Alice's Three Wishes

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

ONE early morning a window near the top of the tall Wabash building was pushed open and a very pretty, very tired face gazed out.

She looked down on the red-tiled roof of the building next door, a pygmy edifice, mustering but twenty stories. Alice was tired of keeping books, tired of office routine, tired of the scrambling, shoving, brutal subway jam morning and evening, tired of returning to a dreary two-room flat night after night.

Where would it all end? In a balance at the bank, perhaps, that would save her, some day, from an old Ladies' home, where the inmates knitted and crocheted.

True, there was the handsome, rugged young office manager, Sidney Jevons, courteous to all the girls, and so it sometimes seemed to Alice, especially considerate of her; but, then, he wasn't looking for a hard working office girl. Gossip allied Jevons with the treasurer's daughter, whose sable-wrapped figure was a familiar sight on this, the executive floor.

No, men today did not wish women to love them, mused Alice, eyeing a fleet of wheeling pigeons, animated specks against the sky; they wanted women of independent affluence and position, whose social and financial prestige would aid their business climb. Her mind raced back to doll days and the childish game of Three Wishes. All three of Alice's wishes were for a real baby to croon to and play with—a baby that cried! Well, that was that!

Sighing, Alice raised a slim hand to close the window and saw Tommy on the red-tiled roof below. Tommy was in distress. Tommy was howling.

A girl of ten or so was hanging clothes on a line stretched from chimney to chimney on the roof, and five youngsters of assorted sizes and sexes were being admonished severely by the ten-year-old little mother not to go near the wet sheets and dirty them. All the while wee Tommy howled.

Suddenly a bulging and capacious female issued from the roof door and deposited a resounding slap on Tommy's round, red cheek.

Alice wanted to sit right down with Tommy next her heart and cry with him. Her sense of loneliness and heart hunger, her frazzled nerves, and the permeating presence of spring in the air all added their quota to her feeling.

"Anyway," Alice whispered, shutting the window, "I'll make that baby forget that slap—somehow!"

One later, warmer day when the window stayed open, Alice heard childish voices again floating in from the roof below. She listened.

"But didn't I told you I don't want a Teddy Bear? I wants a dolly—a squeezy dolly—I wants a—"

"You're a boy, ain't you, Tommy? Y'ought to be 'shamed to want a dolly. I want a dolly. I'm a girl! Y'ought to want a Teddy Bear. I ain't goin' to play Wishes with you no more, Tommy." Little mother went to the other end of the roof.

Next day Alice watched and listened for the janitor's children on the red-tiled roof below her window. At last!

"No, Tommy, they ain't no such things at fairies. You're silly! Come on, let's play! Shut your eyes and make three wishes. I got something in my hand behind my back. Listen, now! Don't go wishin' for no dollies."

"Tandy!" Tommy promptly shrieked, and little mother poked a huge marshmallow between the rosy lips.

"I want a dolly—I want a dolly—I want a doll—" the baby insisted, as mastication permitted.

The psychological moment had arrived for Alice. Leaning far out of her window she took fair aim. Plop, fell something square on Tommy's fat legs. And plop! Another something fell right in little mother's lap.

Little mother jumped up and searched the heavens high above and all sides with wide, ecstatic eyes. Cloudless skies, and the brick walls of a familiar building were all she saw. No sign of fairy, magic carpet, witch or goblin. But in her scrawny little arms a beautiful doll. And in Tommy's arms, short, pudgy and wonderstruck, a "squeezy" doll.

Neither of the children could be told that these were painted toys from the shelf of a shop. No, indeed! These were real dollies to be loved, caressed and talked to, put to bed and taken up, kissed, scolded and adored. Fairies were real! They were the glorious creators of the game of "Shut Your Eyes and Make Three Wishes!"

* * * * * * *

"What in the world are you looking at so intently, Miss Arno?" said Sidney Jevons, the handsome office manager, coming to Alice's side as she stood, a little back from the window, looking down.

"The two happiest children in New York," Alice quietly replied. "They believe in fairies—good fairies. You see . . ."

"Yes," broke in Sidney Jevons, looking gently, steadily, and worlds deep into Alice's lovely coal-black eyes, "I saw! I saw many things. And I believe in you."

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Jevons named their first baby Tommy, instead of following the time-honored Jevons custom of calling the first son after the first son. They fostered his early faith in fairies and encouraged him to howl.

Praise and Criticism

Praise is unwarranted when it leaves the worker with the idea that he is at the peak of perfection and can never be better. Criticism is unwarranted when it conveys to the worker the idea that he is at the bottom of the slough of imperfection and can never be better.—Donald A. Laird

Remember This

Luck is where two good jobs are offered you at the same time.—Los Angeles Times.

FIERCEST FIGHTERS AT LAST CONQUERED

Yaquis of Mexico Finally Accept Fate.

Mexico City.—Mexico's fiercest warriors, the Yaquis, have at last agreed to be commanded by non-Yaqui leaders. For 400 years—300 under Spanish rule, 100 under Mexican—the Yaquis maintained their independence, refusing to be conquered. Beaten at the end by the government, with their country in ruins, they now go one step further in becoming Mexicanized by their acceptance of a "foreign" commander.

Four hundred Yaqui soldiers are at Port Perote, a mountain near Orizaba, in the state of Vera Cruz. This is the group which for the first time in history has submitted to having a non-Indian leader. The war office's announcement of a change in the organization of this Yaqui force was regarded as signifying the disappearance of Yaquis as separate units. Hereafter they will be part of the army. Colonel Enrique Morfin Figueroa has been assigned to the group under the new arrangement.

Manzo Conqueror of Yaquis.

The actual conqueror of the Yaquis was Gen. Francisco Manzo, one of the leaders of the present rebellion who recently crossed the United States border at Nogales to escape falling into federal hands. The Manzo campaign against the Yaquis, undertaken three years ago, was organized with 13,000 troops and equipment which included nine airplanes.

At that time the Yaquis controlled a region extending 100 miles north of Guaymas, in Sonora, and which included some of the best lands in the republic. The stretch under Yaqui ownership extended along the Yaqui river valley in a district larger than the Imperial valley of California and with water resources three times as great as those of the Imperial valley.

Today the only Yaqui country left in Yaqui power is in the Bacatete mountains. But the power is small. All the warriors are gone or killed. Women and children and old men predominate in the last citadel.

As in the present revolution, the rebel Indians in Yaquiland lost their fight partly through the government's use of the most modern arm of war—the airplane. The nine planes that Manzo had on his front flew constantly over Yaqui territory bombing and spreading terror. The federal planes drove the inhabitants of Bacatete, the capital, into the mountains and finally destroyed it.

Planes Aided in Conquest.

Ammunition ran low after the war had raged incessantly for many months, the plane raids continued unceasingly, and finally, cut off from the world and beleaguered from the air, the Yaquis surrendered. Their surrender, however, was conditional. They agreed to take service in the Mexican army provided their own chief, General Ignacio Mori, should be permitted to continue as their head.

Their liberty curtailed by the rigid discipline of the army, the Yaquis were not always good soldiers, although their valor in fighting was unquestioned. The group at Perote was for this reason perhaps little better off than prisoners.

The Yaquis still preserve their ancient language and customs. Although they are Christians, in common with other Indian tribes of Mexico, they have mixed the symbols of Catholicism with the signs of the old gods.

While the Mexican government had to all but exterminate them in order to pacify them, it seems likely that the Yaqui fighting tradition which has existed for 400 years will continue in Mexican memory at least for a long time to come.

France Grants Asylum to War Foe's Widow

Paris.—By a special act of the ministry of the interior, Zita, last of the Hapsburg empresses, has been granted the same asylum in France which is granted to any other foreigner who lives up to the laws of the republic and does not engage in political intrigue.

The French government considers the ex-empress of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy not in the light of a widow of a ruler once at war with the allies, but as a sorrowful mother who is trying to educate her children. Investigation disclosed that Zita was not engaged in politics and, therefore, was entitled to residence in France if she chose to live here.

Frisco Chinese Become Stock Market Players

San Francisco, Calif.—No more is it "no tickee no washee" in San Francisco's Chinatown—it's just "tickee."

For the city's oriental population has become interested in the stock market and recently a Chinese newspaper carried for the first time in history the mysterious brokers' quotation symbols in Chinese.

One brokerage firm has organized a special Chinese department with a Chinese in charge. The Chinese are said to speculate mostly in groups dealing in 5,000 share lots.

All-Woman Affair

New York.—The painting of a huge sign in front of the Hotel Belmont is an all-woman affair. Ann Derickson contractor, has girl assistants, college graduates, who wear knickers, sweater skirts and red bandannas.

Frederick Gelsen of Berlin admitted forgery when experts proved that ink on a will he claimed to be 15 years old was actually made since 1919.

An eel 20 inches long was found in the tender of a locomotive on the Seaboard Air Line when the water was withdrawn to repair the leak.

Most of our troubles are brewed in our own stills.

How Kenyon Met His Fate

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

MARK KENYON smiled, indulgently when his friends talked about women at the club. He knew that they were all probably deluded by the "female of the species," and did not really know just how jolly and comfortable a man could be living alone with a Japanse to valet him while a lesser son of Nippon took care of household matters.

"You're a selfish prig of an old bachelor, Mark," said his friend Hugh Cameron one evening.

"May I inquire, Hugh, just why I should go chasing around looking for some beautiful girl to fall in love with? Why, man, I am perfectly contented and happy. Remember, if I keep out of the game there is always one more girl left for some ardent suitor!"

"Hear the beggar boast!" said Cameron. "Tell the truth, Mark; somewhere in your mind or heart, or wherever folks hide them, you have an ideal girl, and secretly you are on the lookout for her—confess it, old man!"

Mark Kenyon reddened and shook his head seriously. "You are wrong, Hughie—when I meet the right woman, then I will undoubtedly change my mind—in the meantime just let me be happy while I may, eh?"

Perhaps this last conversation with Hugh Campbell set Mark to thinking of women on this particular day, for he found himself noticing that a certain young woman's face was strangely familiar. Then she smiled cheerfully at him and stopped short in front of him.

"I began to think that you had forgotten us entirely, Mark, until I noticed feeble signs of recognition on your part. Are you in a dream, or does your well known dislike for women include own cousins?"

"Sue Anderson!" exclaimed Mark Kenyon, and then they both laughed. "The truth is," lied Mark innocently, "I was busily engaged over a rather knotty problem in a case I have in court tomorrow, you know."

Sue Anderson laughed merrily. "Honest Injun, Mark? For you did not look clever at all—rather moon struck, indeed!"

—"That is when I am thinking the hardest," retorted Mark.

"There is a girl at my house whom I want you to meet—remember when we were youngsters, we used to play with a girl who moved to California—she had red hair?"

A grin dawned and settled on Mark's countenance. "Grace Gray," he guessed correctly.

"You did remember her? Well, naturally, she has grown up and is charming, really, Mark. Do come over Wednesday evening, and play cards—I will have some other people."

So Mark promised and they parted, and instantly Mark did forget all about women, so that when tomorrow came, and with it the case he had in court, he made a brilliant appeal for his client.

Mark Kenyon was rather pleased with himself as he went down to the Anderson country place on Wednesday evening. By this time he had forgotten all about Grace Gray.

When he went up to the front door, he glanced down the piazza's comfortable length. Only one deep wicker chair was occupied, and he saw a glint of ruddy hair against the gay cushions. Then a deep voice—the most charming voice he had ever heard—came from the chair.

"If that is Marky Kenyon, I wish he would give me back my lovely ring!" said the voice. And Mark Kenyon hastened to the chair.

"I thought that Gracie Gray gave me the ring," he said.

"No, indeed, little girls don't give away precious little blue stone rings—forget-me-nots done with turquoises—to mere boys who pull red braids of hair, and tease little girls! No, sir!" She was laughing now, such delicious laughter!

"I feel meanly guilty," murmured Mark, sincerely, and from his watch fob he detached a small flat gold locket. He opened it and disclosed a tiny forget-me-not ring.

"This," he said, extending the tiny ring, "is the fatal ring," and for the first time in his life he gazed fully at the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Was this creature with glorious green eyes the plain red-headed child he had known as Gracie Gray?

"You have taken such good care of my ring for so many years that I want you to keep it snugly for me until I go back to California," she said and dropped the ring in his hand. In a moment the little trinket was once more hanging on his watch fob, and he was ringing the front doorbell.

That was a charming evening and one long to be remembered, for all the old neighborhood "crowd" that used to play together when they were young, talked and laughed and recalled old days; it was odd how they remembered the names of each other's dolls.

After that evening, Mark Kenyon took no heed for the morrow—he simply gave himself up to having a good time while Grace Gray remained in the East. Then, one day, he declared that he would follow her West when she went home so as to ask her father an important question, and Grace had blushed divinely, and murmured, "Why, father arrived this afternoon—he is in the library now!"

So they went in together.

Bread, Eh?

Three year-old Carlotta's favorite pastime was to cut out pictures in newspapers. Her mother warned her not to let the scraps fall to the floor. One evening she excitedly ran to her mother and exclaimed: "Oh, mother! I dropped the newspaper crumbs on the floor!"

Heaven's Dearest Gifts

Love is that feel, and eyes that smile are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies.—Moore.

END OF DEATHS FROM CONTAGION FORESEEN

Future Generations to Be Immune From Germs.

Paris.—The day may be approaching when mankind can be immunized from all contagious maladies, and causes of death can be reduced to old age, the wearing out of organs or accidents.

Science already has means of preventing four of the gravest diseases which have caused serious ravages throughout history and in France alone hundreds of scientists are continuing their studies to provide vaccines to immunize mankind against all the other ills to which we have been heir.

The Pasteur institute, the Curie institute and the Academy of Medicine are all centering their efforts on finding vaccines, and at present the greatest attention is being paid the anti-tuberculosis vaccine of Calmette.

Smallpox Scare.

Already vaccination against smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid, and paratyphoid fevers has proved successful. Science is divided over the merits of the tuberculosis vaccine, which is now being widely used in France, and it will be necessary to wait for the results of the next ten years before science can say definitely whether the Calmette vaccine is a preventive or a danger.

The recent smallpox scare in Europe which followed the transport of the disease from India to England by passengers and crews on liners caused a sudden increase in vaccinations which almost taxed to its limit the production capacity of the Pasteur institute.

Modern engineering has come to the aid of science, however, and by the use of most modern American refrigeration machinery and methods, it is now possible to make up serums in vast quantities and store them away to be ready for such an emergency as that created by the British smallpox scare.

World Is Prepared.

Professor Lereboulet of the French Academy of Medicine, one of the outstanding authorities on vaccination in Europe, said that the world is today perfectly prepared to fight against epidemics and many contagious diseases could be forever eliminated if all nations would adopt the successfully proven methods.

"Smallpox has entirely disappeared as an epidemic in France, although there are rare scattered cases, especially in port towns," Professor Lereboulet said.

"Every year sees several hundred thousand persons vaccinated against smallpox in France, especially school children, soldiers and people living in cities who are most subject to contagion. Our vaccination work has been so successful and the public has accepted it so heartily that today it is safe to say France has no fears of smallpox.

"Similar campaigns to encourage vaccination against diphtheria have had good results. A half million children are vaccinated against this disease annually with the result that it has almost disappeared in our hospitals. We will continue until the entire French youth, about 8,000,000 children, is immune.

"The anti-typhoid vaccine has now been proven successful, and already hundreds of thousands of persons voluntarily seek immunization annually. The Calmette vaccine against tuberculosis can be said to be still in a stage of observation, but we have seen only good results so far and 200,000 children are vaccinated annually."

U. S. Largest Maker, User of Chemicals

Washington.—The United States is the world's largest chemical producer and consumer. She exported one-fourth of the chemical products exported by the leading countries of the world in 1928, according to reports recently issued by the Department of Commerce. Germany, the United States, the United Kingdom and France exported chemical products valued at $8,000,000 in 1928, with Germany surpassing all other countries.

The United States leads in exportation of sulphur, phosphate rock, certain prepared medicines, toilet preparations, naval stores and is an important contender for honors in the shipping of sulphur dyes, indigo, ginseng and certain specificools. Germany markets one-half, the United States more than two-fifths, the United Kingdom one-quarter and France three-fifths of their respective chemical exports in Europe. Each country has gained in the European trade, according to the report recently issued.

Collegiate Road Trips Help Students' Grades

Des Moines.—Long road trips for college and university athletes improve rather than retard their scholastic standing, in the opinion of Joe Pipal, coach of Occidental college, Los Angeles.

Pipal brought nine men to Des Moines for the Drake relays last month, and in an address to a civic club explained his views.

"Before an athlete can be taken on road trips he must have a scholastic standing of one-fourth better than necessary for home competition with the result he studies harder in order to assure himself a place on the traveling squad," Pipal said. "Also our students are required to study two hours a day while on trips."

On a steamer sailing from Southampton were 62 passengers named Smith, bound for Canada and the United States.

Samuel Rosoff, once a railway news butcher, now owns the Deleware & Northern railroad, in Deleware county, New York.

All that we keep in this world is what we give away.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

The hay crop in Yamhill county is good, but the prune crop about half, with good quality.

The annual convention of the Oregon State Pharmaceutical association was held in Seaside recently.

A fire in the downtown district of Forest Grove did $10,000 damage to the Daffodil tea room and for a time menaced the entire business block.

Wire dangling from the rear of a passing automobile struck Edward Hahn of Jefferson, wrapped around his feet and hurled him to the pavement. He suffered a bad scalp wound.

Three shifts have been put on the Gate creek bridge job at Vida on the McKenzie highway 30 miles east of Eugene. The clearing has been completed and grading was started recently.

Unless reforestation is pushed America will eventually face a timber famine, and that within a couple of decades, according to Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Tree association. This does not seem possible when looking over the vast stretches of forest land in this country, says the Miami Herald. There is no need for us to face famines except of our own creation.

"English laid" is now stamped on London eggs and protests against the lack of recognition for other worthy British hens remind the humorists of the country of the time Scotch troops found the inscription, "Strafe England" in a captured German trench and indignantly changed it to include Scotland.

As a result of worms developing in the black cherries produced in the Willamette valley buyers recently canceled a number of contracts with the growers. The situation is such that buyers hesitated to send cherries to eastern markets. The cars of cherries were loaded in Salem recently. Spray is being used liberally in many of the larger orchards, and everything possible is being done to combat the pest.

Another successful squirrel-poisoning season has been completed in Oregon, according to Ira N. Gabrielson, rodent control leader for the department of agriculture. During the campaign, 105,373 pounds of poison were distributed in 29 counties. Poisoning of government lands for squirrels was carried on in the Ochoco, Malheur and Fremont national forests, and Klamath Indian reservation and various units of public domain.

Shrubs Guarded by Law

To protect desert holly, Joshua trees and other growths of the deserts, California and Nevada recently have passed laws making it a misdemeanor to dig up, destroy or pick the flowers of some varieties of plants that grow in the dry places. Between Tonopah and Las Vegas, in southern Nevada, a wide expanse of desert country, several hundred miles long, is called the West's largest and most beautiful natural flower garden.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Only a Dozen Bananas

Robert made his first week-end trip alone to visit his aunt in a nearby town. The aunt was aroused in the night on the day of his arrival by a very sick boy.

Observing symptoms of an overloaded stomach, she said:

"Robert, did you buy any trash and eat it on the train coming out"

"No, auntie, I didn't have a thing except a dozen bananas," replied the distressed lad.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is given that an execution, decree and order of sale has been issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County, to me directed and dated July 6, 1929, in a suit therein pending wherein State of Oregon, represented and acting by the World War Veterans' State Aid Commission was plaintiff, and Russell H. Piersol and Clara R. Piersol, husband and wife, were defendants, and in which proceeding a judgment was rendered in favor of said plaintiff and against said defendants, and each of them, in the sum of $1601.83 with interest thereon at the rate of four per cent per annum from November 25th, 1927, until paid; the further sum of $200.00 attorney fees, and $12.25 costs and disbursements, and which said execution commands me to make sale of all and singular the following described real property situated in Sherman County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots One (1) and Two (2), Block Nineteen (19), Fairview Addition to Wasco, Sherman County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution and order of sale, and in compliance with the demands of said writ, and for the purpose of satisfying the judgment aforesaid, and accruing costs, I will, on Monday, the 12th day of August, 1929, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and at the front door of the courthouse in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title, interest and estate in and to the said real property which the said defendants, or either of them, had on the 20th day of October, 1922, being the date on which the mortgage mentioned in said decree was recorded, or since had in or to the above mentioned and described real property, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, order and decree, with interest, costs and all accruing costs.

Dated this 6th day of July, 1929.

HUGH CHRISMAN, Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon.

5t-j12a9

THE MARKETS

Portland

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, $1.40; soft white, western white, $1.35; hard winter, northern spring, western red, $1.31.

Hay — Alfalfa, $18@18.50 per ton; valley timothy, new, $19@19.50; eastern Oregon timothy, new $20.50@21; clover, new, $15; oats, $15; oats and vetch, $15@15.50.

Butterfat—44@47c.

Eggs—Ranch, 30@36c.

Cattle—Steers, good, $12@12.25.

Hogs—Good to choice, $11.50@13.

Lambs—Good to choice, $10@12.

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white, western white, $1.35; hard winter, western red, northern spring, $1.32; Big Bend bluestem, $1.40.

Eggs—Ranch, 26@37c.

Butterfat—47c.

Cattle—Choice steers, $10.50@11.50.

Hogs—Prime light, $13.50@13.65.

Lambs—Choice, $11@12.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, 9.75@10.50.

Hogs—Prime light, $13.50@13.65.

Lambs—Choice, $10.50@11.

Possibly the boy in Turkey who has a full beard at the unusual age of two would be interested in an electric razor of revolutionary design, now on the market, which "can be manipulated by a child."

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