

His Cousins

They Came to See Him at College at the Wrong Time

By F. A. MITCHEL

"What's the matter, Alec?"

"Matter enough! I've an exam coming off on Wednesday on a subject I know nothing about. I'm practicing for twirler for the varsity team and have left preparation for this exam for the last three days before it takes place, when I propose to bone day and night, braced by strong tea (and sandwiches during the night), till the bell rings for the ordeal, go right in before I spill any of it out of my cranium or I have a chance to evaporate and go through just as if I had been studying regularly."

"Why do you need to be so well prepared? Couldn't you scrape through by answering the minimum number of the questions?"

"I've got to take an oral exam, and you know very well what that means. I shall be called on to start in anywhere, haphazard, and reel it out by the yard. If I happen to strike a place I don't know anything about I'm flunked."

"Well, then, why don't you carry out your plan to stuff yourself?"

"Why don't I? Read that."

Alexander Pomeroy handed his chum, William Chandler, a letter from his mother stating that his two cousins, Belle and Lucy Winchester, the daughters of her favorite sister, had come on from Colorado, where they had always lived, to make her a visit. They had never seen a large university and were especially anxious to visit one. She had proposed to them to go to H. to inspect the college, and they were delighted with the plan. They would come down Monday morning and remain till Wednesday afternoon. Of course they would need some one to pilot them—in fact, show them attention during their stay in H. The writer thought that since the end of the term was at hand, when the breaking up was about to take place and not much doing, Alec would have plenty of time to devote to his cousins.

"Nothing doing at the end of the term, eh?" remarked Billy Chandler. "I like that. I suppose your mammy considers exams perfunctory ceremonies. Are your cousins pretty girls?"

"How do I know? I've never seen either of them."

"Oh, you haven't? In that case I don't know but that I can help you out. Not having the muscles for athletics as you have, I'm obliged to take an interest in my studies or be bored with too much time to spare. I have passed all my exams but one and am well prepared for that. I wouldn't mind showing a couple of pretty girls the sights, and since they have never seen you, you don't see why I shouldn't impersonate you."

"Will you?" exclaimed Alec, thrusting out his fist and taking his chum's hand in a vice-like grip.

"If you like."

"It's a go. I shall be free to do a three days' grind, get through my exam, and what time I don't need for that I can put into twirl practice."

Monday afternoon Mr. Chandler was at the station to meet the incoming train, and, seeing a couple of very pretty girls, aged respectively nineteen and seventeen, alight and look around for some one, he stepped up to them and asked:

"Are you my cousins?"

"Yes," replied the elder of the two. "But you don't correspond with the descriptions we've had of you. We supposed we were going to meet an Ajax."

"You can't tell about us, athletes. We cover our muscles with loose tops, and it's very deceptive."

"I'm Belle and she's Lucy."

The scamp put up his lips to each girl in turn for a cousinly kiss, which was granted without compunction. Then he led the way to his auto standing outside the station. They all stepped in, the two girls on the rear seats, and Billy took them to a boarding house where no students resided, for that would have been dangerous to his identity. Furthermore, he was not known to the two old maids who kept it and unobtrusively gave his name as Alexander Pomeroy. Leaving the young ladies there till after luncheon, he returned to his room, where he found a friend, Tom Ogilthorpe, in the act of filling a pipe. It had occurred to Billy that one girl would be far more companionable than two, so he let Tom into the secret and invited him to turn a party of three into one of four. Tom was nothing loath and agreed to join the party for an inspection of cottage buildings in the afternoon, to be followed by an automobile ride.

Never was a pleasanter visit made by two young ladies or enjoyed more by two young men than on this occasion. The girls were shown the chapel, the art building, the gymnasium and this and that and the other "hall" donated by alumni, most of whom had finished the careers for which the college had prepared them and gone to their long homes. There was a class reception to attend here, a debating match there, and it seemed that something had been provided every day for the visitors' entertainment.

Now, it so happened that the real Alec Pomeroy, who was preparing himself for an examination in conic sections, got a brand new practical idea

Those who heard Ne Poon Chew at Chautauqua will remember that he said the young Chinese women were rapidly adopting the latest European styles of clothing and learning to dance the tango, the Texas Tommy, the Tootsy Woosy, etc. Wonder if that can be the reason why so many of our oriental friends have been committing hari-kari lately?

Now that the proper time of year for big forest fires is near it may be of interest to know that such fires in the United States during the past ten years cost an average yearly loss of 70 human lives and \$25,000,000 worth of timber. Oregon's share has been considerable.

Into his head. "Wouldn't it be a good scheme," he mused, "for me to apply these principles of the ellipse, the parabola and the hyperbole to my twirling? Perhaps an hour's practice with a ball would not only rest me, but would help me to catch on to the principles involved. I would understand better the reasons for my curves, and it would help me in my exams."

Throwing down his books, he betook himself to a shed erected for practice in twirling and began to throw the ball at a hypothetical batsman set up for the purpose. While doing so he heard a voice behind him:

"This is the place where our baseball pitchers learn to do the 'drop,' the 'curve' and other stunts that go to make a baseball twirler."

Looking around, Mr. Pomeroy saw his representative, Billy Chandler, Tom Ogilthorpe and his two cousins, the girls, staring at him with the eyes of sightseers. Billy continued his remarks with the intonation of a fop and guide expatiating on the arch of T. T. T. S.

"This gentleman now practicing is our principal twirler. Twirlers are selected for having their brains in their shoulders, football men for their brains being located in their legs. You see before you Mr. William Chandler, of whom great things are expected during the coming baseball season from the fact that he studies conic sections solely with the view to understanding the curves that will enable him to put a ball where he likes. Step this way, Mr. Chandler. I wish to present you to my cousins."

Alec Pomeroy ceased his practice and lumbered shamefacedly to the party. He was in trousers and sweater, and there was no hat on his head for him to doff to the ladies, only a forelock that hung down over his forehead. He had noted Billy's remarks about a pitcher's brains being in his shoulders and resolved to turn the tables on him. "Your cousin Alec," he said to the girls, "is one of the first men in his class. His intellect is neither in his shoulders nor his legs; it is all in his head. Though he leads his class and is as modest as a little child, he is the soul of honor and the most popular man in college."

The speaker paused for his encomiums on himself for breath, and before he could recommence Billy led the girls away, remarking that fatality was odious to him.

"Why, Alec," said Belle, with whom he had paired for the first, "I didn't know you were such a prominent young man."

All pleasant as well as disagreeable affairs must have an end, and while Alec Pomeroy was scripping bottom on his examination his cousins were bidding Billy and Tom goodby. On their arrival at their aunt's they astonished her with the information that they had received of her son's prominence in scholarship and popularity, which was adorned by his modesty. Mrs. Pomeroy was delighted, having supposed that her son had gone in for athletics rather than study.

This plot might have passed off without being exposed had not a mutual admiration sprung up between Billy Chandler and Belle Winchester. Billy was dying to see her again, but he could not go to visit her without giving away the deception that had been practiced on her. She wrote her cousin frequently, her letters being turned over to Billy and being answered by him in his chum's name, every letter of Billy's growing more and more affectionate. At last Belle wrote her "beloved cousin" that she was about to return to her home. This was too much for Billy, and he started at once to see her.

Billy's resolutions with regard to an immediate confession were excellent. The only trouble with them was the difficulty of his carrying them out. He expected to meet Mrs. Pomeroy, Belle and Lucy on arrival and had prepared some jocular remarks when Alec's mother should see a stranger instead of her son. But Mrs. Pomeroy and Lucy were out when he arrived. This upset his plans. However, he was so overjoyed at meeting with Belle that it didn't matter much—for the time being. He spent two hours with the young lady, during which, instead of beginning with a confession of his identity, he began with a confession of his feelings.

Suddenly the door of the library, in which the young persons sat, opened, and Mrs. Pomeroy discovered her niece in close proximity to a stranger. "Aunt," said Belle, jumping up with a blush on her face, "Alec's come."

Mrs. Pomeroy stood mute with astonishment. "Where is he?" she asked coldly. "Why, here, of course. What do you mean?"

"I owe you all an explanation," stammered Billy, with a face as red as a cock's comb, and, beginning at the wrong end of his story, he got intricately confused. But a series of questions from the older lady finally elicited the information required, and a smile settled on the face of Mrs. Pomeroy and Lucy. As for Belle, she didn't know whether to smile or to cry or to hide her blushing face in a lounge pillow.

Mrs. Pomeroy helped matters by thanking Billy for correcting her mistake in sending her cousins to Alec on the eve of an important examination, after which the meeting resolved itself into a reception of Billy's credentials in the matter of an application for the hand of Belle Winchester. They appeared to be satisfactory, and the young lady returned to her home engaged. The day after the next college commencement, at which Billy took honors, he went to Colorado to claim his bride.

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LABORER KILLED AS HE SAT ON TRACK

Drank Too Much Wine and Went to Sleep with Fatal Results

Hillsboro, Ore., July 17.—The body of an unknown Bulgarian laborer was found by the crew of an early freight lying beside the P. R. & N. tracks a mile and a half north of Hillsboro this morning. The head was crushed in and the position of the body showed that the man had been seated on the end of the ties when struck by a train, probably the Portland-bound Tillamook passenger Thursday night.

A sack of bread and partly filled jug of wine near the body caused the belief that he was a member of a wood chopping crew returning from Hillsboro with supplies.

Some little time ago a similar accident happened near Oregon City. In that case a partly used bottle of whiskey was found in the dead man's pocket.

Charles Anderson Gets \$225 Verdict

A jury in the circuit court returned a verdict of \$225 for the plaintiff in the suit of Charles S. Anderson against B. F. Retherford, N. G. Hedden and A. G. Horberg, at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

The amount of the suit was \$500. The jury was out less than an hour. This will be the last session of the circuit court in Clackamas county until October, unless Judge Campbell sees fit to call the court into session before that date.

NOT HOT; JUST WARM

Those who have experienced hot weather in the Mississippi valley and the eastern portion of the United States must have remarked the vast difference in comfort there and here when the mercury gets up near the hundred mark.

Oregon City sweltered Saturday with the temperature at the highest point of the year, 95 degrees, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. From noon until after 5 o'clock the mercury was above the 90 degree mark.

Friday all previous records were broken when the mercury rose to 94 degrees. On both days the heat was intensified by the lack of wind during the warmest part of the day and it was not until late at night when the breeze cleared of people that a slight breeze from the north sprang up and the streets became comfortable.

In fact there was no suffering at all here while in some parts of the east people were being killed by a temperature of only 85 degrees.

It is generally believed that the unusual heat here was probably due to the fact that some of the high flies knocked up by the contending baseball nines at Chautauqua park had knocked one of the spots off the sun.

HOPE FOR THE CZAR

Those who heard Colonel Lochwitzky at Chautauqua must have gotten the idea the Russian government was hopelessly barbarous in its practices and that civilization in Russia must needs progress at a snail's pace. But the czar is, in spite of many faults, a man who wishes well for his empire and his people, and it is his desire that Russia, which has become known as one of the most drunken of nations, should be cleansed of this curse of alcoholism.

A press dispatch from Russia brings the interesting news that the czar has issued an order driving intoxicating liquor out of the Russian army.

In making this good move Nicholas II is following the example set the world by Secretary of the Navy Daniels in banishing the wine mess from the U. S. Navy. In commenting upon his action William Jennings Bryan says in "The Commoner":

"What have the defenders of booze to say in answer to this very conclusive evidence of the evil of alcoholic drinks?"

"If the soldier must give up alcohol because it interferes with his efficiency, why should not the civilian promote his efficiency by giving it up? And if it is demonstrated that alcohol is an evil and only an evil; if it is proved that it lessens the productive value of the citizen, who will say that the nation should look upon this great evil with indifference merely because a few people want to grow rich out of a drink that is destructive? Why should we condemn opium, morphine and cocaine if we are to worship at the shrine of whiskey and beer?"

"Secretary Daniels need not fear that his policy of excluding intoxicants from the army will be condemned by the American people, by putting a ban upon alcoholic drinks in the navy he is showing the same wisdom that characterizes Emperor William and the czar in the efforts they are making in behalf of total abstinence."

MACKSBURG WINS CUP

The Macksburg team won the Chautauqua championship Saturday in their game with the Oregon City Commercial Club. Both teams put up a hard fight and the result was a remarkably interesting game of 14 innings.

Up to the sixth there were no runs scored and only two hits had been made. In this inning Macksburg made 3 runs, and Oregon City tied the score in the eighth. In the first half of the 14th Macksburg warmed up and put five men around the bases.

Burdon allowed twelve hits, while Baker of Macksburg gave but 7. Burdon struck out nine, Baker fanned 16. The score:

	R. H. E.
Macksburg	8 12 5
Oregon City	3 7 6
Batteries—Burdon and Kinser, Baker and Baker, Umpire Miller.	

The Chautauqua league standing is as follows:

	P. W. P. C.
Macksburg	5 4 .500
Oregon City	5 3 .600
Molalla	4 2 .600
Clackamas	4 1 .250
Estacada	4 1 .250

The handsome silver cup was presented the Macksburg team Saturday evening.

Oregon City Brush Burns

A brush fire broke out Sunday afternoon near Willamette on the line of the Portland, Eugene and Eastern railroad on the west side of the river south of this city. The railroad company rushed a crew of workmen to the scene and they had the fire under control late in the evening. The fire burned over an area of several acres and at one time threatened to enter the surrounding woods. The loss is small.

JOURNAL STABS

W. V. G. IN BACK

The scurry attack made by the Oregon Journal upon the management of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua, in its Sunday edition, has set people in this vicinity wondering whether the editor of that paper has not suddenly lost his reason or taken to drinking vodka.

The Chautauqua management have not had unlimited means at their disposal and it has been necessary to practice economy in every possible way to make ends meet. They cannot afford to hire a footman to trail after every patron who enters the park and pick up paper bags and cigar stubs as they are discarded, but the grounds have been thoroughly cleaned and renovated every day of the session.

The Chautauqua people have put every available dollar into improvements and the present condition of the grounds is certainly a credit to their good management. And the campers generally have expressed their satisfaction as regards the conveniences provided by the Association. It is generally admitted that the program was the best ever, and the attendance from Portland was never better.

It appears that the Journal had some financial misunderstanding with the management of Chautauqua and to satisfy its burning thirst for revenge has resorted to dago methods.

Can't regret very much that our brother of the Journal's pen squad has been driven to the expediency of throwing "watermelon rinds, banana peels, egg shells, tin cans, old newspapers" (including his own) and other trash at the Chautauqua people in this spiteful way. For shame Journal!

Incidentally it may be stated that the Journal's threat that the Chautauqua will be forced out of business, unless the management accept that paper's dictation as to certain improvements, need not be taken seriously; for the attendance this season was phenomenal in spite of the Journal's unfriendly attitude.

LADIES AID SOCIETY OF CANBY CHURCH HAVE SECCESFUL SEASON

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church of Canby had a remarkably successful season at the Gladstone Chautauqua, several of the ladies saying that they are sure to clear \$500 above all expenses.

Canby has contained more "bacheters" during the past two weeks than it has ever had before, as a result of so many of the ladies being at the cafeteria making meals for some one else.

Cheap Butter in Oregon City

While the Oregon City inhabitants used to pay the Portland prices for their butter, they may in the future enjoy a lower rate.

We are informed that the Clear Creek Creamery is offering their butter to the local groceries for 25c, while their Portland price is 27 1/2c, and that the Oregon City Creamery also has dropped to 25c per lb. to meet the competition—all to the benefit for the butter consumer.

A. J. Lewis Burned Out

The residence of A. J. Lewis in Maple Lane, lost fire, supposedly from a defective flue, about 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and was entirely consumed. Only a few articles of furniture were saved.

When the fire started Mr. Lewis was at a neighbors and Mrs. Lewis got a very good start before it was noticed.

Mr. Lewis was formerly fruit inspector in Clackamas County.

SWEDISH CHURCH SERVICE

Swedish service will be held at G. O. Mans, Fall View, Oregon City, together with the Ladies Aid Society meeting, next Thursday, July 23 at 2 p. m. The Rev. John O. Wahlberg from Pasadena, Calif., will speak. All Scandinavians are most cordially invited to attend.

NOTICES POSTED FOR WALK IMPROVEMENTS

At a recent meeting of the city council, Street Commissioner Babcock was ordered to inspect the sidewalks of the city and order those out of repair to be put in condition. Commissioner Babcock has completed his work and the following is the list of the notices which have been posted:

W. W. Quinn and Mary E. Quinn on Center street, Frank Jaggard on Fifth street, John Bittner on Center street, Joseph and Hans and William Weismann on Center street, C. A. Baxter on Center street, R. Goodrich on Center street and E. M. Rambo on John Adams street.

More streets will be inspected by Commissioner Babcock in a short time.

In each of the above cases the city orders the property owners to install cement walks.

Dr. C. J. Smith in Clackamas

Dr. C. J. Smith, Democratic candidate for governor of Oregon at the coming November election was driving through Clackamas county this week. At Dr. Smith's invitation, Sheriff Mass, chairman of the county central committee, accompanies him.

Mrs Boyle Files Suit

Mrs. Adelaide Katherine Caldwell Boyle has filed a suit praying the court for a divorce from Daniel P. Boyle. Mrs. Boyle alleges her husband has been cruel to her and that she has had to support herself. They were married in Quincy, Ill., June 26, 1901.

Kriedrick Estate Probated

The estate of Kate Kriedrick, deceased, was filed in the probate court of Clackamas County Monday. Attorney J. E. Hedres filed the papers in the case and asked that Julius Kriedrick be appointed administrator. The estate is valued at \$7850.

Dr. Withcombe is a very effective campaigner—for Smith—Albany Democrat.

BRIDGE WILL NOT

FALL, THEY SAY

Some time ago a so-called newspaper published a sensational article stating that the cables of the suspension bridge over the Willamette at Oregon City were being disintegrated by electrolysis.

Some people were so alarmed by this fairy tale that they were seen with their ears on the ground near the bridge cable anchorages, probably listening for the sound of the gnawing of the electrolytic microbes.

Electricity does not usually have enough spare time to permit it the diversion of playing leap-frog with suspension bridges and other high structures.

The County Court feels no immediate alarm for the safety of the bridge and believes that if it hangs up until it is dissolved by electrolytic action it will live to a good old age.

Our contemporary's alarm is comparable with that of the fellow who was afraid to cross the Brooklyn bridge because he saw a fellow playing the fiddle near one of its anchorages and had heard that the vibrations of a violin near a suspension bridge were likely to set the structure oscillating and cause it to tumble.

It is to laugh.

HOW AN EDITOR GOT THRASHED

Womans' rights are being brought to the notice of the press in Germany and it may not be long till we shall hear of the organization of a regiment of deutsche suffragettes in der land von beer und sauer kraut.

On Sunday at Stuttgart two Social Democratic women invaded the offices of the Schwabische Zeitung and for five minutes mercilessly thrashed the editor.

The women charged that in an article in the paper the editor had maligned women.

Had these women perforated their victim with bullets a la Madame Caillaux, we should consider that he got no more than he deserved. Anything short of being boiled in oil (as King James used to boil his witches) is altogether too good for the editor who maligns a woman—but being horse-whipped is really the worst of all.

We beg the indulgence of our readers while we relate our first experience at the thrashing of an editor.

When the writer was a "cub" printer he was associated with an editor who was something of a wag; and one day he published a long poem in which were mentioned the names of some dozen of more society ladies of the town, and which might be taken either as an insult or a joke, depending upon the way one chose to look at it.

When the poem appeared there was commotion amongst the women. They each and all begged their husbands to go and lynch the editor—but the men only laughed.

So the ladies held an indignation meeting and decided to horsewhip the writer of that awful poem. They therefore armed themselves with blacksnakes and cowhides and descended upon the printing office like a Kansas hurricane.

Just at the psychological moment someone slipped into the shop and whispered the news to the editor—and he immediately bolted. But, unluckily for him, as he dodged around a corner, he ran plump into the delegation of irate women. He was a successful scum hower and, greeting the ladies with a broad smile, told them he had nothing to do with the writing of the objectionable poem, having been out of town when the paper was published; and laid the whole blame upon his assistant, who did the editorial work when the chief scribe was absent (or intoxicated).

Strange to say the women believed this bold lie and were madder than ever when they found out they had been written up by a substitute; and presently they swarmed into the office like so many Furies.

Poor Charley was working over a job press and whistling and did not realize what was going on till all the doors and windows were guarded and a half dozen of the strongest women had surrounded him and begun to apply their whips.

Then bedlam reigned in that place. The "devil" grabbed a piece of board out of the ink barrel and retreated into an obscure corner behind the big press where one could see and not be seen.

The women had made the mistake of selecting blacksnakes instead of buggy whips and as a result they were getting rather more of the blows than their victim. The blacksnake is a terrible weapon when you know how to use it, but otherwise it is a veritable boomerang.

Hats, bonnets, feathers and shrieks flew in every direction. The whippers and whipped tore about the shop and it looked like the place would be wrecked. But presently Charley crawled under a table and began begging piteously and inquiring what the row was about. When he learned that his chief had put up a job on him he went mad with rage, and getting a stout club and crying like a baby, conducted the whip brigade out of the shop in search of the editor.

Following the procession came the cub printer and about a hundred other youngsters who were delighted at the prospect of seeing the editor "licked." But that worthy had found a safe hiding place in the rear of a blacksmith shop and the ladies had finally to disperse without locating him.

When the storm had passed the Scribe returned to his office and greeted the curses of his foreman with roars of laughter and a present of a \$5.00 bill (no one knows to this day how he managed to borrow it).

Then he set down and wrote a profuse apology—and took the next train out of town, to remain safely away till the next issue of the paper and the apology should be published.

The democrats in state convention in Idaho recently resolved in favor of state prohibition by a vote of about five to one.

HIGHLAND

The farmers are cutting their grain this fine weather.

Fred Brunner is helping N. M. Scribner haul hay.

Miss Sadie McIntyre and Mrs. J. Keane, of Portland, visited with Mrs. Mary McIntyre recently.

David Moehnik intends closing his saw mill Saturday.

Miss Nellie McIntyre spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Francis of Colton.

Mr. Berg is helping F. Rees haul hay.

Ed McIntyre purchased a new horse last week, and Wm. McIntyre is home on his vacation.

Richard Simms and family spent Sunday with Henry Kleinsmith.

Mrs. Lumey Surprised

A farwell surprise party was given last Thursday in West Linn by Mrs. Harvey Farmer at her elegant home in honor of her mother, Mrs. R. Lumey, who left the next day to visit her two daughters in Washington. The home was tastefully decorated in roses and ferns. Mrs. Farmer served a dainty repast to the following ladies: Mrs. J. P. Rueli, Mrs. A. D. McDonald, Mrs. M. A. Plummer, Mrs. A. L. Hickman, Mrs. R. M. C. Brown, Mrs. E. J. King, Mrs. G. M. Lumey, Mrs. J. A. Shobe, Mrs. H. L. Farmer and Mrs. Rebecca Lurnay. Miss Wanda Hickman, Miss Ida Shobe, Little Joe Shobe, Lester Farmer.

Oregon City News

Chris Murali, of Homedale, was in Oregon City Wednesday.

Curtis Dodd, a resident of New Era, was in this city Wednesday.

Mrs. William Guenther, of Shubel, was an Oregon City visitor Wednesday.

Dan Graves, of Hazeldale, was among those transacting business in this city Wednesday.

Double S. & H. Green Trading Stamps on all purchases made before noon on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Latourette and young son, Edward, are enjoying an outing at the beach.

Miss Maybelle Hoffman, of New Era, was in Oregon City visiting friends Wednesday.

Mrs. Lillie Wink, of New Era, was in this city Wednesday, the guest of Mrs. Frank Busch, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McCarver and daughter, Miss Leila, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Babcock.

Mrs. C. Holman, of Portland, was in Oregon City Wednesday, being a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Latourette.

George Holman, of Beaver Creek, was in this city Monday, buying material for his home, which is now being constructed.

Mrs. J. C. Zinser and little daughter, Alice, left Friday for Vancouver, Wash., where they will spend several weeks at the Zinser farm.

Mrs. Nathy and two children of Eighth and Madison streets, left Wednesday for Portland, where they will be the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Guyson.

Mrs. Robert Harrison, who has been confined to her home, suffering from acute neuralgia of the eyes, has recovered and is now able to go out again.

Mrs. J. J. Cooke is enjoying a visit at Bar View as the guest of her sister Mrs. E. P. Carter, formerly of this city, but who