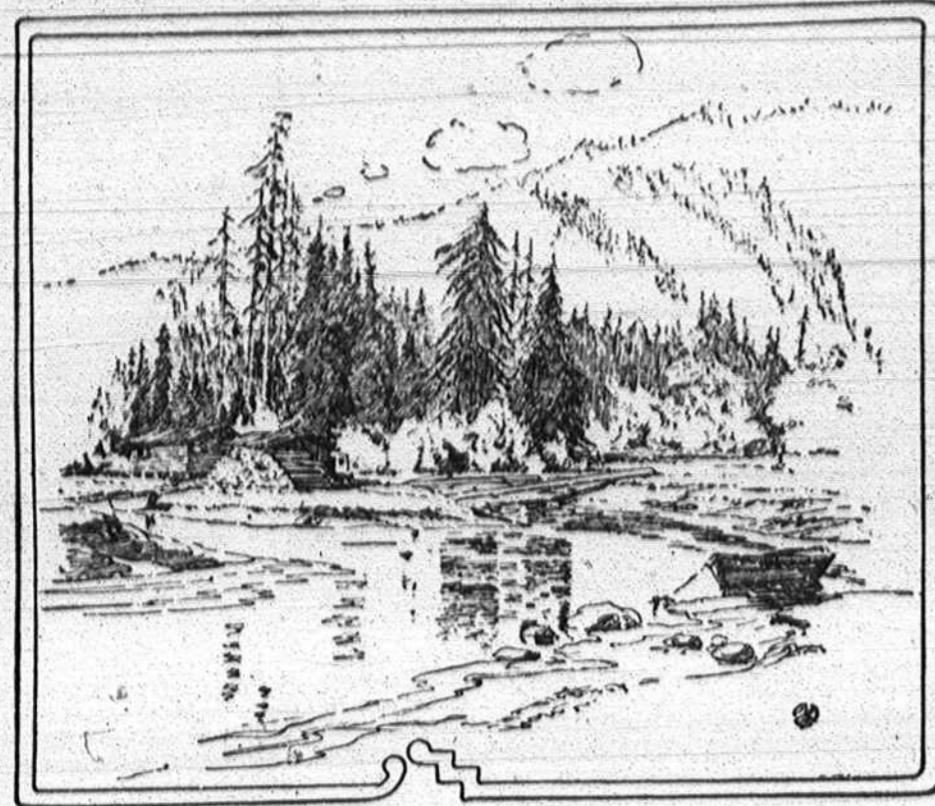


IN A JAPANESE WOODMEN'S CAMP



Japanese Woodcutters' Camp in British Columbia.

A LAZY creek, almost currentless through salt marshes, at low tide quite deep in its muddy bed; a salty, weedy, slightly smoky, cedary, and piney smell upon the air; windrows of kelp and other weedy drift upon the silting slope of bank; squirt of clams, in every fairly flat place, and rippling scuttles of flounders upon the bottom; drifting moons of stray medusae luminous in the water—there is a typical woodland setting in northern British Columbia, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. The crew is ubiquitous, not unlike a raven; beloved he is of totemic designers and carvers, from Tillamook up to Nome, calling his horse "caw" from the shadows of some disheveled cedar.

On the high water mark of spring tides, rugged cedar and pestilence-looking hemlock in silhouette against the sunny blue, purple-courses with raven-like shadow the distant mountain side. At the base of the irregularly standing timber, spared of loggers, an impenetrable thicket of salal, salmon and button berry, blackberry bramble and whortle berry, under a taller growth of alder, willow and poplar, together mask a tangle of fallen trunks and upturned roots, amid which the epibionism, the fireweed of the Pacific coast, overtops a man's head, a spire of vibrant pinky purple flame.

At the forks of the creek, a wide eaved bunk house, its foundation posts lifting its floor well above the dampness of the marsh, stands upon a bit of ground where solid soil, washed down from the heights, supports rank grass. Rapidly built throughout of cedar, walls and roofs of split cedar shakes, in weathered redness it has a fitness to its place. Smaller shacks near, in color and size, match piles of cordwood near the water; awaiting a scow, a favoring high tide, and transportation across the water to the city.

The Ever-Welcome "Chow." A scrap of straw matting and a momentary glimpse of a short and sturdy figure, round and black of head, the bronze skin in quiet contrast with blue overalls, showed it to be a Japanese woodcutters' camp. The sun was high and the shadows short by the time the sketch was finished. An eruption from the woods and cordwood piles toward the bunk-house suggested possible refreshment, even if the calling of the dish-pan, banged with a stick of firewood at the door, did not. There was too much good sketching about for the artist to want to return across the harbor for such an inconsequential thing as lunch, which, however, would quite likely suggest its lack some time between then and the sundown he knew he would linger for. So, portfolio under arm, he strolled to the bunk house.

Within, on either side, were two-tiered bunks against the walls, stopping short of the further end, which, stove beneath the end window—a rear door letting in breeze and sunshine—was combined kitchen, dining room, and place of assembly. About six persons, on either side of a three-plank table covered with oilcloth, looked curiously and courteously at the stranger as he stepped within. The cook, poised behind dishes on either hand, nodded and smiled the inscrutable Japanese smile. The mention of "chow" brought a cheerful grin to three or four faces at once, and a well-combed indication of a seat at the end of the table as the three on that side hunched along to make a piece of dainty shifting food with them. In 10 seconds more—with a grave courtesy—was placed before the guest the usual food, each portion in a blue and white bowl; to him was apportioned a separate teapot and a handleless cup both of palegreen soft-ware.

Art in a Woodmen's Camp. The artist ate and conversed. Such of these woodcutters as spoke English (and they nearly all did), spoke in measured carefulness, out of which at intervals cropped a "Chinook" word or a phrase of this coast as bold and the careful English as a single dark cedar in a green meadow. Looking about, the guest noted a print on the bunk house wall. He got up and walked across to get a better view.

He knew little and cared less of names and dates familiarly spoken by parlor talkers on Japanese art, but he did feel decorative values, color and drawing, and all the rest of it—whatever it is, in short, that makes the Japanese print so interesting. This had they all, he said, as he returned to his seat. His auditors were visibly pleased, though with the reserve characteristic of their kind; the artist's neighbor pointed at his portfolio, and interrogated: "You make picture too, maybe?" and evoked admission: "You show us."

Sundry sketches of things and places near brought smiling sidewise comments of recognition, but most of all a single sketch of fir tops, dark above a morning mist, with the misty glow of a boat and the incoming ripple of an easy tide, attracted attention. This was appreciatively passed from hand to hand, and one said: "Now we show you, maybe you like?"

Kinship of the Pastel. From one bunk and another came curious wraps of mats and cloths, out of which again came a finely made box or roll, exposing in turn a silken bag, holding carved, founded, or wrought treasures, a kakemono wrapped in a fragment of temple silk, or a couple of shingles keeping flat between them prints of modern photographs of Japan.

Presently the table, cleared of dishes and food with approving consideration, was an exhibiton field on which one and another, singly, and seriously smiling, displayed his treasure for the guest's delight. Half a dozen prints of samurai, a famous actor, a geisha, a landscape, and a couple of utter decorative abstractions, each slowly produced and lingered over, were interspersed with bits of cast and carved bronze, iron, carved ivory, kakemonos of two or three types, and even a bit or two of pottery and cloisonne.

The noon period went swiftly, protracted though it was far beyond its regular length, and ended with slow reluctance and a smiling invitation to the departing guest to "come-see again soon." Through the length of the afternoon and the years since there has lingered with the artist a satisfying sense of having met in the wilderness the fellowship of the seeing eye.

EACH AGE HAS ADVANTAGE

Hard to Tell Which, From Childhood to the End, May Be Called the "Best."

Which is the best age? Are we to believe the professor who tells us that a man's best work is done before he is forty, or Robert Browning, who exalts old age and cries, "Grown old along with me—the best is yet to be!"

Childhood, remarks a writer in London Answers, has a magic and a mystery which can never be regained. Out of its imagination a child shapes its own world and creates its own delights in life.

Youth is the time when we find our greatest physical expression. Our ideals take form and we are neither fettered by failures nor spoiled by success. Normal youth believes it can conquer all obstacles and achieve all ends.

Maturity knows better. The man of forty is balanced by experience, and while his mental faculties should have reached their highest point of development, physically he is not a back number.

And what of Browning's old age? Is the best yet to be? Perhaps. The man who has been a failure is near the end of his earthly troubles, and the man who has succeeded awaits with a sense of fulfillment, the next great adventure.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

IN WILD FRENZY TO GET SHOES

Italian's Need of Footwear Most Crying Demand of Postwar Days.

SEIZED REGARDLESS OF SIZE

Sales of Commandeered Profiteer Footwear Cause Excitement in Many Cities—Stores Ransacked by Mob for Food.

Florence, Italy.—If Dante Alighieri lived in Florence today he might be inspired to write another "Inferno," with shoes as the prime cause of evil. Nothing has been so evident during these postwar days as the need of Italians for footwear.

The recent public demonstrations backed by the Camera del Lavoro, or "chambers of labor," where stocks of goods of all descriptions in the hands of profiteers in many cities were commandeered and ordered sold at reduced prices, precipitated unusual somersaults of trade, but the wildest scrambles were in the shoe stores. Here the demand for shoes produced scenes of the wildest disorder.

Frenzy Over Footwear. In Rome, Milan, Forli, Bologna and Naples the search for shoes continued many days. The struggles in each city were so great that few law-abiding persons tried to secure shoes. There appeared to be no attempt at fitting anyone. Shoes were handed out in boxes and the buyers took them, seemingly not caring whether they fitted or not just so they were on the basis of a 50 per cent reduction in price. It was a common sight to see a man loaded up with shoes for his entire family.

To obtain admission to a shoe store was fully as difficult as buying a ticket for a world series baseball game. For hours the shoe hunters would wait in long lines before they were finally admitted into the storerooms. Shoe merchants fixed two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon for the opening of their stores, but the long line was waiting for shoes several hours before the scheduled time arrived.

Impatience on the part of the crowds caused, in most cases, the summary seizure of goods and the resort to ransacking. Food stores were treated first in this way, but the lawlessness soon spread to clothing and shoeshops. Stores ransacked would be depleted of every commodity—eatable, wearable, or portable. There were examples in Spezia of carrying out all the commodities, loading them in a motor truck and taking them some four or five miles outside the city for distribution. Whole hog-heads of wine were rolled out of the city in this way and distributed.

It seemed as if the mob had designated for them the stores to be looted. There was apparently the most systematic pillaging of those accused of war profiteering. Merchants known to have violated governmental regulations by selling prohibited articles during the war were treated in the same way.

Soldiers sent to restore order in some cases were charged with accepting gifts from the rioters and at other times filling their pockets with eatables, including biscuits, fruit, nuts and chocolate.

General Shortage Results.

The new situation created by the arbitrary commandeering and fixing of prices is now beginning to react. Storekeepers are refusing to rub their businesses on the new basis, while there is evidently a general shortage throughout the various cities affected by the new economic changes. Many well-to-do families who have always been lawabiding have found themselves suddenly unable to buy food.

Some merchants have closed their shops and gone to summer resorts in the hope that when summer ends the eruption will have subsided and there will be a return to normal conditions.

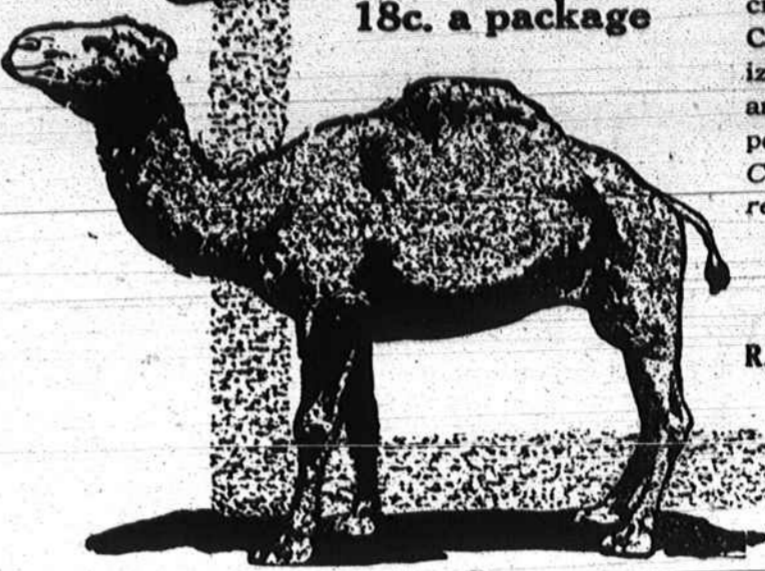
Discovers Contraband Booze Under Setting Hen

Macon, Ga.—Three gallons of contraband whisky was found in a hollow stump, under a nest in which a hen was setting on eggs in a box when Deputies E. C. Pierce, Ed Newberry and F. C. Tindal raided the house of R. F. Hayes, in Laurens county, recently. The camouflage failed to take into account the odor of the liquor.

Ancient Idol Dug Up.

Kalispel, Mont.—An idol, pronounced officially by the Smithsonian Institution Washington, to be of Aztec origin and at least 10,000 years old, has been dug up in a sandpit near Eureka. The idol is of stone. It is evidently of a god and sits on its legs with its hands folded in its lap. The thing has a Chinese look, but photographs sent to Washington brought a reply that it is an Aztec idol. The sculpturing is of a high character. The question now is how did the Aztec idol get to Montana.

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Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

It is reported from Anaheim that a train has arrived from Germany consisting of 30 large closed vans on railway trucks, containing the ex-kaiser's luggage, and two railroad carriages with top-hatted gentlemen and servants to guard and protect it.

James Fredell Johnson, for more than

a decade mayor of Raleigh, died at Hot Springs, Va. Friday. He was 65 years old and was for many years a druggist at Raleigh.

Queer uses are made of the intestines of the walrus and the sealion. The Eskimos make the former into sails for their boats, and the latter they slit and

stitch together to form hooded coats that are far superior to rubber as water-proof garments.

Captain J. A. Allison, for 43 years a Southern railway conductor, dropped dead last Wednesday morning at Winston-Salem, S. C., where he was attending court for the Southern.

This cozy home may be ~ Your Home.



An attractive, snug, convenient, roomy little bungalow;

Graceful lines, embodying the most modern of architectural ideas; securely, substantially built to make it lasting and comfortable in the most severe weather. Built with a view to convenient arrangement. While small in appearance, its rooms are in reality of ample size for every comfort.

QUICKBILT BUNGALOW NO. 44

While beautiful, convenient, roomy and thoroughly substantial, it is built at a tremendously reduced cost, due to the immense savings in quantity production. From the flooring to the roof, from the siding to the interior finish, it is already prepared for erection and partially built. In buying a QUICKBILT Bungalow you

SAVE

WASTE—All the material is already prepared and the large waste piles of scrap lumber are eliminated. Every foot of lumber is used. You pay no surplus material. TIME—Every piece of material has its own place. Everything is numbered and systematized. The instructions to the carpenter are complete and the order of erection simple. No time is lost in looking for material. The time ordinarily required in preliminary cutting and trimming is saved. Furthermore, as a large portion of the house is already built in panels, just that much time and cost is eliminated in construction.

LABOR—With the entire process of erection systematized and instructions complete and the great building material, the QUICKBILT Bungalow is reduced to a minimum, and therefore, of minor consideration. A carpenter of average speed and experience with two laborers, can erect the house in 8 days. The ordinary house will take almost as many weeks.

MONEY—A saving in waste of material, time and labor, is a saving in money. With a QUICKBILT Bungalow the expense of erection is cut in half, but that is not all. You need not pay a contractor's fee. The erection is so simple and systematic that any carpenter of average intelligence can erect it with ease. Many owners build them themselves. You pay no architect's fee. The complete plans with all specifications and instructions are furnished FREE. And yet, the plans are made after careful study by the best and most experienced of architects, with a view to eliminating waste and gaining the greatest possible convenience, economy and strength. The cost of the material is further reduced by the fact that the entire process, from the tree to the completed house, you pay no middle-man a profit. You buy direct from the source of material. In one complete plant in which hundreds of houses are built simultaneously, every short cut to perfection is used and every waste avoided. As the houses are made in great quantities you gain the advantage of the low cost of quantity production.

SAVES HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS

F. O. B. Charleston. The price includes all necessary material, except the brick work and plumbing. Size over all, 21-ft. 5-in. x 30-ft. 6 1/2-in. There are two large bedrooms, one 9-ft. x 12-ft., one 12-ft. x 12-ft., one spacious living room 12-ft. x 15-ft., a kitchen 9-ft. x 12-ft., a bath room 9-ft. x 6-ft., and an attractive front porch 12-ft. x 6-ft. The house is well lighted, spacious, well ventilated and convenient. The construction is largely of North Carolina pine—"the Wood Universal," thoroughly kiln dried. Excellent flooring and ceiling. Walls built in panels of siding, lined with heavy builders' paper to insure warmth. Durable, fire-resisting, standard asphalt strip shingles with slate green or sure warm. Artistic paneled interior finish. Excellent doors and sash. All necessary nails and hardware furnished. House comes with exterior walls stained any one of a number of standard colors or painted one heavy coat of priming paint. Exterior trim and inside finish painted with one heavy coat of priming paint.

WRITE TO-DAY

For further information and a copy of our attractive, illustrated book, "QUICKBILT Bungalows," No. A-45, it will explain all about No. 44 and many other attractive QUICKBILT Bungalows. It is FREE for the asking. Merely fill out the coupon below and mail it. Better still, if Bungalow No. 44 fills your needs, tell us the color desired and instruct us to ship immediately.

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