

COULD LAUGH AT LANDLORDS

Visitors to Los Angeles, and Some Citizens, Established Miniature City With Their Autos.

One way to avoid high rents has been discovered by about three hundred tourists from the East and a score or so of Los Angelesans, says the Los Angeles Express. This method is: Living in their motorcars.

There is a regular colony of men, women, and children who have turned cars into apartments in a parking concession just east of Lincoln park on the Alhambra boulevard.

Here the motorists have their machines arranged in rows like streets, have clothes lines strung, cook stoves set up and are living as comfortably. It is safe to say, as many persons who pay \$100 a month or so for accommodations in apartment houses.

Many have equipped their cars so that they need only to pull down the front seat, drop the side curtains and roll themselves up in their blankets to be as snug as any person in a hotel bedroom. Others have pitched tents and are sleeping on army cots.

The new order was started by tourists arriving in Los Angeles from the East. The grove of eucalyptus trees looked good to persons who had so recently crossed the desert, so they stopped there on the edge of town and made the camp their home. Seeing how conveniently the visitors avoided high rents, many residents of Los Angeles took up the camp as a permanent address. In due time the United States government took cognizance of them and gave them rural free delivery.

HAD MEMORANDA OF IT ALL

Young Married Man Altogether Too Matter-of-Fact for the Ordinary Loving Bride.

Young Mr. Marsh was a devoted husband, but both absent-minded and matter-of-fact. Therefore, Mrs. Marsh had trials that seemed to her real ones.

"Richard, you are going away," she said, her eyes filled with tears, on the morning when Mr. Marsh started for New York, to be gone 48 hours.

"Yes, I seem to be, my dear," admitted Mr. Marsh.

"You will think of me while you are gone?" she begged.

"Certainly I will. I will bear it in mind."

And nothing could have been more obliging than his tone in saying this.

"And you will be very, very careful of yourself, getting on and off the trains, and about your meals, Richard?"

"I will certainly see that all those matters are attended to at the proper time," and Mr. Marsh, hastily scribbling a note in regard to an important business matter he had almost forgotten, placed a loving arm round his wife.

"I have memoranda for all these things you've mentioned, my dear," he said in a calm, reassuring tone. "You may be perfectly easy about them all." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Travel in Central Brazil.

Travelers' stories of attacks by spiders "a foot in diameter" are related in a letter from central Brazil. Last January three ex-officers set out from England for the Amazon, and they have written to a friend telling of amazing experiences. The party had been attacked by tribes of Indians, but guns saved the travelers. They also had exciting encounters with different kinds of snakes, animals, and spiders. For a time in the swamp of the forest they had to live on monkeys, as their food was washed away. They are now living with a tribe of Indians who have never seen a white man. One of the party has been made a "medicine man," and visits his patients wearing beads and a necklet of teeth. The natives wear no clothing, only necklets, anklets and rings through the nose.

Japanese Shrines.

More than 70,000 Japanese residents of Tokyo called at the shrine of Ebisu, god of wealth, on the outskirts of Osaka, before noon on the Japanese

IDEAS IN SLEEVES

Arm Coverings Grow More Beautiful and Inspiring.

When Properly Proportioned to Individual Figure They Add Grace and Charm to Wearer.

The sleeves on the later Parisian creations are more notable even than were the first ones seen. They seem to grow more beautiful as time passes, and the ideas that are conceived for their adornment are really inspiring. It has been so long since we have seen elaborate sleeves that we are welcoming them with even more enthusiasm than would have been expected by those who created them in the beginning. Then when they are properly proportioned to the individual figure they do add so much of grace and charm to the wearer that they cannot be lightly cast aside.

On a French gown that is otherwise quite plain and unadorned there are sleeves that start out simply enough from a quite normally sized armhole, and then at about the place where the elbow is they decide to curve out into a big bell shape, and to be trimmed with wide masses of Czechoslovakian embroidery in all of the bright colors that distinguish work of that character. The dress itself is of a sombre dark-blue serge, and the sleeves resolve into dark-blue chiffon. Then this brilliant embroidery stands out as the interest around which all of the gown is built.

Another set of sleeves in a black, soft satin gown was made of tinted lace in the most brilliant orange tones. This, again, was the only touch of color about the gown, and it was really most effective. Sleeves that start at the elbow and fall away in butterfly ends are very popular on dresses for afternoon. They leave an amusing space of bare arm between the shoulder and the elbow, and often the sleeve, if it can be called a sleeve, has no relation to the gown, either in color or in material.

The sleeve has decided to be, this season, an individual entity in the construction of any gown, and that it continues to be, with all the sanction of the public, because they show by their enthusiastic adoption of the idea that they really like it.

Some of the sleeves start out as capes and cover the back of the gown, whereupon they are gathered into a place for the arm to emerge, and end their ways either at the wrists, or, having been attached at that point, fall away again into more and more droopings to reach the bottom of the skirt.

New Year's day. They knocked on the walls of the shrine with wooden mallets and called upon the god to bring them riches during the coming year. All the goals of Japan probably receive more homage January 10 than any other day of the year, that being the first special god's day of the calendar. Ebisu is very popular in the Osaka district, the rich industrial section of the empire. In Tokyo, although he has several shrines, the Japanese place more faith in the power of Otorijusha to bring them fortune.

Wheelbarrows for Flat Dwellers.

Storage room in the basement or woodshed of the backyard gardener is generally at a premium, and to minimize the storage space required for the wheelbarrow a collapsible barrow has been designed. The wheel of the appliance is removable. Hinges are provided for the folding of the handlebars, legs and front against the bottom. The unit can then be easily carried about or stored in a small space.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Valuable Influence.

"That relativity theory has done some good in the world, anyhow," remarked Farmer Corutossel.

"In what way?"

"You know St Simlin is one of these fellows that thinks he knows it all. Doc Einstein has at least made him stand up before folks and admit there is some things he doesn't understand."

VERA IVANOVNA



Vera Ivanovna, a Russian girl, who fled to this country from her home on the Black sea, has entered Simmons college, Boston.

PRINCESS SAVA-GOIU



Princess Henriette Sava-Goiu of Bucharest, Rumania, who is now in this country, is a poet—writing under the nom de plume of Adio Val—and is the protegee of Queen Marie of Rumania, herself a poet, who has given her letters of introduction to the diplomatic set at Washington. She is said to be a firm believer in the theory of the transmigration of souls.

She Ran Away From Foch's Kiss



Little Christy Luelia Kissling, a pretty five-year-old of Chicago, made herself famous the day Marshal Foch was there by refusing to kiss the world's greatest war general. Little Christy was selected to present a big bunch of daisies to General Foch by the ex-service men of Morris & Co. The general was so affected by the incident that he desired to bestow the famous French greeting on the beautiful child. Miss Kissling became frightened and fled. No doubt in later years she will regret the incident.

The Ready Answer.

A schoolboy answering the question, "What was the Sherman act?" replied, "Marching through Georgia."

A New Version.

Men are either anvils or hammers—them that ain't bellows.—Ashland Boote.

The Butterfly.

Ah, the butterfly! Even when chased, it never has the air of being in a hurry.—"Japanese Lyrics."

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Amusement to an observing mind. Study.—Beaconsfield.

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