

HIS LUCKY DAY

By WINIFRED FORD.

Dick Morrison was visiting a friend he had met the summer previous at Ingleswood. Ingleswood was a favorite summer resort of Dick's family. Ned Greenwood had rescued Dick from drowning at Ingleswood beach one morning when Dick was seized with cramp. Friendship had developed from this incident and now Dick was at the Greenwood farm having the time of his life.

"And will you ever forget that gypsy fortune-teller at Ingleswood and the things she predicted?" laughed Ned.

"Come to think of it, now, she did predict that Thursday would be my lucky day. By the way, Thursday is the day I return to town—I'm going to be on the look-out for luck," and at the mere thought of ever being superstitious over lucky days or fortune-tellers, Dick smiled. It was incredulous to both Dick and Ned that any of the gypsy's predictions would ever come true.

The 8:14 was late, as usual, Thursday morning, and Edna Walton paced up and down the platform at Newfall station mentally criticising the railroad and all connected with it. On her manuevering parlor windows in Whitton City was written, "Open at 8:30," and now it was close on to 10:30. She had spent the week-end with a girl friend at Newfall and was in a hurry to get back to the city and her business. Edna Walton conducted a manuevering parlor called Mine. Walton's manuevering parlor. She was twenty-one, rather small, had large laughing brown eyes and a wealth of curly brown hair.

Dick Morrison jumped from Ned's racer at the station and grasping Ned's hand, assured him of the delightful weeks spent at Newfall at the Greenwood farm. He hurried to the platform, deposited his grip on the ground, and signaled to a passing newsboy for a morning paper. The boy did not notice Dick, as he was busy counting his money at that moment.

In the meantime Edna saw the train approaching at a distance and unconsciously deposited her grip close to Dick's, and took a tiny mirror from her pocketbook and made sure the curls were all tucked in neatly. She, too, saw the newsboy and went after him for a morning paper. Dick returned, and with his eyes on the approaching train, picked up a grip and moved forward. Edna, with the paper under her arm, also picked up a brown leather bag, and as she entered the train she secretly thought how light the bag had grown since she last carried it. When she was seated in her chair she looked at the bag, and alas! in place of her travel-worn bag was a beautiful leather one with the initials D. M. printed on the side. "What have I done and where is my grip?" was all she could say, and tears of vexation appeared in her eyes.

In the meantime in the smoker Dick was surely blessing the gypsy who had produced all sunshine and good luck for him on Thursday, and here before his very eyes was an unfamiliar bag.

"Of all the luck—how am I going to get that bag back to its owner and how the deuce shall I recover mine?" and Dick's thoughts were anything but pleasant.

Upon leaving the train Dick immediately set out for a newspaper office and inserted an ad (he left the bag at his home to be called for), stating in the ad that he would like to recover a certain brown leather bag.

"Great Scott! I can't go into the office with hands on me like this and my nails are anything but pleasant to look at." So at a few minutes before noon he stopped at Mine. Walton's manuevering parlor and after a short wait Mine. Walton was carefully trimming his nails.

A gentleman came in at the same moment and told Edna that he had been there at 10:30 for a manuever, but the place was locked.

"Yes, Mr. Forbush, unfortunately it happened to be Thursday, my unlucky day, and not only was the train late but I lost my bag and ran away with some one else's," and Edna smiled as Mr. Forbush said "that would never do," and left the shop.

Dick heard every word, and suddenly the hand that Edna held jerked itself away, and Edna looked up to see what was the trouble. "Pardon me— I believe I made a similar mistake this morning. I—I also ran away with a bag that did not belong to me. Do you—do you think it would be possible that you took my bag and—"

"Why, I have it right here—I mean the one I took by mistake." And Edna soon produced a bag that looked ever so familiar to Dick. He explained how he had advertised her bag and that it was at his home. She said she was going to lunch just then, but she would call for it later in the day.

"But I am awfully grateful to have my bag returned. Won't—won't you allow me to take you to lunch and then escort you to my home and properly return your bag to you?" and as he saw the twinkle in the laughing brown eyes he hoped she would not refuse him.

Some time later Ned received a letter which read: "And, Ned, old boy, that gypsy fortune teller was correct! Thursday was my lucky day, and she is the smartest little girl ever!"

Spain's Sporting King on a Holiday



Alfonso, king of Spain, is an all-round sportsman. He is here seen at the tiller of his favorite yacht at Santander during a recent holiday.

RIVERS TURNED INTO SEWERS

Streams That Once Were Famous London Thoroughfares Now Are Fair Under the Ground.

The river Tyburn, which, along with the Thames, helped to make Westminster, in London, an island in Saxon times, can still be traced from the Marble arch neighborhood to Westminster. It originally flowed through Hyde park and St. James' park at a time when these were marshlands. Several feet below the pavement in Great College street are the remains of a bridge which spanned the Tyburn at this spot just before it entered the Thames.

But the most famous of all the buried rivers of London is undoubtedly the Fleet. It flowed through Jack Ketch's warren, where dwelt at times such notorious characters as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. It was a favorite dodge of the highwaymen and other thieves who infested the district of Saffron hill and Hatton garden to drop through a trapdoor to the Stygian banks of the Fleet, pull a plank after them and so escape capture by the Bow street runners. The Fleet ditch ran into the Thames at Blackfriars, and small craft used to put into it with merchandise.

In the middle of the city was the Wellbrooke, and on the east side the Langbourne, and in the western suburbs the pleasant stream of the Oldbourne, also deep enough to accommodate good-sized craft. Other London rivers not yet wholly sewered are the Roding, the Lea, the Ravensbourne and the Wandie, but the Brixton is no longer visible anywhere.

HER IDEA OF LUXURIES

Middle-Aged Negro Tells Mistress How She Will Spend \$600 Insurance Left by Her Husband.

A middle-aged negro woman of Richmond was left some \$600 insurance by her husband, and shortly afterward, when asked by the lady for whom she had cooked for many years what she intended to do with her money, declared that she meant to spend it on luxuries.

"Yo' see, Miss Mary, Ah done wuck hard all mah life, an' ain't had nuffin' but des needessities, an' Ah's gwine blow in dis money," she explained.

"How are you going to spend it, Mandy?"

"Ah is gwine buy me a phoneygraf, an' two silk dresses, an' a diamond ring, an' marry Jack Thompson," Mandy declared happily.

"Marry Jack Thompson? Why, Mandy, he is nothing but a worthless loafer, a dressed-up dude who tries to be a sport!"

"Yassum, Ah knows dat," Mandy agreed, "but, luck Ah said, Ah wants some luxuries. My ole man was a good nigger, but he sho' was sorry to look at. Now, dis Jack Thompson, he gwine be jest plumb ornamental, settin' round de house all day."

The Roman Coliseum.

The Roman coliseum was the largest and most splendid of the buildings known in architecture as amphitheat-

ers, which the Romans invented for exhibiting gladiatorial combats, fights of wild beasts and other spectacles. The repetition of arch beyond arch and story over story gives this amphitheater its imposing grandeur. This principle of reduplication of parts, of which the Gothic architects afterwards made so much use, is carried to a greater extent than in any other Roman building. It did not have a roof. The upper story is not arched like the three lower stories, but solid and with pilasters. Some architects think it was meant wholly for the purpose of supporting and working the great velarium or silk awning that covered the arena during the representation, which may not have been attempted when the amphitheater was first erected.

The Passion for Haste.

A Japanese baron visited the University of California, and on leaving was put aboard a partly filled local car.

At the junction the party transferred to a much-crowded through car. Japanese courtesy weathered the test so far as manners went, but the baron could not resist the question: "Why did we leave the comfortable car for this one, which is so crowded?"

He was told: "Oh, we save two minutes getting into San Francisco." "Ah, said he, "and what will we do with the two minutes?"

Wasn't Open.

A rather green countryman had just returned from his first visit to New York.

"Well, Si," said the postmaster, "what did you think of the metropolis?"

"Wat say?" gawked the other, stumped by so big a word.

"I asked how did you like the metropolis?"

"Oh, that—'twasn't open," said Si.—Boston Transcript.

Crowning Triumph.

Little Norman and his two playfellows were boasting about their parents and their belongings. "My father," said Norman, "is going to build a fine house with a steeple on it."

"That's nothing!" exclaimed Willie scornfully. "My father has just built a house with a flagpole on it."

Conrad, who had been listening intently, was silent for a moment, then burst out triumphantly: "Oh, that's nothing! My father is going to build a house with a mortgage on it!"

Honesty Prevalent in China.

Honesty is a prevailing virtue among most Chinamen. Some of them in their native towns and cities leave their places of business unguarded while they go off for an hour or more. Should customers arrive in the meantime they find the prices of goods plainly marked, select what they want and leave the money for them.

A French Invention.

A Frenchman has invented methods of enlarging records to obtain increased or diminished sound intensity.

Their House on an Auto Truck



William Travers of Jacksonville, Fla., returned from war only to find that he could not obtain a home for himself and wife. Being an engineer and contractor, he bought a used army auto truck, obtained some lumber and built a three-room house on it. Now Mr. Travers and his wife can live wherever they wish, and are free of paying landlords. The house is provided with gas, electricity and water fittings for connections.



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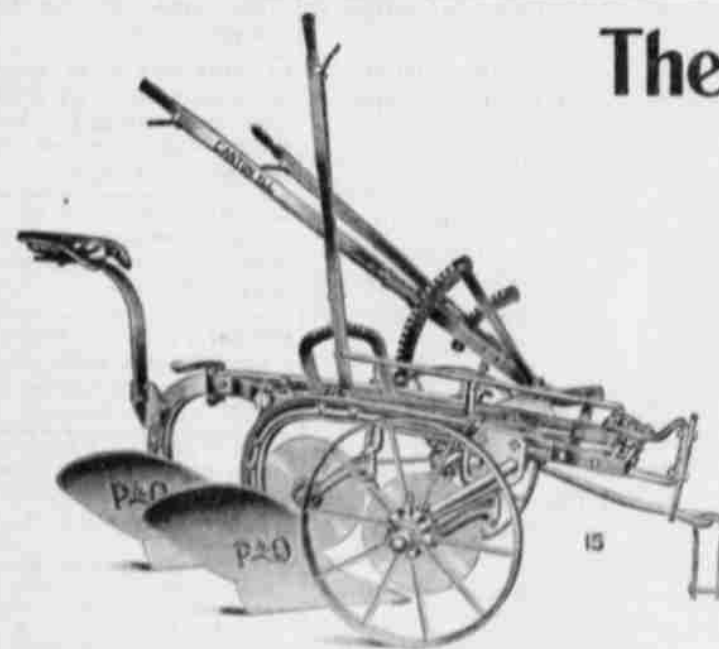
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