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DR. CHAS. J. DEAN
2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

No Place For It.
"I ran across a remarkable jeu d'esprit the other day," said a casual acquaintance, trying to be entertaining. "I'm sorry," replied the wealthy man to whom he was speaking, "but my wife has just returned from Paris with a lot of art treasures, and I shouldn't have any place to hang it, even if I bought it!"

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ATTENTION LADIES
Sanitary Beauty Parlors—We fix you up, we make all kinds of Hair Goods of your combings. Join our School of Beauty Culture. 400 to 414 Dekum Bldg., Phone Broadway 6922, Portland, Oregon.

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Historical Item.
"Noah's ark was made of wood, but Joan of Arc was made of Orleans," wrote a youngster in answer to an examination question.

As and when they move upwards, there is a meeting-point for those whom a chasm separates below.—Gladstone.

ODD WAYS OF THE FISHER FOLK

Habits and Customs of Dwellers on the East Coast of Scotland Are Peculiar.

The fisher folk of the east coast of Scotland have habits and customs different from those of any other section of the working classes.

Except in selling their fish or purchasing the actual necessities, or occasionally borrowing from the bank when assistance is required in the buying of an old or the building of a new boat, they have next to no traffic with the outside world.

It is seldom that a fisherman marries other than a fisher lass, and even should she allow her affections to wander, the line is firmly drawn at a cooper or other fish-worker with the "codling blood," which means that he belongs to a fisher family.

There is a distrust of the "fremt"—as outsiders are termed—almost amounting to a racial distinction, and this is emphasized in the implicit confidence one fisherman will place in another, although they may be utter strangers to each other.

It is safe to say that the majority of the Scottish fisher folk are teetotalers. An odd fisherman may be met in most of the villages who is teetotal until asked to have something. Then it is: "Well, I'm a teetotaler in a kind of a way. Nae bigoted, ye ken; I never took any pledge. A man's eye best that can tempter himself! Oh, I'll drink yer health—no' that I care a preen p'nt for 't. Na, thank ye, I never tak' water."

The fisherman is emphatically of a religious turn. As a preacher he is a marvel. With fewer opportunities than most men for the cultivation of correct speaking, he can go out into the square at Stornoway or Fraserburgh, where thousands of his fellows have gathered for the summer herring-fishing, and discourse on a text for twenty minutes or so with an eloquence and grip of his subject which might be envied by many members of the cloth, says a writer in Mac Matters.

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Dog-Eating Ceases as Igorotes Try Out Beef

Manila.—The dog market of Baguio has disappeared entirely and the eating of dogs by the Igorotas, a non-Christian tribe, has been reduced to a minimum, according to Col. Henry Knauber, head of the constabulary academy at Baguio.

"Introduction of the meat of cattle and hogs has turned the Igorotas, who formerly ate dogs, into eaters of meats recognized by the civilized world as eatable," said Col. Knauber. "These people had to have some kind of meat and years ago the only animal they knew was the dog."

"When civilization introduced cattle and domestic hogs to these mountain people, they quit eating dogs. Only a few scattering cases of dog eating have been reported for some time, and these were among the people living far back in the hills."

Devoted Guards Keep Channel Light Burning

London.—Bishop's light, rising from a foundation of jagged rock near the Scilly islands, welcomes seaborndiplomats to the English channel, and at the same time gives grim warning of the nearby labyrinth of dangers. It stands guard over waters where rest the skeletons of more shipwrecks than in any other marine graveyard of the world. The light is 100 feet above the sea level, yet the waves that break forever

at the base of the rock constantly dash over its topmost masonry. So trying is the service at Bishop's light that the three tenders are given frequent vacations ashore. Two months of duty with one month ashore is the rule.

If the tower of Bishop's light ever crumbles the keepers there will not have the faintest chance for their lives. There is not even a foothold on the rough, slimy rock below them.

His Masked Hostess

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS
(©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ramsey Cummings was a bachelor, thirty-three years old, and was shy and rather self-centered.

So when Ramsey came to his office in the morning he generally went through the same routine day in and day out without much variation. There was a shy greeting to the office force, a quick dart into his large, comfortable office, a glance through the mail and then some dictation to pretty Mary Evans, while, shyly, he marveled at the luxuriance of her unbobbed brown hair, and marveled at the depth of her big blue eyes, and felt a little flutter around his heart at the mere thought that perhaps she might some day preside over his home instead of merely being an important cog in the office machinery.

But this morning there was a break in the routine. Ramsey, in fact, scarcely even looked up when Mary, radiant in her youthful beauty, entered on time to the dot and took her accustomed seat.

But this morning there had come a letter—an extraordinary, startling letter—and Ramsey was still reading it over and over and still trying to determine whether it was a hoax or the real thing.

This is what the letter, written in a flowing, feminine hand, had to say: "Dear Ramsey (that's not very formal, is it?)—

"I know you're a lonely old bachelor and you ought to have a home of your own instead of merely inhabiting quarters. It looks to me as if you don't have much fun in life and it also looks to me as though a good home-cooked meal would do you a world of good. So I'm going to take pity on you and invite you to take dinner with my married sister and myself tomorrow evening at half past six o'clock at my sister's home, 918 Linden avenue. There will be only we three—my sister's husband will be out of the city, much to his disappointment, because we told him about our plans and he's much interested in them. And—I'm going to cook the dinner entirely by myself.

"Now here's the point: I'd just die if you should find out who I am, because this is a mighty bold thing to do. My sister and I will be masked while you are at the house and I'm going to trust to your honor not to try to find out who we are.

"If you can't come, please phone Main 2119 promptly at 12:30 o'clock tomorrow noon and simply say 'I can't come' and give your name. But if we don't hear from you at that time we'll expect you tomorrow night."

There was no name signed to the letter and nothing else.

Ramsey, quite absorbed at this rather pleasant break in the monotony of his life, read the letter again and again.

At last, however, he looked up to find Mary's big blue eyes fixed on him in puzzlement at this astounding disarrangement of the morning's routine. And as Ramsey looked full into Mary's eyes the letter was momentarily forgotten and a stronger wave of sentiment for Mary swept over him than he had yet experienced.

On the instant Ramsey felt a wild outburst of hopes and affection on the tip of his tongue.

Then, on the instant a cloud of despair swept over him. For Mary dropped her eyes to her notebook and there he saw again the photograph of a man—the same photograph that had been in her notebook for the past week and which she so frequently regarded with rapt attention. Her fiancé, probably, thought Ramsey ruefully.

Dictation went badly that morning. All during the time Mary was in the office with him there were two elements in Ramsey's mind which stopped his usually ready flow of business language and made him frequently stop and stare blankly into vacancy. One of these was his rapidly growing sentiment for Mary and fast augmenting rage against the unknown man whose picture she carried in her notebook, and the other was the lure of the unknown woman who had so suddenly and interestingly come into his life.

All the rest of the day Ramsey was restless. Should he accept the invitation or not?

On the following day he was not himself at all. He found it so impossible to conduct his routine as under normal conditions that he dispensed entirely with dictation and spent almost the entire morning in a flurry of indecision as to whether he should go to Linden avenue and meet the masked hostess or not. For a shy man and a man who had few adventures in life it was quite a problem.

But—half past twelve came and went, and Ramsey failed to call. As the afternoon wore on Ramsey

came to feel a certain sense of fatality in the coming event. If he went to the dinner, he felt, instinctively, that the masked hostess would ensnare him and that Mary, consequently, would pass out of his life forever.

With a sort of courage born of desperation Ramsey tried hard to see Mary and tell her something that afternoon of the tumult in his heart, but fortune wasn't with him. He found no opportunity for doing so.

At last, then, Ramsey, seated garbed in a dinner jacket, drove to 918 Linden avenue. He looked with a quickening heart at a charming little bungalow, whose windows were glowing with friendly light and whose whole appearance seemed to say "Here are life and joy and companionship. Come in. You're welcome."

But in spite of the cheering appearance of home Ramsey felt embarrassedly diffident as he finally advanced up the walk to the veranda and timidly rang the doorbell.

There was a moment's delay. Then suddenly the door swung open and Ramsey, blinking in the light, saw a masked woman standing in front of him and beckoning him to enter.

At least she wore no wedding ring, so this was the writer of the mysterious note. This was his hostess.

In pantomime the masked hostess drew him into the room and led him toward the fire, where the heat, on coming in from the frosty night, felt grateful.

But why didn't she speak? Was she dumb?

As though in answer to his thoughts the masked hostess took a tablet from the mantelpiece and wrote upon it hurriedly. Then she showed the message to Ramsey. This is what he read:

"You might hear me speak some day, so I'll not speak tonight. You understand—I don't want to be recognized."

Ramsey read, then looked up at the woman. Her eyes were twinkling behind the mask. Surely she couldn't be old. Surely she must be pretty and attractive and lovely.

Ramsey felt his heart stirring. He felt himself enjoying his adventure immensely.

A moment later another masked figure came into the room. Ramsey, in pantomime, was introduced to her and the wedding ring on her finger pointed out to him. This, then, was the married sister.

Almost immediately Ramsey was directed to the dinner table.

In all of Ramsey's long boarding house experience he'd never eaten such a dinner nor, in spite of the silence, broken only by his own comments and laughter, had he ever been in such congenial company. It was good to be there in this cozy, warm home, with these two women attending to him. Yes, beyond a doubt his hostess must be young and lovely. Such a splendid adventure could have no other climax. But all good things must end. Too soon Ramsey found himself subtly directed toward the door and found his hat and coat. It was time for him to go. Th

A chill dismay clutching at his heart, Ramsey stopped at the door and turned to face his masked hostess. The married sister had said good-by in pantomime and disappeared into the kitchen.

Again Ramsey looked deep into the eyes behind the mask. This time they were dark and inscrutable. And yet—and yet—surely there was a message in them for him. Surely—

Suddenly a great joyous sense of conviction swept over Ramsey. He advanced a step toward his masked hostess, who retreated precipitately. Then he stopped.

"I—I," he said, huskily. "I know you! I know you. I'd know you anywhere, under any conditions. I've been crazy about you for weeks—months, but—but this is the first time I've ever had the courage to say anything. Why, why did you tease me so with that man's photograph in your notebook? Who is he? What is he to you?"

For a moment there was silence. Then the masked hostess spoke and the voice was Mary's voice.

"I—I don't know who he is," she said softly. "I found the picture on the floor in the office and—"

Now Ramsey had her in his arms. "And I let you see the picture so as to make you jealous. But you didn't seem to notice. And then I got this idea of this dinner—and—oh, Ramsey, you're so slow, you old dear!"

Andrew's Hard Luck.

Young Andrew had been absent from school all day and returned the following morning without any excuse, whereupon the teacher sent his mother the regulation excuse blank to be filled out. Shortly Andrew returned and handed the teacher his excuse with the consciousness of a deed well performed. It read:

"Dear teacher, Andrew got wet in the a. m. and sick in the p. m."



POULTRY

MAKE SUCCESS WITH GEESSE
Goosings Month Old Are Hardest of Fowls—Grass in Ration Is Most Important.

After goosings are a month old they are among the hardest of fowls, but they are rather delicate at first and should have careful attention. The main thing is to keep them warm and dry the first few weeks, feeding them a little at a time and often—say four or five times a day. One of the best rations on which to start goosings is a mixture of corn meal and shorts, mixed with bread or cracker crumbs, hard boiled eggs chopped fine, etc.

It is also a good plan to provide some tender grass as a relish right from the start. The goose is essentially a grazing bird, hence grass in its ration is quite important at all times. Other grain food, along with meat scraps, should be added to the ration gradually as the goosings grow.

Most people keep goosings in small movable runs for the first two weeks, so they can't run wild but can be moved to fresh ground each day where they can pick grass and bugs. The extent of this ranging space can be gradually increased until the goosings are a month old, then they should be turned out on free range where they will find lots of pasturage to make rapid growth.

Geese do not have to have water to swim in, but at the same time they get lots of enjoyment from it. If a small stream or pond cannot be provided, then it is quite essential that the fowls have an abundant supply of good drinking water, which they consume freely.

After goosings are turned on pasture, if the grass is in good condition, it is not necessary to feed them grain more than twice a day at first and later once a day. The first object should be to get as large a growth of frame as possible. Let fat come last. To build frame requires lots of grass, bugs and worms, and grains like oats and buckwheat that are not especially fattening.

As fall approaches and the grass begins to fall, corn should be substituted for one of the other grains as it is more fattening. Starting at least a month before the holiday selling season, the geese we want to sell on market are fed all they will eat of a mixture of corn and oats at first and corn alone later. In fitting geese for market it is hardly possible to make them too fat, as extreme fatness has no bad effect upon their table qualities and therefore most people want lots of it.—Farm Life.

GEESSE AND CHICKENS MIXED

Fowls Do Not Breed Very Well Together—Supply of Clean Water Is Important.

Geese and chickens do not breed very successfully together. As is well known, geese like to dig around in the dirt and then wash their faces in every pail of water that is placed in the yard for the poultry. The geese will soon empty the pails by dipping their heads deeply in the water and throwing it over their backs until the pails contain only a few inches of dirty water. A steady supply of clean water is important for growing chickens so the geese become a nuisance in the enclosure.

Geese will often drive the poultry away from the dry mash hoppers. As the profit in geese depends on raising them on a cheap ration largely composed of grass it does not pay to feed them much mash during the summer.

The best place for geese is a field near a pond. This gives the birds plenty of water. They do not need a body of water but it saves the work of carrying a lot of drinking water if the geese have their own supply for washing in.

Whimsical.
A college wag opines that the Biblical story of the creation must have been written by a baseball reporter, because it starts off with, "In the beginning—"—Boston Transcript.

Production by Silk Worms.
Silk worms of the world, taken together, produce 4,700 miles of fine silk thread every second of their work-day, about 150,000,000,000 miles a year.

Thought for the Day.
Too many husbands say to their families in the evening what they wanted to say to dissatisfied customers during the day—but didn't dare.

Made New Use of Bronze Vault.
The bronze vault of the portico of the Pantheon in Rome was removed by Urban VII in 1832 to be used in casting the baldacchino, or sacred canopy of Saint Peter's church.

Unique New Zealand Reptile.
The "tutatera lizard" is said to be the most remarkable creature now living in New Zealand, and the oldest existing type of reptile.

Determination.
"When a man git he head set dat he gwine do a stuttin stunt," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "dey ain' nothin' gwine stop him but a contrary-minded, obstinate, square-jawed woman!"

Breeches and the Greeks.
Among the Greeks breeches were regarded as a mark of slavery. They were worn by northern peoples, however. In the reign of Honorius, in 394 A. D., the breeches makers were expelled from Rome.

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After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S
and give your stomach a lift.
Provides "the bit of sweet" in beneficial form.
Helps to cleanse the teeth and keep them healthy.

This One Your Friend.

As far as its economic status is concerned the Phoebe makes an ideal neighbor, says Nature Magazine. This bird's diet consists of 90 per cent animal food and 10 per cent vegetable matter. The major part of the insects eaten are injurious species.

Immense Slate Quarry.

The Oakley slate quarry in North Wales, the largest underground slate operation in the world, has fifty miles of railroads, four miles of pump mains and twelve miles of compressed air mains, and slate has been removed from 26 levels.

Silver Map.

A silver map of the world, exhibited at the Royal Geographical society, England, is said to be the best of four such maps in existence. It is a thin circular plate of silver about three inches in diameter and commemorates Drake's voyage around the world.

Walking-Stick Denoted Rank.

At one time the general use of walking-sticks was forbidden in Rome by imperial edict, except to persons of patrician rank, thus making it a privilege which came to be popular among the nobility and eventually a distinction.

Earth's Mountain Altars.

The mountains of the earth are its natural cathedrals, or natural altars, overlaid with gold and bright with bordered work of flowers—and with their clouds resting on them as the smoke of a constant sacrifice.—Ruskin.

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