

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

LIVE STOCK AND FOWLS

For Sale—S.C. RHODE ISLAND RED EGGS for setting. Pen No. 1. Headed by son of sweepstakes Cock and 1st Hen at Seattle exposition and brother to 1st Cockerel at the last Portland show. He has proper shape and good rich color in all sections, mated with a select pen of pullets and hens that are splendid winter layers. Eggs \$3 per 15. Pen No. 2. Headed by a Cock of proven merit as a strong breeder, mated with a pen of good type females for general utility. Eggs \$1.50 per 15. Fertility guaranteed. E. F. Batten. Phone 2012-M. 9-22

For Sale—Fine Percheron mare 3 years old. Raised on my ranch. Unbroken but gentle. Price \$200 or would accept as part payment gentle driving horse. E. Shelley Morgan's Ranch, Belmont District, or address 408 Wells Fargo Building, Portland, Oregon. 13-14c

Bee Supplies—It will pay you to see or write me, if you want anything in the line of bee supplies. Satisfaction guaranteed, and you have the benefit of my experience. Cash discount for early orders. W. W. Dakin, 1205 7th street, Hood River, Or. 12-tfc

For Sale—Chestnut mare, 1300 pounds, fine condition, perfectly gentle for work double or single or in stable; a fine family horse; also single seat hack and harness. Phone Odell 129. 13-14p

For Sale—One brown mare mule 7 years, gentle, and broke to work single, double and to ride. Price \$100 if taken at once. Address Box 144, Cascade Locks, Or. 14-15c

For Sale—Thoroughbred brown Leghorn eggs, \$1 for 15; 20 settings \$1.50. Fertility guaranteed. Chas. A. Lining, near East Barrett school. 13-14p

For Sale—One work horse, single for double, weight 1100 or 1200; also one light hack. Inquire J. L. Hersher, 317 June street, Hood River. 13-14c

For Sale Cheap—One young team, a new Birdsall wagon, and set of new work harness. For particulars phone 136 Odell. 13-14c

For Sale—Driving mare, light keeper, lady or children can drive. Thoroughbred. Shaw & Bronson. Phone 34. 9-tfc

For Sale—Several light teams, three second hand hacks and three second hand wagons. Taft Transfer Co. 7

For Sale—Full blood Collie puppies. Apply Chas. A. Lining, box 52, R. D. 2, near East Barrett school. 13-14p

For Sale—Good road mare, bay in color, six years old. Apply to Walter Forry. Phone 323-K. 14-15

For Sale—Good young horse, fine saddle or buggy horse. Phone 2093-M after 6 p. m. 14-15

For Sale—Horse, weight 900 pounds. E. Gosse, R.D. No. 3. Phone 325-K. 13-14p

For Sale—Six full breed brown Leghorn hens. Phone 266-X. 13-14c

For Sale—Six milch cows. S. A. Helmer, Mt. Hood. Phone 66. 13-14c

Wanted—A good milch cow. Cutler Bros., phone 210-X. 10-tfc

BUSINESS CARDS

OKDALE GREENHOUSES—We have a fine stock of 2 year roses, our own growing many of the newer varieties, at \$3.50 to \$5.00 per dozen. Shrubs, vines and ornamental trees; a nice lot of Catalpa and popular 6 to 10 high. Hardy Perennial plants. Will have all kinds of bedding plants in season. Cut flowers and floral designs a specialty. Potted plants at Franz hardware. Our prices are reasonable. The Pioneer Florists, Fletcher & Fletcher. Phone 1972-M, Hood River, Oregon. tfc

Loan Agency—Loans offered. \$500, \$700. Loans wanted, \$300, \$600, \$1000, \$1200, \$1500, \$2000, \$2500. Apply to A. W. Onthank, 305 Oak street. tfc

FOR SALE

For Sale—Donkey engine, 9x11, 1100 feet one inch main line, 2000 feet five-eighths trip line, blocks and all equipment for immediate use. For quick sale \$1000 cash. Joseph F. Thompson, Parkdale. 14-tfc

For Sale Cheap—Spring tooth harrow, also barrel spray pump, rod and hose; both in good condition, but our ranch has outgrown them. Crescent Fruit Co., phone 3212-L. 13-14p

One horse wagon, harness, saddle, electric incubator and brooder, kodak camera and man's bicycle for sale. Phone 2152-M. 14-15p

For Sale—Early Rose and White Star seed potatoes; also dry oak and fir wood. W. E. King, Phone 188-K. 14-15p

For Sale—Upright piano in excellent condition. Very reasonable. A. D. Davies, phone Odell 17-X. 13-14c

If you have some potatoes or apples for sale call up Crocker & deReding, phone 227-M. 14-15p

For Sale or Rent—Typewriters, new or second-hand, on easy terms. A. W. Onthank. tf

For Sale—Oil meal at Whitehead's. 4-tf

EMPLOYMENT

Wanted—Position on ranch by married man who understands ranch work; experienced in Hood River; wife could help in the fruit season. State full particulars and appoint time for interview. Answer No. 4, care of News office. 13-tfc

Wanted—Permanent work on a ranch by an experienced young married man. Those wanting cheap help need not apply. Telephone or address J. J. Mosely, Hood River, Or. 14-15

Wanted—Young man about 15 years of age to work in garden and about the house. Steady job to right party. W. C. Adams, 1-4 mile south of Bradford's store. 8-tfc

Help Wanted—Man with team and tools to move on 20 acre fruit ranch and care for same. Good house and barn. In lower valley. Dickerson & Peck. 7-tfc

Free Employment Bureau—Baptist Parsonage, corner 11th and Pine. Address, J. R. Hargreaves, Phone 242-L. 11-17p

Wanted—Work of any kind by the day. Mrs. Phebe Collins, 143-M. 13-16p

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—On Belmont road, Thursday, March 30, a lady's purse. If gentlemen who were out in auto and found same will kindly leave at Butler Banking Company we will gladly pay expenses. Mrs. Edward MacGregor, phone 189-K. 14-15p

Lost—A watch charm \$20 gold piece with initials C. S. S. on one side. Finder please leave at this office. 10-tfc

Lost—Ladies' belt pin and white linen belt, embroidered with blue. Call 173-K or leave at News office. 13-15c

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted—To trade blacksmith's outfit and stock for heavy team. F. E. Harris. 10-tfc

Wanted—To buy one large, two small or one small tent. Address P. News office. 13-14p

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

For Sale—Three ponies broke to work or ride, and two second hand hacks. McGuire Bros. 14-tf

HOCKENBERRY & BARTLETT

ARCHITECTS

Beilbrenner Building
HOOD RIVER, OREGON
Phone 61

See Becky, the tom-boy, in "Our Folks" at the Monroe Theatre Friday night.

REAL ESTATE SECTION

Twenty acres of choice red shot apple land for sale at \$175 per acre on easy terms; \$700 down, balance to suit. Four acres are being cleared this spring. This tract adjoins one of the best and most beautiful places on the west side. Splendid view of mountain and valley; a paradise in that section of the valley noted for its proximity to Lost Lake, Devil's Punch Bowl; the roaring, rippling Hood river; near three towns on Mt. Hood railroad, with Winans City only one-half mile away. If you have the money, and feel young enough to enjoy the place, address T. C. F. News office, for particulars. 14-17c

Wanted—Improved Hood River farm, ten acres or more, that must be a bargain. Three Portland lots valued at \$1600 and \$600 as first payment. Address A. Wilhelm, 309 Jefferson street, Portland, Oregon. 12-tfc

For Rent—Rooms for rent from \$1.50 to \$3 per week. Lighted and heated and next to bath. Also furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 130-L. 7-tf

Respectable young man wishes to secure board and room in private family. References if required. Address W. L. M., care News office. 14-15p

For Rent—Furnished room, gentlemen preferred, 187 Sherman avenue, just above postoffice. Phone or call in morning 291-L. 8-tfc

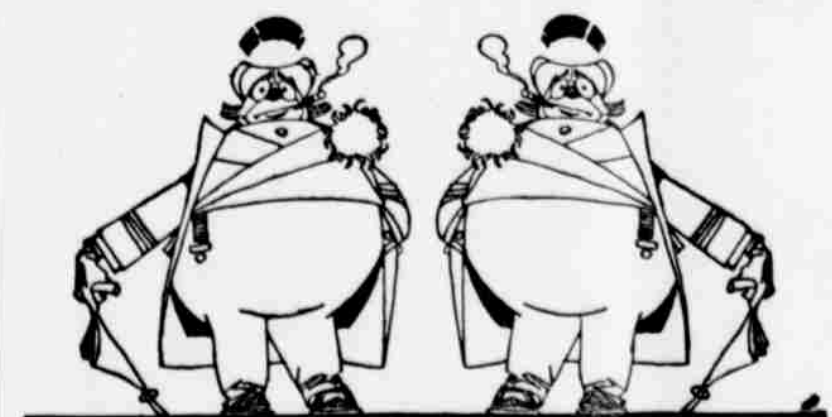
REVISÉ TO DATE.
THE boy stood on the burning deck
As the ship lay on the wreck
And as he gazed upon the wreck
His tears dropped down like rain.
Because not of the flames he wept,
But made his grief resound
Because the ship had never sailed
An inch above the ground.
—Chicago News.

FAME.
YOU'LL win an honored name
When this you're learned:
You can't inherit fame;
It must be earned.
—Detroit Free Press.

W. S. GRIBBLE
The Mt. Hood Store
General Merchandise
Flour, Feed, Spray Material
Farm Implements :: and :: Stumping Powder

J. A. LITEL
MT. HOOD, ORE.
Blacksmith and Wagonmaker
HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY
25 Years Experience

BESIDE HIMSELF



Any man must be beside himself who tries to get on in the world without knowing what the world is doing.

This newspaper is published for people who want to know. HOW ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?

LOCAL NEWS

Good program and lunch at the U. S. gymnasium next Friday evening. Price ten cents.

Come to the United Brethren gymnasium next Friday evening and hear the ladies of the Aid Society tell how to earn a dollar.

The announcement is made that on Wednesday evening, April 13th, the Grand Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star will be here and that all members of the order are urged to be present.

Mrs. Gray, a representative of the H. W. Gossard Corset Co., of Chicago, is in the city and for a limited time will demonstrate the many superior qualities of the front lace corset to women. She will be pleased to call on you in your own home, or you can see her at 704 Oak street.

A. Millard, of Omaha, who is heavily interested in Hood River orchard property, arrived at Hood River last week and is spending a few days here. Mr. Millard was present at the annual meeting of the Apple Growers' Union and is much interested in the proposed highway between Hood River and Portland. He believes that it would be a big factor in developing the country.

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT AT PINE GROVE HALL

Pine Grove school announces that it will offer for the entertainment of the public Friday evening a laughable farce which will be given at the grange hall. In addition there will be vocal and instrumental solos, drills and pantomimes. The public is cordially invited to attend. The entertainment is being given in a good cause and its patronage is solicited.

Confirmed Class of Eight
Rt. Rev. Robt. Paddock, bishop of the eastern Oregon diocese of the Episcopal church, was present at the services at St. Mark's church Sunday morning and confirmed a class of eight candidates. He was assisted by Rev. E. T. Simpson, rector of St. Mark's.

Next Sunday being Palm Sunday special services will be held and on Good Friday, April 14th, there will be an extended service commencing at 12 o'clock, noon, and lasting until 3 p. m. including an address on the seven last words of Christ, by the rector.

Transformation

Involving a Dramatic Scene on St. Patrick's Day.

By THOMAS G. O'GRADY
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Pat Doolan and Maggie McShane were a young couple living in Killarney town, Ireland, and at the time this story begins were not out of their teens. Pat was a fine strapping young fellow and good looking, though he was so poor that his clothes were ragged—it's not every man whose manly beauty will show to advantage when his bare knees are peeping through his trousers and a tuft of his curly hair protrudes through a hole in his hat. But when Pat smiled that good natured smile of his clothes were forgotten and he was taken right into the hearts of those he smiled upon. As for Maggie, she was a housemaid in a family whose place bordered on one of the lakes, and she was always well dressed. She had a real Irish complexion, as white as milk and as red as a rose. There was so much mingling between the white and the red that it was impossible to tell where the one began and the other ended.

Pat and Maggie did a lot of walking about together on the banks of the lakes, and they were always noted for the difference in their appearance. Pat's being in such marked contrast to Maggie's. But if Maggie's clothes were spick and span and Pat's falling to pieces, Maggie's face wore a serious cast, while Pat's was always alight. His rags could not overcome the cheerfulness of his disposition nor chill his generous heart, for whenever he would meet any one worse dressed than himself he would sing out:

"Arrah, bedad, man, go sell your togs to a farmer to put up for a scare-crow."

Then Pat would thrust his hand in his pocket, and if by any possibility he should find a hapenny there he would hand it out, saying, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Go buy a new suit of clothes."

The trouble with Pat was not that he was lazy, but that he was the kind of young man who needed opportunity. And what opportunity was there for him in a region where the land had all been taken up long ago by the gentry? Was not the road leading around the lakes so hemmed in by the estates of the aristocracy that the beauty of the scenery was shut off completely? What was a young man to do who had neither land nor money and whose only work—if he could get it—would be dressing himself in livery and waiting on a master?

"Maggie," said Pat one day when he and his sweetheart were sitting on the bank of the lake near Maggie's mistress' estate, "O'm g'oin' to Ameriky."

"Oh, Pat!" exclaimed Maggie, her heart falling like the mercury in a barometer before a storm.

"Yes, O'm g'oin' to Ameriky, where they say gold dollars as big as cart wheels are rollin' around in the streets and all a fellow has to do is to pick 'em up. When O've collected a lot of 'em O'll send for ye."

"But, Pat, how're ye goin' to get to Ameriky?"

"Worruck me passage."

"In the cabin?"

"In the cabin! What would O! look like in the cabin in these togs? O'll go as a coal heaver. D'ye suppose O'd be dancin' around offerin' tay to the leddies and gentlemen when I can get a much more respectable job below? And do ye suppose O'll be lettin' the muscles of me arm grow soft when O! can keep 'em hard?"

"But how're ye goin' to git to the ship?"

"Walk. What were me legs given me for? Shurely not for dancin', because O've no illigant clothes, no grasshopper coat, for balls and parties. O'll walk to Queenstown and go in the first ship that'll take me."

Maggie had none of that happy-go-lucky disposition which was at the bottom of all her lover's actions. But Pat's disposition was not only happy-go-lucky; he was a natural gambler. His proposed move to America seemed to Maggie a jump in the dark. Pat was looking at the chances. There were surely none for him in Ireland, and there might be some for him in America. Ergo, America was the place for him. As to his getting there, why, any one can go anywhere. All he has to do is to go.

On the morning before Pat's departure he stood with Maggie on the banks of the lake where they had stood so often before and would probably never stand together again. They were looking out on the beautiful scenery, though it is questionable if they saw it. The mingled boughs of beeches, elms and oaks were putting on their summer apparel. Ivy vines springing from a tangle of holly and arbutus clung to the taller trunks. Beyond all this was the placid bosom of the lake, contrasting with the emotions in the hearts of the parting lovers.

"Don't be cryin' like that, Maggie, dear," said Pat. "This is a beautiful scene and one we both love, to be sure, but when ye see me ag'in ye'll be lookin' on a man dressed like a gentleman. They say a man can do anything he likes in that free land, and mebbe O'll be wearin' the wig and gown of a judge or the uniform of a general. How would ye look to see

me marshallin' a regiment of sojers? Mebbe O'll be governor or president or some'n like that."

"Oh, Pat, ye have sich wild dreams!" Then Pat kissed her, took up his pack, slung it on to the other end of a staff and was about to set forth on his journey when Maggie handed him an envelope.

"It's for me cousin Bridget, who went to Ameriky last year. She's workin' in one of the hotels in Ameriky."

"Which way?"

"O! don't know. If ye don't find her the week after landin' open it and read what the writin' says."

"O'll find her, sure," said Pat, and with a last embrace he started off with head erect at a strapping pace down the road.

Maggie waited till he had gone to a point where she could see him through an opening in the trees on the crest of a hill. He turned and threw her a kiss. Firing up didn't trouble Pat a bit; it was when he reached the great city of New York, where "dollars as big as cart wheels were rolling about in the streets," that the real fight began. He didn't happen to meet Maggie's cousin Bridget, and, concluding that America was, after all, too big a country to warrant a search for her, he put the letter away. Indeed, he had no time for anything but making his living. He soon got a job, though a small one, and hadn't been in New York a month before he cast off his threadbare suit forever, donning a new one in its stead.

Pat spent a couple of years with a plumber learning the trade. The apprentice was smart and not only became a plumber, but a boss plumber, and four years after having landed set up for himself.

Pat had a great advantage in his cheery disposition. He became very popular with his associates, and, since popularity is an essential feature of leadership, he became a leader in a small way. A politician, perceiving his influence, took him up and made him one of his lieutenants. Pat developed fine political instincts. He had the art of turning down all grumblers among his adherents with that imperturbable smile of his. This is a power in politics. If he was obliged to give four plums to eight heeled, all of whom had worked equally well "for the ticket," he would give four of them a plum each, while every one of the other four men received a smile, an encomium and a promise for "next time."

Pat did not forget Maggie. Several times he made ready to send for her, but every time something happened to prevent. Then he began to make money, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to go over, marry Maggie in Ireland and bring her home, just as the quality do. He wrote to her to that effect, but she wrote back that such a plan would be too great a waste of funds. So in the end Pat sent her a draft for plenty to buy her a first class ticket, but Maggie, who was of a frugal turn of mind and could not realize Pat's change of condition, would not come over in any berth above second class.

Now, it happened that when Maggie reached New York Pat was engaged in matters that required all his attention. He sent one of his workmen to meet her, but it happened that the man was a very stupid person. And as for Maggie, she had never looked upon a town bigger than Killarney, never seen a body of water bigger than the lake on which she had lived and, having always been a housemaid, had no head for taking care of herself. She missed the man who had been sent to meet her. Fortunately her affairs for passing the immigrant authorities were in first class condition, and she had no trouble with them. But when she was landed at the dock in a strange city, with no one to tell her where to go, her heart sank within her.

Some one looked in a directory for her and found the address of Pat's shop. Then he put Maggie and her belongings on to a trolley car, told her to ask for a transfer, take another line and so mystified her that she didn't know what to do. Riding up the street, she saw floating in the breeze the green banner of Ireland, harp and all. It was a welcome sight. When the car reached a broad thoroughfare it was stopped by a crowd. Maggie got out and was told a procession was about to pass. Some one invited her to get up on a stoop, where she could see, and she accepted.

Presently she heard music coming, and a man on horseback approached. He wore a "grasshopper coat" and a silk hat, and a green sash covered with rosettes hung from his left shoulder.

"Arrah, mushia," exclaimed Maggie, "it's my Pat!"

There was Pat sure enough caracoling as marshal of a dozen or more Irish societies celebrating St. Patrick's day.

"Pat," cried Maggie, "it's good luck I've seen you."

Pat could not have heard her, but at that moment he happened to turn his eyes toward her and saw her gesticulating at him. He rubbed his eyes and, being satisfied that she was really his Maggie, waved his baton for a halt, threw himself from his horse and elbowed his way through the crowd toward her. Then when the grand marshal took the Irish immigrant in his arms and smothered her with kisses a shout arose from a thousand throats.

After the wedding, which occurred the same evening, Pat remembered the letter he had brought for her cousin Bridget. He was about to hand it to her when he checked himself.

"What's in it anyway?" he said.

Tearing it open, he took out a five pound note.

Maggie had supplied him with her savings, hoping when he reached the foreign shore and did not find Bridget he would use it.

This time when Pat took Maggie to his arms a tear stood in his eye.

DR. F. C. BROSIUS
Physician and Surgeon

Residence, Oak and Park. Office, Oak and Second. Office hours, 10 to 11 a. m., 2 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. Rooms 4, 5 and 6, Brosius Block, Hood River, Ore.

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CITY AND COUNTY WORK. Beilbrenner Building. Hood River, Oregon.