

The Spray Courier.

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EDITORIALS

A motto on the wall is good, but one in the daily walk is better.

Adam was the first image of God in creation, but believers are the final image of God in Christ.

Energetic prayer is educative and effective, but the energy of grace is effective only in experience.

Russians have often been charged with cruelty, but at least they have done one humane act. The first thing they did when they had captured the fortress Przemysl was to simplify its name to Pernysl.

Do you seek "the great opportunity?" There is no need to search long or far, since, as a certain minister has truly said: "You can find it precisely where you are now." In the present, not in the future, in the little not in the large, are we to find and be and do our best and our greatest.

Mike—Begorra, an' I had to go thru the woods the other night where Casey was murdered last year an' that they say is haunted, an' be-dad, I walked backward the whole way.

Pat—Yes, an' what for wuz ye aftir doing that? Mike—Faith, man, so that I could see if anything wuz comin' up behind me.

What is there really worth while in life any one, whether high or humble can do? The British Weekly answers: "Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till night fall. Any one can do his work however hard for one day. Each one of us can live sweetly, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down; and this is all that life really means."

The best commentator we have ever consulted was an aged, common-sense, spiritually-minded farmer who daily read and meditated on the regal truths of the Bible. His touch brought heavenly fire from every verse and solid comfort from every page of the Book of books. It was an inspiration to hear his pointed explanation and his plain, clear expositions. Oh, that we all had a deeper insight into the truth!

Down with Free-Trade; Stick to home-made.

Doctor Wilson prescribed Free-Trade, and the whole family died.

CLEAN-UP WEEK To Be Observed Proclamation Calling for Annual Cleaning Is Issued by the Governor.

As a period every spring is devoted to house cleaning in our individual households and as the needs of cleaning and renovating are especially apparent in the spring in all branches of life; and as it is entirely fitting that special attention be given the promotion of such work.

Therefore, I designate the week of May 4 to 11 as "Clean-up Week." and I earnestly urge Oregonians to set aside that week as a time when they will devote attention to improving the physical appearance not only of their own property, but of their communities, as such action will be beneficial not only to general health and happiness, but by increasing the beauty of our surroundings, will add materially to the attractiveness of the State.

Dated this 12th day of March, 1915.

JAMES WITCOMBE, Governor of State of Oregon.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLEAN-UP WEEK, MAY 4 TO 11, 1915.

- 1. Take away all the ashes and trash from your back yard immediately. Send your rubbish to the dumping ground. 2. Suggest to several men with teams that they drive thru the alleys with a sign, CLEAN-UP WAGON, on their wagons. People are only too glad to pay such a man for hauling their trash away. 3. Burn all rubbish that will burn. 4. Clean your vacant lots and alley-ways. 5. Make your street and park look as trim and well kept as possible. 6. Refrain from throwing old paper, banana and orange skins into the streets. 7. If your store front is dingy, paint it. 8. Plant some grass and flower seeds to make your home beautiful. 9. If you have unsightly old buggies or traps in your back yard, remove them. 10. Clean out the alleys back of the business houses at once. 11. If your walk is an eyesore to those traveling over it, repair it or build a new one. 12. If there are unsightly old tumbled-down sheds on your lots, tear them down and remove them. They detract from the beauty of your home and town. Open spaces and fresh air are better. 13. By all means, do your part to help make your town cleaner and more attractive.

Fixing Up an Election. A curious incident once occurred at Patton at an election for parliament. Sir Mark Wood, who had been one of its members for several years, had as his colleague in the parliament of 1812 Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the famous "Congreve rocket." The latter resigned in 1816, and the baronet wished his own son to fill the vacancy. There were only three voters in the constituency—Sir Mark, his son and his butler, named Jennings—but as the son was away and the butler had quarreled with his master an opportunity was afforded for a singular revenge. Jennings refused to second Sir Mark's nomination of his son and proposed himself, and a deadlock was averted only by Sir Mark coming to terms with the refractory butler, whose nomination he seconded in order to induce him to act as a seconder to his son. Matters being thus put formally in train, Sir Mark arranged with Jennings that the former's vote should be alone given, and the final state of the poll at Patton's only known contest stood thus: Wood (Tory), 1; Jennings (Whig), 0.—Westminster Gazette.

Snow Ice Cream. Snow ice cream—what a joy it used to be to the child heart! Mother used to make it when she had been importuned to "do us up some more cupful, mom." The youth of today, perhaps, does not need that joy, with everything so handy for buying "store" ice cream. But never can such makeshift take away the memory of the earlier dish. It was so easy to make too. Nature kindly furnished the foundation, and all that was necessary was to add sugar and milk. When a new fall of snow came the children watched anxiously until it became deep enough to scoop up cupfuls of the crystals. Then it was carried to mother and milk poured in and more snow added, and then more milk poured in and more snow added, until there was a full cupful. Sugar was added until the taste was just right and the mixture was placed out of doors until it had become a half frozen mass, and there was the ice cream!—Indianapolis News.

Nicked Arteries. A "nick" in an artery is sometimes more dangerous than its complete severing, for the coats of arteries are formed of muscular tissue, which contracts, and a slight cut at once expands into a round or oval hole, through which the hemorrhage continues unless the artery be tied. When an artery is completely severed the cut ends tend to turn in and close the tube. In the case of a small artery this closing sometimes needs no assistance. In the case of a larger artery the surgeon ties it at once and thus closes it for good. The New York Medical Journal reports two cases at Lincoln hospital in which hemorrhages broke out over and over again for several weeks in arteries that had only just been nicked and that were finally healed by being tied just as if they had been severed.

A Question of Numbers. Herbert Spencer did not agree with the scientists who favored the metric system. He said it is artificial and unsatisfactory, ten being divisible by only two numbers—two and five—and in one case the result is fifths, which are practically useless in the everyday life of the people. The decimal system is similarly objectionable, he contended, because it has an imperfect fourth and a more imperfect third, both of which are desirable in ordinary transactions. He regarded twelve as one of the most favorable numbers, as it is easily divisible into groups of units for popular use.

Tracing It Back. "Inquirer" says: "I am making a collection of the best examples of modern slang. What does 'double cross' mean?" Glad to oblige you. The slang you mention is modern, but the source is classical.

His Proposal. "Can you wash clothes?" asked the timid young lover. "What's that?" asked the surprised maiden. "Can you wash dishes?" "Yes, I thought this was a proposal of marriage? What do you run, anyway—a laundry or a restaurant?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Esser Employment. "I understand," said the letter carrier, "that some of those ancient did all their writing on rocks and bricks." "Yes," replied the professor. "Well, those times have their disadvantages. But I'd rather be a letter carrier now than then."—Washington Star.

It Hit Him. "Yes," observed the egg, "my theatrical venture was a great success. I was cast for the heavy villain and made a tremendous hit."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Noted Fatherly. "I want to marry your daughter. I love her," said the suitor. "What makes you think I don't?" replied her dad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Trifles. Gertie—I wish to show you that I don't stand on trifles.—Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't.—London Telegraph.

If Caesar Had a Phone. Julius Caesar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone engineer attached to the Roman postoffice endeavoring, but without avail, to get an instrument installed at the capitol and at the palace. "I am intrusted by the emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edison need not call again with his magician's apparatus." A signal blunder! We can imagine what would have happened. "Hello, 1287 Tibet! Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou rangst me up this morning. What! Details of a plot? Go not to the senate today! Beware of Brutus! Go not near Casca? Right, and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, although Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Caesar's valuable life and with it the fortune of Rome was saved.—From "If They Had Thought of It" in Strand Magazine.

Funeral Souvenirs. Weird funeral souvenirs of Dutch origin were called "doed-koecks," or "dead cakes." With a small bottle of wine and a pair of gloves two of these were sent by way of invitation to relatives and friends whom one wanted to attend the funeral. The original recipe for these cakes, which is said to be authentic, called for fourteen pounds of flour, six pounds of sugar, two pounds of butter, one quart of water, two teaspoonfuls of pearl ash, two teaspoonfuls of salt and one ounce of caraway seed. These were baked in four inch squares, then frosted and marked with the initials of the "de-parted friend." Sometimes they were eaten at the funeral dinner, but usually they were taken away, like wedding cakes, as souvenirs. Many bakers made a specialty of "funeral cookery," one baker in Philadelphia advertising the specialty as recently as 1748.—New York Tribune.

Real Joy of Farm Ownership. I am not a gentleman farmer, with a great estate over which I ride once in awhile and leave all the real work to my underlings. I cannot think there would be great fun in this. No; I like to take hold with my Portuguese man and plant and spray and trim and prune. To be sure, he does more than his share of the rough work, and much of the year I must be cultivating other kinds of fields than those that grow cabbages and turnips, but the fun of farming comes from being a real farmer while you are one, getting close to the soil, becoming intimate with every living thing, whether it be a plant or animal; loving your tomato vines and raspberry bushes, taking a real pride in your eggplants and your brussels sprouts, whether you get a prize for them at the county fair or not.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark in Country-side Magazine and Sunrider Life.

A Recipe For Ghosts. It is generally understood that "seeing ghosts" is the result of indigestion. The following notes may be useful to amateurs anxious to investigate psycholo-logical phenomena: Lobster salad eaten after midnight, one ordinary ghost with chains. Two Welsh rabbits and a mince pie one mysterious gray lady emitting groans. Cold roast pork, mixed pickles and strong tea taken immediately before retiring, a genuine family specter carrying his head under his arm. A portion of cake, result of daughter's first lesson at cookery school, a troop of fearsome blood stained hobgoblins with blue lights shining out of empty eye sockets.—New York Journal.

Cleaning a Watch Chain. Gold or silver watch chains can be cleaned with a very excellent result, no matter whether they be matt or polished, by boiling them for a few seconds in pure aqua ammonia. They should then be rinsed in alcohol and finally shaken in clean sawdust, free from sand. Imitation gold and plated chains should be cleaned in benzine, then rinsed in alcohol and afterward shaken in dry sawdust.—St. Louis Republic.

No Late Hours There. Guest—What possessed you to move away off here to the extreme edge of the city? Host—The trolley cars stop running at 10 p. m. "What of that?" "Wait till you see my pretty daughter."—New York Weekly.

Their Division. "I see where a criminal lawyer has taken his daughter into partnership with him. How do they divide the cases?" "He takes the fellow-mice, and she the mis-demeanors."—Baltimore American.

Satirical. Willie—Willis—What's a "satirical touch," pa? Papa—Willis—It's the fellow who borrows money of you and then kilds you about it whenever you meet.—Puck.

An Exception. Big—No man ever succeeded in business who kept watching the clock. Dix—Oh, I don't know. There's my train dispatcher.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Skeptical. Not one man in a thousand who rolls down to the bottom of the hill can make the world believe he did it for exercise.—Atlanta Constitution.

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