

The Scarlet Geraniums

By LAURA R. MONTGOMERY
(Copyright.)

"YES. She moved here three years ago and she has not made friends with any of us." Linda's puzzled blue eyes lingered upon the curtained windows of the cottage next door.

"But," demurred her guest, "isn't it the custom for suburbanites to call upon newcomers?"

"And another thing. She is always bragging about what she's going to do. She told me two years ago that she was going to paint the house. Then, when I offered to help her start a flower garden she refused, quite curtly. Said she couldn't bother planting seeds, that she liked better to buy from the florist."

"She hasn't filled her flower boxes yet and it's July."

Surprise dawned in Linda's face as she twisted forward to observe the little front porch of her neighbor. "Why that's right. She told me in May that she intended ordering from that new florist. That she wanted both boxes filled with big scarlet geraniums. She said her son was crazy about red flowers. He is away."

"And," remarked Agatha thoughtfully, "I want to tell you that when a woman looks like that woman next door there is a reason for it. I think myself that she's lonely."

When Linda had waved to her departing guest she stood on the porch looking over at the next house. Agatha was a shrewd observer and her words had started a new train of thought. Jane King had said that she had never before lived in a suburb or a small town. Perhaps, therefore, she hadn't intended to be cheerful when refusing the neighborly little gifts of slips and seeds.

But, when Linda tried to think of some neighborly act, she felt undecided. After the lapse of two years it would seem queer to run up the path with a plate of cookies or cake. "I know. I'll fill her boxes. I saw some wonderful scarlet geraniums at the florist's."

Jane King always waited to do her marketing until late and it was dusk when the car from Smith's shop stopped. The man had had explicit directions and he filled the two boxes with blossoming plants and was soon gone.

Jane's step was weary as she turned up her path. She carried two very large bundles, as Linda noticed. When the woman's glance fell upon the blur of scarlet she stopped short. Linda, watering her flowers, lingered near the fence, her heart beating more rapidly than usual.

"Oh, oh," the words burst out and the packages dropped from Jane's hands as she bent over the flowers in rapture.

"Miss Linda, look. Some one has filled my boxes with the flowers I love best," cried Jane. "Come and look at them."

Dropping her little watering can, Linda eagerly obeyed. There was no mistaking that tone. Jane King was thrilled with her gift.

The woman opened her door. "Come in," she invited. "I have kept to myself because—because—oh, I thought you people were comfortably fixed and might pity me. I couldn't stand pity, my dear. I murmured. "That would be unthinkable. But some one here must like me or I should never have been the recipient of such a lovely surprise." She stood opposite Linda in the dusk, her eyes searching the pretty face. "I believe," she said at last, "it was you. The very one in this whole town that I longed to know."

"But why," began Linda, "did you act so cool?"

The widow touched the wallswitch and the room sprang into view. There were two chairs, a sewing machine and a long table heaped with materials. "I have lost everything. I had just enough money left to buy this little house and I thought I could manage until my son arrived. He has been in Africa with an exploring party and knows nothing of my misfortunes. The party expected to be in the interior for two years and the time was up six months ago. I—she indicated the heaped table—"I have supported myself by doing piece work because I didn't want to earn in any way that would become known. I take my work back when it is nearly dark. The factory isn't very far from here. And I bring back a new supply at the same time."

"You have opened up something for me," whispered Jane King. "I shall feel that I have a friend. Tell me you had those boxes filled. I didn't take the slips you offered me because I have had to toil at my sewing constantly. I'm not very clever at it," confessed Jane, "and I'm slow. Then, too, I wouldn't take the slips and not attend to them. Jack loves red flowers."

Linda, touched, looked down at the small figure and the delicate, needle-pricked fingers and nodded. "I ordered them because you once said you loved scarlet."

There was a step on the porch and a deep voice spoke. "Is this where Mrs. King lives?" A man rushed in and lifted his mother in his arms. Linda looked at the two glorified faces and then fled into the darkness. Love had come back to the lonely neighbor and she had caught a look on Jack King's face as he shook hands with her that sent her heart racing.

Unpardonable Omission

A recent article emanating from those who have contributed to the emancipation of women failed to mention Mr. Sholes or whoever it was who invented the typewriter—Florence Herald.

Easily Evident

According to the Department of Commerce, the supply of nuts is adequate. Many incidents in the news of the day tend to support the department's finding.—Boston Transcript.

GUAM FOLK ASKING FOR CITIZENSHIP

Think Their Isle Should Be Part of Union.

Manila, P. I.—On a little island in the middle of the Pacific ocean, 17,000 persons are asking to be admitted to citizenship in the United States. They are the Chamorros, natives of Guam.

Under United States sovereignty, but still not of it, this group of people is in an anomalous position. Since their country was acquired by the United States following the Spanish-American war, the Chamorros have been under the rule of what is virtually a dictatorship exercised by governors who are presidential appointees. They have a congress elected by the people and subject to the approval of the governor, which makes no laws and comes to no decisions, acting merely in the capacity of an advisory body.

Have Own Dry Law. The island of Guam is not bound by the laws of the United States. It recognizes a prohibition law, but it is a local one, not the Eighteenth amendment nor the Volstead act. The penal code enforced in Guam has been adopted from that of the Philippine Islands.

The system of courts and law enforcement is directly under the supervision of the governor. He appoints the judges and there is no jury system.

According to Capt. L. S. Shapley, U. S. N., who recently completed a three years' term as governor of Guam, the natives of Guam need education, but no nation in the world apologetically to no nation in the world. Petty crime is rare, he says, and major crime almost unknown more than half live in the city of Agaña, the only recognized municipality on the island. The others are scattered in the outlying districts. The island is divided into districts, each one under the supervision of a commissioner elected by the people. He serves also as congressman, mayor and police judge of his district. These supervisors are directly responsible to the governor.

Schooling is Compulsory. Economically and commercially the people are not advanced. Educationally they are ambitious. Schooling, under the supervision of U. S. N. is compulsory for all between the ages of seven and twelve and a high school has lately graduated its first class. Despite the fact that the Chamorros are backward economically, they nevertheless are independent. It is estimated that about 95 per cent of the heads of families in Agaña own their own homes in addition to other lands which they utilize for the growth of necessary food and their own export, copra.

Stucco From House. Hastings, Neb.—This is the story of a rat who ate the stucco from a house. The house itself was rather unusual, both in its size—it was only eighteen inches high—and in its construction. It had been built by an Adams county child for exhibition at the fair as part of his health project for school work.

It was stuccoed with oatmeal. Its front step was made of white beans, its chimney of red beans, and its roof of overlaid shingles made from apricots.

The idea was to show that if the house of health were built of sturdy goods, it would be strong and sturdy. Whether the rat felt that its diet was lacking in health-giving foods was a question, but today not a speck of the stucco remains and even some of the raisins show marks of the rodent's teeth.

Rat Strips Oatmeal Stucco From House

Naval Academy Dome Is Being Repaired. Annapolis, Md.—The dome of the Naval academy chapel, long termed affectionately "the wedding cake" by Annapolitans, is undergoing repairs. Several cornices and pieces of masonry have fallen from the top recently made the work more urgent.

The "glazer bread" work on the dome will be removed, according to the contractors, and paneled copper will be substituted. All of the cornices corresponding to those that have fallen will be repointed and gold plate will be used at the peak of the building. Much bronze will be required for the renovations that will require five months to complete. Electric lights will illuminate the highest point of the dome.

"Impossible" Peak in Ecuador Is Climbed

Guayaquil, Ecuador.—The California Technical Institute's expedition, headed by Prof. Robert Moore, has succeeded in climbing to the top of Mt. Sangay, 17,493 feet.

Photographs of the crater and rare fauna growing on the inner side were successfully made.

So difficult was the ascent that 36 days were required to reach the top. The expedition being forced to overcome many obstacles such as inclement weather and desertion of their native Indian guides.

The British explorer, George Dyott, once declared that ascent of Mt. Sangay was impossible.

Having Taken up the suntan rogue in a big way, one of our local loafers is applying among art collectors for work as a bronze.

"Asbestos frocks are as lustrous as silk, light as cotton and wear like wood." And you can put a lighted pipe in the pocket.

A western goat damaged an airplane by munching the wings. We should imagine, though, the white meat would be on the fuselage.

The Initiation Ceremonies

By BELLE MANIATES
(Copyright.)

PEGGY lamented audibly that every one save herself was having a night out. Her parents were away. Dick, her older brother, after having informed her that the "new man" working on the nearby engineering development where he, too, worked, wouldn't come to call, because "he had no use for girls," and had motored to town. Elly, her other brother, thirteen, had gone to a friend's house, though first confiding to her that he had "listened in."

"They're initiating that new man, Phil Leigh, tonight. Going to bed, go to bed and leave him in our room. You ought to see the swell spread in Dick's den! I filed down this key to fit the lock. Take it and have a look-in at the feed."

Left alone Peggy had an inspiration. She'd kidnap the helpless Phil Leigh and bring him to the house, playing a good one on Dick's bunch.

She motored down a private road to the root cellar, but seeing an empty car parked in front of the building, detoured down a convenient lane, moved after Dick and his friends had motored away. She saw a man furtively stealing in at the back of the cellar. Next Elly pedaled along on his bicycle. He looked in and quickly sped away.

Dusk was fast gathering, but she dimly perceived a man coming from the cellar. As soon as the coast was clear, she, too, sought the popular rendezvous. By the aid of a flash light, she located the victim, removed his gag, and guided him to her car.

"I'm Dick Barker's sister, and I'm taking you home with me. There's no one else there," she added, to provoke his wrath.

The cultural sound that issued from his throat sounded suspiciously like an oath. Neither of them spoke again during the ride.

The night was moonless, so she hadn't really had a good look at the "new man" until she turned on the light in the garage and removed the bandage from his eyes.

She got her thrill at last. The man was plainly a tramp and a roughneck. His eyes were bloodshot, his face unshaven. He wore an old pair of trousers, a flannel shirt and a tattered cap. She gazed at him with horror, and again she heard him mutter angrily. She had kidnapped the wrong man. But she must dispose of this white elephant, so she controlled her panic as she led the way to Dick's den. As she opened the door, she saw the man's eyes dilate at sight of the table with its array of silver.

Murmuring that she would get a knife, she left the room, closing the door and noiselessly turning the key. She was about to telephone when the doorknob rang. Never outside of print, she had had her first opportunity. A debonair, faultlessly dressed young man stood at the door. "Miss Barker? I am Phil Leigh. Is your brother at home?"

"No. I'm alone with a burglar, but his hands are tied, and he's locked in a room upstairs. How did you escape from the cellar?" she asked.

"Simply by having worked a floundering on my ropes and changing places with him. He was planning to rob me after the fellows left."

She felt a pang of pity when she opened the door and saw the man of fatigue and exhaustion in the prisoner's face. He looked up wearily, and spoke:

"Were either of you two ever starving, in slight and reach of food you couldn't get?"

Peggy uttered a sharp cry of distress and began to break morsels of a cornucopia chicken sandwich and feed it to him. When she had finished he gave her such heartfelt thanks that tears came into her eyes.

Just then the door opened and the town sheriff appeared.

"Hands up, Slippery Sam," he commanded. "You've got the wrong man, Mr. Bumps," interrupted Peggy. "That's Phil Leigh, a friend of Dick's."

"Not much he isn't," said Billy coming into view. "That's Phil Leigh tied up there."

When Peggy confessed her part in the affair, Leigh followed suit: "I put on these clothes this morning, though they looked more respectable than, and went fishing. Some one stole my lunch basket. I lost my way and didn't reach town until late. The men cornered me and took me to the cellar. Slippery Sam—only I supposed him to be one of the boys—went through my pockets but found them empty. I see now that he must have overheard all the boys' remarks and plans, and seeing the lay of the land come on here to rob the house. Up to the arrival of the sheriff, I took all proceedings to be part of the initiation ceremonies. Where do you come in, Billy?"

"I looked in the cellar and saw Slippery Sam going through your pockets, so I got the sheriff. Gee! You do look tough, Mr. Leigh!"

"I don't feel so now. Food does make the man."

"It's sure that clothes don't," said Peggy. "Look at Slippery Sam, all dressed up. The minute I saw him I knew I'd lost it."

"You did me, too, didn't you?" asked Leigh. "Yes, until—"

"Until," he prompted. "But she told him that later."

"That's just a joke, about stuffing a handkerchief into my face, isn't it?" asked the nervous victim. "Yuh," said the burglar, "it's just a gag."

"Sectionalism," says a Virginia thinker, "is the curse of the country." This is absolutely true: A drug store pile, cut in 12 pieces, is too sectional.

The primary class in punning might do something along the line of a remark that the bridge party on the Graf Zeppelin played for high stakes.

RARE BIRDS TAKEN OFF TEXAS COAST

Collectors Get Specimens of Quaker Species.

Corpus Christi, Texas.—An expedition headed by Dr. Francis Harper, under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, has been visiting several islands off the Gulf coast of Texas to collect specimens of birds and other animal life peculiar to this region. During their stay they gathered 230 specimens of birds and 45 specimens of rodents.

Many rare specimens of birds were obtained on Lydia Ann island, three miles north of Port Aransas. This island, about two square miles, is not inhabited. It was there that a frigate bird, which had a spread of wings seven feet six inches was killed. The frigate bird nests along the southern coast of Mexico early in the spring. It migrates north and returns in the winter. When tired, it perches on some tree or other tall object.

Frigate Bird a Pirate. The frigate bird gets its food by floating lazily above the water, where it robs a gull or tern of the fish he has caught.

Other specimens taken were an oyster catcher, a clapper rail, which resembles the prairie chicken with long bill, and a turn stone, a small member of the snipe family, which turns over rocks with its bill in search of food. Another specimen was the skinner, a bird as large as the laughing gull. It also has a long bill, the lower jaw being about three-quarters of an inch longer than the upper. When hungry, it skims along quick water with the lower jaw immersed to catch small fish. The cornucopia, often called water turkey, swims completely submerged.

There are about ten species of terns, some of which were captured by Doctor Harper, the roseate, the gull billed, the black and the Arctic tern. The party also took a roseate spoonbill, commonly called flamingo, a beautiful rich pink bird.

The still, resembling a large snipe, is able to wade in water eighteen inches deep. The curlew, whose long bill is flexible, presses it into crab holes and fetches forth its meals.

Horned Larks Captured. Several larks were taken by the expedition on the north end of Mustang island. According to Doctor Harper, these are subspecies of the meadow lark and are found in this country were also added to the collection.

One peculiar fact concerning rodents was noted by the scientists. The islands visited by the expedition are known to have been completely submerged several years ago. Yet a large number of rodents are on these islands. Ground squirrels, rats and gophers are the most common. The rat family included mice, cotton, red and kangaroo rats.

Snakes and lizards were taken from all the islands visited, and on Lydia Ann island signs of an iguana were reported.

Pitcher Is Modest About His Heroism

Memphis, Tenn.—It takes more nerve, in the opinion of Robert Russell, fourteen, "to stand up there and put 'em over the plate when the bases are loaded and nobody out" than to dive forty-three feet into a river and save a drowning companion.

Young Russell, who is credited with diving from a bridge over the Tennessee river at Guntersville, Ala., recently to save Harry Smith, fifteen, is pitcher for a local playground team.

He had just finished pitching a game in which he struck out seven batters but lost, 6 to 5, when he reluctantly consented to being "inter-viewed."

"Aw, gee! I just jumped in and pulled him out," Robert said. He did not tell how he had jumped while several men looked on, that he himself was severely injured by striking a log in the dive, or that it took him twenty minutes to pull young Smith to the banks.

What is a Pie-powder court? It seems that as long ago as the Norman conquest, says E. S. Martin, in Harper's Magazine, and even earlier, trading was done considerably in England as also in Normandy, in fairs that were licensed and lasted a week or more. Of course there were disputes between sellers and buyers, and to settle them there were instituted courts of prompt and final decision which were called Pled Poudreux courts; that is, courts of the dusty feet, a name which English tongues inevitably transmuted into pie-powder. Wasn't that a pretty turn of language?

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Bread Ideal Food. Many people confuse calories with vitamins. The calorie is not a food stuff, it is merely a measure of heat production. Vitamins are real food-balancing substances and help to put the body in a position where it can ward off disease. Bread has no superior as a combination of calories and vitamins.

Importance of Nonsense. London.—Nonsense is an exceedingly important element in life and people lacking in nonsense are not quite right, according to J. Dover Wilson, professor of English in London university.

THE MARKETS Portland. Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.35; soft white and western white, \$1.22; hard winter, northern spring and western red, \$1.20.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$22.50@23 per ton; valley timothy, \$19.50@20; eastern Oregon timothy, \$21.50@22; clover, \$19; oat hay, \$18; oats and vetch, \$18. Butterfat—47@52c.

Eggs—Ranch, 25@49c. Cattle—Steers, good, \$10@10.50. Hogs—Good to choice, \$10.50@11. Lambs—Good to choice, \$10.50@11.

Seattle. Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.22; hard winter, western red and northern spring, \$1.21; bluestem, \$1.35.

Eggs—Ranch, 35@52c. Butterfat—52c. Cattle—Choice steers, \$10@10.50. Hogs—Prime light, \$11.35@11.50. Lambs—Choice, \$11@11.50.

Spokane. Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.50@10.25. Hogs—Good and choice, \$10.50@10.60.

Lambs—Choice, \$10@10.35.

Better Woods Than Nothing. It is not so much the being exempt from faults as an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.—Dean Swift.

Advertising is the oil that lubricates the machinery of business.

Colonial Homes Surely Constructed to Endure

Those who are familiar with the construction methods employed by New England coast house builders of the Colonial period are generally impressed by the foundation work. To-day, after a century or more, one may find these foundations unshaken. Labor was cheap in earlier times; construction material close at hand. Perhaps such massive bases for the superstructure were needlessly extravagant, yet one must admire the honest work that has stood the tests of time.

At East Winthrop, Maine, there stands a massive Colonial dwelling, 107 years old, that has one of these typical foundations. It is formed of enormous granite slabs which are laid up three feet thick. It is tradition among descendants of the original owners that three yokes of oxen were required to haul some of these great stones to the spot.

Quite frequently one will come across one of these Colonial houses with stone chimney bases 20 feet square while on the ground floor there will be tunnels through the heart of the chimney, forming unique hallways from one part of the main floor to another. Foundations and chimneys were built to withstand the onslaughts of floods, earthquakes and centuries. Fire occasionally razes cleanly one of these Colonial dwellings, yet the hand of man is always necessary to tear apart that honest masonry.

Whitman's "Ballyhoo" Walt Whitman, writes Harvey O'Higgins in Harper's Magazine, at the time his first book of poems appeared, ballyhooed himself, anonymously, in the American Phenological Journal as the "haughtiest of writers that has ever yet written and printed a book." And in the United States and Democratic Review, for the same month of September, 1855, he hailed himself anonymously, as "one of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his posture strong and erect."

Mystery of Sleep. Science has evolved drugs that will put one to sleep, but just what it is that brings natural sleep is as great a mystery today as it was to the cave-man who curled up on his rock mattress, with his flowing beard spread over him for a quilt.

It is a commentary on human nature that we are more particular about our food than we are about our sleep, yet it is a fact, after hours of sleep, yet it is a fact, definitely established, that it is possible to live much longer without food than without the benign embrace of Morpheus.

Salvation Army Titles. It is to Elijah Cadman, a humble chimney-sweep of Coventry, to whom the credit for the military ranks and titles of the Salvation army must really go, writes a contributor in London Tit-Bits. Once known as "King of the Ruffs," Cadman was converted and became an ardent Salvationist. He was given charge of a mission and began to call himself a "captain" in God's army to fight his superior officer, William Booth as his superior officer, Cadman called him "general."

And because William Booth knew well the value of a dramatic appeal to the popular mind, the titles, after some hesitation due to modesty on William Booth's own part, were accepted.

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W. C. BRYANT Attorney - at - Law. OFFICE PHONE MAIN 93. Moro, Oregon.

NEW PERKINS HOTEL. Washington at Fifth Street, PORTLAND, OREGON. Our usual pre-war transient rates still prevail. Special Rates to permanent guests.

UNDER THE PERSONAL MANAGEMENT OF Edward C. Holt. RATES. Room with bath privilege, 75¢ up. Outside room with private bath, \$1.50 up. Special rates where more than two persons occupy one room. Let us show you our accommodations.

Model Laundry. THE DALLES. Calls for and Delivers in Moro Wasco and Grass Valley. Mondays and Thursdays.

CALLAWAY'S FUNERAL CHAPEL. Funeral Directors and Embalmers. Union and Third St. The Dalles, Ore.

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Soviets May Use Ships to Quarter Children

Moscow.—A number of "floating homes" for homeless children are being planned as part of the effort to turn these vagrants into useful citizens.

It is proposed to use old ships on the Black and Caspian seas and on the Russian river highways for this purpose.

One of the chief problems in dealing with the homeless youngsters has been that many of them run away from schools and colonies where they are placed. The ships, it is argued, will satisfy the roving disposition of such children.

Make Sure of Their Men. There is no flirting among the native married men of Tasmania. Capt. Kilroy Harris, an Australian visiting in this country, says that as a part of the Tasmanian wedding ceremony the bride's father knocks out one of the bridegroom's front teeth as a sign to the groom that he is married. Not at all. The ships, it is argued, will satisfy the roving disposition of such children.

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