

"ABOVE THE CLOUDS"

Drama in Two Acts Given by the O. E. S. at Shively's Saturday Evening.

The play "Above the Clouds" given under the auspices of the O. E. S. last Saturday night was a decided success.

The play was packed and something like two hundred extra seats were put in.

The characters were well sustained and each one deserves great credit for the successful manner in which they carried out their parts.

Mrs. F. F. Ryan was especially good as "Hester Thorne," and was perfectly at home on the stage, her articulation was clear and distinct, so that every word was easily heard all over the house.

Mrs. T. W. Clark, who has appeared before an Oregon City audience many times in the past was greeted with applause, as she is always good, and as "Say Gaylord" she was simply superb, and was enthusiastically cheered for her witty sayings.

Miss Josephine Newton surprised her many friends in the charming way she played the part of "Grace Ingalls," the girl's fair pale daughter, who completely won the heart of "Howard Gaylord."

Miss Myrtle Buchanan, as "Lucretia Garrison" was perfect as an old maid from town who was visiting in the country, and was thoroughly taken with everything she saw from the "dear little one" to "Titus Turtle," which fact she was not prone to disguise.

Tom Randall, or "Nat Saylor" was a clever poet, but failed to win the heart of "Hester Thorne," and was repeatedly interrupted by "Curtis Chipman" "just going by"—at the wrong time—when "Nat" was trying to find words to express his love for "Susy."

J. J. Rhodes as "Chips" was a "farmer" but in the final act was a hero, as he won the heart and hand of "Susy," and poor "Nat" was left alone to nurse his blackened eye and bury his sorrow as best he could, no doubt in composing lines on "the fickleness of women," as he certainly showed talent in the art of making rhymes.

Class Romeo as "Alfred Thorpe" was a good type of a "man of the world" who as a friend of "Philip Ringold" was entertained as a guest of honor at his home and he was not slow to betray his friends and wrecked a happy home, in which Philip deserts his wife and the sorrow caused by the affair deranges his mind and he wanders like a specter amid the trees, broken hearted.

The final act was pleasing as it united the family and lovers and with the benediction "With heaven's help we will triumphantly lift ourselves above the clouds," the curtain dropped and everybody pronounced the production a "brilliant success."

To Messrs J. H. Walker and T. J. Gary is due great praise for the able manner in which they managed the affair and were untiring in their efforts to make it a financial success, and their expectations were more than realized.

Unchecked Brutality.

It is very different, the treatment of domestic animals in Paris. There, if you live in a hotel on one of the narrow streets of the Latin quarter, you will be kept awake all night long by the never-ending cracking of the whips and the withering cuts as they are laid hard and stinging over the backs of the limping, half starved horses that draw the carriages and fiacres.

If a cab horse stumbles and falls to his knees in Paris, the driver does not run to the nearest apothecary for 25 centimes' worth of liniment to bathe the scratched knees, as the London cabbie does for tuppence worth. He simply gets down from his seat and, taking the butt end of his whip, beats the horse over the head until he clatters to his feet; then, after administering a couple of kicks from a No. 13 hobnailed boot, he mounts his box and drives along.

The train horses are constantly belabored with a whip and sworn at in the argot of Paris, and the result, strange as it may seem, is that it takes you longer to go a mile in a fiacre in Paris with the horses being whipped all the time than it does the same distance in London when not once during the drive will the animal feel the touch of the lash.—Detroit Free Press.

A Raise in Salary.

Some years ago Collis P. Huntington's private secretary, Mr. Miles, asked for an increase of salary.

"Do you need any more money?" asked Mr. Huntington thoughtfully.

"No, sir, I don't exactly need it," replied Mr. Miles, "but, still, I'd be glad to get a little more."

"Ah—hum—m-m," mused his employer. "Can you get along without the advance for the present?"

"Oh, yes," answered the secretary, "I guess so," and the matter was dropped.

A couple of years later a new boy appeared at the Miles home, and the secretary thought the time propitious to renew the application.

"Probably not," returned Mr. Huntington. "In fact, I used that money to buy a piece of property for you. I'd just let it stand for a while if I were you."

Mr. Miles thanked him warmly and retired somewhat mystified. Shortly after Mr. Huntington called him into his private office.

"By the way, Miles," he said, "I have sold that real estate of yours at a pretty good advance. Here is the check."

The amount was \$50,000. The property was part of a large section purchased by the railway king as an investment for his wife.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Live Bird on her Hat.

One Chicago girl's hat made a sensation in the women's luncheon at the Auditorium yesterday.

She came in from Michigan avenue and stopped for a moment in the parlor. While there she noticed a young sparrow flutter in through the open window and wheel once or twice around the room.

She felt it brush against her hat in its flight, but thought no more of it and passed on into the luncheon room. She had picked up the bill of fare and was reading it when she felt that some one was watching her, and glancing around, she discovered that she was a focusing point for all the eyes in the immediate vicinity.

Of course she blushed and colored up and began to wonder at the cause of the people's interest. Just then the waiter, who had been hovering around, noticed her confusion and, bending down, whispered, "Tahdon me, miss, but dah's a live bird on yo' hat."

And then instead of going into hysterics she calmly said: "Thank you. Will you please shoo it off?"

And the waiter "shooed" the sparrow toward a nearby window, while the owner of the hat fixed it on straight and proceeded to order her luncheon.—Chicago News.

Good He Didn't Accept.

During the second Dreyfus court martial, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, ex-president of the civil section of the court of cassation, who was bitter against the accused captain, received a very polite letter dated from the Chateau de Prefargier, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and signed, "A de Prefargier," praising him for his efforts in the Dreyfus case and inviting him to come and stay at the writer's residence.

M. de Beaurepaire replied in his usual flowery style, saying he would continue the struggle as long as he had strength, and that he would remain at the breach like a valiant soldier to set an example of duty to God and the fatherland, even should he stand alone. He did not positively decline the invitation, holding out hopes that some day he might be free to accept it.

Fat and Lean.

Scientists with the government in Washington assert that American men are bulging in the middle because they eat wheat and oats in one form or another.

Men with large stomachs are frequently proud of the distinction. Often they stand with their hands on their hips and their coat tails pushed back.

If you want flesh about the hips and abdomen eat sugar and starch—wheat, oats, fresh bread, cake, pie, preserves, candy, ice cream, potatoes, heavy soups, fat meat, nuts, butter, cream, oyster patties, goose livers, beans and bananas.

If you are already too large, diet, diet, diet, and then begin all over again. Crucify your appetite; go into a strait jacket; array yourself in sackcloth and ashes.

Live on lean meat, eggs, fish and raw cabbage. Drink hot water. Walk five miles before dinner. Starve in the land of plenty. Become irritable. Watch the hungry and fierce look grown into your face.

Go to the scales every day. Dream of banquets. In three months your clothing will not fit you. Oh, it's great fun for the tailor and the doctor.—Cleveland Leader.

His Modest Luncheon.

"The ordering of my luncheon used to be a great nuisance," said a lawyer yesterday. "I would go into a cafe, perhaps pretty hungry, but two or three minutes' study of the huge menu would put me in an uncertain, irritable mood, and no matter what I'd order I wouldn't enjoy it on account of the thought that I might have ordered something different and better.

It was like going into a public library to read. With so many books there, it is impossible to sit down and read one book contentedly, as you can at home. But now I have an arrangement that makes my luncheon a joy. I said to my waiter one day:

"What I eat here at noon costs me, on the average, \$1.25, at my average tip to you is 20 cents. Now you ought to know what a nice luncheon is better than I do, so I make you this proposal: Serve me every day a luncheon of my usual number of courses, and whatever under \$1.25 it costs you can keep."

"The waiter jumped at that. He brings me every day now a better meal than I would think of ordering myself, and he makes from 20 to 30 cents by keeping down the price. It is a splendid scheme, and I wonder why I never thought of it before."—Philadelphia Record.

They Don't Know Nerves.

Those who know the Chinese best have been particularly struck with their absence of nerves. The foreigner fidgets, the native sits still; baimy sleep, especially in hot weather, will resist the foreigner's sweetest wooing, while to the native lying on a heap of stones or across the bars of a wheelbarrow she comes as a matter of course; we need constant change and variety, they would find contentment and rest on the treadmill.

"It would be easy," says Mr. Smith, "to raise in China an army of 1,000,000 men—nay, 10,000,000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with heads downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside!"

From which it is evident, says The North China Herald, that in a crusade against noise we can hope for no assistance from our native fellow townsmen, but instead a great amount of vis inertiae, if not positive opposition.

A Chinese Dooley.

Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chinese laundry sign.

"Kin ye say it, Pat?" "Where?" "There. Don't ye say it?" "Oh, Oi do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's first name is his last name. Do ye blave it, Pat?" "Yis."

"Then rade it backward." "But rade it furrud furst, an it spells Lee Dew."

"De-w, Do; Lee, Le—Dooley." "Raight ye are, Pat, an Dooley is a fohne old Irish name, but it's the first toime in me loife Oi liver heard of a Chinese with an Irish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."—New York Press.

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