

# Rowles & Parker

Special for Friday and Saturday

Yellow free-stone Peaches, in syrup	35c
Michigan Spiced Pears, in syrup	35c
16-oz. jar Grape and Current Butter	30c
Pure Kettle Rendered Lard, per lb.	25c
Loin Bacon, per lb.	42c
Batavia Coffee, very best grade, per lb.	50c, 55c, 60c
Pure Cane Granulated Sugar, per lb.	27c
Just unloaded another car of coarse salt in barrels, 50 and 100 lb. bags and 50 lb. blocks.	

## Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

Phone 95

Phone 275

At any rate, the prophecies of lower prices make cheerful reading.—Providence Journal.

Police barracks seem to be the burning issue in Ireland.—Long Island City Star.

Senator Harding once played a horn in a village band, and he hasn't been out of the band-wagon since.—New York Mail.

Any kind of a political bolt that holds needs a head.—Canton News.

The Wood boom might have been called a soap-bubble.—Wichita Eagle.

It may be true, as Mr. Bryan says, that John Barleycorn is in his coffin, but there seems to be a leak in the coffin.—Columbia Record.

## "GOD BLESS YOU'S" MEANING

Expression of Solicitude That Can Be Traced Back to the Decline of Athens.

The Greeks and Romans had their "Long life to you!" Gesundheit! is now verboten. But we still say "Sante" and "God bless you!" after a sneeze.

This expression of solicitude can be traced back to the decline of Athens. One of the terrible devastating plagues which darkened the pages of European history was raging in the famous city. The flower of Greece, her foremost writers and artists, the founders of much of our modern culture, were ruthlessly cut down. The dead piled high, and daily Athenian courage was taxed to the fullest. But every home where lay a victim, the elixir of hope, the rainbow of promise, was the sneeze, for it indicated to the watchers that the danger was passed, that the patient would recover. A few centuries later another epidemic assailed Europe, but this time the sneeze, being a symptom of the malady, was a bad omen.

In this age of witches, goblins, medicine men and leeches superstition flourished. Some of the most intellectual minds of the time accredited charms and soothsayers. It was therefore nothing extraordinary for the pope to decree the exclamation "God bless you!" by anyone who heard a sneeze. This was supposed to combat its evil powers and prevent the spread of the disease. And "God bless you!" with its kindly human interest has come down through the ages.

## NEW IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

"Okapi!" Astonished Explorers, and Only a Few Specimens Have Ever Been Obtained.

Some time before 1890, Stanley, the explorer, had word from the pigmy negroes of new beast in the impenetrable depths of the virgin forest which borders the Semliki river in the Belgian Congo. The Wambatti natives identified it as a species of donkey and called it "Attl." From their further description, it seemed to be a hooved animal of considerable size, which lived upon leaves. In 1899 Sir Harry Johnston himself saw the pigmy, who fully confirmed what Stanley had already told him, but added that the strange beast was striped like a zebra.

In 1901 a Swedish officer, M. Karl Erikson, obtained a complete skin and two skulls, which he sent to Sir Harry Johnston, who then believed the beast to be of the giraffe tribe, previously found in a fossil state in Greece. It was, however, proved conclusively that although of the giraffe family it was not the animal of ancient Greece, but a new beast altogether. It was subsequently given the name of "okapi." No more than a dozen specimens of this wonderful beast have been secured.

## "The People of the Pelup Peninsula."

We were floating down the beautiful Plongdong when, descrying a glorious whangdoop hid amongst the igfans along the swampy (shore), I instantly ordered the mogpong to row the goopang toward it. Obeying my command with an alacrity that proved his devotion to me, the little fellow pulled lustily on the right tingwop (oar or paddle) until, by virtue of his efforts, we were headed in the direction whence had come the vision of the multi-colored whangdoop. My readers will readily appreciate the tremendous excitement that seized me when I say that the whangdoop was of unusual size and of a conformation that would preclude the possibility of anyone for a moment mistaking it for the ogupang, which, as everyone knows, it so much resembles.—(After the Manner of Most Travel Articles.)—From Life.

## Woman "Spilled the Beans."

Less than a century ago a German professor of chemistry succeeded repeatedly in producing small quantities of gold, which he exhibited to fellow scientists whose keen interest may well be imagined. It was later ascertained that a devoted servant, anxious to give his master pleasure, had bought gold leaf and surreptitiously contributed it to the contents of the crucible.

One occasion, however, the servant was sent on a distant errand, and left money with his wife for the purchase of the requisite gold leaf. She spent the money for drink, buying instead some "Dutch metal," which she put into the pot. This led to a discovery of the fraud, prompt revelation of which by the professor gave rise to immense amusement.

## Old Chinese Burial Places.

Shanghai's old buildings on the Bund are rapidly disappearing, and with their destruction many discoveries in the way of old burial places are being made. While excavating for a new building two Chinese graves were discovered. Upon being opened, the coffins were found to be in a good degree of preservation, considering the length of time they must have been lying in the swamp. The inscriptions upon the stone tablets marking the graves are illegible, so any conjecture as to their age is almost impossible. An urn containing a quantity of bones was also unearthed.

Something to Be Thankful For. Beck—So your wife always insists on having her own way.

Peck—Yes; but she changes her mind so often it's not a bit meekous.—London Answers.

## GOOD IN POVERTY

Mr. Goslington Does a Little Philosophizing.

Sees Much Benefit in the Necessity to Work and Also in the Worry Which Falls to the Lot of Majority of Mankind.

"Glimmerby, my friend Glimmerby," said Mr. Goslington, "propounds the theory that both poverty and worry are conducive to longevity; and I think there is something in that. I am not so sure about the worry, and yet I think even that may be true. I can see, for instance, that if a man worried hard enough he would keep himself lean and so escape the ills and inconveniences attendant upon obesity; but that poverty tends to lengthen life I have no doubt whatever.

"The man who is poor, as we most of us are, has to work for a living. Surely it is in work that we are most blessed; and if we have work to do in which we are interested, that appeals to us, then are we fortunate indeed; we find a pleasure in labor and a joy in accomplishment; and it makes me smile to think how in such work we forget our worries entirely.

"So we don't really need to consider whether worry is a life prolonger or not; all we want to lengthen our days is to be poor, poor enough so that we have to work and keep plugging; but I do wonder that Glimmerby did not mention along with poverty and worry, as among the things that might tend to prolong life, our physical ailments.

"Some years ago a friend of mine began to lose weight and he kept on in that way until he had lost 25 pounds. Then he consulted doctor. It was something that could be checked, controlled and perhaps entirely cured if the patient would follow faithfully the prescribed treatment; and then he was told that the general benefits he would derive from the treatment were such that his life might be prolonged to a greater limit than it would have reached if he had never had this ailment at all.

"I might add that this friend has now regained several of his lost pounds, he is feeling very chipper and cheerful and he fully expects to live to be a very old man.

"The fact is that many things that we may look at, when they come upon us, as drawbacks are in reality blessings in disguise."

## Australians Well Off.

In no part of the world is there a population apparently better fed and better provided with the ordinary necessities of life than in Australia and New Zealand. There is an absence of indications of poverty, and in the cities slums are rare. On the streets there is a healthy, bustling population of a type more like the dwellers in the cities of the middle West than those of London or Liverpool. The visitor recognizes the self-reliant spirit of a people detached from the rest of the world who have their own problems to solve, and are peculiarly ready to accept innovations. There is a great fondness for sports, football, tennis, surf bathing, which is possible all the year round in portions of Australia, and, most of all, for horse racing, in connection with which there is a great amount of gambling, which the state sanctions by taking a certain percentage of the sales in the pool rooms.—Exchange.

## Old Rome Has Paper Shortage.

Le Figaro of Paris has unearthed for its readers what it believes is the world's first recorded paper shortage. It quotes from the "Causeries du Lundi" where Sainte-Beuve, translating from Pliny, says that under Tiberius there was such a scarcity of paper in the Roman empire that it was necessary to appoint senators to regulate distribution; in other words, a congressional board of control.

Sainte-Beuve, grown cynical in his day of excessive erudition, books, ink and paper, added:

"How welcome such a shortage would be now! But such things happened only under Tiberius. We can not hope for like happiness today."

Le Figaro finds Sainte-Beuve refreshing reading, but in view of the situation in 1920, unduly appreciative of Tiberius.

## Sheep Should Be Sheep.

A recently published book dealing with political and social affairs in England is called "The Island of Sheep," whose authors (one of whom is a prominent British statesman) are disguised as "Cadmus" and "Harmonia." The sheep referred to are the English and the Island Great Britain. The Butcher's Advocate, aroused by the happy thought of an island filled with muttons, writes for a copy of "Cadmus H. Harmonia" to review, "it being," they claim, "of exceptional interest to the people reached by our weekly."

## River Football Revived.

Some athletic enthusiasts of Derbyshire, England, have recently revived the game of river football, which is said to be a combination of polo, soccer, basketball, wrestling, swimming and pugilism. It is not exactly a "lady's game."

## China's Thirst for Education.

The sudden demand for popular education in China is shown by the fact that the school attendance in one province has increased 8,000 per cent in five years.

## MARVELOUS IS HUMAN MIND

Five Hundred Million Brain Cells Responsive to the Call of Ruler of the Intellect.

On a rough estimate, the brain contains 500,000,000 cells, each having a consciousness of its own. Your self-consciousness, your personality, should be the master of all these willing slaves.

They are the genii of the mind, humbly waiting to do your bidding; guardians of the vast stores of ideas that you, more often than not without realizing it, have gathered along life's highway. Are you one of the reckless kind, who have "no idea" of are you in the ranks of the sensible, who summon the spirits of the intellect to their aid?

How is this done? Nothing more simple. Get the problem fairly and squarely into your head, and then forget it! The little genii of the brain refuse to be coerced; humor them, however, and there is no limit to what they can, and will, do for you. You have to make a decision. Turn the problem round and round in your head till you are giddy, you will get no nearer to the solution. Put it away from you. Don't force your thoughts; leave them alone, and behold, suddenly, when you least expect it, the idea you have been searching for will jump into your mind, to be instantly recognized as the idea you wanted.

The magicians of the brain would appear to be more amenable to feminine than masculine rule, for the proverbs of all nations agree that women's best ideas are her first ones, while man has wait for second thought if he would act rightly.

Our search for ideas, too, must be systematic if we want to get hold of useful ones.

According to the Platonic philosophy, ideas are the universal types of which individual specimens are the more or less imperfect copies; so that we need not be downhearted if we cannot carry out our ideas in practice exactly as they occur to us in the mind.

Thought grows snowball fashion, and is the opposite to money.

The more we spend the more we have.—London Answers.

## Good Causes and Poor Tunes.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has fallen foul of "The Red Flag," which he regards as an air that would ruin any movement, seems to forget that many a good cause has been supported by a poor tune. The Belgian national anthem is a remarkably fine melody but that did not impair the resistance of Liege. And neither the words nor music of "God Save the King," are particularly uplifting. The air of "Lillibullero," that is said to have whistled James II off the throne of England, cannot have been a very distinguished one, for nowadays no one seems to know what it was. On the other hand the Russian national anthem was easily one of the most stirring examples of its kind in Europe, but it did not save Russia from collapse. If the soviets have provided a substitute for it the result would probably please Mr. Shaw as little as "The Red Flag," which he considers should be rechristened "The Eternal March of a Fried Egg."—Manchester Guardian.

## Think Earth Will Last Many Years.

In a recent lecture Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, announced that the earth would probably continue to exist for 20,000,000 years more. These are, of course, round numbers. Some scientists estimate that the earth will live for ten times this age. There have been animals of one kind and another on this planet for fully this length of time.

The dinosaurs are believed to have lived through some such period. The age of man, which is probably only a few thousand years, seems the merest trifling by comparison. When we consider how man has developed during recorded history, which is less than ten thousand years, we may hope that he will evolve to an infinitely finer type in the future.—Boys' Life.

## Carry Photo Messages in Eyes.

Spies, engaged in a life-and-death business, have devised extraordinarily ingenious methods of concealing since history began. No means could be more remarkable, however, than that used by the Russian Bolsheviks for getting messages through the enemy lines. The inside skin of an eggshell is pasted on glass, and reduced with a microtome knife to almost impalpable thinness. It is then sensitized, and a microscope message photographed upon it. Removed from the glass, it is spread with a brush on the spy's eyeball, under the lid. It does not inconvenience the carrier, and being extremely transparent it is practically invisible.—Popular Mechanics Magazine

## Film Quickly Developed.

Sixty rolls of photographic film handled in ten minutes' actual working time is the claim made for a system of glazed stoneware developing tanks now on the market, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. The tanks are sold in sets of three, one for developing, one for fixing and one for washing. Each has a concave bottom, terminating in a brass drain cock. The last, or washing, tank is fitted also with an overflow connection, to permit continuous water circulation from bottom to top.

## Taxing the Alien in Italy.

Under the Italian laws a foreign resident in Italy pays an income tax solely on income derived from Italian sources. He is not taxed on income derived outside of Italy.

## TESS MARSHALL

### GIFTED WRITER

(Continued from Page 1.)

whether he was on the spot when Edison, intent on still another wild duck, plunged to his armpits in Tule lake quagmire. It took long poles and strong pulling to get him out at all.

"I love the marshes," Marshall says in a matter of fact way. Well, women are not the only ones who cherish strange fancies.

This absent-mindedness was evident when I met Marshall in his home. Everything he wanted, from hairbrush to loose change for the laundry man, seemed to be lost in a drawer, the key lost and his wife away. "Well, I said sympathetically, watching his painful search, 'that key seems to be quite lost' "Yes," he said, "it's lost." Only those who always lose everything can understand the pained surprise in his voice.

After chasing the phantom George and watching people smile and chuckle it finally dawned on me that, however proud they might be of Edison Marshall the author, to the people of his home town he would always be just a jolly good comrade and friend whose fame made him none the less companionable at hearthside and campfire.

The book itself was as elusive as George. Because of the freight strikes there were only a small handful in town and they were on the dead run. Finally a boy whose teacher had read it in school tracked it down. "Best book I ever read," he said. It has been recommended for schools and libraries and is especially good reading for Oregonians, opening our eyes to the majesty and beauty and romance at our doors. Many a letter bears testimony to this fact.

**Machines Founded to Death.**  
As I said, I visited Marshall in his home. Nearing the house I went slowly, listening often to see whether it was his busy day. For when Marshall works it is evident a long way off. He is a two-fingered artist and can smash more typewriters than any other artist, living or dead. He is now pounding out the life of his fourth machine and I expect the end will come before the book now in his head is set down on paper.

**Pound! Pound! Pound!**  
From 10 to 3 those hard-working index fingers, as large now as the middle ones, strain to keep up with the steady flow of his thoughts. And every time he strikes there is one letter of a golden word—5000 a day and each worth—but that is not for publication. Yet scarcely a sentence, scarcely a word even of the book had to be altered. It seems wonderful to you and me who hash and rehash every smallest article. Fortunately he works only about half the time or the price of paper would go up. A few lazy days with a pipe precede the actual writing, during which the incidents of the story group themselves. A success based on so thorough a mastery of his subject is likely to be permanent.

Marshall is not temperamental. He denies vigorously "any such animal" as an artistic temperament. He is too big and sound in mind and body for that. Coming from pioneer ancestors—ranging, adventurous men, swarms of whom fought in the wars of our country, he sees the world as they did, straight and true with the big outdoors always a background in his thoughts. He has worked steadily except the year that he served as soldier and officer in the late war.

**He is 26 Years of Age.**  
And neither has he ever been a "young writer." He abhors a youthful prodigy almost as much as an artistic temperament. Of course not—for he was born way last century in Rensselaer, Ind. The exact date was the year 1894.

I forgot to ask several important questions like what he does about lunch—working from 10 to 3. It seemed afterward that I did most of the talking. Bad taste! But I don't believe it was all my fault. Mr. Marshall's bungalow home, with its cool, sheltered porch and glimpse of the mountains, its cozy living room with easy chairs and open fire—his favorite pipe and book—usually a detective story—right at hand—offers in itself a cordial welcome. And the man himself, with easy, informal friendliness, makes it plain that you and not he are the important person present.

"May I have a photograph?" I asked. "Why, certainly," Marshall answered with entire simplicity. "I have one—that is—why, where on earth did I put it?" If a picture appears with this story you may know that he dug it out from somewhere.

Well, the theory that any Republican could