

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

STRONG HICKORY TREE.

"Hello, Hickory Tree," said the old North Wind.

"Hello, Hickory Tree," said the Breeze Brothers.

"Hello," said the Hickory Tree. "You're not very friendly," said the old North Wind.

"No," said the Breeze Brothers, "you won't play at all the way we like to have the trees play."

"At least you won't play according to my rules of the game," said the old North Wind.

"Ah," said the Hickory Tree, "that is because I am known as Strong Hickory, and all my family have been known by that name. That is, the name of Strong Hickory is not a family name. Our family name is simply that of Hickory."

"But just the same we have always been strong and so we call ourselves the Strong Hickory family."

"You, old North Wind, like to have the trees do just as you say."

"Of course," said the old North Wind, "those are my rules of playing."

"But you should let me have my rules, too," said the Hickory Tree.

"Perhaps he should," chuckled the Breeze Brothers, "but he doesn't like



"You Won't Play."

to let any one else make the rules. He likes to do it all himself. We're not like that. We don't think you're as friendly as you might be, but still we do not mind if you want to play according to your own rules. We're more gentle than old North Wind is."

"Ah," said the Hickory Tree, "old North Wind is used to making the trees blow wildly. Those are what he calls his rules—wild and rough playing."

"He likes to raise a great wind-storm and have us do just as he says. But the hickory trees have their own rules, too, and they are very decided and very firm."

"They do not blow about as others may do. They do not blow with every wind or any wind."

"You've heard the old expression of someone who will blow away with every wind that comes. The expression is something like that. And it means that creatures have no will of their own. They will always do what any one else suggests doing whether it is wrong or right."

"A person who will be blown by any wind is a person who hasn't much mind of his own, and very little will power."

"Now I do not mean that creatures have to be stubborn. But creatures mustn't let every one influence them or change their opinions and their ways, if they're good opinions and good ways."

"When there is a storm or a wild wind the old hickory tree never lets its branches fall to the ground the way some trees do."

"The hickory tree is strong. We have strong wood. We have been used for wagons and for making articles which must be very strong."

"We also make fine wood for fires. We have something else to do besides being blown about as old Mr. North Wind pleases, though I am sure I do not wish to be rude."

"I simply want to tell you, old North Wind, that I cannot play with you according to your rules."

"I will blow a little but I will not let you do with me just as you choose."

"The Hickory family never have let the wind do that with them and I am sure I cannot go back on the ways of the Hickory family."

"Well, we admire you, we must say," the Breeze Brothers remarked.

"Maybe I admire you, too," said the old North Wind, "but that doesn't mean that I'm not sorry you won't play according to my rules."

"Often creatures admire other creatures who won't be easily influenced, but they don't always like to say so. Well, good-by, Hickory Tree; it is useless to make you give in!"

To Be Sure.

For a quarter of an hour the master had been giving examples of the names of rivers which in Greek were feminine, when he noticed one boy, blissfully unconscious of the mental edification he was missing, contemplating the beauties of nature through the classroom window.

"Jones!" he roared, "give me a feminine river!"

The dreamer stirred, and in a flash of inspiration answered: "Sir! the—the Mississippi, sir!"

NEW GUINEA HEAD-HUNTERS

Periodical Forays Were Until Comparatively Recently a Regular Thing in the Island.

Until six years ago head-hunting was in full swing along the coast of New Guinea, writes Rev. E. Cappers in Catholic Missions, and describes one of these expeditions by the tribe of the Marind-anim or Kaya-Kayas. The practice, he says, has been considerably checked by military expeditions. Nevertheless head-hunting is still quite frequent in the interior. On the appointed day men, women and children would hasten to the point of embarkation. At the approach of their goal the boats were anchored, and the entire party stealthily entered the forest, taking care not to give the alarm. Extra care was needed once the designated spot had been reached. On the day before the attack the hunters kept hidden in the bush, and during the night they advanced far enough to launch the attack early before dawn. Occasionally, the hunters were hotly roused, but most of the time the intended victims were roused from their sleep by the sudden war-cry of the whole attacking party, and had no time to defend themselves. Victims were felled by the dozen, many of them pierced through by the sharp-pointed arrows.

The victors yelled their war-cry and repaired to their native haunts, where days and nights of feasting awaited them with song and dance, around the gruesome trophy.

GOT JOHN BURROUGHS' 'GOAT'

Great Naturalist Admitted That Iron Wall of Treasury Vault Had Bad Effect on Him.

It was while sitting in front of the iron wall of the treasury vault at Washington that John Burroughs, guardian of the \$50,000,000 vault contained, wrote his first book, "Wake Robin." In that book it has been thought that he got closer to nature than in any of the others. "Perhaps I did," he said of it. "I know I was closer to it in longing. That iron wall reacted on me."

Mr. Burroughs realized, of course, the necessity of money to provide the comforts of existence, and his books brought him a handsome return. And this recalls an incident of a fox hunt in which he and his brother, Eben, joined about a dozen years ago. Eben Burroughs lived at Hobart, in the Catskills, and on this particular hunt the honors went to Eben, who shot the fox. At that time fox skins were worth about \$5, and the successful brother relished telling of his success. Once when boasting of it to a party of friends he was halted by this from Brother John: "You have bragged about that fox hunt long enough. You shot the fox and sold the skin for \$5. I wrote a little account of the hunt and sold it to a magazine for \$75. So there you are."

Big Taxes.

That Madison Square Garden is the biggest parcel of taxable property in the country housing various amusements, principally boxing, is shown by a report issued by Promoter Tom Rickard for the first six months he has held the reins over the famous amphitheater.

From September, 1920, to March, 1921, he has turned over to Uncle Sam \$172,391.38 federal tax, not counting \$105,616.18 for New York state and city revenue tax, which includes a real estate tax of \$35,340, exhibition licenses of \$600, boxing club license of \$750 and the state tax for boxing of \$68,926.18.

The total attendance reported from the various shows, as thereto appended, was 910,492. Professional boxing alone attracted 270,076 persons. Amateur boxing came into its own and was unusually patronized, the five tournaments bringing out 23,668 persons for a federal tax of \$2,789.16.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Amusing!

A Hoosier author was recently asked what she regarded as her most humorous experience. She studied a few minutes and then related it. One summer she lectured at a Chautauqua where another woman lectured on the subject of "health."

"One night," laughed the author, "she gave a wonderful lecture on the care of teeth. We went home together and as she was worn out I offered to go with her to her room and read to her. That was a splendid talk that you gave tonight." I told her as she finished making her toilet to retire.

"Yes, I think it is real good myself," she beamed, and absent-mindedly reached into her mouth and took from it a complete set of false teeth and relaxed ready for the reading.

Where Was It?

Miss T., a Terre Haute principal, is a genius at finding things. Her boys all know it now, too. The other day a youngster was leaning over trying to fix a pen when he suddenly straightened up and announced that a piece of the pen flew into his eye. She accordingly excused him from work and gave him all the attention accorded an invalid. And he enjoyed it, too.

But that afternoon his enjoyment was so evident that she grew suspicious. She called him to her and passed a magnet close to his eye. Of course no piece of steel came out to meet it, but there did come a confession from the youngster that he was playing soldier at the time, and that no piece of steel had gone into his eye.—Indianapolis News.

OLIVERS SCALE THE DIZZY CASCADE PEAKS

Many Thrills Accompany Three Weeks Trip of Bank Man and His Wife—Returned Sunday

J. A. Oliver, assistant cashier of the Pullman State bank, returned Sunday from a three weeks vacation trip which took him to the summit of Mount Rainier and to the dizzy heights of the Cascade mountains. On the latter trip he was accompanied by Mrs. Oliver, who made the hazardous climbs in a manner that marked her as a mountain climber of remarkable ability. Mrs. Oliver and their daughter remained at Kent to visit relatives and will not return to Pullman until the first of next month.

Leaving Pullman, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and daughter went to Kent, where the mother and daughter remained while Mr. Oliver and his brother, Cromwell T. Oliver, of the latter place, scaled Mt. Rainier. The ascent and descent were made without the services of a guide, a feat which is rarely attempted by mountain climbers. The brothers narrowly escaped death when a gigantic rock slide passed over their heads as they hugged the side of the mountain, protected by a ledge. Bottomless crevasses in the glaciers were crossed on narrow ice bridges and many other thrills added to the excitement of the hazardous trip. On the descent the brothers lost their way, but finally located a trail which took them to camp.

The Pullman man suffered severe eye strain on the trip, which was made without snow glasses, and on the return rubbed the eye lids with a face cream which was kept in the camp. Suddenly the lids closed and he was unable to see. A doctor was summoned and he pronounced the ailment the result of a too strong carbolic acid content in the cream. For two days Mr. Oliver was in bed, unable to open his eyes, but the ailment was corrected and he suffered no lasting ill effects.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver a few days

later joined the Mountaineers club of Seattle on a two-weeks trip into the Cascade mountains. The party, 81 strong, took special cars to Leavenworth, then traveled by auto truck 40 miles into the mountains. A four mile hike from this point took them to Phelps creek and a hike of 12 miles more up Buck creek took them to Buck creek pass in the Cascades, with an altitude of 5790 feet. Here permanent camp was made, with a pack train of 21 horses and four packers to take the baggage of the big party on side trips. Each member of the party was allowed but 30 pounds of baggage, including bedding. Cooks and bakers were provided to prepare meals for the party.

On Thursday afternoon 67 of the party, including Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, packed their beds and provisions and left for a three days trip to Glacier peak, at an altitude of 10,400 feet. Every member of the party made the trip in good condition and the three days jaunt was one of the most enjoyable side trips of the journey. The party returned to the permanent camp Sunday and on Monday the camp was moved to Suttle pass. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver then became members of a party of 22 who left that pass and hiked over Cloudy pass, past Lyman lake, and down Railroad creek 23 miles to Lucerne, on Lake Chelan. At Lucerne Mr. and Mrs. Oliver caught a fast boat for the head of the lake and returned the entire length of the lake, 54 miles, to Chelan. Thence they proceeded to Wenatchee and back to Kent. The entire trip consumed three weeks and every day was crowded full of excitement and thrills.

The party which made the trip into the Cascades included notables from many eastern cities, and features were the evening entertainments with members of the party furnishing the program. On Sundays religious meetings were held. Mr. Oliver secured many interesting photographs.

Is fruit cheap in your neighborhood? Good year to can.

Plug up the leaks in the farm or home by keeping records.

Take the heat out of the iron as well as away from yourself by using an electric or gasoline iron.

MAGNIFICENT CUP FOR PULLMAN TEAM

Inscribed Silver Loving Cup Received by Pullman Rifle Team as Trophy for Class B Championship

W. L. Wenham, captain of the team representing the Pullman Rifle club, which won the Class B championship at the rifle matches at Fort Lawton recently, Monday received the trophy won by the Pullman team, a magnificent silver loving cup, standing 12 inches high and mounted on an ebony base. The beautiful trophy is inscribed as follows: "Washington State Rifle Association, Class B Trophy, Won by Pullman Rifle Club, 1921. Score 739 out of a possible \$900." The cup is the permanent property of the local club and is now on display, along with the medals won by individuals from the Pullman team, in the windows of the White drug store.

Copies of the official bulletin issued by the State Rifle association, giving full scores of all the teams and individuals in the competition, were brought to Pullman by Mr. Wenham, who returned last Thursday, and show the Pullman men to have been up in the running in all the matches, as well as copping the prize in the Class B team competition. In commenting on the shoot, which included both Class A and Class B teams, the bulletin says:

"The rabbit shooters from Pullman led the field of 10 teams for the first two stages, but were hammered back to third place by the Seattle and Tacoma teams on the 600-yard range."

The score sheet shows L. P. Granath of the Pullman team to have taken fifth place in the individual competition, which gave him a Class A medal. A. L. Adams was in ninth place and W. L. Wenham in thirteenth place, both winning Class B medals. Fifty-eight entrants competed in the individual contests.

The scores of the Pullman men in the individual contests were as follows:

200	300	600	Rapid
L. P. Granath	41	45	46
A. L. Adams	41	42	43
W. L. Wenham	39	40	45
H. W. Hodges	37	43	35
B. S. Norling	34	37	40
Alex Sims	37	27	32

200	600	500	Tot
W. L. Wenham	41	38	43
A. L. Adams	42	37	40
H. Hodges	47	46	42
B. Norling	46	36	34
Alex Sims	42	35	41
L. P. Granath	43	43	43

Total... 739
*Captain
W. L. Wenham brought still further honors to the Pullman team by being elected a member of the board of directors of the Washington State Rifle association at a business meeting of the organization.

NOTICE OF HEARING FINAL REPORT AND PETITION FOR DISTRIBUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the County of Whitman.

In the Matter of the Estate of Harmon Sharp, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that Katherine Sharp, administratrix of the estate of Harmon Sharp, deceased, has filed in the office of the clerk of said court her final report as such administratrix, together with her petition for distribution of said estate, asking the court to settle said report; distribute the property to the heirs or persons entitled to the same, and discharge said administratrix; and that Friday, the 16th day of September, 1921, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., at the court room of our said Superior Court, in the city of Colfax, in said Whitman county, has been duly fixed by said Superior Court for the hearing and settlement of said final report and petition for distribution, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto and contest the same.

Witness, the Hon. R. L. Wilkinson, court commissioner of said Superior Court, and the seal of said court affixed this 15th day of August, 1921.

(seal) JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Clerk of Said Court.
By Cecil C. Phelps,
Deputy.

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