



BY RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

## Ghosts Can't Be Banked On

"How perfectly ridiculous!" Polly and Betty, breathless with excitement and indignation, climbed into the left of the barn. Nobody but Allen and Jack would have planned such a thing. At first they had been terrified, as that ghastly apparition had swayed back and forth in the deep shadow of the barn; but when Betty, the more composed of the two, had recognized her very own false face on the white-sheeted figure, fear had given place to a desire for revenge.

"Let's fool them at their own game," suggested Polly, when they were comfortably seated in the hay. "I have the best idea." The two heads came close together in a whispered conspiracy. Five minutes later the two little girls left the barn and ran toward the bungalow, hurrying by the cemetery, whose white headstones glinted suggestively in the moonlight.

In the garret of the bungalow Polly hunted frantically for a black costume she had worn as a goblin at a Halloween party. Betty stirred some white paint with a large brush by the light of a candle which spluttered and threatened to blow out.

"You'd better put it on," said Betty, eyeing the costume which Polly had pulled from the bottom of an old trunk. "Ahem!" sighed Polly. "It's almost too tight." However, in less time than it takes to relate, Polly appeared in black from head to toe. With careful strokes Betty dabbed on the white paint, and when she finished a crude skeleton stood before her. Only the white-painted part showed, as the rest of the little black goblin faded into the dark background. Betty shrieked with merriment as the figure danced up and down and then disappeared. The skeleton was only painted on the front of the costume, and when Polly turned around it seemed as if the graveyard spirit had vanished in thin air.

"They'll be scared to death," laughed Betty triumphantly, as the two little girls crept out of the bungalow. "I'll hide here in the bushes," whispered Polly, "while you see where the boys are."

Betty scrambled under the fence and looked in the woodshed. They weren't there. She retraced her steps. "I guess they're in the barn," she called reassuredly to Polly as she passed her hiding place.

It was certainly dark along the road. Betty hastened her steps as she neared the graveyard. The events of the evening quickened her imagination. Ghosts and goblins seemed to lurk in the shadow of the wall, dance on the bushes on her right and peek from behind the headstones.

Betty was about to run back to the house when she thought she heard the low murmuring of voices. The boys were in the cemetery. Fear left her. What a splendid place for their joke! She ran back to tell Polly.

Keeping close together the little girls stole quietly into the graveyard. The voices grew louder as they advanced, and presently they could make out two shadowy figures seated on an old, rickety bench with a dark object between them. "Go ahead, Polly, now's your chance," Betty crouched down in the shadow where she could see the boys.

Attracting their attention by a hollow cough, Polly began her dance. She saw one figure start up and clutch the other. "Then, please, whisper success," turned a hand toward them under their noses and perched cross-legged on a tree trunk.

"I am your evil conscience come to haunt you for your sins," she declared in a voice which was hoarse.

With piercing screams the two figures leaped to their feet and disappeared into the darkness, turning over the bench in their haste.

Something black rolled over and over and stopped near the place where Betty was crouching. She learned forward and picked it up.

"What is it?" demanded Polly. "Only an old black grip," Betty was about to drop it when Betty stopped her. "Better take it along," she said, "and Betty, Polly's voice broke. 'I think we went a little too far, don't you?'"

"I wish we hadn't done it," sighed Betty. "But let's get out of this place; it gives me the creeps."

Overcome with regret, the little girls walked slowly back to the bungalow. On the porch sat two little boys.

"We're sorry we frightened," began Jack. Then, catching sight of Polly's make-up, he stopped short. "Gee! Polly, you'd have scared me out of a year's growth if I hadn't seen Betty first," he gasped.

"Yes," exclaimed Allen, "it would have served us right though. Say! Jack and I have been sitting here for the last half hour figuring out some way to make it up to you two girls. That was a mean trick we played on you."

"Then you weren't in the cemetery?" gasped the girls. "But who—"

Just then a horse came galloping up the road and the rider drew up before the gate.

"Where's your dad?" shouted the country sheriff, who had come quick and bring his gun—the bank's been robbed."

As the sheriff was about to ride on Betty, who had been investigating the contents of the bag, shouted for him to stop.

"What's the idea?" he grumbled, pulling up his horse with surprised jerk and seeing Polly's costume. Then his gaze fell on a bag full of banknotes which Betty was holding toward him.

"Great graveyard!" Where'd you get that?"

"In the graveyard," replied Polly. And when the story began circulating the next morning about the talk of the country-side.

JANET B. THOMPSON.



## Sir Solomon's Magic Pills

A tiny invitation came  
To 'Spoyville' last night;  
'Twas carried by a fairy  
With a little firefly light!

"You're invited to the party  
Of her Majesty the Queen.  
'Tis her seven thousandth birthday.  
She'll be half-past seventeen!"

What excitement and delight  
And what running to and fro  
As every single 'Spoy there  
Got polished up to go.

"Now shrink us down!" they gayly  
called  
To Solomon T. Wise.  
'We're far too big—Oh, shrink us  
down  
To proper fairy size!"

Sir Solomon took seven leaves,  
Three horse hairs and a rose!

## Story of Sandman

Once upon a time in the Himalaya mountains there lived an old wizard whom the people called Bakykan, who was especially adapted to the making of secret charms which he kept for his own private use. He lived in a mountain cave and owned another cave for a storehouse for his roots and herbs and other things necessary for his magic art. He had long to wait but was rewarded at last by a slight movement of Inchkeran, who was the first to return to consciousness. The runner jumped up and ran off as people had never been known to run before. He sped off with the speed of a sensitive animal. The others soon found themselves and were strongly and wonderfully refreshed and were capable of wondrous things. For Bakykan had given to man the gift of sleep.

From that time on during the day things took an entirely different course. The people found themselves in a strangely new world, in a state which they themselves could not clearly explain. In the meantime their much-dreaded enemy Bakykan was not forgotten. The wizard had swept from their huts the unfinished charms which in it was a gift to the earth dwellers, and it being hard to remove they called him the Sand Man, for the mixture resembled sand in many respects.

The men of the hidden village set out on a hunt for Bakykan, vowing to kill him. By means of his black art the wizard learned of their intention and prepared to leave the earth, a power he alone possessed. So taking with him a supply of roots and herbs he departed for his last home in the sky.

Ever since that time the Sand Man has forgiven the dwellers of the earth for their rudeness to their benefactor and has never neglected to watch over them every night and make them welcome the drowsiness they once spurned. So every night Bakykan faithfully leaves the charms of rest and renewed vigor over the earth. This he has been taught to call sleep.

And this was the origin of the Sand Man.

SHIRLEY CARTER.

## Rough Old Tub

The ocean is a great big tub  
Of water, full of waves.  
But it's not like a bathtub.  
Why, the way that it behaves  
Is awful. First it freezes you,  
And when you turn your back

A great big wave comes creeping up  
And gives you such a smack.  
You tumble down head first and swallow  
Bubbles. Still it's queer  
We love the big rough ocean  
Better every single year.

And mixed them up with lots  
Of other magic things, 'I'pose.  
When all at once down from a tree  
A friendly robin flew.

Sir Solomon sprang on its back  
And whispered in its ear.  
Away it flew, up and through  
The castle window, dear!

Straight to the table for the magic  
Pill and other things,  
Then safely down again the merry  
Robin neatly brings

Sir Solomon. A rousing cheer  
They gave that robin bird,  
And in a wink are grown again  
To proper size. My word!

Which leads me to remark that  
magic  
Really takes some care  
And amateurs take heed and note—  
And all of you—Beware!

## Noah's Ark News

I'm afraid bowwows and pussy cats  
do not appreciate gardens as they  
should, and as for the birds, I have  
seen them perching unconcernedly right  
on top of the signs ordering people to  
keep off the grass.

Why will bowwows roll in the flower  
beds and scratch their backs against  
the hedges and dig for dear life in the  
lawns? Perhaps it is because they have  
no regular playground of their own.

Somebody should start a series of  
playgrounds for pets where they could  
dig and roll and play tag to heart's  
content. Have you a place for your  
pets to play? They really are only little  
dogs and cat boys and girls, you know,  
and need toys and a yard to dig in  
same as little folks do.

Imagine playgrounds with sand piles  
and ponds and slide and ball grounds  
for little animals. Wouldn't they be  
cunning? But I am afraid there would  
be plenty of guards to keep peace  
among the dogs and cats and  
Peter Rabbits, or I suppose they should  
have to be arranged so with signs like  
this:

"For Dogs Only" or "For Kittens  
and Cats" "No Admittance Without a  
Boy or Girl Nurse."

Dogs that live in the same neighbor-  
hood often play and chum beautifully  
together. It is only when dogs are  
strange to one another that they quar-  
rel, and often fight. A good fight does  
grow to be fast friends. But I cannot  
say I approve of fighting, do you?

They make such terrible noises and are  
so savage. Never try to separate two  
dogs who are in a bad fight by pulling  
them apart. Get some cold water, or  
pepper, or call an older person.

LAURA JONES RAWLINSON

STUDIO—334 EVERETT ST., COR. 17TH  
TELEPHONE BROADWAY 3224

## Prevention Better Than Cure Remedies Expensive as Hootch

By Ring W. Lardner  
To the Editor:

Mr. Ira S. Fisher has just wrote  
me a letter which reads in part:

"Dear sir, please  
tell me how to keep  
the face and rela-  
tive parts straight  
for 2 or 3 days  
after a man's elbow  
crazy bone has ran  
up vs. something. I  
am also troubled  
through the day  
with a high fore-  
head which goes  
so far back that the rear collar but-  
ton is beginning to make wets  
on it. And I caught the freckles  
from somebody whose address I  
don't know where he lives, or  
I would send them back to him as  
they are not the size I ordered, but  
what way can I get rid of them pain-  
lessly? Also I use to think I had a  
hawk bill mouth but since I split my  
teeth I find that the lower jaw is the  
one that is jimbbered and I ain't shut  
my mouth close up since April sev-  
eral yrs. ago. Also kindly tell me the  
way to avoid other diseases peculiar  
to this time of yr."

I reprint Mr. Fisher's letter for 2  
reasons. In the last place it comes  
from a town name Moscow Mills,  
Missouri, and I thought it would be  
of interest to your readers to know  
they was such a joint, and I also got  
a warm spot in my heart for old Mo.  
on acct. of it giving me my 1.2 vote  
for the democrat presidents chair.  
In the 2d place the diseases the bird  
mentions is so common at this time  
of yr. and I made a study of them  
and some others and how to avoid  
them or get over them after you got  
them that maybe it might be a god-  
send was I to print what I know.

To begin with a oz. of preventions  
is worth a pt. of hootch, which is  
going some at the present market.  
It is easy enough to prevent a at-  
tack of freckles, but it costs money  
to get rid of them. In order to not  
get them a person has got to remem-  
ber 3 things:

(1) Keep away from people that  
has got the disease. (2) Don't never  
go out in the sun. (3) If you got to  
go out in the sun like playing golf  
for inst. keep a golf bag or burlap  
sack over the face and ears and  
bound securely around the Adams  
apple. If the freckles comes on you  
in spite of precautions however, the  
surest and safest way to riddance  
is go to the nearest hardware store  
and buy a pair of pliers or forceps  
and apply them to the roots of the  
trouble, always remembering to only  
try for 1 freckle at a time no matter  
how close together they lay. You  
can't pull out freckles in pairs or  
quantity lots without injury to the  
intervening cuts.

It is a harder matter for a man  
to keep his face straight after their  
elbow bone has hit something. It  
seems like a person must giggle. The  
prevention for this summer disease is  
to either wear football pads on the  
elbows or else to never go out with-  
out keeping the elbows planted  
firmly on the thighs. But if the  
worst happens and the elbow crazy  
bone does happen to come in contact  
with some hard substance the bone  
should be sent to a private sanita-  
rimum for a few days rest.

The day-time high forehead can be  
avoided by not associating with peo-  
ple with the same troubles. In other  
words don't hobnob with bald nobis.  
If you do get it, try the Ellwell  
method. Big Chief sits on his toupee  
cheering braves to victory.

The Jember-law, as I take it, is a  
kin to the lantern jaw and can be  
prevented by keeping the wicks  
trimmed. When the disease is once  
caught the best cure is to go up to  
Jack Dempsey and call him a bad  
name. The easiest way to get your  
mouth shut close up is to marry a  
lady that keeps saying shut your  
mouth till you begin to believe it.

The other most important diseases  
peculiar to this time of yr. is sun-

burn, hydrophobia, hair lip and mos-  
quito bites.

The preventive for sunburn is buy  
a photograph gallery and spend the  
mo. of August in the dark room. Sun-  
burn, however, is not without its  
compensations. For inst. they's no  
more enjoyable pastime in the world  
than about the 3d. day of a good  
sunburn when a person begins to  
peel and can scrape off the outer  
skin, known to be medical men as  
the epidemic. If a bird can get sun-  
burned often enough and peel often  
enough you can find out what is  
under the skin.

The approve method for keeping  
void of hydrophobia is to not drink  
no water but rely on ginger ale for  
a chaser and also stay away from  
people and dogs that froth and all  
other kinds of froth. Its easier to  
keep away from froth this yr. than  
ever before. A person that has ac-  
cumulated the hydrophobia can get  
rid of it by biting his children or if  
he hasn't none, leave him move into  
a hotel where they's plenty of people  
to nip.

Hair lip is prevented by getting a  
25 ct. shave, and the cure consists  
of parting it in the middle or train-  
ing it into a pompadour. A pompadour



"Keep a Golf Bag Over the Face and  
Ears and Bound Securely Around  
the Adams Apple."

hairlip is the same as no hair lip  
you might say.

They's practically no excuse for a  
man getting mosquito bites. All you  
have to do is keep away from the  
mosquitoes, but if a man hasn't got  
strength of character enough to do  
the same and gets himself bit, why  
the results can be eliminated by the  
generous use of sand paper or a new  
razor blade.

When the fall season comes on I  
will try and remember to give your  
readers some of the preventions and  
cures of diseases peculiar to the fall  
season which is even more dangerous.

RING W. LARDNER.  
(Long's Island, Aug. 20)  
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## What Is a Duck?

Here is an essay on ducks found in  
the civil service commission's files at  
Washington:

"A duck is a low, heavyset bird, mostly  
male and feathers. His head sets on one  
end and he sets on the other. Ducks  
cannot sing much on account of the  
dampness and the moisture. They carry  
a toy balloon in their stomachs to keep  
from sinking. They have only two legs  
and they say far back on their running  
gear; they almost miss the body. Some  
ducks when they get big are called  
drakes and have curly tails. Drakes  
don't have to set and hatch, but just loaf  
and go swimming and eat. If I was a  
duck I would rather be a drake every  
time."

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## Heilig Books Light Opera Company

THE Royal English Opera company  
will play at the Heilig theatre on  
September 1, 2, 3 and 4 in a repertoire  
of Gilbert & Sullivan and other classic  
light operas. The Royal English Opera  
company has been reorganized from the  
former Gallo Opera company, which  
played at the Heilig last season. The  
new management consists of John J.  
MacArthur, theatrical manager of Cali-  
fornia, and Laurence A. Lambert, gen-  
eral manager of the Western Musical  
bureau of Portland. Principals of the  
company include Jefferson De Angelis  
and Hans Shimozumi, Japanese prima  
donna; J. Humbird Duffy, tenor; Edith  
Benjamin, soprano; Delmar Puppin,  
baritone. Max Bendix is musical di-  
rector.

The company has just completed a  
successful run of six weeks at the Co-  
lumbia theatre, San Francisco, and after  
the Portland engagement will tour  
through the Dominion of Canada and  
the Eastern United States. Following is  
repertoire to be presented in Portland:  
Wednesday and Saturday nights, Sep-  
tember 1 and 4, Ballo's beautiful "Ho-  
hemian Girl"; Thursday night, Sepem-  
ber 2, Gilbert & Sullivan's "The Mikado";  
Friday night, September 3, Piquette's  
"The Chimes of Normandy"; at the special  
matinee Saturday, Gilbert & Sulli-  
van's "H. M. S. Pinafore."

Another addition to the already splen-  
did roster of musicians of Portland will  
be P. A. Ten Haaf, expert in voice pro-  
duction, of Grand Rapids, Mich. During  
the recent war, Mr. Ten Haaf served the  
U. S. A. at Camp MacArthur and  
Richfield, in Waco, Texas, and at Bos-  
man, Mont. Following a long felt in-  
clination to at some time locate per-  
manently in the West, Mr. Ten Haaf has  
chosen Portland as the best city in  
which to open a studio. This he ex-  
pects to do about September 15. Mr.  
Ten Haaf has made a special study of  
"tone placing" and "voice building,"  
which is the great essential element that  
is lacking in so many otherwise good  
singers. Besides being an expert in  
tone production, Mr. Ten Haaf is an  
excellent soloist, an chorus and choir  
director. Mrs. Ten Haaf and two daugh-  
ters will accompany him to Portland  
and will make their home here.

Governor Cox promises everything ex-  
cept the millennium in his speech of ac-  
ceptance, but he says nothing about  
shortening symphony concert programs,  
deporting critics who snipe against  
American compositions and amending  
the constitution so as to provide the  
death penalty for conductors who per-  
mit the encroaching of the "Medicine  
man" from "Thais." Now we would like to  
hear from Debs, the Socialist candidate.  
—Musical Courier.

## Monte Austin, popu- lar "jazz" singer, who entertains at Sunday concerts and evening dances at Council Crest park. He has been called the "boy with the big voice."



## Metropolitan to Pay Musicians \$88 Minimum

SOME \$70,000 is to be added to the cost  
of producing opera at the Metropoli-  
tan next season, owing to a radical in-  
crease in the pay of the orchestral mu-  
sicians, just decided upon after months  
of negotiation between the Musicians'  
union and the opera heads.

By the new schedule, the former  
minimum of \$73 a week for musicians  
is increased to \$88, and in addition to  
prices now charged for rehearsals,  
which were free under the old scale,  
bringing the minimum weekly wage of  
each member of the orchestra up to  
about \$100.

These prices, however, affect only  
New York musicians, and the Chicago  
Opera company will only feel the in-  
crease during its season here.

In the smaller companies in Class B,  
where opera in English is given, or  
other opera where admission does not  
exceed \$23, the minimum scale has been  
put at \$72, the wage formerly paid by  
such companies as the Metropolitan.



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by the master himself.

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standard pianoforte—a Steinway, Weber, Wheel-  
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manner by hand.

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duce the playing of master pianists. Their art is  
recorded as definitely as if it were painted on  
canvas.

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