

With Tessa As Proxy.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

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"Tessa," said Miss Mason, with decision, "you are not making that bed properly."

Tessa, tucking in the sheet of the doll's bed, raised limpid, inquiring eyes.

"I told you I wanted hospital corners."

Tessa wavered, curled a small red lip and overflowed.

"Don't cry—oh, Tessa, don't cry!" Miss Mason expostulated as the small pink aproned atom flung herself at full length on the floor.

Tessa did not move.

"Well, I shall have to let Mary Brannigan do it," said Miss Mason.

Mary Brannigan and Tessa Votoldi being sworn rivals in the affections of the settlement teacher, the small Italian raised a calculating eye. Mary, every red curl bobbing, every freckle radiant, already had hold of one corner of the infinitesimal sheet.

Then Mary pulled and Tessa pulled.

"Perhaps you'd better let Tessa finish it, Mary," said the teacher weakly.

Mary blazed wrathfully. "Aw, she don't know how!"

"Oh, well," Miss Mason sighed, "see if you can make it, Mary. Tessa can watch you and tell you if you don't do it properly."

Tessa, sobbing a soft accompaniment to Mary's bedmaking, squealed suddenly:

"She's gotta be hem out-a side."

"Oh, Mary," said Miss Mason reproachfully, "I thought you could do it."

"An' I can," said Mary, "but I won't," and straightway, like a small fury, she tore the bed to pieces and flung the mattress on the floor.

The twenty small girls of the little housekeepers' class looked at the teacher with expectant eyes.

"Oh, Mary!" quavered Miss Mason. She felt unequal to discipline. It was



"I LOVE-A YOU," SHE MURMURED EVENTUALLY.

very hot, and the room was close, and the children had been restless and fussy all the morning.

"Oh, Mary," she quavered again as a young man in a Panama hat and round clerical collar poked his head in at the window.

"Can't you and the little girls come over and have lunch with my boys in the parish office?" he asked.

A sigh of blissful anticipation issued from twenty throats.

"They have been so naughty!" Miss Mason hesitated. "I don't know whether I should let them."

Twenty pairs of eyes reproached her, and the young rector said, "No one ought to be naughty on such a day."

"Well, if you will promise to be very good," Miss Mason finally decided. And, like lion and lamb, Tessa and Mary led a decorous procession.

The young rector's class in wood-carving were having sandwiches and cake and lemonade, provided by the ladies of the parish. There was a big pitcher of lemonade, and the ice tinkled deliciously as the biggest boy filled twenty glasses for the twenty little girls.

The young rector, beaming with enthusiasm, sat down beside the little settlement teacher. "It's lovely work, Miss Mason," he said.

Marion shook her head. "Oh, no, it isn't," she said; "it's horrid. They are so ungrateful. I wish I was out on a hotel porch in my best linen frock with my hair marcelled and with the waves beating a soothing accompaniment to the conversation of some intelligent masculine."

With a twinkle in his eye, the young rector asked, "Can't I masquerade as an intelligent masculine?"

"Oh," Miss Mason conceded, "you might. But I'm not dressed for the part. Skirt waists and serge skirts and tan shoes, and dusty ones at that—she poked out a small foot in a shabby shoe—are not the attire of attractiveness. We planted vegetables in the school garden all the morning—beans and things—until we were grubby."

"I don't believe you would be really happy on that hotel porch," asserted the young rector as he sat on the edge of his desk and looked down at her.

"I should! I want to be care free and frivolous—and to forget the problems of the suffering and the sub-

merged people. I want to go where every one is clean and the air is pure and where I can breathe." As she caught her breath sharply he bent over her with a sudden tender light in his eyes.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured.

"Don't pity me," Miss Mason said, with flaming cheeks, "but I do like pretty things. Why, I am a different creature in my pink dimity. You've never seen me in it, have you?"

He smiled down at her indulgently. "No," he said slowly, "but I saw you once in an old white linen that had been torn and trampled, and you held in your arms a little child that you had saved—and you were beautiful!"

"Oh, that was Tessa," Miss Mason said quickly, "the morning the fire engine horses ran away. It was a wonder we weren't both killed."

"I saw you for the first time, and I knew then that I had found what I had been looking for all my life."

Her startled eyes read the meaning in his. "Oh, no, no," she protested, "I am not good enough. I am vain and frivolous—and I long for the flesh-pots."

He went on steadily. "I have seen you since then every day teaching your little girls to be tidy and sweet and good, and I have wondered at your bravery—when you might be in luxury, cool and comfortable."

"So might you," she reminded him.

"How many men of your talent and influence would have chosen a downtown church?"

"Oh, that," he put it away lightly. "I like it, and I am a man—but not many women would do it."

"Don't," she said tremulously; "don't praise me." And she rose and went to meet Tessa, who was coming toward her, sobbing.

"Oh, Tessa! Crying again?"

It was discovered after some questioning that Tessa's conscience was hurting her. She was sorry, she whispered, that she had been bad.

"Poor baby!" Miss Mason crooned as she gathered the small culprit in her arms. "Dear heart!" And the wet cheek lay against her own.

As they sat in the alcove the stained glass window of the parish office made a background of sapphire light, against which Miss Mason's fair hair shone like a halo. Tessa, smiling and forgiven, lay with her limpid eyes shut.

The rector, still seated on the corner of his desk, looked at the pair with thoughtful eyes.

"Do you really think you would be happy on the hotel porch?" he probed.

"It would be cool," Miss Mason said wistfully, "but I should miss the love," and her eyes went toward the children playing peacefully at the end of the room.

"Whose love?" he asked boldly.

Tessa's eyes opened sleepily. "I love-a you!" she murmured fervently.

The eyes of the rector held the eyes of the little teacher masterfully.

"You say it like that!" he commanded.

"Oh, I—I can't," she breathed, all pink and white and tremulous, "but Tessa shall be—my proxy!"

About Strawberries.

Many persons have wondered how strawberries got their name. They have been so called by Anglo-Saxon people for hundreds of years, but no corresponding name for them appears in other languages. On the contrary, their fragrance mainly is set forth in the names by which they are called in non-English speaking lands. The old Anglo-Saxon form was "strew-berige." It seems probable that the "straw" is the long stem of the vine, which runs along the ground. Some have thought, however, that in ancient times the Anglo-Saxon berry hunters brought the berries home or sent them to market upon straws. The explanation that the word is a corruption of "strayberry," due to the running habit of strawberry vines, is believed to be erroneous as well as that which would derive the name from the habit of placing straw among the plants to protect the berries off the ground.

Crowns of dukes are adorned with strawberry leaves, though authorities on heraldry insist that they are not strawberry leaves at all, but merely conventional leaves which popular fancy has turned into the foliage of the favorite berry. However, strawberry leaves are actually borne by the house of Fraser of Lovat as a punning allusion to the family name, since "frases" is French for strawberries.

"Joking."

When Richard le Gallienne first visited this country he was introduced at one of the clubs to a gentleman who delights in elaborate funmaking and does it all with an intensely sober face. After the first formalities were over the humorist asked the poet abruptly:

"Well, Mr. le Gallienne, how is the poetry business?"

Mr. le Gallienne surveyed the face of his questioner and, seeing nothing in the countenance to enlighten him, replied, with dignified seriousness:

"I should hardly speak of poetry as a business."

"Why not?" said his interlocutor. "The grocer sells groceries, the merchant dry goods and you sell rhymed stuff. The market rates you obtain vary with conditions and the quality of the article offered for sale. The grocer is complimented when inquiry is made as to the conditions of the grocery trade. Why not the poet when asked about his business—his sonnets, lyrics, ballads and other forms, which are often sold at a ruinous sacrifice?"

Mr. le Gallienne stared, still perplexed at this harangue, when the half-suppressed laugh of the listeners cleared the air and the humorist himself smiled. The poet woke up and said, with an air of great relief:

"Oh, I see; you are joking!"—Judge.

STATE NEWS.

Races at McMinnville September 5, 6 and 7.

Albany announces that it has not had a fire in a year.

Eugene is to have a new four-story hotel in the near future.

Washington county educators are agitating the question of a union high school.

A man near St. Helens was kicked while milking a cow. Moral, let your wife milk.

It is estimated that over \$1,200,000 was paid to the fishermen for salmon this season.

Lane county farmers say there are no gila monsters or rattlers in the hop fields in that county.

Rueben C. Remington, a Polk county pioneer, who settled there in 1852, died August 21, aged 77 years.

A big timber fire is said to be raging in the timber between the head of Scoggins' valley and the head of Gales creek.

The colonist rates will be in effect again September 1, and the railroad people look for the largest immigration Oregon has ever had.

Seattle and Portland are both going to have poultry comparison shows this winter, the first ones ever held in this Northwest in the winter season.

Forest fires are doing great damage in Washington county. Fires were burning in several places when the rains of last week aided in extinguishing them.

If the money being spent on the prisons of the state could be saved for the normal schools there would be no necessity to cut two off from the appropriations.

There is talk of fumigating all ocean-going steamers before they are allowed to proceed up the river from Astoria, in an effort to keep bubonic plague out of the state.

Aurora council is drilling for water and has gone down a depth of 350 feet with small result. Council has decided to drill to a depth of 450 feet before abandoning the well.

Rev. Hall of Washington county has developed a new potato. It closely resembles the Burbank but is much earlier than the Early Rose. It is a white potato and very mealy.

The last legislature made the laws protecting the forests of the state from fire more strict than ever before. The penalties in some cases have been increased, and more care must now be taken.

Albany hunters say it is unprofessional to hunt deer with dogs and have agreed to discourage the practice. They are led to take this step because of the fact that the deer are slowly but surely disappearing.

Wm. Fry, living near Woodburn, says that beaver are eating his vegetables and destroying his garden. He says further that they are destroying young timber on his place and he fears they will kill his young fruit trees.

The Benedictine Fathers' gristmill and new pumping station at Mt. Angel burned last week Tuesday. The fire started in the gristmill from some unknown cause. The loss is about \$50,000. About \$5000 worth of grain was also burned.

Newberg sawmills are burning their slabwood in the pugh while hundreds of families are having a hard time to secure enough for economical burning. The mill men make the plea that it don't pay to turn it into cash; and still the willful waste goes on.

The diamond jubilee of the St. Louis Catholic church was celebrated Sunday, August 25. High mass was celebrated at 10 a. m. and in the afternoon there was a program in the grove. Archbishop Christie was present. The St. Louis parish is the second oldest in the state; Oregon City being the oldest.

The steam schooner Johan Poulsen,

from San Francisco, which arrived in Portland Wednesday, reports a rough trip up the coast. The vessel was four days in making the trip from San Francisco to the Columbia River. Strong northwest winds held the steamer back although she held well in toward shore.

The newspapers of Washington county will raise the price of subscription on October 1. This is simply following the lead of all other commodities which have raised very materially during the past two years. Paper has advanced fifty per cent and the price of labor and all other material is higher.

The annual reunion of the Pioneer society of Southern Oregon was held at Ashland Thursday.

According to a scientific journal, Germany has learned by experiment that deep-sea fish can be acclimated in fresh water.

Archbishop Alexander Christie of Portland, who has been ill for several weeks, is able to be about and to attend to his numerous duties.

The American agent of the Trans-Siberian Railroad has arranged for a special car to convey Secretary Taft from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg on his projected trip around the world.

Instructions were issued Thursday by Chief of Police Gritzmacher that patrolmen should arrest the motormen of all Portland streetcars found running in excess of 12 miles an hour, the limit set in the city ordinance.

St. Petersburg advices announce the retirement from official life of Count Witte, once the most powerful adviser of the Czar and one of Russia's most famous diplomats. Count Witte has retired to accept a directorship in the Bank of Russia.

Reports from the mountain country are to the effect that the hunters are now experiencing great sport in killing deer and that these animals are running quite well on the trails through the Cascades. The country in and about Sweet Home, Foster and other points along the Willamette valley mountain wagon road offer great inducements to the lover of sport, and annually many deer are brought out by the campers.

Edward Olson, a camper at Belknap Springs, was shot and killed in the woods four miles from that place last week, by being mistaken for a deer. He was out shooting with two friends, Martin Orphan and George Crown, and was killed by a bullet from the former's gun as the trio had stalked a deer. The hunted animal darted out from some brush and Olson appeared on a line with the animal at the moment Orphan fired his shot. The missile missed the deer and pierced Olson through the heart. He died instantly.

James K. White, an ex-convict, escaped from the asylum by cutting his way through the ceiling of his room, at Salem. He escaped early Thursday morning, went down town and asked for work mowing a lawn at the Catholic parsonage. He was given work and Father Moore at once saw that he was insane and telephoned to the asylum authorities. Before an attendant arrived the man left and could not be found. White was convicted of forgery in Clatsop county and sent to prison for three years. He had served nearly all his time when he was transferred to the asylum about a year ago.

Members of the legal fraternity representing the principal countries of Europe and America are in attendance at the 24th annual convention of the International Law Association in session in Portland. This is the second time the association has held a conference in the United States.

The Portland delegates to the American Association of Advertisers, which is in session in Cincinnati, are making a strong effort to capture next year's convention for Portland. The question will not be decided until tomorrow, and from all indications the Oregon metropolis stands an equal chance with Kansas City of winning out.

THE COURTS.

Hering Wants Divorce.

R. C. Hering and Parthena E. Guttridge were married Aug. 24, 1887, and have a daughter aged 12 years. Hering charges that his wife has been abusive for several years and in consequence he asks for divorce. Among other things, he charges that he deeded his property to her in the hope that her treatment of him would become more bearable but instead she increased her abuse, finally sending him to the insane asylum. He wants equitable relief.

Perry vs. Perry.

Bert L. Roy Perry and Anna Perry of Molalla have asked court to adjust their difficulties. The charge of the wife, who asks for the divorce, is that the husband is a drinking man, fails to provide and when in liquor becomes abusive. They were married in 1904.

Falling Wood Breaks Ankle.

Michael Bonner vs. Crown-Columbia Paper Company; damages, sum asked, \$5000. Plaintiff claims that he was fireman for defendant company, and that a chute was erected down which to slide fuel to him; that a bell was used to signal when wood was to be put into the chute; that the signal was not given at time complained of and in consequence his ankle was broken.

Court Notes.

The inventory and appraisal of the estate of the late William A. Hobbles places the property value at \$3678.

Consent of the heirs to the sale of property of the Robert DeShazer estate was filed Friday. The valuation of the estate is \$13,399.46.

Blanche S. Martin, who was married in Montana in May 1894, to Elmer Martin, has filed a suit for divorce, alleging desertion in Portland in May, 1905.

The final report of George W. Derry, administrator of the estate of the late Chris Timm, has been filed and approved and the administrator discharged.

Anna J. Alderman vs. Albert C. Alderman. Charges cruel and inhuman treatment. Summons served on defendant and then police ordered him out of city.

The inventory and appraisal of the property embraced in the estate of the late Lorenz Hornshuh has been filed in the County Court and the val-

ue of the property is \$9088.34.

Gottlieb Kunz et al. has commenced suit in the Circuit Court against the Eastern Investment Company to quiet the title to 40 acres in section 16, township 4 south, range 3 east.

By the terms of Mrs. Sawtoll's will, Oscar Kaylor, a grandson, receives one-seventh of the estate, Ralph Sawtoll and Mrs. Alice Tubbs, son and daughter, the remainder. Estate appraised at \$7300.

Emma Lundeen asks for divorce from C. Lundeen. Plaintiff says they were married in Soderham, Sweden, December, 26, 1888. Charge made is cruel and inhuman treatment, drunkenness of defendant, etc.

C. D. Crawford has filed a suit for divorce against Georgia Crawford. They were married in Vancouver, Wash., in March, 1900, and Crawford alleges that his wife deserted him in Portland, Or., November 1 of the same year.

Cora Wandschneider asks divorce from Harry L. Wandschneider and a return to her maiden name of Cora Streit. Parties were married in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands in June, 1906. Charges of willful desertion and non-support.

Suit for divorce was instituted on Thursday by Mrs. Frances McGinty against Charles McGinty. They were married in Portland, July 29, 1904, and the woman charges McGinty with desertion in January, 1906.

NINE HOURS IN MACHINE SHOPS.

All Railroads in Northwest Making Concessions to Workmen.

Through an agreement which became effective today, all the machinists, boiler-makers, blacksmiths and other mechanics in the shops of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad are granted a nine-hour workday. The order affects about 1500 skilled workmen.

The management of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railroads also has conceded the machinists a nine-hour workday and a wage increase of 3 1/2 cents an hour, making the new scale 40 cents an hour on the Eastern end of the roads, and 42 cents on the Pacific Coast.

Negotiations are pending between the machinists and the managements of all the railroads in the Northwest for the nine-hour workday.

Money transferred by Postal Telegraph.

OREGON CITY Saturday, Aug. 31 John F. Stowe's spectacular production of Uncle Tom's Cabin

Showing under an immense water-proof tent with seating capacity for Two Thousand people

500—Reserved Opera Chairs—500

An immense stage
Realistic mechanical effects
Gorgeous scenery

HEAR THE NOONDAY CONCERT
By Prof. Hayworth's Military Band of 20 Musicians

Grand Operatic Orchestra at Each Performance

ADMISSION 25c & 35c