

LEO J. CARY

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...easier to understand how it was that the inhabitants of Fougere had on living in the region of the volcano, for the very expectancy had grown to be a habit and gradually dropped out of the rim of active consciousness and they almost forgot what to dread. It hasn't been going on here long enough for us to forget, but the uncertainty has grown into the day's routine. Very sincerely yours, Nellie A. Cole.

The Older Authors.

The greater part of our modern literature bears evident marks of the haste which characterizes all the movements of this age; but in reading these older authors we are impressed with the idea that they enjoyed the most comfortable leisure. Many books we can read in a railroad car and feel a harmony between the rushing of the train and the haste of the author but to enjoy the older authors we need the quiet of a winter evening—an easy chair before a cheerful fire, and all the equanimity we can command. Then the genial good nature, the rich fullness, the persuasive eloquence of those old masters will fall upon us like the warm, glad sunships. The pages of friendly old Goldsmith come to us like a golden autumn day, when every object which meets the eye bears all the impress of the completed year and the beauties of an autumnal forest.—James A. Garfield.

Baltic Revel.

In the Baltic countries the Eve of St. John is a festival that goes back further into time than the celebration of the day in honor of the saint whose name it bears, for St. John's day is also Midsummer day, and on that night over wide stretches of country it is the immemorial custom of peasants, gathering together in little companies, to light beacons on the hilltops and to celebrate far into the morning with feasting and dancing. In Livonia there is but little night in midsummer, and here the peasants hold their revel at midnight, lighting great fires on hilltops that flare their signal to others lighted on hill crests for miles about. Under the glare the peasants gather. They challenge one another to sing. With torches they light the topmost branches of birch trees that set up higher beacons than any in the countryside. When the dancing is over great feasts are held, and when morning comes the crowds go singing to their homes.

Governmental Perquisites.

Wherever there is a fire of any considerable size there is sure to be a direct profit to the government on burned money. The San Francisco and Baltimore fires were directly profitable to the government. When the Titanic went to the bottom of the Atlantic unknown amounts of currency went down with it. There was American paper money in the strong-boxes of the Lusitania when the German submarine sunk her and there was American paper money in the pockets of most of the people on board. The same was true of many ships that went to the bottom during the World War. All of this that remains unrecovered is profit to the government.

Up to date Prices

at Frædrick's Grocery Notice the Reductions

Standard Tomatoes	4 cans	55c
Fancy Peas, 17 1/2c can	doz. cans	\$2.00
Fancy Sugar Corn, 17 1/2c can	doz. cans	\$2.00
Hominy, large can		15c
Pumpkin, large can	2 for	25c
Pineapple, broken slices, 35c can	3 for	\$1.00
Pineapple, Preferred Stock, large can		40c
Fancy Apricots, large can		25c
Small White Beans	4 pounds	25c
Fancy Head Rice		10c lb
Albers Rolled Oats		35c pkg.
9 lb sack Rolled Oats		70c
9 lb sack yellow or white Corn Meal		50c
Olympia Pancake Flour		35c package
Olympia Pancake Flour, 9 lb sack		85c
Karo Syrup, Red Label, 10 lb can	5 lb	50c
Seafoam Washing Powder		30c
Uncle John's Cane & Maple Syrup	90c qt.	can
Mustard Sardines, large can		15c

Prices on
Sugar, Flour, Feed, Field Seed and Grain all conform
with present market conditions.

Frædrick's Grocery

Opposite Postoffice

Watch Your Irons in the Fire.

There has never been an age that offered such attractive opportunity for putting an extra iron in the fire. It seems there is a demand for everything. Everybody wants men. And everybody seems to want anything he can buy. And strange as it may seem most folks seem to have the wherewithal to buy what appeals to them. So the demand goes on. One can sell almost anything. So the fellow with reasonable push works hard at his job and then begins a little something on the side to get farther ahead with. It may not be much but it's an extra iron for the fire. Sooner or later it will get hot and then if the fellow isn't there, with the hammer his iron will burn and he will be poorer than he had not attempted anything extra. Lucky the man who knows how to do it when the time comes.—Exchange.

Pike Has No Mercy.

Pike are usually found—especially in New England—in deep, still mill-ponds, where the water is quiet and water lilies grow in patches of greater or less extent, says the American Forestry Magazine. Behind these an old pike will lie in ambush a few inches below the surface, awaiting the passage of minnows or "shiners"; upon these he has no mercy, seizing them in his powerful jaws and devouring probably several dozen in the course of 24 hours.

A Miscalculation.

"Did you go to your brother-in-law's funeral tuther day, as you 'lowed you would?" inquired an acquaintance from down on Fiddle Creek. "Nope!" replied Gap Johnson of Bumpus Ridge. "I aimed to, all right enough, but my calculations got sorter upset. Gabe didn't die."—Kansas City Star.

NEAR EAST NOTES

Letter From An American Teacher Telling of Conditions There

We are permitted to publish the following letter written by Nellie A. Cole, who is engaged in teaching and relief work among the Armenians. It is dated at Trebisond, Turkey, and was written to Miss May Lund (now Mrs. L. C. Saunders):

Through my friend, Mrs. Charles Parker, of Bridge, Coos county, Ore., I have heard about you and have grown very much interested in all that Coos county is doing for the Armenian cause.

The world is not a very big place after all and it is a pleasure to find that we can in a measure keep in touch with friends and their work at opposite sides of the globe. While you in America are nominally in a state of peace with the world, this part of the land is at odds with their own government. That means that connections are cut between here and Constantinople at present and the orders come here from Angora where the famous Kemal Pasha has his headquarters at this time. Customs duties on all imports that are for sale, have gone up five times what they were in May, and consequently the cost of things that have to come from outside has gone up in proportion. This affects the industrial work that the orphan girls are doing, because they need thread for the looms. Only yesterday, we had a ten-minute call from one of the New York heads of the great American Relief organization, and he wanted to take samples of the girls' work to America with him to see if he couldn't find a market and thus help a number of the girls to become self-supporting.

The other day I had a most unusual experience in another line of rescue work; namely to save a child from being carried away from her own mother, by the captors who had already kept the child for five years. The own mother found that this wee girl of nine years was alive and in the hands of her captors, who took her at the time that the mother was deported from here. So long had these people kept the child that she had lost her mother tongue and had even forgotten her own mother. The long and short of the matter was that I

had to go to the head military governor and see what could be done about the case. He promised to give the girl over to the care of the Americans until such time as the authorities at court decided as to whether the captor or the mother should have the child. That would insure against the captor's stealing the child again and going off with her beyond the mother's reach.

So many stories had been told the child by her captor of what would happen to her if her own mother got her that the child felt afraid of her. At last by repeated interviews the child has now grown a little acquainted and does not cry so hard at the sight of her mother and realizes that her mother is not going to harm her in any way but is eager for her best good.

The mother has lost five children, all during the deportation and no wonder she was almost beside herself with joy over finding this one. It has been rather a trying time for her to have to convince her own child that she loved her, and thus to counteract the wrong impression that had been given the little child.

Every now and then there is a very touching scene when some members of families find each other after five years of separation when each thought the other lost entirely. Not long ago one of my brightest little pupils in the school came up to me and said that she had heard that her mother had turned up in one of the coast towns and was trying to find her. What it means to these children to find a relative and to feel that they really belong to some one in particular, is shown by their faces when the news comes.

We have just had the novelty of seeing an aeroplane fly over the city and drop messages, but what they are we are yet to hear as none of us have secured a copy. You ought to have seen the excitement that it caused everywhere, as anything new is a source of alarm lest it means more disaster. In my school the children saw it before I did and rushed in a body to see the new terror, but I soon saw that it bore the Red, White and Blue colors and therefore must be either French or English, and in either case must be here for a good motive. The children were assured and returned to their seats and the crying stopped almost before it had begun.

The poor things have suffered so much during the past five years that they live in constant dread lest their sufferings are to be renewed. You

don't wonder that I feel the situation intensely for them and can hardly wait for the permanent establishment of safety to life and property, so these refugees can have their rightful heritage of a chance to live and let live. A Turkish judge came to see me this morning and it was very interesting to me to see how dissatisfied he is with the present attitude of his people in this region. He wanted my advice about clearing out and going to America and there living in a land that more nearly held the ideals that appealed to him. But I reminded him that this land was in need of just such men to bring it up to the standards that he wished to see held everywhere. It was a little beyond him to quite feel his full responsibility to that extent, but it may set him thinking, for he is a thinker.

During his troubles here, this very man helped a number of the poor refugees and was the means of saving their lives. Although an official, he dares to be a help to these unfortunate when he sees that they are not getting fair play. Just how altruistic his motives may have been all the time is not sure. But his deed was a blessing and the motive may have been mixed but probably way ahead of his time.

The other day several of us called on the governor's wife and had a very pleasant two hours in an educated "harem." There is a distinct charm about the refined and educated woman of the East that is delightful.

This evening it was a welcome sight, indeed, to see a steamer come gliding around the corner and drop anchor in the empty harbor. The sight of a boat makes us seem in touch with the outside world, although the telegraphic connections are cut because this region is not in accord with the head government.

It is reported that the aeroplane that surprised us today, dropped warnings against the bolsheviks so that this place might be saved the experiences that other places have suffered at their hands. But the government was reported to be not eager to have the people get hold of these papers and a warning was given as to what punishment would be given to any one found reading these messages that had been dropped by the aeroplane. That reminded me a little of the father who told his little daughter that he had put upside down in his library the books that he didn't want her to read, and thus they were easy to find.

After our experience it is a little



The Finest Pie Crust Is
Easy To Make—Can
You Make It?

PIE CRUST

- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon Baking Powder
- 1/2 cup Mazola
- 4 tablespoons Cold Water

Sift dry ingredients. Add water to Mazola and beat until creamy. Mix quickly into dry ingredients. Toss onto slightly floured board and roll to desired thickness. This recipe makes one double pie crust.

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SOME people say that the making of flaky, delicate and easily digested pie crust "is an art."

Perhaps it used to be. Today even the inexperienced girl can make the finest pie crust.

Only two things are necessary. A good recipe—which is given here. And Mazola—which is sold by all grocers.

Mazola makes delicate, flaky and easily digested pie crust because it is an absolutely pure, vegetable oil—from an edible source.

Wherever you find cooks making really good pie crust, you will find Mazola.

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