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OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week
Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

Influenza conditions continue to improve in Albany.

Members of the Oregon State Motor association held their annual meeting in Portland Saturday.

Of the 429 accidents reported to the industrial accident commission for the week ending January 16, none were fatal.

Umatilla county was the first county in the state to contribute its quota of the Armenian-Syrian relief campaign.

The flu situation in Grants Pass is now being handled with firmness. Every house in which there is a case of the flu is strictly quarantined.

The farmers and dairymen of southern Clackamas county studied problems relating to their business at a school of dairying which was held at Canby.

In a collision between a speeder and a gasoline-driven passenger car, near Biggs, John Diacumia, track watchman on the O.W. R. & N., was fatally injured.

Melvin C. Spores, formerly of Portland, a farmer five miles south of Monmouth, killed Miss Lena Brown, a young girl neighbor, and in turn committed suicide.

Plans are under consideration for the construction of a new Elks' temple in Portland, with sufficient facilities to care for the needs of the order for the next quarter century.

The Coos county court has adopted a new method of handling the highway appropriations for 1919 and has placed the work entirely under direction of Roadmaster J. S. Sawyer.

All fuel administration regulations as to prices and zones on coal and coke will be suspended February 1, according to a telegram from Washington received by Fuel Administrator Fred J. Holmes.

Captain James O. Conville of the United States employment service in Portland, declares there are approximately 10,000 unemployed men now in Oregon, most of whom have been released from war work.

Hopes of securing oil in paying quantities from the well on the Whiteaker ranch, southeast of Dallas, has been abandoned by the Oregon Oil & Pipeline company. The well was drilled to a depth of 1200 feet.

The Oregon state highway commission was denied a reduced freight rate on materials for highway construction in a letter received by Senator McNary from Edward Chambers, traffic director of the railroad administration.

John Cyril Liard, convicted of second degree murder for the shooting and killing of Deputy Sheriff Frank Twombly, was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary in Circuit Judge Gastenbein's court in Portland.

Through an agreement reached between the Coos Bay Shipbuilding company officers and the carpenters and joiners' union, the strike in progress at Marshfield since January 7 was settled and the 652 workmen returned to work Friday morning.

Final computation of figures for Oregon's war savings stamp campaign for 1918 shows that the state has exceeded its quota. Purchases throughout the state amounted to \$18,489,972.83. This is one-half of 1 per cent in excess of the state quota.

At a meeting in Pendleton of representative citizens from every community in Umatilla county and from farmers and commercial organizations, a programme of road-building for the next two years calling for the expenditure of over \$1,500,000 was introduced.

Constituents of Senator Colon R. Eberhard, of Morrow, Umatilla and Union, have protested to him against the continuance of the office of state biologist, which they declare "is not necessary, and the money expended for such office could be better applied to better purposes."

Merits of irrigation projects along the Deschutes river are being placed before federal officials of the reclamation department by State Engineer Copper and Congressman N. J. Sinnott in the hope of enlisting federal effort to develop the irrigable lands as part of the soldier settlement or reconstruction program.

Approximately 9,000,000 acres of land await reclamation in Oregon, according to the official report of Dr. A. B. Cordley, director of the Oregon agricultural college experiment station, for the biennium of 1916-1918, which has just been made to President W. J. Kerr, of the college. Almost 2,000,000 acres can be profitably reclaimed by irrigation, more than 2,000,000 acres of swamp, tide and other wet land needs drainage and 2,750,000 acres of burned-over and logged-off lands can be converted into profitable farm lands.

If I Had Known—

By
MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN

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"Why don't you ask Carol Thurston to join your Merry-makers?" Aunt Loretta Fox asked Marianna Marks. "She's as young as a lot of your members, and she's never been in anything but the Ladies' Aid and the Patriotic Sisters."

"No, indeed," replied Marianna, with a toss of her auburn head. "She'll have to stay with the Ladies' Aid or else organize a League of Old Maids. She was born one anyway."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exploded Aunt Loretta. "Carol never had a chance. Her mother made her into an old woman before she was through with her teeth. We older women can't help her, but she might catch the habit of being young from you."

"The Merry-makers wasn't organized to do missionary work," sniffed Marianna as she frowned away.

Carol felt a bit wistful when word of the Merry-makers reached her. It was the first organization in Sileom Center which aimed to combine pleasure with profit and work. But she was very busy just then, as the Ladies' Aid was arranging a living calendar, and the Patriotic Sisters struggling to put a bust of Lincoln on the public library.

"You are so much younger than the rest of us was the stock phrase which urged her on to effort in these societies.

Carol was thirty-two. True, that should not be considered old, but she had been the child of age, and whatever her mother had thought or read or been, Carol shared with her. The only appreciable difference made in her life by the death of her mother was that all of Mrs. Thurston's old friends felt free to levy upon the daughter's time.

"The Merry-makers gave a progressive dinner last night," Aunt Loretta was making a morning call upon Carol. "You know—started with soup, that was at Fanny Bonner's, and had one thing at each house until they wound up with ice cream and cake at Marianna's."

Carol, a pretty picture in her pale blue chambray, as she sat peeling peaches on her shady back porch, flushed a bit.

"They seemed to be having a good time when they passed here," she replied, adding, to turn the subject, "We have only five dollars more to raise for our Lincoln bust, Aunt Loretta."

"Is that so?" Aunt Loretta asked absently. "They say that Marianna has her eye on Edward Lindsay, the new lawyer, and that he has his eye on the nomination for congress from this district. I fancy that Marianna would admire running in and out of the White House and meeting all the way-up folks down at Washington."

"Marianna is real good-looking," vouchsafed Carol, half indifferently dropping a peach in the blue bowl beside her.

"Mph! If you like red hair and as bossy a way as ever was," sniffed Aunt Loretta. "One thing, she's got enough brass to tell the president and all of congress how this government ought to be run. But I am forgetting my errand. Old Mr. Banks is worrying about the Harvest Home entertainment. You know, it's his tenth year as superintendent, and he's about out of ideas, besides being so old, so he wants help with the Sunday school. Marianna won't let the Merry-makers take it up—too poky, she says. So the Ladies' Aid just had to promise to help, and when we talked it over we decided, since we were all so busy and you being so much younger than the rest of us—"

Carol dropped the peach she was peeling and groaned.

"Aunt Loretta!" she rebelled. "The next time a Ladies' Aid or a Patriotic Sister says that to me, just to get me to do what she doesn't want to do herself, I'll—I'll have my front teeth pulled and take to crutches and bandages! I might as well, for all the 'being younger' has ever brought me, except hard work."

"Why, Carol!" stammered Aunt Loretta. "I didn't—why, nobody thought you—"

"Yes," admitted Carol, dully, as she resumed her work. "I always have and I suppose I always will. I didn't mean to fly off—only the monotony of things gets on my nerves. I will be at the church—when did you say?—Thursday evening? Tell Mr. Banks to expect me."

Thursday evening was sultry with a fine choking dust suspended in the air. It was the last parched effort of summer to assert its reign, and Carol walked with lagging steps, remembering the hammock under her shady arbor, but the Ladies' Aid had promised Mr. Banks her help. She knew that it would mean many hot evenings drilling restless children and decorating the church.

An automobile passed her with Edward Lindsay at the wheel. It shot ahead to the church door and stopped to let out a passenger, and Aunt Loretta had told her that he was to take Marianna Marks out to Crystal Spring that evening.

There was every probability that Edward Lindsay, however often he might meet Carol Thurston, would never take time to look at her with the seeing eye, but fate took a hand, with one of those happenings which wreck the nerves of a driver and which happen so often that the tale is almost too hackneyed to repeat.

Little Joy Nelson, who lived next door to Carol and who worshipped in her shadow, espied her in front of the church, and darted across the street, crying, "Miss Carol! Miss Carol! Miss Carol!" Just as the engine clashed and the wheels moved, the child rushed in front of the car, halting, for a paralyzing moment in the teeth of danger. Lindsay reversed, with a sickening sense that the act was futile. Then a slender figure stopped within his vision, and dragged the little body free of the wheel, which stopped the next

second, just where the child had halted.

Then white and panting, Lindsay faced a blue dimity angel of deliverance, herself breathing a little hurriedly, as she stood with her arm about the frightened child.

"I can never thank you enough!" he stammered. "But you took a risk, the car might have struck you, too, miss—"

Carol looked gravely up into his face. It was a likable face, with clean-cut features, steady gray eyes, and dark hair, graying a bit at the edges.

"I am Carol Thurston," she replied simply. "Joy is my little neighbor and I would take a greater risk than that for her, any time."

"I am Edward Lindsay," he informed her. "Won't you let me take you both to your destination?"

"We are here already," smiled Carol. "I am to help Mr. Banks prepare for our annual harvest home, and Joy is one of the Sunday school pupils."

Edward Lindsay lingered. The drive to Crystal Spring, in Marianna Marks' bracing company, did not allure. Just now, as he looked at the quiet young woman before him, with her smooth blond braids wound about her head, and her blue eyes both grave and smiling, he felt a sudden desire to help Mr. Banks.

"I used to be pretty good at that sort of thing," he suggested. "College the athletics, you know, and then I taught school for three or four years. I would be glad to help Mr. Banks sometime—if you—if he needs me. I shall ask him tomorrow."

And when Sileom Center gathered for the harvest home, to acclaim over the decorations and applaud the performers, no one knew the moving force back of it all; Carol, her hair loosened, her cheeks flushed, as she hurried about behind the scenes, soothing nervous children, encouraging, promoting, adjusting costumes; and Lindsay, bracing small boys weak from stage fright, and quieting mischievous ones.

That is, no one knew it until Mr. Banks made his annual speech, just before the last chorus. No one had ever listened to it, but tonight as he closed his acknowledgments, attention was breathless.

"In my years of service, I may say that this has been our most satisfactory entertainment, and I consider it due entirely to my assistants, Miss Carol Thurston and Mr. Edward Lindsay."

Sileom Center was pricked as by an electric needle by the innocent linking of these two names.

"They have not missed one evening since the rehearsals began," droned the speaker, and they have furnished many ideas, which they carried out in training. Also, they planned and arranged the decorations, which have so beautified our auditorium, giving relief of both time and labor."

That was as far as any of the Merry-makers, at least, heard the speech. "And Mr. Banks asked us to help him first!" gasped Fanny Bonner.

"If I had known—" Marianna Marks usually crisp voice trailed off flabberly.

Out in the deserted classroom, unknown of the sensation which had been created in the auditorium, Carol was seething.

"If I had known!" laughed Edward Lindsay, softly and fondly, as he held her hands, "that this old town held such a perfect woman—such a blessed wife as you will be—"

"If I had known!" jubilated Aunt Loretta to Carol later, "I couldn't have planned it better myself!"

Then it seemed plain.

While waiting for a train home from the city one night Jones grew restless, and looked about for something interesting. His eyes fell upon a slot machine, and he promptly inserted a penny.

"I have often wondered," he remarked aloud, in the manner of all truly thoughtful men, "where the profits on these machines—"

Here he grasped the handle with a firm and masterful grip.

"Where the profits on these affairs—"

So saying he shook the machine.

"I have often wondered," he continued, giving it another vigorous shake, "where the profit— Hang the thing!"

Then one of the porters came up and told him that the machine was out of order, and Jones realized at last where part of the profit came from!

Tired of Being Single and Now Wanting to Marry and Settle Down.

Quantico, Va.—American maidens who have been worrying whether your marines would pop the question when they come home, stand at ease.

A canvass of marine barracks here at Quantico, where 10,000 men have been waiting for their chance at the Hun, made by a reporter for Leatherstock, the camp paper, shows that 90 per cent of the single men intend marriage when they are discharged. How's that for good news?

"We're tired of being single. We want to marry and settle down. It is the consensus of the replies.

These marines, many of whom will be discharged when the president declares the national emergency no longer exists, are fitting themselves for good jobs that will permit them to wed. Evening business classes are being held at the Y. M. C. and experts are explaining everything from bookkeeping and shorthand to soil cultivation and dairying.

The training the men have undergone admirably fits them for marriage. There isn't a marine in the service who doesn't claim to be able to wash his clothes whiter than any woman can ever get them. Every man can mend and press his own clothes. And as far as being "handy about the house," why, most of them can open a can of tomatoes with a toothpick and drive a nail with a feather duster.

CHAUMONT LIVELY AS ARMY CENTER

Little City, Picked for Pershing's Headquarters, is Now Americanized.

HOTELS ALWAYS CROWDED

Hurrying Officers Everywhere While War Was on—Pershing Lived in Castle—Founded on Place of Strategic Value.

Chaumont, France.—This little city of the Haute Marne is the home of the general headquarters of the American expeditionary forces.

Here lives the commander in chief, and the buildings of the French garrison are housed the officers of the general staff and all the auxiliary organizations that go with it—the nerve center of the army. A city of normally about 15,000 inhabitants Chaumont lies on the Eastern railway lines, 163 miles east of Paris. It was formerly the capital of Bassigny, and is now the capital of the department of the Haute Marne.

Like most of the older cities of France, Chaumont seems to have been founded on a site of strategic value. It crowns a high plateau between the Marne and the Suize, and from the walls and towers of the old city is a wonderful view of the valley of the Marne, the river here being hardly as wide as the Marne canal that flows beside it between its poplar-bordered banks. Northward over the narrow vale of the Suize the view takes in a wide sweep of rolling, forest-crowned hills.

Removed From Paris.

General headquarters was removed from Paris here in September of last year, Chaumont being selected after a careful search of available locations.

It lies in the center of what was the American training area, every camp, as well as the Toul sector, in which the American first saw battle, and all the lines from Toul eastward, where we were located, being within reach by motor.

The French post occupied as headquarters offices is typical of French garrisons. Three long, four-story red-tile-roofed barracks form three sides of a great quadrangle facing a wide avenue. A group of lesser buildings and the customary iron fence and ornamental gates in the remaining boundary. On both gate posts fly the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes.

Sentries pace their posts on every hand, the quadrangle is filled with hurrying officers and orderlies and clerks, hands flash in salute, bugles give their almost hourly calls for the various military events and periods of the day, staff cars and motorcycles roll in and out and now and then the sentry at the gate stiffens even more rigidly and brings his piece up with more snap when a great olive drab car, shining like a yacht slides in, the scarlet tab on the windshield with four white stars signifying the commander in chief.

Car Often Unheeded.

Frequently the general's car approaches unheeded and so swiftly that the sentry's cry of "Turn out the guard" is too late and the commander in chief is gone before the guard can tumble from the guardhouse.

Until last spring General Pershing made his residence in a large villa near headquarters. He soon found, however, that so near the workshop of the army he could not have the quiet and lack of intrusion necessary to his growing responsibilities, and he moved in May last to a beautiful chateau about five miles from the town. Here, in a great rambling castle, situated in the Marne valley among groves and wide sunlit lawns, he lived with his personal staff. Connected by telephone with every divisional corps and army headquarters, his own offices in Chaumont, and with Paris, he did his work there when not with the army.

Chaumont itself has become almost Americanized by the presence of the headquarters. Its little hotels are always crowded with officers. It has been very hospitable to the American occupation. Nearly every home with a spare room is thrown open as a billet for officers and many of the finest residences have been taken over entirely by the hundreds of messes. In many of them the officers have installed electricity and bathrooms, and in some cases central heating plants, and with French servants, live comfortably, almost luxuriously as measured in military terms. Hundreds less fortunate or lacking in rank take their chances on whatever billet may be found in the crowded town, where a bed is always at a premium.

Delicate Compliment.

Charles received a wagon on his birthday and promptly broke a wheel. His father soon mended it. "Papa," he said, "you are smarter than you look."

Persistent.

Lady—"What caused you to become a tramp?" Ragged Tim—"The family physician, mum. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walking after them ever since."

How Germans Obtained Fat.

No method of obtaining fats has been neglected in Germany. A Charlottenburg chemist has patented a process of obtaining fat from growths of microscopic animal forms which are cultivated on suitable waste materials, such as decaying mushrooms and non-edible fungi, putrefying meat, gutter refuse and stale yeast. On trinitrating the cultures with water and heating, the fat may be skimmed off, or it may be separated by a solvent.

Horseback Wrestling.

A new sport which became very popular among the soldiers in a Canadian training camp is horseback wrestling, says Popular Mechanic Magazine in an illustrated article. Two teams of ten men are mounted bareback at opposite sides of the field. At a given signal they charge toward each other, the object of each team being to dismount all of its opponents.

Funeral Plans in Will.

Connecticut Woman Left Specific Directions for Obsequies and Amount to Be Paid.

Hartford, Conn.—In her will filed for probate here Catherine Guinan had specific provisions that a certain undertaker should have charge of her funeral and that the casket should not cost more than \$100. She stipulated that there should be no more than five carriages in the funeral cortege. She also made specific provisions concerning the embalming of her body and provided in detail for the funeral services.

FRENCH DEVOTED TO HOMES

To a Greater Degree Than Perhaps Any Other People They Love Their Native Places.

In counting the sorrows that have fallen upon France one must remember that her people, for the most part, have no wandering instinct in their blood; various causes, temperamental, economic, have made of them a race that roots stubbornly. A race that plans forward, that builds and saves and stints; that has little careless trust in the future, in the haphazard turn of events; that holds to what it has and improves it unadventurously but steadily; a race, in the provinces especially, of small owners, small landholders, small shopkeepers. With such the roots are driven deep into the soil, are entwined about the house they seldom move from; for which reason the towns in which they and their fathers have dwelt have a lasting individuality unknown with more migrant races. And for the same reason, I make no doubt that when they are driven forth by the chances of war their suffering is greater than that of a people as instinctively migrant as ourselves. To the Frenchman, home is in very truth an abiding place, and the unknown and unsettled future a greater dread than with us. Always I shall remember the dulled, tight-lipped faces of the older women of the town; of one, in particular, who stared through the splintered windows of the little shop that was her home, not seeming to hear while I stammered out my sympathy, resentful and silent in her hopelessness. The little shop and the world behind it had been life and the world to herself and her husband for years. . . . None of them was emotional outwardly; but their mouths and their eyes were despairing.—Clay Hamilton in the North American Review.

SAMPLE OF RED CROSS WORK

Wounded English Soldier's Mother Made Glad By News of Son in American Hospital.

He sat a little apart from the other men who crowded the receiving station for American Base Hospitals Nos. 23 and 26. There was a cigarette in his mouth and a peaceful smile on his face that brought the American Red Cross searchers to his side with a query.

"You look as if you're glad to be here; are you really?" she asked. The wounded man grinned joyously. "You're jolly well right, miss, I've only just come from back of the German lines. This is heaven."

His name was G. Tully, and he belonged to the British Royal Field Artillery. Three months previously he had been taken prisoner by the Germans and had been held just back of the lines to work on the railroads and ammunition trains.

When the Americans started their offensive near Fismes, he and two other comrades made a dash for the American lines. The Tommies with him fell, mortally wounded by bullets that were meant for Boches. Tully escaped with only a slight wound in the wrist and was sent back to the base with a trainload of American wounded.

The Red Cross searcher at once sent word to the wounded man's mother, in England, that he was safe in an American hospital, and a short time afterward this acknowledgment came back from the British Red Cross:

"We have today forwarded your kind information re Gunner G. Tully to his mother, who had inquired about him of us for three months without success. We cannot say how grateful we are to you for having taken so much trouble in his case and for being of such material assistance to our inquiry."—From a Red Cross Scrapbook.

Where a Motion Was Just as Good.

In the woods just west of Thiancourt a lieutenant in the sanitary corps went out to test the water in a nearby spring. While he was on this job he looked up just in time to see two Boches advancing. Although armed with nothing deadlier than a first-aid pouch, he made a motion toward his right hip. Immediately his hands in surrender.

Other Boches soon came forward from the woods, and each, coming suddenly upon the officer still making threatening motions toward his pistol-less hip, surrendered in turn.

By the time a sergeant and five Yankee privates came along the lieutenant had a bag of 19 German prisoners to turn over to them.—Stars and Stripes.

Homes Help Community.

A wealthy Englishman once said that a good home was an institution for civilizing a community, and instead of surrounding his own home by a high hedge, like many in the vicinity, he built about it his open fence, so that whoever passed, rich or poor, might enjoy the beauty of house and lawn and garden. It is a good thing for the girls of today who are to be the home-makers of tomorrow, to grow up with the idea that the home owes something to the community.

Little Pickup for Edison.

Thomas A. Edison made \$3 when he motored in from his Orange (N. J.) home to New York to appear as a witness in a \$250,000 commissions suit brought by Archibald M. Ostrom of Brooklyn in connection with British contracts placed with Mr. Edison through J. P. Morgan & Co., agents for the British government. As he was leaving court the inventor was handed a subpoena and \$3 mileage.

Powerless Wealth.

"There are some things wealth cannot buy."

"That's right," answered the man who lives in a hotel. "An extra lump of sugar in your coffee, for instance."

The Thrift of Years.

Every man should strive to live at least 100 years and die all hitched up in working harness. Many a man feels that he would like to retire at about sixty and spend the rest of his years with nothing to do but tend a gold-headed cane around by the hand. It is thrifty to stay on the job just as long as possible. Every man should make the century plant his favorite flower and the undertaker his worst enemy.—Thrift Magazine.

HEAD HUNTER IN AMERICAN ARMY

Moro Entertains Hospital Patients With Wild Songs and Curious Chants.

HAS FIVE BAYONET WOUNDS

Amazes Doctors by Rapid Recovery From Injuries Received While Fighting in Ranks of Yankees—Has Remarkable Record.

Paris.—The most remarkable patient in Base Hospital No. 35 is a Moro Head-Hunter, who turned up in France six months ago with a company of American soldiers who had just come from the Philippine Islands. His name is recorded as Philippo Moreno, and his home as the Philippine Islands. No one suspected him of having a remarkable record until his story came out one day after a chance meeting with the colonel in charge of the base hospital to which he was taken from the front. And this is how it happened:

A Red Cross searcher hearing of a man suffering from five bayonet wounds who had just been brought into Base Hospital No. 35, hurried to his bedside with fruit and an offer to send home any messages he might wish delivered. The man, unusually big and dark, accepted the fruit gratefully, but assured her that he would be well enough himself to write soon to his sister, his only living relative.

Sings Weird Songs.

And he kept his word in spite of the five bayonet wounds which healed so rapidly that all the doctors of the hospital marveled at the remarkable constitution of the dark-skinned man. The patient was soon convalescent, and the first place he visited was the Red Cross recreation hut. Some one was playing the piano, as usual, and during the afternoon one of the members of the sanitary corps sang one of Burley's negro songs, "Deep River." Philippo offered to sing the song in the original and astounded his audience with a weird version, full of minor notes and harmonies that made shivers run up and down susceptible backs.

And thereafter the Filipino insisted on entertaining gatherings in the recreation hut each afternoon with wild songs and curious chants and recitations. Some of these were very spicy tales indeed of the underworld and its denizens, and finally the Moro waxed confidential and began telling tales of the wilds of the Philippine Islands and the days when he had hunted heads.

Knows the Colonel.

The colonel of the hospital, attracted by the reports of these scenes, dropped in one afternoon to listen. "I don't believe he's a Moro at all," he announced. "He's too tall. I served in the Philippines and I never saw but two Moros as tall as that man."

Just then the Filipino came up and saluted the colonel.

"Excuse, sir," he said in his broken English. "Perhaps you remember me? I know you in the Philippine Islands."

"By George, I'll have to take it all back," admitted the colonel. "He's one of the two men I was speaking of. He comes from the head-hunting tribe, all right. He became very much attached to one of our soldiers, who taught him English. But I never expected to meet him in France or wearing the uniform of an American soldier."

Ohio "Victory Girls" to Earn \$5 Each for War

Kenton, O.—This city has an organization known as "Victory Girls" and its membership consists of some of the most prominent young ladies of the city. Each has pledged to earn \$5 for war work funds. To aid the girls Mrs. Carella Ohman has opened an employment bureau at her home, and the young ladies are going to do real work for their money.

Women Husking Corn.

Rantoul, Ill.—A survey of the corn fields of Illinois by air shows many women have gone out to help in the corn husking. One of the aviators here reports seeing hundreds of women doing their part to save the corn crop.

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One Possibility.

He—"Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?" She—"I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man before we get married."—Pearson's Weekly.

Noble Attribute.

Never does the human soul appear so strong and noble as when it foregoes revenge, and dares to forgive an injury.—R. H. Chapin.

HER DREAM

By MISS ETHEL M. FARMER.

"How very tempting you look, fifty."

Eleanor Chase addressed this remark to the steaming leaves of dark bread as she carefully removed them from the oven. Then very critically she surveyed the results of her morning's labor—three "rye-crusts" apple pies, a dark, plain cake and an old-fashioned Indian pudding