

ODDS AND ENDS IN A NOTE BOOK

LITTLE STORIES CROWDED OVER TO LAST LETTER

SKETCHES OF HUMAN INTEREST

And Amusing and Curious Incidents of Life in the Southwest

(M. J. Brown, Courier, Oregon City.)

The following little stories are odds and ends from a note book, not big enough to hang stories on, but fitting to close this series of travel letters. Some are curious bits, others, little human interest realities.

On a train running into Santa Fe was a lady passenger in deep grief or distress. She was Spanish, a remarkably handsome woman, young, richly dressed and wearing handsome rings and jewels of Oriental design. The girl would sit looking out of the window for a long time, then break into passionate weeping, and when a cylinder on the engine broke and the train waited a long time, she would walk up and down the aisle in the cars. We passengers all thought it was a case of death, sickness or accident and that she was frantic over the delay.

Finally the engine limped along to the next station with one cylinder working, and there the girl got off. It was simply a station in a desolate sand country, but there were about twenty men and women waiting, all Mexicans and judging from their faces and dress they were the ordinary poor American class.

The girl alighted and the Mexicans gathered around. The girl embraced one after another, throwing her arms around the men and patting them on the back (a Mexican salutation) and embracing and kissing the women. It was a strange spectacle this contrast. The girl dressed in the most expensive fashion, the Mexicans in blue overalls and the women in faded calico.

As I waited for the train to pull out, and as I saw her walk away with the little group of Mexicans, I thought how I would like to have had the story of the little tragedy I had seen played. And it was given me.

The engine was too badly crippled to pull the heavy train, and it would take an hour to get help from Santa Fe. The passengers nearly all left the train for exercise.

I saw a white woman and a little girl some distance down the track. She was sitting on a log knitting and amusing the child. I asked her about the Spanish girl and while I made

friends with the four-year-old and gave her my watch to play with, the mother told me this story. It took her a full hour. I will tell it in a few lines:

Twenty years before a Spaniard came there from Spain with his young wife and baby. It was said he was connected with the best families of Spain but for political reasons was obliged to leave. He had wealth, bought hundreds of sections of land and became a cow king. The mother died two years after of home sickness for the mother land. The father idolized the girl and as she grew up she was the queen of the cow land. At eighteen her father sent her to St. Louis to school and to study music. She had a rare voice. Two years later a young attorney came home with her and remained during the summer vacation. He was handsome, dashing and became a general favorite with both American and Mexican cowboys.

The following summer he came again, and then the engagement was given out. They were to marry two years later, when she finished school. The father became much interested in the young attorney and was induced to go to St. Louis. And to make the story short, there he was fleeced of every dollar he had, even to his ranch and cattle. The lawyer was a professional sharper, and he induced the Spaniard to speculate in worthless schemes until he was completely robbed. With ruin ahead and hope gone, the father returned to his New Mexican ranch, mailed a letter to his daughter, telling her all, and then sent a 45 bullet through his heart.

And when the train pulled out I looked off toward the ranch, and wondered how soon the girl would follow.

One night in Santa Fe I took off my collar and vest, reefed up my pants and went into the office of the Statesman to strike for a job. I didn't expect to get any further than the business office, but it was vacant and I went on into the composing room, alive with printers hustling on the morning edition.

This looked too much like a job, so I shifted and told the foreman I was a writer and wanted to see the managing editor. He called to a man, they talked a few minutes, then he asked me what I could write.

ways to dodge a job. If I had really wanted one, I probably could not have gotten a pleasant word. I had half a notion to go back and tackle it, but recalled how two years ago a New Yorker had to beat a mob out of the city because of a story he wrote, and I lost my kidney.

Apparently to kill time while riding across the Arizona dry lands, a young fellow came to my seat and began a conversation. There was something about his questions that put me wise, so I fell for it. I answered that I was a newspaper writer, but Mexico was too hot, and even if I got a war story I couldn't get it out. Where was I going? To El Estaf. Had an old friend there, and perhaps he could help me to something. Understand, it took the better part of a day to bring all this out, and then he told me he lived along the border and had had a proposition made to him and if he could find the right kind of a partner he would consider it.

In brief it was "Chink rustling,"—smuggling Chinamen over the border, at so much a John. My informant said he understood there was good money in the work; that a society in Mexico guaranteed the pay; that the price over the river was \$20 a head and from two to four could be brought over in safety every night. He said he knew the river and a dozen places a rurales or river patrol never saw. He could get them across all right, but it needed a man to arrange for them to come up. The war scare had driven the other fellows out, but there wasn't the least danger. I was to consider it, and if I concluded to get into the "Chink" game I was to come to Comstock in ten days.

From San Pedro, Cal., I went over to the Catalene Islands, and it was a most interesting trip. The main island is about twenty miles long, mountainous, absolutely barren and rainless. There is a natural harbor there and a little village of about 500 people, when the houses are full. It is a winter resort for the wealthy who have hit the fast pace, for men whose nerves shrink at noise, for men and women who have lung troubles. It is absolutely the quietest place I ever found for a people place. The laughter of the bathers is the most noise in that little city.

I was told there was not an ounce of natural water on the whole island; that every gill of water was brought in by steamers. Walking around the streets I saw signs of "Water" as we put out our ice signs. It is delivered daily. I asked a man how the mountain sheep lived without water, and he said he "guessed they drank salt water." I guessed there were springs.

When the big steamer was loading to take the transients back to the mainland, a dozen row boats, with Filipino boys, swam around the big boat asking the passengers to throw dimes and nickels into the water. For a full half hour I watched the pieces

of silver thrown over the ship's side, and only one coin found the ocean bottom. No matter where thrown the boys would dive for them and would catch them as they sank. Some times there would be a half dozen divers after one dime or nickel, and it was astonishing how long they could stay under water when they had to make a long or deep dive to catch up with the silver piece.

The water on this island coast is so very clear that one can see the ocean bottom sixty feet deep, and to ride in the glass bottom boats and see the wonders under water is a sight one will never forget.

Big seals come up in the harbor with big fish in their mouths, and give the tourists a rare spectacle, while they eat their lunch. On both trips a big whale came up and gave the passengers a benefit. One was not over a quarter of a mile away, and he spouted a long time in plain view of the hundreds of passengers. Before he dove, he raised his great body fully two-thirds its length above the water. For many of us it was our first sight of a life whale, and an interesting sight.

On the trip over the sea it was rough and after only an hour that falling sensation began working on my stomach. I went to the center of the boat, found a secluded place back of the wireless station and lay down crosswise of a girl came in, looked at me and asked if I was seasick or resting. I replied "resting" and asked why she was interested. She laughed and replied:

"We want to bring some drinks in here but if you are sick it won't do." A few minutes later three girls and a few cowboy came in, followed by a porter with booze and beer. After they had put away enough of the goods to become friendly, the leading lady explained to me that they were a motion picture troupe going over to the island for "antidivian short stuff," and then she went on for an hour and gave me behind-the-scenes shop talk that was certainly entertaining.

In Williams I saw a half dozen men carrying a man into a house. Thinking there had been a killing I followed them in. It was a rooming house. They laid him on a bed and I crowded near to see how badly he was shot. One of the men was sprinkling water over him. He opened his eyes, tried to raise himself, fell back, smiled a drunken smile and repeated:

"And when they put me in my little bed they couldn't tell me and my jag apart."

He was a prominent physician of the town. I met three Mexicans and a white boy armed with poles and ropes on the outskirts of the town and asked the young American what they were after. He told me rattlesnakes. He said they killed, skinned them and sold the skins to a man in the town

who bought them. He tanned them and made belts, neckties and hat bands. The boy said that some days they would kill a half dozen, other days would not find a one. They got a dollar apiece for the raw hide. Rather risky business for the limited income.

If there is a Mason in Arizona, you would see him coming, for they certainly wear the display signs. Some of them have badges as big as two-bit pieces and you will often see the square and compass on belts and neckties. As a fellow remarked: "They will have them on their hat bands next."

I have covered the most of the interesting old spots of the southwest in my five annual trips to the south west. There are hundreds of places I have not yet visited, but they are all runs of the same ancient people, and after a time the descriptions become as old as the country—hence this letter closes the American southwest letters.

STAR THEATRE IS POPULAR

Combination Vaudeville and Picture House Always Offers Good Program

The Star Theatre, on Main Street near Eighth, under the management of Councilman Long, has become one of the most popular vaudeville theatres of the city, and with its mixed bills of merriment and films daily attracts large audiences. Manager Long provides two shows a day for his patrons, one in the afternoon and another in the evening. Vaudeville hits from the leading Western circuits, or else engagements by traveling dramatic or operatic companies always head the bill, while the intermissions are devoted to photoplays of excellence.

The stage of the Star Theatre is of ample proportions to accommodate productions of considerable size, and during the past season a number of productions of more than ordinary merit have been offered patrons. The theatre is absolutely fireproof, being of concrete construction, and the auditorium is comfortably arranged, with plenty of room between the rows of seats. Manager Long declares that the policy of his house will continue during the coming year to be the same as it has been since he assumed charge, and that only the best productions and films available will be shown.

A Difference in Working Hours
A man's working day is 8 hours. His body organs must work perfectly 24 hours to keep him fit for 8 hours work. Weak, sore, inactive kidneys can not do it. They must be sound and healthy active all the time. Foley Kidney Pills will make them so. You cannot take them into your system without good results following.—Huntley Bros. Co.

FAIR EXCHANGE

A New Back for an Old One—How an Oregon City Resident Made a Bad Back Strong

The back aches at times with a dull, indescribable feeling, making you weary and restless; piercing pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, and again the loins are so lame that to stoop is agony. No use to rub or apply a plaster to the back if the kidneys are weak. You cannot reach the cause. Follow the example of this Oregon City citizen.

Joseph McDermott, Washington St., Oregon City, Ore., says: "I was

in bad shape with kidney and bladder complaint. My back was so lame and stiff that I could hardly get about and it was all I could do to dress myself. On getting up in the morning, the kidney secretions were scanty and the passages were too frequent. After taking a few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I was in good health and during the past two years I have had no cause for complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.



Your Eye Specialist

will tell you that the ideal light for sewing or reading is the soft mellow light of a good oil lamp. The Rayo is emphatically a good oil lamp—scientifically constructed to provide the maximum of correct light, and proved good by years of satisfactory service in every civilized country of the world.

Rayo

Lamps

No glare; no flicker. Easy to light and care for. Inexpensive and economical, but the best light at any price.

Ask Your Dealer For The Rayo
Standard Oil Company
(California)
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For best results use Pearl Oil

FRANK BUSCH, House Furnisher 11th and Main Streets

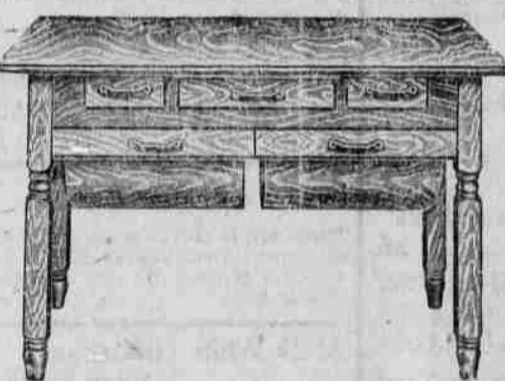
A PRIVATE PHONE LINE FOR ONLY \$6

TELEPHONES \$6.00 THE PAIR FOR USE BETWEEN NEIGHBORS OR FROM HOUSE TO BARN OR OTHER BUILDING. PHONE YOUR ORDER TO

FRANK BUSCH.



This popular kitchen table, full size, has two Flour bins, two Draw and two Dough boards, pitchless whitewood top, strong and well fitted.



The usual selling price is \$4.00. Our factory price to everybody is

\$2.75

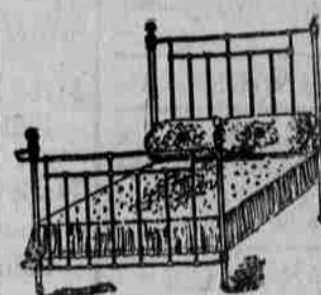


The Seeley Mattress

THIS HIGH GRADE SLEEPING MAT IS SO WELL KNOWN THAT IT REALLY NEEDS NO FURTHER COMMENT FROM US. TO REST MEANS TO SLEEP ON A SEELEY.

Price \$22.50

Busch's Iron Bed Assortment



is now so large that it is impossible to enter a list of prices in this issue. Our prices range from

\$1.65 - \$50



Busch's Favorite Steel Range

It is not our purpose to offer this range as the product of cheapness—it is the highest type that is possible to produce yet our wholesale prices make it very low in cost to you.

To appreciate the high standard of quality in the Favorite Range you must come in and examine the features and compare them with other ranges costing very much more. Our prices sixteen inch ovens \$29.50 Eighteen inch ovens 35.00 Twenty inch ovens 40.00



Busch's Rival Gem Airtight Heaters

special Large Swing Top will admit large chunks. Has extra heavy cast iron lining. Front Screw Draft with ground joint. This stove is first class in every respect. Made in four sizes—

Eighteen inch \$4.85
Twenty inch 6.75
Twenty-two inch 7.50
Twenty-five inch 8.75



BUSCH'S GARNET AIRTIGHT HEATERS

This is one of the most attractive heaters ever offered for a price within easy reach.

The patterns are the latest design, the solid top, plain castings and high quality of nickeling are features which have made this heater very popular.

Made in three sizes—
Eighteen inch \$9.75
Twenty inch 10.75
Twenty-two inch 13.75

DOORS, BEAUTIFUL PRACTICAL AND DURABLE

We are once more equipped to manufacture all kinds of doors and windows and offer them to contractors and builders at our extreme bottom wholesale prices.

GUARANTEE:—We guarantee every article sent out of our factory or store to be the very best of its kind. Our doors and windows are absolutely first quality, fresh and new, thoroughly kiln dried and the best that skilled labor can produce.

In presenting these wholesale prices on a line of attractive doors, we would direct your attention first to the **QUALITY**, then the **PRICE**; and we not only invite, but defy all competition.

Not only are these prices as low, but positively lower than any of the largest Portland jobbers, and we would ask you to compare the prices with the Great Catalogue Houses of Chicago, you will then be convinced that our prices are absolutely the lowest, and when you have examined the stock you will be satisfied that our goods are strictly first quality.

In addition to the items here quoted we have a very large assortment of Front Doors, ranging in price from \$3.50 to \$6.50, just a little more than half the price charged by other jobbers of this line.

Size	Price Each
2-0x6-0-1%	\$1.16
2-6x6-6-1%	\$1.23
2-6x6-8-1%	\$1.25
2-8x6-8-1%	\$1.26
3-0x7-0-1%	\$1.60

BUSCH'S NO. 12
5 Cross Panel
O G Sticking
Raised Panels

BUSCH'S NO. 14
1 veneer panel
O G Sticking
Slash Grain

This is a very beautiful and popular door.
Size 2-8x6-8-1%
Price Each \$3.25

3-0x7-0-1%
\$3.50

We Retail at Wholesale Prices