

“NEXT TO ACQUIRING GOOD FRIENDS, THE BEST ACQUISITION IS THAT OF GOOD BOOKS.” - COLTON.

THE DRAGON on MRS. THOMPSON'S ELOPEMENT by L.A. LONG



Well, sir, I don't go much on looks, But it doesn't seem jes' right For the Lord to lead a feller With a face that's jes' a fright. Away back in the forties, When I firs' came to the West, I lived down on the river, Where I made a little nest. Fer me an' Sue; she liked it well; An' it wasn't long till nabors Settled near us in the dell. One feller, Thompson was his name, Was the homeliest cuss I ever saw— Yet he had the purtiest wife That ever a feller looked at; An' her beauty made her famous All over the settlement— The which stirred up some strife. Like most purty wimmen, she was vain An' we could see, like all the rest, She gave her husband pain Every now an' then. By her gosh-hanged flirty acshuns When she met good-lookin' men. One winter, 'long in fifty, When the land was locked in mist, An' we not aroun' the fire till my wrist Got tired a-whittlin', Sue said: 'Si, the Thompsons are in trouble; The husband's sick a-bed; Misses Thompson's flirted 'roun' Till she's jes' turned his head; Seems like she's found a feller Better lookin' than her man.' An' Sue kept on a-clatterin'...

Then Thompson smiled agen, An' raised her to his level An' then an' then—an' then He kissed her; 'twas a mighty pritty sight. But Sue an' I didn't likt it— We thought it wan't quite right. An' then the man an' woman Started past our cabin door— We asked 'em in to dry their clothes; 'Oh, no; we started o'er.' The woman said, an' then she looked at him; Looked in his face; right in his eyes; An' then her own grew dim With tears; an' then the woman said: 'My man ain't much fer handsome, But he's got a noble head An' heart; an' I know my lesson now, An' never agen'll I grieve him; Right here you hear my vow.' An', strange as it may appear, The man, he took her back, An' they're livin' yet, together, An' they will, until the crack Of doom separates 'em; mighty queer What hearts these homely people have To cling to what is dear. To 'em; but they allus pulled together, An' she settled down right there. An' fergot about his homely face. They made a lovin' pair— An' Misses Thompson allus says As she takes Thompson's part: 'Never mind your handsome men— 'I like a great, strong heart.'... Advertising Means of Oregon's Development Continued From Page 2. ...investors who are seeking investments in the West. Astoria offers the best inducements to capital that are now to be had anywhere in the world. This great port at the mouth of the mighty Columbia River on the Pacific Coast is destined to be as John Jacob Astor, its founder, thought and intended it should be, a second New York. You who have been clerks for twenty years, do you want to die clerks, or would you prefer to come out West and grow up to be real men and property-holders? Out West you can win a home, make a good living and be independent, a real citizen. That's a chance to go to Congress or to the Senate, to be the Governor of a great state. All of the best Pacific Coast timber grows adjacent to Astoria, and the cheapest of water transportation allows importation of a Philippine woods, making it, together with its incomparable ocean and river transportation, the most ideal spot for a wood-working plant of any kind, imaginable. One of the most valuable things that can be done to help boost all the interests of a state or city is to create the proper esprit de corps. There should be no knockers. There should be no talking about some other state or locality doing a thing in a superior manner or producing a thing of a superior quality. Let the dead past bury its dead. Know that there is nothing greater in this world than an idea, that there is nothing but mind. The locomotive, the type-setting machine, the watch, everything that has ever been invented, first existed in the inventor's mind, and then in the hands of the workman. An idea is nowhere of greater price than in the market of advertising wares. Yet an orator is sometimes at least said to succeed without what his critics are pleased to term, a "discoverable idea." And in closing allow me to add that if the things I have held up on your mental horizon are not ideas it follows that they are my best substitute for them.

Victor Hugo's Intellectual Biography, translated by George O'Rourke, \$1.20. Funk & Wagnell Co., New York City. So far as known, this is the only work of prose written by Victor Hugo, the greatest of French novelists and poets, which has not previously been published in English. Sometime ago, it first made its appearance in French as the chief memorial of the Victor Hugo centenary, and was received with surprise, but with every mark of respectful commendation. Written in exile and in the solitude of his island home, Hugo ordered that the manuscript be not published until some years after his death, his purpose apparently being that he might with greater freedom than he could give his private conclusions on literature, philosophy, art and religion. None of Hugo's opinions are now translated by Mr. O'Rourke as shocking. One moment sympathetic and the other ruled by sarcasm that really cuts, Hugo throws new light upon his literary processes, and emerges a greater teacher than before. The world has already set its emphatic seal of approval on Victor Hugo and his works have been translated probably into every civilized language. Popularly, he is loved as a novelist, but cultivated readers know that in his poetry his genius has achieved its most sublime triumph. Jules Verne, the greatest of Hugo's "the mightiest gatherer of words since the world began." Balzac calls him "a whole universe," and Mr. O'Rourke says that Hugo is to be ranked "in that supreme constellation of Orion whose four central orbs are Homer, Aeschylus, Dante and Shakespeare. To start with, Mr. O'Rourke gives an introduction of 70 pages, in which he deals critically yet appreciatively with the subject at issue, and then follows Hugo's message as he wrote it to be read by busy men and women after he was dead. What follows is like an intellectual ocean beginning as a mountain stream and ending in a mighty river, sweeping all before it. Here and there a barbed dart from Hugo's quiver: One day you shall awaken in another bed. You shall live that great life that you now despise. You shall look and see darkness. And, suddenly, the sun arising out of the horizon and a ray of light, of the true light, will appear and it shall be as if you were dead. Then you will be struck with wonder and will see in that hand of light millions of unknown worlds. You will see, flying, brooding—some celestial, some infernal—these invisible beings that you now despise. And you will see, like a hawk, at your shoulders, and you yourself shall be one of those birds. About half of the volume is devoted to literature and art, and other pages give Hugo's convictions on the subjects of his destiny and God. Then there is a sheaf of detached thoughts, some of these being: Ben, brother, father, lover, friend, there is room in the heart for all the affections, as there is room in heaven for all the stars. Oh, woman! Beings fashioned of all our sorrows, joys, of what is most inspiring within us. Veritable lives taken from our sides. It was to sadden you, to fill us with rapture or despair, it was to draw us from words of flame, heart poems, wild deeds, God painted you, my brothers in shadow and gave you eyes of fire. Without vanity, equanimity—in a word without the full, arrogant, not be woman. Much of her grace is in her frailty. Goodness first, greatness next, happiness last. The wise man does not grow old, but ripens. Intelligence is the wife, imagination the mistress, memory the servant. A religion is a treatise. What is there beyond the summit? Heaven. Death is not the end of all. It is but the end of one thing and the commencement of another. At death man ends, the soul begins. The End of the Game, by Arthur Hornblow, illustrated, \$1.50. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York City. Sensational enough to please the most enthusiastic lover of melodrama at 10, 20 and 30 cents. Real dramatic, here, is both entertaining and interesting. He remembers the cat that always came back. For Marshall there is trouble in the kitchen, but like a hero, he floats to the surface, he generally manages to conquer all enemies but one—himself. The tale is just such a one that will bear a second reading in Lincoln Carter theaters and make money. The one weak chain in the construction of the story is Mr. Hornblow's apparent contempt for newspaper work and workers. All the horrible odds and ends he can gather with his muck-rake are presented in describing the newspaper offices where Roy Marshall worked, and these pictures are extreme and utterly absurd. Mr. Hornblow should try to make the acquaintance of newspaper men worth knowing and then, no doubt, he will be able to correctly write about the craft. Hero Marshall leaves newspaper work as if it were only a fever and flies to Pittsburgh, where he gathers fame and shekels as a steel expert. In the strike scene Mr. Hornblow has used an incident in the Homestead