

CHINA NOT LAND OF HUSTLE

Traveler in That Country Must Possess a Generous Amount of Patience and Tact.

Sooner or later, writes E. H. Wilson in "A Naturalist in Western China," the traveler in China must dispense with the comforts and luxuries of modern occidental methods of travel and adapt himself to those more primitive and decidedly less comfortable of the oriental.

In the regions with which we have to deal there is nothing in the nature of wheeled vehicular traffic save only the rude wheelbarrows in use on the Chengtu plain. There are no mule caravans, and scarcely a riding pony to be found. For overland travel there is the native sedan-chair and one's own legs; for river travel the native boat.

Patience, tact and abundance of time are necessary and the would-be traveler lacking any of these essentials should seek lands where less primitive methods obtain. Endowed with the virtues mentioned, and having unlimited time at his disposal, he may travel anywhere and everywhere in China in safety, with considerable pleasure and abundant profit in knowledge. With her industrious toiling millions, her old, old civilization, her enormous natural wealth and wondrous scenery, China alternately charms and fascinates, irritates and plunges into despair, all who sojourn long within her borders.

Elephants' Picnic

An act not down on the program was given without charge the other day in the old seaport town of Marblehead, Mass., when four elephants of a small circus, named with the allied patriotism General Foch, General Pershing, General Haig and Princess Pat, jumped a stone wall, escaped the circus and took to the woods. The personnel of the circus, acrobats, riders, clowns and canvasmen followed, and so did many of the townspeople and half a dozen policemen, but the elephants made the woods first, and there they spent the day with "a large and appreciative audience" watching on the outskirts. Peanuts and bananas, usually a temptation to elephants, failed to entice them from their New England jungle; but as twilight fell, and habit suggested feeding time, the big beasts came peacefully out of the woods and allowed the trainer and his assistants to lead them back to the circus grounds. And all Marblehead went home to belated supper.

USE OF LIMESTONE FOUND PROFITABLE

In using limestone we do not expect an increase of the wheat or oat crop that year but we expect to sweeten the soils so that clover or other legume will thrive, and then we know that the grain crops following will be better.

So says C. F. Gilbert, of Shaw, Oregon, who recently purchased and used 300 tons of ground limestone from the state-owned plant at Gold Hill, in reply to inquiries made by Dr. A. B. Cordley, secretary of the state lime board and director of the agricultural college experiment station.

Mr. Gilbert has been using what lime he was able to get for the last six years and thinks that he has confirmed by his results the teaching of the best agricultural authority on the value of lime.

The ground limestone was applied with a spreader which handled the dry product without any trouble. Some, allowed to get wet caused trouble in spreading.

"Where lime was used several years ago clover grew and the succeeding crops were better," says Mr. Gilbert. "Results are also noticeable this year with vetch on soils limed several years ago."

The land, limed with benefit was clayey loam, red hill soil, and acid. Lime was used at the rate of 2 to 2½ tons per acre. On lands limed in June, 1919, corn or vetch will be grown in 1920. Asked if he expects to use more lime he says he intends to use much more in the future if the price is not too high.

Mr. Gilbert has seen a good deal in the newspapers about closing the lime plant and says that he believes many farmers are now in doubt as to whether orders will be filled promptly. He hopes that the farmers will make such use of the plant as will keep it in operation, but says a good many are waiting to see results.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Maud Mabel Myers, Yamhill, to Emmett George Fletcher, Yamhill. Elma Doris Brown, Newberg, to Earl Byron Ruthruff, Portland.

Lora Belle Warrington, Yamhill, to Oscar Wilbert Doble, Yamhill. Doris Elizabeth Bailey, Carlton, to Peter Swetkoff, Carlton.

Laura Millicent Sherwood, McMinnville, to Charles Irvine Armstrong, Portland.

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THE TYPE WRITTEN LETTER—ROMANCE BY ROBERT BARR

(Continued from page 3)

any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be, if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused, nor, give offense."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner, about the proposal?"

"No, no. Oh, no. That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers' business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale, shortly, bending over her writing pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up. "How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I—I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis, then?"

"Well—I can hardly say. On a personal basis, perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale, mercifully.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course—and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here, or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that, but I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seem to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you it will please me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments she said, "How will this do?"

"Dear Sir—"

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham; "that seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it 'Dear Friend?'"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the "Sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter:

"Dear Friend: I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is, and has been for several years, very prosperous, and as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will—"

"I—I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I was offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale, defiantly.

"Better put it on the friendly basis, as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better, if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first-rate—better than I could do; but just put it on a friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

"...join in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly, and not from a financial standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No; I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short, type written, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that, though. 'Yours, truly,' or 'Yours very truly?'"

"You might end it 'Your friend.'"

The rapid click of the type writer was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no!" answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself, "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder; it is a most unbusinesslike proposal."

Then she said aloud, "Shall you want me again today?"

"No, Miss Gale; and thank you very much."

Next morning Miss Gale came into Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me, and—perhaps you did not need me today. But I saw at once that you put it in the wrong envelope. 'Did you want me today?'"

It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter, and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late, and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him, and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer it?" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the door knob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale, in a long-drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used, and fled to her type writing room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then wrapped lightly at her door; but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes; and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his own room, and found a letter marked "Personal" on his desk. He tore it open, and read in neatly written characters:

"I have resigned my place as type writer girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter, when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address."

"Your friend,

"Margaret Gale."

"Rogers!" shouted Denham, joyfully.

"Yes, sir," answered that estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advise for another type writer girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.

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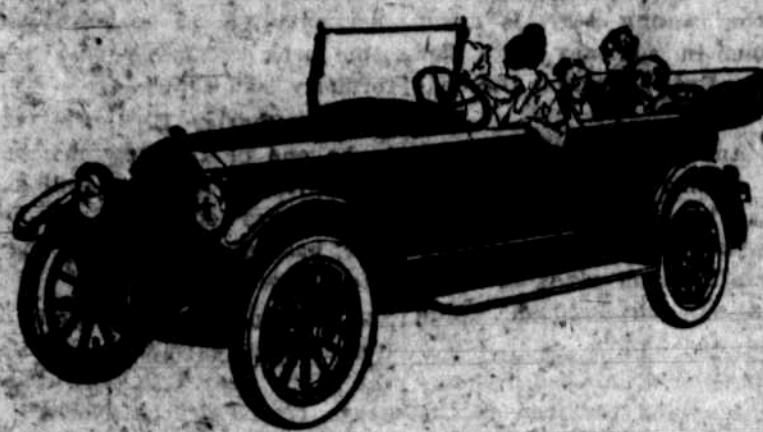
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