

THE SANDMAN STORY

MR. FOX FOOLS MR. DOG

MR. FOX was cornered—or perhaps it would better explain it to say he was in a fix, for he had been silly enough to run into his den when Mr. Dog was chasing him—a thing he seldom did unless tired out or wounded.

But Mr. Fox was neither. On this day, when he was so foolish, he just happened to be near his den, and thought he was far enough in advance to enter without being seen.

Mr. Dog, however, was bright-eyed that morning, and he spied the end of Mr. Fox's tail as it disappeared in the doorway, and he made straight for it.



"Fooled," said Mr. Dog to himself as he went along.

Mr. Dog barked loudly and began to make the earth fly; but, fortunately for Mr. Fox, Mr. Dog was a very large creature and could not possibly get through his doorway.

Mr. Fox, of course, had more than one door to his home, but what was the use of going out when Mr. Dog was all eyes and could see him?

Mr. Fox slivered every time Mr. Dog sent out a loud bark, which would tell his master he had something cornered and to come quickly with his gun.

"He will have me in deep trouble if something is not done to stop him," thought Mr. Fox, and then he picked up his ears, for an idea had come to him. He might be able to escape from his den without being chased, and at the same time get even with Mr. Dog for bothering him when he had just about caught a plump hen for his breakfast.

"I am sorry you cannot get those fine bones the dog at the farm below

you hid in here, Mr. Dog," said Mr. Fox from inside.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Dog, stopping in his work for a second. "What did you say about bones?"

"I said the dog at the farm house below you had made this a hiding place for his bones," said Mr. Fox. "I can see five beauties without looking around at all. But you cannot get them, Mr. Dog, because you are so big, and I can't push them out to you because you are so impolite when you meet me."

"I'll get in, then, and get the bones, and you, too," replied Mr. Dog.

"Well, if you go on barking the other dog will hear you and come on the run. He dug this place, and buried the bones. Of course, if you are smart enough to dig and get in you will have a feast. You wouldn't eat me, you know, Mr. Dog, after you caught me; so why spend your strength and time barking and chasing me?"

Mr. Dog was all over his desire to get Mr. Fox out of the hole. All he wanted now was to get those fine bones, and he went to work with a will, digging.

Not a sound did he make but deep breathing and a few chuckles as he thought of the bones he would find as the earth flew thickly around him.

Pretty soon he had quite a good sized hole, and making a plunge with his head, Mr. Dog went in up to his shoulders, but not a bone did he see, or Mr. Fox, either, for as soon as he heard Mr. Dog digging hard and his barking stopped, out went Mr. Fox by the back door, and by the time Mr. Dog was in the den he was miles away.

Mr. Dog came out looking very much crestfallen and covered with earth. He gave himself a good shake, and without looking around he trotted off home.

"Fooled," he said to himself as he went along. "I might have known better than to trust that sly fellow. There is no use looking for him today, but I will catch him yet, and when I do, let him look out. That is all I have to say."

But Mr. Fox was far away, looking down from a ridge where he was resting, on the farms around, and he said, as he looked at the farm where Mr. Dog lived: "The hens there are old and tough; so I shan't go there any more, and if Mr. Dog is waiting for me he will have a long wait."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WHAT WILL YOU DO TO LIFE?

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHAT will you do to life, I wonder?—
It isn't much that the world requires.
You will sometimes fail, you will sometimes blunder,
You will sometimes follow the wrong desires;
But, if one coal to the watchman's fires
You add that will make the highway brighter,
If your heart, your hand, your help,
Inspires
One traveler; makes one burden lighter,
It is well you lived, it is well you do,
Though little or much life brings to you.

What will you do to life, I wonder?—
It isn't much that the world requires.
That we follow on, that we follow under
The splendid flag of our splendid sires
And, when the arm of the elder tires,
We lift the banner and never waver,
That the race may be, when the day expires,
A little better, a little braver.
Not what you have—it is what you do
That really matters the most to you.

What will you do to life, I wonder?—
It isn't much that the world requires.
When the lightning flash, when the thunders thunder,
Here is the man that the world admires.
Not him whom purple and gold attire,
Not him who is richer than all the others,
But whose successes were signal fires
To point the path to his toiling brothers,
Both joy and sorrow will come to you;
To life I wonder what will you do?
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

THE JOY OF LIVING

THE little New England village of Puritan Crossroads didn't know what to make of Robert Adaire when, one fall after the summer people had left, he stayed on. For Robert Adaire was outside the ken of Puritan Crossroads. He wasn't serious, said the verdict.

That October, Prof. Alden Standish invited the doctor and Reginald Prince II, in to test his elder; and the conversation as it had been doing for a month turned up the new comer.

"His good spirits!" said the doctor, "Merely excellent health!"

"Personally," put in Professor Standish, "I think he hasn't the brains to worry about anything—he doesn't know enough to feel sorrow."

"Some Celtic strain, if we knew his ancestry, I imagine," ended the heir of all the Princes.

Then Puritan Crossroads forgot all about Robert Adaire because the influenza reached them. The town was struck very hard, and the thick, foreign settlement down near the Prince mills was a plague spot. The town rolled up its sleeves and gritted its teeth and fell to work with good Puritan spirit. Everyone did his bit—it was a case of noblesse oblige. Professor Standish was therefore scandalized to find Robert Adaire joking with a dying Portuguese mill hand, whose temperature he was taking. But the workman would have no one near him except Adaire. Then the doctor discovered that Adaire's gaitly was a valuable medicine among his stricken families, and that when Adaire came his patients seemed to think it worth while to try to get well. So the unassuming Robert Adaire was worked night and day until he himself fell ill. Then Reginald Prince, who appreciated the work among his operative, went to see Adaire. The new comer to Puritan Crossroads was in the worst throes of the disease. But he welcomed Prince with his usual amused smile.

"This is what I call knowing influenza from the inside," said he.

For days it was nip and tuck. The whole town seemed to have been thawed out by the warmth of his personality. Everyone, sooner or later during the day, came to hear that life was still flickering; and those three old friends—Alden Standish and the doctor and Prince—stayed by Adaire's ribald bedside.

They were talking in undertones. "It's his vitality," said the doctor, "that's so wonderful: he likes to know that he's alive; he wants to feel experience; he doesn't have to have a smooth road."

"He has no ulterior motives," said Professor Standish. "He does not a thing because he wants to do it, not because it will get him something else."

But all three of them felt it was Prince who hit the bull's-eye.

"Robert Adaire has the habit of joie de vivre," said Prince. And perhaps it was joy of living that pulled Adaire through.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?
(© by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

STATE NEWS IN-BRIEF

Cascade Locks.—According to records kept by Sheriff Edick of Hood River county, the number of foreign automobiles registered in this county for the past year was 410.

Salem.—The Oregon public service commission has requested permission to intervene in the courts in the case involving express rates in various sections of the United States.

Albany.—Pupils of the Scio high school who live in the country will receive \$4 a month from the school board with which to pay for their transportation to the school 'his winter.

Salem.—The city of Toledo, Lincoln county, has filed with the state engineer here application covering the appropriation of water from an unnamed branch of Mill creek for municipal purposes. The cost was estimated at \$25,000.

Salem.—T. B. Kay, state treasurer-elect, did not violate the corrupt practices act in connection with his expenditures during the recent campaign, according to a legal opinion given here Saturday by John H. Carson, district attorney.

Halfway.—Some 50 youthful trappers will be on duty in Pine Valley during the holidays and considerable rivalry is present among the organization to obtain the greatest number of hides. Nearly all boys in the local high school earn their spare money in this enterprise.

Salem.—Despite that only three days remained to obtain motor vehicle licenses for 1925 in compliance with the laws, less than 23,000 of an estimated 192,500 to be issued for the next 12 months' period, had been applied for last Saturday at the offices of the secretary of state.

Forest Grove.—Fire at Roy, seven miles north of here, at 2:30 o'clock Saturday destroyed the general merchandise store of J. A. Moore, the postoffice adjoining and the passenger station of the Pacific Railroad & Navigation company. The loss on the store and postoffice was estimated at \$20,000, with no insurance.

Pendleton.—Surety bonds given by Raymond T. Cokingham, sheriff-elect, and Charles E. Graham, county recorder-elect, have been accepted by the county court. The sheriff-elect's bonds were in the sum of \$50,000, \$10,000 each for him as sheriff and \$50,000 as tax collector. Mr. Graham's bond as recorder was \$2000.

Salem.—The Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers, with headquarters in Portland, has petitioned the Oregon public service commission to use influence with the interstate commerce commission to the end that transit privileges may be included in the proposed joint freight rate on wool shipped from Oregon points to Boston.

North Bend.—Manager Bock of the Stout Lumber company mills here announces that he will add a night crew to Mill B, beginning January 1. This will furnish employment to about 75 additional men who have been idle for some time and who make their homes here. Mill A will continue to operate with only the day crew as at present.

Dallas.—The warehouse on the farm of W. M. Elliott, two miles south of Dallas, was destroyed by fire which started from an oil stove used to keep stored fruit from freezing. Eight hundred boxes of apples and more than 1000 empty prune boxes were consumed with the building. Mr. Elliott's loss will be about \$2000, with \$200 insurance.

Marshfield.—The port of Umpqua, which includes Reedsport, the only operating lumber town on the lower Umpqua river, reports 1924 business somewhat less than for 1923. About 70,000,000 feet will have been shipped from the port by the end of the year, estimates show. These shipments include rough, planed and finished lumber products.

Salem.—Planting a variety of trees and shrubbery along the state highways and preserving these now matured or in process of maturity, were recommended to Governor Pierce in a report prepared by the state highway commission appointed by the special highway commission to develop plans for the preservation of Oregon's scenic beauties. The report was filed here Saturday.

Hood River.—Wood Incom, a 16-months-old prize-winning Hereford bull from Lea-Mead farm, Nashville, Tenn., arrived Sunday at the Odell country place of Rev. Billy Sunday. The bull was the gift of Luke Lea Jr., son of Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee, to the evangelist. The Hereford was a blue ribbon winner at various southern livestock shows and fairs last fall.

PORTLAND OFFERS A MARKET FOR YOUR PRODUCE

HIPPODROME

Portland, Oregon
VAUDEVILLE PHOTO-PLAYS
Complete Change Saturday. Adults, Week day Matinee, 20c; Evening, 30c. Children one to 11 p. m. Children 10 cents all times.

Mallory

Select Residential & Transient
15th and Yamhill, Portland, Oregon.
Modern — Fireproof — American Plan
RATES MODERATE

All Sizes Cedar Chests

Made From GENUINE Tennessee Cedar
Factory, Larrabee at Delay Sta. Office, Salesroom, 106 E. Broadway Portland.
SEND FOR CATALOG

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

PLEATING SPECIAL

Cut, seam, hem and machine \$1.00
Heat set, ready for hand.
Hemstitching, pleating and tuckings.
EASTERN NOVELTY MFG. CO.
85 1/2 Fifth Street Portland, Ore.

MOLER BARBER COLLEGE

Teaches trade in 4 weeks. Some pay while learning. Positions secured. Write for catalogue. 234 Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon.

DR. MARIE D. EQUI

Women and Children
PHYSICIAN 31 Lafayette Bldg. SURGEON
RYDER PRINTING CO.
Feature Printing for Less
192 Third Street Portland, Oregon

Your "TEETH SLEEP" While We Work

Our Reputation is our greatest asset.
Dr. Keene, 35 1/2 Washington St., Portland
ATTENTION LADIES—16 years same spot.
Sanitary beauty parlor; we fix you up; we make all kind of hair pieces out of combings; 1 steam switch, 20c; 2 steam, \$1.50; 3 steam, \$2. Full course of beauty culture, \$20.
400 Dekum building, Portland, Oregon.

NORTONIA HOTEL

You Will Feel Right at Home Here
Safe and Central—Reasonable Rates
Excellent Cafe. Special Weekly Rates. Bus Meets all Trains. 11th and Stark. PORTLAND, OREGON

CLEANING AND DYEING

For reliable cleaning and dyeing service send parcel to us. We pay return postage. Information and prices given upon request.
ENKE'S CITY DYE WORKS.
Established 1890. Portland, Ore.

WASHINGTON STATE CHICKENS

W. L. Clarke from selected local flocks & double pedigree stock accredited. Also choice Hens & Rocks. Lowest prices. 1925. Live delivery guaranteed. Catalog free.
QUEEN HATCHERY—Jas. Todd
1430 1/2 Ave. SEATTLE

The Winner.

The reputation of staying on your job, of sticking by your proposition through thick and thin, of putting things through, no matter how difficult, will be of untold advantage to you. It is the man who does this who rises to the executive positions and achieves big things.

Time for a Change.

Vegetarian's Husband (timidly)—Do you know, my dear, I really think we ought to have a bit of meat once in a while. Three times last night I caught myself whinnying!

Poet Laureates.

The naming of a poet laureate is an English custom. The United States has never named one, and as far as it is possible to learn does not contemplate using the custom. Several of the states have poet laureates.

Well, isn't it?

A doctor, on being taken in an English police court with having obstructed a funeral by leaving his motorcar in the main street, replied that "it was his duty, if possible, to stop funerals."

Its Origin Forgotten.

"The goose hangs high" is a proverbial saying which is subject to controversy. "The goose honks high" is believed by some to be the original saying. The actual source from which the saying is derived is not known.

Thought and Action.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. It is the nature of thought to find its way into action.—Bovee.

Gibbon's Inspiration.

In the church of Ara Coeli in Rome, on October 15, 1764, Gibbon, as he sat musing on the Capitol and the Forum, conceived the idea of writing "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Flag Regulations.

The flag is raised at 8 o'clock in the morning and lowered at sunset in the United States navy. This is in accordance with a naval regulation. In the army the flag is raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset.

TWO HATCHES FREE

WITH GUARANTEED SECTIONAL INCUBATOR. Made in two sizes, 24 and 36 egg sections. Addition any time. Each section a complete incubator, large capacity small space automatic regulation, low work, low operating cost. You can't beat this in Price Hatch. Address me at once for free catalogue. No return. Incubator value obtainable. Free trial period. 12 years practical experience and Money Back Guarantee.
ST. HELENS INCUBATOR CO.
A. R. Bader, Prop. Box 59 Centralia, Wash.

HOME TREATMENT for Chronic Diseases

Individual — Effective — Convenient
Each case is given personal attention. Highly efficient remedies prepared for each individual. Treatment based on our laboratory analysis and diagnosis of patient's ailments. Send for symptom diagnosis blank, blood test sheet and full information. No obligation.

AMERICAN HEALTH INSTITUTE

Specialists on Chronic Diseases, Suite 215 Columbia Ridge, West Park and Washington Sts., Portland, Oregon.

We Specialize in

Hides, Pelts, Wool, Mohair, Tallow, Casaca, Oregon Grape Root, Goat Skins, Horse Hair
Write for Shipping Tags & latest Price List
PORTLAND HIDE & WOOL CO.
100 UNION AVENUE PORTLAND, OREGON
Branch at Postville, Iowa

CUT FLOWERS & FLORAL DESIGNS

Clarke Bros., Florists, 287 Morrison St.
Prostate Cured Without Operation
Special attention to Hemorrhoids, Bowels, Rectal and Female Troubles
DR. R. A. PHILLIPS
Broadway Bldg. Portland, Ore.

DRUGS BY MAIL

Let us send you your Drugs by mail—Special service given mail orders—
LAUREL DRUG COMPANY
Truss Experts. 173 Third St., Portland, Ore.

Wigs PARIS HAIR STORE Toupees

All kinds of Hair and Beauty work by experts. Hannebut On, 207 1/2 Wash. St., near West Park

When In Portland

Park Your Car in Our Garage

SAFE and CENTRAL

If Your CAR needs attention, we have a COMPLETE MACHINE SHOP in connection and expert mechanics.

We will fit your CAR while you SHOP. The charges will be reasonable and the work guaranteed satisfactory.

FRANKLIN SERVICE A SPECIALTY.

ANDERSON GARAGE & MACHINE SHOP

LARGE GARAGE
9th and Hoyt, Portland, Ore.

MIRACLE MIXER

Kitchen labor saver; does all mixing by using water power from kitchen faucet. Sinks cups, cream, butter, etc. from 15 to 30 sec. Send \$2.50 for your Mixer. Agents wanted. MIRACLE MANUFACTURING CO.
Flitton Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Live Primitive Life.

Among the "bushman" of Africa there are no wedding ceremonies. The men make the clothes and the women build the huts. The moon is an object of worship with them.

Liked the Number 13.

Living in a house numbered 13, a London miss had 13 children attend her at her wedding on October 13, and the reception was held at 13 Mansfield street.

Famous Lion.

The Lion of Lucerne, work of Thorwaldsen, was executed in 1821 in memory of 20 officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss guards, who fell defending the Tuilleries on August 10, 1792.

Tripolitan Bride Marked.

In Tripoli, when a girl marries, her husband brands her, as a sign of ownership, with a cut on the nose or a figure burned into her cheek or forehead.

Debt Adjustment Final.

Washington, D. C.—The American debt commission considers the British debt-reducing settlement as closed. It is believed unlikely that any move will be made by the British government looking to a revision of those terms, even should another nation be granted more liberal treatment in a debt settlement.

You Want a Good Position

Very well—Take the Accountancy and Business Management, Private Secretary, Calculator, Comptroller, Stenography, Penmanship, or Commercial Teachers Course at

Behnke-Walker

The foremost Business College of the Northwest which has won more Accuracy Awards and Gold Medals than any other school in America. Send for our Success Catalog. Fourth Street near Morrison, Portland, Or. Jesse M. Walker, Pres.

P. N. U. No. 1, 1925

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

By Jane Doe

THE YEAR IN THE BUD

I love January first!
In December—how far away appears
spring.

But on the first day of the new-born year—how near!
Just a few more moons, and lo!

The daffodils begin to peer.
With heigh the doxy over the dale!
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale."

AGLORIOUS bit of sunshine

greeted me this morning.
La, la! But it put the thrill of the gay springtide into me—so soft and gentle and magic it was!

The moment Old Sol started cold-shouldering a lot of bad-tempered-looking clouds and beamed on me, all the memories of previous springs crowded in on my mind.

I smelled apple blossom in a Connecticut orchard. I saw the blue skies and red earth of England's Cornwall. I heard birds singing in a bit of woods. I listened once more to a bee-loud glade.

And I remembered there was once a man who said it would give him greater joy to find a butterfly in a field than a golden coin.

Oh, lovely spring!
Heavenly season of renewed hope, vigor and faith.

"Oh! thou, who say'st thy love heart never
With verdure can again be spread;
Oh! thou who mournest them that sleep
Low lying in an earthly bed,
Look out on the reviving world
And see new hopes within thee bud."

And I love also that feeling you get as you hang up the new calendars, and scrap the old, with a "And that's again" and resolve to start life all over again and see if you can't make a better job of it.

You know the feeling, I bet.
I like to look back on the years.
The green, salad years. The more sophisticated years.

I like to wonder what I shall be like when I'm finished goods.
Not that anybody's finished goods until they're dead.

But we can put the "quality mark" on ourselves long before that, can't we?

I don't know how it is with you, but I'm never really comfortable with myself when I indulge in this sort of retro- and introspection, this mental stocktaking.

Well, here's to the year in the bud.
A good health to it.
And to us.
Which comes to the same thing.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

SYLVIA

PERHAPS the most poetic of all feminine names is Sylvia. Its origin dates back to mythological times when there was a deity called Sylvanus, a name derived from Sylvia, meaning wood, or forest. Sylvanus was the protector of husbandmen and their crops. He was generally portrayed as an old man with cypress tree in his hand. Just before the Christian era, Sylvanus became a Roman proper name and indirectly from it is derived the masculine Sylvius, through the old legend of the son of Aeneas and Lavinia—born in a wood, and hence called Aeneas Sylvius.

Sylvius was the name given to a member of the Piccolomini family, who afterward became the pope. Sylvia and Sylvia became the favorite names for shepherds and shepherdesses, Sylvia's translation being "living in the wood." From its popularity in the time of pastoral romance, Sylvia became a poetical name for a country maid and had been much used in England as a village Christian name.

Certainly the poets loved to write odes and comments and roundelays to Sylvia whose simple virtues and rustic beauty they exalted in lyrical extravagance. Indeed Sylvia became the class name for rustic maidens, just as "Jane" has been slangily adopted as a synonym for any woman today.

Sylvia, simplest of rustic names, has for her talismanic stone, the simplest of gems, the turquoise. Set in gold, it will protect its wearer either riding or walking, so the legend goes. It is the Persians' national stone and they believe that to see the new moon reflected in its blue gleaming surface is sign of good fortune. Holly is Sylvia's flower. Saturday her lucky day, and 2 her talismanic number.

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

An NOUVEAU

will MAKE
A POUND
OF TRUSS!

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)