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HAS UNIVERSITY OF OREGON SPIRIT DIED

LACK OF ENTHUSIASM AT BIG COLLEGE—THIS YEAR WORSE THAN LAST.

Is the University of Oregon spirit dead? Has the thing which has elicited surprise in the mind of every college man in the Northwest perished in the last two years? The Oregon weekly devotes considerable space to the question, and students are deplored the seeming indifference of old and new students of supporting Yell Leader Van Dusen in his efforts to arouse spirit and rooting.

Two years ago the University of Oregon had more college spirit and patriotism than any college on the Pacific coast. It won football games on that account alone, and added other victories. Last year the spirit though the University needs all the spirit in the student body, some are fearing that it has died.

Few voters show up each night at the football practices, and in other ways there seems to be a general lassitude in the Oregon spirit. Yell Leader Van Dusen works on the theory that it is only asleep, and is planning new yells and new features to arouse the Oregon student from his lethargy.

Among these things are plans for rallies and curious parades. But the students who were here three years ago fear that alone will arouse curiosity, and are praying for a bath of renewed Oregon patriotism of a demonstrative kind.

How at Assembly. Professor Howe addressed a large audience at the University assembly yesterday morning on the subject of Millet and his paintings. The address was illustrated with views, and while only half finished will, because of the interest, have a still larger crowd next Wednesday morning, when the lecture will be finished.

The professor's methods of lecturing are simple, and easily understood, and while listening the layman in art gathers much information of great value.

Football Notes. Manager Kestley has arranged with the Southern Pacific for a one and one-third rate to Portland, and Salem on the days of the varsity games with Idaho and Willamette respectively. The rate to Portland will be \$3 and to Salem \$2.90. The team is in fair shape for the Pacific game Saturday.

COMPANIES SHOOT

ON OCTOBER 24

The regimental and individual rifle contest will take place on October 24. Each company shoots on its own range, after which the scores are compared and the winner selected.

The companies here are rivals of each other, and this test adds great interest to the contest. The men have been practicing steadily. Company A's team is as follows: Sergeant Furnish, Privates McCormack, Davis, Rohne and Purdy. Company A: Sergeants Jensen, Dillard, Kerr, Corporal Williams and Sergeant Evans, substitute.

BIG BARGAINS IN REAL PROPERTY

The Oregon Land Company, 412 Willamette street, near the depot, have on sale some bargains:

A building 40x60, two story, on main street at Creswell, with stock and goods, at a bargain.

520 acres, fair improvements, fruit of different kinds, some rich bottom land; a model stock ranch, \$10 per acre.

440 acres, 6 miles out, a splendid investment, \$20 per acre.

45 acres, well improved, for \$2,600.

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480 acres at \$20 per acre; can be made into four good farms.

City Property. Residences ranging from \$1200 to \$4000. Will put you next to the owners. We have lots to sell at \$150 to \$600. Get prices on state school lands at our office. We are posted on everything in Oregon. Can locate you anywhere. Come in and see us—you are welcome.

Hard Times in Kansas. The old days of grasshoppers and drought are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of today although a citizen of Codell, near Shambaugh, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold remedy and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by W. L. Delano's drug store, 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

MOTHER'S KITCHEN Seventh and Oak streets, has opened under new management. Good board and room by the day, week or month. First-class home cooking (chicken dinner every Sunday).

MRS. S. Y. ARBOTT. The only true constipation cure must begin its soothing, healing action when it enters the mouth. Holister's Rocky Mountain Tea restores the whole system to a healthy, normal condition. 35 cents, tea or tablets. Linn Drug Co.

Withstands rain and shine. It's New Era quality, sold only at the Berger-Bean Hardware Company.

AMUSEMENTS

Mary Weaves a Tangled Web.

By HELENA SMITH DAYTON.
Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

You see, it happened to be my house. "Good night, Mr. Dwyer." Her foot tapped the lower step nervously.

"But, Miss Hazleton," I protested, "allow me to see you quite to your own door."

"Here I am!" waving her muff airily toward my house. I almost gasped.

"Isn't there some mistake?" I ventured.

"Did you imagine I lived in a tree, like Peter Pan?" She laughed, doubtless thinking I was awed at the splendor of her abode.

This gave me an idea. Perhaps the poor child had been in quarters and in her pride sought to play a ruse. I rather doubted that she should select my house.

My acquaintance with Mary Hazleton had consisted of many encounters at my cousin Belle's studio. A couple of Philistines, we often chatted in Belle's cozy corner, drank Belle's tea and amused ourselves watching Belle's guests—all alleged celebrities. Indeed, we talked of everything but Miss Hazleton. Nor did Belle seem to know much about the girl, which was not strange, for Belle often took up an attractive girl, made her welcome at the studio and pressed her into service as a model. Belle, like all extravagant persons, has her own ideas on economy.

On this particular evening I had changed upon Miss Hazleton hurrying through the streets and had taken it upon myself to see that she arrived at her destination in safety. After walking blocks, often retracing ground, I was naturally puzzled when she stopped before my own door and coolly informed me she was "home." I had hoped some time to offer it to her.

"Good night, Mr. Dwyer, and thanks for coming so far out of your way," she said again.

"May I not see the princess enter in safety?" I asked, thinking this would



"COME UP, THEN," SHE INVITED PROMPTLY, bringing her into a very small corner room.

"You are too solicitous, Mr. Dwyer," she said sweetly. "I think I will sit on the porch a few moments—alone."

"I, too, like to sit on porches," I hinted.

"Come up then," she invited promptly. "But you mustn't disturb me."

The sentence trailed off.

I was charmed with her daring. I wanted to tell her one might shout without fear of disturbing old Martha, who was "doing" for me until mother and the servants returned.

I sat down on the top step. Listening to her clever chatter, I advanced theory after theory to myself to explain her motives. Even when a possible plot against the silver spoon suggested itself I couldn't judge her harshly. A lady burglar! Well, we've had some mighty pleasing ones lately—in books and on the stage. I was on the point of offering myself as a confederate against my own sister when she once more said:

"You really must go now, Mr. Dwyer."

"May I come again?" I queried.

"I'll see you at Belle's," she eluded. "Belle sails for Europe Wednesday."

I reminded.

"So I may come up here instead for our usual chat on the arts?"

"No, no, no," she cried.

"Do I infer that you wish to drop the acquaintance—when Belle sails?" I persisted.

"No, oh, no!"

"Then I shall hope to find you here tomorrow—much more romantic than sending in one's card and all that sort of thing," I explained lamely.

"I love unconventional things," agreed Mary, suddenly enthusiastic.

I walked briskly down the street, stopped at the first shadow and looked back. Mary came down the steps and walked away in the opposite direction. I followed at a safe distance, and then my calculations were upset by seeing her turn in at the residence of the great Lombard brothers. She disappeared very neatly through a basement window. All the way home I whistled "Mary Was a Housemaid." Next morning I learned the Lombard house had been robbed.

That evening when I joined Mary on the porch she was confident to the point of arrogance, perfectly at her

ease and played the role of hostess with great aplomb. From my vantage point, how pathetic seemed all the little airs and graces she assumed! Perhaps the poor child didn't even have a home! In spite of almost positive proof I could not believe her a thief. Surely there was some mistake.

My speculations were brought to an abrupt ending. A carriage had whirled up. My mother alighted and came rapidly up the walk. Mary arose, a little gasp of consternation escaping her. Her little plot had indeed caught her. Her little plot had indeed caught her. Her little plot had indeed caught her.

Her again, I put my hand firmly on her arm and whispered to leave it all to me; that I knew everything.

I greeted my mother, and then I placed Mary's hand within hers.

"My dear boy," cried my mother, and in an instant she took Mary in her arms. What happened in the next fifteen minutes I have no idea. Mother was the only one who seemed at her ease and delighted. It had long been her wish that I marry, and she had, of course, fallen in love with Mary at first sight, accepting my choice without question. Finally I got Mary safely into a cab. Then she turned to me, with dancing eyes.

"To think I stole your piazza!" she giggled. "I never dreamed Mrs. Brooks was your mother. Of course I knew she was away."

I was silent. A repentant, fearful attitude would have been more in keeping with the circumstances than such dilatory.

"I-I hope you are not angry," came a muffled little voice. "And I-I appreciate what you did to save me from a humiliating position. Please give me credit for understanding why you gave your mother the idea that you—"

"But we are engaged!" I interrupted. "I was never more serious about anything. Believe me, it was not done to save you."

"You want me without knowing anything about me?" she queried radiantly. "Oh, I can deceive you no longer! I'm Mary Hazleton Lombard, the Lombard brothers' niece."

"Why, then?" I began, with unutterable relief, not because she was a great heiress, but because she was not a lady burglar.

"They had plans for my future," explained Mary. "Believing that I was romantic enough to marry a fortune hunter, they selected the one man of their acquaintance they believed worthy. Fancy!"

"Do you sincerely mean to convince them of my sincerity?" I asked gloomily.

"Convince them?" cried Mary. "Why, you are the man!"

Now I understood the many social invitations which the tactful old men had heaped upon me. And I had turned them down!

"But why did you invent such elaborate obstacles?" I demanded at length. "Do you imagine I'd allow them to arrange it all in their way? I'm not a billion bushels of wheat to be disposed of. I should have hated you if they had thrown me at your head. And I liked you the first day at Belle's. Of course I swore her to secrecy."

As I mounted the Lombard steps with Mary I remarked, "But wasn't it jolly of mother to accept you—as I did—at face value?"

"As it happens," murmured Mary sweetly, "she has been plotting with my uncles to bring us together! But haven't we defeated all of them?" She smiled contentedly, her hand slipping into mine.

The Money of China. China is in some respects the most democratic country in the world, and there is no centralization, no unity and no uniformity. Each province, even each little town, is a law unto itself and uses its own language, weights, measures, etc. As regards money, the confusion is the same, and each province has its currency, and the money of one province has an entirely different value from that of another. In China the tael is a financial unit for which there is no coin equivalent.

The word tael is used both as a measure of weight and as a measure of value.

As a weight measure the tael corresponds to the American ounce in that it is one-sixteenth part of a Chinese round or cattie. A cattie, however, is usually one and one-third pounds.

As a tael of currency the weight ranges from 540 to 585 grains. The tael of currency is decimally divided down to the sixteenth place of decimals, each with its own name, but usually only three places of decimals are used, and 10 cash equals 1 candarin, 10 candarin equals 1 mace, 10 mace equals 1 tael.

Each province in China, also each city and many smaller towns, have a different tael of value, as the tael is supposed to be an ounce (Chinese) of silver, but there is no uniformity as to how many grains constitute this ounce, and the fineness of the silver also varies at each point.

Live Within Your Means. So apportion your wants that your means may exceed them. With \$100 a year I may need no man's help. I may at least have "my crust of bread and liberty." But with \$5,000 a year I may dread a ring at my bell. I may have my tyrannical master in servants. I may have my tyrannical master in servants. I may have my tyrannical master in servants.

Those wages I cannot pay. My exile may be at the far end of the first long suffering man who enters a judgment against me. For the flesh that lies nearest my heart some Shylock may be darning his scales and weighing his knife. Every man is needy who spends more than he has. No man is needy who spends less. I may so ill manage that with \$5,000 a year I purchase the worst of poverty—terror and shame. I may so well manage my money that with \$100 a year I purchase the best blessings of wealth—safety and respect.—Bulwer.

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