

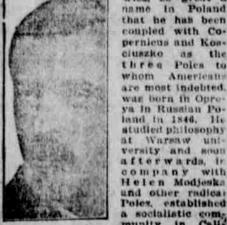
name

Poles

Warsaw

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ED



the was somewhat like the fornia. earlier Brook Farm experiment made by Hawthorne and his friends. It was no more successful and Blenkiewics re-turned to Polund where he wrote a series of articles for a Warsaw news-baper about his American experiences Then he turned to novel writing. Il-prote brilliantly and rapidly, turning wrote brilliantly and rapidly, turning with the utmost case from realistic pletures of contemporary life to storie of romance and to historical novels. "Children of the Soil," which he calle his best book, is a simple story of Polish life which won more favor wil' his own countrymen than it did shroad. In the 50s he completed his tremen-dous trilogy, "With Fire and Sword." "The Doluge" and "Pan Michael." There was an epic quality about these historical novels that made many peo-ple in many lands hail him as a new Execution of a new Dumas. His international reputation, how-

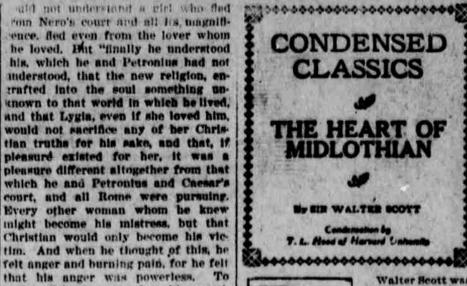
His international reputation, how-ever, came with "Quo Vadia," his man-terpiece of ancient Roman life. It was

to nearly every tongue. Then it passe the stage, not only in America anmany. Since that success Sienkiewies and traveled widely, visiting England. France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Africa and the Far East. He received the Nobel prise for literature in 1905. From the sutbreak of the war to his death in November, 1916, he devoted himself to the relief of Polish war victims.

DO not know of a cer-66 6 T tainty her name even-Lygia

or Callinn? They call her Lygia in the house, for she comes of the Lygian nation; but she has her own barbarian name-Callina. It is ing with Peter and Paul: the gradual a wonderful house-that of those Play opening of his eyes, physical and spirduses. There are many people in it: itual; his discovery of Christians of Sublacum. For a number of days I his own slaves, among soldiers and offidid not know that a divinity dwelt in the house. Once about daybreak I And the growing worry and astonishmw her bathing in the garden foun- ment of Petronius: tain ; and I swear to thee by that foam from which Aphrodite rose, that the rays of dawn passed right through her | tronius. body. I thought that when the sun rose she would vanish before me in the light, as the twilight of morning does. Since then I have seen her twice; and since then, too, I know not what rest is, I know not what other desires are, I have no wish to know what the city can give me. I want not women, nor gold, nor Corinthian bronze, nor amber, nor pearls, nor wine, nor feasts ; I want only Lygia.""

THE TIMESSREERADD



that his anger was powerless. To carry off Lygia seemed to him possible; he was even sure that the could In Poland that he has been do so, but he was equally sure that, in coupled with Coview of her religion, he himself, with pernicus and Koshis bravery, was nothing; that his powcluszko as the to |er was nothing, and that through it he could effect nothing. That Roman whom Americany military tribune, convinced that the are most indebted. was born in Opropower of the sword and the list, which ya in Russian Po had conquered the world, would, comland in 1846. He studied philosophy mand it forever, sold for the first time in his life that beyond that power versity and soon there might be something else; hence he asked himself with amazement what company with he asked Heien Modjeska it was." and other radical

It is a definite and concrete way that the author has chosen to show the power of the new religion over human lives." Struggle as he would, backed by birth, by wealth and all the beauty, charm and allurements that wealth could bring, by the ingenuity and wit of Petronius, by the strong arm meth-ods of Croton, champion bruiser of his time, even by the force of the known world in Nero's sway, Vinicius could accomplish nothing if all he could win to himself was a mere upwilling body, while soul and spirit were beyond his grasp. And the maddening part to him was that he owed all his troubles to the teachings of a parcel of Jewish fishermen or their likes, or slaves or humble folk who had never before entered into serious consideration in the thoughts of a patrician like himself. It was a long struggle with him, and as the reader follows the various people of the story through their part in the action, he gets an admirable picture of Rome-Nero, tyrant, actor and artist, with all his magnificence and all his debaucheries; the poor and humble in their crowded quarters of the great city; the delight of all the senses in the life led by Petronius; the lawless streets of Rome by night; the pursuit of Lygia

by Vinicius and his hirelings, resulting in the death of his professional bruiser Croton at the hands of the faithful Ursus, and the disaster to Vinicius which led to his nursing back to health by the Christians; his meetverywhere, among the people, among



By SIR WALTER SCOTT T. L. Hood of Harmand Lin

> Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on Aug. 15, 1771. His father was a lawyer, the first of the Scott line to leave the opta country for the town. For a man who wrote such a proamount.

Scott was surpris-ingly late in getting started. He was 34 years old when his first original work ap-peared, "The Lay of the Last Min-strel." From that moment until his death, on Sept. \$1, 1852, he was, with

1852, he was, with the possible exception of Byron, the most popular writer in English. When the public seemed to be Uring of his long romances in verse, be turned to novel writing, and in 1814, when he was 45, he came into his career of greatmass with "Waverley." For 18 years novel after novel fol-lowed in rapid succession, stirring ro-mances of history or colorful tales of Scottish life. They were all published asonymously until the financial dis-aster of 1825 made it seem, wise to reveal the suthor's name.

atter of 1875 made it seem, wise to reveal the suthor's name. Fully a idosen of the Waverley Novels if not more, might be included in any list of 166 novels and many loyal lovers of Scott would even then think that one or two more might be added. He was, as Stevenson re-marked, "the king of the romantics." "Waverley." 'Ivanhos." "The Heart of Midlothian." and "Kentiworth" are representative of Scott at his best. But "Old Mortality," "Quentin Dur-ward," "The Talisman," "Guy Manner-ing." "The Fortunes of Nigel." "The Antiquary." 'St Ronan's Well." "Rob Roy," and indeed others have all been ranked as favorites among the in-numerable admirers of the romances written by "the Wisard of the North."

HE Heart of Midlothian, by many called the finest of the Waverley Novels, was published anonymously in 1818. It takes its name from the Tolbooth, or old city tail, in Edinburg (pulled down in 1815), the "stony heart" of Midlothian, which reared its ancient front in the very middle of the High street of the city.

On the afternoon of Sentember 8. 1736, Reuhen Butler, assistant-master of the school at Libberton, and licensed mall bundle contained such changes

#### GALNEY COUNTY, OREGON

"ted Jeanle Deans that, when the moor rises, 1 shall expect to meet her n' Nicol Muschat's Cairn, beneath Salo! Anthony's chapel."

After attempting in vain to induce Jeanie to explain the message, he re turned to visit Effic again, in the Tol booth, only to be compelled, on his ar rival there, to tell the whole story lest he be convicted of guilt in the Porteous affair. And then he was sen home, under buil not to leave Libber ton, nor to communicate with any member of the family of Effe Deans But if his experiences were to him incomprehensible they were by no means so to the authorities. By piec ing together his testimony with those of others, they rightly determined the the stranger in the Ling's park, the leader of the Porteous mob, and the

father of Effe's child were one and the same person ; namely Geordie Robertson, comrade of Wilson the sunggler, and but lately escaped from the very prison in which Effle Deans was now confined. Accordingly, they planned to expture him that night at

could reach that place, Robertson had time to beg Jeanle to save her sister at the trial by testifying that Effic had disclosed to her her condition. Then he escaped.

Merely that slight falsehood would have removed the case of Effic Deans from under the letter of, the cruel Scotch statute. But Jeanle, steadfastly, devoutly truthful, was atterly unable to placate her conscience in bearing false witness. Nor could the d's appointment of Effic herself, whom she was at last permitted to visit in the strong-room of the prison, alter her resolution. "He wanted that I sold be mansworn," she said. "I told him that I dauran swear to an untruth."

At the trial, when Jeanle was brought in to testify. Effe, in buman weakness, cried, "O Jeanie, Jeanie, save me !" But when the solemn oath, -"the truth to tell, and no truth to concesi, as far as she knew or was asked," was administered "in the nutse of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judg ment," Jeanie, educated in deep rever ence for the name of the delty, was slevated above all considerations save those which she could, with a clear conscience, call Him to witness. And when the advocate came at length to the point of asking ber. "what your sister said alled her when you injuired?" Jeanie could only answer, "nothing." When the sentence was pronounced by the doomsman, Effic's own eyes were the only dry ones in he court. "God forgive ye, my lords," she sold, "and dinna be angry wi' me 'or wishin' it-we a' need forgiveness." The next morning found Jeanle berns traveling alone and afoot on he long road to London "to see the Queen's face that gives grace," and eg for her sister's pardon. Her taran screen served all the purnoses of riding habit, and of an umbrella : a

Worth Weight in **Gold He Asserts** 

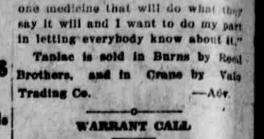
### **Howard Gains Fourteen Pounds** Taking Tanlab ann Lays Cane Aside

"I've gained fourteen pounds in ix weeks taking Tanlac and now a well man," said Henry S. I'm Howard, a well known farmer and stock raiser of King Hill, Idaho.

"I had suffered from rheumatism and indigestion twelve years." he continued, "and could hardly eat a thing because everything went against me and I had no appetite. Every joint in me was swollen with rheum-Muschat's Cairn. But before they atism and hurt so I could hardly bear to be touched. I was in a bad fix I couldn't work and had to use a walking stick to get along. The first bottle of Taniac made a great change

in my feelings, my rheumatism soon left me and I threw my stick aside, for now I can walk as well as anybody. "And ent!---why, I just can't get

mough and I feel like I could do as much work as I ever could. Tanlac is worth its weight in gold, and it has convinced me that there's at least



Saturday, May 23, 1920

Notice is hereby given that then are sufficient funds on hand to say off all General Fund warrants image and registered up to and including February 28, 1920. Intrest cesses May 11, 1980.

W. Y. KING County Treasurer



nervousness and other troubles. I fit glasses accurately and scientifically.

All Work Guaranteed. MAURICE SCHWARTZ Optometrist Officeswith Dr. B. F. Smith

## "The Great Thing About Real Tobacco" says the Good Judge

is that it tastes so good, and a little chew lasts so much longer than the old kind.

The good, rich tobacco taste stays right with this class of tobacco. That's why it costs you less to chew it.

Any man who uses the **Real Tobacco Chew will** tell you that.

Put up in two styles

mander Company Mo Br. ad.

**RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco** W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

Thus did Vinicius, young Roman patrician of the time of Nero, announce his love for Lygia, daughter of a king, beautiful hostage from her nation, forgotten in the turmoil of the world empire and brought up as a Roman girl.

Vinicius was speaking to his uncle Petronius, known to his own time as Arbiter Elegantiarum, trained in all the art and beauty of Greece, wise, witty, and learned, gayly staking his life in his daily battle of wits with Tigeilinus, who provided for the grosser desires of the tyrant Nero as Petronius did for his finer and more artistic obes.

It was a time when the conflicting tides of a pagan age, sadly degenerate from the sturdy days of pristine Roman virtues, mingled with those of a new era in the world, only recently heralded from Judea. In the complicated threads of the picture of Rome, cap-Ital of the world, appear the figures of Peter and Paul on their mission of spreading the new religion of Christ; Poppaea, wife of Nero, beautiful as a dream, but wicked as a nightmare; Eunice, the charming slave of Petronius; Chilo, wily Greek who can be Christian or pagan as profit leads him; Ursus, prodigious in his strength, simple as a child in his faith in Christ and his devotion to Lygia (from whom G. B. S. may have drawn a suggestion in "Androcles and the Lion"), and many minor folk who help to make the story stand out as unusually human among the numerous tales of Greco-Roman times.

When Vinicius told his uncle Petronius of his passion for Lygia, the latter thought nothing was easier than to provide his nephew with what he regarded as a new plaything; a word to Nero, who as emperor had all hostages in his care-summon the maiden to the palace, hand her over to the young patrician as her guardian --what more could be needed to satisfy any one's desires, especially as the maiden manifestly was pleased with Vinicius? But Petronius and his nephew reckoned without a new force that had entered into this Roman world. They

cers, even in the very court of Nero,

"Vinicius, thou art losing sense, judgment, moderation,' exclaimed Pe-

"'I love only her in the world,' responded Vintclus.

"'What of that?

""This, that I wish no other love. I have no wish for your life, your feasts, your shamelessness, your crimes."

"'What is taking place in thee? Art thou a Christian?'

And then the great fire of Rome, et by Tigellinus that Nero might not inck the experience of Priam, who had seen Troy burn; of resculng Lygia from the flames; the persecution of the Christians with the thought of throwing on them the rage of the people at the burning of the city; the singling out of Lygia by the hate of Poppaca because Vinicius had spurned the empress' proffered charms; the final rescue by a miracle of strength on the part of the ever-faithful Ursus,

and the words of Vinicius to Peter : "'What thou commandest 1 will do.'

"'Love men as thy own brothers,' answered the apostle, 'for only with love mayest thou serve Him.""

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#### BROOMS FROM PINE NEEDLES

#### Said to Be an Excellent Substitute for the Bristles Now Used, and Will Last Longer.

One of the latest discoveries is a new use for pine needles. It has been found that the needles of the pine make a fair substitute for bristles in brushes and brooms. They are found in great quantities on the ground in fir forests, and, owing to the large amount of silica in them, they are dragged forth to death. hard, and do not decay rapidly.

The pine needles are dealt with in two ways. Where they are long they a moment in the midst of the turnoll are simply bunched together and tied firmly, and a stick is pushed down the center as a handle,

The other plan is to insert clusters of smaller needles in holes in a thickish piece of wood. These holes are filled with hot pitch, and when this material has set hard and dry the pine. needles are held firmly in place.

Elaborate tests have shown that pine needles wear well. They are not more entity broken than much of the material which has been commonly used in broom-making, and, owing to their hardness, they can withstand a great deal of friction.

minister of the gospel, found himself a unexpected trouble. First of all, he had become entangled with the rowd of good citizens of Edinburg in the Grassmarket, murmuring at the postponement of the execution of Capain John Porteous of the City Guard. They were still in the heat of anger from the events of the preceding day. when Porteons had ordered his men to fire, and had fired himself, upon the crowd, some of whom were attempting to cut down the body of "Scotch" Wilson, the famous snuggler. Several innocent citizens had been dlled. Now that the chief offender seemed likely to escape, there was no mowing what the mob might do. The julet young pedagogue would gladly have returned to Libberton. Then, to his consternation, he learned that Effle Deans, the younger and more charming dster of his sweetheart Jeanle Deans, was imprisoned in the Tolbooth.

When he had last seen Effle, more than a year before, she had been a beautiful and blooming girl, the Hly of Saint Leonard's. Many a traveler past her father's cottage had stopped his horse on the eve of entering Edinburg, to gase at her as she tripped by him, with her milk-pall poised on her hend, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden that it seemed rather an oranment than an encumbrance. Now the poor girl, scarce eighteen years of age. lay in the Tolbooth, charged with childmurder.

The facts were that after working for a time in a shop in Edinburg, the unhappy prisoner had disappeared for the space of a week, and then made her appearance before her sister at Saint Leonard's in a state that had her mistortane. But to all questions band, she had remained nute as the grave. until the officers of justice had come to apprehend her.

Before Reuben Butler could see her. the Tolbooth was closed; and before he could escape from the city a crowd the most remarkable scenes in all ficof rioters compelled him to return with them to the jail and administer the last rites to Porteous, whom they

The leader of the mob, a young man disguised in woman's clothes, selzed in the jail to beg Effe to escape. "For God's sake-for your own sake-for my sake-flee, or they'll take your life," was all that he had time to say. The girl gazed after him for a moment, and then, faintly muttering. "Better type life, since tint is gude fame," she sunk her head upon her hand, and remained, seemingly, as un-

conscious as a statue, of the noise and tumult which passed around her. In the morning, on his way to see

Jeanie and her father at Saint Leonard's, Butler encountered in the King's | see, I met him at Exclusive beach and park a young man of nohie bearing. he was the only man there.-Boston but strangely agitated, who hade him Transcript.

linen as were absolutely necessary. the had a few guineas, and a letter 'rom Reuben Butler to the Duke of trgyle, whose grandfather had been inder obligations of the deepest to he famous Bible Butler, grandfather of the poor assistant-schoolmaster, now dek at Libberton.

She passed inckily, on the whole, brough so weary and dangerous a ourney, and at length, through the ntercession of the duke, secured the pardon which she sought.

Before she reached Scotland again. Effie had eloped with her lover, who was in reality George Staunton, son of an English nobleman. The sisters, who had last ..... when Effle was siting on the beach of the condemned, lid not meet again for many years, though Lady Staunton wrote sometimes to Jeanle-now Mrs. Butler, wife of Mr. Reuben Butler, pastor of Knocktarlitie.

Finally, by chance, Sir George earned that Meg Murdockson, who had uttended Effic in her illness, had not nurdered the child, as they had always supposed. He traced the boy to ertain troop of vagabonds, of which Black Donald was the chief. In an affray with Black Donab"- men. Sir Seorge was shot by a you 'nd called "the Whistler," who are to be the lost son. The Ind disappered, and scaped to America, Lady Staunton. overcome by the tragedy, after vain efforts to drown her grief in society, settred to a convent in France. Although she took no vows, she remained there until her death. But her influence at court accomplished much for the children of her sister Jeanle, who lived happily on in the good parish with which the bounty of the rendered Jeanle only too certain of Duke of Argyle had provided her hus-

> The Heart of Midlothian is notable for having rather fewer important characters, a smaller variety of incidents, and less description of scenery than most of Scott's novels. One of tion is the meeting of the two sisters in prison under the eyes of the failer Ratcliffe. The interview of Jeanle with Queen Caroline is also most noteworthy. There is much humor at the expense of the Cameronian wing of the Presbyterian faith in Scotland. In this work also appears the strange character of Madge Wildfire, daughter of the old crone, Meg Murdockson. Into her mouth is put the famous song, "Proud Maisie is in the wood."

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Seemed an Apollo Then. Maud-So that's the young fellow you were raving about. I thought you said he was handsome.

Ethel-1-I thought he wus, You

# Will SOMETHING Happen to make you rich?

A rich uncle may die and leave you a roll. but few rich uncles have this habit.

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