PRODUCTS OF GOLDEN WEST SHOWN

Fine Display of Fruits, Grains and Vegetables Make Great Northern Exhibit Effective Advertisement

The possibilities of Oregon both as an agricultural and fruit state are being played up strongly by the Great Northern Railway at their Exhibit in Columbus, Ohio, and the following extract of article taken from the Columbus Journal gives some idea of the beauty of and interest created by this Exhibit.

Great Northern Agricultural Exhibit at Night, 47 North High Street, Columbus, Ohio.

"Go west, young man, and grow up with the country," said Greeley. The seer gave good advice, but he stopped there.

"Go west, young man, woman, boys and girls, and grow up with the great new west," said L. W. Hill. Then Mr. Hill, who is President of the Great Northern Railway, and son of James J. Hill, backed up his advice by making it possible for everybody to go west.

That the people of Columbus and vicinity may become better acquainted with the wonderful western country, a free exhibition of the grains and fruits of Montana, Oregon and Washington has been opened at 47 North High street by the Great Northern Railway.

The exhibition is well worth the visit. Great sheaves of golden wheat, oats and other grains adorn the walls in artistic array. Big crystal jars display the fruits of the far west. Literature descriptive of the wonderful opportunities awaiting the homeseeker are distributed, and all inquiries made by vistors are cheerfully answered by those in charge.

"The Great Northern Railway has not a foot of land to sell," said I. O. Stout, who is in charge of the display. "President Hill wants the men and women of your city to realize the great possibilities of the big, new west."

Mr. Stout has many large photographs of orchard scenes along the railroad and in the adjacent territory which tell in forceful language the story of the fertile west.

As a proof that the apple industry is a great source of revenue in the western country, the fruit growers have sent gorgeous glowing fruits to the exhibition.

Piles and crates of apples, such as one seldom sees, grace the tables and counters at the exhibition.

Vegetables, too, of great size, are displayed.

Beautiful flowers from Oregon, cunningly preserved, add to the beauty of the display.

If you have thought of the west as a possible home, go and see this exposition. If you have not given it a thought, then go and see the wonderful things which the trees and vines yield the toilers who tempt fate and win fortunes in a virgin country.—*Journal, Columbus, O*

The Voice of Mary Etta

It Proves a Safeguard In Time of Need

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Never mind, Ben," encouraged Mary Etta as her husband shrugged into his overcoat and picked up his hat, "everything will come out all right in the end. All the other farmers in the county have met with the same failure that we have, only you've got the best of most of them. You've got your trade to fall back on."

The sullen expression deepened on Ben Madison's handsome face. "It isn't so easy going back to work under a foreman after being my own boss for five years," he said bitterly.

Mary Etta winced. "I know it, dear. But suppose you didn't have a trade and couldn't make up this winter for your losses of last summer. Mr. Fray has promised you steady work at $2.50—that's $15 a week. Why, it will pay the interest and taxes for a year, besides paying all our living expenses and giving you a splendid start for the spring. You might be able to buy another cow."

"I know all the advantages," said Ben impatiently. "But you don't understand how I feel about it, Mary Etta! It's sort of admitting I've failed on the farm, just as your father said I would."

His wife's eyes flashed strangely. "You don't understand father, dear. He has already admitted he was mistaken in his estimate of you, for you have done splendidly—no one can deny that—and who could prevent the long drought we have suffered? I know he'd think it was splendid of you to pitch in and make the farm pay by doing everything you could this winter."

Ben turned away, a discouraged droop to his shoulders. Of course Mary Etta didn't know that he had gone to her father the night before and asked him for a loan of $500 to tide them over the winter and spring—in fact, until his crops would begin to pay along in May and June, for his market garden and forcing house had proved a very paying branch of the Madison farm.

He reddened resentfully as he remembered how old Peter Lloyd's white eyebrows had lifted incredulously when his son-in-law asked for the loan. "No, Ben," Peter had said slowly; "I'm not saying I ain't got the money, for I have, but I guess I'll keep it awhile longer. If Mary Etta was a widow, now, and needed my help it would be different. You're a strong man, and you've done well so far. It would only weaken you to borrow this money of me. Find a way out yourself. You'll be the better off for it in the end, and I wish you good luck. If you was sick or there was an accident of some kind I'd be the first one on hand to help you out. As it is, you and Mary Etta have started out for yourselves, and you're both capable of fighting it out to the end—same as the rest of us have to do."

Ben Madison thought of this conversation with increasing anger as he trudged down the frosty road that led to Fray's planing mill. The only alternative left to him had been to seek a job at Fray's, where its owner had told him there were sufficient orders ahead to keep a good workman like Ben busy all winter making sashes and blinds for the spring building trade. Now he was going down to tell Fray he would take the job. There were others waiting for the opportunity, but Fray had promised Ben the first chance.

When he reached the road that turned down to the mill he hesitated and then walked slowly on, head down, moodily thinking. At last he came to the railroad station, where a few loungers awaited the passing of the noon train. Ben looked down the shining length of track that led to the city beyond. There might be opportunities for other work than that he had left behind when he married Mary Etta five years ago. He had hated the bench work, the long hours and the carrying of the dinner pail. They chafed his Madison pride. Ben was the last of his family, and all the pride of the Madisons seemed concentrated in this young man with the strong, broad shoulders and the bitterly drooping mouth, who imagined he had made a failure of life.

As the whistle of the approaching train shrieked from some distant crossing Ben Madison seemed to make up his mind to some course of action. He glanced quickly at the loungers congregated about the station stove and stepped out of the station house and walked up the track to the raised platform where there was a little heap of baggage. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and muttered under his breath: "I just can't go back to the bench again. I'll get something to do in the city and send for Mary Etta to come. I can write to her when I get there and tell her how it is. She'll understand."

When he was in the train he tried to persuade himself that Mary Etta would understand just how he felt and look on his decision in exactly the same manner that he did. Mary Etta had pride too. He had taken her from a comfortable home, where as the only daughter of a well to do farmer she had had little hard work and many luxuries. All of these things she had gladly given up to marry the man she loved, and Ben prided himself on the fact that by the work of his hands Mary Etta had not had to do as much drudgery as many of his neighbors' wives. She had help in her housecleaning, and whenever there was extra work to be done she had a woman to do her washing and ironing and scrubbing. And yet Mary Etta looked very tired this fall. Indeed, there was a faded look about her usually blooming face that Ben did not understand and secretly worried about. And yet his anxiety was not so great as his pride. He could support his wife, but he would do it in his own way. They would board all winter in the city where he could get fine wages, and in the spring they would return to the farm.

Once in the city streets he did not know which way to turn to look for work. By the time he had bought a morning newspaper and hunted its columns in vain for advertisements requiring the especial services he had to offer he was ravenously hungry. When he had appeased his healthy appetite he was troubled at the inroads made upon his little store of money, and this money had been a sum that Mary Etta had produced from some secret hiding place, for their money in the savings bank had been drawn upon to meet necessary expenses.

Mary Etta was a wonderful manager he thought as he left the eating place and walked aimlessly down the street. She had planned and contrived all through the autumn months while the dread of going back to the bench still hung like a dark cloud over him.

He paused in front of a gaudily painted doorway and read the posters of a moving picture show. In a few moments he had yielded to the temptation to enter and found himself seated well down in front in the long, narrow theater. At the moment there were being produced the pictures of a thrilling rescue from flames as a tall tenement house burned.

Ben watched breathlessly and cheered as heartily as the rest when the last picture faded away. He did not look at the card announcing the next production. The theater was warm, and he was removing his overcoat.

When he looked up he heard the faintly familiar sounds of an organ reproduced from a large phonograph on the stage, and there flashed into view on the curtain a scene that took his breath away and left him sitting in stunned silence while it lasted.

Before him was the interior of the village church at home, rows and rows of familiar heads, while up in the pulpit the thin, angular form of the new minister sat stiffly on the red velvet sofa, while the choir grouped on his left were singing.

He saw his own grave face beside young Harry Fray, the tenor. He saw Mrs. Phillips, the pastor's wife, and Mary Etta. Mary Etta, looking very sweet and girlish, was singing, and the others should have been joining in the refrain, for their mouths were opened. But it was only Mary Etta who sang, her sweet, high voice rising like that of an angel to the very roof of the church even now as it was reproduced from the phonograph and floated above the heads of the mixed audience, who hung breathlessly upon every word she sang. Now and then there was a strangled sob as the meaning of the song was borne to the hearts of the hearers and touched some tender chord.

Ben listened, seeming to hear the broken trill of a robin from the churchyard outside, as had happened the last time Mary Etta had sung that old Scotch hymn "My Ain Countrie:"

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles
For the langed for hame bringing an' my Faither's welcome smiles,
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine een do see
The gowden gates o' heav'n an' my ain countrie.

When the last note had died away amid a silence that was more eloquent than the noisiest applause Ben found his way to the management of the theater and was sent to the people from whom the picture films had been purchased. There, after many explanations and some delay, he was informed that the pastor had granted permission for the picture to be taken from the back gallery the spring before and that Mary Etta had been approached and asked to sing the song into a phonograph. This she had at first refused to do, and then, tempted by the money offered, she had consented and had made several trips to the city to sing many other well known songs to be reproduced for the entertainment of the public.

That explained to Ben Madison how it was that in spite of the scant returns from the farm that summer there had always been plenty on his table, while his store bills had been promptly met. The shadow in Mary Etta's face was probably the reflection of her troubled conscience, for her gentle heart must have suffered at deceiving her proud young husband.

Thrilled with self contempt, Ben Madison hurried home on the last train that night and awoke the astonished Mr. Fray from his early sleep. Then he went on to his home, where Mary Etta was waiting anxiously for his return.

"Hurray!" cried Ben joyously. "I got the job all right, Mary Etta. I'm going to work tomorrow morning. You got something for my lunch?"

"Lots," said Mary Etta, smiling through her tears. "Do you mind going back to the bench, dear?" she asked.

Then it was that Ben told her of his day's experience. "Gee, Mary Etta," he said in wonder as he concluded, "I don't see how you stood my foolish pride as long as you did! But you're the stuff. My pride's changed to another kind, and I'll work my fingers off one way or another till we pull out."

"Why, I loved you, Ben," said Mary contentedly. "That's why it was easy to do."

"You'll see how much I love you, then," threatened her husband happily.

THE HORSE THIEVES

By THEODORE L. BREWER

"There ain't the same chance for a lively life out yere," said the old plainsman, "there use to was. These yere railroads ruin a country."

I was to spend the night in Josh Miller's cabin. We were smoking our pipes after supper, and his wife was washing the dishes. I encouraged him to talk about the country as it was formerly.

"Them was times when the men was wild as the beasts. Every man was armed with a rifle hooked to his saddle, two revolvers in his belt and likely a couple more in his saddlebags. Anyway that's the way I used to go about. And I tell you we had some pretty likely women about yere in them days. They could all shoot, and shoot straight enough too. And, better than that, they wasn't all day doin' it. One on 'em I courted, too, for I wasn't married then, but so far as I could see she hadn't no use for me.

"The hoss thieves was about as bad stuff to deal with as anything we had out yere in them days. There was one gang of 'em that I and some of the rest of us got after and broke up. We killed some, hung some, and some of 'em got away. I hearn that them as got away said they'd get even with me. They'd git me alive and when they got me they'd make me suffer a death for every man of their gang I'd killed.

"And they got me sure enough. One arternoon I'd strayed away from the settlement, crossed the river—one of the forks of the Missouri—by a ford and looked about for some game for supper. I had only my rifle with me, but I considered that enough to deal with any Indians roamin' about. I didn't come on to no game, and, feelin' kind of lazy, I laid down on the ground.

"The breeze rustled the leaves of a tree under which I was layin', and the birds was a-singin', and everything was peaceful. That was what made the difference when the shootin' and the scalpin' begun in them times. We jumped from one to t'other in a jiffy. One minute it was listenin' to the gurglin' o' water and the sighin' of the breeze; the next we hearn a bullet singin' or a warwhoop.

"Well, I fell asleep. I was woke up up by a shake, and there, looking down into my face, was Bill Aiken, one o' the hoss thieves that had said he'd do me. He'd got my rifle, and I saw it was all up with me. Bill's hoss was nippin' the grass. So was mine. Three other fellers come ridin' up. They was the jolliest lot at gittin' me you ever see, and they begun at onct to lay plans for torturin' me to death.

"They concluded to take me to their camp. They tied a lariat around my neck, and one of 'em held an end before me, and another held one end behind me, so that I shore couldn't git away. Then they put me on my hoss. To git to their camp they was obliged to go over the ford I'd come by. Two of 'em rode ahead and two behind me. When we reached the ford the first man went in up to his hoss' belly. I was wonderin' if I couldn't find some way to drown. But I didn't have much time to think about it, for I'd scarce got into the water when the man who'd gone in first pitched forward into the drink. At the same time I heard a crack and saw a bit o' smoke floatin' away from the high bank on t'other side of the river. But I could see nothin' but the smoke.

"The second man, seein' the one ahead killed and not seein' what killed him, didn't know what to do. All of us was in the river, and crossin' a stream is the wo'st possible place for to be attacked. The third hoss thief called on the second to go on, but before he could do it there was another crack, and he dropped too. I was wonderin' if I was to be killed—ruther hopin' I was—when the man behind me give a yell, and he went the same way as the others.

"One idee by this time must 'a' got into the fourth man's head. I reckon he thought some one was doin' all this for me and, not likin' to give me a chance to escape, concluded to shoot me. I turned jist in time to see him puttin' his hand back to git his revolver when a red spot came in his forehead and he didn't git no pistol.

"Yere was four men either dead or so near dead they couldn't do nothin'. Two of 'em was goin' downstream under the water. Of course I didn't waste no time. I spurred my hoss and started across the ford. When I'd climbed the bank I looked for them as had done the shootin'. I didn't see no one. It was as peaceful there as an April mornin'. I listened, but I couldn't hear nothin' except a breeze shakin' the leaves of the trees. The grass was long, and I hunted about in it.

"Purty soon I came to a gal lyin' as if dead. She was the one I was tellin' you about a spell ago. A rifle and a 42 caliber revolver laid by her. I got off my hoss and knelt down to do somepin to help her when she opened her eyes. Seein' me, she put her arms around my neck.

"She was the party as had killed four hoss thieves and had saved me. Bein' out thar, she had seen 'em and, knowin' I was nigh, had gone back to git the weepons. After killin' all four of 'em, like a gal, she fainted."

"That's the kind of girl I'm looking for," I remarked enthusiastically.

"You can't have that one," said the plainsman. "She's in thar washin' dishes. Besides, she's an old woman now."

Warning

Notice is hereby given that School Superintendent's warrant No. 29, issued April 4, 1910 by Ernest C. Smith, county school superintendent Hood River county, to J. W. Hicks, clerk school district No. 11, for the sum of $488 85 has been cancelled and will not be paid by the county treasurer of Hood River county if presented, for the reason the said warrant has apparently miscarried through the mails, having never been received by Mr. Hicks. Any person into whose hands this warrant may come is hereby warned that it has no value, and anyone attempting to cash it will be prosecuted.

GEO. D. CULBERTSON,
County Judge.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE IN UPPER VALLEY

A disastrous conflagration occurred at the ranch of Charles Steinhouser, and great loss of life was averted by the timely arrival and heroic action of the fire brigade. As it was, three perished in the flames.

For valorous deeds of bravery there are few recorded upon the pages of history that compare with those performed at this appalling scene. If justice is done, the Carnegie Hero Fund will surely be exhausted.

As soon as the alarm was sounded, not one of the volunteers failed to respond. Ray Babson, foreman of Valley Crest Hose Co., was the first to arrive. He took in the situation at a glance and ordered a second alarm sent in, which brought Chief Barney Cooper and Parkdale Hose Co. No. 1 in record time. Barney, whose chief hobby is fighting fires, ordered that the inmates be rescued first and then, if possible, to save the building.

Cornell, regardless of all personal danger, rushed in and rescued two. He was closely followed by Uptegrove, who, half suffocated, emerged bearing one under each arm.

A shout was heard from the roof and all eyes were turned in that direction, and there, to the throng's dismay, was Steinhouser perched upon the apex of the roof. "Don't jump," shouted Chief Cooper through his megaphone, and in the next breath ordered a ladder hoisted, but there was not a ladder to hoist, as the Mt. Hood Hook and Ladder Co. No. 23 had failed to respond. It was explained afterward that the unusual had happened—the wires were down and, in consequence, they were unaware that their presence was so much needed.

Barney, aware of the intensity of the cold, ordered a stream directed to the roof, and as the water emitting from the hose froze it formed a huge icicle, down which Steinhouser slid to terra firma.

The fire was soon under control and a search for the missing was begun. The charred remains of three were found, two hens and one rooster valued at 75c. Amount of damage to building $1.50, fully insured.

FRANKTON HIGH SCHOOL OUTPOINTS ODELL TEAM

The debate held Thursday night at Park Grange hall, between the Frankton high school team and the team from the Odell school, was won by Frankton. The subject debated was: "Resolved, That the labor unions are a benefit to the laboring men." Frankton upheld the negative side of the question and won by a two to one decision. The judges were Truman Butler, Dr. M. F. Shaw and H. C. Hansen.

We print our paper MONDAYS and TUESDAYS. Copy required Monday.