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GOING TOO FAR
By ELEANOR K. BACON

THE Geoffrey Wintons stood on the
deck of a channel steamer and
watched the white cliffs of Dover melt
into the sky line.
Mrs. Winston threw back her fur
cape impatiently, and at the same mo-
ment Geoffrey turned up his coat collar
and shivered.
"Oh, there it goes!" cried Mrs. Win-
ton suddenly. She made a frantic
clutch at Geoffrey's hat as, dislodged by
a puff of wind, it skidded past her.
With her usual efficiency she recaptur-
ed it with a well-timed movement.
"Goodness, Geoffrey! I believe you
would lose your head if it were not
fastened on," she declared. And, in-
deed, Geoffrey's chief characteristic,
with the exception of his absent-mind-
edness, seemed to be his talent for
dropping his belongings.
"It isn't a bit rough today," she said
presently. "We are going to have a
fine crossing."
The floor heaved under them, and
Geoffrey turned a shade paler.
"I think I'll sit down, Martha," he
said a trifle uncertainly. He steered a
divided course toward his steamer
chair. A copy of Birrell's "Oblita
Dieta" fell from his pocket, and Mrs.
Winton mechanically put it into his
hands, tucked him up in his steamer
rug, and handed him an apple from a
capacious bag on her arm.
"I brought this because you always
like an apple between meals," she re-
marked solicitously. "I'll go down now
and see where Helen is. You feel all
right, don't you, Goo-goo?"
Geoffrey wished his wife would not
call him, Goo-goo, even in strictest pri-
vacy. He had begged her earnestly
and affectionately to drop it, but with
the directness that distinguished all her
words and acts she told him it was a
tribute to the imperishable infant in
him, and she could not give it up.
"You are an infant in so many ways,
Geoffrey," she used to say, with a sigh.
"Really, at times you seem fitted for
nothing more advanced than bibs and
a perambulator. And if you don't try
to overcome your overwhelming absent-
mindedness I'm truly afraid that some
day you will go too far. Why, you are
as irresponsible as the proverbial new-
born babe. I don't know what you
would do without me to look after
you!"
When she disappeared he sighed and
was about to open his book when, drift-
ing across his vision, came his daugh-
ter Helen and "That Young Idiot."
The young man so classified in Geo-
ffrey's mind, and to an impartial eye, could
and did give pleasure. He was rather
short and slight, with blue eyes at
present brimming with devotion, and a
smile that could charm an all-day
sucker away from the greenest child.
Geoffrey would have been the first to
yield to it if he had not so fiercely re-
sented its effect on his cherished and
only child.
The two absorbed young persons
stopped directly in front of Geoffrey.
On the face of Helen's lover four let-
ters shone as if emblazoned in cele-
stial light.
"Young Idiot!" Geoffrey silently ex-
ploded, returning to his book with an
impaired interest.
Half an hour slipped away. He fin-
ished the chapter, "Cambridge and the
Poets," and, looking down, became
aware of the ragged apple core in his
hand.
After a moment or two of inertia, his
legs began to agitate the steamer rug,
at first ineffectually, then more and
more violently.
Struggling heroically, he at last dis-
entangled himself, and rose unsteadily
to his feet. He was very, very dizzy,
with a sort of Ducky-Daddies feeling
that the sky was about to fall at his
feet. He gazed wistfully toward Helen's
unfiling back. No thought of a
sonnet parent disturbed her mind as
she inclined an exquisitely modeled lit-
tle ear to her lover's litany.
Geoffrey leaned over his chair and
busted himself with mysterious little
jerkings of the steamer rug. Very care-
fully he put the apple core in his empty
seat. He changed its position several
times, each time becoming more dis-
satisfied with the result. Finally he
threw the rug over it, only half con-
cealing it, and began an unsteady toe
dance toward the rail.
His zigzag route led him away from
his daughter's vicinity, so that when
he leaned on the rail he was still un-
observed.
A moment's pause, then, with almost
unbelievable grace and dexterity, Geo-
ffrey hurled himself over the rail.
Twenty minutes later Geoffrey and
"That Young Idiot" were lying on
deck, wrapped in blankets and solici-
tude. Geoffrey opened his eyes. Mar-
tha's face, white and strained from
suppressed emotion, bent over him.
Helen was tucking the rug around his
feet.
Geoffrey turned his head and his
eyes met the blue, friendly gaze of his
life preserver, whose persuasive smile
instantly shone upon him.
Geoffrey's face twitched. Then he
smiled warmly back, and two shining
and beautiful words took form in his
mind. "My son."

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More Fun Than Round Ball.
A solid rubber ball with ten cor-
ners and twelve faces has been made
to furnish additional excitement to
games usually played with a round
ball. Under the same conditions, an
ordinary ball will always act in one
certain way. The new ball is any-
thing but dependable, says Popular
Mechanics Magazine. No matter how
carefully the players may endeavor to
duplicate a special rebound, the like-
lihood is that every time it hits the
floor, it bounces off in a slightly dif-
ferent direction.

Woman's Responsible Position.
The managing director of one of the
largest machinery supply firms is a
woman, who travels all over Europe
and America. She is paid a large sal-
ary as managing director and gets a
commission on all machinery she sells.

Velvet on Hats.
Many of the new hats show velvet
ribbon trimmings, which is a revival of
a one-time popular vogue. These rib-
bons range in width from two to six
inches and make a rich trimming. New
straw and felt hats also show facings
of velvet.

STUDY CONDITIONS OF OCEAN
Experts Constantly at Work to Dis-
cover Causes That Produce Vari-
ations Long Observed.

Weather predictions for the sea are
still to come, but knowledge of the
physical conditions in our waters is
rapidly augmenting. On and off our
coast a never-ending battle is in pro-
gress between the Labrador current
with its icy freight from the Arctic
regions, and the Gulf stream with its
stored heat from the tropics. The
chief battleground lies on and near
the grand bank of Newfoundland, not
far from where the Titanic found a
watery grave. The contest between
the rival forces is not confined to the
open ocean, but is waged close to the
coast and in the larger bays. It cer-
tainly throughout the year, for at cer-
tain depths ice-cold Arctic conditions
are to be found in late summer, almost
to the southernmost tip of Nova
Scotia. The variable conditions so
produced are responsible for the im-
mensity of our fishery resources,
as well as for the great fluctuations
from year to year in the amount of
fish caught. So knowledge of the
causes underlying these weather and
water changes which will make their
prediction possible beforehand will be
of great value. The biological experts
are studying the question and laying
its basis for a rational series of pro-
duction. They have already discovered
what conditions are good for fish and
lobster culture and what are not,
so they know when it pays best to
spread the young fry from the fish
hatcheries.—Montreal Family Herald.

EARLY CHRISTIANS IN JAPAN
Treasures Carefully Put Away by
Learned Statesman Found After
Three Hundred Years.

A large number of documents, books
and personal effects relating to early
Christian activities in Japan has been
found by Marquis Tokujun Tokugawa,
the Detroit News reports. Christian
things were burned and believers pros-
ecuted during the time of Prince Mit-
sukuni Tokugawa, who died in 1651,
and the shogun secured this collection
from the things seized in all parts of
the country. After using it as refer-
ence material for his "History of
Great Japan," the prince carefully
stored it away in sealed cabinets in a
warehouse in Miya, and there, after
300 years' obscurity, it was recently
found by Marquis Tokujun.

Among the books is a copy of the
Bible written in Roman, which repre-
sents the original sound of the Japa-
nese language. This Bible is one of
only two such copies of the Scriptures.
Among the personal effects are pec-
uliar religious garments which were
worn by the Japanese Christians at
the time of the Amakusa rebellion.

Rattan Chairs.
When chair bottoms of rattan be-
come loose and baggy stand them in
a tub and pour two or three kettles of
boiling water through the woven rat-
tan. Do this on a bright day and set
the chairs in the sun. In a few hours
the bottoms will be as tight and
straight as when they were new.

AT LEAST HAD HAPPY ENDING
Unfortunate Bird Cut Off in His Prime,
but One Good Thing Might
Be Observed.

A rare play on words was perpetrat-
ed upon the members of the Kiwanis
club by Rev. A. H. Lord, rector of St.
James' Episcopal church, in a recent
address.
An industrious hen, Mr. Lord said,
sat upon a nest of eggs so efficiently
that she was rewarded with 12 chil-
dren. Eleven were little girls and one
was a little boy.
Soon the little boy grew large, with
a fine tail, a beautiful red comb and
a lusty voice. The mother and all of
the little sisters were tremendously
proud of brother and talked and
thought about him a great deal.
Then one day the minister came
unexpectedly to the house of the lady
who cared for the entire family.
Something had to be done to celebrate
the occasion in a fitting manner. So
one of the boys in the family was
dispatched to secure a chicken.
Perhaps he was not overly intel-
ligent, but, at any rate, he chose the
remarkable brother to grace the table.
Reports are lacking of how the min-
ister enjoyed his meal, but the be-
neaved family was filled with woe.
They wept and wept and wept.
But at length a more optimistic sis-
ter dried her tears somewhat and said
between sobs, "Well, anyway, mother,
we can always console ourselves with
the fact that he entered the ministry."
"Yes," the mother answered tearful-
ly, "and he would probably have never
made a good layman."—Milwaukee
Journal.

WHEN SALADS WERE 'GREENS'
Also Recalling the Days When All
Vegetables Were Boiled Before
They Were Served.

Salad is a peculiar thing. It is only
about twenty years old in the corners
of America. It is an imported prod-
uct. The generation just before ours
called the same thing "greens." Also
they cooked the greens before they
put them on the table.

It's a new idea that raw green vege-
tables provide a certain amount of
mineral salts, vitamins and other ac-
cessories to health. The balanced diet
is something that mother did not know
anything about when she cooked for
the chicken pie social in the church
basement. The only salad known in
those days was chicken salad and the
only recognized "greens" in this was
celery. If some advanced cook put in
a little lettuce and an elder of the
church happened to get it in his help-
ing there would be a two-hour prayer
on the next Wednesday night.

In the old days all salads were
cooked. There was no such thing as
hearts of lettuce. In the spring we
had "greens." In the winter we had
boiled cabbage or what has recently
been called "liberty cabbage."
On "Main Street" salad is still con-
sidered a foreign dish—something that
is served only when the preacher comes
or when one wants to make a special
splurge.

Tubular Springs.
It was Ernout, the French engineer,
who invented a spring formed of a
coiled-steel tube, in which, it is
claimed, are found certain advantages
over springs made of solid metal. It
is well known that a tube is much
stronger and more rigid than a bar
of the same material of equal weight,
from which it might be assumed that
a tube would not form a flexible
spring. But Ernout has it appears,
proved that a tube is more flexible
than a bar of the same exterior dimen-
sions. It will be observed that the two
principles are not in conflict. Owing
to its smaller mass and consequently
smaller inertia the tubular spring re-
sponds more quickly, and should, for
that reason, be specially useful for
many purposes, particularly in avia-
tion.—Exchange.

Saved the Day.
At a dinner party which I recently
attended the maid failed to bring my
serving; the hostess, not observing
this, began eating and the others fol-
lowed.

We had been reading our place
cards and having a little fun over
them. Mine read, "Because you're
like a rose at noon I'm placing beside
you a thorn" (Mr. Thorne).

Soon the guests began to notice my
dilemma and to look embarrassed,
either for me or my hostess. I don't
know which, so to save the day I said,
"Because you are so very thin, I know
you never eat a thing."

Not a good rhyme, but the laugh
went round. I was served, and every-
thing went well.—Detroit Free Press.

Costumes, Ancient and Modern.
The long, one-piece dress so much in
vogue today is similar to that worn by
the women of ancient Egypt. The
words of an account describing the
dresses worn by Egyptian women more
than 3,000 years ago might easily be
mistaken for lines from a modern
newspaper story of clothes worn by
the women of fashion at some smart
affair: "The dresses of women con-
sisted of a loose robe reaching to the
ankles, with tight or full sleeves,
fastened at the neck with a string.
Over these robes they sometimes
wore a sort of petticoat secured at the
waist by a girdle. The women of the
higher classes secured the loose dress
at the waist with a colored sash."—
Boston Globe.

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on or before December 31, 1922, will
be paid on presentation at the office
of the County Treasurer on or after
August 6th, 1923, on which date in-
terest on said warrants will cease.
Dated at Heppner, Oregon, July
23, 1923.
LEON W. BRIGGS,
County Treasurer.
\$100.00—REWARD—\$100.00
I will pay the above reward of
\$100 to any person furnishing me
information that will lead to the ar-
rest and conviction of any person or
persons having in their possession
and holding any sheep bearing my
brand. My brand is a Circle Bar, (a
circle with bar across.)
Dated at Boardman, Oregon, this
7th day of July, 1923.
M. C. MARSHALL,
Boardman, Ore.
LOST
Red and white 2-year-old steer;
branded H. Last—seen one mile
above Heppner. Reward. Inquire
at Herald office.