

Sunday Is "Fun Day" Down in Gay Capital of Argentina

By MARGARET MASON,

Sunday is fun day. Down in "B. A." Out to the races. Off to the play. On with the dance. Down with the te'. Those who are straight laced Best stay away.

Buenos Aires, Aug. 30.—Down here in the Argentine they remember the Sabbath day and keep it wholly for pleasure. In the early morning it is true the women go to Mass but the masses go to make merry in the public places. It is smart to drive or motor every fine Sunday morning at Palermo, the big city park of Buenos Aires. Then home for an elaborate luncheon of many courses which is called *braké* fast here. In the afternoon to dash off to the races or a boxing match is the racy or striking thing to do topped off with a cup of tea and a dance or two at the Plaza. After a late and lengthy dinner there is always Grand Opera or the theatre. So endeth the "day of rest."

No wonder some of the papers are too exhausted to get out a Monday edition and the Art Museum hasn't the strength to open its doors. When you do pry your way into the Museum on Tuesday however, you feel there is not much loss to art by its Monday closing.

At present there is a modernist exhibition of the works of Zito Cittadini in an annex of the Museum. New York, I am sure, would go quite mad about Zito. Most anyone would have to appreciate him.

One tasty little bit of his conservatively dubbed "A Study" seems a hectic and sanguinary portrayal of an enflamed tonil. Several small canvases however of sea and rocks in gorgeous coloring look, at a safe distance, strangely like what they are intended for.

Art may be long but Buenos Aires isn't exactly long on art. That is art as confined to painting.

Architecturally Buenos Aires ranks well and as to its monuments and groups of statuary, they put those sculpted monstrosities in most of our North American cities, especially New York, to shame. To be sure like everything else in Buenos Aires whether it be to eat, to drink or to wear the sculptured art is imported but even so good taste has been shown in its selection.

The numerous imposing and beautiful monuments commemorating of historical events and Argentine heroes and the many rarely lovely marble nudes in the parks, unspoiled by the bath towel diaperies of our smug North American ultra-squeamishness, will undoubtedly do much to stimulate the native art to a higher level in the coming generation. The Avenida de

Mayo, so startlingly like a Parisian boulevard, is flanked at one end by the beautiful and stately capitol and at the other by the presidential palace. An atrocious coat of old rose paint has earned for this latter edifice the name of the Rose Palace. It's most fitting sobriquet would be the "Pink Palace for Pale President." Just adjacent, the cathedral in the impressive style of an old Greek temple, is also hopelessly ruined by a coat of dreadnaught grey. Just why this hankering after the paint pots is beyond me.

At the shrine of musical art, the elegant Colon theatre, where Grand Opera is adequately and artistically presented all Buenos Aires nightly does devotion.

Here the Argentine woman comes into her own and in exquisite evening attire she sits for the nounce in regal equality with her lord and husband. Not only to the strains of Leoncavallo, Puccini and Strauss does the pulse of the Argentine respond. He sways as rapturously to the syncopation of North American ragtime as it is managed by every ubiquitous hotel and restaurant orchestra.

Toward the art of Isadora Duncan, however Buenos Aires has remained unmoved.

This undraped nymph of Terpsichore inured to the cold drafts of many a Continental stage, has been forced to retire shivering before the blighting frost of her reception here.

And while on the subject of the dance let me off immediately with this idea. The real Argentine Tango is danced only by the primitive and elemental natives outside or in the low dance halls and dives within the city. No cultured Argentine lady or gentleman could or would do this dance in its true elemental state. The Argentine Tango that we know was evolved in Paris and owes little save its title to the original native dance. Because of the associations of the name when the dance was first introduced down here the smart set were very loathe to take it up and even at it's height it was danced but mildly in B. A. in comparison with it's vogue in Paris and the U. S. A.

So here's where your long cherished delusion among the Argentine Tango goes bang O.

LIFE NOT WORTH LIVING

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 2.—"This life to me is filled with sorrow and despair. I am gone. Forget and forgive." This message written by Samuel W. Wade, real estate broker, was discovered on the dock at the foot of Harrison street here yesterday, and the clue that led to the recovery of his body from Puget Sound by the police late yesterday afternoon.

He had committed suicide earlier in the day, the officials believe. Business despondency was believed to be the cause of the suicide.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just what they said
they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Agin my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.
I've been a sister good and true
For five-and-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
And prayed my duty clear.
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just like the preacher read,
And twice when Deacon Tubbs was sick
I took the fork and led.
I know their hold, new fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out.
Today the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read "I can read my titles clear
To mansions in the skies."
I always liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I always will;
It somehow gratifies my whim
In 'goin' old Oranville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gonedest thing
A body ever heard.
Some worldly chaps was standin' near;
And when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,<
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good and strong
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, tuen I was low,
And also contrawise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow
To "Mansions in the skies."
An' after every verse you know,
They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone.
They laughed a little I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.
An' Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she always tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the tune right through,
An' kept it in her head;
But when she tried this mornin' oh!
I had to laugh or cough,
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a most came off.
An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took a look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn book through and through

And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely best.
And when they took another bout
He didn't even rise,
But drew his red handker out
and wiped his weepin' eyes.
I've been a sister good and true
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do
An' prayed my duty clear.
But death will stop my voice I know,
For he is on my track,
And some day I to church will go
And never more come back.
An' when the folks go up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A squealin' over me.
—Will Carleton.

THE TATTLER

"Lied to again," growled an ill-natured Missourian on the fair grounds Saturday. He had been told it always rained here at fair time.
A lot of little things went wrong of course, but take it all in all it was a great fair.
A man reports that he didn't get his money's worth at one of the fair grounds eating empannos. Of course he didn't. Nobody gets his money's worth of eatables anywhere.
Among the near serious accidents reported during the week is that which happened to a young man at one of the dancing studios. He bursted his galluses.
The old fashioned waltz is still in vogue with some people, though mourned as dead.
The fellow with a girl and only a dollar and eighty cents left of his loganberry money broke into a cold sweat when half way along the trail. At the quarter he broke for the pavilion, where the show was free.
Well, it's almost over, as the fat chap with the fat girl said when he put up the parasol.
It was a splendid week for the politicians.
The only dogs visible on the grounds were hot ones.
Some folks are sufficiently more than satisfied to make up for some other folks' lack of it.
And old Salem was fully equal to the occasion.

Why the Journal is popular—
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OPEN FORUM

WE PICKED THEM, ONE BY ONE
Now that all stories of other growers of the luscious loganberry has been told, and none so surprising as the one I am about to relate and farther more, contrary to supposition, I am able to prove, I am going to tell a tale about a certain farm in Kaiser Bottom.
Now I am not going to tell you the owners name, at least, not at present, but four years ago he came here from the wind swept fields of Kansas, just as many did before, and we hope will continue to do. He was not a Kansan by birth, claiming Missouri as his native state, but anyway, wherever they came from is where real practical farming is taught, where barn yard fertilizer is valued and straw stacks are not burned up, but placed upon the ground where nature intended it to be placed.
With his wife he looked over farm after farm and finally their choice fell on a small tract in rich Kaiser Bottom and there they began to build the home nest, on what could but slightly have reminded them of the home they had left.
In fancy I can see the other farmers shaking their heads over his methods, but he laughed and chatted and went ahead with out one doubt of success, why, where he came from he had real opposition in wind, rain, hail, drought, snow or grasshoppers and Oregon had none of these, and so he whistled as he worked. Out of the five acres of their original purchase he planted three and three fourths (3 3/4) acres to loganberries. I write that in numeral as well as words, because I gave these statistics to one man and he discourteously said I either misrepresented the acreage or weight of produce, so I went again to the farmer and said, "Mr. Morgan, if I make a statement that you harvested twenty tons, one thousand three hundred and eight (1308) pounds of loganberries from three and three fourth acres of land, can you prove it, by slips from Gila & Co?" and he replied, "I can, also Mr. Brown who hauled my berries with his auto truck, can give you the same figures from his book and from which he collected the cartage." I didn't ask him to take an oath on the matter for people who are well acquainted with T. B. Morgan or W. K. Brown seldom require more than their word, so resting on their joint assurance of correctness of figures I again state that on the farm of T. B. Morgan one mile west of Kaiser school house, was grown, so far as previous reports show, the banner crop of loganberries in 1910, of twenty tons, one thousand three hundred and eight pounds, besides what the pickers ate, of luscious lojn fruit, and I picked pick them, I feel a particular pride in that fact, also in this, that Mr. Morgan was proud of his force of pickers, consisting of some fifteen regular pickers, and an occasional friend who came for the day and enjoyed the jovial company, the fruit and kindly hospitality of tent life. There was no harshness, no unkindly reprimanding, no quarreling and when the work was finished, so

pleased was the lucky farmer that he ordered five gallons of Zinn's best ice cream and so well pleased with their employer were the ladies, that they baked the cake, and their husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers, and some one else brother came to the kindly invitation and helped eat the ice cream and the cake.
Representatives of wonderful Oregon came and cut from these vines specimens to be exhibited at the Oregon state fair now in progress, and if you really truly doubt my word, look at the fruit and go away and repent of the misdeed, and that you haven't learned to make your own land produce its full quota.
Understand me, I admire Oregon and intend to remain a resident so long as I can derive a livelihood herein, but I do deplore the slipshod methods used by the average Oregon farmer; go look at the farm I have been lauding look also at the farm partly under Mr. Morgan's superintendency but belonging to F. J. C. apman and if you can find two more attractive plots of ground in this wonderful valley of the beautiful Willamette river, I want to see them. Besides that, look the whole neighborhood surrounding have felt the influence and the farms around have a general tasty, tidy, prosperous look. The method of putting up the new vines is especially good, you will not have to stand on your head to see under the trailing vines, neither do you pull great vails of purple mold up from the ground as I did in the one other patch I helped pick; the vines are trained on three wires placed respectively about twenty eight, forty and fifty two inches from the ground. (I am estimating this from my own height and their position.) There is no great bunches or tangles as if some careless hand had thrown the vines at the wire and said, "who cares," but they are carefully placed to give light and air. There are no weeds to drabble one on a wet morning, though we gently reprimanded the farmer for spoiling our paths, he cultivated every day the ground we trampled as we picked.
At four thirty every bright morning this rustler went from tent to tent speaking jovial greetings and soon the pickers were out among the sparkling dewy fruit, resting several hours in the day.
The fruit averaged from one hundred eight to one hundred fifty berries to the pound box and we understand that this is virtually the second crop picked from this field, but we do not ask Mr. Morgan to vouch for that statement. He will please consider himself at liberty to correct any misstatement I have made, as it was wholly unintentional on my part.
—A PICKER,
LATE HOP NOTES
Felix Isaacson went to Silverton this week to take in 113 bales of hops for the Wolf Hop company. The hops were the Frank Froemel lot, 71 bales, and the J. A. Heselahl lot, 32 bales, both purchased at 10 cents last week.
McNeff brothers are credited with the purchase of 2000 bales of Oregon hops, among which is a lot of 100 bales from Jones at Brooks. Some growers are wondering if this lot belonged to

MRS. MAY'S LETTER TO WOMEN

More Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a bad case of female ills. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and I took about six bottles. It fixed me up all right. The common symptoms of such a condition—pain when walking, irritation, bearing down pains and backache, nervousness and disordered digestion—soon passed away. I look much better now than I did before, and I recommend the Compound every time for female troubles, as it did for me all it is claimed to do. You have my permission to publish this letter." Mrs. J. MAY, 3548 S. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.



If you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. May's letter, remember what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for her, and try it yourself. It is a good old-fashioned medicine, made from roots and herbs, and it has helped countless numbers of women.

If you need special advice, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

M. L. Jones, president of the Oregon Hop Growers' association.

It is said that Livesley & company bought more than 5000 bales of hops in the Silverton country, during picking at 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 cents. If true this was the one lucky plunge of the season so far.

L. L. Gribble has purchased the Welch lot of about 75 bales at 9 1/2 cents. Later (Tuesday) he purchased 23 bales from Chas. Beck (a part of the Beck-Welch lot) at 11 cents. This was the highest price paid locally for hops up to Tuesday night.

August beer sales exceeded last year's August sales by nearly 1,500,000 barrels, a gain of more than 21 per cent. This increase alone consumed 7500 bales of hops, figuring half a pound of hops to the barrel. This increased consumption of beer and hops may stimulate the Oregon hop market somewhat. There is no apparent reason for the disparity in prices in the California and Oregon markets.—Aurora Observer.



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