

The Submerged Sex.



"For goodness' sake, John, put your hat on straight; here come the Hyphen-Smiths."—Punch.

F. E. Smith and wife, of Vancouver, were in this city Sunday visiting friends.

The receipts of the Recorder's office for March were \$802.30, which is near the monthly record.

W. Dunn, of Grants Pass, was in this city the latter part of last week attending to business.

R. C. Stubbs, of Aurora, was in this city several days during the first part of last week.

O. S. Boyles, of Molalla, was in this city Monday attending to business affairs and visiting friends.

D. C. F. Spaulding and wife, of Denver, were in this city visiting friends and attending to business.

Rev. Smith to Preach.

Rev. E. A. Smith will preach at Williamette this evening. The subject will be "A Strong Support for Weak People." Mr. Smith will preach at Logan Sunday, both morning and evening.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Mrs. Thomas Warner has received word from her mother, Mrs. Louise Pauls, and her brother, John Bonser, both of Dayton, O., that they had escaped the floods in that place. Mrs. Pauls has a number of friends here and in Portland where she has visited a number of times. Mrs. Warner received a telegram Tuesday.

Mr. Finley, of Portland, will sing at the concert to be given at the Baptist Church on Friday evening, April 4. Admission for adults, 25 cts. For children 12 years of age or under 15 cents.

J. E. Jack, county assessor, has given a contract to Lowry & Cook for the erection of a seven room bungalow at Ninth and Washington Streets, the cost to be \$3,000. It will be finished by July 1.

Fred Schafer was in this city the first part of the week in connection with a large number of ties that recently broke away during the high water and floated down the Molalla River.

Mrs. Rhea Cole was in this city Tuesday visiting relatives and friends. Mrs. Cole, who for many years lived in this city, was formerly Miss Berl Long.

J. O. Staats, formerly chief deputy sheriff, has sold his manufacturing business in Portland and returned to Oregon City. Mr. Staats probably will establish a business here.

W. A. Bishel, of Gold Beach, Southern Oregon Coast, was in this city over the week-end looking over the city.

J. E. Mumpower, one of Clackamas County's prominent farmers, was in this city the first part of the week. He lives near Stone.

H. S. Adams, of Portland, was in this city Monday attending to business.

A license to marry was issued Tuesday to Helen L. Swaitkowski and Leo J. Zak.

Michael McGowan, of Portland, was in this city Sunday visiting friends.

Fred Schafer was in this city the Saturday and Sunday attending to business.

C. A. Chambers, of Portland, was in this city Monday attending to business.

LIKE CURES LIKE

By ELIZABETH WEED

Dr. Vermatille, the renowned Paris stomach specialist, being overworked, broke down and was obliged to give up the practice of his profession, at least temporarily. Before starting for the Riviera, where he proposed to recuperate, he turned over his patients to Dr. Hartwell, a young American who had studied medicine in Paris and after graduation had accepted a position with Dr. Ver... preparatory to setting up for a specialist in America.

The two were sitting together in Dr. Vermatille's office, going over an alphabetical list of patients and a brief statement of the symptoms of each. Under the letter "L" came the name of Lasant, Louise.

"Mlle. Lasant," said Dr. Vermatille, "you will find a difficult case to diagnose. At least I have not yet made up my mind as to the nature of her disease. She is languid, takes no interest in anything, has no appetite and is inclined to melancholy. I have recommended a diet of the most digestible food and given her charcoal and other stomach remedies. She has responded to none of them. Possibly you may stumble on the weak spot that is causing the trouble, and if you do, as you well know, the battle is half won."

"Lasant," said Dr. Hartwell, striving to recall the person to whom the name belonged. "Is not she a young lady about twenty years old, very beautiful, with chestnut hair and soft brown eyes? I think I visited such a patient one day—no; it was her mother—when you were out of town."

"Perhaps so," replied Dr. Vermatille and proceeded to give a statement of the case of the next patient on the list. A few days after Dr. Vermatille's departure Dr. Hartwell while making his round of visits called upon Mlle. Lasant. He found her dressed in negligee costume lying on a lounge in her boudoir reading a novel. On seeing the doctor a slight flush came into her cheeks.

"A little fever this morning, eh?" said the doctor cheerily, at the same time gently pushing a gold bracelet up on to her arm that he might feel her pulse. "The moment he touched her wrist he felt a quickened throbbing. 'Feverish, not fever,' he continued. 'There is a difference, I assure you.'"

"Then the doctor asked her if she felt loss of breath in going upstairs, whether she suffered distress after eating, if she slept well. To all of these questions she gave satisfactory replies. Hartwell, being no wiser as to her case than before, resorted to the usual device of physicians, took out his prescription blanks, and, filling one out with some hieroglyphics which any properly educated druggist would know meant pure water with an agreeable flavoring, he took his leave, promising to call again in a few days.

"At what hour?" asked the young lady. "About the same as today," replied the young man. On his next visit he found his patient in a ravishing morning costume, some cut flowers in a vase standing on a table and a silk blanket of colors becoming to the young lady's complexion thrown over her.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I see that you are much better!" "Better? I assure you I am much worse. I thought you said you were coming again in a few days?" "This is Friday. I was here on Monday." "But I expected you on Wednesday." "Pardon my neglect. Since Dr. Vermatille's departure I have been very busy."

Handsone Trophy for Best Corn.

The American Land and Irrigation Exposition company, whose general offices are in the Singer building, New York city, is offering a handsome trophy, valued at \$500, to the farmer growing the best 30 ears of Indian corn of any variety with the largest yield per acre. The corn must be grown in the United States. Rules and shipping instructions and particulars for making entry for the privilege of competing in this contest can be secured by writing Mr. Gilbert McClurg, General Manager of the Exposition, Singer building, New York

GUMBO SOILS

O. J. Berger, of Eudora, Kansas writes: "I am on gumbo land, and it is not very well drained. I am told this land would improve if properly drained, and some say it can't be tilled for a paste form around the tile and the water can't get through it. How would concrete tile do? Can you give me any information on this subject?"

"What we usually refer to as gumbo soil is a very heavy type of soil. In some localities it is very dark in color while in other places it is slightly grayish in color. In the state of Iowa the gumbo soils are very dark and usually very heavy, while in parts of Kansas, also other parts of Iowa, the gumbo is of a light color, often of a reddish cast."



Proper Treatment for Gumbo Soil

cessfully both by using open ditches and by using tile drain. In fact, some of the gumbo soils that have been tile drained often sell as high as \$200 per acre. The experience in handling the heavy, sticky soils indicates that it is not necessary to place the tile, as one would naturally think, close together and as shallow as first consideration might indicate. The experience of farmers in the heavy, waxy soils of Iowa shows that the tile lines are often placed ten to twelve rods apart, which is ample distance even in some other types of soil. The best way to settle this matter, inasmuch as these soils vary considerably, is to p...

in as many lines of tile as you can conveniently watch the effect, or use only one tile line and note the distance it drains on either side. This would take but a short time for the effect can usually be noticed on close observation.

It is highly important that you have a good outlet in attempting to use tile. After the land is well drained, the next important step is that of tillage. It has been found that for all kinds of conditions fall plowing is the best for gumbo soils. The action of freezing and thawing during the winter months renders the soil much more friable and reduces the clods in a way that cannot be accomplished by mechanical means. Care should be exercised not to plow or to cultivate this type of soil when it is unusually wet for it puddles very quickly, forming clods which can be reduced only by freezing and thawing.

One of the objectionable features of gumbo soil is the tendency to shrink when drying out, thus injuring the crop materially. The time that this occurs is usually during the summer months. This objection may be overcome by surface tillage, using the spring-tooth, peg-tooth or disk harrows, together with cultivators, or any other means of maintaining a surface mulch to a depth of three or four inches.

Gumbo soils when well drained and in a good state of cultivation, which may be maintained as stated above, give splendid yields; in fact, better than some other kinds of soils in the corn belt. A frequent application of stable manure is also beneficial to these soils, inasmuch as it supplies vegetable matter, thus rendering the soil lighter and putting it in a better physical condition.

Some claim that the cement tile are more porous and thus permit a freer movement of the water than the clay tile, but in reality there is very little difference. As far as the pores of the tile become filled is concerned, one would probably fill up about as quickly as the other. A large percentage of the water that enters the tile goes through the joints and does not soak directly through the tile. You will find that well vitrified tile or carefully made cement tile will serve your purpose satisfactorily. In cases where the trouble from alkali is exceptionally severe, it may be best to use the clay tile in preference to the cement.

Yours very truly,
I H C SERVICE BUREAU.

The Inspector's Advice. The late Inspector McCluskey ("Gentleman George" or "Chesty George"), as he was known on the New York police force, was a good friend and a bad enemy. The inspector, while by no means vindictive, did not readily forget an injury, and one day an elderly millionaire who had injured him in the past rushed excitedly into his office and shouted: "McCluskey, one of your men just called me a spavined old mule! What are you going to do about it?" "Do? Why, nothing," the inspector answered. "I can't patch you up. I haven't the knowledge. Go and consult a vet!"—Exchange.



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FOR SALE BY THE JONES DRUG COMPANY

Made Her Wise. Angry Purchaser: "Didn't you tell me that you had got as many as twelve eggs in one day from those eight hens you sold me?" Poultry Raiser: "Yes, ma'am. Angry Purchaser: "Then why is it that I'm never able to get more than two eggs from them and sometimes not so many in one day?" Poultry Raiser: "I don't know, ma'am, unless it's because you look for eggs too often. Now, if you look for them only once a week, I feel quite positive that you will get just as many eggs in one day as I do."—Pearson's Weekly.

HEAR BOTH SIDES. Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations against him. Every story has two ways of being told, and just ce requires that you should hear the defense as well as the accusation. And, remember, your enemies may place you in a similar situation.

Three Stripes Mean Paralysis. Marie is getting on her spare time in the short hand. The other hand she was putting on the word "manipulation." Marie's sister, an expert stenographer, and their landlady, who says short hand is Greek to her, were in the room. The landlady was sewing and absorbed in her work.

Three stripes is "neuralgia," isn't it?" asked Marie, intending that her sister should answer. "Why, no, silly," exclaimed their landlady, looking up from her sewing; "that's paralysis."—Indianapolis News.

Costly Advice. "Advice is sometimes very costly." "Indeed it is! I stopped Jinx this morning to give him a bit of advice, and he borrowed a five spot from me before I could get away."—Houston Post.

Discipline. Tommy: "Pop, what is discipline?" Tommy's Pop: "Discipline, my son, is something you can only earn either during the first year at school or the first year of married life." Philadelphia Record.

Not Lazy. "And you say the public can be separated from its money?" "Without effort." "Oh, I am perfectly willing to expend some effort, provided the trick can be done."—Washington Herald.

Sure Thing. "I wish I knew how to make a barrel of money." "I'll tell you how." "How?" "Spend a keg in advertising."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Indications of It. "Aunt Prim says she likes chops." "I don't wonder, with that hatchet face."—Baltimore American.

Tolerance. George Elliot was once asked what was the chief lesson she had learned in life's experience, and her prompt answer was, "Tolerance." It might have been expected from a woman who once said that she regarded life as a game of cards in which she watched each move with the deepest interest and turned as far as possible to her own advantage.

Brains. "Using cubic centimeters as units," says Sir Ray Lanaster, "we find that a good average European human brain is of the bulk of 1,200 units. The gorilla has a slightly larger brain than the chimpanzee of the orang. One of good medium bulk measures 500 units or a third of that of the well developed European."

QUARRELS. Be slow to quarrel. Many lives have been spoiled by foolish quarrels. Scarcely any private quarrel ever happens in which the right and the wrong are so exquisitely divided that all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the other.

The Flesh She Lost. "Surely you're not looking well, Mrs. Giles. Surely you have lost a lot of flesh lately, have you not?" "I have that. I've lost me 'usband. 'E weighed nineteen stone when 'e died."—London Telegraph.

The Limit. "Miss Fry is the most inquisitive sgrt of a girl. There is nothing doing but she manages to have her finger in it." "I notice she hasn't got her finger in an engagement ring yet."—Exchange.

Tart Retort. Maud (anxiously): "I can't tell you what I think of you! Allee—No. But you have told everybody else!"

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"Ah," he exclaimed, "I see that you are much better!" "Better? I assure you I am much worse. I thought you said you were coming again in a few days?" "This is Friday. I was here on Monday." "But I expected you on Wednesday." "Pardon my neglect. Since Dr. Vermatille's departure I have been very busy."

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