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The seizure by the state pure food authorities in Seattle of a shipment of several thousand turkeys from California, which were infected with a great many more microbes than the law allows, has served to call the general attention to the fact that the Pacific Northwest does not begin to supply its own cities and towns and logging camps with poultry, eggs and dairy products. It seems strange indeed that the great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho are unable to supply the people of Seattle and other cities, with their Thanksgiving turkeys. Yet the facts of the seizure of spoiled poultry in a cold storage warehouse in Seattle illustrates clearly the fact that the Northwest is not yet self-supporting in some lines.

When a shipment of $307,000 in gold came into the Seattle assay office in one day from the Iditarod region of Alaska, it was decided that the great northland has a new camp which will prove as great as Fairbanks in the next few years. The new Iditarod region is being developed along permanent and business like lines and with new discoveries being made monthly, the production of gold in the new camp will be at least five millions next year, according to conservative estimates by returning Alaskans. The Northwest may well rejoice over the prosperity of Alaska, which is one of our best and richest markets.

The new department just opened in the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences in Chicago in which prospective and young wives are to be taught how to make prospective and young husbands happy ought to be an attractive and useful one. The most hopeful sign of its success is the practicability of the new scheme. Instead of the various political, philosophical, suffragetical and ethical reforms which have been agitated as antidotes for the divorce habit, the author of this scheme gets far down to the roots of Benedictine happiness by establishing a curriculum to which the prominent items are making model bedrooms, disposing of socks, ties and vests, preserving trouser creases, putting away shirts, airing rooms, decorating them, matching furniture, etc.

Medford scored during the last week when a car of yellow Newtown apples, entered by that city, carried off first prize at the Canadian National apple show at Vancouver, B. C. The same exhibit won third prize in the sweepstakes contest, despite the many exhibits entered by Canadian apple growers and those of northwest states. This showing is a splendid one and indicates that Southern Oregon fruit will offer keen competition at Spokane as well as at the Portland apple show.

Oregon fir will be used for the deck of the world's largest steamship, the keel for which has been laid at Stettin, Germany. The ship Omega has reached the harbor for the lumber required, which is 2,000,000, feet. The new liner will be operated between America and Europe by the Hamburg-American line and will have a speed of 22 knots. She will be of 45,000 tons gross register, with a length of 880 feet, beam 96 feet and will have accommodations for 5,000 passengers.

All business men want success but not every one secures it. The man who sits idly by his shop door waiting for a chance customer will never know the joy of success, neither will he who declines to acquaint the public with the character of the goods he keeps on his shelves. In these days of fierce competition every business man must keep abreast of his rivals in advertising and other up to date methods if he would spell the magic word—success.

From the fact that this has been one of the dirtiest, mud-slinging campaigns in the past twenty years, one is inclined to doubt whether or not the direct primary law is a political cleanser. One more "Live Wire" campaign and the people will not care whether they exercise their franchise at the polls or not.

Here's to the "Dead Wire."

School Report.

Following is the report for Union District No. 52, for the month beginning October 11, and ending November 4: Number of days taught, 20; number of pupils enrolled, 10. Pupils especially noted for good scholarship and who are on the roll of honor, are: Oneita Jackson, Elsie Walker, Margaret Walker, Carolyn Koepke, Clay Jackson, Ralph Richmond and Roy Richmond. Visitors for the month are: Mrs. Geo. R. Gerking, Miss E. S. Dowden, Miss Kathleen Stevenson, Miss Blanche Gerking, Supt. Frank K. Welles and Wm. E. Dobson.

Lillian Downs-Dobson, Teacher.

Baddeley Not Improved.

Walla Walla Union: J. A. Baddeley, the Weston stockman, who has been critically ill at the Cosmopolitan hotel, 15 West Poplar street, showed no signs of improvement yesterday. He is receiving excellent care and his friends hope for his recovery. Mr. Baddeley is a man of wide acquaintance and has many friends. He is the father of Dr. Joseph Baddeley, proprietor of the veterinary hospital of this city.

Costa Rican Volcanoes.

Costa Rica has been subject to earthquakes for many years. Part of the republic is exceedingly mountainous, and in this part of the country there are more than a score of volcanoes, some of them dead, but a few that break out periodically. There are three or four that have been active for more than a century. Some of these are near San Jose, the capital. Costa Ricans have always believed that earthquakes, which the country has experienced ever since it was first settled by Spanish adventurers, were caused by the volcanoes. There is good ground for this belief, because it has been noticed that earthquakes of more or less intensity followed the activity of these volcanoes. If the volcanic eruptions were violent the earthquakes were correspondingly severe.—Washington Post.

FOOLED HIM BADLY.

Now He Kicks on Letters Written in the Third Person.

In one of the Paris restaurants a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform"— and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were not only more ceremonious, but that they were more polite.

"That's a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "The foundation of all politeness in letter writing is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. I received from my friend D., the chief of division, a billet doux, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:

"Monsieur D., chief of division at the war office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a mercer's and bought a piece of the richest red ribbon for my buttonhole. I ran to the houses of my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last I ran to my friend D.'s. As soon as I caught sight of him I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?'

"'You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.'

"'Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours.'

"'How is that? Have you received the order?'

"'Certainly; have I not?'

"'No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made chevalier.'

"'You?'

"'Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do, but, nevertheless, it has been conferred on me.'

"'But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.' I took his letter out of my pocket and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. 'The deuce take you and your note,' I said to D. 'Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, "My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am decore chevalier?"'"

Quakers Never "Nervous."

It is not in my memory that a professing Quaker ever came into my hands to be treated for nervousness. If the opinion I have already stated so often is correct, namely, that want of control of the emotions and the over-expression of the feelings are prime causes of nervousness, then the fact that discipline of the emotions is a lesson early and constantly taught by Friends would help to account for the infrequency of this disorder among them and add emphasis to the belief in such causation.—From "Self Help For Nervous Women," by Dr. Kearsley Mitchell.

A Remarkable Man.

John Ziska, the great Hussite leader of the fifteenth century, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. His life story reads like a romance. Nothing in history is more interesting, more thrilling, than the account of his heroic deeds. Though blind and always greatly outnumbered, Ziska invariably beat his enemies and established for himself a fame that will last forever. He was never beaten in a battle. His very name was a terror to his enemies. He died in 1424, while besieging Prazabislaw, at the age of sixty-four.—New York American.

Spoons.

The origin of the spoon is uncertain. It must have been invented at a very ancient date, for it is found among people that have never come into contact with civilization. The necessity of having some implement for dipping water seems to have led first to the invention of the calabash or the use of the cocoanut shell and later on to the spoon.

Didn't Know "the Uncle."

Aunt Jane—I guess Mr. Spender must be a very neat person. Edith—And what leads you to that opinion? Aunt Jane—He told your Uncle George all his clothes but those upon his back were hung up. Some men, you know, throw their things round anywhere.—Boston Transcript.

Mistook the Punctuation.

The Young Woman (surprised and indignant)—How dared you kiss me, sir! Penitent Young Man—Why, you said you'd like to see me do it. The Young Woman—But you know as well as I do that I said it with an exclamation point at the end!—Chicago Tribune.

The Accent Sarcastic.

He (at the end of a fishing story)—My word, it was a monster! 'Pon my word, I never saw such a fish in my life! She—I don't believe you ever did!—London Mail.

Riches are able to solder up an abundance of flaws.—Cervantes.