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THE UNATTAINABLE

"THERE'S a spot on my back, about the size of a postage stamp, that has been itching all day," said the retired merchant, "and it has caused me more grief than the last attack of rheumatism. I can't reach it with either hand, and I have been backing up against every telephone pole and gatepost, rubbing like a horse with the mange. A man of my social and commercial standing doesn't look dignified while thus engaged, but when a man's back itches, he has to defy the conventions, and get relief the best way he can."

"I can understand just how it has worried you," said the hotelkeeper. "The fact that you couldn't reach around and claw the itching place with your fingers kept the matter fresh in your memory and got on your nerves. The pursuit of the unattainable always is more interesting to us than the easier work close to hand. You had your whole person to scratch, and might have bought a currycomb for a quarter, and had a good time, but you couldn't be happy until you had reached the one inaccessible spot."

"A while ago I imagined I had heart disease, and went and saw the doctor. He knows I have money in the bank, and am considered good pay, so he confirmed my worst fears, and made up his mind to have me for his star patient, until one of us pined away. He threw an awful scare into me, so that I went home sweating ice cold circus lemonade."

"He gave me some medicines and a lot of instructions. Among them was one to the effect that when I went to bed I should always sleep on my right side. He cautioned me over and over again against laying on my left side, and left the impression that if I disobeyed him, I'd wake up some morning to find myself a candidate for a formal horsehoe."

"That matter looked easy at the time, and I assured the doctor I'd follow his bylaws to the letter. When I went to bed that night, I stretched out on my right side, and in ten minutes I was just suffering to roll over. I don't believe I ever had such a wakening for anything. It seemed to me the height of human happiness would lie in sleeping on one's left side. I followed instructions for two nights, and then I decided that life wasn't worth such sacrifices, and I rolled over and slept on my left side, and nothing happened. I was feeling better than usual next morning when I got up."

"Of course this experience lessened my confidence in the doctor's instructions, and I concluded that if I was going to sidestep the instructions I might as well sidestep the medicines, too, for they tasted like low life in a Chinese alley, and I threw the whole lot out of the window. Thus the sawbones lost his most promising patient because he handed out a rule that wasn't strictly necessary."

"Speaking of the unattainable, do you know what's the matter with Silas Partridge? He has everything a man could ask, a stranger in the town would say. He has a beautiful home and a wife who would be considered a success anywhere, and he has festoons

of money where it will do the most good. "Yet he has a secret sorrow. I think he's the most melancholy man I ever saw, and his trouble is that he can't raise a good stand of whiskers. Nowadays, when whiskers are considered an infirmity, it seems strange that any man should grieve over such a matter. "He sends all over the United States for hair growers, and half the time his face is blistered or swollen, and still the whiskers won't grow on him. If some miracle happened, and he woke up some morning to find his countenance all covered with whiskers, he'd probably have them shaved off within a week; but because they won't grow, he won't be happy till he gets them."

Weary of Whirlwinds.
"You don't seem to like the idea of a whirlwind campaign." "I hate the mere mention of it," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Maybe you'd find it hard to understand, never havin' lived, as I did, in a part of the country where every once in awhile you have to get out and run for a cyclone cellar."

Plenty of Time.
Teacher: "What, Bobby, you say you don't want to be president of the United States?"

Bright Lad: "Not just now, thanks. It's all the same to you I'd rather wait until after a couple of more elections.—American Legion Weekly."

His Weak End.
"Reggie is going to the country on Saturday." "For a week-end?" "Yes; his head's been bothering him."—Boston Transcript.

MANDOLIN IN SECOND PLACE
Italians in New York Now Exhibit a Decided Preference for the Phonograph.

Many an odd note creeps into the American process of the melting pot; often there is a queer mixture of the modern with the old-established national customs. Probably nowhere in Brooklyn is there a better illustration of this than in the big Italian colony lying in the region between Brownsville and east New York.

There nightly you hear the Italian's love for music loudly expressed, not through the tinkling mandolin or guitar of Naples, but through the ultra-modern phonograph. The moon beams down brightly, and perhaps damselfair as fair as those of sunny Italy peep through shuttered windows, but the serenade below is one by proxy. Caruso and McCormack, Martinelli and Slezak, Galli-Curci and Farrar vie with each other in vocal flights through horns of brass and fiber.

Naturally the beloved mandolin, often brought with the bundle of clothes from far-off Sicily or the Neapolitan hinterland, is cherished still, but the native tunes and airs are confined largely to the barber shops or the sadly-altered wine cellars.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Had a Record.
The only way it would move was down stream with the current. The owner had worked on it all afternoon. In the evening another boat came up.

"Having a bit of trouble?" came the question from the new arrival. "Yes," replied the owner and went on working with the engine.

"So you own this boat? What did you have to give for her?" asked the new arrival.

"Thirty-five dollars," replied the owner.

"That's not a bad price, but that boat has been around Ravenswood a number of years and I've known it to sell for \$25," said the new arrival. "But yesterday it made a new record: It was sold for \$15."—Indianapolis News.

Send it to the Laundry

Newberg Steam Laundry

The best and cheapest method of having your family washing done is to send it to the laundry.

WHALE BIT OFF TOO MUCH WHOLE WORLD IN HIS DEBT

Attempt to Make a Meal of Pacific Cable Proved End of Sportive Captivity.

The direct descendant of the whale that swallowed Jonah flapped his huge tail through the tranquil waters of the Pacific off Mexico. He was hungry—hungry for a new sensation. All the thrills in that neck of the ocean were on land, where the Mexicans were conquering Mexico. Idly he shot a column of water through his nose into the air. What with the submarines out of the sea, life had lost all zest for a whale. The submarine idea flashed through his brain and tickled his ambergris. What a jolly lark, to be sure! He would dive below and scare the sinner and octopus into a fit. Down he went.

Now, the All-American Cable company, which took over the Mexican Telegraph company, has some valuable rubber-wound copper wires lying on the bottom of the ocean off Mexican headlands. They met the gaze of our hero.

He seized the long thing in his mouth. It stuck. History has never recorded any whale who ever attempted to eat a Pacific cable and got away with it. Our hero was no exception. He struggled, and finally wound himself up in several thousand dollars' worth of interrupted messages. When the cable repair ships hove to and grappled for the cable to find out what had interrupted communication between Vera Cruz and Valparaiso, Chile, they dragged to the surface a very dead whale, wound up in several hundred feet of hopelessly complicated cable.

Chief Engineer James Mowat, who went ashore, and lives in New York, says this is the first whale he ever heard of that tried to eat a cable. And other members of the crew of his ship vouch for the story.

German "Thoroughness."
Max Walter, head of a boys' training school in Frankfurt, tells the following story by way of illustrating German thoroughness:

A venerable teacher in one of Germany's preparatory schools was distractedly ambling about his study one day when he noticed a stray piece of paper. Picking it up he saw that it was a Latin composition from one of his devoted disciples.

On looking at it more closely he detected an error which he had overlooked. Seating himself at his desk, he dipped his pen in good red ink and made the necessary correction. He then folded the paper into a neat roll, stuck it in the fire, and with it lighted his pipe.

Demise of General Gorgas Removed One Well Called a "Soldier of Humanity."

The death in London of General Gorgas removes one to whom had been given the unofficial but deserved title of "the world's physician," says the New York Times. His epoch-making work in Cuba and at Panama gave him fame in all civilized lands as a master of sanitation and of scientific method. His genius in finally tracing the yellow fever germ to its true carrier and in devising and developing the sure means of extirpating it brought about in his lifetime the fulfillment of his own prophecy that cases of yellow fever would become a medical rarity. It was inevitable that after his amazing and complete success in Cuba and at the Canal zone his skilled services should be sought by other governments.

In Guayaquil he demonstrated again his ability to rout yellow fever in one of its historic lairs, and in South Africa he brought his knowledge and devotion into play. No one in his time approached him in the number of victories which he won over tropical diseases. It was a dream of General Gorgas that the tropics might be made safe for the development of white civilization, and he did an immense deal to hasten its realization. The wide recognition which came to him while living and which is feelingly renewed now that he is gone, was less of his scientific attainments, great as they were, than of his achievements as a soldier of humanity.

Another Discoverer.

In an old Spanish geographical work on America published in 1552 by Francisco Lopez de Gomara, a priest of Sevilla, it is mentioned that Labrador was reached for the first time by a party of Norwegian sailors piloted by John Scolvus or Jon Skolp in 1476. The announcement was made for the first time some years ago, but it was greeted with skepticism that Columbus had been anticipated on the American shores by any but Leif Ericson. But recently additional evidence has shown that Columbus' visit to this country was antedated by Scolvus by 20 years and steps are being taken to urge the former's claims for honors.

Blasphemy in Drink.
Glassblowers are known to drink from fifty to sixty pints of water during a day's work and to be nothing the worse for it, but they are beaten by a young and capable worker of whom a physician reports that he drank 12 gallons of water a day and a whole tubful of it during the night.



Out!

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firmly tamped in with three feet of fuse attached, the flare of a match—and this great stump was torn from its resting place and ready to be laid on the pile.

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SIMPLE REASON FOR THRIFT

Its Practice Necessary That There May Be Margin of Production Over Consumption.

It is not mere callousness for one who can afford to buy and does buy silk skirts and silk stockings and automobiles, and who freely admits that he wastes money, but who justifies himself somewhat belligerently by saying that he can afford to waste money, and that it is nobody's business, to object to other people doing the same sort of thing only because he thinks the other people cannot afford the expenditures? Right down in our hearts we know that the concern is not all with the welfare of those other people who are wasting their money; it is really a matter of jealousy and of class distinction based on clothing—a feeling that these people have committed social misdemeanors, as when the cook duplicated her mistress' hat. And any one who preaches thrift to people on the ground that they should not have what they like for their money is simply preaching nonsensical cant. He is really preaching revolution.

If, then, thrift has no virtue in itself, if every person within the limits of the law is entitled to spend what he can earn, and more than he can earn if he can get away with it, is there any unmoral reason for thrift?

The reason for thrift is plain. It is not necessary to talk about morality. It is simply that if we do not have thrift we shall not have a margin of production over consumption—that is, we shall not have capital. If we do not have capital we cannot have progress, for we shall have no means wherewith to make improvement in existing facilities for production. There is the danger of extravagance. And it is a very real danger.—Samuel Crowther, in the North American Review.

The Red Cross Remembers.

Ever since demobilization the Red Cross has kept in constant touch with the families of 800,000 soldiers and sailors and marines. This service has embraced almost everything from supplying first aid to seeing a man through to a better job than he ever had before.

NOTICE OF THE APPOINTMENT OF EXECUTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been duly appointed, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County, as executors of the last will and testament of Ella C. Duncan, deceased.

Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby notified to present the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned executors at the law office of C. R. Chapin, at Newberg, Oregon, within six months after the date of the first publication of this notice.

XAVIER B. DUNCAN,
ELLIS WINTERS,
Executors of the last will and testament of Ella C. Duncan, deceased.
C. R. Chapin, attorney for estate.
First publication, March 31st, 1921.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Cyrene Palmer, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate in the County Court of the State of Oregon and Yamhill County, and that said Court has fixed Monday, May 2nd, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m. on said date at the court room of said Court at the court house in the City of McMinnville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing on said final account.

Therefore, all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be present at said time and place to show cause, if any, why the said final account should not be allowed and approved, said executrix discharged and said estate finally closed.

MARY P. JOHNSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Cyrene Palmer, deceased.
C. R. Chapin, attorney for estate.
First publication, March 31st, 1921.
Last publication, April 28th, 1921.
Last publication, April 28th, 1921.

Notice of Final Hearing

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of John Hutzen, deceased, have filed their final account in said estate in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County, Oregon, and that the said Court has fixed April 18th, 1921, at 10 o'clock in forenoon of said date at the county court room in the Courthouse at McMinnville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing on said final account.

Therefore, all persons interested in said estate are hereby required to appear at said time and place to show cause, if any there be, why said final account should not be allowed, the said executors discharged and said estate closed.

W. H. WOODWORTH
A. C. RUBY
Executors of the last will and testament of John Hutzen, deceased.
C. R. CHAPIN, Attorney for Estate.
First publication March 17, 1921.
Last publication April 14, 1921.

Arrangements are being made here, according to information from division headquarters of the Red Cross, for the observance locally of "Red Cross Roll Call Sunday," in November, generally throughout the nation a day has been set aside in honor of the organization, with special services in Sunday Schools and young people's meetings as well as special sermons. According to plans considerable time at these special services is to be devoted to discussion of peace-time activities of the Red Cross, including somewhat detailed information regarding future work which has been planned. No subscriptions will be asked, unless special arrangements should be made by officers of the local chapter.

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