

# Valley of the Rhone



Roman Arch at Orange in the Rhone Valley.

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

IT WAS over some of the most varied and picturesque terrain of France, the Valley of the Rhone and the country lying on each side of it, that the Graf Zeppelin fought her way recently, finally to find a haven of the French naval airport near Toulon, on the edge of the Mediterranean.

Of this southeastern region of France, Lyon is the interior metropolis. Lyon might be called the New York of France, a great manufacturing city, its heart on the tongue of land at the confluence of two great rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, and dominated at one side by a towering palace, on whose very summit rises the monstrous modern Byzantine Church of Fourviere. The people inevitably suggest Americans—the beautiful women gowned with taste and restraint; the men broad-shouldered, energetic and alert; the flocks of pretty children well dressed and with charming manners, while what one sees of the life of the city is as spirited and delightfully refreshing as the cool floods that sweep past its long quays.

It is a beautifully arranged city, which has taken full advantage of its situation. Its twin rivers, spanned by 22 handsome bridges and dotted with battered public wash-boats, are lined with superb, tree-shaded quays on all sides. There are miles of other fine streets and many parks and squares.

Imposing modern commercial and public buildings in no way detract from the interest of the remarkable Cathedral of St. Jean and its attendant, the incrustated and arcaded Eleventh century Manecanterie, or Chorister's house, or from the quaint Romanesque Church of St. Martin-d'Alain, with its inlays of colored stones and its tower with acroteria. A superb view from the balconies of the tower of the Fourviere church sweeps a hundred-mile circle of city and plain, fenced in by snowy peaks, among which Mt. Blanc is clearly visible in good weather.

On its southern trip the great dirigible sailed easily over Lyon at great speed, helped by the southward flow of the Mistral, the famous wind of the Rhone valley. But on the attempted trip northward, with engines crippled, this same Mistral proved an enemy and the ship was sent drifting southward long before Lyon was reached.

## Nismes and Avignon.

In its battle to fly northward the crippled ship first sailed over the flat Camargue country in the delta of the Rhone; then over Nismes. The latter city is the most notable of those in this region—a big, healthy-minded, sprawling city full of languorous southern fragrance, rich in splendid avenues, and a park finer than any other in provincial France, and glorying in the finest Roman ruins outside Italy itself. Right through the smiling, scented heart of the city runs the little walled stream whose source is the cool spring at the foot of Mont Cavalier, that feeds the ancient Roman baths. Every art that man could wield has labored to make the park and baths lovely beyond compare—landscape architecture, sculpture, and hydraulic engineering, horticulture, and all the rest. With its formal Eighteenth century urns, balustrades, statuary and arrangement, it is not Roman now in anything save memory; but it is perfect.

The great, shattered amphitheater tells more truly of Roman days, with its terrific masses of masonry and its suggestion of cruel sports; and where two busy streets cross, among the scanty remains of the forum, rises the most brilliant of all the ruins in France, the little "temple of the fortunate princes of youth." It is exquisite—a jewel so rare that not even its brummagem setting can dim the luster of the Greek spirit that infuses every detail of it, Roman though it be.

A little to the northeast lies Avignon, city of the popes. It juts boldly up from the plain on a great isolated rock, from which springs the huge Fourteenth century papal palace, a wonderful mixture of prison and fortress and pontifical residence. All about the town of the sunny, battlemented walls seem entirely appropriate, and the clattering trolley cars that dart through the now always opened gates an anachronism. The town is lively with color, and from the attractive park atop the rock the

view along the great river, 300 feet below, and across the outlying country is broad and brilliant—wide fields under cultivation, olive orchards and flower-spangled meads that roll upward in gentle slopes toward the grim fort of St. Andre, that might be a walled city in itself, and below, opposite the broken bridge of St. Benzet, the former defense tower of Philippe-le-Bel, a shaft of honey against the cloudless sky. But that view pales beside the one from the fort of the gaunt gray rock with its white palace, that grows and grows as it is looked upon until it dwarfs the city and itself becomes the only object in the great flat plain—a towering tombstone over dead ambitions.

## King Rene's Castle.

Tarascon means unlucky King Rene's beautiful square castle, that clamors up the rocks of the river bank, a soft-toned medieval picture. At its feet the smooth green mirror of the Rhone, that has reflected so many a chivalric pageant in its day, holds up a quivering counterfeit of the stately structure, with every angle smoothed, every color softened.

The view from the great stone bridge is perfect, the delicate tan of the stones cut clean against the background of embaying trees and azure overhead. And what a scene at sunset on the low hills of the opposite shore! Silhouetted black and spectral against the flaming orb that goes down behind its stiered, towering donjon keep, the storied castle of Beaulieu pulses again with life, and one feels the gentle ghosts of Aucassin and Nicolette hovering about the scene of their romance.

On up the beautiful Rhone valley the great ship fought its way past Orange and Montmar to Valence where the dangerous drift to the southeast began. The danger lay in the nature of this southern region. A very short distance east of the ribbon of the Rhone valley the country rises sharply.

This is the old province of Dauphine which has been called an "Italian Switzerland" by the French themselves, for it has the sunny skies and rich vegetation of the Mediterranean peninsula and the cold, stern, snow-capped mountains of the Swiss. The most characteristic feature of the province is its vivid contrasts; tremendous masses of granite pyramids, bare and blasted and savagely desolate; long stretches of primeval forest, pines and firs of noble girth and height, from among which here and there huge rocks leap up like uncouth animals of another age; smiling pasture lands and farms, cut by profound gorges; stormy-looking peaks starred with glaciers; tiny hamlets nestling among the pines; milky roads and sky-brushing sierras of needlelike peaks; deep, irregular, narrow little gorges, each with its rushing, boiling torrent far down among the contorted rocks of the bottom.

The engineering difficulties through-out Dauphine are exceptional. Along the railroad half the scenery is black tunnels and stinging clouds of cinders. But one cares not a whit for that when the train bursts from them upon spidery, inspiring viaducts, and goes zigzagging up or down the mountain side in graceful spirals that deprive one alike of speech and breath.

## Grenoble is Beautiful.

A little farther north than the area which at one time threatened destruction to the huge airship, but characteristic of the entire region, is Grenoble, superbly placed at the junction of the Isere and the Drac, in an exquisite plain, swept about on every side by range upon range of glorious mountains that tower up 10,000 feet, into the realm of perpetual snow. Battered, turreted walls leap picturesquely up to the forts on the top of the hill on the other side of the river. The Fifteenth century Palace of Justice, with its high-pitched roof, bold dormers, and elegant chimneys, is said to be the finest Renaissance building in the Valley of the Rhone. The handsomely towered Hotel de Ville has a very effective formal garden.

Indeed, Grenoble blossoms with gardens, and one of its tree-decorated avenues runs straight as an arrow's flight five miles out into the country to the Drac, where the Seventeenth century Hurdle Bridge bumps its back for the leap across the stream, and gives an exquisite picture, in the rough frame of its arch, of the peaks beyond.

# An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

WNU Service Copyright Baroness Orczy

BY THE BARONESS ORCZY

## CHAPTER I

### Sir Andrew's Story

"You really are impossible, Sir Percy! Here are we ladies, raving, simply raving, about this latest exploit of the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel, and you do naught but belittle his prowess. Lady Blakeney, I entreat, will you not add your voice to our chorus of praise, and drown Sir Percy's scoffing in an ocean of eulogy?"

Lady Alicia Nugget was very arch. She tapped Sir Percy's arm with her fan. She put up a jeweled finger and shook it at him with a great air of severity in her fine dark eyes. She turned an entreating glance on Marguerite Blakeney, and as that lady appeared engrossed in conversation with his grace of Flint, Lady Alicia turned the battery of her glances on the royal highness.

"Your highness," she said, appealingly. "The prince laughed good humoredly. "Oh!" he said, "do not ask me to inculcate hero worship into this mauve-sujet. If you ladies cannot convert him to your views, how can I—a mere man?"

And his highness shrugged his shoulders. There were few entertainments he enjoyed more than seeing his friend, Sir Percy Blakeney, badgered by the ladies on the subject of their popular and mysterious hero, the Scarlet Pimpernel.

"Your highness," Lady Alicia retorted, with the pertness of a spoiled child of society, "your highness can command Sir Percy to give us a true—a true—account of how that wonderful Scarlet Pimpernel snatched M. le Comte de Tournon d'Agény with Madam la Comtesse and their three children out of the clutches of those abominable murderers in Paris, and drove them triumphantly to Boulogne, where they embarked on board an English ship and were ultimately safely landed in Dover. Sir Percy vows that he knows all the facts."

"And so I do, dear lady," Sir Percy now put in, with just a soupçon of impatience in his pleasant voice, "but, as I've already had the privilege to tell you, the facts are hardly worth retelling."

"The facts, Sir Percy," commanded the imperious beauty, "or we'll all think you are jealous." "As usual, you would be right, dear lady," Sir Percy rejoined, blandly; "are not ladies always right in their estimate of us poor men? I am jealous of that demmed elusive personage who monopolizes the thoughts and the conversation of these galaxies of beauty who would otherwise devote themselves exclusively to us. What says your highness? Will you deign to ban for this one night at least every reference to that begad shadow?"

"Not till we've had the facts," Lady Alicia protested.

"The facts! The facts!" the ladies cried in an insistent chorus. "You'll have to do it, Blakeney," his highness declared.

"Unless Sir Andrew Froulkes would oblige us with the tale," Marguerite Blakeney said, turning suddenly from his grace of Flint in order to give her lord an enigmatic smile; "he, too, knows the facts, I believe, and is an excellent raconteur."

"God forbid!" Sir Percy Blakeney exclaimed, with mock concern. "Once you start Froulkes on one of his interminable stories . . . Moreover," he added, seriously, "Froulkes always gets his facts wrong. He would tell you, for instance, that the demmed Pimpernel rescued those unfortunate Tournon-d'Agénys single handed; how I happen to know for a fact that three of the bravest English gentlemen the world has ever known did all the work whilst he merely . . ."

"Well?" Lady Alicia queried, eagerly. "What did that noble and gallant Scarlet Pimpernel merely do?" "He merely climbed to the box seat of the chaise which was conveying the Comte de Tournon-d'Agény and his family under escort to Paris. And the chaise had been held up by three of the bravest . . ."

"Never mind about three of the bravest English gentlemen, at the moment," Lady Alicia broke in, impatiently; "you shall sing their praises to us again. But if you do not tell us the whole story at once we'll call on Sir Andrew Froulkes without further hesitation. Your highness!" she pleaded once more.

"My fair one," his highness rejoined, with a laugh, "I think that we shall probably get a truer account of this latest prowess of the Scarlet Pimpernel from Sir Andrew Froulkes. It was a happy thought of Lady Blakeney's," he added, with a knowing smile directed at Marguerite, "and I for one do command our friend Froulkes forthwith to satisfy our curiosity."

In a moment Sir Andrew Froulkes found himself the center of attraction. He was in his element; a worshipper of his beloved child, he was called upon to sing the praises of the man whom he admired and loved best in all the world. Had the bevy of beauties around him known that he was recounting his own prowess as well as that of his leader and friend they could not have hung more eagerly on his lips.

native even the popular Sir Percy Blakeney was momentarily forgotten. The idol of London society, he nevertheless had to be set aside for the moment in favor of the mysterious hero who, as elusive as a shadow, was still the chief topic of conversation in the salons of two continents. The ladies would have it that Sir Percy was jealous of the popularity of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Certain it is that as soon as Sir Andrew Froulkes had started to obey his highness' commands by embarking on his narrative, Sir Percy retired to the farther end of the room, and stretched out his long limbs upon a downy sofa, and promptly went to sleep.

"Is it a fact, my dear Froulkes," his highness had asked, "that the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel and his lieutenants actually held up the chaise in which the Comte de Tournon-d'Agény and his family were being conveyed to Paris?" "An absolute fact, your highness," Sir Andrew Froulkes replied, while a long-drawn-out "Ah!" of excitement went the round of the brilliant company. "I have the story from madame la comtesse herself. The Scarlet Pimpernel, in the company of three of his followers, all of them disguised as footpads, did, at the pistol point, hold up the chaise which was conveying the prisoners, under heavy escort, from their chateau of Agény, where they had been summarily arrested, to Paris."

"Inside the vehicle M. de Tournon-d'Agény, with his wife, his young son, and two daughters, sat huddled up, half numbed with terror. They had no idea who had denounced them and on what charge they had been arrested, but they knew well enough what fate awaited them in Paris. The revolutionary wolves are fairly on the warpath just now. To prove their

love for France, lovely France, whose white robes are stained with the blood of her innocent children; and to show their zeal in her cause, they commit the most dastardly crimes."

"Madam la comtesse assured me that her husband, and, in fact, all the family had kept clear of politics during these, the worst times of the revolution. Though all of them are devoted royalists, they kept all show of loyalty hidden in their hearts. Only one thing had they forgotten to do, and that was to take down from the wall in madam's boudoir a small miniature of their unfortunate queen."

"And for this they were arrested?" "They were innocent of everything else. In the early dawn after their summary arrest they were dragged out of their home and were being conveyed for trial to Paris, where their chances of coming out alive were about equal to those of a rabbit when chased by a terrier."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Did at the Pistol Point, Hold Up the Chaise."

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**People Must Reform**  
The people have revolted many times throughout their history, but have never yet revolted against their own worthlessness.

We can never have real reform until the people are somehow made to realize that there is but one reform: for the people themselves to reform; not to glorify their race or pastors, but to make themselves more comfortable.

The one great thing to strive for is to render life as easy, comfortable and successful as possible; to modify savage nature. This can best be done by people behaving better; to help rather than fight each other.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

**First Armored Ships**  
The first real armored vessels were the floating batteries used at the siege of Gibraltar in 1757. France was the first to produce a seagoing armored ship. Four were completed in 1858. The first to be completed was the Gloire. In 1861 the United States congress passed an act providing for armored vessels. Under the provisions of this act the Galena, the New Ironsides and the Monitor were built.

# OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

Two-hour parking restrictions will be enforced on the streets of Bend beginning July 1.

Rogue River valley fruit shipments to the east this season will be routed over the Alturas cutoff by the Southern Pacific.

At a recent meeting of Albany Elks \$50 was voted as a gift to the Lebanon swimming pool maintenance fund for this season.

Seventy-five business men and farmers of Glendale and the Cow Creek valley have organized a district chamber of commerce.

The county road between Corvallis and Albany on the east side of the Willamette has been much improved with a coating of oil.

Only 22 votes were cast at the school election at Ashland. There was no contest for directors and there was little interest in the election.

"Overland to Oregon" is the title of an historical pageant to be presented for two nights at the Clackamas county fair at Canby in September.

The first release of guinea fowl raised at the Eugene state game farm has been made in western Lane county. One hundred birds were released.

Electricians are on strike at Klamath Falls for a five-day week, \$9 a day and a closed shop. They have been receiving \$1 per hour for an 8-hour day.

The lily pond on the Fred Bauer farm near Dayton, is now in the height of the blooming season, and many visitors from a distance were present over the week end.

Redmond is going to have another stage line to Portland. It will be conducted over the Wapinitia cut-off, making the trip from Redmond to Portland in 5½ hours.

Medford retail merchants are considering a request of the Business and Professional Women's club that stores be closed at 6 o'clock Saturday nights except during the fruit season.

Thirty carloads of sheep were unloaded at Redmond recently. They were from the Henton sheep ranch in Wasco county and were taken from there to range in the mountains.

Caterpillars, a new pest at Cove, have invaded a small section near there. Several small apple orchards and other trees have been stripped of all foliage. Experimental spraying is being done.

Indians from many Pacific coast tribes arrived in Klamath Falls the last of the week to prepare for the second annual Indian congress, which opened in that city July 3 and lasted for three days.

Control of wild morning glories and Canada thistles with sodium chlorate spray has proved effective in Benton county, according to County Agent Briggs, who has examined spots he sprayed last year.

Settlers on the Stanfield and Westland districts have received a concession in the use of water this season. They will be allowed water at 35 cents per acre-foot, instead of 70 cents as previously charged.

The Coopers Spur lateral of the Mt. Hood Loop highway will be open for traffic by July 7, according to County Clerk H. J. Blackman, who has returned from watching a road crew blast deep drafts in cuts below Cloud Cap Inn.

Nearly 500 students, almost 100 more than the figure for the first day last year, enrolled at Eugene for the 1929 summer session at the University of Oregon campus, according to Dr. Dan E. Clark, director of the Eugene session.

## THE MARKETS

**Portland**  
Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, hard white, \$1.23½; soft white, western white, \$1.13½; hard winter, northern spring, and western red, \$1.10½.  
Hay—Alfalfa, \$20@21 per ton; valley timothy, \$22; eastern Oregon timothy, \$20@25; clover, \$20; oats, \$17; buttermilk—43@44c.  
Eggs—Ranch, 31@34c.  
Cattle—Steers, good, \$11.25@12.25.  
Hogs—Good to choice, \$11@12.  
Lambs—Good to choice, \$11.71@13.

**Seattle**  
Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.14; hard winter, western red, northern spring, bulk Montana, No. 1, \$1.12; bluestem, \$1.30.  
Eggs—Ranch, \$28@33c.  
Buttermilk—47c.  
Cattle—Prime steers, \$11@12.50.  
Hogs—Prime light, \$12.50@12.90.  
Lambs—Choice, \$12@13.25.  
**Spokane**  
Cattle—Steers, good, \$10.25@11.  
Hogs—Good and choice, \$12.25@12.35.  
Lambs—Choice, \$11.25@11.50.

Nehalem golf course was opened June 28. This nine-hole course, three miles from Vernonia on the Vernonia-Forest Grove road, is the first course to be completed in Columbia county.

Umatilla county court has received 40,000 pounds of calcium chlorate to be used in the eradication of the morning glory pest. Farmers have purchased the entire lot and a lively campaign is in prospect.

Harold Larsen, 17, of Milwaukie, drowned while wading near the Clackamas river fish hatchery near Oregon City. The body was seen on the bottom, but was not recovered until an hour and a half had elapsed.

Mrs. Frank E. Jordan, 27, was drowned in the Nehalem river, about 30 miles from Astoria, while in swimming with several friends. She was seized with an attack of cramps and sank before aid could reach her.

A new telephone line is being constructed in the Gresham-Sandy-Damascus-Boring districts by the Coast Telephone company to replace the old lines. New cedar poles with modern equipment are already being placed between Orient and Sandy.

An agreement has been reached between the Southern Pacific Railroad company and the United States bureau of public roads for the moving of sections of track along the Siuslaw river between Mapleton and Cushman in connection with the construction of the Siuslaw highway.

Hay-making and the ripening of strawberries were retarded on account of heavy rains, 3.97 inches precipitation being recorded the first 13 days in June at Cove. With warmer weather and sunshine the first cutting of alfalfa and berry-picking are in full progress with good crops.

A contract was placed recently with the Roseburg cannery by the MacMarr and Skaggs Sawayne stores for approximately \$50,000 worth of canned products, which will be distributed to the stores in the Oregon district. The cannery, in view of the large order, is preparing to increase its pack of vegetables.

The postoffice department has notified Senator Steiwer of Oregon that a daily star route service will be established July 1 between Bend and Burns for first-class mail and newspapers. The new service is the result of concentration of industrial workers at Burns because of the lumber development there.

Ross B. Hammond, Inc., builders of the men's dormitory at the University of Oregon last year, was low bidder on the general contract for the museum of fine arts to be erected on the campus this summer at Eugene. Hammond's bid of \$194,455 was the only one of 14 submitted that went below the \$200,000 mark.

Oiling of the Bluff road to Sandy, completed recently, has put this road in perfect condition. This maintenance work was done by Multnomah county. Many tourists take this road in making the Mount Hood loop highway in order to see the wonderful view of the Sandy canyon and Mount Hood from the Bluff road.

A survey of the prune crop in the Sheridan district indicates a spotted condition. Orchards located on the bottom lands have set from 40 to 60 per cent of a normal crop. On the first foothills the crop will run about 80 per cent, while on the high lands a full crop is expected, and in some cases a bumper crop is in sight.

Four men were killed near Coquille recently by what is believed to have been a premature explosion of dynamite at the Evans Auto Loading company logging camp on Sandy creek, a few miles from Remote. The blast took all but one of the crew of Charley Christian, who had a contract to get 1,500,000 feet of cedar for the Evans company.

Hopes of having Eugene designated as an air mail stop have slumped some on receipt of a communication from Senator Steiwer that there is little prospect at present for the service. Senator Steiwer reported that Second Assistant Postmaster-General Glover had definitely stated that under present circumstances Eugene cannot have an air mail stop.

Harry Newberg, convicted of manslaughter in Wallowa county in connection with the involuntary killing of Leonard Olsen, while Newberg and Fred M. Black were hunting deer, must serve a term of five years in the state penitentiary. This was the decree of the state supreme court in an opinion handed down in Salem recently. The opinion was written by Justice Rosman and affirmed the verdict of the jury in the lower court.

The small daughter of Reuben Thomas of Redmond had a narrow escape from death when she ran behind the car her father was backing out of the garage. The child was knocked down and one toe pinched off. Governor Patterson appointed H. B. Van Duzer, Portland; Robert W. Sawyer, Bend, and C. E. (Pop) Gates, Medford, members of the state highway commission, and Judge Doby, Baker, and R. A. Booth, Eugene, as members of what will be known as the Oregon park commission.



## SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who need it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

## Burroughs' Tribute to Beauty of the Winter

He who marvels at the beauty of the world in summer will find equal cause for wonder and admiration in winter. It is true the pomp and pagantry are swept away, but the essential elements remain—the day and the night, the mountain and the valley, the elemental play and succession, and the perpetual presence of the infinite sky. In winter the stars seem to have rekindled their fires, the moon achieves a fuller triumph, and the heavens wear a look of more exalted simplicity. Summer is more wooing and seductive, more versatile and human, appeals to the sentiments and affections, and fosters inquiry and the art of impulse. Winter is of more heroic cast and addresses the intellect. The severer studies and discipline come easier in winter. One imposes larger tasks upon himself and is less tolerant of his own weaknesses.—John Burroughs.

## West's Sweet Tooth

Who eats the most candy? The average person hastens to assure that it is consumed by high school girls. They do their share, but the wide-open spaces of the West boast the highest per capita consumption of candies. Nevada, with nearly twice as many men as women, has a per capita of more than 17 pounds a year as compared with the national per capita of 12 pounds. The South Carolina per capita is only five pounds.

## Roadbuilding With Airplanes

Twenty years ago it would have been impossible to build a road to the site of the new observatory on Mount Blanc. The airplane has made it possible to convey the stones and materials to a height of over 13,000 feet on the mountainside; but when the road is completed it will be one of the most expensive in the world.

## Hunts Kangaroos in Auto

An Australian motorist is sponsor for a new sport. Finding the usual method of hunting kangaroos with dogs a bit slow, he chases the animals cross country with a light six-cylinder car and lassos them from the running board.

## A Suggestion

Mother—You say you think that you've solved the dishwashing problem?  
Daughter—Yes, with paper plates and an eraser.

## Ten Off for Cash

"Wulley, you learn a verse fra the Bible and I'll gie ye a dime."  
"I'll gie ye twelve verses for a dollar, mither!"—Boston Transcript.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

## Campus Dresses Up

A campanile 165 feet tall will be built on the campus of South Dakota State college at Brookings.

In the whole field of bad behavior, remember that a criminal can sometimes be reformed, a fool never.

**A Perfect Day**  
IS NOT one that leaves you with a tired, aching feet. They will spoil any day, but if you shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes in the morning you will walk all day or dance all night in perfect ease. It takes the sting out of corns, bunions and calluses. Sold everywhere.

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