

THE ORPHANED COUSIN

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

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A S A picture, Gracia Kenear was exquisitely easy on the optic nerve. Tall, graceful, with melting brown eyes and a complexion like ripe peaches, she habitually maintained the manner best described as aristocratic. She had a certain amount of that elusive thing called personality, but as an individual, she certainly was in a class all by herself.

Gracia thought first, last, always and only of Gracia; the kind of a girl who adventures broadly whenever and wherever she chooses, but who continually cautions the other fellow against a like procedure.

She dominated over father, mother, the servants—everybody who happened to be under her own roof tree, with a selfishness that was colossal. Mother was continually having to answer for or adjust her mistakes; to say nothing of hiring and firing servants, because of her objectionable ways, with a rapidity which would have done credit to a machine gun. And yet, to the outside world, Gracia was able to pose as a considerate, loving, homing pigeon, with only the best interests of her dear ones at heart, and get away with it.

Into this precarious atmosphere there was one day precipitated, a lonely orphaned cousin, the daughter of Mrs. Kenear's youngest sister, a girl without funds and no relatives except those in the city where the Kenears made their home. Here, there lived also eccentric Aunt Lydia, Mrs. Kenear's oldest sister, for whom Gracia had been named originally, but whose name the young lady later repudiated, choosing the more modern "Gracia." She was able to square this account with Aunt Lydia, whose fortune she was hoping one day to inherit, only by insisting that Gracia was a middle name which her parents had neglected to supply.

When apprised of the approaching advent of Elsie Long, her orphaned cousin, Gracia, shrugged a shapely shoulder, and remarked characteristically: "How tiresome! Why must we be bored with this bread and butter creature, mother?"

"The poor dear has no other place to go, unless it be Aunt Lydia's," she said.

"Oh, no," interrupted Gracia quickly, "it wouldn't do to have her go there," making a mental calculation to allow this country lads to see much of her rich-ol' aunt. "I suppose we will have to put up with having her. No doubt she will be able to make herself useful."

Little Elsie Long was the direct antithesis of her sophisticated cousin Gracia. Small, delicately formed, she was blonde and most bewitchingly blue eyed, with a pink and white skin which suggested the perfection of velvety, soft, rose petals. She was sunny and cheerful, and best of all, utterly forgetful of self.

When she met Gracia, whom she never had seen before, she was more or less awed by the grandeur of this regal creature who was any relative, and Gracia, quick to scent any opportunity which might be turned to account for her own needs or desires, immediately began to play up to the impression she observed she had created.

Elsie was given a small but cheerful room which overlooked the garden at the back of the house. She was perfectly satisfied with the pretty chintz draperies, the long, low shelves, filled with such books as Gracia wished to cast aside, its comfortable rocker and its inviting white bed, but Gracia made a point of not wanting her to get homestuck the day after she got there, inviting Elsie to sit in her own spacious room fronting the drive, while she dressed for an afternoon tea.

"Want to run the ribbon in this teddy?" Gracia asked patronizingly, as soon as Elsie was seated, tossing into her lap a bodkin, a bolt of ribbon and a filmy pink thing that almost took Elsie's breath away, it was so beautiful. Elsie was glad to. She loved handling the soft, silken fabric and the satiny ribbons.

And so her serfdom began; months of like service, always suggested with an air of granting rather than of asking a favor. The little cousin was always close at hand, unobtrusive and self-effacing, ready to meet with swift responsiveness Gracia's kindest mood. Uncle Rob, otherwise Kenear pater, to whom his own daughter was often coldly repellent, grew to care a great deal for the sunny little orphaned cousin, whom he nicknamed "Cinderella."

It never seemed to occur to either Mrs. Kenear or her daughter that Elsie might care to participate in any of the revelry which went on about her until one day Gracia discovered a look of unquestionable longing in her starry eyes, when she was pressing a gorgeous frock of blue and silver which Gracia was to wear that night at a club affair.

"My word!" Gracia laughed lightly. "Can it be that our Cinderella doth yearn to wear such as this and fare forth in her pumpkin coach to meet yon prince? But she could not, couldst she, being still in mourning?"

"I'm not in mourning," insisted Elsie. "I don't believe in mourning—neither did mother. Why should I

mourn? Mother's not here in body, of course, but she's with me every single moment in spirit. I wouldn't wish her back into this world of suffering for anything!"

"What an unselfish toddler! It is, isn't it?" Gracia mocked. "Some day, if it's very, very good, cousin will take it to a real party. She'll find something scrumptious for it to wear, too."

That night Gracia tore the lovely blue and silver gown and the next morning it was presented with great magnanimity to Elsie, who mended it carefully and hung her treasure away in her very own closet.

That afternoon Aunt Lydia telephoned a peremptory command for Gracia to come to dinner, to help entertain a friend of hers who had appeared in town unexpectedly.

"How tiresome!" was Gracia's usual complaint. "I'll be literally bored to tears with some dry-as-dust New England personage, I suppose, just when I'd be free to meet that wonderful new man Dulcie Woodard who has been telling me about. See here, why can't Elsie go in my place, Mater?"

"Elsie can, except that Aunt Lydia is quite set against her and hers. You know she never forgave Elsie's mother for marrying a man so far beneath her. She may make things very unpleasant for the poor child if she goes there in your place."

"Bosh and nonsense! I guess Elsie can stand it for once. I'm not crazy about Aunt Lyd's being too nice to her, anyway."

And so Cinderella, attired in the precious blue and silver gown, her soft cheeks flushed with a natural velvet glow, her eyes shining like twin stars, so excited was she over the prospective adventure, fared forth in a pumpkin colored taxi to Aunt Lydia's, while Gracia, bedecked in the smartest, richest, most becoming frock her wardrobe afforded, fared forth unobtruded, to meet the new man.

The following day, lacking any interest whatever in the previous night's program at her aunt's, being successfully escaped it and being clouded with a superlative, modern grouch over failure to meet the new man as prescribed, Gracia refused to discuss either subject with anybody.

In the evening she was very much surprised, also a bit nettled when she rang for Elsie to do her usual lady's maid's duty to find that she was not at home.

"Aunt Lyd's taking her and that same friend to the country club for dinner tonight," mother explained.

A little pang of fear shot through Gracia Kenear's selfish heart. What if Aunt Lyd should forget about Elsie's mother and the tabooed marriage? What if—oh well—she was going to dance. If Aunt Lyd's party was still there and she could do it without becoming tangled up with entertaining the old-fashioned friend, she'd soon put Elsie where she belonged.

The country club was ablaze with light and music when Gracia Kenear, Dulcie Woodard and one or two others moved out upon the dance floor. Gracia's keen eye swept first one side of the hall and then the other in a search for her aunt.

"Look!" she finally whispered, clutching at Dulcie's arm. "I wonder who that gorgeous man is, sitting over there with Aunt Lyd?"

Dulcie looked. "Why—upon my word! That's Merton Davies—the fellow I've been wanting you to meet! Seems to me he's mooning quite a considerable over that milk-fed cousin of yours. Come—on to the rescue!"

Gracia led the way to her Aunt's party without a word. The eccentric old lady was radiant. As though anticipating her older niece's thoughts, she arose promptly and waived her hand toward her gentleman guest.

"I want you to meet Merton Davies. It was his father I wanted Elsie's mother to marry. I never forgave her for quarreling with him, but it's quite all right now," beaming upon the young man and the pretty, golden-haired girl in the blue and silver gown beside him, then whispering the old man's name, then whispering the old man's name, then whispering the old man's name.

"Elsie's middle name's Lydia—her mother gave it to her. Tomorrow she's coming to live with me. Later, Merton's going to marry her and—don't tell your mother—but—I made my will today!"

Male Bullfrog Uses Voice in Courtship

The voice plays a large part in the courtship of frogs, says Dr. Kingsley Noble, an American scientist, who has spent many long night vigils in the swamps and marshes of New Jersey and New York studying these interesting creatures. In an address before the London Zoological society, Dr. Noble recently told of some of his observations. A fine young bullfrog, he said, "who would a-wooloo go" squats in a clump of reeds or on a bank and inflates his throat "until it resembles the dewlap of an operatic tenor." The song works like magic. "Within a short time the lady frog appears and will approach the source of the enchanting melody, as if trying to pretend that it was all because of idle curiosity. But if the singing ceases, the lady frog stops perfectly still. More bullfrog music will lure her on once again."—Pathfinder.

Cologne Bars Skyscrapers

The city of Cologne, Germany, does not want another skyscraper, the city council has decided. One, a ten-story warehouse, is regarded as enough. The majority of voters influenced the council in its decision. Skyscrapers, it was said, would obstruct the view of the famous Cologne cathedral, which towers above every building in the city, and can be seen from a distance of several miles.

\$9,000,000 IN 1925 SPENT ON GERM WAR

Rockefeller Foundation in World Campaign.

New York.—More than \$9,000,000 was spent during 1925 by the Rockefeller Foundation in its campaign throughout the world against disease. Hookworm, yellow fever and malaria are the enemies of mankind its international health board especially aims to annihilate. This organization follows the policy of working only through governments of the countries to which it lends aid, and helps out only at the invitation of an official agency. It concerns itself only with new methods, one of its primary ends being to help a health official prove to his community the value of an innovation, but the board undertakes no operation only with the clear understanding that the project in hand is eventually to stand on its own financial feet.

Worldwide War on Hookworm. In 18 different countries and in 220 counties in 29 different states in our country the international health board backed up the local officials in their struggles with the hookworm problem, with the result that nearly 1,500,000 persons were treated.

Around hookworm disease as a nucleus the board has a general educational plan to instruct the populace of tropical and subtropical countries in sanitation and preventive measures against all disease. This idea has spread to Europe, and co-operation along these lines has been extended to France, Austria, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

In 1925 only three cases of yellow fever occurred in all the Americas, whereas formerly this disease made Central and South America, and even New Orleans and other cities of the Southern states, veritable pest holes. Now these same cities are health resorts to Northern tourists as health resorts with a fair degree of truth.

War on the mosquito that carries yellow fever has driven this former plague to a last stand in western Africa, where experts sent out by the international health board, at the invitation of the countries concerned, are hard at work holding it in check lest it gain access to other regions of the continent when the trans-African railroads under construction are completed.

Fight Malaria With Paris Green.

A new use for paris green has been found in the contest with the malarial mosquito. Experience has shown that only by exterminating the insect that spreads the infection from person to person can malaria be stamped out, since, in the majority of cases, patients will not continue doses of quinine long enough to be completely cured. Paris green has proved effective, cheap and safe as a means of eradicating the fever mosquitoes.

In co-operation with the Italian government the board has been experimenting with the arsenic compound in Calabria and Sardinia, sprinkling the breeding areas with a powder composed of 99 parts road dust and one part paris green. The small quantity of poison killed the wigglers without harming the fish native to the waters, and mosquito breeding was stopped at very low cost.

Work on malaria was carried on in twelve states in the United States, and in the West Indies, Brazil, Argentina, Palestine, the Philippine Islands and Ceylon.

Reports Man-Ape Tribe

Akin to "Missing Link"

London.—A dispatch to the Daily Express from Johannesburg, South Africa, tells of an unnamed traveler who reports having encountered in the northern Katanga district of the Belgian Congo, a curious tribe of natives whose physical characteristics suggest "the missing link."

The traveler described one individual as half-man and half ape. He was six feet tall and had an exceptionally long arm, a projecting jaw and a receding forehead. He had the normal negro nose, woolly hair, startling black eyes, a straggly beard and was of exceptionally powerful physique.

California Man Possesses Smallest New Testament

San Francisco.—Possession of the world's smallest New Testament is claimed by Charles Benjamin of 3243 Sixteenth street, San Francisco. Clearly printed and containing the entire New Testament, the book is but five-eighths of an inch in length, half an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick.

The miniature book was given by a Samoan island beachcomber as his most valued possession to the wife of a sea captain, who in turn presented it to Benjamin. It was printed in 1895 in Glasgow, Scotland.

South African Tables to Get Novel Steaks

Capetown.—Shark steak, like whale meat, which became popular in the western coast of the United States some years ago, has been placed on the South African market as a side issue of a scheme to gain cheap supplies of shark leather. The tail is considered the best cut in steaks.

Pins have long been eaten in China, the Archipelago, the Gold Coast, New Zealand and Japan. The chief drawback to shark meat is its oiliness, but dealers here say a process has been conceived to extract much of the oil without much expense.

CREEK INDIANS CLAIM MILLIONS

Say Government Owes Them \$29,084,500 for Land.

Washington.—Something of interest to students of Alabama history is developing from the suit filed by the Creek nation against the government for money claimed due in payment for lands ceded to the United States in 1814, said lands comprising 23,000,000 acres, "embracing almost all the present states of Georgia and Alabama and a large portion of the state of Mississippi."

This is the wording of the claim, but in 1814 the Creeks had jurisdiction not farther west than the rich country west of the Coosa, though ancestrally they had extended to Natchez land on the Mississippi. The land claim, therefore, appears to be considerably too large. The money value is figured at \$1.25 an acre, or a total of \$29,084,500. The land was undeveloped, much of it was hill and mountain land. The valuation is declared excessive.

The Creek war was fought not for the land the Creeks owned, but in order to punish those leaders and members of the nation who were aiding Great Britain in Great Britain's war with the United States. General Jackson's military operations were for the purpose of destroying the Creek nation's alliance with Great Britain against the American settlers of the coast region. At the end, when the Creek nation was crushed, and the warring Creeks surrendered, a treaty of peace was entered into and Jackson was free to proceed against Pensacola, unhindered by the red man.

This suit was authorized by an act of Congress in 1924, the Court of Claims being designated to give it a hearing.

Evidence of Spanish Battle Is Unearthed

Los Angeles, Calif.—Spanish conquistadors, under the leadership of the famous Cortez, fought a desperate battle on the famous golf course at the Riviera, near Santa Monica, at the time in the sixteenth century. This fact was brought to light a few days ago when Doctor Morton, tree surgeon, unearthed piles of bones, which, because of their blue color, he declared to be at least 300 years old, says the Los Angeles Times.

Bedded in a giant sycamore tree which he is rejuvenating Doctor Morton first found a stone cannon ball, fired by the Spanish cannon which the conquerors of Mexico brought to the shores of California. This led to the additional discovery of the bones of the soldiers who undoubtedly waged war on the Indians they found here to dispute their conquest of the new land.

Member of 1 Family in 36 on Average Hit by Auto

New York.—Some member of your family has one chance in three in being killed or injured by an automobile this year. That is the risk indicated by figures on last year's motor accidents, gathered by the National Safety Council and just made public through the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters.

Persons killed by automobiles in the United States in 1925 numbered 22,500. At an estimate of 30 injured for each fatality, the number hurt was \$75,000, making the total casualties \$97,500. The one-in-thirty-six ratio is given on the basis of 25,000,000 families in the United States.

Those killed in 1925 numbered 2,200 more than in 1924. The automobile death rate increased to 17.2 per 100,000 in 1925. It was 15.7 in 1924 and 14.9 in 1923.

Frosts Affect Flowers; Perfume Prices to Jump

Grasse, France.—The price of perfume is destined to mount. Grasse, the perfume center of Europe, with 29 distilleries, will run short of 600,000 pounds of petals this year as a result of the late frosts and inclement weather which destroyed a fifth of the Riviera flower crop.

Manufacturers say this shortage will cause at least a 25 per cent increase in the cost of French perfumes. The flower-growers, through their co-operative society, are able to force the distilleries to pay their prices. Rose leaves are now quoted at the equivalent of ten cents a pound, and orange flowers sell for fifteen cents.

Woman in Business of Catching Insects

Miami, Fla.—Collecting and breeding, beautifully marked specimens of butterflies and moths is a business with Mrs. Elizabeth O. Groves. She has one of the largest laboratories of its nature in the country.

She receives orders for rare butterflies from scientific institutions and colleges that specialize in nature study, from jewelers and collectors.

During her first season she sold more than \$400 worth of the tiny blue-winged butterfly that flies on the coontie. This is said to be a rare specimen in other sections, but common in Florida. Mrs. Groves also collects grasshoppers. One order was for 10,000 grasshoppers.

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Healthy and Handy
Sauerkraut has been found rich in those "growth substances" known as vitamins, necessary to preserve and promote health. It is said to be a valuable source of iron and vegetable salts and to resemble buttermilk in its tendency to prevent the growth of harmful bacteria in the intestines. Recent scientific tests, it is claimed, have proved that sauerkraut may be preserved perfectly in the can.

Origin of Mayfair
Even among Londoners, many are ignorant of the derivation of the name Mayfair. The origin of the name lies in the fact that it was there that the annual "May fair" used to be held. The fair was done away with in 1768, but was subsequently revived, being held on the site until its final abolition in 1764.

Probably Not
My troubles are not due to oppression, or lack of liberty, but to carelessness, shiftlessness, and putting off until tomorrow what I should do today. . . . And I believe you are tarred with the same stick. Anyway, I do not believe you are the martyr you claim to be. — E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Royal Deformity.
Charlemagne's mother was known as Bertha of the Big Foot, because one of her feet was much larger than the other. Bertha was the daughter of the count of Laon and the wife of Pepin the Short.

Floater
An old broker says the reason some stocks go up and down so regularly is that being mostly water they rise and fall with the tide.

Irreligious?
Why I'm irreligious? I'm afraid of the church, a preacher and God, and that's as religious as anyone is. — E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Kept His Dogs Busy
In eight years a Canadian traveler named Luke Cartledge has traveled 35,000 miles by dog-sled.

It's Likely to Be Stolen
Advice to pedestrians: Don't get too proud of your right-of-way.—Toledo Blade.

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Ecclesiastical Joke
A new version of an age-old religious joke is ascribed to the French Abbe Wetterle who, in the course of an argument with an anticlericalist deputy, was asked if he believed in heaven and hell, and, if so, in which of them he hoped to spend the hereafter. To this the abbe replied that a straightforward answer was difficult in the premises, because it was sometimes difficult to choose between climate and company.

The Invisible Blacksmith
The Wayland myth, in English folk-lore, was a mythical blacksmith who lived near Ashdown, Berkshire. His horse shoes that were brought to his house and left standing there, but no one ever saw him.

Have a Heart!
If you are honest you won't strike a match to look at the gas until you have finished paying for the car.—Worcester Post.

Productive Ice Machine
Los Angeles boasts of the largest electrically driven ice machine in the world. It has a daily capacity of 700 tons and is operated by an electric motor of 800 horsepower.

Dishonest Bail
Straw ball signifies bail offered by persons not possessing the necessary property qualifications, but willing to swear they do possess them.

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