

The Scrap Book

Collecting a Nickel.

The conductor looked worried and was in an ugly mood. He had been counting his cash, and it was evidently short, as his scowl deepened as he dropped it back in his pocket and glanced at the indicator.



Just then two workmen, one an Italian and the other an Irishman, boarded the car and found seats.

The conductor called for the fare, and each man handed him a dime. He dropped them in his pocket, rung up and turned away without giving any change.

"I want a da nickel," complained the Neapolitan.

"You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" and the conductor moved to the rear platform.

The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme folve cints change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't play it on a harp. Gimme folve cints."

And he got it.



"GIMME FOLVE CINTS."

Let Us Smile.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, that costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.

The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men.

Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too, with mainly kindness bent.

It's worth a million dollars and doesn't cost a cent.

—National Magazine.

The Fool Man.

A man who prided himself on his keen sense of humor had been invited to an evening party. He wanted to go, but his wife declared that she had no gown suitable for the occasion and asked him to send regrets to their hostess. The man went down to his office and penned this facetious note of declination:

"We regret that your kind invitation must be declined for all the conventional reasons, but the real reason is that half the family has nothing to wear. My wife's latest dress is over three weeks old, and her hat is twelve hours out of date. You will appreciate the hopelessness of the occasion and excuse us."

He thought this pretty good, and he determined to write a note to his wife also explaining that he would not be at home for an early dinner, as she had asked him. He said in this note:

"I have turned down your invitation because I am going out to another evening party where the guests are not expected to wear anything of importance. Sorry I won't be there to kiss you good night."

And then the fool man carelessly sent his wife's note to the hostess and the hostess' note to his wife.

PHONE COMPANY MAKES STATEMENT

Editor Hood River News,

Dear sir:—I wish to make a few statements in regard to the affairs of the Home Telephone Company to correct the impressions conveyed by you in the editorial published in the News last week, and which I believe will be of interest to your readers.

First—The earnings of the company to December 30, 1909, which have been used in making extensions and improvements have only barely met the amount that should be set aside to cover the depreciation in the plant.

Second—The stock of the company has never paid any dividends and is worth what it was when the company was incorporated two and a half years ago, although the amount invested has increased from \$45,000 to \$70,000. The amount invested in addition to the money received from the sale of stock was necessary to complete the plant.

Third—The local company is giving service over a larger area for the number of phones and without charging toll on any of its lines than any similar company in Oregon.

Fourth—The members of the company are not bloated bondholders nor extortionists, nor have they asked its patrons to finance it. We appreciate the patronage given us and believe that we are only asking a fair return on the money invested.

E. O. HALL,
Secretary Home Telephone Co.

THEIR FRIENDS.

Stetson's Advice as to Where They Might Possibly Be Found.

John Stetson used to have a vaudeville house in Philadelphia, and he inaugurated there the custom which prevails now in some of the cheaper theaters of taking a performer off in the middle of the turn if he did not please the patrons in front. Every Monday night opened his house with fifteen acts, and as each one went on he stood in the wings and allowed those in front to decide whether it should be retained on the bill.

Sometimes the people in front would cry, "Take him off, John; he's no good," and Stetson would march out on the stage and drag the performer off, give him \$10 for his performance and tell him he need not return. One evening there were two men who seemed especially obnoxious to the audience, who greeted them with catcalls and howling derision. They managed, however, to get through with their song and came off the stage nervously preparing to return for the remainder of their act.

"Here, you," shouted John Stetson, "what was the name of that song?"

"What's that to you?" asked one of the singers.

"It may be something to you," answered Stetson, with a few of the curse words for which he was noted.

"I'm John Stetson, and I want to know the name of that song."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Stetson," said the crestfallen variety man. "It is called 'Where Are the Friends of Our Youth.'"

"Well, you didn't seem to find them out in front. Take this \$10 and go and hunt them on the outside."

Show Your Talents.

Exert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. I hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out, as I do, and bark.—Samuel Johnson.

A Suggestive Bark.

The man who ruined a sausage maker's trade by walking into his shop with a sackful of dead cats and dumping the contents down on the counter now finds a rival—albeit an unintentional one—in the person of a London waiter. The latter worthy, being asked by a customer for sausages, replied that there were none left, but, being of an obliging disposition, he went on to say that if the gentleman did not mind waiting for a few minutes some should be obtained for him, meaning,



of course, that they should be sent out for. The customer having signified his willingness to wait, the waiter proceeded to the culinary department to give the necessary instructions, but on arriving there he had the misfortune to step on the tail of a dog which belonged to one of the kitchen attendants. The injured animal immediately let out a series of agonized yelps, whereupon the customer, being evidently a man of imaginative mind, turned pale, hesitated only a second and then, grabbing his coat and hat, fled wildly into the street.

Knew What Would Happen.

A famous corporation lawyer was telling some anecdotes of criminal law:

"One case in my native Lynchburg," he said, "implicated a planter of sinister repute. The planter's chief witness was a servant named Calhoun White. The prosecution believed that Calhoun White knew much about his master's shady side. It also believed that Calhoun, in his misplaced affection, would lie in his master's behalf."

"When, on the stand, Calhoun was ready for cross examination, the prosecuting counsel said to him sternly:

"Now, Calhoun, I want you to understand the importance of telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in this case."

"Yes, sah," said Calhoun.

"You know what will happen, I suppose, if you don't tell the truth?"

"Yes, sah," said Calhoun promptly.

"Our side 'll win de case."

On the Sly.

Professor Percival Lowell, the famous astronomer, once told an amusing story of an old woman he at one time had as housekeeper, to whom he made a sporting offer.

"Janet," he said to her one day, "the very next planet I discover I will make you a present of \$5."

"You are very kind, sir," she replied, "and I am sure I hope you will soon discover one."

Several months went by, and no planets were discovered.

"The fact of the matter is, ma'am," confided the old woman at last to Mrs. Lowell, "I do think the professor goes out at night and discovers planets on the sly."

CATHOLIC CHURCH PROPERTY IMPROVED

St. Mary's Roman Catholic church the name of which has been changed to Immaculate Conception church, has been moved from Seventh street to a position on the corner of Montello and Seventh, facing the Columbia river. Other improvements to the church property include another story to the parsonage, which will be connected with the church by a hallway.

The church was built on the northeast corner of Seventh street and Montello avenue in the year 1905, while the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Alphonse Brongseest, vicar general of the diocese of Baker City and of The Dalles, was in charge of the mission of Hood River and Peter Mohr was one of the leaders in having the church built.

The Franciscan Fathers were given charge of Hood River in the year 1906. The Fathers arrived here in the first part of September of that year and the site of 227x200 feet on Seventh street between Montello and Prospect Avenues was bought. The Rev. Maximilian Klein, O. F. M., was the first pastor and left here in August 1908 for a new field of labor in Harney county, Ore.

The present incumbent, the Rev. Plus Niermann, O. F. M., arrived here on the 31st of March, 1910. Shortly after his arrival it was decided by his superiors to move the church to the southeast corner of Seventh street and Montello avenue and the parsonage to its present site and build an addition to it.

The entire cost of the improvement will be in the neighborhood of \$2250, and all those that have contributed and will yet donate for defraying this cost are sincerely thanked in the Lord by the Rev. Plus Niermann, O. F. M. and his brethren staying with him.

The reverend father adds that God will bless all the church's benefactors and states that he and others connected with it are thankful to the city for having made improvements near the church that have benefitted it.

If you are not satisfied after using according to directions two-thirds of a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, you can have your money back. The tablets cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the digestion, regulate the bowels. Give them a trial and get well. Sold by all dealers.

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An Opportunity to See the Upper Valley

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EXCURSION TRAIN

Leaves Hood River, stopping at all stations, at 8:30 a. m.

Returning, leaves Parkdale at 5 p. m.

REDUCED RATES

for Round Trip from all Stations.

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If you want something for a nice lunch on the Fourth, get one of McGulre Bros.' special Red, White and Blue Hams. Ready from now on.

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Buy two good lots for a little money. Payments—on your own terms. Phone 168K, or address E. H. Hartwig, Hood River, Oregon.

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