

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Things That Are More Comforts Now Used to Be Luxuries.

No economist has put enough emphasis on the fact that if the cost of living is higher now it is to a large extent because the average man is demanding more comforts and luxuries, and these must cost more. Before the days of plumbing and bathrooms the workman missed some onerous bills, but he is not ready to throw the plumbing out of the house.

Oil is cheaper for light than electricity, but people pay more for a modern light because they want the better service even at the higher price. Workmen by the thousands have phonographs, a form of entertainment unknown until a few very recent years ago.

Even street cars are rather a new thing, and the poorest families spend many dollars every year for this service, which has become indispensable. Magazines are purchased now by many people who ten years ago had never subscribed for such a publication.

Thousands of articles are for sale in every department store, of which a large percentage are purchased at some time or other by the average wage earning family.

Modern living does cost more assuredly, but it also yields more.—Milwaukee Journal.

SPEED OF A STAR.

With a Thought That Points a Meral to Impatient Humanity.

There is a star—a reddish star known as Arcturus—that is traveling at the rate of 150 miles a second. And what is interesting about it is it is coming this way and will come for many years, but it is so far away that it doesn't seem to have any motion at all. It is in exactly the same spot, so far as our vision is concerned, where it was a century ago.

There is another star known as the "runaway" whose speed is twice that of Arcturus—that is, it could sweep across Ohio in a second of time.

We refer to this fact that the gentle reader may understand how insignificant are the little concerns of life that tear his patience into tatters and turn the world into woe. Long after he has gone Arcturus will be traveling 150 miles a second and to all appearances not budging an inch. How modest and patient should this touch of near infinity make us all! And yet as Theodore says:

We cannot be kind to each other here for an hour
We whisper and hint, and threaten and grin
As if a brother's shame
However, we hate it out; we mean a little blood.

—Columbus Journal.

Saves the Tires.

He doesn't look like a very important part of a big automobile organization, this unassuming, plain man, but the president of a great motor company says that "Magnet Bill" saves his salary a dozen times over every day he works. Rain or shine, summer or winter "Magnet Bill" may be seen walking slowly about the automobile plant, his eyes on the ground. "Magnet Bill" gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of one tin bucket and a big steel magnet strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tires by removing from the roadway every nail and bit of metal that might cause a puncture. Thousands of cars are run over the roadway to the testing place, and it is figured that without the precaution taken by "Magnet Bill" the cost for cut and punctured tires would be \$30,000 every year.—Popular Science Monthly and World's Advance.

Origin of a Japanese Dance.

The origin of the Kume-mai, the dance performed at the coronation of the mikado, is traced to Jimmu Tenno, an early hero, who while on his eastern expedition found a certain chief-tain called Tsuchigumo most obstinate in his resistance and unsubsidiary. Thereupon he ordered O Kume Nushino Mikoto to entice out the chief-tain, to whom sake was offered and dances were shown, with the result that finally he was overcome and slain. The descendants of O Kume Nushino Mikoto put this fact into songs and music, from which sprang the dance.—Argonaut.

From the Ship's Well.

An old lady on board a vessel observed two sailors pumping up water to wash the decks, and the captain being near, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, captain, so you've got a well aboard, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am; always carry one," said the polite captain.

"Well, that's clever. It's so much better than the nasty sea water, which I always dislike so."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fate of a Duchess.

We have had excellent morals drawn from the substantial waist of the Venus of Milo for the admittance of the fashionable woman. But what can we say about the Duchess de Mazarin, who (G. Duval tells us in "Shadows of Old Paris") "died in 1775 from tight lacing, although she had posed for a statue of Venus?"

Exactly So.

"The doctor knows I hate camphor."

"So?"

"Yet first he made me sniff it, and now he has prescribed it as a liniment."

"I call that rubbing it in."—Kansas City Journal.

The best way to live is to cast away troubles and contentions, which cannot be cured by fretting.

BATTLED FOR THEIR BRIDES.

The Most Thrilling Wedding Day in the World's History.

Do you know what was the most thrilling wedding day in the history of the world? There have been many romantic marriages and many nuptial services that had to be deferred because of the opposition of parent or rival, but all of them pale into dingy gray when compared with the colorful spectacle of the abduction and rescue of the Venetian brides in the early winter of 1683, when Candiano II, the noble doge, was leading his presence to the biggest wedding party in the history of the Church of San Marco. It had long been the custom for all the noble brides to be married on St. Mark's day. It was, moreover, the custom for the brides to bring with them all their jewels and their dowries, in gold coin, inclosed in handsomely carved chests.

The latter fact was well known in Trieste, that ancient Roman colony which was the harbor for bands of pirates who were most clever navigators. On this richest of all St. Mark's wedding days the ceremony for more than a score of brides had already begun when the pirates from Trieste burst into the church, captured the brides and their dowries and carried them to the waiting boats. Thanks to the Trunkmakers' union, there were several boats waiting, and in these the betrothed bridegrooms and the sturdy trunk-makers gave pursuit. There was a battle royal, one of the most thrilling sea fights on record, dowries and brides were recovered, and before midnight all had been safely married.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GET RICH QUICK SCHEMES.

For Big Investors They May Work, but Not For Small Ones.

"Those who labor hard for their money and who have a still more arduous struggle in saving small sums," says a banker in the American Magazine, "naturally fall easy victims in many instances to the desire for sudden riches. But the fatal error lies in supposing that the person of small means can afford to take the chance, if he or she loses they lose all. The large capitalist and the professional money lender have the law of averages working with them. They can afford to sink money into twenty ventures if they make a thousand per cent on one. They are protected by the law of chance, the average safety of their investments depending upon no single risk."

"Risk is a necessary part of business, but should be borne by the strong, never by the weak. The promoter who talks about the small investor being given the same opportunities as the very rich is indulging in 'bunk.' He always forgets to say that a 50 per cent bond or a 5 per cent mortgage, void, impersonal depositors for funds, will at the end of five years have paid their owners 30 per cent or 35 per cent (allowing for compound interest) and that the vast majority of new ventures with big promises will have paid nothing.

"Only the man who can afford to take risks has any business to look for an investment that will make him rich quickly."

Diarrhea and the Editor.

Diarrhea would dearly have liked to suspend the London Globe years ago when that paper, then a Whig organ, fell foul of him over his "Vindication of the English Constitution." Few editors have ever been so roughly abused as in Diarrhea's letter to the Times: "It is not my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the Globe by the nose and to inflict sundry kicks upon the base part of his base body, to make him eat dirt and his own words, fouler than any filth, but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable pittoom, what a craven dillard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing, stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the so-called director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics."—London Opinion.

Kick of the Gun.

When a young American joins the national guard or, following that instinct which not even long city life can entirely kill, takes a gun and starts out as a hunter, one of the earliest surprises he gets is that nasty hard kick his firearm gives him.

But the kick of the big guns in war is tremendous. Some of the guns jump into the air. In others mechanism takes up the rebound and the gun slides back into place.

It is a curious fact that each of these great guns takes its kick in a way all its own.—New York World.

Strychnine.

The number of plants used for medicinal purposes in the Philippines is very large. A few are recognized as sources of standard medicines, but the number having commercial value is decidedly small. From one, the St. Ignatius bean (Strychnos ignatii), the strychnine of commerce is extracted.

Patient.

Her Father—The fact is, I cannot give my daughter a dowry just at present. Suitor—That's all right, sir. I can love her for herself alone in the meantime.—Boston Transcript.

Combination Spoiled.

He—She married a fool with barrels of money. She—Then why isn't she happy? He—Marriage brought him to his senses.—Boston Transcript.

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.—Bocher.

PROFOUND EMOTION.

It May Incite Severe Headache, Epilepsy and Even Insanity.

There is no state of mind that so quickly affects the regular, organic working of the brain as strong emotion, and so it is only natural that emotion excites various nervous disorders—headaches, epilepsy and even insanity.

The character of the pain in emotional headache is throbbing, beating or "splitting." Sufferers often say, "I have a splitting headache," and "My head feels as if it would burst open."

The stronger the emotions, the more likely they are to cause headaches. One is apt to think of a violent fit of temper or some great grief as the kind of emotion that produces headaches, but venation, anxiety and the "worry" habit are more common causes. Suspense or joy—any profound emotion will bring on a headache. Sometimes listening to fine music or seeing a play will so work on the feelings as to end in a bad headache.

Excitement is a condition that accompanies an emotion and yet it may occur independently of a special outburst—that is, a person may give way to a tempest of anger or sorrow and then some time after the attack has passed he remains in a state of nervous excitement which we may compare to the ground swell of the ocean after a storm. The whole nervous system is in a different condition from what it was before the emotional outburst. Sometimes in preparing for a holiday or a party or some unusual social function an individual may be quite excited or "nerved up," as the saying is. Here the excitement is attached to the event and yet quite distinct from it.—W. H. Riley, M. D., in Good Health.

The Horse's Ear.

Whether you drive a single horse or a team the principles are the same, but in driving a pair see to it that each horse does his share of the work and no more. A pair of horses, moreover, unless well driven are sure to get in the habit of wandering over the road. To drive well you must keep your eye and your mind on the horse. Watch his ears. They will be pricked forward when he is about to shy, droop when he is tired, fly back just before he "breaks" into a gallop and before he kicks. Before kicking, too, a horse usually tucks in his tail and hunches his back a little. When you observe any of these indications speak to him sharply and pull up his head.

No Tea For Him.

The "cup that cheers" had apparently few attractions for Theodore Hook. In his story, "Captain Gray," he wrote when describing the heroine: "Ever since this sweet girl had been of an age to live with her devoted parents she had made this breakfast tea—a trashy stuff about which washerwomen are universally solicitous; this strange commodity for which the poor, with ungrumbling readiness, pay a duty of 100 per cent for the gratification of giving 6 or 7 shillings a pound for a noxious weed to mix with hot water, in order to render which palatable they pay so much more for sugar and milk."—London Chronicle.

His Queer Feeling.

A naval official praised at a dinner in Washington the old sea dog. "One of these typical old sea dogs," he ended, "was persuaded one day in Philadelphia to attend a tea. I met him a short time afterward and said:

"Well, Marlinspike, I hear you have been doing tea parties in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir," the old salt replied. "I did go to one tea party, sir."

"And how did you feel there among all those ladies?" I asked.

"I felt like a sperm whale doin' croquet work," he replied.

Walking and Balancing.

It is pointed out that in walking or running the arms and legs produce a "balancing" like that of the reciprocating and revolving parts of a locomotive. The movements of the legs react upon the trunk and tend to rotate it in alternate directions about a vertical axis. But the swinging of the arms, each in unison with the opposite leg, produces an opposing mechanical couple, the effect of which is to rotate the trunk in the other direction, thus balancing, in part at least, the rotating action of the legs.

Idleness.

It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do the less one finds time in which to do it. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all, whereas those who have a great deal of business must buckle to it, and then they always find time enough in which to do it.

CAMELS OF THE DESERT.

Their Peculiar Adaptability to Life in the Sandy Wastes.

The camel thrives only in desert regions. And herein lies its usefulness to man, for by its means alone is he enabled to cross barren tracts otherwise impassable. This ability to live without water and with little food for long periods is due to two natural reservoirs. Water is stored in special pockets in the lining of the stomach, while a large mass of fat is stored on the back, forming the characteristic hump, though, according to popular belief, it is here that the water is held.

Though it will manage to subsist for long periods on the thorny scrub such as forms the only vegetation of desert areas and with very little water, its complacency in these matters may be overtaxed, as was disastrously shown during the first expedition to Khartoum.

Two other factors in the adaptability of the camel to a desert life have to be taken into account. These are the feet and nostrils. The first named have but two toes, protected by very thick, horny pads to resist the burning sand, while the nostrils are long and slitlike and can be closed at will, thereby enabling the animal to survive the awful sandstorms which so frequently endanger the lives of travelers in these inhospitable regions.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

ATLAS AND HIS LOAD.

It Was the Heavens, Not the Earth, the Titan of Mythology Upheld.

Strictly speaking, "atlas" is a misnomer for a map book, since it was not the world, but the heavens, that the Atlas of mythology upheld. Mercator, the famous Dutch geographer, who made globes for Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was the first to use the name in this connection, choosing it as a convenient title, because Atlas, the demigod, figures with a world upon his shoulders as a frontispiece of some early works on geography.

Atlas, it was said, made war with other Titans upon Zeus and, being conquered, was condemned to bear heaven upon his head and hands. Later tradition represented him as a man changed by means of Medusa's head into a mountain, upon which rested heaven and all its stars.

In any case, Atlas was always associated with a heavy burden strongly borne. Thus Shakespeare makes Warwick say to Gloucester, "Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight."

It is not difficult to see how by an association of ideas this came to be chosen as the name for a book of maps which upholds and exhibits to us the whole world.

An Eccentric Bishop.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta had an unusual and a venerable lady who remembered the duel between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug. 17, 1780. On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning, fully robed, lawn sleeves and all, and passing the pew where the old lady sat he would pause and give her the "kiss of peace" before all the congregation, and this although he had met her at breakfast.

His sermons, too, were rare. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in horseflesh, as one of the great English fallings in India, he went on, "None are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, down there. He is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse. It was unsound. I was a stranger, and he took me in."

Golf Defined.

On the terrace of a country club a group of golfers were taking tea. A male nongolfer said thoughtfully: "Golf might be defined as billiards gone to grass."

"Spleen on the green, I'd call it," said a female nongolfer.

"Or the last flicker in the dying fire of athletics," agreed a young football player.

"The misuse of land and language," suggested a tennis champion.

"No, no; you're all wrong," said a famous angler. "Golf is simply a game wherein the ball lies badly and the player well."—Washington Post.

The Burglar's Prayer.

Sir Herbert Risley, speaking of the castles of eastern Bengal at a meeting of the Royal Anthropological Institute, said a curious system of religious worship prevailed among a caste who were professional burglars. They made a space in the ground, and a man then cut his arm and prayed to one of the earth gods that there might be a dark night and that he might succeed in obtaining great booty and escape capture.—London Standard.

That Face!

"Look me straight in the face and tell me you really love me," he said warmly to the sweet young thing who stood in front of him with downcast eyes.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," came from the lips of the clever girl.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Cause.

"What is the cause of social unrest?" "The desire," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "of the workingman for leisure and of the leisurely man for something to keep him busy."—Washington Star.

So Thoughtful.

Tailor—How many pockets in your trousers? Customer—Only one, please. My wife is a busy woman, and I want to save her time when she goes through them.—Buffalo Courier.



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COLORS OF METEORS.

Three Stages Through Which They Pass to Reach the Earth.

An article by Alfred Wegener in the Scientific American offers an explanation of the marked difference of color observed in meteors. Up to an altitude of about forty-five miles the principal constituent of the earth's atmosphere is nitrogen. A second stratum of the atmosphere, extending up to about 125 miles, consists mainly of hydrogen. Still higher, Wegener himself has sought to prove the existence of a stratum consisting of an excessively light gas which he calls "geocoronium."

When entering the atmosphere from outer space meteors do not become luminous in the very tenuous "geocoronium sphere," but only when they enter the "hydrogen sphere," and most of them are dissipated before reaching the nitrogen atmosphere. The largest fireballs, however, penetrate deeper and may reach the earth or explode not far above it.

Dr. Wegener finds that the meteors that penetrate deep enough pass through three color stages—viz, yellow, white, green and deep red. The great majority exhibit only the first stage, in which the color (white, yellow, sometimes reddish) is that of the incandescent meteor itself. The green stage Wegener believes to be due to the incandescence of the hydrogen through which the meteor is passing, while the deep red stage is due to the incandescence of nitrogen in the lower atmosphere.

If This Insect Had Wings!

You can excuse a child for calling a whale a fish, but listen to this youngster, who is reported in the Boston Transcript:

Child at Library—Please give me a book on whales.

A book on natural history with a chapter devoted to whales is brought. The Child—Oh, I don't mean a book on the insect. I mean the country!

Simple Directions.

"My dear," said she, "please run and bring me the needle from the haystack."

"I don't know which haystack."

"Look in all the haystacks. You can't miss it. There's only one needle."

—From "More Jonathan Papers."

Green—Has Fortune Never Knocked at Brown's Door?

White—Oh, yes, but Brown didn't dare open it for fear 'twas a bill collector!—New York American.

Clouds consist of particles of condensed water vapor and in some cases of extremely fine spicules of ice, which is also formed from water vapor. Water vapor which arises by evaporation from the surface of seas, lakes, etc., is lighter than dry air at the same temperature and pressure. It is also invisible.

It disseminates itself through the atmosphere and ascends to great heights. There, owing to the fall of temperatures and to other causes, it begins to condense into particles which are slightly heavier than air and which become visible clouds.

Owing to the influence of winds and of rising currents as well as to the fact that the condensed particles are nearly as light as air the clouds remain floating, like fine suspended matter in water, until further condensation creates particles of sufficient size to form raindrops, whose relative great weight brings them rapidly to the ground.

That clouds do slowly descend even when not condensed into rain may be observed when they are seen to dissolve and disappear without apparent cause. This is caused by the cloud's descent to a level where a rise of temperature causes the condensed water vapor to revolatilize, thus becoming again invisible.—New York Journal.

MOST ANCIENT TREATY.

Carved in Stone on the Walls of Two Egyptian Temples.

On the walls of two of Egypt's greatest temples, that of Karnak and the Ramesseum at Thebes, carved in the everlasting stone of the dry land of the Nile, says the Christian Herald, is the oldest international treaty known to man. Rameses the Great, one of the signers, is the best known man of remote antiquity. Khetasar (the czar of the Kheta or Hittites), the other party to the treaty, is unknown except to a few, and his nation is little known even to the scholar.

The Hittites were a mighty race, whose empire, equal in rank with the mighty empire of Egypt and Babylonia, once extended over 400,000 square miles of territory in Asia Minor and Syria. A few years ago practically nothing was known of the life and civilization of these mysterious people.

They are mentioned in the Bible and in the Egyptian and Assyrian records, but until very recently their own story had never been told by modern man. Today, thanks to the excavations that were carried on at the capital city of Carchemish, much has been learned about this great group of tribes, and orderly evidence about them is now available for the first time.