

Wealthy, but Without Power to Enjoy Life

"Now that you've got me talking," said a retired business man of St. Louis, who is going to Europe, "I might as well admit that I'm not having as much fun out of being wealthy as I looked forward to in my hard-working days."

"I suppose a good many old fellows would admit they are in the same fix if their pride would let them. I worked too hard, not hard enough to let me or wear me out, but too hard to form a taste for the best things that money can buy."

"The lesson my experience has taught me is that keeping your shoulder to the wheel and pushing ahead, being neither to the right nor left, and so forth, is not a complete set of directions for making a success in life."

"The rules may get a bank account for a fellow without unusual gifts, but they overlook too many things that count."

"I can't get settled down to a book. I can't sit through a play with any deep stuff in it, and I've even neglected to learn how to make myself agreeable in company, mixed or just men. Yet I had all that stuff in me when I was a kid—used to read a lot, in fact."

"Take my advice, and if you ever get the money-making bee, don't let it get you, for, unless you're a world-beater, no matter how well you make out, you won't be any too near the head of the list."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dutch Unfortunate in Colonization Ventures

The celebration on the continent commemorating the tercentenary of the foundation of New York recalls the fact that the great American city was originally a Dutch settlement. It was not until 1664 that it was captured by the British, and the original name of New Amsterdam was changed to New York.

Fate, indeed, has been unkind to the Dutch as colonizers. Not only did they lose their extensive settlements in New York state and Pennsylvania, but their colony at the Cape of Good Hope, founded in 1651, also passed into British hands, says London Answers.

Other instances of lost colonies could be given, especially if those which changed hands during or after the great war were included. But how many people realize that at one time Egypt was a French protectorate, and that before the advent of Clive the French power in India was greater than the British? The earliest European settlements in India, indeed, were Portuguese; but the Portuguese were driven out by the Dutch, and the latter—again unfortunately—by the British.

Schools in Early Days

The first schools were started in the early history of mankind. Schools were first held out of doors and the teaching was conducted orally, similar to the Hindu Brahman schools. Among the Hebrews the laws were expounded by oral teaching from the porches of the temples. The amount of instruction greatly increased from the mere oral teaching of the law until it involved letters and arithmetic. Among the Spartans the education was almost entirely along new lines. Elementary schools became common after the Christian era and in 64 A. D. they were made obligatory. In Athens nearly all of the schools were private, teaching music and literature, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and drawing. In early Rome the schools taught reading and writing and sometimes arithmetic.

Somali Fond of Song

Musical instruments—even the tom-tom, so dear to the heart of most African natives—are unknown to the Somali, who, none the less, take great pleasure in singing and dancing. Their songs are not by any means casual chants but have special significance, and are applicable to certain occasions. For example, there is a "Song of Thanksgiving for the finding of water, after a long journey," and songs for the loading and unloading of caravans, but most of their music is of a religious nature; and there is a "Song of Burial," sung when the 20-foot mound is raised above the remains of a chief and fenced around with a strong palisade of logs placed transversely between stout posts. Of all their dances the Somali place the war dance first.

Gave the Game Away

Among the side shows there was a collection of "freaks"—armless wonders, living skeletons, fat women and so forth, according to a story told by Charles B. Cochran. About the best draw of the lot was the bearded lady. One day the regular attendant who collected the admission money was temporarily absent, his place being taken by a little girl. A gentleman who had been deeply interested in this particular freak of nature remarked casually to the child as he was passing out: "I suppose, my dear, that the lady inside is your mother?"

"Oh, no, sir," the little girl replied, momentarily taken off her guard by the unexpected query. "She's my dad!"

Si-walk Conversation

"Boss, I don't know where my next meal is coming from."

"I don't either. My wife never sticks long to one dealer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ben Franklin Enjoyed Good Things of Life

Benjamin Franklin was one of those rare men who lived so happily and so abundantly that the reader of his life finds himself wishing he might have been a contemporary.

He was regarded as one of the wisest members of the First congress, yet he seldom spoke and he spent a great part of his time fast asleep in his chair.

He drank too much, he ate too much; instead of exercising, he played chess. He suffered the piercing pains of gout. He confessed all his faults with delightful humor and frankness.

At sixteen he wrote an article for his brother's newspaper, describing the night life of Boston, and at seventy he was still indulging in pleasant romances with young and beautiful French women. He missed nothing.

As he added years to his age and dollars to his income, he violated many of Poor Richard's precepts.

His common sense led him to take hot baths twice a week, when the general custom was to bathe not oftener than two or three times a year. He believed in fresh air, and even night air, while the doctors were still using leeches as a cure-all.

He enjoyed life to the utmost. He was the master of his circumstances from the age of sixteen, when he ran away from home, to the ripe age of eighty-four, when he passed on, with all his affairs in order. He left an estate of a quarter million dollars for his heirs.—William Feather Magazine.

Science Poor Second in Light Production

What is the most efficient light in the world?

Some people might vote at once for the "last word" of science in artificial illumination, but they would be wrong. The most efficient light known to us was known in the days of pine torches and rush-lights. It is that with which nature has endowed the glow-worm and the firefly.

Science has so far failed to solve the problem of the production of light without heat—a problem which seems to have given Dame Nature no difficulty. In all artificial light production an enormous amount of energy is lost in the form of heat rays and chemical rays.

Thus a four-watt carbon glow lamp has a luminous efficiency of less than a half per cent, and the most perfect artificial illuminant has an efficiency of only 4 per cent.

Science here compares badly with nature, for the luminous efficiency of the firefly is no less than 99.5 per cent, while the glow-worm's light is 80 times more efficient than a tungsten lamp.

English Bird Sanctuary

On the outskirts of London, and within half an hour's journey from the city, is one of the most beautiful bits of woodland in England. Few Americans, or Londoners either, have ever visited this place, or even know of its existence. It is a bird sanctuary, a veritable land of song, which is carefully fenced and guarded by keepers night and day, and where every kind of British bird lives and nests unharméd. The wood lies in the Brent valley and was bought for London two years ago and established as a permanent memorial to Gilbert White, the author of the "History of Shelburne," by the Shelburne society. The sanctuary, however, has been in existence just 21 years, and in its 19 acres, in the boughs of its many oak trees and the coppices of hazel, oaks, willow warblers, bluebirds, goldfinches, nightingales, black caps and many other birds may be seen.

Assyrian Horticulture

Many common plants and flowers are referred to in the ancient cuneiform tablets dug up in the ruins of Babylon and other Assyrian cities. Fifty more, many of them drug plants, have been identified quite recently through a study of the relative frequency in which the names occur, their therapeutic use, and the comparison of the word with the name of the flower or plant in other Semitic languages. Among the new plants believed to have been identified are the rose, the daisy, mustard, asafetida, amach, hemp, chamomile, apricot, cherry and mulberry.

Meaning of "Dickens"

"Dickens" is an interjectional expression signifying astonishment, impatience and irritation. It is usually used with words of interrogation such as what, where, how and why. The name has nothing to do with Charles Dickens. It was used by Shakespeare over two centuries before Dickens was born. In "Merry Wives of Windsor" Mrs. Page says: "I cannot tell what he dickens his name is my husband and him of." "Dickens" is believed to be a euphemism for deuce or devil, which have the same initial letter.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Make for Happiness

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth, as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy.—John Ruskin.

Proud Man Alone Knows Not Value of Fasting

Man knows that wild creatures of the forest and plain at times go through 48 empty hours without making a kill. He knows, also, that certain peoples fast at times as a religious duty, and this without in any way impairing their health. Finally, he knows that individuals have done without food in any form for weeks and have gained rather than lost by the experience, says the Baltimore Sun.

His love for food is so deeply ingrained, however, that when his mule, cow and dog refuse to eat, his wits at once cease to function. He reasons in this way: "When these creatures were well they ate heartily. Now that they refuse to eat, they must be ill. If I am to make them well again, I must by some means force them to eat."

So it is when man himself is indisposed by reason of some indiscretion. He does not wish to eat. The very thought of food is an abomination. But his wife, whose love is greater than her reason, says to him: "Honey, you simply must eat in order to keep up your strength, and I have prepared a number of dishes you like in order to tempt your appetite."

The little will that remains to him after one glance at the table urges him to flee, but his greedy palate prevails and he eats heartily. The result is that his overburdened system, striving with all its cunning to get him back to normal, must quit its task for a while and take care of the new cargo he has shoveled aboard. Nature knows its business, but is badly handicapped when those it desires to save persist in their madness.

Pigs Make Faithful Guardians of Sheep

In this country one seldom says anything kind about pigs. Yet they are highly esteemed in other parts of the world, says London Answers.

In the Apennines they are used to guard sheep. One man in each village acts as shepherd to the community and is allowed a sheep pig to assist him when the animals are out at pasture. The man's task is an easy one—he may amuse himself by playing the flute or he may even sleep for a few hours while the pig faithfully guards the flock. In the evening the same trustworthy guardian sedulously singles out the sheep belonging to this house or that and never makes a mistake.

Where truffles grow pigs are used to find and root them up. If carefully trained a pig will keep for his master all the truffles he uproots.

In Ireland, of course, the pig's merits have always been recognized. There he is the "gentleman that pays the rent."

Pretty Medieval Legend

The story of the custom of conveying a kiss by a cross, is that there was once a young man in the days of knightly chivalry and glittering deeds, named Sir Ronald de Bois, who was sent on a dangerous mission and was taken prisoner. He had left at home a fair and beautiful sweetheart, and it was his desire to send her some message. A bribed messenger promised to take some symbol to her but refused to bear a written message for fear he would be taken prisoner and the letter found. The knight therefore sent her a metal button from his coat on which he had scratched four letters at the four points of an X. The letters were k, i, s, s. Since this famous message, other lovers have used the X to stand for kisses, but omit the letters at each point. However the romantic story has never been forgotten.—Atlanta Constitution.

Herod's Wonderful Temple

Herod's temple, a structure of white marble, was built by Herod the Great at Jerusalem on the site of the Temple of Zerubbabel. Work was begun in 19 B. C. and in nine years and a half the temple was ready for use.

The building, says the Detroit News, was much larger than the preceding one and measured 100 cubits in length, and 70 cubits in breadth and 100 cubits in height. The stones composing this edifice were of large dimensions, some of them being 25 cubits long, 8 cubits high and 12 cubits wide. The temple, "which rose like a mount of gold and snow," was totally destroyed by the Romans under Titus in 70 A. D. The site is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar.

Age of Alligators

The Department of Agriculture says that the age of an alligator can only be determined by one who has had experience with these reptiles. Alligators grow very slowly and it is estimated that at fifteen years of age they are only two feet long; therefore, a 12-footer may reasonably be presumed to be seventy-five years of age. The rate of growth varies with animals in their wild state and those kept in captivity, and it is also governed by the amount as well as the type of food given.

Wonderful George!

They were on their honeymoon and she regarded him as the most wonderful being in the whole world. They strolled along the seashore. Suddenly he stopped and in a fine poetic frenzy declaimed: "Roll on thou mighty ocean, roll!"

"Oh, look, George!" she cried in ecstasy. "It's doing it!"



Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale by Mary Graham Bonner

THE MARCH

"It is so funny to see the people stare," said the elephant.

"Well, they're more used to each other than they are to seeing you," said the pony.

"Still," the pony added, "they stare at me."

"They stare at me, too," said the big dog. "And dogs aren't unusual."

"Isn't it supposed to be rude to stare?" the elephant asked.

"Usually, or perhaps I should say as a rule," the dog answered.

The dog knew more about the people than any of them and so they usually asked him the questions.

"But," the dog added, "not in this case. You see, we all belong to the circus."

"We're a part of a circus parade when we march down the different streets."

"If they didn't stare at us it would be rude. It's just the usual order of things turned around."

"To stare at a person is supposed to be rude but when an animal or even



"I Understand."

a person is in a circus parade it is rude not to stare and for this reason."

The dog cleared his throat, gave a little bark, wagged his tail and continued.

"If they did not stare at us it would mean they did not think much of us."

"We wouldn't like it if they didn't think we were worth looking at."

"We wouldn't like it at all. We wouldn't care to be in the parade and when they saw us have them turn their heads the other way."

"Could they do that?" the elephant asked.

"I thought," he added, "their heads were always turned one way so that they looked straight ahead of themselves."

"True," said the dog, "but they could turn their heads around and look at other things."

"That would be a great insult to us. It would make us feel as though we were not fine enough to be in a circus parade."

"It would make us feel as though we were dull."

"As it is they say: 'Oh, look at the fine big elephant. Isn't an elephant a truly remarkable animal?'"

"And that is a compliment they pay you, elephant."

The elephant waved his trunk, and flapped his big ears.

"I understand," he said. "I understand."

"And when they see the pony they look at him and say: 'Oh, you dear, sweet pony. Wouldn't I love to pat you and pet you and ride upon you?'"

"That is a compliment to you, pony." "Neigh, neigh, I see," the pony said.

"When they stare at me," the dog continued, "and say: 'Oh, you splendid big dog, I was my tall and thank them in my dog fashion.'"

"So you see they compliment us when they stare at us."

But they had to get ready now and soon, once more, they were on the march, going down a main street of a town and everyone was staring at them and together with the others of the parade they made a splendid showing.

"This march is splendid," said the dog to himself.

"It is fine to see the looks of admiration."

And the elephant was saying the same to himself.

And so was the pony.

The people certainly were admiring them. Oh, there was no mistake about that, and no heads were turned the other way.

All attention was given to the parade and those in the line of march.

Riddles

If a cake falls with a cinnamon roll? \*

If the pork chops will the wood saw? \*

If the garden needed weeding would Idaho? \*

If Sweet William nodded would the Malvern Blush? \*

If the man in the moon had a child would the sky rocket? \*

If the cook went into the pantry would a lemon sweater? \*

Why do birds clean out a fruit tree so quickly because they take away a peck at a time.

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LOCAL BREVITIES

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lovelace spent the week end visiting in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Hannah of Portland, spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. Hannah's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hannah.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gohring and Mr. and Mrs. John Blauth drove to Portland last Thursday morning to eat Thanksgiving dinner with friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Albert Manville of Portland, spent the Thanksgiving vacation at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Denny, south of Estacada.

Mrs. G. F. Midford returned last week from a visit of several weeks with her sister in Lewiston, Idaho. She visited a few days in Seattle on her return.

Mr. and Mrs. A. VanMoss, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Morehead and Mr. and Mrs. Henry VanMoss, all of Portland, were Thanksgiving guests at the Gates home.

Miss Pauline Rose spent the Thanksgiving vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Rose, returning to Corvallis Sunday evening.

Guests at the J. K. Ely home on Thanksgiving were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Norton of Portland, Maurice Ely of Corvallis, Mr. and Mrs. John Stormer and Mr. and Mrs. Oral Stormer and baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hicinbotham and children, accompanied by Mrs. Hicinbotham's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Sevier, went to Stevenson, Wash., to spend Thanksgiving. On the return trip home the top was blown off their Ford and it was almost impossible to travel on account of the ice on the highway.

Blast Fatal to Workman.

An explosion of dynamite caused the death of Ernest Vogel last Saturday. Vogel was employed as "powder monkey" at one of the P. & P. Company's camps on the Oak Grove project and was at work blasting stumps along the right of way when one of the caps he was carrying in his belt unexpectedly exploded mutilating him badly. He was rushed to Estacada but died before he could be taken to a hospital.

Little is known of the young man or his relatives but fellow workmen state that he was to have been married to a girl in Sacramento, California, Christmas day.

Inconstant

The critic was talking about love. "Good writers," he said, "never treat love as an immortal and divine thing. Poor writers always do."

"Poor writers go on about love ridiculously. They are like young Jack Hoskins."

"I like you, Mr. Hoskins," a pretty girl said to young Jack. "But I like Mr. Hemingway, too. Mr. Hemingway," she added with a simper, "says he thinks about me 365 days in the year."

"Huh! He wants one day off every four years, does he?" said Jack Hoskins. "Surely Miss Fetherstonbaugh—Ethel—surely you don't compare a lukewarm attachment like that to a burning passion such as mine!"

Band Concert and Social

Although not advertised to any great extent, the band concert and pie social Monday night, was quite well attended. After the concert, which was excellent and showed much improvement of the players, J. K. Ely got busy and auctioned off the pies, of which there were a large number and of all kinds and some of them "dolled up" in fancy boxes. The bidding was snappy and each pie brought a good price. Then all proceeded to partake of the dainties, with coffee furnished by the band. Everybody had a good time and the band boys realized a neat little sum from the entertainment.

Council Plans Budget

A special meeting of the city council was held Saturday morning in the city hall, for the purpose of drafting a budget for the ensuing year.

The levy for this year will be twenty-one and a half mills which is three and one-half mills higher than the previous levy, due partly to the decreased property valuation at the time of assessment. The burned area on Broadway was the cause of this decrease in valuation.

Ed. Shearer of Springwater, was in Portland Saturday on business.

A Gift That Is a Compliment

In the gift you receive you can sometimes see yourself as others see you, and the view is not always flattering, it may be a jazz record, or a gaudy tie, or a book that you would hate to have found on you if an auto dumped you into dreamland. And you can't really blame the giver. Knowing you well he concludes you crave that sort of thing. On the other hand his gift may convey a subtle compliment—a gift of The Companion for instance. It is a tribute to your good taste, to a certain idealism he has perceived in your make-up, to the impression you give that life is real and earnest and not merely a game of skittles. You may be sure that anybody who thinks slightly of The Companion as a gift is himself making life a game of skittles and very little else.

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