recognition. If it becomes necessary in the course of business for them to communicate with each other they do so either by calling a stenographer and dictating a memorandum or else by being connected on the telephone over their private line. They never speak face to face.

A quarter of a century ago these five partners were young men with small capital. All of them had been employed of the same concern, but they had their own ideas and believed in them. So they put their money together and formed a partnership. The new business was successful from the very start. Each man had his own particular branch to look after and

each was a specialist who did his part to perfection. Their separate interests in the firm so interlocked and they worked together so harmoniously that within five years they were on the high road to fortune. It was just at this time that these two partners fell out. It arose from a trifling difference their wives had. Naturally each partner, through loyalty to his spouse, took her side, and the quarrel grew so bitter that it culminated in blows being exchanged. Then they vowed they never would speak to each other again. The other three partners saw that if this course were pursued it would spell ruin. After a lengthy conference, in which the two disputants were called in separately, the proposition was put to them that they should agree to remain with the firm, of which they were essentially important parts, and should hold communication with each other only on business matters and then either by writing or by telephone.

This is the plan that has been followed to this day and is likely to be pursued to the end. When these two enemies talk over the telephone they converse with all the polite amiability of old business associates; they discuss prices, business propositions and the various problems with which they are mutually concerned.

## "Old Rags, Old Iron" Set to Music



BOSTON.—An outdoor school for making musical rag men, hawkers and street vendors is the latest educational novelty established in this city. Miss Caroline E. Wenzel, a fair settlement worker and a graduate of Vassar, is the originator of the idea and sole instructor. Miss Wenzel believes that if the voice of the rag man and peddler must be tolerated it should issue forth from the throats in flute-like tones. She confidently believes that once her method becomes a fixture a person, instead of being obliged to slam down the window on

a hot summer day or fret and fume over the guttural cries of the men who chant the of the thoroughfares, will throw open the window and be lulled into peaceful slumber through the melodious strains of "Rags and Bot-tles," "Old Iron," "Soap Grease" and "Juley Lemons."

Miss Wenzel has established her outdoor school at Washington street, and Massachusetts avenue and has nearly a score of pupils. The young woman is popular with the vendors.

She got her idea from a trip abroad last year. Her method is simple. She finds out a man's business and instructs him accordingly. She suggests expression to fit his wares and teaches the correct pronunciation of these expressions.

Her musical instruction is similar to what the musical teachers advocate for the production of a good ringing "head tone."

## Expected Twin Babes But He Found—



CHICAGO.—"Come home—twins!" A mandatory order to a policeman of the Hyde Park station flashed from his home to the station at midnight. The policeman obeyed. Just as he was about to "come home" upon the arrival of new members of the family—them—during the last ten years, Sergt. Bartholomew Cronin, the father, left his desk duties at the police station and rushed to his home at 7019 Indiana avenue. Within were signs of activity; lights flashed and above the din of excitement could be heard the wail of several of the small Cronins. Even Polly, the red Durham cow, which furnishes milk for the group, seemed affected and moored in unison with the crying children.

The police sergeant hesitated at the threshold—then doffed his helmet and entered. He sought first the physicians, two of them, who talked disinterestedly with some of the children. One of them said:

"Sergeant, this case is one most unusual. It should be brought to the attention of dairymen throughout the country. A full-sized male and female. Mother and offspring doing nicely. You might drop a word to

the farm journals."

Then a veterinary surgeon appeared and joined in the congratulations.

Polly, the red Durham sow, had given birth to twin calves.

An Old Campaign Medal.

An interesting reminder of the contest between the Polk-Dallas and Clay-Frølinghusen forces in 1844 was found in the west end of Howard township, Center county, Pennsylvania. It is in medalion form, very slightly larger in circumference though much thicker than a 25-cent piece of the current issue, and though it had evidently lain in the ground a long time the gilt with which it was covered is still comparatively bright. Attached to it are two small rings, by which it was presumably suspended from the clothing, and they, too, are little rusted. The obverse carries the relief of a fairly good likeness of Clay, with his name, and on the reverse is the inscription: "Clay and Frølinghusen—Protection and Union," the whole thing being in an excellent state of preservation.

Thoughtful.

Ester—Caroline is a most fœcon grous girl.

Elizabeth—What do you mean?

Ester—Why, I mean that while she heartlessly rejects every man who proposes to her, she thoughtfully gets a pillow for him to kneel upon.

## "VISION" SPRINGS NEW ONE

Fair Agent Puts Clerks to Rout by Introducing Book in Unique Up-to-Date Manner.

It was a quiet springtime morning and the clerks in the big importing office were languidly pushing their pens over the ledgers and dreaming of baseball and fishing. Suddenly the screen door opened and a vision drifted in like a June zephyr.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the vision, as she lifted her automobile veil, "it is coming! Be prepared! It is coming!"

There was a flutter among the pen pushers.

"What's coming?" demanded one.

"A cyclone?"

"Earthquake?" asked another.

"Valley's comet turned back?" chimed a third.

With a silvery ripple of laughter the vision opened her suitcase.

"No, gentlemen, the 'big stick' is coming, and with it is coming Theodore the Great. Before he arrives you should buy a copy of the greatest book of the day, entitled: 'Teddy the Terrible; or, 'Big Sticking in Africa and Big Sticking in Europe.'"

But the clerks fled.

Anything But Religious.

During his vacation every summer Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, pastor of the Calvary Baptist church, of New York, travels about the country delivering lectures before the big Chautauques. One of his popular themes is "The Russian Bear," which tells of his own observations after an extensive exploration of Russia. It was during one of his engagements in an Iowa town, where he had been widely advertised to speak, that two countrymen driving along the highway stopped and held this conversation:

"Goin' shertalkwa?"

"Nope."

"Been?"

"Yep. Herd them ther Jubilee singers day before yesterday. Regular troupe o' clowns, them ther."

"Who's up ter night?"

"Ah, sum Nu York preacher."

"Goin' talk relig'us?"

"Nope. Understan' he's got sum trained animals."

Royal Compliment.

George is the breezy elevator boy in one of the big office buildings.

"George," said the tall bookkeeper the other morning, "let me off at the third."

"George, the fourth!" added the old broker.

"George, the fifth!" chirped the pretty blonde typist.

George expanded until there was danger of his brass buttons leaving his blue uniform.

"Aw, wacher getting a swell head about?" piped a messenger. "Somebody would 'ink yer was a page in de senate."

"Page in de senate? Why, didn't yer hear dat peach of a typewriter say 'George do fit?' Makes one feel like de new king of England."

Lack of Self-Esteem.

Ashley—Dingler's bump of self-esteem must be a cavity.

Seymour—What makes you think that?

Ashley—The way he went after a job last week. He asked the boss what the wages were; boss told him: "Dollar a day for a good man," then Dingler said he was sorry, but he didn't like to work for less than that, and came away.

Getting Honest.

"This is your birthday, isn't it, boss?"

"Yes, Dick."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, I'm going to give you a kiss for every year of your life."

"Why, Dick! Dick—I-I may as well confess to you that I am really twenty-six."

The Company's Gratitude.

High—Church was paid \$1,000 for saving the life of Miss Klutchkins.

York—Gracious! I had no idea that Klutchkins would ever have paid an amount as large as that!

High—Oh, he didn't pay it; the money was paid by the company that has Klutchkins' life insured for \$500,000.

Two Desiderata.

Robinson—Why do you call your friend an "Animal Burbank?"

Rollins—Because he is trying to evolve a frog that will be all legs and an orphanage turkey.

Robinson—An orphanage turkey?

Rollins—Yes, a turkey that will have enough drumsticks to go around in an orphan asylum.

The Ambiguous Cook.

Mrs. DeAycker—Did your cook leave on account of the extra 15 cents a week that the Razer woman offered her?

Mrs. Von Holmer—I can't tell; she said she was going to leave because she wanted the change, and I don't know whether she meant the money or the new place.

Matter of Years.

Knox—Poppleigh doesn't brag about that bright boy of his any more.

Blox—Has he ceased to be bright?

Knox—Not exactly. He says about the same sort of things as formerly, but he's got to the age where they are saucy.

An Illustration.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a paradox?

Pa—Well, my son, a coal stove is one kind of paradox. It won't burn until it is put up, then it won't burn until it is shaken down.

Better Than Usual.

Snodgrass—Did you have good luck on your last hunting trip?

Nymrod—Better than usual; I was shot at only four times and hit only twice.

Same Old Kind.

Ruggles—Have you a fireless cooker in your kitchen?

Raggles—Yes, but it's fireless because I can't afford to buy fuel for it any more.

## ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

You can account for very few marriages.

Every time any big bill is presented to you, it looks like robbery.

If a woman can get her first man, she needn't worry about her second, or third.

"My duty," said an unhappy married woman to-day, "is anything HE objects to."

There is plenty of cooking as good as "mother's," but very few appetites like a boy's.

We have observed that there is little complaint about the high prices of beer and cigars.

The women pick at men and at goods offered at special sale, in the same industrious way.

You are always at a disadvantage in arguing with a man who doesn't know what he is talking about.

Have you ever noticed how suddenly a useful man can die, and how long a worthless man holds out?

A book agent speaks as highly of the book he sells as a reformer speaks of the reform he represents.

Scrapping in families is objectionable, but it is not so bad as when kin praise each other too much.

When you hear a smart saying by a child, it is a sign the child has a smart mother, and that she made it up.

A man and woman going on a wedding trip try hard not to look happy, and on their return try just as hard to look happy.

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