

## THE FAIRY TALE

By AGNES GRAHAM BROGAN

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Far back in the shadows sat Goldilocks, and the little brown nursemaid. Goldilocks had been known as Miss Miriam Sturtevant before the joyful exchange of her attendants was made. And the brown nursemaid was not brown at all as to face, but just a curious autumn leaf sort of person, with leaf-brown hair and darker brown eyes and crimson-leaf coloring. A happy, cheery companion, who changed miraculously Miriam's prosy routine of days into a fairyland existence. And who succeeded where the former dictatorial custodians had failed in quelling the child's self-importance and banishing her gloom. Miriam was well aware of the interest she occasioned as heiress, aware too, of the awe with which Miss Palmer had regarded her upon this account.

The new little Ursula Brown, who dubbed herself the brown nursemaid, had no regard for money at all. It was just a necessity, she said, and one need not be proud of its possession because it couldn't buy happiness.

It was all part of the game of growing that the Goldilocks and the brown maid played together. Life was no longer dull in Uncle Roger's big house. Uncle Roger was Daddy's bachelor brother, who had become her guardian, and guardian, too, of the fortune which he and she alone shared. Miriam had been a problem to Uncle Roger, until Ursula came.

Ursula drifted in most fortunately one morning when Miss Palmer and Uncle Roger were having a row, because returning home unexpectedly at a very late hour the night before, he had found his niece deserted. Miss Palmer locking the nursery door behind her, had gone on to some amusement of her own. Ursula Brown stopping to see if Miss Miriam Sturtevant might not possibly require a musical instructress, was moved to apply for Miss Palmer's position instead, and received it. Things had gone smoothly since then.

Uncle Roger was unpleasantly surprised when she refused to awaken Miriam late in the evening, that she might help him while away an hour of boredom.

"I might be able to please you with a song," said the young woman. She did; Roger, listening, wondered all at once concerning this young woman's past—her home life, how she had happened to come to them. But when he eagerly requested another song, she as firmly refused as she had refused Miriam's coming, and passed swiftly on up to her own quarters.

Women more beautiful than this quiet little attendant had sought his company; young women whose favor one might be proud to win. But, like Goldilocks, Roger was under the fairy charm. What spell did she weave, this silent purveyor of happiness?

"You know," Goldilocks told him, during one of their confidential talks, "the brown maid came out from a green empty wood to seek her fortune. She has told me all about it. The wood was green with memories, you see, of those who had lived with her there—her family. And it was empty, because they had gone away forever."

"So she climbed the steep hill, which was really just our main street, and she could find no fortune there. So she came on and on, to the top of the mountain, which is our own beautiful avenue. And at the top was the castle—our house, Uncle Roger—with me, the Princess Goldilocks just needing to be cared for. So the brown maid of the wood stayed on at the castle."

Roger Sturtevant smiled as he sank back among the couch cushions.

"I see," he said.

When Ursula came hurriedly to put her charge to bed, she passed by the couch all unseeing, following Miriam to the far shadowy corner.

So they sat together, the brown nursemaid and Goldilocks.

"Tell me," begged the child, "the rest of the story of the maid of the wood, Ursula. Did she go on living forever in the castle at the top of the hill, or did a handsome prince come to carry her away? Was there no prince at all in the castle on the hill," asked the child disappointedly.

Roger could hear the girl's breath catch in a little broken laugh.

"Yes, there was a prince," she answered, holding Miriam close, "a really wonderful prince, who had traveled many lands and whose pockets were filled with gold. Many beautiful princesses sought to become his bride, for he was good and true, as he was handsome. Even the old servants loved him, and he was as gentle as a mother to one little girl. It was but natural then, that he should also seek to be kind to the poor maid of the wood, Good-night Goldilocks," the voice ended abruptly.

"Why," said the child, "why Ursula, there are tears on your cheek."

Behind the two came quickly a

man's tall figure. Uncle Roger, bending, kissed tenderly his own small niece, then more tenderly, the other.

"I will finish the story," he said. "This prince fellow who lolled around with his pockets full of gold that never would buy anything he really wanted, came to love, as it happened, this sweet woodland maid with a love that never could let her go, and so—"

His eyes sought Ursula's. He begged her to stay at the castle forever.

"Did she promise to stay," drowsily asked the child.

"Forever," Ursula softly answered.

## AIREDALE DOG NOT SCOTCH

Breed Had Its Origin in Yorkshire, England, and Is a Comparative Newcomer.

Your airedale is not a Scotch dog. He is not of Scotch ancestry and no blood of Scotch dogs flows in his veins. He is an Irish and English dog. The name of his breed does not come from the County Ayr in Scotland, but from the River Aire in Yorkshire, England. Nor is the airedale an old breed of dog, as such things are measured in the dog world. It is neither an old family nor a "first family" among dogs. The airedale is a newcomer. Dogs of this breed were first exhibited at Shipley, in Yorkshire in 1876, and they were then called, not airedale, but "waterside terriers." These dogs were produced by crossing an English otter hound with an Irish terrier, believed to have been a red terrier, and later adding a dash of bull terrier blood. The combination produced a dog second to no other dog in intelligence, bravery, gameness in a fight, loyalty to his master and his master's family, and kindness to children.

The word "airedale," as the name of this new kind of dog, was first used in 1883 at the national dog show at Birmingham, England, where these entries were described as "airedales or waterside terriers." The name "waterside terriers" fell into disuse. The English Kennel club was slow and conservative in recognizing this as a new and distinct breed of dog, but referred to them as "broken-haired terriers."

## TRACE INSTITUTION TO ADAM

Ancient and Honorable Order of Henpecked Husbands Claims First Man Was Chairman.

Easter Monday is the henpecked husband's day in Yorkshire, and the members of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Henpecked Husbands held high revel together in hillside villages, says the London Morning Post.

The club is one of those freak institutions established in pure fun, though the members do declare that it dates from Adam, who was the first chairman of the order.

Really it is a survival of the days when freak clubs flourished in the country—the days of the Elamites of Bradford, known locally as the Low Moor Liars, whose test of membership was the ability to drink a quart of beer without stopping to take a breath, and to tell a thumping lie.

The biggest liar was elected mayor for the three months following and had the privilege of free beer at all meetings during his term of office.

Another quaint organization was the Pudsey Hitherhead Tea club, a body which, judged by its name, might have been mistaken for a tea-drinking institution, but which declared its object to be the promotion of beer-drinking and the playing of chess.

About 40 farmers of the Canby district have organized the Canby Growers Cooperative association. The object is to maintain so far as possible an even flow of products to the market.

The state irrigation securities commission has certified to bonds of the Summer Lake Irrigation district in the sum of \$260,000 and the Silver Lake Irrigation district in the amount of \$275,000.

Three rock crushers are engaged in turning out material for hard surfacing the Crane-Lawen highway for a distance of 12 miles. One third of the work is completed. The entire road will be open for traffic November 1.

Requisition papers were issued by Governor Olcott for the return to Oregon of J. J. Walker, ex-cashier of the Lafayette State bank at Lafayette, Yamhill county, on a charge of arson, committed in November, 1920. Walker was said to be under arrest in Minnesota.

Twenty per cent of the employees of the state industrial accident commission will be released from service on September 1. This action is made necessary, members of the commission said, because of the slump in industrial activities, particularly the lumbering industry, and the reduction in wages throughout the state, which has reflected itself in a proportionate decrease in the commission's income.

## SHE ALSO KNEW TENNYSON

Poetic Business Man Got Something of a "Jolt" When He Tackled Little Waitress.

The man with the superior air was a poetic business man. He generally patronized a small lunchroom near his office. When he was not selling eggs at wholesale or something, he liked to read verse. His favorite was Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." And because he felt that he knew so much about it he thought he would have a little fun with the lunchroom waitresses, in a superior sort of way.

It began by naming the girls after the heroines in the poem. His regular waitress was a tall, gaunt person, but somewhat queenly as she bore down on him with a plate of hash. Her real name was Sadie.

"Sadie," he announced one night, "hereafter I'm going to call you Guinevere, Mindy."

"I should worry," said the waitress, shifting her gun, "but who's she?"

"The bride of King Arthur," was the reply.

"Awful, but I hope she's respectable. I ain't seen that fellow."

So it went. All the girls were properly renamed. And then one day a new waitress was on the job. She was small and dark. Exceedingly pretty, he thought.

"I haven't named you yet," he told her after a couple of nights.

Then he explained his little indoor sport.

"I'll let you be Elaine," he said.

"How ridiculous," she answered. "I can't be Elaine."

"Why not?"

"Tennyson says she was fair. I'm a brunette. Elaine the fair, Elaine the beautiful, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat." Evidently you don't remember how the lines went.

The superior bookworm called for his check.—New York Sun.

## CULTIVATE HABIT OF THRIFT

Practice Means That One Will Be Ready to Seize Opportunity When It Comes.

Practice thrift habitually. Make it as much a part of your routine as eating and sleeping. Get yourself systematized. Work on a definite schedule. Save regular amounts. Plan your work and your actions so that you will have no idle time, no lost motion, no wasted energy.

These are among the secrets of success, happiness and progress.

The time to begin the cultivation of thrift habits is now.

The most important message that can be conveyed to the people of this nation today is: "Get the thrift habit." Practice thrift not for a brief interval or intermittently, but habitually.

Disraeli said, "The greatest secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes."

This brief sentence furnishes one of the best reasons for practicing thrift that ever has been given. It presents a phase of the question to which not enough attention is paid. Ordinarily thrift is looked upon as a means of safeguarding one against possible emergencies or of building up an accumulation of money for some definite purpose. But there are many unexpected turns in the pathway of life.—Thrift Magazine.

## Friendly Warning.

Under the caption "A Friendly Hint" the following forcibly worded advertisement in Rivington's New York Gazette of January 18, 1775, was directed against a resident who had made a grievous financial error, very much to his own advantage:

"If a merchant of this city who lives near the Exchange, not many miles from Broad street, does not within 14 days from the above date return £10 which, by mistake, he was overpaid in settling an account, a narrative of the whole transaction, with his name at length, will be published in a future paper and the truth of it supported by an affidavit. If, in the meantime, the gentleman should recollect the error and will make any overtures to Mr. Boole at Mrs. Haight's, in Smith street, secrecy will be observed."

## Advertisers at First Shy.

It took several years after the establishment of newspapers in America for advertising to become popular. John Campbell, the postmaster of Boston, who, in 1794, started the Boston News Letter, the first real newspaper in this country, had great difficulty in persuading his townspeople to advertise their wares or their wants. William Bradford and Peter Zenger in New York were hardly more fortunate at first, and even Benjamin Franklin, for many years after he began the publication of the Pennsylvania Gazette, found his advertising columns very meager. After 1850, however, the reluctance to advertise died away and all the leading papers showed that they were "well supported."

# The Tribune will be in on Bargain Day

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Keep your name and your business before the public all the time—your best asset is your advertising. The Tribune covers this territory like a blanket. Write, phone or see us for rates

Let us print your Letter Heads, Envelopes, Invitations, Sale Bills or whatever your requirements. Price and workmanship will be right.

THE SCIO TRIBUNE SCIO ORE.

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