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SCHOOL CHILDREN TO DO GARDENING WORK

State, County and District School Authorities to Co-operate in Working Up Interest.

Before the first March winds blow the greatest series of tryouts ever held in the schools of Oregon will be under way. The boys and the girls of the state are going to determine "Who Is Who" in gardening, farming, carpentry, cooking, sewing, and in raising chickens, ducks and pigs. Enthusiasm for this statewide series of industrial contests is waxing warmer than it has ever been for contests along athletic lines.

The plan is for every county superintendent to enlist the support of his teachers in explaining the plan to the children and interesting them in the work, and to secure the co-operation of commercial clubs, bankers and business men in obtaining prizes for their local or county fairs. These county or local premium lists may be made out independently of the state list, but in order that children competing at a local or county fair may also be in line for

state prizes the local or county list should include the articles on the state list, which are: Field corn, pop corn, sweet corn, watermelons, muskmelons, pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, cabbage, grain selections, bird houses, pieces of furniture, mechanical toys, labor saving devices for home, bread, canned fruit, jelly, mending, darning, aprons, dresses, asters, sweet peas, chickens, ducks and pigs.

A bulletin of information and instruction, including the state prize list, will soon be sent out to the school children, one for every home. All the boys and the girls now need to do is to go to work. If they want to compete in gardening they should at once secure a plot of ground, which they may have plowed. If boys expect to win prizes in woodwork they should begin practicing with their tools. If girls wish to carry off laurels in cooking and sewing they must begin early either at school or at home. If it is the poultry contest that lures, most settings of eggs should be secured from breeders of pure strains of chickens or ducks. Or if hog raising seems most attractive, the competitor should secure a thoroughbred pig and start to feeding and caring for it. There is nothing to prevent a boy or girl from competing in all those lines.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Longboat, Indian Runner, Who May Quit.



Photo by American Press Association.

According to his most intimate friends, Tom Longboat, the famous Indian distance runner of Canada, is to retire from the game shortly. Report has it that his legs have at last gone back on him and that he is tired of the game. During the past six years Longboat has won many races at distances from five miles up to the full Marathon distance, 26 miles 385 yards, first when an amateur and later while a professional. The Indian may be offered a position as coach of one of the schools in Canada.

Princeton to Go Slow in Rowing.
W. W. Roper, who is the graduate director of athletics at Princeton, is authority for a statement that the Tigers will not take part in any of the outside rowing regattas during the present year. Ever since Princeton made such a favorable impression in the triangular regatta with Cornell and Yale the people who were anxious to have a Tiger crew compete at Poughkeepsie or at New London have been boosting to ward this end. Mr. Roper's announcement, however, will end all this talk. Princeton will hold a regatta on Carnegie lake again next year. Negotiations are now progressing for a triangular meeting with Harvard and Pennsylvania.

It is also practically certain that the Tigers will enter a crew in the American regatta at Philadelphia.

Moriarty For First Bag.
"I'm not particularly anxious to get George Stovall from the Naps," says President Navin of Detroit. "Of course I want to be protected in case Garner's wrist goes back on him in the spring, but I believe Moriarty can cover the first sack as acceptably as could Stovall."

"I received a letter from Garner a few days ago, and he stated that his wrist was coming along finely and that he could use it quite freely. He is getting the lump between the bones worked out, and he expressed a confidence that it would be as good as ever in the spring."

Star Pitchers Are "Holdouts."
Yean Gregg of Cleveland and Grover Cleveland Alexander of the Phillies, the two finds of 1911 so far as pitchers go, are holdouts in the matter of 1912 contracts, each demanding a \$5,000 salary. Both ought to get it on the work done by them last season. Gregg won twenty-three games and lost seven, and Alexander won twenty-eight and lost thirteen. Magnates usually go on the theory that no pitcher is worth \$5,000 a year until he has worked three or four seasons.

Double Umpire System on Coast.
The Pacific Coast Baseball league will have the double umpire system next season. Nearly every other league of similar importance has been using two umpires.

Howell to Umpire Next Season.
Harry Howell, a former St. Louis American league pitcher, has been signed to umpire for the International (Eastern) league next season.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

The Muse of Parody.

To fairer muse the high browed bard
May lift a biting song;
But, Muse of Parody, desist, pard,
My heart for thee is strong
Let others twang the golden lyre
And hit the topmost C.
The secondhand poetic fire
Is good enough for me.

Grim hours there are when nothing swims
Into the rimester's ken,
When frantic effort merely dims
The thinking powers of men.
'Tis then the bard may turn unto
Something that's made a hit—
'The Raven' is often made to do—
And parodize a bit.

"Maud Muller"—may she always wave
With rakes and deathless hay!
Full many a post may she save
From losing job and pay!
And "Danny Deever" and the rest
On whom so much depends,
Long may they live among the blest,
The parodist's best friends!
—Denver Republican.

Eclipsing Edison.
The inventor appeared at his home one day with a number of homing pigeons. "Why this bunch?" queried his wife. "My dear," he replied, "I feel sure that they will make our fortunes. By closely observing their habits and methods I shall make an invention which will bring us millions and provide mankind with something of which it stands in dire need. Yes, my dear, I have given up for the nonce my effort to find a cure for senescence and a cheap substitute for Ivory billiard balls." "What do you propose to invent?" inquired his wife. "Something that will cause my name to be blessed in every home in this land," he replied. "A homing umbrella! Think of it—no more permanent borrowing by unscrupulous friends—no more!" But she had resumed her housework.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Last Straw.
An old woman entered a savings bank the other day and walked up to the desk. "Do you want to withdraw or deposit?" asked the clerk. "Naw, OI don't. OI wants to put some in," was the reply. The clerk pushed up the book for her signature, and said, "Sign on this line, please." "Above it or below it?" "Just above it." "Me whole name?" "Yes." "Before OI was married?" "No; just as it is now." "OI can't write."—Cambridge Tribune.

His Literary Taste.
The young man looked about the book department in some dismay. "What you got in good stories?" he asked. "Here is an excellent romance—a detective story," replied the brisk young woman. "I'm quite sure you will like it." The young man looked doubtful. "It's got a red cover," he said, "an' th' last book in a red cover I read was punk. Ain't you got nothin' in green?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Doubtful.
"They tell me," said little Hinko, "that chauffeurs as a class are very superstitious. I wonder if it is true?" "I doubt it," said Harkaway. "They do not believe in signs, anyhow. We have a sign up at Squeshawhackett reading, 'Speed limit in this town eight miles,' and not one chauffeur in a hundred pays any attention to it."—Harper's Weekly.

Looked Suspicious.
The Stranger—Are you quite sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month?
The Official—Of course! What's the matter?
The Stranger—I've lived a dog's life ever since.—London Opinion.

Curious to Know.
A barrister, cross examining a witness who had a very red nose, asked: "Are you addicted to drink?" and the witness indignantly replied, "That is my business." "Ah," said the barrister. "Is it your only business?"—Sheffield Telegram.

The Weaker Vessel.
Magistrate—What! Do you mean to say your husband struck you and he a physical wreck?
Mrs. Maloney—Yes, yer honor. But he's been a physical wreck only since he struck me.—McCall's Magazine.

"Tempora Mutantur."
"When we went to housekeeping," she sadly complained, "you were glad to wipe the dishes for me."
"Yes," he grumbled, "but that was when we had only two dishes to be wiped."—Chicago Record-Herald.

There Are Others.
"Boss, would you help a poor gent what ain't able to work?"
"Why, you look strong. What keeps you from working?"
"Me bloomin' pride, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Utilizing Time.
"Much can be accomplished by utilizing the odd moments."
"That's right. I know a woman who read 'Rasselas' while she was dummy at bridge."—Pittsburgh Post.

The Difference.
Man never goes shopping until he knows what he wants to buy. A woman never knows what she wants to buy until she goes shopping.—Detroit Free Press.

HIS COURAGE PUT TO THE TEST

Boaster Discovers the Value of Discretion.

One evening while a party of students in one of our large universities were at supper the conversation turned upon courage. McCracken, who took great interest in military matters and was a lieutenant in a militia regiment, averred that unless a man were constitutionally cowardly he would not feel fear under any circumstances. Scovill, who belonged to that class, the sophomore, whose members consider it an inherited duty to keep the college in an uproar, declared that discretion was the better part of valor and if a man got into a tight fix it was better for him to yield gracefully than to fight senselessly.

"That's nothing less than cowardice," said McCracken.
"Then we would all better be cowards at times," replied Scovill. "If a man were to send me word that he was going to shoot me on sight I'd send back word that I hoped he would not see me."
"I should tell him that I would be prepared for him," said McCracken.
"Do you mean to say," pursued Scovill, "that if you cringed to a man who had the drop on you you would be a coward?"

"That's my conviction," said the other, twirling a young mustache.
"Then you'll prove yourself a coward some day, you may bet your boots."
"That remains to be seen."
With this the speaker left the party.
"I tell you what, fellows," said Scovill, "I have a mind to prove Mack a coward on his own theory."
"Try it," said several students. "We'll give you a supper if you succeed."
"Very well," replied Scovill. "I'll do it."

"When?"
"As to that I'll let you know hereafter. In the meantime I'll do a job of thinking on it."
In the university grounds was an old plaster cast of Washington that had been there from time immemorial. In going from his room to the armory McCracken was obliged to pass this statue. One Wednesday evening between dusk and darkness he was hurrying over his accustomed walk, for he was a trifle behind time, when he came face to face with the statue standing silent and rigid in the waning light. Suddenly the Father of His Country, in a tone that was evidently meant to be obeyed, called "Halt!" At the same time the right arm was raised from the side, a revolver grasped in the hand.

McCracken stood still as suddenly as if he had run up against a stone wall. "Throw up your hands!" The order was obeyed with alacrity. "Right face!" By this time McCracken's equipolse had somewhat reassured itself, and he did not obey the order. A bullet sang disagreeably near his ear. Not taking note of the fact that the bullet passed quicker than he could act, he favorably ducked.

"Right face!" This time the lieutenant turned on his heels without waiting for another bullet, which might possibly hit him.

"Forward, march! Halt! About face! To the rear, march! Halt! Front face!" The lieutenant obeyed these orders with minute exactness. Once during the drill, thinking that it might be a student's joke, he again stood still when ordered to march, but another bullet, coming closer than the first, admonished him that if a joke it was a serious one. It was certainly amusing, this drilling of an officer of the national guard by the statue of General George Washington, but McCracken saw nothing in it to move his risible muscles in the slightest degree. Indeed, he was quaking lest he should make some blunder and the general shoot him down on the spot.

Finally the drillmaster directed the lieutenant to stoop and perform the "ducks' march," which he did, not daring to lower his hands. There was a snicker behind a bush, another behind a tree, which, acting like a lighted fuse on gunpowder, brought about an explosion of laughter from every surrounding hiding place. Then the general's threatening arm fell to its proper place and Scovill stepped down from behind the statue. At the same time a dozen students emerged from behind trees, bushes and other available screens.

"Well, Mack, what do you think of your theory now?" asked Scovill. "I think my theory is all rot." "I'm glad of that. We don't want to consider you a coward. Any of us would have obeyed under similar circumstances."
"But how did you work the statue?" asked McCracken.

"This white sleeve was all that was needed." And Scovill pulled off a cotton sleeve cut the same shape as the general's Continental uniform coat.

"Boys, meet me at the Beefsteak after drill, and I'll blow you off to a supper."
"That's provided for, but we'll be there."
That night a private room at the Beefsteak rang with stirring songs. McCracken was the merriest of the party. He had been taught a lesson, but to learn lessons, not only from books, but from association, was what he was at college for. He is now with the army in the Philippines, doing good service.

SUFFRAGISTS 40 YEARS AGO.

When Women Stormed a Senate Committee Room.

CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON.

It Terminated in a Demonstration Which Brought the Police to the Capitol—Incidents Like Those Now Occurring in London.

"Rampant Women Suffragists" is the "scare head" on the leading story of the Kansas City Times of forty years ago. The incidents of the story are not unlike those of the stories which appear almost every day in the London Times of the present.

The story is a dispatch from Washington dated Jan. 12, 1872. Many of the women who were leaders in the movement are widely known today. Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Josephine Hooper and Victoria Woodhull are mentioned as being "in the ranks that filled up the passage leading up to the committee room with grim faces and loud, excited voices." Under the first band of the headline is the line, "Three Hundred and Odd Strong Minded Creatures on Duty Here." The last band of the headline states that "They Refuse to Listen to Entrances and Are Treated to Police Courtship."

A woman suffrage convention had been in session in Washington for four days, and the story refers to the feeling of unrest and dissension "which has pervaded the very air of the city during that time." Just four years previously the fourteenth amendment was added to the constitution of the United States to give the right of the ballot to the recently freed slaves.

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside," says the amendment. While this was intended solely for the benefit of the former slaves, the suffragettes saw in it "the opportunity for us to throw off the shackles which have galled and chafed our oppressed sex through all time," as one of the eloquent speakers had said in the convention.

"Slaves, slaves! Tell me of the enslaved race which has knelt to the tyranny of man's oppression so long and suffered so much as we. Then if this amendment is to set the negro slaves of men upon the pedestal of equality it shall also give to women the right which has been her fondest hope and dream through all these centuries."

The convention moved in a body to the committee room of the senate, where the question was to be debated. The women gathered in the corridor outside the room to wait for the arrival of the committee. "And so numerous were the 'gentler sex' that the members of the committee could not get to their room until the sergeant-at-arms called upon the women to clear the way," relates the Times. "He expostulated with the female suffragists and besought them to consider, but all to no effect. Not one would move to either side for fear of losing her chance to get into the room."

"Finally a large force of police were summoned, and they went forward and pushed the fluttering mass of crimoline back far enough to allow Trumbull and the other senators to march into the committee room. Speeches were made by Mrs. Stanton and others in which it was argued that the fourteenth amendment gave to women the right to vote. Such a scene has never been witnessed in the capitol before, and in the case of their being there would have been numerous arrests, as there would in this case if these women had obtained their rights."

HILL EPIGRAMS.

Great Railroad Builder Raps the Politicians.
A merger of the immigration of seven northwestern states for the development of these commonwealths is advocated by James J. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern railway.

Mr. Hill's plan has reference to the states in the recently organized Northwestern Development league. They are Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and the territory of Alaska.

"Men must work out their own industrial salvation," declares Mr. Hill, "instead of trusting to politicians to do it for them."

He calls the territory involved "the zone of plenty" and in the course of his statement makes the following characteristic remarks:

"The conduct of business in the long run is not a mere scramble for the best place at the trough."
"Whenever this country has faltered or stood still it has been through reliance upon politicians."
"When they tell you that prosperity may be created and maintained by tariffs and other artifices laugh at them."
"We need honesty enough to live within our means."
"We need to understand that the future of men and commonwealths is created out of character and intelligent effort and not by anything which any political agency can accomplish."

Go Way Back and Sit Down

That advice is all right if you've got something to sit on

But then you can easily rectify any deficiency of that kind. We can supply you with most anything that was ever meant to be sat on—Rockers, some comfortable ones, Chairs, both cheap and expensive kinds, Lounges, the kind you liked before you were married, and also larger ones, Baby Chairs of all kinds.

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