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JOY'S COMING

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Big Tom stood gazing absently through the window of his cruise office in the woods. His mother had distinguished him by this name, from the trail Tom, who was his father. Now that both were gone, the faithful son awakened bitterly to a sense of his own loneliness. With the cherry mother awaiting him each evening in the neat cottage home, this busy life among rough lumbermen had seemed neither profitless nor dull. Big Tom dreaded poignantly his evenings. He wondered, if he might arrange to leave the work here, and go to a more comfortable field in the city. But whom could he trust to carry on his great interests, which had grown to remarkable success? No, the life which he had been obliged to take up when his father's declining health made work no longer possible, must still be the life which would hold his fretting spirit. And as he gazed with somber eyes through the opening between the trees, he beheld an unbelievable thing: a girl's figure advancing rapidly toward him.

The girl, dropping her suit case before the office door, and sounding a tentative knock answered the question. To Tom's astonished stare, she gave a wistful smile. "If you please," asked the wonder-girl, "will you direct me to a hotel—or boarding house?" she added at his evident glance of dismay. "I left the train at the last stop, and have walked, searching upon my way. The place is less populated than I thought." said Big Tom, cordially. Before this girl's diffidence his self-consciousness vanished.

"Why did you come?" Tom asked abruptly. The girl's crystal clear eyes met his frankly. "I came to hide away from a man," she replied, "and I left the train at the most isolated spot I could find. I hoped,—impudently she brushed the tears from her fringed lids,—to find work here. Steerage perhaps, and support myself."

Big Tom whistled. "You know your own business of course," he said, "but don't you think you'd better go back. Surely there is some other way—?" "This is the only way," the girl answered decidedly. "If it's the only way," he said briskly, "and you are determined in it, why, you may become my typist, this minute. I'll be almighty relieved to find one. Even in this wilderness I'm a busy man. And there's my mother's cottage, all ready for you to keep house in. It will be pleasant to think of you there, sort of keeping things going."

"And you?" asked the girl breathlessly, "where will you be?" "Why, right here," Mr. Tom replied. "I bunk here now, half the time." So the plan worked out like a happy fairy tale, and the new arrangement of affairs ran smoothly, as affairs were wont to run, with Big Tom's planning. The girl, whom he called her "Joy," because she had put her sorrows behind her, she said.

His love for her grew to a sort of reverence. In Joy, was personified all the beauty and truth and purity of the look women whom Tom had worshipped; almost the only woman shipped; almost the only woman that he had cared to know. And every day, little Joy, singing about her neat cottage, or over the books in the cabin office, grew more and more into the very spirit of her name. It was then that Rawlings of the city end of the business came out to the forests to consult personally with Tom Herford. And when Rawlings faced Tom's little stenographer he stammered in what he was saying and left the room when Joy's eyes noted Joy's sudden pallor, and when Rawlings had gone she came to him with a gesture of resignation. "I will have to leave you, Big Tom," she said wearily.

"Rawlings is not the man you are talking from?" he asked sharply. Joy shook her head. "He will send the other man to find me," she told him. Suddenly, she was sobbing. "You don't understand, Tom dear," she cried, "the man I ran away from, was my promised husband."

Instantly his arms released her, accusingly his eyes held hers. "Listen," the girl went on, "I was for years secretary to a wealthy woman who loved and trusted me. But one day she died, she bequeathed me to marry her only son, that I might guard her fortune and convert him from recklessness to wisdom. I agreed, only when I thought that he loved me. He was winningly attractive in a young girl's eyes, and I also thought—Oh! Tom how could I ever have thought that I cared for him: we agreed before witnesses that we should be married as soon as the requirements of the will were adjusted."

Dazedly Big Tom turned to answer the telephone. When he replaced the receiver, he swung about and held out his arms. "Joy of my life," cried Tom exultantly, "you don't have to go back. You are not going back, until you go, as my wife. That was Rawlings; he called to say that the man you ran away from is married and already he has taken steps to secure his mother's money."

"He can have it all," said Joy eagerly. Big Tom laughed. "Reckon I've got enough for job honey," he said.

OMENS SAID TO INSURE LUCK

Happenings That Foretell Coming Good Fortune Are Worth Keeping in the Memory.

We must all have noticed how many unlucky omens there are, and how few signs that foretell good fortune. It has been well explained that we need to be prepared for bad luck, but that good fortune does not require to be guarded against.

All the same, it would certainly add to the cheerfulness of life in general if lucky omens were more widely known, says London Answers. How much brighter things look to us if we have reason to hope that something good is coming to us.

Everybody, of course, knows that it is lucky to pick up a bit of iron or coal. So it is to pick up a pin if its head is toward you; if not, let it be!

It is, of course, a sign of good fortune to put on some garment inside out, but only if it is done by accident, and the garment is allowed to remain reversed during the day. William the Conqueror put on his mail-shirt back to front on the morning of the battle of Hastings, and we all know what luck he had on that occasion!

If you find your keys or other steel articles rusted, do not be annoyed about it; it only shows that somebody is putting money by for you.

It is lucky to be followed home by a stray dog. Still better if it is a strange cat comes to stay at the house. Speaking of cats, pessimists, of course, assert that when they tear the furniture with their claws, it is a sign of rain; but others hold that they are "scratching luck" to their masters.

NOT ALL INDULGE IN KISS

Many People Know Nothing of Occasion, at Least as Masculine Form of Greeting.

The kiss, which appears constantly in Semitic and Aryan antiquity, as in the Book of Genesis, "The Odyssey," and in Herodotus' description of the Persians of his time kissing one another, and which is still prevailing even among men in France and the Slav countries, relates a writer in the Louisville Courier-Journal, seems to be unknown over the entire world, where the prevailing salute is that of snuffing or smelling which belongs to the Polynesians, Malays, Burmese and other Chinese, Mongols, etc., extending thence eastward to the Eskimo and westward to Lapland, where Lynnaeus saw relatives saluting by putting their noses together.

Among the manners and customs of the French allies in France, which most American soldiers "over there" saw for the first time, nothing probably seemed stranger to them than the practice of kissing among men. As for the custom of kissing men on both cheeks, that has come down from the days when young French noblemen, about to be knighted for some valiant deed, spent 24 hours in solitude and prayer and then came forth, knelt, received the stroke of the sword across their backs and were kissed by the knight who was conferring knighthood. Napoleon, when he formed the Legion of Honor, eliminated many of the old customs keeping the touch of the sword and the kiss.

History of Brooklyn Bridge.

Brooklyn bridge, the first bridge to span the East river, is over a mile in length and cost to date more than \$25,000,000, estimates the Automobile Blue Book. It has been numbered among the seven wonders of the world. Designed by John A. Roebling, this masterpiece in engineering was started January, 1870, and opened to traffic May, 1883. During the preliminary work John Roebling met his death. His son, William A., took up the task of completion. He was subsequently seriously injured by fire while in one of the caissons and became an invalid. In compliance with his wish he was stationed in a home on the heights of Brooklyn, from which, with the aid of a telescope and the assistance of his wife, he directed the work from his window until the last rivet was driven.

Canine Curiosity.

The curiosity of the dog is pronounced if observed for a few minutes. It is quick to notice a strange dog or person and the value of the watchdog comes from the fact that it wants to investigate every noise. It is very interesting to watch a dog when it meets a beetle. At first he seems to be a little afraid of the tiny creature, but finally he can't resist any longer, so he pounces on it with his paw. Then, he smells it and rolls it over and over with his nose. Then, after he has satisfied his curiosity, he walks away and leaves the beetle to go its way if he has not put it out of commission with the strenuousness of the investigation.

Pennsylvania's Blue Laws.

Pennsylvania's venerable blue law, enacted April 22, 1794, and entitled "An act for the prevention of vice and immorality and for other good purposes," has survived all the assaults of those who would destroy it. The legislators of 1794 regarded it as being vastly more "wicked to drink a hot toddy on Sunday than to shoot a rabbit. One offender was tagged with a fine of \$25, the other a shilling and a half. It was impossible under a strict enforcement of that law to operate a canal boat, a railroad train, a street railway car, a cab or sell any commodity from a loaf of bread to a package of chewing gum.

The Soy Bean.

The soy bean, almost since its introduction into America, has been exploited at different times as "coffee berry," "coffee bean," "new coffee plant," "domestic coffee berry," and "new domestic coffee berry." For many years the soy bean has been used to a slight extent in Europe, especially Switzerland, as a substitute for coffee. In Japan and southern Russia the soy bean is prepared as a coffee substitute and placed on the market. This product is ground very fine and has much the same appearance as coffee.

Mother and the Solomon Islands

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Yes, we aim to go the first week in May," said Mother Burgess, smoothing her starched white apron with wrinkled hands.

Christine, home for the Christmas holidays, regarded her mother with consternation. "I don't believe it, mother," she declared. "Of course, all my life I have heard father say that when we children were growing up he was going to sea again, but I never thought it would actually happen."

"Yes," continued her mother, "he's going to take his money out of the bank this week and buy the Mary Lee that's down by the dock of Nicholson's boat yard."

"But the Solomon Islands!" groaned Christine. "Why does he insist on going there?"

"Well, mostly," answered her mother, "because it's about the only place he's never been."

Moved by a sudden impulse, the girl rose from her chair, went over to her mother and placed two strong young arms on the other's thin shoulders. "All me the truth, mother," she demanded fiercely. "Do you really want to go, or are you doing it just to please dad?"

For an instant her mother looked at her with eyes that were defiantly steadfast; then, beneath the girl's determined gaze, her own glance wavered and fell.

"Christine," she said, "I dread the thought of it. I know I'll be sent back and I'm scared to death of the savages, and I don't want to leave my home and my white Wyanottes, and the quilt I'm making for the county fair and—"

"I understand," said Christine soothingly. "Won't you let me explain to father?"

"Don't you say a word to him, not a word!" insisted her mother. "Why I should be so ashamed to have him know I was afraid. Ever since he had to give up going when you children were born, he planned to take this trip, and it would simply break his heart to give it up. Promise!"

Christine did so reluctantly. Not until bedtime, in the quiet of the low-ceilinged room which had been hers since childhood, did she turn from contemplation of her mother's problem to consideration of her own. She had agreed, when she returned to the city, to say "yes" or "no" to the middle-aged principal of the school where she taught—and she didn't think she wanted to say "yes."

But, on the other hand, neither did she want to watch the years creep by, each one a little sayer, bringing her to the home of which she could be mistress, no little children to wash and dress, and, very occasionally, scold. After all, wasn't a pleasant, cultured, elderly husband better than one room in a boarding house, meals out?

During the next few days Christine managed several chats with her father. And if at times it did seem that he overemphasized the desirabilities of the voyage and minimized its drawbacks, all as the mere enthusiasm of a man who sees about to be accomplished a project anticipated for many long years.

True, she noticed a very decided shadow cross the rugged face when her mother asked what he proposed to do with the experimental stand of alfalfa in the field next to the wood lot. Also, when she remarked in twenty years of the first time in twenty years that the county fair prize for the best thoroughbred heifer would go to somebody else than Captain Eric Burgess.

"Have you bought the Mary Lee yet, dad?" she asked one morning.

"No—I haven't," said her father. "But I don't think there's any great hurry."

"Mr. Nicholson owns it?" asked Christine.

"Yes," replied the captain. Christine remembered Mr. Nicholson very well—a kindly old man. And she remembered his son, too—a tall, slim, young fellow with attractive eyes who had graduated one class ahead of her from the high school.

That afternoon Christine wandered down by the river to look at the Mary Lee. There she was, her gray bulk moored out beyond the rise and fall of the tide, her gaunt masts silhouetted against the somber winter sky.

Christine shuddered, picturing her rheumatic father and her frail old mother careening over the billowing Pacific, bound for tropic isles and coral-reefed lagoons. Such wanderings were for the young and strong.

And yet she could not imagine her father voluntarily turning back, once he had put his hand to the plow. One fate could alter his plans—and she decided to play fate.

Picking her way over tarry hawsers and empty casks, she found her way to the dingy office with its door lettered Nicholson & Son. Not without hesitation she entered.

At her entrance arose a tall young man with deep, attractive gray eyes. Christine, taken aback, could only murmur: "I—expected to see your father."

"I have had the business for several years now," explained the other pleasantly, then stretched forth his hand. "Why, it's Christine Burgess!" he exclaimed.

After a moment of recalling mutual acquaintances, "I have come on a peculiar errand," confessed Christine. "No doubt you know about the trip my father is planning."

He nodded his head gravely, not thinking it necessary to add that every person within a radius of thirty miles knew of Captain Eric's contemplated voyage.

"I know my father has not bought the Mary Lee yet. And—oh, isn't there anybody else you know that wants to

FEW REALLY UGLY PEOPLE

Many There Are Who May Be Unattractive, but Not a Lot Definitely Ill-Looking.

Looking for beauty in the faces and forms passed on the street is such a fixed habit with people in general that it was a bit startling to hear of a man in London who was looking for some one ugly—the ugliest female, in fact, that he could find. This man was an American theatrical man and he desired the ugliest woman to contrast her in a production with a girl said to be beautiful.

The showman found his ugliest woman after looking over eight contestants. The prize winning "clock-stopper" was thirty-two years old and a music teacher. She entered the contest because her mother told her "there would be no harm in trying."

On winning she at once insisted on taking a stage name, as she "did not want all the neighbors to know about it." The runner-up in the contest, whose name was not given out, had an unfortunate nose and an "out-size" in mouth.

The contest really was of concern to the theatrical producer, but it served to impress upon Londoners in general the old truth that few people, after all, are really ugly, that every individual looks good to some one.

Two people, who came upon the advertisement of the ugly contest, began to amuse themselves in the general way of human nature by examining their friends and acquaintances to discover which of them had the best claim to the job.

To their disappointment, says a writer in the London Telegraph, they could not think of anybody, not even their pet abominations, who was, considered impartially, very ugly. Plain people—oh, yes, hosts of them; disagreeable-looking people—quite a lot; silly-looking people—any amount; but people definitely and conspicuously ugly—none one.

Next to the buffalo, the most numerous animal in the United States not more than 50 years ago was the pronghorn antelope. About half the size of a deer, but a bit more compactly built, it ranged the plains from the Missouri river westward to the Pacific in places.

Antelopes were dry-country animals, and were always found wherever sagebrush, bunch grass and the short, curly buffalo grass existed. Their favorite range was the plains country just east of the Rocky mountains, where they migrated with the seasons, from Alberta to Mexico, and between the Rocky and the west coast ranges from the Big Bend of the Columbia in Washington, southward to the Gulf of California and the Mexican coast.

It was the best runner of all for long-distance running, being well able to take care of itself when in danger. Its meat is not very attractive to the white man's palate, being stringy, tough and dry; and having somewhat the taste of goat meat. Some are still found, but only in widely scattered areas.

Vanished With the Buffalo

Few Left of the Pronghorn Antelope, That Once Roamed the Plains in Vast Numbers.

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Elimination of pleasure riding, or any unnecessary use of cars, and strict conservation of gasoline are urged in a public statement issued by Governor Olcott as a solution whereby the essential and productive industries of the state may continue in operation.

Warblers of All Kinds. Not taking into account the human beings who are sometimes referred to as warblers, you will find that there are many kinds of warblers. If you had a collection of them all together they would take in about all the colors of the rainbow, yellow, orange, chestnut, black, white, green, gray, brown and other colors, with numerous shades entering into their beautiful plumage.

Beliefs Concerning Sapphire. To the sapphire has been ascribed wicked thoughts; that it is such an enemy to poison that if put in a glass with a spider or venomous reptile it will kill it. St. Jerome in his exposition of the nineteenth chapter of Isaiah says that the sapphire procures favor from princes, pacifies enemies, frees from enchantment and obtains release from captivity. This gem was sacred to Apollo and was worn when inquiring of the oracle at his shrine. It was esteemed a remedy against fires.

Reason for Snake's Hissing. The hissing of a snake is caused by the long, sac-like lung being inflated with air, which is forcibly expelled through the glottis and nostrils. The puff of air makes the loudest and most prolonged hiss of any snake. When alarmed, snakes hiss with the object of frightening off their enemies. If snakes were not able to make their presence known they would be frequently trodden upon and injured by the various creatures of field, forest and mountain.

Insist on Recognition. The best ideas in the world will not work themselves. Usually the best things have to be impressed upon others. There's something in human nature that seems willing to fall for the sake of life much more readily than it takes on life's responsibilities. Tell it what you will. The name you give it won't alter the facts. So the only thing left is to get under the load and carry it to success. You must not get tired. Let others grow weary and quit. As the leader and reformer you must trudge on and by your dogged self-kept recognition for yourself and what you stand for—quit.

The Alban Calendar. In the ancient calendar, in which a year was represented as consisting of ten months of irregular length, April stood first with 30 days to its credit. In the calendar of Romulus it had 30 days, while Numa's twelve-month calendar assigned it its fourth place, with 29 days; and so it remained until the reformation of the calendar by Julius Caesar, when it received its former 30 days, which it has since retained.

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The state fire marshal will make an investigation of the recent fire at Oregon City, which destroyed property to the value of \$75,000.

Oregon Duroc-Jersey breeders from all sections of Marion county gathered at Salem Saturday for the annual picnic of the organization.

The public service commission has increased from 10 to 25 per cent the rates of the Idaho Power company for electric service in Oregon.

A force of 128 men is at work in the river bottoms of Lane and Linn counties, cutting balm, or cottonwood, for the manufacture of excelsior.

The first forest fire of the season in the north end of Jackson county has started in the timber on the head of Kano's creek, south of Gold Hill.

Seven persons were injured and property valued at \$30,000 destroyed in a fire that swept Halfway, a mining town 27 miles southeast of Baker.

Eight events will be contested in the first of a series of three firemen's tournaments to be held by the departments of Albany, Corvallis and Lebanon.

Sixteen cow testing association herds each during the month of March.

Marshfield's armory, built with local county and state funds, was dedicated Friday with a grand military ball given by the second company, Coast Artillery.

The 20th annual convention of the Oregon Federation of Women's clubs closed at Enterprise, after one of the most delightful gatherings of its history.

The annual Union livestock show is pronounced the best one ever held in Union county. A feature was a daily golf game between Boise and Spokane teams.

When the various units of the Oregon National Guard are recruited to their full strength there will be distributed annually \$100,000 of federal money.

On Saturday and Sunday, June 19 and 20, Salem will be host to about 500 motorcycle enthusiasts, representing practically every motorcycle club in the northwest.

Lane county has 2367 farms, of which 1889 are occupied by the owners and 478 are rented, according to the summary of assessments in the office of the county assessor.

The date for the annual encampment of the Wheeler County Pioneer association has been set for July 15-18 at the Julia Henderson grounds, 12 miles south of Fossil.

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