

**Two-Story House in**

**London Just a Bluff**  
 Would you believe that in London there is a two-story house complete with front door, windows, and balconies, but only five feet thick from front to back and possessing no key-hole, door bell, letter box, or inhabitants? Well, there is, and if you want to see it you have only to ask a taxidriver to take you to No. 23 Leinster gardens. He will probably think you are pulling his leg, for most of them know all about it.

Here is the story of this queer house that isn't a house at all. Many years ago the Underground railway built a line through Leinster gardens, one of London's most dignified residential quarters. The inhabitants of the gardens protested violently against the hideousness of an open culvert at the mouth of the tunnel beneath them. So the railway people covered it up by building a dummy house. From the railway track it is simply a blank wall; from the gardens it looks like a well built house, complete in every detail.

**Educator Refuses to**

**See Limit on Learning**

Instances of elderly people who have accomplished prodigies of learning are frequently adduced as encouragement to the average person of mature years. If so-and-so, the famous musician, could learn Hebrew at eighty, then John Smith need not despair of mastering any subject he may fancy, even though his years of youthful vigor in acquisition may be long behind him. Thus the argument has run, probably without quite convincing John Smith. For he has felt, as most of us feel, an increasing difficulty of concentration and retention as his school and college years have receded into the past.

Dr. Herbert Sorenson of the University of Minnesota has been making experiments and he says that the only trouble with John Smith's mind at fifty is that he hasn't kept it exercised.—Waterbury Republican.

**Hard to Figure Reason**

**for His Staying Away**

"Women get away with murder," remarked Jack Doyle, fight promoter, "because it is generally understood that they don't mean what they say. This always gives them a loophole when things go wrong."

"Funny part of it is that the women themselves do not seem to think their remarks should be taken literally. Like Gwendy."

"What's the trouble between you and Freddie? a friend asked her."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Gwendy. "He hasn't been to see me for a week, just because I told him I never wanted to see him again."—Exchange.

**Bank Cash Paradox**

The paradox of a run on a bank is well expressed by the case of the man who inquired of his bank whether it had cash available for paying the amount of his deposit, saying: "If you can pay me, I don't want my money; but if you can't, I do." All depositors want to be sure their money "is there." Yet it never is there all at one time.

**There's Always the Weather**

"Everybody makes mistakes or there'd be no need of rubbers to lead pencils," remarked the bromidic philosopher.

"No, and the newspapers wouldn't have anything to print."—Portland Express.

**PROMOTES HEALING**  
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**DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC**

PORTLAND, OREGON  
 221 W. Park St. Phone 1111  
 MENTION THIS PAGE WHEN WRITING

W. N. U., Portland, No. 51-1930.

**Garfield Tea**

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

**United States Banks**

Up to June, 1929, there were 611 mutual savings banks in the United States and 747 stock savings banks in the United States. In the New England states there were 384 mutual savings banks, in the eastern states there were 23 stock savings banks, in the southern states there were eight stock, in the Middle West there were 679 stock and 19 mutual, in the western states there were 13 stock savings banks, and in the Pacific states there were 24 stock and six mutual savings banks.

Write a bitter letter if you must, but don't send it.

Why does trouble sit lightly on a man with a freckled face?

**OUT THERE**

By FANNIE HURST

(62, 1930, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**JAMES G. MORRELL** was a graduate of two American universities and a French one. He had a Bachelor of Arts degree, a Master of Arts degree, and a Doctor of Laws degree. He spoke four languages fluently, and knew the piano, violin, and organ, all three of which he played with brilliancy, to say nothing of such lesser instruments as the guitar and banjo.

When he was twenty-five, his patrimony consisted solely of his magnificent education and what natural talents were so generously his.

The senior Morrell, his father and sole surviving relative, had died a week after he had lost his enormous holdings in a Wall Street crash.

The incredible sequel to that procedure lay in the fact that young Morrell, instead of feeling the crush of sudden poverty, realized within himself a sense of elation and release, that at first was incomprehensible to him. What had happened was that a vagabond, who had all his life been imprisoned by circumstance, felt himself suddenly freed.

For the first time in his carefully designed life, the young Morrell dared to admit to himself that he despised the profession of law that had been mapped out for him as the son of his wealthy father; that he despised the social routine in which he had been born and bred; that he was a free lance at heart and that at last he was at liberty to be himself.

That is how, during the next five years in the Bohemian quarters in practically every large city and seaport the figure of James Morrell was to become a familiar one. The tall slender young fellow, cultured, nonchalant, but a vagabond in dress and manner of living, became a wanderer in the various Bohemias of the world. A small ukulele, his only bit of luggage, he tinkled for a living.

James Morrell wandered from capital city to capital city, from seaport to seaport, from Shanghai to Seattle; from Seattle to Boston; from Boston to Trieste; from Trieste to Constantinople; from Constantinople to Rome; from Rome to Paris; from Paris to Marseilles; and so on and on, tinkling away on his ukulele for which, in return, he received his simple board and lodging.

For the first time in his carefully cultivated, extremely sophisticated young lifetime, James Morrell was happy. A vagabond, a minstrel, new scenes, new peoples, new pastimes. No struggle for existence because existence could be so simple. The world was what you made it. Young Morrell had made his playground, a careless garden in which to sun himself. Big business, big destiny, big responsibility passed him by. There was never anything but loose change in his pockets, a loose jingle in his fingertips and a nonchalance in his heart.

James Morrell, Jr., who had been reared as the only child of a millionaire, turned gratefully to Bohemia.

It was in the Bohemia that is New York's, some five and a half years after the death of his father, that young Morrell walked into a situation that was to deter his footsteps from their willy-nilly wanderings.

Tinkling away his evenings in a Greenwich Village cafe, where he received in return a cot in an attic and his three meals a day, young Morrell met and fell in love with a girl named Rachel Taylor, eighteen, bizarrely beautiful, and an art student in the quarter.

She was the daughter of a coal merchant in Pittsburgh and her foray into Bohemia was the equivalent of a year abroad after a finishing school.

The spirit of Bohemia was no more the spirit of Rachel Taylor, than the spirit of Madagascar.

Young Morrell was not to know that until after he had married her. He fell in love with her in the physical environment of Bohemia; he first beheld her in the candle-lit shadows of garret studios and cellar cafes. To him she was drenched with this spirit of vagabondage, and it must be said for Rachel Taylor that she believed herself to be filled with that gypsy instinct.

They were married on the capital of two dollars and forty cents between them, and the young troubadour felt himself on the pinnacles of romance. For the first year they lived in a garret, while Rachel painted futuristic ladies on satin cushion tops, and tried to sell them at women's exchanges, and James tinkled his ukulele for their evening meal and the slant roof over their heads.

At the end of the second year, with their romance lying in ruins about them, James, no longer able to withstand the importunings of a wife who was with child, accepted a position of apprentice in a Pittsburgh law office, which had been obtained for him by his coal merchant father-in-law.

That is the beginning. If ever a man was predestined for commercial success that man was James Morrell. As his father-in-law, who had in the beginning secretly despised him, put it, everything that Morrell touched turned to gold, and the curious part of it was that it did not seem to be due to any genius that the fellow brought to his work.

There was something of a chained wild beast about Morrell. He endured his success in much the same way he endured his environment, his wife, and even his child. He saw it piling up about him and he let it pile. He stood in the courtroom declaiming in behalf of the great corporations he represented, and it sometimes seemed to him that some one on the outside of him was doing the speaking, while he, the shell of an individual, stood there caring not at all.

It could almost be said of James Morrell that he did not turn a hand, considering the magnitude of his so-called achievements. He had an eye for the law, and a tongue that could, on the proper occasion, grow eloquent, but so had other men of less success.

When she was thirty, Rachel Taylor, who loved the life of creature things, creature comforts, and creature magnificence, saw herself slowly climbing toward the very pinnacle of such attainments.

James Morrell was easily the foremost lawyer of the state to say nothing of the prospects of political power and position which lay ahead.

They used to say laughingly of Rachel Taylor Morrell that she had more than once referred to her husband as the future President of the United States.

Be that as it may, there was no doubt that the beautiful reddish eyes of Rachel were directed toward the seat of the mighty which she expected Morrell one day to occupy. One aspect of realization came to her in a vicarious way while James was still in his highly successful role of corporation lawyer. The lovely daughter of the James Morrells, Annice, aged eighteen, eloped one day in a hydroplane with the only child of one of the great oil magnates of the world. In Rachel's opinion, that was the greatest plume in the cap of the Morrells that had yet been planted there.

Ten years later, the two grandchildren of the James Morrells had been presented with a trust fund of five million each by their paternal grandparents, and James Morrell had fastened on his wife a lifetime income that amounted to over one million a year.

Two months subsequent to this legal act, the cities of Pittsburgh and New York awakened one day to headlines announcing the mysterious disappearance of James Morrell. Secret searches had been going on for over a period of weeks before the general alarm was finally given out to a disquieted world.

After months of publicity, searchings and expeditions of secret service men to various parts of the world, the publicity was suddenly hushed up.

Mrs. Morrell resumed her haughty impressive life as social leader. Newspapers, for one reason or another, left off their playing up of this meaty story of disappearance of James Morrell.

It was whispered about among those "in the know" that it had cost Mrs. James Morrell a king's ransom to thus stamp out the conspicuous happening of her husband's disappearance.

The truth of it, of course, was that James Morrell had finally been ferreted out, playing his ukulele in a fantastic harbor cafe at Marseilles.

After one conference with her husband, Rachel Taylor Morrell, who had a good head on her, realized the futility of attempting to bait or lure or threaten her husband back into his proper setting. As she talked to him in his slit of a room in Marseilles, she realized that here was a man twenty-five years younger than the one who had left her a few months before; here was a man who had grasped back his happiness after it had all slipped from him; here was a beloved vagabond in his proper setting.

James Morrell is pretty well forgotten now, even by Rachel who divorced him and is married again.

He may be found tinkling his way through the different Bohemias of the world. His ukulele is always with him and his worldly possessions are the few pennies that jingle in his pockets.

**Just a Customs Incident**

She was watching the passengers of an ocean liner as they opened their bags for inspection.

"What have you to declare?" the customs officer asked of the timid little woman.

"I have only a silver tray I bought," she replied as she delved into her bag. "You see, I had to bring something to my daughter, and I didn't have much money . . . I didn't buy anything else, it cost such a lot."

She presented the tray to the man with a little spirit of pride. "Pretty, isn't it?"

The man looked at it and looked at the woman. "But, madam, it is so evidently not silver . . . er, that is, yes, I suppose it cost quite a lot. There's no duty; you see, you are allowed to bring in a hundred dollars' worth."—New York Sun.

**Forest Waste Alarming**

Both the supply of timber and the expected growth fall far short of the needs of the nation, writes E. P. Meinecke in the Journal of Forestry. Devastation of productive forest land through forest fires and destructive logging, promoted by waste in the woods, in manufacture, and in use, is progressing at an alarming rate. The main difficulty in dealing with the decline of American forests lies in the chaotic condition of the lumber industry which controls four-fifths of the forest lands of the country. This condition is due partly to oppressive state taxation but mainly to internal disorders of an economic nature arising from land speculation and ill-advised financing in the past.

**JAPAN'S NEWSPAPERS**



A Japanese Newsbyp.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

**T**HE recent burning in Tokyo of the plant of the Japan Advertiser, best known American daily newspaper in the Orient, arouses interest in its Japanese competitors and the way in which western newspaper methods have been adapted to conditions in the Land of the Rising Sun. That Japan should, in the very few years since her modern metamorphosis, have so speedily caught up with the van of periodical publication is less wonderful when one remembers that the Orient is the birthplace of the "art preservative," and that China possesses the oldest newspaper in the world.

There have been similar newspapers from remote antiquity in Japan; small sheets roughly struck off from wooden blocks detailing some great political fact, or describing some crime or some generally interesting event.

The first attempt at a modern journal in Japan was in 1864, when the Kuisai Shimbun was undertaken by Joseph Hess, a picturesque character, who in 1850 was cast away in the wrecking of a junk, rescued and carried to America. Here he lived for a number of years, acquired a smattering of western ideas and methods, and when Japan was opened after the visit of Commodore Perry, returned to his native land as an interpreter.

The first modern newspaper monthly worthy of the name was founded by John Black, an Englishman, one of the first foreign residents of Yokohama. This was in 1872. Since then Japanese journalism has grown with wonderful rapidity, both in volume and in character. There are now some eight hundred newspapers and magazines published in the empire, of which more than two hundred are in Tokyo.

Of the newspapers there are the Kuampo, which is the official gazette, containing the government announcements, such as laws, regulations, and appointments; the Kokumin, much quoted in press dispatches from Tokyo, as giving the government opinion of things international during the premiership of Prince Katsura, and the Nichi Nichi, as expressing popular sentiment of the better sort.

Every sort and kind—literary, artistic, legal, medical, scientific—technical along all lines of modern accomplishment and endeavor.

**Jiji-Shimpo is "The Times."**

The Jiji-Shimpo corresponds in a measure to our words "The Times." "Jiji" means "timely events" or "daily events." "Shimpo" is the word for journal or merely "paper."

The Jiji-Shimpo is a monument, in a way, to the memory of its founder; not more a monument than a constant reincarnation of his spirit and influence. It was founded 48 years ago by the late Fukuzawa Yukichi, who was often called the Japanese Gladstone. No account of Japan, however brief, and particularly no reference to its intellectual and literary development, would be complete without reference to the life and influence of this remarkable man.

The policy of the paper is independent. It is partisan only in that it is liberal, devoted to progress, and opposed to any retrograde policy in Japanese civilization. When it takes occasion to differ with the government, it does so with dignified and logical criticism, and not with the hysterical effusions that appear in the "yellow" journals that have developed in Japan as elsewhere.

Because of this scholarly and dignified character, Jiji-Shimpo wields a great influence and its voice is potent in shaping and controlling public opinion.

The paper emphasizes its commercial department and a staff of trained men looks after this part of the news.

A foreign department of three editors cares for the cable and telegraph dispatches and keeps in close and intelligent touch with international affairs.

Domestic news is gathered by correspondents in every city and important town of the empire, sifted, and arranged by two editors.

Twenty men compose the city staff and, in close harmony with the reporter methods of our Occidental papers, cover the local news of Tokyo, a city of more than two million.

In common with all Oriental languages, Japanese is written and printed from right to left, and the title, therefore, is in the upper right hand corner of what would be for us the eighth page. The lines of print are vertical and read from top to bottom and from right to left. Each article is in a small square surrounded by a border.

**How the Type is Set.**

Typesetting in Japanese is a tedious and laborious piece of business from an Occidental viewpoint, though the many hands employed make it rapid enough in an Oriental sense. Japanese is printed in two sets of characters—the borrowed Chinese, which are ideographic, each representing a word or a group of words; and side by side with these characters, in their vertical line, runs the translation or explanation in the indigenous grass characters, a sort of phonetic or stenographic script easily read and understood by the common and uneducated people.

When an article or editorial is ready in manuscript, it is sent first to the ideographic composing room, where it is divided into "takes" and given to Chinese compositors. The room is filled with closely set racks, containing the thousands of varieties of ideographic type.

Each compositor goes from rack to rack looking for the character required. That he may not forget what he is looking for, he sings it over and over audibly, in a cracked, nasal sort of sing-song. A composing room is anything but a quiet place, resembling the chorus of a Chinese theater.

When the article is finished, it is placed in a sort of galley, tied together and sent to the real compositors, who untie it and proceed with a pair of tweezers to place the small grass type beside the ideographic characters. This work demands scholarship of a high order, for it requires not only an accurate and exact knowledge of orthography and language, but general information in regard to the subjects discussed, that the multi-meaning characters may be interpreted.

The type thus completed is proved, the proof carefully read and corrected and taken then to the imposing stones, where it goes into the make-up of the paper.

All typesetting is of necessity hand work, as the peculiar character of the language precludes the use of a linotype.

Stereotyping and press work are along the ordinary lines required for an American perfecting machine, from which the paper comes, folded and counted as in one of our own establishments.

The day's work is similar to our own although the hours differ slightly. The editorial department begins activities about eleven in the morning and its work is completed by five in the afternoon. The typesetters are at work by eight. The business offices are open from ten to ten.

The first edition is on the press by eight, in order that it may catch the night trains for provincial circulation. The city edition goes to press at 1:00 a. m.

**For Older Women**

**MRS. CLARA RILEY**  
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"I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at Change of Life. Now I take it every spring and fall and it keeps me in good health. I am able to take care of an eight-room house and garden at the age of 71 years. I will praise the Vegetable Compound wherever I go for it is a wonderful medicine for women. They should give it a good trial by taking about five bottles."—Mrs. Clara Riley.

**MRS. BERTHA STEPHENS**  
 21 E. Ross St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

"I was very nervous and rundown and weighed less than one hundred pounds. I felt tired and weak and I often had to lie down. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I read the advertisement in the paper. Now I eat well, sleep well, and have good color. In fact, I couldn't feel any better and I weigh one hundred fifty-five pounds. I am glad to answer letters from any woman who wants to know more about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Bertha Stephens.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**  
 Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.