

## TO THE APPLE GROWERS OF HOOD RIVER VALLEY

This is the crucial year for growers of this and other Northwestern Apple Producing Sections. It is to your interests to become associated with reputable, experienced and up-to-date dealers in Western Box Apples in Eastern Markets. We are the pioneer house in handling Western Box Apples in New York and European Markets. Occupying the strongest possible position to realize best results covering any and all shipments entrusted to our care. Handling over 1100 cars of Pacific Coast Fruits in the Eastern Markets last year is a sufficient guarantee of our ability to conserve your interests in every way.

# RAE & HATFIELD

317 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK



### FOR SEPTEMBER

Now softened suns a mellow luster shed,  
The laden orchards glow with tempting red;  
On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrowned,  
And with the hunting horn the fields resound.

—Old Spencer Poem.

Well we should say so, and the mellow horn of Mr. Morgan will awake the morn, bidding us garner for the bins and cribs in which we labor for his royal ribs. The summer ended and the blower on, the respite over and the money gone, and Rockefeller as we drill along, bowing and hoping we are all well and strong.

The seaside sojourner will quit the shore, and the summer girl will line up three or four conquests in puppy love she has around, and choose the one that is to go undrowned. The which selection from the litter born of summer madness she will then suborn with things sufficient to unlock its eyes, and hurry homeward with the gasping prize.

The bustling tourist will return from France with hotel stickers stuck upon his pants, and tarred and post-carded by his friends, will reap the penalty of what he sends. They'll waltz him up and down upon a rail, and alternately turn him head and tail, or howsoever they may best enjoy the views in Venice or the site of Troy.

The festive calf will blithely sniff and snort, and deftly tip up where the hair is short, and in the quiet even after glow the quail will pipe his dulcet piccolo. The bold insurgent will insurge the more, and fill the planet with his dreadful roar, and each one betting he will not be last, the autumn candidates will gallop past.

The new progressive and the Democrat, the unobscuring that are standing pat, and in the midst of them, unfaint of heart, our Mr. Bryan on the water cart. A maze of issues and a mass of men, and lo, a gallus busting now and then, and not especially alarmed by it, the trusts desisting till the swarm has lit.

The man from Elba trying to come back,  
And the poor consumer in his cul-de-sac  
Unknowing if the quaking earth portends  
Death or the near approach, perhaps,  
Of friends.

But howsoever and be that as it may, the dread mosquito will have had its day, and joining Satan in its spectral growth, have made it real hell there for them both. The while the earthly remnant of it swings upon the window screen, and drying clings to that post which, though wanting mortal fire, it still holds with its face against the wire.

Milady Fashion in her new hobble skirt will stride the pavement with the men alert to set her right side up again in case she should in time turn turtle any place. It does beat thunder what the women wear, and how they stick on other people's hair, constrict their middles and constrain their toes and what importance they attach to clothes. But bless us, are they after all to blame, or had they been in these things quite the same if Mother Eve's first thought, as we suppose, had not been unnecessarily of clothes? Was it to be expected in her case that with a man somewhere upon the place she ever thought of anything at all but gowns, silvers, or perhaps a shawl?

But anyhow, the crawfish will have holed,  
And the pumpkin shown the faintest trace of gold.  
The saffran will don a redder dress,  
And the gods will crowd around the elder press.

Or prohibition or whatever will, here is a fountain that shall serve us still, a place of resting and a steal away out of the desert and the heat of day. A place of quiet and the shade of palms, of irrigation and the soothing balms that no reformer till the poles embrace shall ever capture for a bathing place.

The hosts of labor will parade the street, which will remind us of a happy feat in arbitration from the olden days when Julius Caesar was a craze. It is related of that ancient time that sweet September in the Roman clime was hot as blazes, and the union file could only march about half a mile.

It wasn't anything at all, they say, to watch the mighty pageant get away, the music playing and the flags displayed, and see it suddenly duck for the shade. The gasping drummer with his sounding drum, the bronzed mechanics who perhaps had come a dozen squares, and in the frantic rout, age and apprentice

### THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF LAND OPENED

The opening up of thousands of acres of new land in Southwestern Washington by the new Grays Harbor branch of the Oregon and Washington Railroad will be effected when the passenger service on the new line is started, about September 1. The Oregon and Washington has also inaugurated a month of homeseekers' rates, which will be effective from eastern points between September 15 and October 15. In times past the railroads have allowed rates of this sort in the spring, but not in other seasons. The O. & W. has decided to distribute its homeseeker travel over various parts of the year, and will bring as many new settlers westward this fall as possible. In order that residents in the Northwest who want to send for their friends may do so easily, the railroad has a scheme of accepting deposits for tickets at western offices, and then ordering the ticket issued at any eastern office desired. It is anything to get the settler now, and the O. & W. will bring a lot of good competition into the field of settling up the country. The logged off lands and rich valleys of the southwestern part of the state offer many attractions and homes for thousands of new citizens.

with his tongue stuck out.

The faint impression the procession made on Roman capital for long dismayed the union leaders, when the serried ranks at times not even passed the Roman banks. And so it was when mighty Caesar came, and having found the populace allame, he shoved September from the seventh place along to ninth, which has remained the case. He merely interchanged it with July, but when he asked them how was that for high, they fairly inundated him with smiles, and have since been doing about twenty miles.

#### Notice to Apple Packers

The Apple Growers Union requests all packers who want to pack apples this fall to call at the office of the union and register their names and place of residence. Good pay and a long season of work guaranteed all experienced packers.

C. H. SPROAT,  
Manager Hood River Apple Growers Union.

Copy for advertisements must be in the office by Monday noon.

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