

**The Worm Turned.**  
 "You haven't done very well this month," said the boss. "Your orders were few and far between."  
 "I'm sorry," said the traveling salesman, "but—"  
 "I don't want excuses. I want orders."  
 Just then the door opened, and the secretary entered and passed in a card.  
 "Humph," said the boss. "James Henry, salesman for the General Products company! Doesn't he know I never see traveling men at this hour?"  
 "He says he is in a hurry to leave town and would like to explain his proposition to you. He will be brief."  
 "I can't see him now. I'm busy. Tell him to wait."  
 "When shall I tell him to call again?"  
 "Tell him to wait there and I'll see him in about an hour. Now, then, young man, why is it that you fell down this month?"  
 "Because all the business men I called on insisted on treating your salesman the way you treat them."—*Exchange.*

**Baking a Watch.**  
 Only the best made chronometer would survive the tests made at the Royal observatory, Greenwich. Usually there are about 200 watches under examination for use in the royal navy. On certain occasions there is a complete trial of chronometers open to all makers who have sufficient confidence in their watches being able to withstand the severity of the tests. During the competition the watches are exposed to every possible variation of temperature. They are baked in furnaces sufficiently hot to cook a joint. In fact, so great is the heat that a badly made watch has been known to tumble to pieces during the baking test. The moment a watch is taken out of the oven it is plunged into misters registering 40 degrees of frost. To such perfection has the manufacture of some chronometers attained that even the most stringent tests fail to cause the slightest variation.—*London Telegraph.*

**Making Pastel Colors.**  
 The lack of permanency of pastel pictures is largely due, according to Sirgo Harrison, to the bad quality of the materials employed. Unscrupulous manufacturers dip sticks of white chalk into liquid baths of brilliant but ephemeral dyes, and pictures produced with these soon fade. Writing in Art and Progress, Mr. Harrison says artists should make their own pastels, a process that is very easy.  
 "The materials used," he says, "are precipitated chalk mixed with the best dry powdered colors in the proportion necessary to produce the various tints desired. This impalpable powder is moistened to the consistency of a thick paste by the addition of an extremely dilute solution of gum tragacanth and water. It is then very thoroughly kneaded and finally pressed or rolled into sticks of the desired size."

**Dogs in Moccasins.**  
 After the first severe freeze at the beginning of winter a band of prospectors working in northern Canada found themselves on the wrong side of a lake over a hundred miles wide, on the other side of which was the win-

ter headquarters.  
 They were without any means of transportation other than a boat in which was stored all their belongings and provisions. Hiring a halfbreed with his dog team, they put runners under the boat and made their way easily and safely across the smooth miles of frozen water, helping along the dogs by setting a sail on the boat. To protect the feet of the dogs from the hard surface of the ice small moccasins of buckskin, well padded, were provided for each.

**Greece Only an Oligarchy.**  
 Greece, as many people do not know, is a country managed by 300 families who hate one another like poison in true classic Greek fashion. The peasants, the hack drivers and the fishermen talk radical politics all day long; but when election day comes they vote for a member of one of these big aristocratic families—namely, "best" in the Greek sense—families. A republic for Greece would mean anarchy, chaos.—*World's Work.*

**Bored Audience.**  
 "Mr. Jaggs never opened his mouth while his wife was entertaining her guests the other night."  
 "Oh, yes, he did several times."  
 "I didn't hear him. What did he say?"  
 "Nothing. He yawned."—*Baltimore American.*

**The Clove Tree.**  
 The limbs of the clove tree being very brittle, a peculiar four sided ladder is used in stripping the tree. As fast as the buds are collected they are spread in the sun until they assume a brownish color, when they are put into the storehouse ready for market.

**Curious Request.**  
 A doctor in the country received one day a letter from an old woman asking for a bottle of cough mixture for her husband, ending with the postscript: "Please, sir, don't make it too strong, as the poor man has only got one leg."—*London Tit-Bits.*

**Different From Her Ma.**  
 He—Why is it that there's never a match in this house? She (curtly)—I can't make matches. He—That's strange. Your mother could.—*Boston Transcript.*

**That's So.**  
 "I hear strange sounds in my ears, doctor."  
 "Well, where would you expect to hear them?"—*Boston Transcript.*

**Munchausen.**  
 Perhaps the most voluble liar that ever lived was the Baron Munchausen—that is, the fictionalized baron. The real baron was a kindly soul who lived in Germany and who in no wise deserved the evil reputation that attached to him through the use of his name in a series of highly colored adventures that appeared in print in London in 1785.

The authorship of the absurd tales is a mystery. It is generally believed that Rudolph Erich Raspe, a questionable character, wrote the stories first, but there is no absolute confirmation. Following the original series a number of additional adventures were written

by less skilled pens.  
 The real baron found little in life to enjoy after the stories became generally circulated. Curious tourists haunted his estates and tried to trap him into relating some wild story. At first he resented their attention in a vigorous fashion, but in his declining years he grew sour and morose and finally died, a most unhappy person, in 1798.—*Kansas City Times.*

**Why the Sea Was Peoria.**  
 A few weeks ago I was talking with a woman of deep religious sentiment who was in great distress because her very young baby had died before it could be baptized.  
 I was led to ask natives of Norway, Finland and other places their views on this very delicate question, and so I came across a bit of very pretty fiction folk-lore.  
 To the babies in Sicily life is very kind and death is gentle. Those who die unbaptized are doomed to wander, but do not wander grieving. Madonna Mary sent, to them every week end an angel, who lays aside his lily crown and romps with the dead babies. When he leaves them he bathes them in a golden chalice all the tears they have shed during the week. These he casts in handfuls into the sea, and that is why the sea has pearls. I like that story.—*Vancouver World.*

**Effects of Lying.**  
 Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for where there is no regard to truth there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it causes so much lassitude of mind that he can scarcely tell the truth or avoid lying, even when he has no other of necessity for it, and in time he comes to mistake that as other people cannot believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority, but report, or conjecture or opinion.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

**Christening Booth.**  
 The modern custom of christening vessels is without doubt an adaptation of an ancient custom, just as so many of our other customs and habits have been adapted from ancient ones. The ancients used to place the image of a titular deity at the stern of their vessels, in the turret, or shrine. Do you remember that the boat mentioned in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts, the boat that carried Paul from Miletus to Rome, was "under the sign of Castor and Pollux"? It was so says Acts.  
 The ceremony of breaking a bottle of wine on the bow of a new vessel as it is launched is another ancient adapted custom, for the ancients offered a libation to Neptune or Poseidon, who ruled the seas, as they launched their boats.—*Exchange.*

Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money only.—*Juvenal.*

**The Equinoctial Storm.**  
 The widespread belief in the existence of an equinoctial storm and Indian summer comes, to a certain extent, under the head of popular superstition. If the equinoctial storm is defined as a squall, lasting at least three days and occurring within two or three days of the 21st of September, then there is very seldom a year when several equinoctial storms do not occur. The reason for the belief in an equinoctial storm is probably the fact that about that time of the year the first storms of the winter type, with steadily falling precipitation, make their appearance. They stand in sharp contrast to the summer type with the sultry weather and thunder showers. Storms of the winter type can occur, however, during any month of the summer. The amount of precipitation near the 21st has been shown by averaging the observations at many stations to be no greater than before or after this date.—*Willis Ishliester Milham in Meteorology.*

**Senator Petticoats.**  
 During the reign of Charles I. the hoop petticoat was worn only by wives of the lower gentry and by the wives of the citizens. In the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne it rose again, this time in another form—that of an enormous hoop. This grew to such immense proportions that during the time of George I. and II. eight yards was considered the proper width.  
 These hoops had outstanding steel or whalebone foundations at the bottom of the skirt. In Elizabeth's time this whalebone had been used at the top, near the waist, enlarging the hips for several feet. Addison expressed himself about the subject as follows through his Sir Roger de Coverley:  
 "My great-great-grandmother has on a new fashioned petticoat, except that hers is gathered at the waist. My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a gocart."

**A Strange Rock Dweller.**  
 One of the strangest creatures known to science is the pholis, or boring clam. When still very minute the animal bores into the sandstone ledges at extreme low water, by means of its sharp shell, which is replaced by its secretions as it is worn away. It penetrates the rock to a depth of six or eight inches and hollows out its burrows as it increases in size. Shaped roughly like a top, it could not leave its rock dwelling even if it wished to do so. For food it depends on the animalcules that float in sea water, which it seizes by its long siphon, or tongue.  
 The pholis is in great demand at the seaside resorts along the Pacific coast, for its meat is very tender and makes excellent soup. The clams are dislodged in great numbers from the ledges by the use of dynamite, although it is possible to obtain them with a pick or crowbar.—*Exchange.*

**Mexico City is Aged.**  
 Mexico City is traditionally nearly 600 years old. It was founded when the Aztecs settled on an island near Lake Texcoco. Cortez practically destroyed the city in 1521. From this time on there was hardly a break in the ordinary events until 1822, when there was a revolt against Spanish rule. Later it was the scene of many revolutions and much bloody fighting until the iron rule of Porfirio Diaz made revolutions for thirty years some what unprofitable ventures. In the war between the United States and Mexico the principal movement of the American troops was directed against Mexico City. After capturing the hill of Chapultepec by assault General Scott occupied the city Sept. 14, 1847.

**The Word Tramway.**  
 Tramway is the term applied in Great Britain to all kinds of street railroads, whether using horses, engines, a cable or electricity. The word tram originally meant a log or stump. The evolution of the word into modern English use is given as: End—fragment—stump—log—pole—bar—beam—rail. In the earliest forms of railroads the tracks consisted of trams of wood or flat stones, at a later period of wooden stringers covered with strap iron and lastly of iron rails.

**Encouraging Sign.**  
 "How are you getting along with Miss Gadder?"  
 "Oh, first rate."  
 "What makes you think you are making some progress in her regard?"  
 "Well, when I first started to calling she played the phonograph practically all the time. Now the machine frequently remains idle for as long as twenty minutes."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**Deemed.**  
 "I like to see a smart, well educated woman," said young De Sapp, "but I wouldn't want to marry one who knows more than I do."  
 "Too bad," rejoined Miss Swift. "I'm sorry to hear that you intend to remain a bachelor all your life."—*Indianapolis Star.*

**One Form of It.**  
 Grubbs—They tell me Blinks is very much interested in music. Stubbs—I suppose he must be. At any rate, he is an expert at blowing his own horn.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

**Sightseeing.**  
 On a visit to his grandmother Harry examined her handsome furniture with interest and then asked, "Grandma, where is the miserable table that papa says you always keep?"

The reputation that is built on cleverness is temporary; that built on character is permanent.

**Society.**  
 Mrs. Clumber—You will find society is made up of two classes, my child Daughter—What are they, mother? Mrs. Clumber—Undesirables and people we don't know.—*Life.*

**Women and Wills.**  
 Some women break their husband's will long before he dies. And it isn't the kind you put on paper, either.—*Milcon News.*

Life without endeavor is like entering a jewel mine and coming out with empty hands.—*Japanese Proverb.*

**A Queer Case Of Suicide**  
 By WILLIAM BLAKEMAN

I am a Russian by name so unpronounceable by English speaking people that I call myself Hawks. My real reason for assuming a name was that I was implicated in an assassination scheme, was given away by a fellow conspirator and fled the country before the police could lay a hand on me. Being informed that the Russian government had put the American police on my track with a trumped up charge of embezzlement in order to secure my extradition, I took another name. I was very poor, and, not daring to remain in one place long enough to gain a foothold by work, I adopted the profession of tramp.

During my wanderings I fell in with a man who much resembled me. He was an Austrian Pole who had come to this country to better his condition, but had not succeeded. He had become a tramp, like myself, in order to gain a living. We became very good friends and tramped together—that is, we slept in the same places at night. Shinsky—that is the name he gave me—finally fell sick. We were camping in a wood at the time, and, since he objected to going to a hospital, I made him as comfortable as I could, provided for his necessities and nursed him. Had I realized how ill he was I would not have consented to this.

One night Shinsky grew suddenly worse and died in the early morning. While looking on the body, considering what action I should take, noticing his resemblance to myself, a plan for throwing the police off my track occurred to me. I ran a knife into his heart, spattered blood from my own arm on his shirt and placed to his clothing a paper on which I had written the following:  
 "This is the body of Paul Ximnowsky, alias James Hawks, a Russian, who was implicated in the Ivanovitch assassination in Russia. He has been killed by one of his own countrymen, a kinsman of the man he assassinated."  
 I left the body unburied and set off tramping. A week later I was arrested while passing through a small town and charged with murder. I had been seen in company with Shinsky, and the local police had been put on my track.

Here was a dilemma. I was wanted by one set of police to be sent to Russia to be tried for the murder of Ivanovitch and by another for the murder of myself. As Ximnowsky I was dead and could not be killed any more; as Shinsky I would be tried for my own murder, and there was every chance that I would be convicted. If so I would be punished for killing a dead man.

However, thus far my ruse in throwing the police off the track of the man wanted in Russia was successful. The very prominence that the case was given in the newspapers helped this feature, for those hired by the Russian government to arrest me seeing an account of how I had been murdered abandoned the pursuit, sending an account of my demise to Russia. If I could get off from the charges of having murdered myself my troubles would be ended. But how could I hope to do this without telling the whole story and being taken to Russia as myself?

Not being able to employ an attorney to defend me the court assigned me one. I explained the situation to him. He believed my story and at once took a deep interest in my case, remarking, "This is the prettiest problem I have met since I became a lawyer." Then he left me to think out a plan to clear me without giving away my true character.

There was one point in my favor—those who had been pursuing me for the Russian government had been eliminated so long as I was not known to be their quarry. On this fact my counsel banked. The day after he left me a man came to my cell and asked me to write a statement as to where I was at the time my murder was committed. I did so, claiming to have left the murdered man two days before he died, but that I couldn't exactly remember where I had been for the next few days.

My trial came off soon after this. I did not see my counsel in the mean-while and wondered why he had not visited me, fearing that he had failed to hit upon a plan for my defense. When I was led into court, however, he smiled at me, as much as to say, "Don't worry; it will come out all right." He called the man to whom I had given the statement and asked him if he had seen me write it. Then he called a woman who had befriended me and to whom I had sent a trifling gift with a letter. This letter I had signed James Hawks.

"Your honor," said my counsel, "my client has been accused of killing himself, which is impossible. I ask for a quashing of the indictment and that he be set at liberty."

The judge took the matter under advisement, but my counsel, who feared that delay would put the Russian government's police on my track, argued with him so strongly that he concluded to set me free. The lawyer at once came to me with the good news.

"You get," he said, "and lose your self next time some other way." I doubt if the Russian sleuths ever heard of the denouement, for I never learned afterward that they resumed their efforts to find me.

After this affair I settled in one place under another name, married and prospered.

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**Jupiter's Moons.**  
 The statement that Jupiter's moons can occasionally be seen without optical aid by keen sighted persons needs some qualification. Within the last quarter of a century the space penetrating power of the camera, combined with the world's giant telescopes, has added no fewer than five Jovian satellites to the four which Galileo discovered 300 years ago. Four of the five new moons were "netted" at the famous Lick observatory, on Mount Hamilton, California, and the fifth is to the credit of Greenwich observatory. But all of the new discoveries are so small and, with one exception, so distant from Jupiter that they are beyond the range of naked eye vision, even from Jupiter itself, unless an observer on the planet had better eyesight than we terrestrial. Indeed, to see Satellite III (the latest addition to Jupiter's family of moons) a hypothetical observer on Jupiter would need eyesight capable of seeing a star 300 times fainter than the faintest visible to human eyesight.—*London Chronicle.*

**Total Almost All.**  
 Here is a story told by one of our women lawyers:  
 "I told my client to tell me everything just as it had occurred—to hold back nothing—and then, being perfectly familiar with all the facts, I might be able to help him. After the story had come to an end I asked him if that were all.  
 "Everything—except where I hid the money?" was the answer."—*Buffalo News.*

**Islands.**  
 There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the ocean. America alone has 8,200 around its coasts. There are 385 in the bay of Rio Janeiro, 10,000 between Madagascar and India and some 1,200 of the eastern coast of Australia between its mainland and New Guinea.

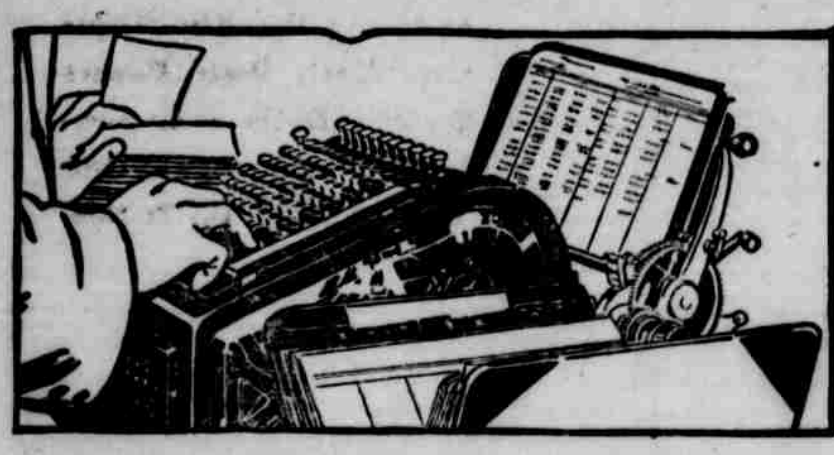
**Legal Snags.**  
 "Seems to me that the lawyers have it easy in life."  
 "Why so?"  
 "The rest of us have to surmount our own obstacles, but if a lawyer strikes one he applies to some judge and has it set aside."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

It is not poverty, but covetousness that causes sorrow. It is not wealth, but philosophy, that gives security.—*Epicletus.*

**Playing Safe.**  
 "I'm surprised to see you riding in the suburban smoker every day. You never use tobacco in any form, do you?"  
 "No, but if I ride in one of the other cars my wife expects me to be able to tell her what every lady on the train was wearing and whether it was becoming or not, and if I tell her she accuses me of talking too much nonsense in other women. If I can't tell her she says I'm too stupid for any kind of use."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

**Babylonian.**  
 The northern part of Babylon is generally dry during the greater part of the year. The lower part, near the junction of the rivers, is generally a great malarial swamp overgrown with reeds. In the springtime one may find almost anywhere across the country from the Tigris to the Euphrates, and in the dry season great herds of camels, buffaloes, donkeys, sheep and goats graze over the same place.

**Curious Dwarf Oaks.**  
 Known to ranchmen as chinquers, the dwarf oak of the southwest presents a



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