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DR. CHAS. J. DEAN

2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

Sweden Conserves Lumber.

In Sweden, stumps in the forest seldom exceed three inches in height. Top logs are bunched and strapped with steel wire and floated to the nearest charcoal plant. The sawlogs generally include anything that will measure seven inches in diameter at the top.

Mammals That Lay Eggs.

The duck-billed platypus of Australia is the most curious instance of mammals that lay eggs. The nest is underground, has two entrances, and may contain from one to three eggs. The ant-eating porcupine is another egg-laying creature.

Island of Guam.

The island of Guam, in the Pacific, which we acquired in 1898, is 5,044 miles from San Francisco and 1,506 miles from Manila. It is 30 miles long and 100 miles around, and boasts a population of 12,000.

SEEKS LIGHT ON DISMAL PAST

Study of Archeology Said to Be Chief Pastime of the Crown Prince of Sweden.

Digging in the earth for relics of people who lived three or four thousand years ago is one of the pastimes of Gustaf Adolf, crown prince of Sweden. He is in personal charge of the Swedish expedition which is excavating a buried town in Greece, which was destroyed three thousand years ago. This is the town of Asine on the Greek Peloponnese, and its layers of earth, washed into the valley by the centuries, contain treasures and objects of art or common use which show that at least six civilizations have there flourished and fallen.

The expedition of the crown prince of Sweden spends two or three months at a time digging, and then devotes several months to classifying and studying the finds. The latest digging period is just finished, and the treasures uncovered include a funeral urn at least four thousand years old, and

SAILOR VOTED BRITAIN'S BRAVEST

Royal Humane Society Awards Annual Gold Medal to Midshipman in the Navy.

London.—For a thrilling rescue from drowning, Peter C. Hutton, a midshipman, was acclaimed by the Royal Humane society to be the bravest man of the year.

The feat, for which he was awarded a gold medal, was performed when

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

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Measurement Almost Perfect.

Electric pyrometry, as the measurement of temperature by electric means is called, has been so far perfected that it is applicable from near the absolute zero—about 490 degrees Fahrenheit below the ordinary zero—to the temperature of melting platinum, more than 3,000 degrees above zero.

Had All She Could Handle.

Mabel and Roy were told that the doctor had brought them a baby brother. When Mabel saw the doctor she said, "You can just take this baby back with you. We have one naughty, naughty boy now and he is all I can manage."

New Source of Tannin.

The donga tree of the Fiji Islands is to be commercially exploited; its bark contains a higher percentage of tannin than the famous Australian and South African wattle bark.—Scientific American.

hitherto unmatched in archeology. The unique and precious urn stands about 16 inches high, is decorated in white and red, has four handles, and has evidently been fashioned without the use of a potter wheel. It contained the skeleton of an infant and dates back to the time when it was customary for Greek families to preserve their dead within the home.

The most valuable finds came from a grave some twenty feet long, which had apparently never before been opened. Here, besides five skeletons, were discovered about a hundred vases and various styles of ornaments of gold, silver and bronze. The burials had taken place in the Mycenaean age, which was at its height about 1400 B. C. The art work which is peculiar to that period is the cutting of certain rare jagged gems and the crown prince of Sweden was fortunate in discovering four such gems in perfect condition. They contain very skillful drawings of lions, deer, goats and men.

Reason and logic, of course, the minister must have, and these are indicated by a large, well-developed lower half of the thumb. If this is joined to a large first joint of the thumb, it means great will power, and oftentimes great generosity.

Love of children and of animals is seen in a well-developed mount of Jupiter, at the base of the finger of the same name, the forefinger. The head line of the minister should be strong, as indicating good brain power and common sense, but these traits are, of course, not confined to the men of the cloth.

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YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

THE HAND OF A CLERGYMAN

IF THE Line of the Heart begins in a fork at the base of the forefinger (the finger of Jupiter), near the finger of Saturn, one may read therein thorough trustworthiness and kindness of heart, two qualities so essential to the successful clergyman. Next in order, perhaps, comes tact, which is shown by a concave shape of the inside of the thumb, from the joint to the juncture of the thumb and the hand.

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DAY BY DAY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

STEP by step we walk the way,
Stair by stair we climb,
Day by day we live—today
Makes the sum of time.
All our yesterdays are done,
With their smile or tear,
All our days are only one—
And that day is here!

Day by day, as chip by chip
Sculptors shape the stone,
In the moment's fellowship,
In the hours alone,
So we shape the thing we are,
Not the thing we seem,
What the yesterdays afar,
What tomorrows gleam.

Day by day! We cannot wait
For tomorrow. We
From the present must create
All we are to be.
What we are to be depends
On no future hour,
But the hand that plants and tends
Now the opening flower.

Day by day we upward go,
So we build the stair;
Do today the best you know,
Building firm and fair.
They who conquer in the strife,
They who win, are they
Who, through every day of life,
Do their best Today!

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

IMAGINATION

IN ALL that has to do with masterful effort and extraordinary achievement, there must first be in the mind of the prospective operator an imaginative activity.

In order to write a book or a play it is necessary in the beginning of the work of either, to set our imagination to work, going carefully step by step over the plots and characters, and picturing them to the limit of our ability as they appear when they make their obeisance to the public, for whose entertainment they have been produced.

This same principle applies to every form of labor, whether by the hand or the brain, the man or woman possessing the greater power of imagination having a decided advantage over those who constantly have to be told what to do and guided at every turning point.

The artist first visions his picture before he mixes his colors and takes up his brushes; the architect sees in his mind the outward form and proportions of a building or a bridge, prior to making the preliminary sketches, and so it goes at the start of everything created.

Without imaginative activity the world would soon retrograde.

Cities would become unsightly, there would be no music or art, no schools or colleges—nothing to give inspiration to the young and urge them on to surpass their elders.

The force of will, unless it is supported by imagination, rarely accomplishes anything above the ordinary—never pens a poem that will go down the ages, never chisels a statue whose grace and charm excite enduring admiration, never writes a song that millions of people love to sing over and over again long after the hand that wrote it is turned to dust.

The Pyramids, those impressive monuments near Cairo, Egypt, on the west side of the Nile, grew from imagination to imperishable piles which have excited the wonder and admiration of mankind for centuries.

"Where there is no vision," says the Book of Books, "the people perish."

If you are blessed with an imaginative mind, a conscious aiming at a result, give it free rein and let it lead you where it will.

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Saved Call From Sheriff

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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Missy burst in upon her elders, her eyes saucer-wide, crying: "Yonder comes a whole passel o' folks—two cyar-loads—an' a dog outside! What'll you do about feedin' 'em, Tempe? Stove won't cook a thing till we get the new pipe. An' the ham ain't nothin' but scraps."

"We've got the fireplace," Tempe, the eldest girl, answered, half rising. "Still, I do suppose these people, like all the rest so far, want directions, not dinner."

"I'll run down and see," Missy flung over her shoulder, darting away, to return in three minutes saying breathlessly: "No such luck, Tempe. Eats! Lots of 'em, they say. An' 'leven of 'em, not countin' the dog. Don't you hate to send 'em on empty?"

"So badly I shan't do it," Tempe, said valiantly. "Go ask 'em to sit on the porch while they're waitin'. Cars must be awful this hot day."

"But not as awful as cookin' over a redhot fire," Missy discouraged. "I told that gang I didn't know about takin' 'em in—we were particular, if we did put out a sign."

"They must be hungry—to wait after that," Tempe sighed, but with no faltering in eye or voice. This was her affair. She had determined on a last desperate effort to prop the falling Walton fortunes. If only they could get through till the crop came in this year—it promised so much. But, what with boll weevil and futures, cotton was poor security for cold cash. And cold cash alone could answer in this emergency—cash to buy meat and molasses for the coppers, grain for the work stock, most of all dusty poison for the ravaging plague.

Ned, the only brother, had given up the fight at New Year, saying: "You girls shan't quite starve. I know where I can make wages of sorts." But they were low wages—hardly more than enough for his own imperative needs. Therefore Tempe had planted a garden, set many eggs and had now a fine lot of broilers just coming to hand. So in fear and trembling she had marked upon a bit of board "Roadside Inn" and nailed it to the big oak at the turn before the gate.

But so far it had not drawn a paying caller. Tempe set her teeth, stirred the seed fire vigorously, piled kindling and logs over it and soon had a roaring blaze in the big-throated chimney. She had not stayed to watch it. Instead she was plucking chickens. It had made her almost faint to behold the pretty tame creatures, but she did it—as her soldier grandfather had gone into battle.

Missy was meantime setting the table—the one housewifely task she loved. Elinor, the next oldest, got out all manner of preserves, jellies and relishes, not even sparing the citron cut in grape leaves. And black Susan, still faithful in spite of her own poverty, seeing the cars at halt, bustled up from her cabin and got busy making such biscuit and spoon bread as only she could turn out.

"Tempe, you lemme hab dat shovel," she said when there were coals for baking. "Lord! Hot as 'tis I loves de feel of dis yere 'on handle. Puts me in mine ob de good times 'fore dere was stoves, and stingy coobin'. Ole Marse, and Ole Miss, dey sh'ld set er fine table for hongry folks!"

"No! I must do the cooking—it's my job—and your poor lame back shan't get worse because I'm a shinker," Tempe protested, but Susan flung her aside. There were luckily some beaten biscuit left over from yesterday—the scrap-pan, minced and mixed with fine-cut sour pickle, turned them, split and buttered, in a fair semblance of canapes. Altogether, it was a tempting table to which the travelers sat down. Susan insisted she must wait on it. "Reckon I'm gwine let my white chilluns wait on maybe po' white trash," she sniffed.

"We'll be white trash—in a little, I'm afraid," Tempe sighed. Susan was the only sharer of her anxieties. And Susan turned upon her a face of wrath, saying, "Yer can't neber be dat, 'cause po' white trash is borned de same as quality folks. Now you run put on dat blue lawn I washed fer you last week, and set head er de table, same like dis was company. Dat limb o' Satan, Missy, kin set on de po'ch and take dar money. She's got impudence 'nough for anything under de sky."

Susan had her way, albeit Elinor insisted upon helping to pass things, and seeing that water, milk and cider flowed at need into all glasses. The visitors, farm folk out on vacation, were almost embarrassingly civil. Besides, their praise of what was set before them matched their appetites in violence. Only bones remained for the dog from the mountain of fried chicken—but they answered, supplemented by spoon bread and chicken gravy. The dog's master, a tall, sunburned, rather good-looking young fellow, tried hard to count in his dinner when he came to the reckoning.

Missy wouldn't have it. "The idea! Pay for dog-scraps!" she said loftily, patting the silky head laid confidently on her knee. "Wish we had one just like him," she said. "We will—soon as we can afford it. Tempe is crazy for a thoroughbred."

"My! How I wish we all could stay on for supper and ride in the early

dark instid o' this hot sun," said a stout lady, the tall fellow's mother.

"We'd love to have you—if we had our new stove-pipe," Missy said diplomatically. "But Susan and Tempe couldn't last out, to cook another big meal in skillets and pots and ovens."

Followed explanations—that somehow told most in what they left unspoken. The tall fellow whisked, back in his car alone, fetched the local tin-smith and his helper, and between them they quickly righted things. And the travelers stayed to supper, and to breakfast. Space for them was easily found in big, cool chambers, long unused. Before they left, Dixon Whitworth, the tall fellow, had wormed out of Missy things he wanted very much to know. College-bred, he yet came of homespun stock, but was not the least ashamed of it. Indeed, when his mother said, as they drove off in clear sunshine, "Dix, them's the sort o' girl I want you to marry. I never in all my life et such preserves as they set before us, and we haven't got at home any better nor cleaner beds," he nodded emphatic assent.

Tempe got shortly two surprises—pleasant ones. Notice from the bank that she could have all the money needed to feed her coppers and fight the boll weevil. On top of that a police dog puppy, completely equipped, chain, leash, blanket and collar—the collar marked conceitedly: Dixon Whitworth. Missy was glad of that—it saved depicting over a name, and besides Dix was such a nice short call. Whatever Miss Tempe thought she kept to herself; but be sure Dix lacked for nothing in the way of petting and food. When the caravaners stopped on their return all agreed the pup had grown like a house afire. Yet his sometime owner must have been doubtful as to how he fared—else why did he come again and again to Roadside Inn all through the fall? That was how Tempe explained it. Susan and Missy knew better. He stayed a week in the height of cotton picking, seeming to get great joy from watching it—along with Tempe, of course.

"I see! Calcium arsenate spells cotton salvation," he said before he left. "I'm going to help all I can. Tell your neighbors anybody that needs it without money to buy it can get it straight from the maker—my father, you know, is one of them."

Perhaps it was only then Tempe saw a light. Anyway, she was soon wearing a beautiful solitaire—kissing it now and then when nobody saw her. A little later a wedding was duly announced. As they struggled with the cakes for it, Susan said loftily to Missy: "Chile, I tell you what—hadn't been fer dat chicken dinner we all gib dem folks Mister Sheriff we'd be comin' ter dis plantation, not Mister Preacher," and certainly no oracle ever spoke more truly.

FIRST PHOTOS HIGHLY VALUED

In Many Respects There Has Been No Improvement Made on the Daguerreotype.

Although the improvements in photography are made so rapidly nowadays that even the professional photographer can hardly keep track of them, there are many picture makers who believe that the world will turn back to the daguerreotype for its beautiful and artistic portraits.

It is more than three-quarters of a century since the scientific world was aroused by the announcement that Daguerre, a Frenchman, had discovered a method of fixing the image made by the camera obscura. It was a crude method then. The first picture, of a tree standing in the sun, required half an hour or more of exposure. That was the same year in which Samuel F. B. Morse went to Europe to exhibit his new electric telegraph. The two inventors met by appointment in Paris and explained their work to each other.

Daguerre's plate was of pure silver. It was thoroughly cleaned and polished. In a dark room it was next coated with a film deposited by the vapor of iodine, and then exposed in the camera. Still protected from the light, it was placed over the fumes of hot mercury, which developed the image, and it was then made permanent with chloride of gold.

This process was soon improved, until on bright days the sitting for a daguerreotype was reduced to ten, sometimes to five seconds. Even with this short exposure, however, the likenesses were remarkable. It is possible to assume an artificial expression and hold it for the brief second before a modern camera, but to remain motionless for the long time required by a daguerreotype, it was necessary that the features should be in repose in their natural position.

The daguerreotype was a positive, impossible to retouch. It was of a soft, fleshlike tone, which even today, in the specimens of the art preserved in collections and among family relics, wins admiration. The daguerreotype gave way to the cheaper ambrotype, which was on glass, and required a dark background to show it off; and this, in turn, was succeeded by the glass negative and the paper positive proof. None of them has ever attained the delicacy or the softness of the daguerreotype.

Have Patience.
Do not be impatient with those who are not so quick as yourself. To be slow to catch an idea is no indication of intellectual inferiority. Those who are a little slow, frequently make up for it by holding tenaciously to the idea when once they have seized it. The girl who is slow of wit sometimes undergoes undeserved keen humiliation because of the superior airs of a classmate who is quick to see the point and forgets just as quickly.

Supreme Earthly Goal.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—Johnson.

French Have Discarded Word.

Encore, while a French word meaning again, and used by English and American audiences, is not employed by the French in the same sense, they saying bis, which means twice.

Found Posing Relaxation.

President McKinley never found posing for his portraits irksome, but said it was a period for relaxation.

Reap the Reward of Perfect Health



Effects of Warm Rain.

When a warm rain occurs over a snow-covered region it is not the rain so much as the warm wind that melts the snow. An inch of rain at 50 degrees Fahrenheit could melt only three inches of light new snow or one inch of old snow.

Character From Laughter.
An Italian professor says laughter is a surer indication of character than handwriting. The best kind of laugh is the hearty "Ha, ha, ha," showing a frank disposition. "He, he, he!" is the sign of a moody and gloomy man.

Had Wrong Idea of Statue.
The bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in the capitol piazza at Rome was preserved by the early popes under the impression that it was a statue of the Emperor Constantine, the first Christian emperor.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes.
That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointments of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Work Dollar the Better Kind.
"Work is better dan luck," said Uncle Eben. "De luck dollar is all by itself, but de work dollar tells you dar's plenty more where he come from."—Washington Evening Star.

Oil Fly Ravages Italy.
Italy's plague is the oil fly, which devastates the olive yards. In south-eastern Italy this insect has done \$35,000,000 worth of damage within the last 12 years.

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