

BULGARIA'S ROSES FAIL TO EQUAL WILLAMETTE'S

Likening the balmy-scented and rose-scented vales and the timbered hills of Bulgaria to the beautiful Willamette valley, Frank Busch, who not so long ago made an extended trip into the out-of-the-way places of the Old World, gives a most interesting description of the Balkans—the home of a brave people who are now struggling in a bitter war against the powers of Europe and Asia Minor in an effort to establish themselves as an independent nation. Mr. Busch has been a keen observer of the lands through which he passed, and in describing the things he saw, tells his story in an intimate way that brings before the mind a living picture of the foreign climate and scenes.

Speaking of this land in the Old World, he says:

"Bulgaria is a land especially adapted for dreamers. Everything is green. Nature clothes the hills, fields and meadows in gorgeous attire. The sides of the valleys are covered with fragrant, blooming Linden and wild pear trees; creeks are bordered with green-carpeted meadows and fields of rye, and even uncultivated lands are decked man-high with blooming flowers in wild grains. The many large trees, standing isolated, give the relief of dark shadows drawn on the light green below, making of the whole country a beautiful picture.

"The golf grounds near Portland, along the banks of the Willamette, remind me much of these Bulgarian scenes, which when seen once can never be forgotten. All the low-lying lands along the Danube are counterparts of our Oregon valleys.

"The villages are large but far apart. Church bells can be heard everywhere, but the churches are mostly but poor hovels. I traveled through Bulgaria in 1881, and camped in one of them over night. This church was really a part of a cow stable, some ten feet square, the roof was thatched with straw, and the ceiling hardly high enough to permit of one standing upright. The door was the only opening, and what light and air there was had to find its way in through this aperture. On one of the walls hung heavy oil-cloth, painted upon which were holy pictures.

"The floor was covered with cheap carpet, and in one corner stood a cheap table bearing two candlesticks. These were the furnishings of the church of the village known as Gassabellen. Practically all the inhabitants of the villages are Christians, but along the Danube's banks are to be found many farmers who profess the Mohammedan faith.

"Not far from this village I entered the old Bulgarian capital of Tirasswa. A more romantic spot I do not believe exists in all the Balkan states. The river Jantra had cut a deep bed through the soft sandstone, and between vertical walls this stream winds its way like a serpent through a broad valley. The roads were in poor condition, and in many places were similar to our mountain trails.

"The hills are mostly covered with giant walnut trees. Near the small town of Kasoulik I measured one of these beautiful monarchs, and found it to be more than 100 feet in diameter at the bottom of the crown. The walnut tree is no doubt the most symmetrical and ornamental of all that are native to the Balkans. Its dark green foliage, the shadows under the high crown, the rich vegetation about the trunk, and the rippling of the springs and brooks near which the trees grow to such enormous size—all this adds to their enchanting beauty.

"During the bright sunny hours one can hear the merry song of a wild pigeon—called the laughing pigeon—in the dense foliage, while in night time the nightingale fills the air with its melodies.

"The country is immensely rich with springs. I recall one that I saw beside the main road, jumping out of gravelly soil about ten inches thick, and running away as a little brook. All barrens and fields are irrigated from such springs, the supply never giving out. Every valley is a picture of plenty, many of the fields bearing rye six and seven feet high. Pasture lands, on which are feeding large herds of sheep or cattle, add to the impression of plenty everywhere.

"Bulgaria's skies are always heavily clouded, and frequent thunder showers aid in keeping the fields moist. These showers are always of short duration, and are followed by the brightest sunshine.

"Kasoulik is the old, historic land of the rose. The blooms are not grown as an ornament to gardens, nor are they cultivated for their beauty. Instead they are planted in rows like berries, and are harvested for commercial gain. According to the Koran, the rose is in Turkish—originated during the Prophet's as-

WATER AND LAND JOURNEY EXCITING

Trading a motorboat for an automobile may be good business, but Fred Miller is not so sure that it is an enjoyable thing to do. And thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Miller, accompanied by Steve Bird and Estell Montgomery made a trip to Washougal recently in the Roamer, Mr. Miller's heavy weather cruiser. The start was made from Oregon City at six in the morning, and after being beset by many perils the cruise was ended late in the afternoon. There Mr. Miller traded the Roamer for an automobile, and the bunch started homeward after Miller had practiced some 15 minutes with the benzine buggy.

After going eight miles one of the tires on the auto blew out, and Miller exerted his knowledge of seamanship in patching the leak. Two miles from Vancouver the benzine chariot stopped with a weak snort, and investigation showed that the gasoline had given out. The entire party hoofed it into the garrison town, where Mr. Montgomery took the train for home. The rest acquired gasoline in sundry carriers and returned to the car, in which they slept all night.

The journey to Oregon City was resumed the next morning, and proud in exhausted the party finally reached Oregon City. Miller says that, after he gets the knack of the auto he expects to have a real good time with it.

SEXES WILL CLASH ON DIAMOND FIELD

A baseball game between the ladies and gentlemen will be a feature of the Clackamas County Automobile club's run to Willhoit Springs Sunday, and members are looking forward to seeing one of the most unique games in the history of the national sport. Aside from the game, there will be a continuous concert by the Mohalla band, dancing for those who want to, a bowling contest for the heavyweights who do not care to try their prowess upon the diamond, and swimming races in the big pool. Members who are not feeling in the best of health will be permitted to take mud baths, arrangements having been made with the management of the health resort to care for the ailing.

Thirty-five reservations have already been made for plates at the chicken dinner that will be one of the attractions, and it is expected that many more will send in their names before Friday, by which time the list will be closed. M. D. Latourette, John F. Risley and William R. Logus compose the committee in charge of the run.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Nothing adds more to the beauty of women than luxuriant hair. The regular use of Meritol Hair Tonic will keep the hair healthy, promote its growth, keep it clean and bright, and give it that wavy appearance so much admired. Jones Drug Co., sole agents.

LUNCH FIVE CENTS, DINNER FIFTY CENTS

TACOMA, Wn., July 16.—One of the interesting features of the Puyallup summer school, which is attracting much attention, is the emphasis being laid on instruction in lowering the cost of living, and of special interest along this line is the work of the class in rural school lunches. With an equipment costing \$5.50, including a gasoline stove, kettles, pans and other utensils, the class of twenty-four students, teachers, principals, ministers, stenographers, etc., prepare their hot lunches every day at the remarkable cost of 5 cents or less. The class is one which is thoroughly practical and the lunches such that they might be served in any rural school.

With the same idea of economy in purchasing the cooking a series of "Working Man's Dinners" are being served to a number of invited guests by the advanced class in domestic science. The menus are attractive and satisfying and the cost below 15c per plate. It is quite evident that no extravagant ideas of buying and cooking are being fostered in the classes at the summer school. Much of the economizing must be done by the housewife and the women in these classes in domestic economy are being taught how to teach others to buy right, "know what you want, and get what you want."

rival here expressed great delight in the city and country. When they left their home a hot wave was cooking everything to a rich brown, and the green vegetation and cool weather here are much appreciated by them.

MRS. MCGILL BROKE DOWN

Gives the Real Facts in Regard to Her Case and Tells How She Suffered.

Jonesboro, Ark.—"I suffered a complete break down in health, some time ago," writes Mrs. A. McGill, from this place. "I was very weak and could not do any work. I tried different remedies, but they did me no good. One day, I got a bottle of Cardui. It did me so much good, I was surprised, and took some more.

Before I took Cardui, I had headache and backache, and sometimes I would cry for hours. Now I am over all that, and can do all kinds of housework. I think it is the greatest medicine on earth."

In the past fifty years, thousands of ladies have written, like Mrs. McGill, to tell of the benefit received from Cardui.

Such testimony, from earnest women, surely indicates the great value of this tonic remedy, for diseases peculiar to women. Are you a sufferer? Yes? Cardui is the medicine you need. We urge you to try it.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for special instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

PEACE IN THE BALKANS.



—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

WOMEN ON HORSEBACK.

They Cut a Queer Figure Before Sidesaddles Were Invented.

Before Queen Catherine de' Medici started the fashion of sidesaddles by having a board slung on the left side of her horse to support her feet all poor women rode on a pillow behind a man. All women of the better class rode astride.

A lady to prepare for riding bent forward and took hold of the lower hem of the back of her dress skirt, drew it through between her legs and wrapped her skirts around her legs down to her knees, then folded the rest of her skirts across the front of her person.

Then she drew on a pair of large trousers, the legs of which ended just below the knees, where they were sewed to the tops of a pair of clumsy riding boots. The upper part of the trousers was open in front, and the flaps folded across the person and fastened by a band around the waist. A hood was worn on the head, and a mask protected the face from sun and weather. She rode on a man's saddle and wore spurs and carried a quirt (riding whip) looped on the right wrist. The same style and kind of quirt is now used by our western cowboys and plains Indians and was formerly carried by the Cossacks.

A lady in riding costume, whether on foot or on horseback, was anything but a graceful figure.

Our great-grandmothers rode on sidesaddles, but their great-grand-grandmothers rode astride if they belonged to the gentry class.

Our plains Indian women, even when they changed their buckskin skirts that came to the knee and their buckskin leggings for the long calico skirt of white women, always rode astride.—Washington Post.

THEY DIDN'T MIND DIRT.

In the Days When Clothes Were Dyed, but Never Washed.

In the matter of the washing of clothes, not to say the washing of themselves, our ancestors were a trifle lax. The laundress of the twelfth century must have held a position which was practically a sinecure, while it seems within the bounds of possibility that in those days she did not exist at all. There were, insooth, few garments which would stand washing, and the dyer was driving a brisk trade before the laundress was even thought of. A little dye must indeed have covered a multitude of spots.

In the days of the Tudors and Stuarts washing was a trifle more in evidence than formerly, but those articles which were permitted to find their way into the "buck pan"—as the washing tub used to be called—were few and far between. The wealthy of the middle ages got over the difficulty of obtaining clean underclothing with primitive simplicity by not wearing any, while the lower orders wore coarse woolen garments that would

no doubt have "shrunk in the wash." To prevent any casualty of the kind they remained unwashed.

Velvets, taffetas and richly dyed silks, such as those worn by the nobility and gentry, could not, of course, be washed, and should any person of high degree be the possessor of a linen shirt it was a thing which was carefully made known to all his friends and relatives as being extremely la mode and a fit subject for congratulation, but washed it never was for fear of injuring its pristine beauty.—London Tatler.

THE COMPANION.

Life's a forest where we play Hide and seek from day to day.

Childlike, here we lie in wait To pursue a game with Fate.

Faring fleetly on the race, We've no thought upon her face.

She doth bind us ere we aware Whether she be foul or fair.

But, whatever else she be, Count on this, her loyalty.

Though you wander wild and wide, Still she trudges on beside.

And beyond the forest's end Fate will still your soul attend.—New York Sun.

MOTHERLY LASSIE GETS IN TROUBLE

NEW YORK, July 16.—It seems that something should be done to put Annie Boyarsky, the 18-year-old Russian girl, obsessed with what psychologists term "maternal mania," out of harm's way and, at the same time, to prevent her causing anguish to mothers by stealing their children. The girl has a mania for little children whom she loves to "bosomother." Having no child of her own, she takes little children that appeal to her abnormal motherly instinct, wherever she can find them and carries them off to pet them and play with them until she grows tired of them.

The girl has kidnapped several children in recent years but in every case the child taken by her was returned and as no harm had been done, the girl with the "maternal mania" was allowed to go free. The other day she carried off a little girl of four years whose parents live in East New York. She abandoned the child after a few days and since then every effort of finding the "maternal maniac" have been in vain. It is believed that she left the city, fearing to be punished for kidnapping the child.

Amend State Constitution

RALEIGH, N. C., July 16.—The commission appointed to draft a set of proposed amendments to the constitution of North Carolina met here today to consider the measures proposed. Among the most important measures receiving attention are those providing for the initiative and referendum a compulsory school term of six months, a new system of taxation, prohibiting the formation of corporations by special act, and allowing Bible reading in the public schools.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

J. M. Ware to Susan M. Ware, lot 5, block 36, Central addition to Oregon City; \$1.

A. Newell et al. heirs of Mrs. Mary C. Newell to Herbert Newell, S. E. ¼ of the N. W. ¼ and N. E. ¼ of the S. W. ¼, Sec. 1, T. 5 S., R. 2 E.; \$1.

Mr. Hood Land Co. to Louis F. Priore, N. E. ¼ of S. E. ¼ and east half of the N. W. ¼ of S. E. ¼ of S. E. ¼, Sec. 29, T. 2 S., R. 5 E.; \$1.

Ernest H. White to Louise Wells, lots 10 and 11, block 1, Quincy addition to Milwaukie; \$1.

Kills Every Catarrh Germ

Balsamed Aid; Nature's Own Remedy That is Guaranteed to End Catarrh.

If you could only take one good look into your nose and throat and see the raw sore spots that are caused by germs of Catarrh you would secure a HYOMEI outfit this very day and start at once to destroy the cause of nose and throat troubles.

Booth's HYOMEI is a germ killing air which when breathed through a small inhaler or in vapor form begins at once to drive out all mucus and bring the membrane back to a normal, clean healthy condition. Complete outfit includes inhaler, \$1.00. Extra bottles if later needed, 50 cents, and money back from Huntley Bros. If dissatisfied, just breathe it—no stomach dosing.

FOR SALE BY HUNTLEY BROS. CO., DRUGGISTS

PRINCIPALS IN WEIRD MURDER MYSTERY



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Miss Alice Crispell and her suitor, Herbert Johns, who was first arrested suspected of her murder and later exonerated by a coroner's jury. The murder of pretty Miss Crispell, whose body was found in Harvey's Lake, near Wilkes Barre, Pa., is attracting nation-wide attention as one of the startling mysteries of the day. Now that Johns has been liberated of forts are being made to find a man whom Miss Crispell jilted for Johns.