

### Marriage Not a Failure

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

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The old bachelors and old maids' matrimonial exchange, designed to bring together persons of opposite sex who had put off marriage to an inconvenient season and had therefore been left without homes in their old age, had been organized a year without results. Several of the male members had been married, but they had been captured by young women outside the society. At last Mr. Frederick Hornblower, aged fifty-four, and Miss Sophia Gilbert, aged forty-eight, both members of the exchange, who had met there for a matrimonial purpose, decided to marry.

The proposition had been made and accepted, and the parties met to consider the essentials of living together. Mr. Hornblower opened the conference.

"I think, my dear Miss Gilbert—"

"Do call me Sophia."

"I think, my dear Sophia, that I will have my house renovated throughout for your reception."

"Pardon me, Mr.—I mean Frederick, but I have been thinking that since your house is quite large—too large, in fact, for two people and requiring a great deal of care—"

"We needn't use but the first and second stories."

"The first and second stories! My dear man, how do you suppose we would feel living in a house one-half of which would be closed? My house, on the contrary, is very cozy, just the right size for us. And it is nearer your office than yours. Besides, there I have the little boudoir adjoining my bedroom where I have always kept Rosie, my parrot, and little Trip, my dog, and Charles, my monkey!"

"Good gracious, madam—I mean Sophia! Have you got a menagerie there?"

"Only these three besides my two cats. You see, I've been used to having them there. I call it the nursery, where I can keep them under my eye and where they can come trooping in early in the morning to awaken me."

"At what hour?" The expression on Mr. Hornblower's face was one of horror.

"Five o'clock usually. You see, I go to bed at 9, and eight hours' sleep is enough for any one. Indeed, some times when Charles is nervous I let him in at 4. Often he whines for me all night."

"And these pets stand in the relation to you of—"

"My beloved children. It would be impossible for me to move into another house, for their bathroom is attached to the nursery and very convenient. Each one of the children has a bath twice and sometimes three times a day."

"But, my dear—Sophia, doesn't that take up a lot of time?"

"Certainly, but what is time for except to care for those one loves?"

"But, Sophia, dear, all this is to be changed. You are to have something higher in the scale of animal life to whom to devote yourself to love. What time will you have to give to me?"

"Oh, I never could love any one as well as Rosie, I'm sure. But tell me something of your life. Have you no pets?"

"Not one. I shall be able to lavish the whole of my affection on my wife."

"How do you spend the day?"

"I rise at 8. My morning sleep is my best and must not be disturbed. I breakfast on a steak and a baked potato every morning. There must be no change as to this. I will be at the office all day, leaving you the house to yourself."

"And my family?"

"Owing to the condition of my stomach I never eat anything for dinner except milk toast and a cup of tea."

"Indeed! Can there be no change from this either?"

"None whatever. Since my principal sleep is in the morning I don't close my eyes till midnight, but I need the rest and am in bed by 9. I lie awake till 12 reading and smoking."

"And do you expect me to be awake from 9 till 12 enveloped in your nasty tobacco smoke?"

"You can go to sleep."

"And not have my family come in at 5 in the morning, dear children, to awaken me?"

"The morning hours, I have told you, are most important to me to get the sleep I need."

"Then I suppose," said the lady after reflection, "we must occupy separate rooms?"

Mr. Hornblower sighed. One object he had had in getting married was to have some one beside him in those lonely hours during the night when he often lay awake. This part of his dream seemed ended.

## Men's Suits and Boys' Suits

At prices you cannot equal anywhere. These are not old, shop-worn goods, but a great majority are this Fall's newest patterns—broken lots that we want to close out to make more room for our Spring stock that will soon be here. We have some of the biggest bargains in Men's and Boy's Suits you have ever heard of.

### Boys' 3-piece Suits

Good Winter weight, values \$5 to \$9, ages 10 to 18 years, your choice the suit - - - \$1.38

## Young Men's and Boys Suits

A good run of sizes and nice weaves, black, brown and blue, values \$6, \$8, \$10, your choice \$2.98 the suit

## Young Men's and Boys' Suits

All good clean stock in plain and fancy weaves, good, serviceable suits. The pants alone are worth the price. Suits that are worth \$8, \$10, \$3.63 \$12, \$15, your choice

### Young Men's and Boys' Suits

Some right nice suits in this lot in plain and fancy mixtures. Good Wool Suits and regularly priced at \$10, \$12, \$15 and up to \$20; ages 14 to 20 years. Your choice while they last, \$5.48 The Suit

### Men's Suits

All this fall's weaves and styles; all wool Suits in brown, grey mixture, blacks, blues, with light, invisible silk stripes. The greatest portion of this lot is

## Hart, Schaffner & Marx Make

They are broken lots that we are anxious to clean up on. You all know the excellence of this make of clothing, so call early and get first pick.

- \$18.00 suits now \$13.98
- \$20.00 suits now \$14.78
- \$22.00 suits now \$15.65
- \$15.00 suits now \$11.73
- \$12.00 suits now \$9.47
- \$10.00 suits now \$8.33

## Men's and Boys Overcoats

All reduced, that makes them the biggest bargains out. We sure have some splendid values, and invite you to call and look.

# THE PARIS FAIR

## THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

### COUNTY OFFICIALS QUALIFY TUESDAY

The county administration was turned over to the new officers Tuesday, most of all of whom were on deck to qualify for their new duties. W. E. Hanson, the incoming county clerk, took the oath of office Saturday in order that the county should have a head to its affairs during the time that elapsed from Saturday to Monday.

G. D. Culbertson qualified as county judge, Thos. Johnson as sheriff and Jasper Wickham as assessor. O. H. Rhoades and G. A. McCurdy are the new commissioners. C. D. Thompson is the county school superintendent. Dr. Edgington will be coroner.

For the present Jay P. Lucas will act as deputy county clerk, while Sheriff Johnson will have the appointment of a deputy.

The financial affairs of the county after being audited were found to be correct and the outgoing county commissioners held a meeting Saturday to wind up the unfinished business of the county as closely as possible. One of their last official acts was to close the negotiations for the purchase of the property where the court house stands, which they obtained for \$10,000. The old administration gave the county an economical and satisfactory administration, notwithstanding the fact that it had to establish all forms of county government and create precedents for its successors. It is believed that the new administration will run along smoothly, as it will have several of the old officers with it who have been in touch with county affairs for the past two years.

J. R. Nunamaker and L. E. Morse will attend the National Woodmen's convention in Portland this week.

### NICHOLS & LISCO GARAGE OPENS FOR BUSINESS

The new garage, recently erected by Nichols & Lisco, is nearing completion and it is expected to have it ready for occupancy as soon as the hardwood floor can be laid on the top story. The machine shop in the basement of the building, in charge of L. E. Foust, has been fitted up and several cars are undergoing repairs. A number of others are stored there for the winter which will be overhauled and put in condition for spring use. The floor space on both stories of the building will accommodate many cars but the rapid increase in the number of autos, it is thought, will soon tax its capacity.

### Woman's Leaguers Attention

A special meeting of the American Woman's League was held in the U. B. church, Dec. 28th, at which the most important matter discussed was the necessity of securing more members, so that we can immediately qualify for our chapter house. Each member was requested to canvass the city and explain League benefits, as many of our people do not yet realize the great benefits accruing to League members. As the value of our chapter house depends on the number of active members, it behooves everyone interested in a valuable one to get in line.

The next regular meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Flora Hartley, Jan. 11, at which time every member is requested to be present to vote on our chapter house site. If impossible to be present send in sealed vote to be opened at this meeting. Literature can be had from Mrs. J. W. Rigby. Each member get supplies and spend at least two days looking after members and we will have victory worthy of our cause.

Mrs. J. W. Rigby, Press Correspondent.

### \$30,000 APARTMENT HOUSE IN SPRING

Plans for the apartment house which L. D. Boyd will erect on the Watt property in the spring are now in the hands of Albert Sutton, architect, and call for an expenditure of \$30,000 on the structure. This new departure in Hood River will have thirteen three-room and eight two-room apartments, all of which will be equipped with bath and the latest conveniences, including telephones, steam heat, hot and cold water. A furniture and trunk lift will be provided in the rear. The building will be two stories and basement. It is expected to commence work on it as soon as the weather will permit.

### Gems In Verse

#### THE EMPTY LIVES.

So many die that have not lived at all!  
It is as though they journeyed  
Upon a path hedged by a gloomy wall  
Of other people's little frets and fears,  
Beyond the wall the joyous fields stretch out.

And there are little paths to lure the feet,  
But duty framed by others of their doubt  
Has made them feel the bypaths are not meet.

To spend their days with friends they did not choose,  
They toil at tasks unfitted for their hands,  
They join the chorus of them that abuse  
The one who lives because he understands.

They sing the songs the others bid them sing,  
While in their souls are stifled marvel strains,  
They build and they destroy, they fetch and bring,  
They fume of petty losses and of gains.

They count as truth the rote that they are told,  
They spurn as lies whatever they are bid,  
They ban as heretic the overbold,  
The one who would uncover what is hid,  
And they succeed. They say they hate success.

And call another careless, blind and weak,  
Who finds the joy they may not even guess,  
Who reaches goals they may not even seek.

That if some dazzling outburst of the light  
Should show them how supremely far they miss  
The core of life, the lasting truth and right?

But fate is kind and does not deal them this,  
It is as though they plodded through dead years  
Upon a path hedged by a barren wall  
Of other people's little frets and fears—  
So many die and have not lived at all.  
—Chicago Post.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.  
THOUGH the sands of his life were numbered,  
Though the tides of his life flowed dim,  
Though faith and prayer might inherit there,  
They were dieers' oaths to him.

AND he recked not hell's black abyss,  
Nor the world's deep heart of wrong,  
For his ear had heard as the note of a bird  
The lilt of the sphere of song.

SONG that quickened the soul in space,  
Song that lightened a dead world's face,  
Song that the stars bent down to see,  
Song the ineffable mystery!

HE had dreamed of endless eons,  
Dreamed of dark ages past,  
But in all his dreams' enspangled gleams  
A heaven of song at last—

A HEAVEN that no man knoweth,  
A heaven whose stars are dim,  
Whose awful height of unclouded night  
Is only divined of him.

FOR his life was a cry in the desert,  
His cry was an echo of pain,  
In a world unborn of the soul of scorn  
He shall come to his own again.  
—Joseph Lewis French.

#### IT'S FISHIN' TIME.

WHEN the split bamboo is varnished  
And the fly book's filled with flies,  
When the east winds have quit blowing  
And no clouds are in the skies,  
When the rubber boots are mended  
And there's something in the flask,  
In the language of Ike Walton, what remains for man to ask?

WHEN the troutlet in the streamlet  
Sees the hooklet floating by  
And the manlet's nose is blistered  
By the hot sun mounts on high,  
When the lanchet for a cliffet quite by  
Accident is lost,  
Think ye not that hopes of triumph are  
Behind the angler tossed?

STILL those hopes will spring triumphant  
'neath the fisher's rain soaked vest,  
Though he turns home empty handed  
When the sun dies in the west,  
Still he decorates the bushes with his  
Choicest brand of flies.

For the fishing microbe's in him, and it  
Bides there till he dies.  
—Denver Republican.

#### THEY WENT TO DANCE.

HE was graceful, she was young,  
And the music was sublime,  
Round and round they lightly swung,  
Almost floating half the time.

Now and then she stole a glance,  
Now and then he whispered low,  
They had merely gone to dance,  
Each found other pleasures, though.

There were porches long and wide;  
There were dark, secluded nooks;  
There were chairs set side by side;  
There were certain knowing looks.

She had eyes of darkest blue,  
Fringed by lashes that were long,  
She was young and graceful too,  
They were hidden from the throng.

He forgot the hour was late—  
Truth to tell, he did not care,  
He became an advocate  
Of dark nooks and open air.

To their corner for a time,  
Undisturbed, they gladly clung,  
Ah, the music was sublime—  
She was graceful; she was young!  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### "THERE IS PANSIES."

TAKE these memories sweet scented,  
Gathered while the morning dew  
Drenched the silver of the cobwebs,  
Heartsease, picked at dawn for you.

YELLOW for the days of sunshine,  
White for days of peace and rest,  
Purple ones for feasts and high days,  
Wine red for the days love blest.

FOR myself I keep the black ones,  
Memories of grief and pain,  
Keep them hidden lest their shadow  
Fall across your heart again.  
—Mildred Howells.

#### SONG OF THE TINKER.

AM the man of pot and pan,  
I am a lad of mettle;  
My tent I pitch by the wayside ditch  
To mend your can and kettle.

While town bred folk bear a year long yoke  
Among their feeble fellows,  
I clink and clink on the hedgerow bank  
And blow my snoring bellows.

I loved a lass with hair like brass  
And eyes like a brazier glowing,  
But the female crew, what they will do  
I swear is past all knowing!

She stung her cap at a plowman chap,  
And a fool I needs must think her,  
Who left for an oaf the mug and loaf  
And the snug little tent of a tinker.

But, clank and clank, let women go hang,  
And who shall care a farden?  
With the solder strong of a laugh and a song  
My mind I'll heal and harden.

My ways I'll mend, and the pots I'll mend  
For gaffer and for gammer,  
And drive my cart with a careless heart  
And sit by the road and hammer.

—May Hyron.

#### IF!

IF all the skies were sunshine  
If faces would be fair,  
To feel once more upon them  
The cooling plash of rain.

IF all the world were music  
Our hearts would often long  
For one sweet strain of silence  
To break the endless song.

IF life were always merry  
Our souls would crave relief  
And rest from weary laughter  
In the quiet arms of grief.  
—Unidentified.

LOVE'S MIRROR.  
LOVE'S mirror holds no image long  
Save of the inward fairness, blurred  
and lost  
Unless kept clear and bright by duty's  
care.  
—Lowell.

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

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Chop Suey  
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