

Paris Mi-Careme Queen and Her "Love Tower"



Here is the ornate "love tower" chariot built for the "Queen of Queens," of the Mi-Careme carnival in Paris, and a portrait of the queen herself, Mile Germaine Buchet.

DAIRY HINTS

REDUCE EXTENT OF DISEASE

Testing Cattle for Tuberculosis and Cleaning Up Infected Herds Having Effect.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

That testing cattle for tuberculosis and the cleaning up of infected herds are having a permanent effect in reducing the extent of the disease is shown conclusively by figures recently collected by the United States Department of Agriculture from inspectors in charge of the eradication work in various parts of the country. The inspectors were asked to supply figures on the results of three or more tests on badly diseased herds, those that had not less than 10 per cent of reactors on the first test. The first test on more than 58,000 cattle in these bad herds showed that 26 per cent had tuberculosis. Another test six months later on the same herds, from which the reactors had been removed, showed only 6.9 per cent of the disease. By another six months the per-

centage had gone down to 2.8. A fourth test on more than 25,000 of these cattle showed only 1.8 per cent of tuberculosis.

The reports from which these figures were taken show that under normal conditions herds very badly diseased may be established as relatively free in a short time. They also show that eradication work can be carried on without destroying the cattle industry as is sometimes thought. Erratic results were obtained on a very few of the 1882 herds tested, the list of this class containing less than 100. Out of the 126,608 herds under



A Dairy Herd Certified by the Department of Agriculture as Free From Tuberculosis.

observation December 1, 1921, there were only a very few that had not shown satisfactory improvement as a result of testing.

"Squaring the Circle."

Efforts to "square the circle" date back to remote antiquity. The problem is discussed in the oldest mathematical document extant, the Rhind Papyrus, the date of which is about 2000 B. C.

NORA

By MOLLIE MATHER.

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Into the shabby old library came, shyly, Nora. Between the doorway curtains she paused uncertainly; it was evident that the family were in council concerning her own small self. "Come in Honora," said one sister-in-law briskly, "we are discussing the matter of your future. Now, that old Uncle Peter is dead, you will have, of course, to seek a home elsewhere. I must say, Uncle Peter was astonishingly careless in his living."

"The poor old fellow has long been an invalid," her husband reminded her. "Well I'm sure," spoke up the second sister-in-law, "Philip has done more than most nephews in helping him along. Because Philip happens to be prosperous is no reason why he should be a source of support for dependent relatives."

"If you please," spoke Nora gently, from the doorway, "I'll be going. And she was gone."

"Such a queer girl," sighed Peter's wife, "she has even caught Uncle's soft brogue. And has no more idea of responsibility than a kitten. She is not fitted for any branch of business that I can see. What are we going to do with her?"

"Honora was old Peter's constant nurse," her husband meekly defended. "She hasn't been able to leave the old fellow for years—not since he befriended her when she was orphaned and little more than a child."

"Whenever I called," his wife retorted, "Nora was usually humming about the garden. Used to lie there in a hammock swinging and singing, while Uncle idolized her from the porch. Everything that girl did was just right in his eyes. He would hesitate to disturb her idle hour by asking for a glass of water when thirsty. When it was too cold for hammock lolling, Nora was usually at that cracked old piano. She certainly took little advantage of her spare time."

"Nora used to play mighty pretty things," Philip said reminiscently. "I liked to hear her sing them in that sympathetic little way all her own. It was the only pleasure the kid had."

Peter looked up with a question in his eyes, then turned away disappointedly.

"I am glad," he said in a low tone to his brother, "that we were able to persuade Gransby to attend Uncle Peter. Uncle used to be good to us when we were boys and Gransby's about the best surgeon in this part of the country. I was surprised when after seeing old Peter, he agreed to take on the case. Gransby is coming out to take dinner with us today," Peter informed his wife.

She frowned. "And you did not let me know in time so that I could have sister Myra here. You know that Dr. Gransby is the sought-after in Myra's set."

"Little good it will do those beautiful maidens from what I hear," answered Philip. "Donald Gransby is married to his profession."

Far out on the lawn the family saw Nora despondently standing, her arm about the neck of Uncle Peter's loved old horse. Then, into the family circle came, with his assured easy tread, the successful young surgeon, Dr. Gransby's smile however lacked its usual assurance, his fine face looked tired and worn.

"We were," Philip informed him,

"debating what might be best for Nora to do. Perhaps you can help us."

The surgeon accepted the chair pushed out for him, then as promptly arose to walk impatiently the length of the room.

"The very best thing for her to do," he said emphatically, "is to marry me. For more than three weeks I have been trying to impress that fact upon her."

It was Peter's wife who broke the silence which followed. "You mean," she asked unbelieving, "that you have asked Nora to marry you, and she—refused? Surely the girl could not be so indifferent to her advantage?"

Donald Gransby smiled; it was a tender smile.

"Nora," he replied, "is not a girl who thinks of advantage where love happens to be the important issue. Nora—is different. Perhaps that is why I love her so."

"I think the girl is confused with her problems and success," said Donald Gransby. "Of course you have heard that Reverso, the concert singer, is greatly interested in Nora's compositions and undoubted talent. She went, I believe, directly to him after one of his recitals and submitted one of her songs for his consideration. Reverso went wild over the lulling air, and is publishing it on his own account. He tells me that Nora will undoubtedly reap a fortune. He used to drive out here to Uncle Peter's to have her improvise for him. And naturally fell in love with her sweet sincerity and simplicity. So Reverso also has asked Nora to marry him! And both of us—we wait."

The clock ticked loudly in the shabby library. Across the lawn, slowly came Nora. They heard her opening chords as she seated herself before the tinkling old piano in the parlor. Then Donald Gransby jumped to his feet and hurried through the door, and after her murmured word of greeting to him, the still listening family heard Nora's eloquent music change suddenly from plaintive sadness to unmistakable joy.

Poets and the People.

The reputation of the great poets has not been made by the scholarly critics, chiefly, but rather by the plain people of their own time or of the years immediately following.—Branter Matthews.

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