The Scrap Book

One Better.

The Cramps built a cruiser for the Russian government some years ago, and there were a number of Russian naval officers at the yard during the course of its construction. After the boat had been accepted the Russians gave a dinner in Washington to celebrate the event and invited the builders and the men who had furnished the armor plate, and so on. When it came time for toasts the Russians proposed the health of the czar, drank it and crashed their glasses on the floor. This amazed the Americans, who asked why the Russians were breaking the glassware in that fashion.

SMASHED ALL THE DISHES.

"Because," it was explained, "that is the custom in our country. Whenever we drink to the czar we break the glasses so they may never be profaned by any less worthy toast."

Two days later the steel men gave a return dinner. The time for toasts came, and the head steel man gave one to the president of the United States.

After the toast had been drunk the head steel man grabbed the tablecloth, yanked it from the table, sent everything on it to the floor and smashed all the dishes. The noise could be heard two blocks away.

"Why do you do that?" asked the astonished Russians.

"Because," said the head steel man, "when we drink the health of the president of the United States we not only break the glasses, but everything else on the table!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Loyalty.

To Friendship drink, and then to Love,
and last to Loyalty!
The first of these were not enough
Without the last, through whom we prove
That Love is Love and right enough
What Friendship's self may be.
So here's to Loyalty!

A sword he wears, but never a mask
So all the world may see—
Let Friendship set him any task,
Or Love—no question doth he ask,
But draws his sword and does his task
And never takes a fee.
So here's to Loyalty!
—Madison Cawein in "The Republic—A Little Book of Homespun Verse."

A Simple Mistake.

In a part of the city where the conductors on the street cars still come around to collect fares George Cohan recently jumped on a car. The conductor collected fares and went to the rear of the car. Mr. Cohan, wishing to be near the exit, left his seat and took another nearer the door. The conductor meantime, on the lookout for passengers, saw, as he thought, a new man taking a seat and went to collect his fare.

"THIS IS ONLY A CENT."

Mr. Cohan put his hand in his pocket and offered the conductor a coin. "This is only a cent," said the conductor, handing it back.

"Yes," said George slowly, "I know that. I paid my fare when I was in the other seat. This time I supposed you were taking up a collection."—Everybody's.

Chance Had His Chance.

While the New York American baseball team was training in Bermuda a cricket match began between a couple of the island teams. At 4 o'clock every afternoon the teams used to knock off and drink tea. Mr. Chance, the New York manager of the baseball artists, viewed the cricket game with disfavor. One day he stood upon the side lines, idly watching it. An outfielder made a brief run and caught a little popup fly. "Well caught, sir," roared an English enthusiast. "Well caught, sir." Mr. Chance was pained. Pretty soon another outfielder ran for a long hit and failed to catch it. The cricket fan at Chance's elbow approved anyhow. "Well run, sir," he bellowed. "Well run." Mr. Chance glared at him. A moment later an infielder tried to run and fell on his face. It was Chance's chance. "Well fell, sir," he shouted. "Well fell."

Settled the Question.

"I was in a German barber shop in Stockton," relates a railroad man, "when a nervous and excited German fellow dropped in to be barbered. He was very nervous indeed. I suspected that he wanted to catch a train. At any rate, he was so nervous that he couldn't keep his seat. He began pacing up and down the floor, waiting his turn, and as this did not seem to calm his nerves he stepped outside and began pacing up and down the sidewalk. He came back in a moment and discovered, much to his horror, that some one had got in ahead of him and had taken the first vacant chair. The nervous man stalked up to the head barber musteringly and said:

"'If a man comes in und goes oud, has he vent?'

"The head barber looked at him searchingly and replied with dignity and emphasis:

"'He has, but he ain't.'

"Whatever that meant, it ended the dispute quite effectively."

HUSHED TO THE RESCUE.

How They Made a Tactful, if Ignoble, Retreat to Safety.

An amusing story of the adventure of four men had with an irritable bull is told by a correspondent of the London Field. It contains a hint that may be useful to some reader who may hereafter find himself in a similar disagreeable situation.

A farmer had a bull that he thought perfectly docile. One day he was quietly walking behind the herd when without any warning the bull turned and came straight at him. He had a heavy club in his hands, and he struck the animal with all his might over the nose and eyes several times, when the club broke. For the moment he did not know what to do and thought it was clever with him, when he remembered that some one had told him that bull would not attack you if you lay down, so he threw himself flat on his face and shouted for help, and three of his men who were not far off came running to the rescue.

When they got within about twenty yards he told them to come on their hands and knees, and in this way they crept up alongside of him. The question then was what to do. They came to the conclusion that the only thing left was for all of them to retreat backward on their hands and knees. This they did, and the bull, never more than a yard off, followed them up with his head slightly on one side. Meanwhile he snorted and bellowed, and his eyes, showing all the whites, looked, the farmer said, as if they would come out of his head. At last the men reached the river bank, slipped over the edge and so escaped.

WOMEN ON HORSEBACK.

They Cut a Queer Figure Before Sidesaddles Were Invented.

Before Queen Catherine de' Medici started the fashion of sidesaddles by having a board slung on the left side of her horse to support her feet all poor women rode on a pillion behind a man. All women of the better class rode astride.

A lady to prepare for riding bent forward and took hold of the lower hem of the back of her dress skirt, drew it through between her legs and wrapped her skirts around her legs down to her knees, then folded the rest of her skirts across the front of her person.

Then she drew on a pair of large trousers, the legs of which ended just below the knees, where they were sewed to the tops of a pair of clumsy riding boots. The upper part of the trousers was open in front, and the flaps folded across the person and fastened by a band around the waist. A hood was worn on the head, and a mask protected the face from sun and weather. She rode on a man's saddle and wore spurs and carried a quirt (riding whip) looped on the right wrist. The same style and kind of quirt is now used by our western cowboys and plains Indians and was formerly carried by the Cossacks.

A lady in riding costume, whether on foot or on horseback, was anything but a graceful figure.

Our great-grandmothers rode on sidesaddles, but their great-great-grandmothers rode astride if they belonged to the gentry class.

Our plains Indian women, even when they changed their buckskin skirts that came to the knee and their buckskin leggings for the long calico skirt of white women, always rode astride.—Washington Post.

THEY DIDN'T MIND DIRT.

In the Days When Clothes Were Dyed, but Never Washed.

In the matter of the washing of clothes, not to say the washing of themselves, our ancestors were a trifle lax. The laundress of the twelfth century must have held a position which was practically a sinecure, while it seems within the bounds of possibility that in those days she did not exist at all. There were, insooth, few garments which would stand washing, and the dyer was driving a brisk trade before the laundress was even thought of. A little dye must indeed have covered a multitude of spots.

In the days of the Tudors and Stuarts washing was a trifle more in evidence than formerly, but those articles which were permitted to find their way into the "buck pan"—as the washing tub used to be called—were few and far between. The wealthy of the middle ages got over the difficulty of obtaining clean underclothing with primitive simplicity by not wearing any, while the lower orders wore coarse woolen garments that would no doubt have "shrunk in the wash." To prevent any casualty of the kind they remained unwashed.

Velvets, taffetas and richly dyed silks, such as those worn by the nobility and gentry, could not, of course, be washed, and should any person of high degree be the possessor of a linen shirt it was a thing which was carefully made known to all his friends and relatives as being extremely in mode and a fit subject for congratulation, but washed it never was for fear of injuring its pristine beauty.—London Tatler.

Witchcraft.

In many parts of the world—Greece, for instance—the believer in witchcraft still gets hold, by hook or by crook, of hair, nail parings and so forth from an enemy's head and hands and burns, buries or does something else with them in order to entail unpleasant consequences upon that enemy. And universal folklore reveals the concern of savages to dispose of their own hair and nail clippings to prevent an enemy from getting at them. Australian native girls, having had a lock of hair stolen from them, expected speedy death as a certainty. — London Telegraph.

Virtues of the Nurse.

Sir William Osler in a lecture at Johns Hopkins training school named the seven virtues of the nurse: "Tact, without which no woman can be successful and her chief protection in the mechanism of life; tidiness, it being the primary duty of a woman to look well; taciturnity, which should be cultivated as a gift; sympathy, gentleness, the birthright of a nurse; cheerfulness and charity, the last and greatest of all."

Vague.

"I didn't exactly know how to take the missis this morning," said the lady's maid to the cook.

"What did she say?"

"When I remarked that I was afraid her complexion could not be improved by cold cream she told me I needn't rub it in."—Baltimore American.

Most of Them Do.

"It only needs determination to live a hundred years," says a well known health writer. A great many people have determined to live a century or die in the attempt—and they have died in the attempt.—New Orleans Picayune.

Good Plan.

It is a good plan while waiting for your ship to come in to kill time by going to work to earn something.—New Orleans Picayune.

'Tis a wise saying. Drive on your own track.—Plutarch.

The Word "Poultry."

Poultry, according to the definition given in one standard encyclopedia, includes "the whole of the domesticated birds reclaimed by man for the sake of their flesh and their eggs." The word comes from the Latin "pullus," which could mean a young horse or donkey as well as a chick (the English "foal" is akin to this), through the French "poule," a fowl. But it is curious that "poultry" has no French version, the nearest equivalent being "volaille," or "oiseaux de basse cour," birds of the low yard. German in its descriptive way knows poultry as "federvieh," feather cattle.

DINING ON SHIPBOARD.

Different Now From What It Was When Dickens Visited Us.

When Dickens came over to America some seventy odd years ago there was one large table in the dining room for the passengers. The first officer sat at the head, carving the turkey with all the grace he could command between lurches of the good ship, trusting to Providence that the gravy would not slop over. The passengers sent their plates along the line and waited for their helpings.

Today the dining room of a large ship looks like the dining room of a fine hotel. It is just as exquisitely appointed and has every good thing to eat that can be found on land. In fact, one of the new ships has a restaurant named after a famous one in New York, and the two keep in touch by wireless so that the menus, day by day, are the same. Think of having your dinner arranged by wireless—your macaroni by Marconi!

The dining room is divided up into a number of small tables, so that you can have your own party, with only half a dozen of you, with your own waiter, instead of sitting at a long table and passing your plate, as Dickens did.

The development of the wonders of cold storage has done more than any other one thing to make life on the ocean wave one long round of joy. Cold storage gives you the best in the world to eat and every day of the year. A world traveler was telling me the other day that he had eaten grapefruit every morning all around the world. The ship on which he sailed put in a large amount of ice cream made in New York, and 110 days later, when he arrived in San Francisco, he was still eating New York ice cream.—Harold Christie in Leslie's.

ROBING THE BRIDE.

Early Saxon Customs and the Advent of the Flowing Veil.

In the old days, as now, the bride generally dressed in white. From early Saxon times down to the eighteenth century a bride of the poorer classes came to the wedding arrayed in a plain white robe as a public warning that since she brought nothing to the marriage her husband was not responsible for her debts.

Brides soon began to add some little touch of color. Blue was for constancy and green for youth, but in some places these might not be used because of feuds between families having these tints in their liveries. Yellow might not be worn, as it stood for jealousy; golden might not, as it meant avarice.

The Anglo-Saxon bride went to the wedding with her hair hanging loose as a sign of freedom, but upon reaching her new house immediately bound it up as a sign of submission. In the days of Shakespeare the veil began to take the place of the flowing tresses, but this, however, was not original with the British, for centuries earlier the Roman and Hebrew brides had worn yellow veils, while the early Christians of southern Europe had enveloped both man and wife in one large cloth.

Whatever was lacking, however, in gorgeousness of dress was compensated among all the nations by the profusion of flowers chosen for their significance.—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Pompeii was buried in ashes or light scoria, while Herculaneum was entombed in lava, which, after cooling, hardened into a material of the consistency of marble, and we thus have the explanation of the fact that while the first city has long been unearthed the latter is still largely covered with its ancient lava shroud. Excavations are constantly going on at Herculaneum, and the work will in all probability continue to the finish, but it is not likely that any especially important results will accrue, since the life of the two cities was practically the same.—New York American.

Rational Love.

"The rational rather than the romantic view of marriage is the one most in favor with the young people of the twentieth century," said a well known eugenics expert in an address in Cleveland.

"The rational view will make for happier marriages. And this rational view is beautifully illustrated in two questions a little dialogue—running thus:

"'Will you always love me?'

"'Will you always be lovable?'"—New York Tribune.

Antiquity of the Census.

The idea of the census is almost as old as history itself. King Amasis of Egypt took a census of his people 500 years before Christ. The Athenian solon established a census for the purpose of facilitating taxation. We learn that about 443 B. C. Servius Julius took a census of Rome. During the chaos of the dark ages the census dropped into oblivion, but was revived again about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Discretion.

"Now, Mike, you must forgive your enemies."

"Ugh!"

"Do you object to that?"

"Not altogether. There's some of 'em I might as well forgive. I ain't big enough to lick 'em."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Usual Way.

Dorcas—Won't your meeting be very late if all the members are going to take part in the debate? Mrs. Dorcas—Why, no, dear! We'll all speak at once.—Judge.

A Real Born Lady.

The word "lady" has been variously defined. Perhaps the best test, however, of "ladylikeness" is that cited by G. W. E. Russell in one of his books. "A good woman who let furnished apartments in a country town describing a lodger who had apparently 'known better days' said: 'I am positive she was a real born lady, for she hadn't the least idea of how to do anything for herself. It took her hours to peel her potatoes.'" The admiration of the worker for the "out of work" is one of the strangest phenomena of our modern civilization.—London Graphic.

Elegant Discourse.

"I wants to be proscrastinated at de nex' corner," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly.

"You want to be what?" demanded the conductor.

"Don' lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary mays'f befo' I found out dat 'proscrastinate' means 'put off.'"—Washington Star.

Lucky Horseshoes.

She—Do you believe in horseshoes as an emblem of luck? He—Yes, if they are on the winning horse.—London Opinion.

FRUIT FED RATS OF UGANDA.

By the Natives They Are Regarded as a Dainty Dish.

The idea of eating rats is so repulsive to us that we cannot imagine such a thing unless one were driven to it by starvation. The people of Uganda, however, eat rats not from necessity, but because they like them. The rat of Uganda, however, is very different from the little creature that gnaws holes in our cupboards. This rat is much larger. It is more than a foot long and is therefore quite a substantial animal and as well worth cooking as a rabbit.

The wonderful thing about this rat is that it has two mouths, one behind the other. The first mouth has a pointed ratlike nose and is furnished with two rows of sharp white teeth, with which it bites off its food and passes it on to the second mouth, which is placed just above the throat. This mouth also has two rows of teeth, but one long slender tongue serves for both sets of grinders.

Rats are not only eaten in Uganda, but they are regarded as a delicacy. The king among his many retainers has one whose duty it is to furnish the royal table with rats. A rat catcher is not an exalted person usually, but in Uganda he is looked upon with respect and walks with an air of dignity. He goes out rat hunting daily and generally finds his game among the young banana trees or in any place where fallen fruit or berries may be found. For this is what the rat lives on. Slender shoots of bamboo or banana or fruit and leaves are his food, and this diet makes his flesh tender and wholesome.

A CRESCENT OF RUINS.

The Curious Old Cliff Dwellings of the National Mesa Verde.

In the Mesa Verde National park, in southwestern Colorado, are 300 cliff dwellings, of which only the three largest have been repaired. The largest ruin, called Cliff palace, stands about a thousand feet above the bottom of the canyon and 300 feet below the top of the ledge. All the houses connect and open into one another, the entire settlement forming a crescent about 300 feet in length from end to end.

As we contemplate these silent ruins it is hard to believe that at one time they resounded with the hum of industry, the laughter of children, the droning of priests, and the strident cry of the sentinels calling the warriors to battle. The dwellers of these abandoned communities have left no written record, but the shape of the structures and the relics that have been dug from the debris of centuries give some idea of how these people lived and moved and had their being.

The main houses were built on a ledge close to its front, and back of this was an open space that answered the purpose of a court, a street, a playground or a place for industrial pursuits, such as weaving and pottery making. At intervals along the front were towers and bastions, and in the interior were kivas or secret chambers used for religious ceremonies. In every village were storehouses to provid a supply of provisions in times of war or failure of crops.

Leigh Hunt's Chaotic Home.

A curious description of Leigh Hunt's house, where the poet lived with his wife and six children, is that given by Carlyle, as recorded in "Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome:"

"Hunt's house excels all you have ever read of—a poetical tinkerdom without parallel even in literature. In his family room, where are a sickly large wife and a whole shoal of well conditioned, wild children, you will find half a dozen rickety chairs gathered from half a dozen different hucksters. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, eggshells, scissors and, last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half quartern loaf. His own room he keeps cleaner."

Oregon Agricultural College
FARMERS' WEEK
December 8 to 13, 1913

This will be a notable event in the educational history of Oregon. Farmers' Co-operation will be the leading topic of a stimulating series of lectures. The week will be crowded with discussions, and demonstrations in everything that makes for the welfare of the farmer and home-maker.

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The College has spared no effort to make this the most complete short course in its history. A very wide range of courses will be offered in General Agricultural Horticulture, Animal Husbandry, Dairying Poultry Keeping, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Forestry, and Music. Numerous lectures and discussions on FARMERS' CO-OPERATION, at home and abroad, and will be a leading feature. Make this a pleasant and profitable winter outing. No tuition. Accommodations reasonable. Reduced rateson all railroads. For further information address

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R. J. McKinnon & Son have established a daily stage between Drewsey and Juntura. Connections made with the trains at Juntura and passengers given every comfort. Fare to Burns $6.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1913.

NOT COAL LAND.

Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Davis, of Fife, Oregon, who, on June 26th 1910, made Homestead Entry (Act Feb. 19, 1909), No. 06555, for W½, Section 33, Township 21 S., Range 23 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three-Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Chas. A. Sherman, United States Commissioner, at Fife, Oregon, on the 15th day of January, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Thomas A. Marlowe, John McCachem, William H. Street, Paul Wemcrall of Fife, Oregon.

JAS. F. BURGESS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Burns, Oregon, December 1, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Huffman, of Andrews, Oregon, who, on December 1, 1913, made Homestead Entry, No. 07116, for NE¼SW¼ and S½SW¼, Section 2, Township 35 S., Range 33 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon, on the 12th day of January 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Solomon Alberson, Elmer Carlson, Juan Redon, Charles Turner, all of Andrews, Oregon.

WM. FARRE, Register.

Appointment of Administrator.

In the matter of the estate of Izora S. Hayes, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has this day been duly appointed the administrator of the above entitled estate and has duly qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them with proper vouchers to the undersigned at his residence near Lawen, Oregon, or at the office of G. A. Rembold, his attorney at Burns, Oregon, dated October 23, 1913.

First publication, October 25, 1913.

SCOTT HAYES, Administrator.

SOCIETIES.

HARNEY LODGE, NO. 77, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Sturday in Odd Fellow Hall at 7:30 p. m. A. Dunn, N. G.
W. W. Gould, Secretary.
Degree work as follows: First Saturday Initiatory; second Saturday First Degree; third Saturday, Second Degree; fourth Saturday, Third Degree.

BURNS LODGE NO. 97, A. F. & A. M.,
Meets every first and third Saturday in each month.
J. A. Gault, W. M.
Sam Mothershead Secretary.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA
Meets every second and fourth Friday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall; all neighbors invited. New applicants will receive courteous treatment.
M. A. Biggs, V. C.
W. T. Lester, Clerk.

BURNS CHAPTER NO. 40, O. E. S.
Meets every second and fourth Mondays, in Masonic Hall.
Frankie Welcome, W. M.
Ella Swock, Secretary.

SYLVIA REBEKAH DEGREE No. 4:
Meets every 1st and 3d Wednesday
Byrdie Dalton, N. G.
Madge Leonard, Rec. Sec'y.

TULE CIRCLE No. 165, W. of W.
Meets every fourth Thursday.
Maud Horton, C. M.
Hester Goodman, Clerk.

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District Attorney	W. H. Brooke
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Joint Representative	W. F. Roman

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Assessor	J. J. Donegan
School Superintendent	L. M. Hamilton
Coroner	G. W. Clevenger
Stock Inspector	John Robinson
Commissioners	K. P. Sylvester; Thos. Hain

County Court meets the first Wednesday in January, March, May, July, September and November.

HARNEY U. S. LAND OFFICE:

Register	Wm Farre
Receiver	Frank Davey

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Recorder	A. M. Byrd
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None but grown horses sold and only in large bunches.

W. W. BROWN Fife, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Burns, Oregon, December 1, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that James Henry Anderson, of Narrows, Oregon, who, on November 1, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 06905, for NE¼, Section 28, Township 26 S., Range 30 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon, on the 16th day of January, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:

E. C. Durall, Miss Gertrude Durall, Fred A. Barron, Mrs. F. A. Barron, all of Narrows, Oregon.

WM. FARRE, Register.

Sumpter Valley Railway Co.

Arrival and Departure Of Trains

Departs	No. 2, Prairie		10:15 A. M.
		Sumpter	2:35 P. M.
Arrives		Baker	4:00 P. M.
Departs	No. 1, Baker		8:30 A. M.
		Sumpter	10:05 A. M.
Arrives		Prairie	2:10 P. M.

No. 1 Makes good connection with O.-W. R. & N. No. 10 leaving Portland 6:40 P. M. and No. 17 from east arriving Baker 6:50 A. M.

No 2 Connects with La Grande local 7:30 to La Grande, and No. 9 (fast Mail) picks up sleeper there arriving in Portland 7:00 A. M. Also with No. 18 for points East.

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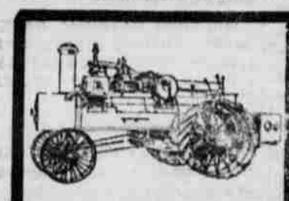

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