

Little Stories for Bedtime

BY THORNTON W. BURRESS

Making a Home in a Queer Place.

A queerer place to build a home you'll never see though far you roam. Look high and low, and all around you'll never find it I'll be bound.

When Little Mite Meadow Mouse ran for his life from Redtail the Hawk through the rows of young corn in Farmer Brown's field he set up and down the rows as if he were a man. He had the least idea where he was going. His one thought was to get away from those dreadful claws stretched out to clutch him. So he dodged and ran and ran and dodged. Now it just happened that he ran in the one direction in which he could find safety, and that was straight toward the scare-crow. Farmer Brown's boy had set up in the middle of the cornfield to scare away Blacky the Crow and his relatives. It looked very much like a man, very much indeed. It was that that frightened away Redtail and saved Little Mite. You see, while Redtail wasn't sure that it wasn't a man, he wasn't sure that it was not a man, and having learned long ago that the most foolish thing anyone can do is to run a needless risk, he decided not to go too near. And so it was that Little Mite was saved by the scare-crow.



It didn't move, so right away he made up his mind it was nothing to fear.

But he didn't know this. He didn't know anything about the scare-crow. All he knew was that Redtail had stopped chasing him, for which he was very thankful. But he kept on running just the same, hoping that he would come to a safe hiding place. And so at last he came to the scare-crow. Now Little Mite saw nothing in that to be afraid of. You see, he had been out in the Great World so short a time that he had never seen a man and so he wasn't at all afraid of the scare-crow because it looked like a man. It didn't move, so right away he made up his mind that it was nothing to fear. He was very, very anxious to get somewhere out of sight, and the opening to one of the pants legs looked like a good place. He hesitated just a moment, then he scrambled.

Presently he came to a mass of hay and straw. It was the body of the scare-crow. Then Little Mite was sure this was a safe place. You see, he knew all about hay and straw, and as he burrowed his way in he felt quite at home, and for the first time since he had run away from home he felt quite safe. He was very tired after his long run from Redtail the Hawk, and so the first thing he did was to make a place big enough to curl up in and go to sleep. Then he went to sleep, and for once he had no bad dreams.

When he awoke he couldn't think where he was at first. Then he remembered that it was dark and cozy and comfortable in there, and he decided that it was a very good place to stay if he could find enough to eat without going too far away. He looked about and saw that he would be safe there, and

perhaps if he stayed there his father and mother might, just might happen along that way some day, and then he could go back home. First he would find out all about his new hiding place. So he burrowed his way up through the hay and straw until he came to a queer substance such as he had never seen before. It was made of threads very close together. He tried gnawing this queer substance, but the threads caught in his teeth and he gave that up. Of course you know what it was. It was the coat which Farmer Brown's boy had fastened around the bundle of hay and straw to make it look like a man. Little Mite had a perfectly glorious time exploring. He climbed all over and through that scare-crow. He even climbed up to the hat, and the more he explored the better he liked it. He found a lot of seeds still clinging to the hay with which the scare-crow was stuffed, and this meant food for a little while without running a bit of risk. But what pleased him most was a pocket in the old coat. Was there ever a better place for a nest? He ran in and out of that pocket ever so many times, and at last he made up his mind that there was where he was going to live. So he began to carry the softest bits of hay he could find into the pocket to make a bed. Then he made a wonderful find. He had nibbled a hole in the lining of the old coat, and there was the softest stuff! It was cotton-padding. He promptly carried it to the pocket to make his bed of.

Next story: "Blacky the Crow Makes a Discovery."

KEEP THE PARKS CLEAN

By Edna K. Wooley.

Do you ever visit a city park early on a Monday morning, in the summer time? Ordinarily the park is wonderfully beautiful in its early morning freshness. But on a Monday morning it has a disheveled look as if it had been carelessly since Saturday pay day, and needing a Turkish bath and a shave to make it look respectable.

The populace takes possession of a city park on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, with the result that on Monday mornings the ground is covered with papers and remains of lunches; lawns are kicked up in unsightly wounds; trees and shrubbery are damaged, and flower beds trampled and denuded of their blossoms.

Last Monday morning I drove through a city park with a man who has spent most of his life in small towns except when he was living abroad. He looked about him with amazement.

"It would not be permitted in any public place in the old country," he declared. "People must clean up their own litter, and the very classes of people who make the worst mess here would be the ones anxious to clean up over there where they have a wholesome respect for the police."

"Nor would you find such a condition as this in the public park of a small town, or even in a country picnic ground out of town."

"There is something about your large American cities which breeds irresponsibility in its inhabitants. The individual seems to have an idea that he doesn't need to worry about conditions he leaves behind him—that somebody else will come along and attend to matters for him. I presume you have paper and rubbish receptacles in this park. You seem to have ignored them, and to have shirked the simple task of cleaning up after the meal."

"Small town people do not depend upon public servants, but upon themselves, and each his responsibility of keeping the community in order. Irresponsibility of the individual shows all through city life. Yesterday I rode in a streetcar. In the seat opposite me was a woman with two children. All were well dressed and did not belong to the very poor class. They peeled the bananas and the woman gave each a banana. They threw the peeling on the floor of the car where anybody might step on it and risk a severe fall. The peanut shells they scattered also on the floor."

"Did the mother tell them what they should do, or rebuke them for carelessness about their children? Or did she think it was her duty to clean up after her children? Why should she bother about it?"

"It is a regrettable condition—a slipshod way of bringing up citizens. Everybody seems to be in a hurry. I want them to live where they must think for themselves—where they will have to think out things, and live a little on the inside of themselves instead of so much on the outside, as city people do."

FRATERNAL NOTES

Deputy Head Consul Finds the Condition of Camps Is Excellent.

Martin Returns From Trip.

E. P. Martin, deputy head consul for the Woodmen of the World, with headquarters in this city, has returned from an extensive trip in Washington and Idaho, which, with Oregon, comprise his district for general supervision. He reports that under P. A. Beard of this city, district organizer and grand master, the camps at Caldwell, Nampa and other places in southern Idaho are doing well.

Initiates to Tread Bands.

Shriners of Ashland are to hold a ceremonial session in Marshfield Aug. 11, going in a body across the mountains to the metropolis of Good Bay. A special class of novitiates will tread the sands before the shrine at Marshfield.

Anecdotes Feared In.

Clerk A. L. Barbur of Webfoot camp, Woodmen of the World, is still receiving watermelon anecdotes to tell at the "roundup" Friday evening, Aug. 21. A special class of novitiates will tread the sands before the shrine at Marshfield.

Portrait True to Life.

A. R. Stringer, librarian of the I. O. O. F. in this city, has recently completed a portrait in oil of Henry J. Taylor, past grand master, of Umatilla county. It is recognized by all those who know the eminent fraternalist as remarkably true to life.

On Tuesday evening next

Elison Camp, I. O. O. F., puts on the Golden Rule degree, for which its team is famous in circles of Odd Fellowship throughout its state.

Astoria to Have Initiation.

Rev. J. H. Bennett, who is now representing the Woodmen of the World in Astoria, and his well-bested team to many religious and fraternal workers in this city, is getting up a class for initiation in the city at the mouth of the Columbia some time during the first week in September.

Kilwinning lodge No. 5, American Masonic

Featuring, held its well-attended meeting last Friday evening and introduced five novitiates to its degrees.

Relief Committee Elects.

The Portland general relief committee of the I. O. O. F. has elected the following officers: President, J. B. Matthews, vice president, Frank Williams, secretary, J. C. Jamison (elected); treasurer, H. P. Davidson (reelected).

The Masonic board of relief

has moved from the Masonic Temple to the Commercial club building, room 215.

Memorial Resolutions Adopted.

Circle No. 25, Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, has adopted memorial resolutions in respect to the late Charles A. Remington and ordered the charter draped for 30 days.

Moonlight excursion in prospect.

The Portland chapter of America will give a moonlight excursion next Wednesday night on the steamer Gramona, sailing from Taylor street dock at 8 o'clock. There will be dancing all evening and plenty of refreshments. The committee in charge promises that the orchestra will surely be on hand this year.

Millions in Money Carried in Big Van

The reserve stock of gold coin of the First National bank, amounting to \$3,400,000, was transferred from the bank's vaults at First and Washington to the vault of the National City bank at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Although weighing more than 8000

pounds the entire mass was moved in one van load guarded by a number of uniformed police, plain clothes men and bank clerks, all armed and ready for any emergency. The remaining \$1,000,000 of the National City bank's gold, amounting to nearly \$2,000,000, will be moved to the Security's vaults next Saturday afternoon, preparatory to the consolidation of the National City bank's business next Monday morning in the banking house in the Corbett building, at Fifth and Morrison. Cashier John H. Stewart had charge of the removal of the bank's reserve to the new location.

Who shines as editor in chief of

Uncle's U. S. N., and wields his sure pencil every now and then through that port and starboard stuff, and told 'em simple "right" and "left" for him were good enough?

Who cut that winsome copy to the gold brick section of the paper, and kiboshed all that 'wax' excepting pop and H-two-O?

Who sent some battiships post haste and left his armed soldiers too to run a line corulcan through Huerta, E-S-Q?

Who demonstrates the mightiness of the man who is the parakee of both the sword and pen? That Jo-Jo Daniels man.

FOREIGN FASHIONS FOR AMERICANS

By Lillian E. Young.

Paris, July 14.—The negligee we have always with us in a more or less familiar guise, for though suits, gowns, blouses, hats, and frocks are perennially going through complete metamorphoses the general attributes of the negligee remain unchanged. They must be loose and comfortable, easy to slip on, and made with a certain graceful sweep of lines to assure success. The trimming is entirely optional and always simple. In fact, the only changes made in negligees aside from individual tastes, are those which have to do with temperature. They must be warm for the winter and cool for the summer.

For really hot days the one here shown should prove a delight, for nothing warmer than net lace and thin crepe de chine is used to make it. The model was one of the most successful ones recently produced by a house in



A trousseau negligee fashioned for summer days.

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FREE THEATRE TICKETS FOR JOURNAL READERS

Coupon No. 4 in THE JOURNAL'S remarkable offer of free tickets to Marcus Loew's Empire theatre during the weeks of August 3 and 10 will be published on page eight of THE SUNDAY JOURNAL Magazine next Sunday. Coupons Nos. 1, 2 and 3 have been published on page eight of THE SUNDAY JOURNAL Magazine for July 5, 12 and 19.

After next Sunday, when you have all four coupons, present them at THE JOURNAL office and receive in return a ticket good for the admission of two persons at any performance of Marcus Loew's Empire theatre during the weeks of August 3 and 10, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

If you forward your coupon by mail, enclose an addressed, stamped envelope for the return of the ticket. These tickets are good for the best seats in the house and at matinee or evening performances.

Coupon holders may specify the date and performance (afternoon or evening) for which they want tickets, and their wishes in this respect will be observed as far as it is possible. The exchange of coupons for tickets, however, will be on strictly a first come, first served basis, so present your coupons for exchange as early next week as possible.

Widow Sues Man Who Slew Husband

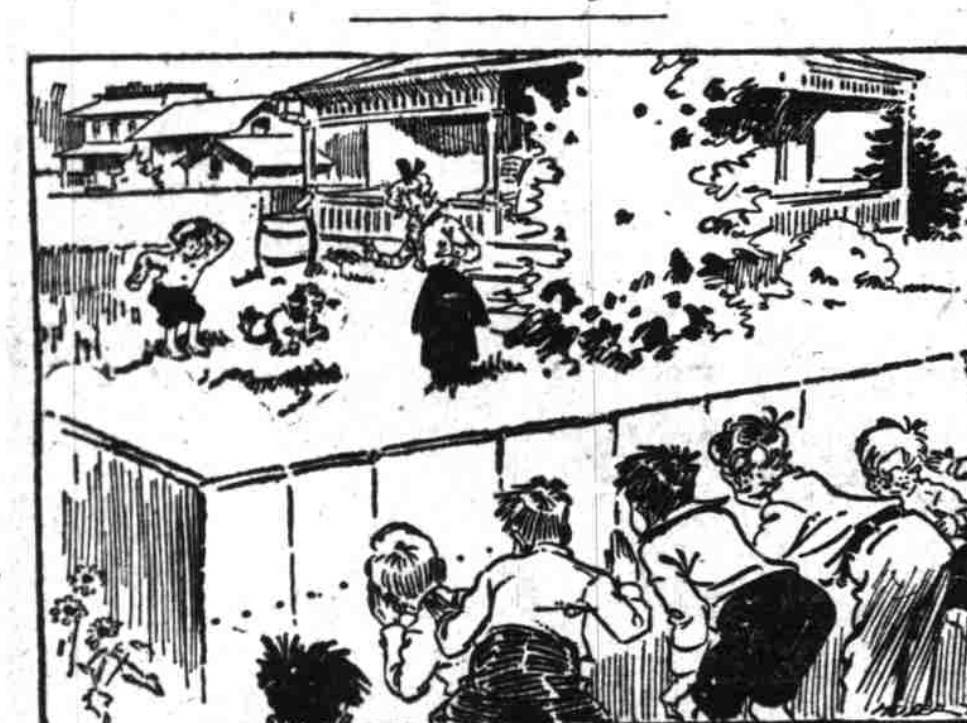
Los Angeles, July 22.—Asking damages of \$50,000 for the death of their husband and father, Mrs. A. B. Shaw and her four children have brought suit against R. B. Lomax, a jeweler, who shot and killed Shaw a week ago. Mrs. Shaw acting an early hearing of her claim asking forth that she is in destitute circumstances, and further, that if Lomax should be sentenced to death for killing her husband, she would have no recourse.

Los Angeles, July 22.—Saloons here may not be permitted hereafter to cash laborers' pay checks. The police commission has ordered the city prosecutor to prepare a resolution for the council declaring the cashing of pay checks to be improper business for saloons.

Saloons Must Stop Cashing Pay Checks

Chance to Make Good. M. G. Green was bound over to the grand jury Tuesday by District Judge Bell on a charge of non-support of his wife and baby, but the action will be dropped if Green keeps his promise to see that Mrs. Green and the baby are properly cared for.

VACATION DAYS—By Paul West



"And, darn him, he jumped right up and wagged his tail and barked."

Only 6 weeks & 6 moar days of vacation & Phil Wigglesworth-overstep this morning, it walking him mad to loose all that time.

A Smart Dog. Benny Atha has got a very smart dog named Rags. It is the saim old 1, but he has got a new trick. You say, "Rags, what would you rather do this go back to school?" & he falls rite down & makes believe he a ded dog. Then you say, "But if it was vacation all the time what you do?" & he jumps rite up & wags his tale & barks.

Benny was so proud of what Rags could do he took him round where Miss Palmer, the teacher, boards, & all the fellers hid behind the fence & he called Miss Palmer out & said "See what he can do," & he maid Rags do the trick. Then Miss Palmer got red & said:

"O, I doant believe he is such a silly littel dog as all that. Let me take him." & she said, "Yes, what would you rather do than no never have no school but grow up to be ignorant & not know nothing?" & Rags laid rite down to be a ded dog. Then she said, "But if they was lots of nice school, rite tomorrw, what would you do?" & darn him, he jumped rite up & wagged his tale & barked.

Benny says he'll like dikkins out of Rags if he makes any moar mistakes like that. So say we all.

Wasent it a Sham? This afternoon was Bol Haynes berthday & his mother sed he could have the fellers come oover & have sum ice cream if he would turn the freezer, which you break all rite, & his mother maid it vermiller & then hid the bottul because Bol always thinks she doant put in enuff & she was afraid it would get it. Bol was on the look-out what she hid it & he smeeled the bottul out and poered it all in the cream. But when we cum to tackle it, 'twasent vermiller at awl, but something that looked like honey, & you you couident eat it. All the fellers blamed Bol for not reding the label better, but probly he couidnt of toald anyhow, he being such a poor speller.

F. J. YOUNG CO. 243 Morrison St., Broadway Bldg.

MIDSUMMER SALE

Every article reduced, (only certain goods excepted) 49c

75c Silk Gloves 49c
85c New Lily Collars 49c
\$7.50 Leather Bags \$3.49

HOO'S HOO TODAY



By John W. Carey. Who shines as editor in chief of Uncle's U. S. N., and wields his sure pencil every now and then through that port and starboard stuff, and told 'em simple "right" and "left" for him were good enough?

Who cut that winsome copy to the gold brick section of the paper, and kiboshed all that 'wax' excepting pop and H-two-O?

Who sent some battiships post haste and left his armed soldiers too to run a line corulcan through Huerta, E-S-Q?

\$1.95 \$2.95 \$3.95

DRESS SPECIAL

In order to familiarize the public with our new home at 381 Alder Street, and to make

An Entire Cleanup of Dresses

We place on sale for Friday and Saturday our entire line of beautiful late Dresses. Included in this assortment are Challees, Silks, Linens, Silk Crepes.

\$4.95 \$7.95 \$14.95

381 Alder Street, OPPOSITE WOODWARD, CLARKE'S 381 Alder CORNER WEST PARK.

The National Sample Suit & Cloak Co.

"—we sell everything a First Class Drug Store should"

OWL Friday Specials

Twenty Owl Stores have made Friday a "good day to shop." Special Prices are offered on many items that you use every day. It will pay you to watch for our Friday Specials which appear in The Journal every Thursday night.

PALM OLIVE SOAP
4 Cakes Friday only for... 25c

PERFUMES
A choice of many delicate odors. Regular 50c ounce, Friday only for... 29c

AGAR AGAR
\$1 size Friday only for... 69c

ANTIPHLOGISTINE
A healing, antiseptic poultice for inflamed conditions. 25c size Friday only for... 19c

BIRD ROUGE
"Nature's Nearest Rival," Choice of shades Friday only 19c

BORIC ACID, 10c size
EYE CUP, 10c, Friday, both 10c

BROMO SELTZER
Medium size Friday only... 29c

CASTOR OIL
Half-pint, Friday only for... 15c

EAU DE QUININE
Delightful hair tonic, \$1 size, Friday only for... 59c

GRANDPA'S TAR SOAP
A pure pine tar product, 5c cakes, Friday only for... 3c

HERPICIDE
Medium size Friday only... 29c

HIND'S HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM, medium size, Friday only for... 29c

LENNOX HAIR DYE
Instantly dyes the hair, 75c size, Friday only for... 49c

LAVORIS
Refreshing and cleansing mouth wash, Friday only for 29c

FLORIDA WATER
From the laboratories of The Owl, we're proud of its excellence, 50c size, Friday only for... 29c

PACKARD FOUNTAIN SYRINGE No. 8. We have a larger stock of this size than necessary. Reg. \$1.25, Friday only... 89c

POND'S EXTRACT
Healing, soothing lotion, 25c size, Friday only for... 18c

PROTONE
Flesh builder, Friday only... 69c

ROCHELLE SALTS
Mild, cooling purgative, 35c size, Friday only for... 23c

SANIFLUSH
For closets and drains... 19c

SANTISEPTIC LOTION
Friday only for... 29c

TODCO POISON OAK REMEDY
Carry it with you on your "hikes"; Friday only for... 30c

WITCH HAZEL
The "full strength" kind. Full quart, Friday only, for... 29c

AGAR AGAR
\$1 size Friday only for... 69c

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The Owl Drug Co.

"Satisfaction in Every Transaction"

TWENTY STORES ON THE PACIFIC COAST
WASHINGTON STREET AT BROADWAY