Sanitary Barber Shop

J. F. MALONE, PROP.

Clean Towels and Prompt Service

BATHS IN CONNECTION

Sweet Home

Oregon

and Produce Market

W. B. Thompson & Son Props.

The best of fresh and cured Meats, Lard, Poultry, Etc., constantly on hand, for which we will pay the highest Market
——Price——

SWEET HOME - OREGON

Real Causes of Crime

Crime is usually committed from lack of power to resist temptation, a lack incident either to lack of food or to malnutrition, especially in childhood, which has resulted in poor nerve power and a consebuently weak will to obey the impulse to do right which are the product of the "light which lighteth every man born into the world." Poverty, wrong conditions in industry, environment generally and drunkenness, often itself the product of poverty, make some people criminals- The sensible thing is to increase their vital power as to nerves, to increase self-respect, to cause them to form habits of industry and reflection and to show that the state is above prejudice, class punishment and revenge.

Early Hairpins.

The women of early days possessed bronze bodkins made like those of our time, and in their toilet they employed small tweezers of a pattern that has not altered in 2.000 years. To retain the hair in the desired fashion they had not, it is true, hit on the idea of bending a wire double, but they did employ for this purpose straight bronze pins exactly like the modern hatpin and showing a big spherical by the straight bronze pins exactly like the modern hatpin and showing a big spherical

J. A. THOMPSON NOTARY PUBLIC T. L. DUGGER
NOTARY PUBLIC

Thompson & Dugger Real Estate Brokers

SWEET HOME, OREGON

¶ If you want to sell your Farm, other lands or City property, list them with us. We can get you a buyer. ¶ We manage Transfers of Property, Write Deeds, Mortgages, etc., etc., examine Abstracts, ——Negotiable Loans——

COME IN AND SEE US. WE DON'T WANT THE EARTH BUT WE DO WANT TO SELL YOU A PART OF IT

ESKIMO HOSPITALITY.

A Dinner Drama That Illustrates a
Trait of the Natives.

A custom of the Eskimos, which illustrates in a striking manner the character of the people, is thus described by Dr. S. K. Hutton in his work, "Among the Eskimos of Labrador:"

"It was a queer dinner party. The table was pushed into the corner and littered as usual with cothes and books and relics of work hastily laid aside. Dinner was spread on the floor. The center of the feast was an enormous pot, heaped with lumps and slabs and ribs and joints of raw seal meat. Round the pot the family squatted, every one except the baby, armed with a businesslike knife. Cutting off pieces of flesh or gnawing at bones, they munched and chewed and smacked their lips with great relish.

"So busy were they all that perhaps I was the only one to notice a slow, shuffling step passing the window. The footsteps turned into the porch, and I heard the dogs yelping as somebody cleared them out of the way. A groping hand felt for the latch, and the door silently opened. A voice said, 'Aksuse'—'Be strong, all of you'—and Apkik, a young man of the village, came in, choking and coughing at the sudden warmth Nobody seemed to take much notice, but John gave a laconic 'Ah!' in answer to his greeting, and the circle widened to make room for the newcomer

"Apkik sat down and pulled a knife out of his belt—I watched him pityingly as he helped himself with lean and shaking fingers. It was not long before he was satisfied, for he was sadly listless and weary, and with a simple 'Nakonek he wiped his knife upon his trousers leg and slowly went out. Again nobody took much notice. John said 'Ah!' and Apkik shut the door after him.

"I was mystified by this strange little drama, and I suppose that I showed my wonder in my face, for John answered the question that was in my thoughts, just as if I had asked it.

"'We all know Apkik,' he said. 'He is a poor young man who cannot hunt or work for himself, and we know that he cannot work because he is ill. I did not invite him to come, but he is quite welcome. No poor man lacks for a meal as long as there is food. It is a custom of the people.'"

Getting a Start.

"Why doesn't that dachshund come when I call him? The idea of sulking on me!"

"He's coming as fast as he can," said the man's wife "He's got his front legs started" Washington Herald.

There is nothing in life so important as to think before you act.

Agates ground and polished, at Stacys, Lebanon.