

CURING HENRY

By MARY LEARY

THERE is always some fly in the ointment. So it was with the marital affairs of the Bascombs. Henry and Agatha were an ideal couple—except for their different viewpoints on tobacco, and the burning of it.

Every little while, in spite of himself, Henry was inspired to mention the coarseness of his home. Praise would escape him and then he would immediately regret the words that invariably brought on the one argument.

"The house would be even better if it weren't for the small of that messy old tobacco," Agatha would protest.

"That's where you are wrong," Henry would point out. "This place is as perfect as a palace could be. It is so immaculate and precise that it seems unreal—like a picture, almost. It is just the smell of tobacco that gives it the reality and makes it homelike."

"How can that messy old pipe make this place homelike?" Agatha would come back.

"Now you said it," Henry would exclaim, turning from the cozy fireplace. "Take this pipe—"

"I wish I could."

"Be serious, Agatha. Now, as I say, take this pipe. You would have it looking nice and new and shiny. But what makes this pipe so attractive is that it is all stained and seasoned. It's aged."

"I suppose I should stain all my furniture and curtains and draperies and things."

"Not exactly; but they have to get atmosphere—"

"They certainly do. I have to leave the windows open nearly the whole day."

And Henry would quit in despair. Eventually Agatha won a temporary victory and Henry consented to abstain from smoking at home. It meant a great sacrifice on his part and he sacrificed. Agatha could not fully appreciate. She could not realize that it meant a great exertion of will power to stop the habit of years. Home had been about the only place he could smoke, unless he went for a walk. But it was not alone the soothing effects of tobacco he missed; it was sitting before the fireplace and calmly enjoying his pipe which rested and delighted him.

Henry could not but show the effects of his abstinence. His nerves became jumpy and he became more and more irritable. Henry understood himself and his wife better than did Agatha. He realized that his nerves were on edge; and he knew his only cure was to win back his privilege of smoking.

Fortunately, one day Agatha overcame her customary aversion to answering salesmen who went around from door to door; but by peering from behind the curtains she decided that the man waiting on the porch was of a higher type than the ordinary peddler.

"Good morning, madam," declared the salesman with a genial smile. "I hope you will pardon what I have to say, for I can see you are an exceptionally good housekeeper; but my business makes me rather keen of scent and I believe I am correct in stating that at present (or at least very recently) some male member of your family has smoked considerably."

"Can you smell it?" gasped Agatha.

"But he doesn't smoke now."

"Surely, you haven't stopped him!" exclaimed the man in such a tone that Agatha was alarmed. "Why you must not understand what an effect that has on a man. It disrupts his nervous system, makes him petulant and may lead to general physical and mental deterioration."

"I don't know," defended Agatha, "and I did so have the smell."

"Of course, and that is why it is so fortunate that I am able to come to your assistance. I am bringing you a boon to humanity. A smokeless tobacco. Think of it, an invention that will supply your husband with tobacco and not stain your curtains. Now, of course, being new, it is a bit expensive. This special box is \$10. Afterwards your husband can get it wholesale at much cheaper prices. But it is economical and I am sure the contents of this package will last him as long as would \$10 worth of smoking tobacco."

The gentleman made a sale. Agatha was so enthusiastic with the new invention that she did not break the seal on the box, but waited until Henry came home. Then she told him how he now had her permission to use tobacco to his heart's content and she presented him with the box.

There was something peculiar about Henry's expression as he examined the contents, and with fluttering heart Agatha questioned him.

"Why, you've only paid \$10 for about 20 cents worth of tobacco."

"But it is smokeless."

"Right. It's chewing tobacco. Of course, if you prefer to have me acquire the habit of chewing tobacco—"

"No."

"Exactly. I prefer to smoke myself."

That evening Henry paid a call unaccompanied by his wife.

"You can keep the \$10, Joe. It was worth it. She'll never object to my smoking again, least I should remind her how she was stung. It's rough on the poor girl, but absolutely necessary for our mutual happiness."

Supreme Earthly Goal.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—Johnson.

"The Judge" — Too Great a Risk



Water in the Earth Is Often Shut in Rocks

The water of the earth may be divided into three parts—that which rests on the surface, that which floats in the atmosphere and that which lies below the surface, says a report just issued by the Department of the Interior through the geological survey entitled "Outline of Ground Water Hydrology, with Definitions," by O. E. Meinzer. The subsurface or ground-water occurs largely in the pores of open spaces of rocks, but some of it is joined with the mineral matter of the rocks as "water of crystallization," and "water in solid solution." Water is also perhaps imprisoned deep in the earth, where no open spaces can exist because of the pressure caused by the tremendous weight of the overlying rocks.

Ground water is found partly in a zone that is saturated and partly in an overlying zone where it is suspended. The water in the zone of saturation is divided into two parts—that which supplies wells and springs and that which will not flow out of the rocks even when wells are drilled down to it; and the water held in suspension is divided into three parts—that which lies in the soil within the reach of plants, that which worms a capillary fringe, immediately above the zone of saturation, and that which lies between the soil water and the fringe water. But plants, even when they are desperate for water, are not able to obtain more than a certain part of the water in the soil.

Thus the earth contains water that is available for plant growth and water that is not available for plant growth. Even that remnant which is of no use to plants is divided into two parts—that which may be removed by evaporation and that which is called hygroscopic water, which is not removed even when the soil is fully exposed to the atmosphere for a long time.

Voices of Criminals Recorded on Machine

Invention of a new instrument, which may make possible the detection of criminals by records of their voices—similar to the finger-print system, is reported by Prof. Knight Dunlap, Johns Hopkins university psychologist, says a Baltimore letter to the Detroit Free Press.

The apparatus is a string galvanometer, permitting accurate recording of shades of tone in human speech and their photographic reproduction on a large scale. Doctor Dunlap worked year before announcing success.

The capacity of singers to strike an unobtainable true pitch may be revealed, Doctor Dunlap reported. Variations in the human voice also will be recorded for experimental phonetics and studies of the psychology of languages. In experiments the scientist recorded the voices of many animals, including the trills in the song birds. Special studies were made of birds which imitate the songs of other birds. Faint purrings of kittens and whispers of human beings were recorded.

Resourceful Girl Who "Parked" Her Sleeves

I am not going to reveal her identity more than to say that her name is Margaret, and she lives in Hamburg, but I will say that on a certain occasion this young woman showed herself possessed of resourcefulness.

When she dressed for that reception, or whatever it was, she did not know that it was going to be a formal affair, so she put on a dress or a gown or a frock or—well, being a man is some thing awful when it comes to writing about women's clothes. Guess I better call it a dress. She put on a dress with long sleeves.

When she got to the place where the reception or whatever it was, was going on, she discovered that every other woman there had on a sleeveless gown. I guess gown is right. But did she let that spoil the occasion for her? Not this young woman. Not by a long shot. She slipped upstairs, slipped into a room, slipped off her dress, ripped out its sleeves, slipped the "gown" on again and slipped downstairs in less time than it takes to tell it.

Approaching her hostess she said: "Tell me, please, where I can park these sleeves."—Buffalo News.

Her Servant Borrowed the Guests' Napkins

"Personal property meant very little to Persimmon servants. On one occasion certain charges d'affaires, dining with some English residents, noticed his hostess, who was sitting next to him, turn as red as fire.

"Whatever will you think of us?" said she, pointing to the initials on her napkin, which were those of her guest.

Her servant, it appeared, being of opinion that their mistress's linen was not sufficiently good for such a distinguished visitor, had sent to the latter's larder for a supply of the legation napkins which they placed on the table as a matter of course.—Unconventional Memoirs, by Ralph Nevill.

OREGON NEWS ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers.

At a well-attended meeting at St. Helens the Columbia County Lincoln club was organized.

La Pine's fourth disastrous fire in as many years resulted last week in a gross loss of \$20,000.

Mrs. Hattie Kessler, 50, committed suicide at her home at Tualatin by jumping head foremost in a well.

Oregon will be entitled to 10 votes at the democratic national convention to be held in New York city June 24.

Onion growers of Tualatin will ship about eight carloads this year, several carloads short of the 1923 shipments.

Approval of the McNary bill, designating the Old Oregon Trail as a national highway, was given by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

Henry J. Hansen, 30, was drowned, while his wife looked on, when he was pitched out of a boat in a slough of the Clatskanie river near Clatskanie.

Small landslides on the Tillamook branch of the Southern Pacific, brought down by continuous rainfall, caused delay to trains operating over the road.

Hearing of the application of the Home Telephone & Telegraph company of southern Oregon for increased rates has been set for February 18 at Medford.

Circulation of petitions was started at Astoria seeking the recall of Wayne Maunula, city commissioner from the third ward, and John Arnold, city commissioner from the fourth ward.

Cash turnover by the state land department to the state treasurer in January aggregated \$125,876.43, according to a report prepared by George C. Brown, clerk of the state land board.

Notice of increase of capital stock from \$50,000 to \$2,000,000—has been filed with the corporation department by the Fidelity Savings & Loan association, with headquarters in Portland.

Two years in the state penitentiary is the longest sentence that has been meted out to a bootlegger in this state as far as Dr. J. A. Linville, federal prohibition director, has been able to learn.

Steps to clear Oregon's name of its "unenviable reputation" as a clearing house for divorcees were taken by the annual convention of the Episcopal church of Oregon in session in Portland.

Owing to the start of logging operations at Millwood by the Silverton Lumber company, the Southern Pacific has again placed its logging train in operation between Millwood and Silverton.

About 20 women from surrounding neighborhoods met at Freewater and formed a woman's apple show association to promote household exhibits among women and children at the annual apple show next fall.

Utility companies of Oregon plan to expend not less than \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 during the year in business building and payroll activities, according to the Oregon public building information bureau.

John C. Herring, Cape Heceta rancher, accused of aiding and hiding the three Florence bank robbers for several days after the robbery was committed December 11, was acquitted by a circuit court jury at Eugene.

The Umatilla irrigation project gets \$940,000 for operation, maintenance and continuing construction during the next fiscal year in the interior department appropriation bill as passed by the house. The appropriation for the Klamath project is \$495,000.

Deposits in the banks of Oregon at the close of business December 31, 1923, aggregated \$74,091,633.98, or approximately \$5,000,000 less than on September 14 of last year, according to a report prepared by Frank Bramwell, state superintendent of banks.

State tax collected on gasoline and distillate sold in Oregon during the year 1923 aggregated \$2,046,964.53, according to a statement prepared by Sam A. Koser, secretary of state. The tax was paid on 72,789,723 gallons of gasoline and 3,814,156 gallons of distillate.

A committee was appointed at Salem to confer with similar committees from Albany, Corvallis, Eugene, Harrisburg, and other Willamette valley towns

with relation to the proposal to pipe water from Clear lake, Lanc county, to the various towns for municipal purposes.

The Astoria street railway system was offered to the city of Astoria, the port commission or anyone who will operate it, for the salvage price of about \$70,000 at a meeting of the directors of the Astoria chamber of commerce with Guy W. Talbot, president of the Pacific Power & Light company.

A balance of more than \$17,500 was put into the general fund of the Pendleton city water commission after paying all expenses, meeting an interest charge of \$13,800, and putting aside \$8000 to retire bonds, according to the report of the commission made to the city council for 1923 operations.

Prune-growers of the Willamette valley and Umpqua districts who are affiliated with the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association will meet in Salem within the next ten days for the purpose of reincorporating the organization under the new contracts to be signed up, effective January 1, 1925.

Officers throughout the state have been notified by Sam A. Koser, secretary of state, that his department has cleared away the congestion resulting from applications for 1924 motor vehicle license plates, and that from now on they are free to use their own judgment in the enforcement of traffic regulations.

Lumber exports from Portland for January climbed to \$4,087,661 feet, valued at \$1,678,347, establishing a record for a single month's business superseding that of December, with 42,662,502 feet. January's lumber exports far surpassed those for January 1923, which were 18,049,859 feet, valued at \$468,709.

Market for canned goods throughout the eastern section of the United States is good and the market for dried prunes is improving, according to J. O. Holt, manager of the Eugene Fruit Growers' association, who has just returned to Eugene from a month's trip through different sections of the country.

One thousand men will be employed clearing the first 11½ miles of the right-of-way of the Oakridge-Kirk extension of the Southern Pacific line after the weather becomes better in the spring, according to George H. Kelly of Portland, who with Frank W. Sullivan, also of that city, has the contract from the Utah Construction company to do this part of the work.

Despite the fact that the domestic demand for prunes has not been up to standard during the past few months, the Oregon Growers Co-operative association of Salem has announced that it has disposed of practically one-half of the 1923 crop. Most of these sales have been made through export channels, and a large part of the crop has been sent to Germany.

The Oregon public service commission has authorized Judge Henderson, counsel for the Iowa railroad commission, to represent the state of Oregon at the hearing before the interstate commerce commission, which involves an application of the New England railroads for a greater division of freight rates from the western carriers.

The Indians of the Klamath reservation have launched a movement through their tribal council for government permission to sell all the timber on the reservation, valued at more than \$35,000,000, with payments to extend over a period of years. Delegates of the federated tribes will proceed to Washington and endeavor to obtain consent of the department of Indian affairs.

The state will appropriate \$5000 to match a similar contribution by Willamette valley cities, for further investigation of the proposal to pipe water from Clear lake to Salem, according to announcement by Rhea Luper, state engineer. Mr. Luper declared the supply of water in Clear lake sufficient for 1,000,000 persons, and could be doubled through storage. He also said \$6,000 horsepower could be developed, which is more power than is required by all the towns between Salem and Eugene.

It is estimated that approximately 500 fresh fruit growers will be out of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association when the present contracts expire in 1925. At the expiration of these contracts the association will go on a strictly dried fruit basis.

The chief centers for these growers are Salem, Hubbard, Canby, Newberg, Estacada and Sheridan. In all of these areas there is an inclination, it is said, among growers to retain organization in some form, and sentiment in the Salem district is said to favor steps leading eventually to a berry growers' canners, operated on a co-operative basis.

SHIPS

By MOLLIE MATHER

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THE conductor came through the trail explaining that a heavy drift of snow along the tracks had caused the delay. The snow had been unusually heavy, coming suddenly in great sheets, blown by a driving wind. But the passengers were not alarmed; the diner would supply their need of food, and the cars were warm and comfortable.

Janey, closing her magazine, looked through the window down a country road. She thought it would be refreshing to walk that white sunny way, and her fur coat was warm. So she replaced the small dark hat on her way hair and stepped briskly from the platform.

Now, as she walked the white sunny way she was thinking, carefully, that there would be no one to welcome her back to the small apartment—no one to give a smiling word. Mother had always awaited her homecomings eagerly, father following with his quiet but loving welcome. The rooms above the music store would be quite empty, echoing their loneliness. With her customary happy spirit Janey turned from somber reflections to a thought of cheer. "I'll find some red mountain-ash berries," she determined.

Janey found the mountain-ash berries; she had glimpsed the drooping tree from afar. A flock of winter-hungry birds vanished, chattering at her approach. Janey was not very tall; she had to reach to touch the lowest limb—and then could not quite make it. A pleasing voice accented her—"May I assist you?" the voice asked, and the owner of the voice raised easily his strong arm to her aid. She stood, a branch in her hand, stripping from it tendrils of scarlet bloom. The man reached for more. He smiled down at Janey. "They are cheery in this white coldness," he said. "Were you detained in the train? I thought so. I, too, decided upon a country walk."

She smiled in turn her thanks. She liked the frank brown eyes of this obliging stranger; liked the breadth of his manly shoulders and the natural courtesy of his manner. They retraced their steps toward.

The young man had come on from the cousin's city, where Janey had been stopping, and conversation proved that he knew, in a business way, the cousin's husband. The young man's name was Bruce Cary, and civil engineering his trade; this came in natural confidence, as the long walk brought them together, and the fact of Janey's city residence was also communicated. "I could not keep up my old home, you know," she told Bruce Cary, "with the number of music pupils one may find in a small town."

It did not occur to either that confidences given freely to strangers was far from their custom. Simply, and unaccountably, each realized the other's true and comforting interest. Janey had read somewhere that love was like that—you felt that you had known the loved one indefinitely.

The man, helping her up the train steps, relaxed his assisting arm with strange regret. And when he asked the pleasure of sharing her car seat during the rest of the journey Janey gave consent joyfully.

Bruce Cary's journey did not end with Janey's destination; he told her this, regret in the tone that so pleased her. "Sometime," he begged, bending closer, "you will let me stop over to see you in the little music studio that is your home?"

Janey shook her head. "It has been very delightful, meeting this way," she said. "I, at least, have passed a happy hour. But after all, we are strangers to each other, going our separate ways. If, as time passes, my work is happier for the memory of this winter afternoon, if the red berries bring recollection of your kindness, your sympathetic understanding to me, why, that will be enough."

Janey smiled wistfully into the eager eyes regarding her.

"Please," she begged, "do not try to persuade me otherwise. It will be better so. 'Ships,' you know, that pass—"

The man repeated slowly, "Then darkness again, and a silence. I think not that, my little friend. However, now, my way. Good-by until we meet again."

The cold apartment was cold and desolate. Even the crimson berries and the glowing lamp could not relieve the gloom. Janey touched the piano keys; a minor chord moaned her. "I suppose," she told herself tremulously, "this is the 'darkness and the silence.'"

The days went on. It was inexplicable how one voice, newly learned, could haunt with thrilling cadence; how the glance of one pair of dark eyes could eclipse all eyes that had been before in memory.

Janey turned from the red berries

one evening to respond to a tap at the studio door. Bruce Cary stood there; his smile confident in greeting.

"There are ships," he remarked, as he followed her into the lamplight. "that travel side by side through starlight, through many rosy days into the safe harbor of love. Janey, have you missed me—enough to know that you must live your life as my wife?"

"It is all very hard to believe this dream come true," she told him after a time. "But oh, Bruce, my dear, won't we always bless that friendly drift of snow?"

Buddhist Goddess Is Like Virgin Mary

The goddess Dolma is the Buddhist counterpart of the Virgin Mary of the Christians, says the Detroit News. Her nuns forsake the world and all its pleasures, and dressed in red cloaks barefooted and with shaved heads, about relieving pain and sorrow, their fare is frugal and their lives here of material comforts.

The nuns know nothing of the great world outside their mountain fastness except what an occasional white traveler tells them. Such visitors are accorded every courtesy and eagerly sought for tales of other countries. In departing they receive the blessing of the masonry.

Sand-Lime Brick Popular

Sand-lime brick, which can be made almost anywhere, is taking the place of ordinary brick where building is done at a distance from brickyards, according to the United States bureau of standards. The mortar acts as a filling for the chinks between the bricks, and a properly built brick wall will stand up about as well if the mortar doesn't adhere to the bricks at all.

The bond between brick and mortar is surprisingly weak," says the bureau, "but its strength is of very minor importance in determining the strength of the masonry."

Injun Joe Is Dead

Injun Joe, called to fame by Mark Twain in "Tom Sawyer," died the other day at the age of one hundred and two. For more than seventy-five years he had answered the call of the wild up and down the Mississippi river, and never wandered far from his banks. The Hannibal Courier-Post says Injun Joe, whose real name was Joe Douglas, emphatically denied being the original of the fictional Indian but Hannibal residents insist it is so. There was much of romance in his life. He was found in an abandoned Indian village of Callaway county, and reared by a white man.

The Waiter's Tip

They had spent some happy weeks in California. The sunshine was brilliant and the hotel fare was good. On the last day the waiter had their table decorated with flowers.

"A pretty touch of sentiment," commented ma.

"More likely 'good business,'" declared pa.

"Huh?" asked ma, in surprise.

"Have you noticed what these flowers are?" asked the observant pa.

"Forget-me-nots."

Not What He Needed

A new baby had arrived in a certain household, and it was expected that the little brother would give it a hearty welcome.

Instead, he was very annoyed when the news was announced, and, going into his mother's room, remarked with a frown, "That is all right, spending money on a baby when we've been wanting a wireless aerial so long."

THE MARKETS

Portland.

Wheat—Hard white, soft white and western white, \$1.03; hard winter and northern spring, 99c; western red, 98c. Hay—Alfalfa, \$17@18 ton; cheat, \$13.50@14.50; valley timothy, \$19@20; eastern Oregon timothy, \$21.50@22.50. Butterfat—50@51c. Eggs—Ranch, 31@33c. Cheese—Prices to jobbers f. o. b. Tillamook: Triplets, 27c; longhorns, 28c; loaf, 28c per lb. Cattle—Beef steers, good grade, \$7.25@8.65. Hogs—Medium to good, \$7.50@7.55. Sheep—Medium, good and choice lambs, \$11@12.50.

Seattle.

Wheat—Hard, soft and western white, Big Bend bluestem, \$1.03; hard and soft red winter, northern spring and western red, 99c. Hay—Alfalfa, \$21; D. C., \$25; timothy, \$26; D. C., \$28; mixed hay, \$23. Eggs—Ranch, \$26@30. Butterfat—50@51c. Cattle—Choice steers, \$7.25@8.00; medium to good, \$6.75@7.25. Hogs—Prime light, \$7.90@8.10. Cheese—Washington cream brick, 25c; Washington triplets, 24@25c; Washington Young America, 26@28c; Tillamook triplets, f. o. b., 29c.

Curious Umbrella. It was a French inventor, with a tender heart for bicyclists, chauffeurs, fishermen and wandering artists, who contrived a form of umbrella for protection against sun or rain, which can be easily and solidly attached to the shoulders so as to leave the arms and hands absolutely free. When not in use it folds up in a conveniently portable form.

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