

EXULT WHEN FOX IS KILLED

English Farmers Glad to Contribute Money to Exhibitor of Dead Enemy of Men Rabbits.

It is no uncommon sight in the country to encounter a poor countryman carrying a fox—dead, of course—in his arms, and calling with it on farmers and landowners in the neighborhood, says London Answers.

He usually conveys it to the back door and displays it proudly to anyone who will listen to him; then, having described graphically what a fierce and destructive animal the fox was before his death, he begs for a small gift of money.

The custom is very ancient and is called in many parts of England, "begging the fox." The idea is this: Foxes, especially in nonhunting districts, are one of the farmers' greatest enemies, and the knowledge that one of these creatures has been destroyed—especially the female fox—is indeed good news to the farmer. As a consequence, should any poor cottager be fortunate enough either to shoot or to trap a fox, he carries his victim for miles round the countryside and displays it.

He expects a reward from each farmer he visits and is very seldom disappointed. The gifts vary from sixpence to as much as 5 shillings, and one day on the road "begging the fox" can easily yield the lucky laborer 4 or 5 pounds.

The skin is also, of course, his own property, and for this he can sometimes secure as much as 25 shillings in the market of the nearest town.

FOLLOW QUEER OLD CUSTOM

Good Friday Ceremonies That Have Foundations in Charity Are Still Maintained in London.

One of the queerest customs to be seen in the queer old city of London is observed on morning of Good Friday, when 21 widows of the parish pick up as many bright silver sixpences, fresh from the mint, from a flat tombstone in the churchyard and receive as many hot-cross buns.

Rabere, the founder of St. Bartholomew's, away back in the Twelfth century, who is credited with having been a merry jester in his unregenerate days, may have laughed at the custom.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR MALHEUR COUNTY.

MARY DODGE, Plaintiff,

vs. CHARLES H. DODGE, Defendant.

To Charles H. Dodge, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the 7th day of July, 1922, which is the date of the first publication of this summons; and if you fail to so appear and answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

For a decree of divorce from the defendant and the care and custody of the two minor children of the plaintiff and defendant, and for a judgment for her costs and disbursements of this suit. This summons is published in the Gate City Journal, a weekly newspaper published and having general circulation in this County, by order of the above entitled Court made and entered on the 6th day of July, 1922, and directing the same to be published for six weeks commencing with the issue of said paper of July 7th, 1922, and ending with the issue of August 18th, 1922, and further directing that a copy of this summons and of the complaint be forthwith mailed to defendant at his place of residence if known.

DAVIS & KESTER, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Residing at Vale, Oregon.

NOTICE OF SALE OF ESTRAYS.

IN THE JUSTICE COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF NYSSA, MALHEUR COUNTY, STATE OF OREGON.

G. G. LEES, Claimant,

vs. JOHN DOE, Defendant.

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to an order heretofore made by W. S. Clore, Justice of the Peace of said Court, the undersigned will sell or cause to be sold, at public auction for cash, on the 9th day of August, 1922, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. at the corral located on the NW 1/4 of the NE 1/4 of Section 17, Twp. 19 S. R. 47 E. W. M., Malheur County, Oregon, the following described stock, to-wit: One grade Herford cow, 4 or 5 years old, branded — on left hip, ear marks, half underslope and half under crop in right ear. Also black and white calf, no brand, ear marked, crop in left ear left side of nose and tongue cut off, which said stock was taken up, as estrays, by said undersigned, Dec. 10, 1921, said stock will be sold to satisfy damages, cost of keeping, and all expense incurred including Justice Fees and cost of advertising and sale, and such other costs and expenses as may have been regularly made. G. G. LEES, Claimant.

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Good McCormick Mower for sale. Albert Gibson—Adv.

Lost—One sorrel mare, weight about 1000 lbs., with roached mane, branded 9 on left shoulder. \$10 reward will be paid for return of animal. J. N. Shelton, Nyssa, Oregon. Adv.—Jno-80-f

Influence of a custom the origin of which nobody understands, not even the generous-hearted gentleman who hands out the sixpence and the bun, or the thankful ladies who receive them.

The custom is "ropit in mistry," as Mr. Yellowplush would say, but it goes on year by year. One story is that a lady who passed away in the earlier years of the Reformation, anxious that masses should be said for her, and knowing they could not be said publicly, left money for that purpose to be distributed every Good Friday. She hoped that the poor widows, as they picked up the sixpences from her tombstone, would offer a silent prayer on her behalf.

A Way to Save Him.

Willy is a little scamp. He goes from one piece of mischief to another so fast that his mother is worn out and nervous from the strain of continually extricating him from his predicaments. The last straw was an incident that occurred while they were visiting at grandma's.

Was it mischief or just curiosity that led Willy to stick his hand between two rods of the banister? It was when Willy tried to get his head out and couldn't that the trouble commenced. He raised his voice (and the neighborhood). The entire household rushed to his rescue—mother leading, with grandma a close second. They tried in every way possible to extricate the boy's head, but without success. It must have expanded during the moments of its imprisonment.

When grandma, with her usual presence of mind, ordered, "Get me a saw, quick!" mother broke down completely. "Oh, grandma, will we have to cut his head off?" "No," answered "gran," calmly, "just the banister rod."—Chicago Journal.

English Archbishops.

There are but two archbishops of the Established Church of England in England—the archbishop of Canterbury and the archbishop of York. The former is the first peer of England next to the royal family, and has the title of his grace given to him, and likewise most reverend father in God. He is styled lord primate of all England and metropolitan. The archbishop of York has precedence of dukes and great officers of state, except the lord chancellor. He is called his grace and most reverend father in God, and styled primate of England and metropolitan. The archbishop of Canterbury has a stipend of £15,000 (\$75,000) a year, and the archbishop of York one of £9,000 (\$45,000).

When Spring Comes to London.

In the long lane that leads to spring the first new leaf of brush or tree is the honeysuckle, next is the elder, and now at last the green buds appear on the hawthorns, and break into leaf, so that a forward hedge is dappled with verdure. The wood salixes, with their satin-soft cushions of down, make a silvery illumination in umber-hued woods, and the cushions are fast opening into golden flowers. Red and amber shades are the first colors of spring. Outer beds make arresting patches of orange red in a landscape, and the elms are wine hued with their myriads of flowers—the wryneck may be calling among them any day.—London Post.

Cannibal Plant.

In the Indian territory is a remarkable parasite called the air plant. One will frequently find the ground covered with what seems luxuriant vegetation, for this plant has a rich foliage of deep and abundant green. However, if one lifts one of these little twigs he will find it attached to a strong, woody stem. Continuing to lift it and following it for yards, he will find that the vine is not clinging to anything, but is simply lying upon other plants, and if he follows it its whole length he will come to the other end of the stem, without root and attached to nothing.

Under the plant will be only dead twigs and stems of other vegetation, for nothing can live under this life-sapping vine.

Onions as Medicine.

The Hebrews regarded the onion merely for its culinary value. The Greeks were fond of both onions and garlic, the former apparently used when drinking to increase thirst and enhance the pleasures of the cup. But in palmy days of Rome the two vegetables had become largely the badge of the rabble. In the Middle Ages any well-set table contained a plate of red onions. The chief virtue of the onion in medicine was as a diuretic and remedy for dropsy. This belief has persisted up to the present time and it is somewhat strange to find that as early as 1853 onions and a milk diet were pronounced the best remedy for dropsy.

Helping the Judge.

It was his first case, and the lawyer, whose zeal probably outweighed his learning, was arguing a case in a local court.

"My contention, your honor," he said, "is that the lower court made an error because the verdict is against the weight of evidence."

"We can't hear that," said the judge, meaning that even a rising young lawyer's opinion is not evidence.

"Very well, then," said the young man of the law, who entirely missed the point, "if your honor will listen I will speak a little louder."—London Answers.

Land and Letters.

"You can't come into the building," said the severe man in the uniform.

"You're a book agent."

"I'm not," protested the visitor. "I'm a literator. If a man who sells houses is a 'realtor,' a man who sells books has a perfect right to be known as a 'literator.'"

Seems to Be Nature's Law.

You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make a way, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of mountains in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WAS MARRIED TO BEST MAN

Old Happening Recorded at Wedding—Bridegroom Willing to Allow Bride Time to Consider.

Not so long ago a strange error occurred at a church wedding. In some way the bridegroom became confused and at the close of the ceremony it was discovered that the bride had been married to the best man. Further complications arose from the fact that the best man was already engaged to the bride's younger sister. The register had not yet been signed, and there was nothing for it but to perform the ceremony over again. The mistake had arisen through the best man undertaking to make the necessary response for the bridegroom, who was so nervous as to be unable to remember them himself.

At a wedding which took place in a country village a few years ago the bridegroom, on being asked the customary question, "Will you take this woman to be thy wife?" scratched his head reflectively, and, turning to the bride, asked: "Will ye clean my boots?" The query was met in the affirmative, and the ceremony proceeded. A laughable incident occurred at a village wedding. When the bride had reached the church she had forgotten her gloves, and flatly refused to be married without them, adding: "Be quick, lest I change my mind!" Two hours later the bridegroom was discovered seated in the local inn, calmly puffing away and in a clear, waiting, as he explained, to see if the bride really would change her mind.

CROMWELL HAD LIGHTER SIDE

Incident Recorded of Him Seems to Prove That He Could Enjoy a Practical Joke.

It is told of Oliver Cromwell, the English leader and soldier, that he had a great love of fun, which he would indulge often at the expense of others, according to the impulse of the moment. An example of this trait is shown in the following incident. Cromwell had a very beautiful daughter, and at the time he came into power in England one of his attendants took a fancy to this young lady. One day Cromwell went into his daughter's room and was surprised to see his page on his knees making a declaration of his love to his daughter.

"What does this mean?" demanded Cromwell.

"May I please your worship," stammered the frightened page, "I am in love with yonder waiting maid"—pointing to her as he spoke—"and I have been beseeching your daughter to use her influence in my behalf."

"Are you willing," said Cromwell to the waiting maid, "to have this fellow for your husband?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, then," said Cromwell, we'll have a minister called in and you two shall be married immediately," and it was no sooner said than done.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Punishment.

She was only three years old, but she was very vain. After all, age has little to do with vanity.

Her governess found her the most difficult of the three children to manage, and the whole family was surprised when they discovered that the young girl who was hired to wheel the baby out in the park could manage her as easily as if she were a model child.

"How do you do it?" the mother asked one day.

The girl smiled. "She's easy enough to handle," she said. "Made-moiselle always tries to reason with her. That doesn't do any good, because she just turns unliking ears to her. But when I have her out, if she won't behave, I just take her little curls and tuck them away up under her hat so no one can see them. Then in about two minutes she'll promise to be just as good as gold if I'll only pull them out again."

Books Centuries Old.

Some of England's oldest art treasures, from Durham cathedral's monastic library, were recently brought to London and placed on view at the Victoria and Albert museum. Most of the work in northern English of the earlier Anglo-Irish schools of Lindisfarne and Durham, and the examples of calligraphy and illumination range in dates from the Seventh to the Fourteenth century. Among the manuscripts are two traditionally attributed in the Middle Ages to the venerable Bede, but this ascription is not now accepted. There are, also, several of the books given to the monastery by the Bishops William de St. Carleph (1080-1090) and Hugh de Puleset (Pudsey) 1154-1165. Three of the four volumes of Pulesey's Bible, as one of the most splendid in existence, are included in the exhibit.

Conservation of the Birds.

Entirely apart from the economic and the ethical and aesthetic phases of the question. Does not good citizenship demand that all possible measure be taken to conserve, perpetuate and increase all the beautiful and useful creatures of the earth? The fauna no less than the flora of a country are among its great treasures to be cherished and protected for the generation to come, as well as for the delight and enjoyment of that of the present. In any country as more persons turn back to nature for recreation and entertainment, the appreciation of natural resources increases and a kinder spirit is manifested toward the birds. This quickened interest in all phases of bird life finds expression in organized effort to promote their well-being as well as in the individual effort to attract and cherish through kindness these delightful ornaments of park and lawn.—Exchange.

A Word for Mothers-in-Law.

A Pennsylvania preacher blames mothers-in-law for 75 per cent of the matrimonial disasters and refers to them as "mother-out-laws." We venture to say mothers-in-law and fathers-in-law have done more to prevent matrimonial shipwrecks than all the law and the gospels, asserts Capper's Weekly. The old folks know the reefs and how to steer by them, and they wish the young folks to have a prosperous and reasonably happy voyage. Mothers-in-law and fathers-in-law are the beacon lights of the matrimonial sea. They shine on every dangerous shore and certainly the world never had greater need for them than at present.

Pathetic Pictures of Author.

In the first chapter of Edmund Gosse's "Impressions" he recalls a strange pair in a victoria he often met in the course of his walks from the northwest of London toward Whitehall and after 1876. The man, presumably aging, was hirsute, rugged and satyrlike. That was George Henry Lewes. The woman was "a large, thick-set sylph, whose massive features, dreamy and immobile, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruous bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which

in those days commonly included an immense ostrich feather." That was George Eliot. The contrast between the solemnity of the face and the frivolity of the headgear had something pathetic and provincial about it.

Invented Railroad Tickets.

Thomas Edmondson, an Englishman, deserves our thanks. It is not very amusing to stand in a queue at the railway depot waiting for your ticket, but your wait would be far longer had not Edmondson invented the ticket printing machine.

Previous to this invention, a paper ticket had to be filled up by hand for each passenger; in still earlier times the name and address of every traveler was entered in a book. What a slow process it must have been!

It is pleasant to be able to record that, unlike some other inventors, Edmondson profited fairly well by his discovery. For a license to use his patent he charged yearly \$2 per mile of railway. Thus he did not, as people say, "do badly."

JUST RAKED OUT THE FISH

Truthful Old Gentleman Recalls to Mind a Catch That Was Really Worth While.

"It was just such a day as this," said the old fisherman. "There was a warm drizzly rain falling, with a light wind from the south, a most favorable day to fish. It was down on the south fork along in the late Nineties that I made the big catch."

"How many did you get?" I asked, as I moved my chair closer, so as not to miss any of the story.

"Well, it was no use to try to count them," said the old fisherman, as he refilled his pipe. "I was raking bay down on a big meadow near the river, when a big school of salmon trout came up, so I just drove back and forth across the river and raked them out, you could see miles of fish for miles on both sides of the river."

"That sure must have been some big school of fish," I remarked.

"Well, that was the most fish I ever seen," he said as he lit back in his chair and crossed his legs. "They had to put in new piers under all the bridges on the river; those fish had completely worn them off when they rubbed them coming up the river."

"Were there any very big ones?" I asked.

"Well, yes," drolled the old man, "some of the farmers along the river used the backbones of the largest ones to stake their beans on."

"I suppose the ribs formed a ladder to gather the beans with," I said.

"Yes, that's right," said the old man as he plodded down the hill.—Washington Star.

FIRST TO CROSS CONTINENT

Sir Alexander Mackenzie Made Adventurous Trip With a White Party in 1792-1793.

The first white man to cross this continent by a route north of Mexico was Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a Scotsman, who rose high in the service of the old North West company, which was amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay company in 1821. Mackenzie was in the Far West when he planned his trip across country to the Pacific coast. In the autumn of 1792 he led his party far up the Peace river, where they built a post and wintered. On May 9, 1793, the party set out, passing up the Peace river, through the Rocky mountains, across to the Fraser river, which was followed down stream for some distance, and then across country through an unexplored region, until the party came out on the Pacific coast. Mixing a quantity of vermilion with melted grease, Mackenzie wrote on the inland side of a high rock rising from the shore these words to mark his visit: "Alexander Mackenzie, just from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, One thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 52 degrees, 20 minutes, 48 seconds north." Mackenzie then retraced his course and returned to the East.

Remarkable Mountain of Sand.

In the great desert regions of the Southwest there is a remarkable mountain of sand. The behavior of it mystified the early settlers who in the days of '49 followed the old trail from Yuma to Los Angeles. The mountain was constantly changing form. The first pioneers mentioned it to their friends as a landmark by which they might guide themselves on their way into the new country, but it changed its appearance so rapidly that many of them failed to recognize it, wandered from the trail and were lost in the desert.

People discovered later that it was the strong winds that from time to time sweep across the desert that made the mountain act in so queer a way. When the wind blew it shifted loose sand from one spot to another, built new domes and pinnacles and destroyed others, until within a short time the whole mountain presented an entirely new outline against the sky.

"A little 'earning."

One of the young women knew nothing about football and knew she knew nothing; the other knew nothing about football and thought she knew something. The result was that the couple caused endless amusement among the spectators sitting near them. When the girl who thought she knew something had given tons of inaccurate information to the girl who knew she didn't know much the latter pointed to the field and asked:

"What are those?"

"What, dear?" replied her companion. "Do you mean all those little figures? They're men, of course."

"No, no! I mean those posts stuck in the ground."

And she pointed to the goal posts.

"Well, fancy you not knowing what they are!" exclaimed Miss Knowall. "Why, they're football fixtures!"

Peculiar Spanish "Ceremonies."

Since a Spanish play, produced at the Opera Comique, depicted dancing in churches Parisians believe that dancing in such establishments in Spain is quite fashionable, only they themselves would be against such attractions in France. Nevertheless there exists a church in France where one day in the year—Saint Marcel's day—dancing is allowed in the village church. At Barjols, they kill a calf and cook it in the church and eat it there. After the meal the choir makes way for a local orchestra, which hits up the liveliest fox trots and minuets, and couples gayly whirl around a floor shorn of its pews and chairs.

Twilight.

Twilight is made possible by the earth's atmosphere, and its power to reflect the sun's rays. A certain time after the sun has disappeared below the horizon the sun's rays pass through the earth's atmosphere at such an angle that the light rays are reflected and refracted.

Mosquito's Strong Wing Muscles.

In proportion to size, a mosquito's wing muscles are equal in strength to an eagle's. A mosquito can fly 50 miles without a rest, and with a helping wind three times that distance.

TOOK ODD BELIEF FOR FACT

Description by Aristotle of Birds That Never Exist—States Humorous Reading Today.

Aristotle was one of the greatest minds of all time. His philosophical deductions and reasoning powers have never been surpassed, but like many another great genius he often made the mistake of accepting common suppositions for truth. He was not himself an observer, and his dependence upon the observation of others often led him into ridiculous errors. He wrote in this fashion concerning the phoenix, a fabulous bird which never existed.

The Ethiopians and Indians tell us of birds of varied coloring and indescribable of all. It is described to be of the size of an eagle, with golden sheen about the neck but purple otherwise, varied with roseate feathers on a tall of blue, and with tufts beautifying the face and a feathery crown and head. Manlius says that in Arabia it is considered sacred to the sun and lives for 600 years. When it grows old it makes itself a nest of cassia and twigs of frankincense. In this it dies. Then from its bones and marrow is produced what seems a small worm, but it afterward becomes a chick.

Of the pelican he writes: "When they find their young killed by a serpent they mourn and beat themselves upon their sides, and with the blood discharged they thus bring back to life the bodies of the dead."

ROCKS THAT PUZZLED DARWIN

Great Naturalist Could Offer No Explanation of Peculiar Land Off South American Coast.

To the average reader the name of St. Paul's Rocks is unfamiliar. The average geography and map make no mention of St. Paul's Rocks. They are, of course, uninhabited. The little known island or rather group, lies one degree above the equator and 540 miles off the coast of South America.

In the entire breadth of the Atlantic there is probably no land so remote. The Rocks measure only about 1,500 feet in length and some 700 feet in width. There is no harbor worth the name the only entrance being a narrow inlet but a few feet in width. As far as the records show, it has only been visited two or three times in the last 50 years.

The most famous visitor to the Rocks was, doubtless, Charles Darwin, who landed there and made minute investigations. His description of this visit is contained in his book on volcanic islands. Darwin decided after careful investigation that the Rocks were not of volcanic origin. They lie much too far south to have been a part of the fabulous continent of Atlantis. In his report Darwin says that the island was composed of rocks unlike any he had ever seen, and adds that he was unable to characterize them by any name.

Remarkable Mountain of Sand.

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Magpling Habits.

This story is told of a lightward who was prevailed upon one Sunday morning by his wife to go to church. Not only was he very busy reading the program of the service when the collection basket was passed, but when the minister announced that the congregation would all join in singing three stanzas of Old Hundred the man arose from his seat and from force of habit asked the minister if he wouldn't make it the Ninety and Nine. His wife hasn't urged him to go to church with her since.—Columbus Dispatch.

Cuckoo Lays Eggs of Any Size.

For ingenious villainy, the cuckoo holds the prize among birds. It lays eggs in the nests of other birds; then, as soon as the young cuckoos hatch, it lifts the other nestlings on its back and throws them from the nest or robs them of the food brought back by their parents. The cuckoo seems to have the ability to lay eggs of the same size as those already in the nest, whether they are large or small.

Face Danger Sleepfastly.

Dangers are no more fright if they once seem light; and worse dangers have deceived men than forced them; nay, it were better to quest some nothing near, than to keep, too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it odds he will fall asleep.—Lord Bacon.

"A Bone to Pick."

This phrase originated in a marriage custom of Sicily. The father of the bride hands the bridegroom a bone saying, "Pick this bone; you have undertaken a most difficult task." Apparently married life among the Sicilians did not always run smoothly!

Out of Place.

He could write a comic essay that would make you fairly roar and his after-dinner speeches were with humor brimming over, but when left to mind the baby's resources flurried failed and the funder he tried to be the more the baby wailed.—Boston Transcript.

Insurance Will Cover It.

An inheritance tax is a mortgage that matures at death.—Exchange.



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