HE LEFT BIG ESTATE

Henry Weinhard's Property Is Appraised.

ITS VALUE IS $1,381,967

Appraisers File Report in the County Court—Many Valuable City Blocks and Shares in Public Enterprises Are Included.

INVENTORY AND APPRAISEMENT OF WEINHARD ESTATE.

Total real estate	$ 836,850.00
Machinery, cooperage, stock on hand, office furniture, horses, harness and wagons	172,885.00
Revenue stamps on hand	904.00
Cash on hand and in banks	138,307.72
Bills receivable	184,487.00
Book accounts	37,908.50
Shares of stock	7,085.00
Household furniture	3,500.00
Total appraisement	$1,381,967.22

The inventory and appraisement of the estate of the late Henry Weinhard, which shows the property on hand and its value on September 30, 1904, just before Mr. Weinhard died, was filed in the County Court yesterday afternoon. The total valuation of all property is $1,381,967.22, which is no doubt a conservative estimate. The appraisers were George T. Myers, George L. Story and F. J. Alex Mayer.

There is naturally a large number of accounts due the brewery from various persons and firms and also numerous notes and mortgages because of moneys invested in this class of securities. There are also quite a lot of worthless accounts.

Mr. Weinhard did not own many shares of stock, only some Portland Hotel stock, Commercial National Bank stock and a few shares in minor steamship companies. The latter investment was made principally to help these companies along. He took shares in many public enterprises, and the inventory shows stock in the Industrial Exposition, Mechanics' Fair Association and others, now worth nothing. The real estate includes the block bounded by Oak, Pine, Fourth and Fifth streets; the Grand Central Hotel property, the southeast corner of Fourth and Alder, the southeast corner of Fourth and Madison, the residence block bounded by Burnside, Couch, Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets; the brewery block bounded by Twelfth, Thirteenth, Burnside and Couch, and also part of the next block containing the stables and cooperage.

TOWNSHIP "11-7."

A Description of Its Resources by John Minto.

SALEM, Or., Dec. 19.—(To the Editor.)—Permit me space to express satisfaction that no bona fide claimant in the township ("11-7"), so much in the public eye, has yet been pointed at as being suspected of wrongdoing in regard to the attainment of his claims. From a 30 years' acquaintance with the locality, the writer has known of no land-stealing, nor indeed, any wrongdoing about lines between bona fide claimants. The proclamation of the forest reserve did cause a number of good citizens of this county to abandon claims they had begun, chiefly because, though they would gladly have bought what they desired outright, the conditions imposed even to get the right to pay the commutation price has caused a cloud of suspicion to arise around any attempt to get a timbered homestead. It was 30 years on the 4th of July last since a road-viewing party of 14 citizens of this county named the center of that township, as it has happened, Independence Valley. The writer feels no hesitancy in predicting that within the coming 30 years it will be the legal center of a mountain-bound county.

This party was seeking the most practical way to the summit of the Cascade range and beyond for a common road, which was found up the north side of the most easterly branch of the Santiam River, and named the Marion by this party, and reported upon favorably at the succeeding August term of the Marion County Court.

This survey, known as the Davenport survey, is what is called by railroad men a water line, from Mill City to Marion Lake, three miles west from the summit, and 80 miles from Salem. This water line takes the C. & E. Railroad line into the center of Independence Valley, very near 3000 feet above sea level, judging by the exceedingly useful work Professor McAllister and his aides from the State University did last Summer. This little valley, which would be better—or at least more distinctively—named by a word meaning the meeting of the waters, as within or near it six forceful streams enter the common channel of the river, which is itself several times usable for, say, the manufacture of electric force.

This makes the township of which this valley is the center very probably the richest in water power, easily controlled, on the map of Oregon. As the Hon. J. D. Daly said of it to the writer recently, and there is no man living had better opportunities to form an opinion of it than he: "It is far from the richest township in timber resources. There are some very fine timber on the southeast quarter of it, and a little near the northwest corner, but its chief value as a whole is its water powers; and the northern half of it for bee and fruit farms."

Thirty years ago last July the valley might have been called either a game park or a strawberry garden. The writer was the first of his party to enter the open portion of it, to find himself close to a pair of beautiful black, half-grown bears, busy gathering strawberries. They behaved much like half-wild pigs, one stopping within easy rifle range to take a good look at me. This, it will be observed, was the common low ground short-stalked berry which used to ripen at Clatsop Plains at the same date, and at Salem, 73 miles west and 2700 feet lower, the last of May and early June. This valley here is a limited copy of Hood River as a fruit region, and, with a strip three or six miles wide, covering the railroad line and the river withdrawn from the forest reserve, and either a steam or electric railroad line extended from Detroit to Bend, the industries thus let in would soon be shipping strawberries, raspberries, huckleberries and honey over the summit into Eastern Oregon, to be followed soon by shipments of apples, pears and peaches. The cultivable land here is limited, and much of it stony or gravelly on the lowest land. A ridge reaching out west from the base of Minto Mountain, and considerable spaces of the south and southwest slopes of that mountain, extending from the top (estimated 3000 feet above the river) to it, is the reddish soil of gold-mining districts. It is covered with upland willow, sweet laurel and manzanita bush—good bee pasture now and good orchard land in the future. The lower south face of this mountain carries 100 acres, perhaps, of half-grown fir of 50 to 60 years' growth, indicating that in the early '40s a large forest fire killed a considerable area of mature forest around and on this mountain. Much of the southwest corner of this township, in which are located most of the names of the homestead applicants supposed to be fictitious, is very rough and steep and rocky; on which the timber, if accessible, would not be valuable. Along the river, and especially on the north bank bona fide claims were located by men engaged in railroad work before the orders of the first enterprise. Some of them yet remain, but still more in township 6 east. Young men of Salem and of Polk County yet hold their ownership, hoping this valley will be utilized as a thoroughfare of commerce into and from the center of the state, as has been the hope of the writer for 30 years, and is the cause of this writing now. A cursory glance at the assessment rolls of this county shows assessment on land in this valley east of Detroit aggregating over $71,000, and many claims in the eastern portion of 11-7 and east and south of it, located by young business men of Salem, were abandoned as beforesaid, rather than fill the requirements as to actual occupancy by men who would yet be glad to pay the commutation price outright on their application. The Oregonian's map of the township contains the names of 48 claimants, 12 of whom are supposed to be fictitious, so that, including Mrs. Watson's and Mrs. Porter's, there are still 34 holdings there, and the writer knows of others who purchased of the state. In 6 E., some of the holdings reach three miles north of the Davenport survey. I am told by the owners. In explanation of the ease by which these fictitious occupancies were claimed, the intended student should take into account the fact that from a point about eight miles east of where Professor McAllister began his measurements of the river, or 12 miles east of Detroit, to which the railroad line was left ready for the ties, the Minto trail, as marked on the map, is the stock trail of the Marion and Wasco Stock & Wagon Road Company, and is north of the Davenport survey up to the John D. Daly claim, so that there was the drawn-up survey and the river between bona fide settlers like Peasley and the fictitious locations, in addition to the exceeding roughness of the country.

Along the Minto trail, where the first claims were made and proven up on, from the crossing of White Water in 6 east there is good soil under indifferent timber, till near the west bank of Pamelia Creek; from the east bank of which a fine body of timber on good land reaches into 11-7, and thence three miles of chapparal and half-grown timber to the Daly claim arable soil all the way to and including the Gooch claim, which rather oddly seems to have been located to cover Gatch's falls, so named by the Davenport party. This is in the western edge of what will be 8 east, a magnificent body of timber with the valley of the Marion arm of the river, which for a distance of six miles has more water power running to waste than will suffice to run a double-track electric line from Detroit to Bend. Since seeing the grades in practical operation up which cars go to Portland and Willamette Heights, the writer has no doubt of the practicability of such an enterprise, and if half the expectations from irrigation of the Central Deschutes valley is realized, the time is ripe for the Legislative Assembly of Oregon to ask Congress for release of at least a three-mile-wide right of way through the Cascade forest reserve. To make way for the settlement and clearing of such a strip would be the wisest protection against the running of a forest fire along the west slopes of the range and would encourage settlement along the summit ridge. Already some of these lake beds are claimed in good faith for homes, and the time is ripening for more to be occupied and utilized just as are the mountains of Switzerland as high up as grass will grow; and that is above the timber line on the Cascades. To have these open spaces so occupied and approved would be one means of inviting more people to go to the mountains for a Summer rest. From the time of the Davenport survey this has been done by some of the best people of the writer's acquaintance, and is so increasing that landless people see inviting opportunities for settlement by Summer boarding.

Those who have never been on the higher ridges have little conception of the number of lakes and swamps there are near the summits, the latter being merely filled up lake-beds. Between township 11 south, range 7 east, and the summit there are many bodies of land of this kind and small lakes filling up at their heads. Many of these could be easily and cheaply converted into grass farms, that are yet largely water at the end of Summer. They and the springs which rise lower down are what maintains the flow of streams in late Summer. On September 18, 1884, John Bryant, of Gordon Valley, looking for a roadway from Quartzville to the Deschutes, wrote in his journal on top of a cone-shaped butte on the summit about three miles south of Mt. Jefferson: "From here we can count 16 lakes. Twelve on the west side and four on the east side." One of the 12 was Marion Lake and all the others lay north of the Marion branch of the Santiam and south of Mt. Jefferson, a district mainly clear of timber for the past hundred years or more. Industrious Highland Scotchmen would deem this district a paradise. It has Highland climate.

JOHN MINTO.

FINE FOWLS ON VIEW TODAY.

Oregon Poultrymen's Association to Open Annual Exhibit.

The annual exhibit of the Oregon Poultrymen's Association opens this morning at the northwest corner of Third and Taylor streets. There are 750 entries of chickens alone and a considerable number of pigeons and cats. All but the cats arrived yesterday and soon filled every one of the coops. The exhibition has better situation and conveniences than any held within the last few years. These exhibitions are always well regulated and well attended.

The show is open to all comers. There will be on view today and for a week to come chickens from all over the Northwest and British Columbia and some from California. There have also been brought in from the East prize-winners at St. Louis and others which have taken prizes at the chicken shows of Chicago and New York.

Most of the exhibitors are from this state, where some very fine birds are raised. The outsiders will have no more of a chance than the home fanciers. The state is full of good breeds of birds, and the best of them are now on exhibition at the poultry show.

White Plymouth Rocks are the largest class of birds exhibited, but there are almost as many Barred Plymouth Rocks, buff Orpingtons and White Wyandottes. In all these classes there are a large number of breeders exhibiting. And there is considerable rivalry among them, especially those in Oregon and Washington. They have competed at Salem and Corvallis recently and are all eager to take prizes. It means money in their pockets to win at a big poultry show.

The exhibition will open each day at 8 o'clock and will close at 10 in the evening.

DAILY CITY STATISTICS.

Marriage Licenses.

Harry K. Senour, 38; Anna H. Morehouse, 35.
George W. Brown, 29; Nora Van Fleet, 22.
Everett O. Bender, 23; Louise D. Howes, 18.
Abel McKay, 28; Elizabeth Davis, 20.

Deaths.

December 18, Anna E. Humbel, 72 years, 248 First; chronic bronchitis.
December 18, Ora Pointon, 33 years, St. Vincent's Hospital; septicemia.
December 18, Neil Cain, 1 year, Good Samaritan Hospital; pneumonia.
December 18, Robert L. Ayres, 25 years, Portland Sanitarium.
December 18, Shong Long, 12 days, 348 Couch; acute bronchitis.
December 18, Julia Hill, 53 years, 321 First; pleuro-pneumonia.
December 18, Catherine Dabritz, 53 years; paralysis.
December 15, George H. Stilwell, 46 years, Mansfield's Addition; Bright's disease.
December 15, Sarah R. D. Dukehart, 52 years, 554 Yamhill; carbolic acid poisoning.
December 17, Adeline Morriss, 56 years, Good Samaritan Hospital; Bright's disease.
December 16, Oscar Malson, 22 years, 387 Factory; paralysis.
December 17, Frank Ryan, 45 years, 235 Twelfth; pulmonary tuberculosis.

Births.

December 11, to the wife of George Burprecht, 246 Knott, a girl.
December 9, to the wife of Michael Frison, 508 Hood, a boy.
J. Wenistein, 247 Arthur, a boy.

Building Permits.

Henry Greshol, East Tenth, between Karl and Rhine, cottage; $400.
John F. Cordray, East Twenty-second, between Couch and Burnside, three dwellings; $5700.
C. E. McGuire, Clackamas, between East Twenty-fourth and East Twenty-fifth, two-story dwelling; $2400.
C. K. Orderman, Fifth, between Lincoln and Grant, repairs; $1000.

Articles of Incorporation.

Supplementary articles of incorporation of Muck Dunning Hardware Company, changing the name to Muck Hardware Company, were filed in the County Clerk's office yesterday by A. A. Muck, Emily A. Muck and A. Muck.

PICTURE-FRAME MOLDING.

We have just received the finest line of picture frame molding ever brought to this city; also a large line of ovals in gold, ebony and gold, brown and gold. Better values not in the market. Open evenings. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 170 First street.

SIG SICHEL & CO., 92 THIRD ST.

Card and chip racks, game sets, for home use. Newest and prettiest.

HOLDS THE OFFICE

E. Shelley Morgan Is Still T. P. A. Secretary.

TERM EXPIRES ON DEC. 31

He Has Not Yet Tendered Resignation, but Has Written Letter Announcing He Will Not Be Candidate Again.

There is no vacancy in the secretaryship of the Oregon Division of the Travelers' Protective Association, and E. Shelley Morgan, the present incumbent, will hold the office until after the annual meeting on December 31, and perhaps longer, according to the statements of those high in the councils of the board of directors and prominent in the work of the organization.

Although the dove of peace has not entirely settled all of the factional differences in the division, it is stated that Mr. Morgan is still the secretary and will continue to be, and that he has done nothing wrong or unauthorized by the board of directors. Mr. Morgan himself has views on the subject and states them.

"On returning to the city on Sunday evening," he said, "I was greatly surprised to read that I had resigned from the secretaryship of the Travelers' Protective Association, and I want to say that I have not.

"I also want to say that the statement to the effect that I had tried to sell out my division to the Iowa State Travelers' Association is false, and that I will cover all of that ground fully in my report to the annual meeting to be held in Portland on December 31. That is the time and place for such matters to be discussed, as they are things in which the members of the division alone are interested."

Not Candidate for Re-Election.

Robert L. Darrow, chairman of the board of directors of the Oregon Division, throws some additional light on the trouble. In his posession Mr. Darrow has the letter written by Mr. Morgan which was mentioned by him in the meeting of Saturday night, and taken to have been a resignation. This letter is a statement from Mr. Morgan to the effect that since the duties of the office have grown to such proportions as they have, he is disinclined to retain the office longer under the present salary. He had further determined a year ago that he would do all in his power for the election of a friend who would like to have the office. This letter was written before it was known that the members of the National board were coming to the Coast.

Mr. Darrow, in discussing the tangle, has no censure for the secretary.

"Mr. Morgan is a perfectly honest man," he said, "and has the best interests of the association at heart. What he has done, whether with or without the sanction or direction of the board of directors, was done from an honest motive. All men are prone to make mistakes, and if Mr. Morgan has made a mistake, it was a mistake and nothing more. After the last National convention, the Oregon Division was very rabid in its antagonism to the action of the National convention. It passed resolutions, not understanding the matter, and the personal efforts of many of the members are responsible for anything done by the secretary.

Not Deserving of Censure.

"I do not consider that Mr. Morgan should receive the least censure for what he has done. I am certain that he has not tendered his resignation. You have read for yourself the letter written by him to me, and it is simply a proposition that he is not able to retain the office unless there is more salary attached to it. He has not resigned and will not. His office will expire December 31, and at that time he may be re-elected or some one else may secure the office, but Mr. Morgan will not resign his office in the meantime. I would not, as the chairman of the board, consider the resignation, and I think that the board would decline to receive it."

E. M. Brannick, one of the prominent members of the division, is also on the side of the secretary.

"I think that Mr. Morgan ought to be sustained in his action," he said. "I think that he ought to be sustained in writing the letters, for he was writing them under orders received at the meeting of the division in July. He wrote them for his own instruction, and in what he thought to be the fulfillment of his duty as a secretary and a loyal member of the Oregon Division of the Travelers' Protective Association."

The question will be finally settled at the annual meeting of the Oregon Division, which is to be held in the parlors of the Portland Hotel on December 31.

DO NOT LOOK THEIR PART.

Mild-Mannered Youths on Trial for Daring Stage Hold-Up.

The trial of J. R. Hanson and John L. Ledford, charged with the hold-up of a stage and the robbery of the United States mail was begun in the Federal Court yesterday.

The crime for which the Government expects to make these defendants pay the penalty was committed on June 24 when the stage running between Whitney and Canyon City, Eastern Oregon, was held up, the stage driver and two passengers robbed and the mail sacks ransacked.

A jury was secured without trouble and seven witnesses examined during the day. Of these Ben Travis was the principal witness. He positively identified the prisoners as the two men who committed the hold-up.

A point which will be brought out by the prosecution and which is expected to have considerable bearing with the jury is that two pistols were found in the possession of Hanson and Ledford when they were arrested. These weapons are of a distinctive make and were ordered from Tacoma a few days before the crime. Hanson and Ledford are youthful in appearance and do not possess the air of bravado to be looked for in real, bad highwaymen. They are far from coming up to the dime-novel standard.

The trial will probably be concluded today.

SIG SICHEL & CO., 92 THIRD ST.

Pipe racks, Stein racks, ornamental and useful.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

If Baby Is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea.

MEETING OF DAIRYMEN

WILL PLAN ADVANCEMENT OF IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

Want Dairy Law Amended to Provide Regulations for Sale of Milk in Cities.

The Dairymen's Association which meets during the next two days in Odd Fellows' Hall, at First and Alder streets, will be well attended, as the members all have a personal interest in the arranging of a suitable dairying exhibit for the Lewis and Clark Fair, a matter which will come up before the meeting. This will be a matter of considerable importance, as this is becoming a leading dairying state and that portion of its resources should be well shown.

There are also a number of important changes to be suggested to the Legislature regarding the present dairying laws. One of the most important of these is to provide for the regulations of dairies selling milk in the cities. It is suggested that they be regularly inspected by the Food and Dairy Commissioner and that he issue a certificate which they must have.

The State Dairymen's Association now has a very large membership, springing from a small nucleus 13 years ago. The present president is William Schumerick, of Farmington, who has served ably for two years. It is believed, however, that he wishes to lay down the office. Professor F. L. Kent, of the Oregon Agricultural College, is secretary. Today's programme of the meeting follows:

Morning—Address of welcome, Mayor George H. Williams. Response (annual address), President William Schulmerich, Farmington. Address, "Hygiene of the Cow," Dr. William McLean, Portland. Paper, "The Farm Dairy," J. M. W. Bonney, Woodburn. Address, "Dairy Tests at Big Fairs," R. Scott, Milwaukie.

Afternoon—Address, "Dairy Feed Problems," Dr. James Withycombe, Corvallis. Paper, "Pure Breeds for Farm Purposes," J. M. Atkinson, Newberg. Address, "Irrigation in the Willamette Valley," W. W. Cotton, Portland. Paper, "The Railroad as a Factor in Industrial Development," H. E. Lounsbury, S. P. R. R. Co., Portland.

HERE ARE SOME BAD, BAD BOYS

Are Stealing Holly From East-Sider When Police Interfere.

Instead of selling stolen holly, purchasing presents and nice things for their friends and themselves for the glad Christmastide, Thomas Griffin, George Fisher and Vard Cascadden may spend their holidays inside prison walls or the home of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society.

While boys were making a raid on a fine holly tree belonging to C. N. Rankin, 284 East Burnside street, last night, Thomas Griffin was caught by the owner and held until the arrival of Policeman White. The boy was brought to the Central Police Station, where he was charged with larceny of holly. When closely questioned at the station by Chief Hunt and Captain Moore, Griffin gave the names of George Fisher and Vard Cascadden who, he declared, were with him at the time of the theft. Warrants will be issued for their arrest today, the police say.

Continual complaints have been laid with the police of late by people whose holly trees have been mutilated. It is now believed that at least three of the boys guilty of the repeated thefts and vandalism are caught.

"Far too much of this stealing from holly trees has been going on," said Chief Hunt. "We must put a stop to it. When a man has a nice tree of holly he greatly dislikes to have boys mutilating it."

THE WORD "SCANDINAVIAN."

PORTLAND, Dec. 19.—(To the Editor.)—The word "Scandinavian" is applied geologically to the peninsula between the Baltic Sea and Atlantic Ocean; also to the chain of mountains that divide Norway from Sweden. In every other sense the meaning is generic, and never specific as applied to race, language and political divisions.

Ethnologically, a Scandinavian may be a Swede, Norwegian, Dane, Swedish Finn or Icelander. These people form an offshoot of the great Aryan race—sometimes wrongly called Caucasian. They are closest related to the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon, and less so to the Latins. They are perhaps the purest type of the Aryan race in Europe today.

Philologically, Scandinavian includes the Danish, Swedish, Norwegian and Icelandic. It is a branch of the Germanic family of Aryan languages. There is no one language by that name. A man may speak a Scandinavian language, but not the Scandinavian language. It might be noted here that the Swedes speak Swedish, not Swede, which only refers to the individual, and not to his language. It might also be stated parenthetically that the Germans do not speak Dutch, nor the English Anglo-Saxon. They speak German and English.

Politically, the word Scandinavian is only misleading, and is out of place. There is no such thing now, if there ever was. So, when we read about the Prince of Scandinavia and Miss Roosevelt, we are at sea. There are only two royal houses in Scandinavia—the Danish at Copenhagen and the Swedish-Norwegian at Stockholm, Iceland being a colony of Denmark.

Perhaps it is not of very much interest to us who marries Miss Roosevelt, or who marries an heir apparent. To the student it is of interest only for its novelty. For a long time no European heir apparent has married outside of royalty.

When the third son of the present King of Sweden insisted on marrying Miss Munck—a lady of blue blood for generations—the groom had to renounce forever any claim to the throne. Personally, Miss R. is very likely the equal of any royal Princess under the blue canopy of heaven, yet in the eyes of royalty and the nobility she is a commoner, although her father is temporarily President of a Republic. If Miss R. aspires to a throne, and to marry Gustavus, she would certainly not lower herself in any sense, as has been done by so many American girls who have married foreign titles, for the royal family of Sweden-Norway is above any of the scandals usually surrounding human thrones.

E. B.

The terms "Scandia," "Scandinavia," are not native to the race to which they are applied. They came into literature through Pliny, a noted Roman author, who lived in the first century of our era, and perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed Pompeii, A. D. 79. By him the terms were used in a very indefinite way; for geographical knowledge then was very limited. Pliny thought of Scandia, or Scandinavia, as a large island. How he got the name no one knows any more than we know how Jonathan Carver got the name Oregon.

Don't wait until you are sick before trying Carter's Little Liver Pills, but get a vial at once. You can't take them without benefit.

MELLIN'S FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS FOOD

A baby who frets, worries, cries or sleeps poorly is probably poorly nourished unless there is actual disease. Mellin's Food provides plenty of good nourishment; easily digestible and does away with all fretting and crying. Try Mellin's Food, we will send you a sample.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Tales of the Street and Town

"WHEN a man wants to be lefohmah, he bettah lefohm hisself first," said an elderly merchant of North Second street, in comment on the so-called Chinese reform movement. "You likum cigah? Him good one, smoke um youself. Two-bit—no give um 'way. Yeh! I tell you! Chinese Lefohm Society plitty good thing. Somebody ketchum plenty money. Yeh, I sabe. Some pooh Chinaman work all yeah salmon-cannely, maybe-so veg'ble-glahden, maybe-so cook, maybe-so washee, him give $10, $50, maybe-so $250. Wha'foh? Him give money to 'plotect Emp'lor!'

"'Plotect Emp'lor!' Humph! that jah you? Chinese Emp'lor no catch-um money. He plenty like to catch-um Hong You Wai, one lefohmah; and Leung Kai Chew, one lefomah, too. Yeh!

"Hong You Wai and Leung Kai Chew plitty good mans, I guess. Lefohmah mans say so. They want 'plotect Emp'lor,' so they two big lefohmahs catch-um lots pooh Chinaman's money. Plenty moh little lefohmah, all same Plesidents and Sec'talies in China-towns all oveh evelywhere, catch-um some money, too, I sabe.

"Hong You Wai, Leung Kai Chew, good mans, yeh! I heah they live sometimes in Singapore, sometimes Mou-Kow—catch-um lots plitty women, all time eat joastpig, dlink, dance, sing. Yeh, you sabe? Plotect Emp'lor! Humph!"

"Then you think it's all a grafting scheme to get money out of fool Chinamen?"

"You sabe job? Yeh? Well, Chinaman too muchee talk, plenty otheh Chinamans job him, sabe? Wha'foh you no talk to Lefohmah Plesidents and Lefohmah Sec'talies, San F'lisco, Po'tland, Seattle? All plitty good mans, some work hard all time fan-tan, some work hard all time smoke opium. Yeh!

"You sabe Ti-hong-yet-bow?"

"No. What is it—town in Manchuria?"

"No. Chinese newspapeh, San F'lisco. Plitty good papeh—Ti-hong-yet-bow. You sabe Lee-Mee-Gun?"

"Yes, he's the boss gambler—Mayor of Chinatown here. What's he got to do with the Ti-hong-what-you-call-it?"

"I read-um editolial in Ti-hong-yet-bow. Him say Shellif Wo'd have plitty ha'd time bustin' Lee-Mee-Gun's gambling-house—all same Po't Ahthuh. Him papeh say Lee-Mee-Gun plesident Lefohm 'Siety, plitty good business to be gambleh too."

"You mean to say that the Chinese Pacific Coast press and the better class of leading Chinese think many of the reform leaders give the movement a black eye?"

"Yeh! You sabe. Lefohm business not doing velly lively just now. Yeh! Thasall. Goodbye! Say, you sabe Ding John, son Ding John Wing? Shellif Wo'd 'lest Ding John foh lottely business. Ding John, I heah, plitty good lefohmah too."

"THE crowning glory of a woman is not her hat," said the tall, slender young pulpit-orator, smiling urbanely. "It is her hair. He paused and allowed his eyes to twinkle about over his flock, then added: "All sisters having a crowning glory now hidden under a bushel (more or less) of feathers, straw and ribbon will please remove the bushels. Meanwhile the ushers will pass around the night caps. Please do not put into them any larger sums than you can afford."

After the bustle had subsided, the preacher stepped forward to the edge of the platform and held aloft what appeared to be a letter. An expectant hush fell like an invisible blanket over the flock.

"I have here a letter which I received the other day. It is a peculiar letter, an interesting letter. I regretted at first that the good brother who wrote it neglected to sign it, for I wanted to answer it in person. I would have liked to have spoken privately to the good brother, but as no name was attached I decided to read it to my congregation that my reply might then fall upon the long ear of the good brother. My confidential committee, to whom I showed the letter, advised me to withhold the letter, saying that as it was abusive, unjust and of evil inspiration, no good would be served by its publicity.

"While I was thinking the matter over yesterday, another good brother called to see me in my study. I mentioned the letter to him and repeated some of its phrases. My friends, his reply shows how things sometimes come about:

"'Why,' said, he, 'I can tell you who wrote that letter. He repeated those same phrases to me only the other day, and he said several other things which no doubt he has written also.'

"And forthwith my visitor repeated the 'other things' which were almost word for word as further written in that letter. Then I learned the literary brother's name!" (Pronounced sensation throughout the flock. The preacher here spread out the letter, smilingly, and seemed about to read it. He hesitated a moment; then, smiling still, refolded the letter and returned it to his breast pocket.) "I won't read the letter now, but, as Sam Jones once said: 'When you throw a stick into a crowd of dogs, the one that yelps is the one that is hit.'"

"WHERE is the children's-toy department?" asked a worried-looking woman in the hustling crowd of a local department store yesterday.

"Second floor, madame," replied the superintendent, "second floor."

"Above or below?" asked the lady eagerly.

A TRAGEDY involving the life of a pet kitten came near occurring in a local household one morning recently. The young couple had lately undertaken housekeeping, and the wife had determined to gladden the husband's heart and palate with hot biscuits. She deftly mixed a fine batch, rolled it out, moulded the dough and set the results into the oven. Just then she discovered the fire was out and the oven about cold. In her haste to rebuild the fire she neglected to shut the oven door.

Presently the fire was started and when it began to "draw" merrily, she closed the oven door and went about other household duties.

In a very few moments she returned to the kitchen and was startled by a muffled but agonized "meowing." It was evidently the kitten in distress. The lady sought under the sink, in the sugar-barrel, the flour-bin, the cupboard and other places, the cries of the poor kitty each instant growing more appealingly awful. Suddenly she thought of the oven door. Next instant a frantic and very hot kitten was released. With tail bristling as large as its body, it sped out the rear entrance of the house and sought coolness by tearing across the garden in the pouring rain.

"I SAW the nicest thing on my car last night," said Mr. Samuel, enthusiastically. "A lady—a mother—got on the car with two of the nicest-looking little boys (one about 10 and the other about 8). Pretty soon two little girls got on by themselves. What did those two little boys do? Without anything being said to them, they both jumped up and offered their seats to the little girls—as polite as you please. Now, I say their mother is a lady, isn't she? How many little boys are taught to do that?"

OFFICIALS connected with great Expositions know how large is the class waiting to bite at a job like a hungry trout at a well-cast fly. Oskar Huber, who is employed about the 1905 Fair, while in St. Louis some time ago attempted to enter a certain department of the Exposition there.

"You can't come in," said the doorkeeper.

"But I am on business."

"You can't come in."

"But I am director of works for the Oregon 1905 Fair. Here's my card."

"Oh, then you might give a fellow a job. Pass right in. Could you——"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Huber, dryly, as he brushed past.

L. P.

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