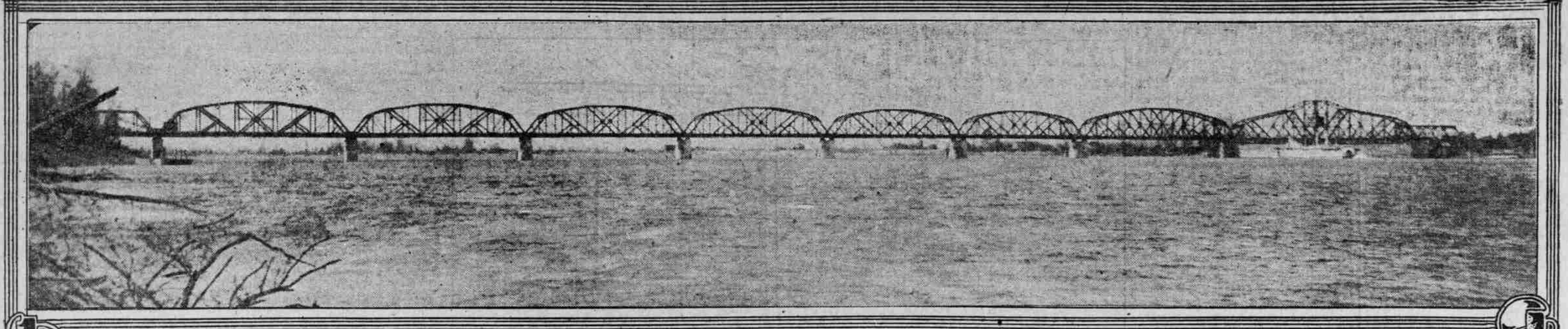


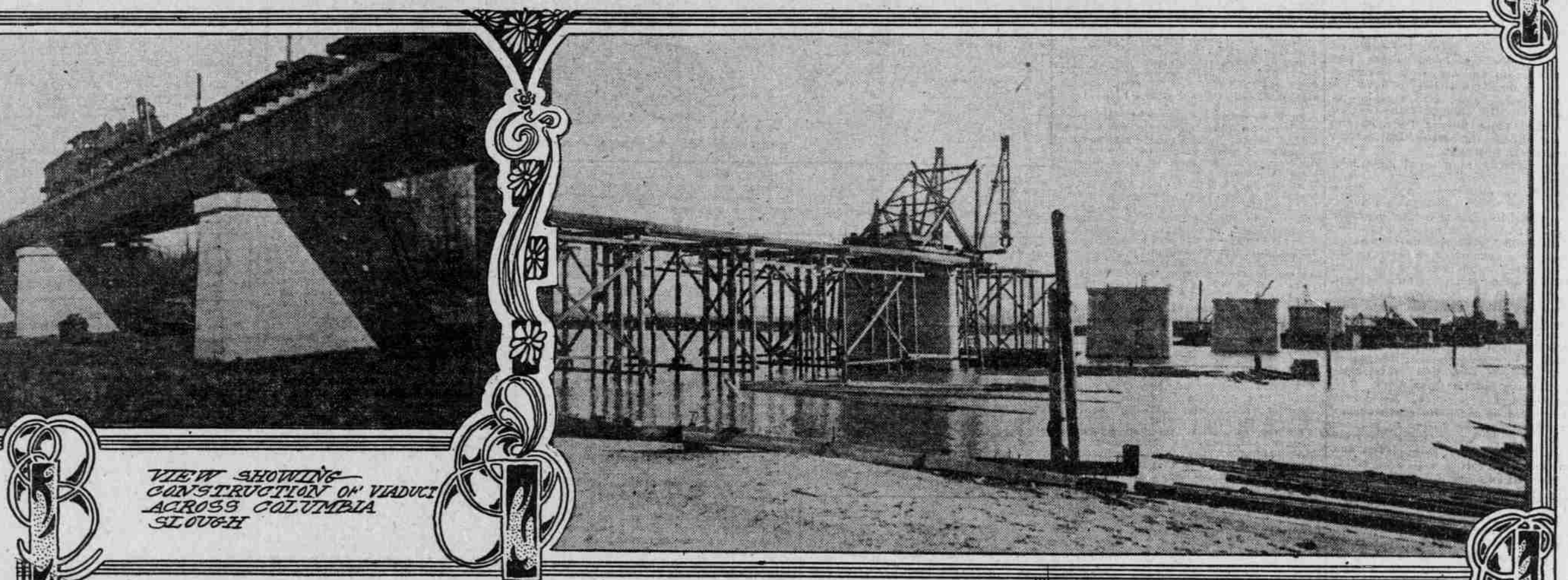
THE NORTH BANK ROAD'S BIG BRIDGES

One Over the Columbia With Approaches More Than a Mile Long.

GENERAL VIEW OF SPOKANE, PORTLAND AND SEATTLE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT VANCOUVER



VIEW SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF VIADUCT ACROSS COLUMBIA SLOUGH



VIEW OF SPOKANE, PORTLAND AND SEATTLE RAILWAY BRIDGE LOOKING FROM THE OREGON SIDE

WORK on the two big railroad bridges across the Columbia and Willamette rivers, being built by the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway, is going ahead at a rapid rate. The hammering of pneumatic riveters can be heard clear across the Peninsula as the workmen drive the white-hot bolts home, and the flying sparks make a pretty picture to all interested in the development of Portland, who are giving a warm welcome to the new railroad.

Both bridges will be completed early during the coming Summer. The chords of the big Columbia River structure, which is one of the longest railroad bridges in America, are being placed one by one and the bridge is practically completed across the main channel of the Columbia River. However, much work remains to be done, for the structure will extend across Hayden's Island on a trestle and over the Oregon Slough and the lowlands between the slough and the mainland of the Peninsula. In all, the bridge will be 5667 feet long when completed, or over a mile. The slough and lowlands will be crossed by eight spans, with a draw span, all of which will be 1466 feet in length. The island will be crossed by trestle work 2135 feet long and the main channel requires a bridge of 10 spans, with 10 piers and two abutments for the approaches, a distance of 1866 feet.

The structure will be remarkable for its strength, being a double-track bridge, with its piers sunk firmly in the bed of cement gravel far under the ooze of the river bottom. The draw span will be placed in the center of the channel and will be 666 feet long, allowing a wide opening for the passing of all craft up and down the river.

The Willamette River bridge is also well along. It, too, will be a double-track structure and its piers are moored in the same bed of hard gravel that underlies both rivers as well as the Peninsula. The structure will be 1388 feet in length and will have five spans and two approaches.

The cost of the two bridges will be

about \$3,000,000. James J. Hill being willing to pay this big sum for tracks to enter Portland, exclusive of expensive terminals. Such costly double-track bridges ought to allay the thoughtless prediction being made in some quarters

that the bulk of the freight brought down over the North Bank road will be shipped from Vancouver instead of Portland.

Ernest Nickerson, who had charge of the construction of the Willamette River

bridge, has been compelled to leave Portland for the East to recover his health. He confined himself so closely to the work that, he became ill, but it is hoped he will be able to return to see the completion of the work he has carried

so well. E. L. Crosby, who has been in charge of the construction of the Columbia River bridge since it was started, is also superintending the erection of the steel superstructure on the Willamette bridge.

CONCRETE PIERS IN COLUMBIA SLOUGH

THE IMP IN THE BOTTLE

A Famous Speech on the Evils of Intemperance.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man who manufactures alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the colled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the jaws of death, dishonor and crime, it demoralizes everybody that touches it from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the object without being prejudiced against the liquor crime. All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and withered breast of weeping and despairing mothers, of wives asking for bread, of the men of genius, of the wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by the devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff called "alcohol."

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, maimed in its strength, old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affections, crushes out of the world the filial attachment, blights parental hopes, brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends; and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, in-

duces cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the lifeblood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and support of the midnight incendiary. It counterpoises the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence.

It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the parental ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, despises heaven. It suborns witness, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; misery, not safety; despair, not hope; sorrow, not happiness, and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation and unassisted havoc. It poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy.

BACK TO THE OLD FARMHOUSE AGAIN

Kansas City Journal.

FOR weeks and weeks the preparations had been in progress. At last the great day was come. Eustace Jeromeal Snookins, the only son, was to return to the old farm after having been graduated from Harvard. Returning with him was his sister, Alwynette Yoalide Snookins, the only daughter, who had just been graduated from Vassar.

For weeks and weeks, as stated, all hands on the farm had been on the kee-vee.

The proud and happy old farmer and his wife drove over to the station in the green and red-bodied wagon six hours ahead of time to meet their progeny. They brought 19 cents' worth of crackers and cheese with which to beguile the time during their long wait for the train, and fed the horses in the back of the wagon.

When the train at length pulled in their excitement was great.

But they scarcely recognized their offspring when the latter swung off the train.

The one-time freckle-faced, angular, gawky, shambling Eustace Jeromeal Snookins was now only a shade under six feet two, with Atlas shoulders, and he looked as if he might be able to give Hackenschmidt a tussle on the mat. He was dressed in a \$85 suit of clothes and there was a gay, varicolored band around his rakish soft hat.

Alwynette Yoalide Snookins also was nearly the entire bill of lading. From a hanky-panky boyden, with involuntary warts on all the digits of both hands, she had blossomed into an Atlanta in a tailored suit that looked as if it had been painted on, and a flower pot hat that was not only up with but three jumps ahead of the millinery mode. She was about five feet ten, Hebe-

shaped, and if she wasn't a raging-roaring beauty, then the Empress of China is one. Alwynette Yoalide Snookins, getting off the train, looked as if she belonged in a London Graphic picture of a royal lawn fete, engaged in dipping out champagne, under a flapping marquee, for the Duc de Colongnet.

"Why, hullo, there, pop!" exclaimed Eustace Perceval, clutching his father's proud, horny paw. "Same old fringe, I see!" playfully twiddling the old man's Galways. "Pipe the 'high-waters!' ing gaily at his dad's homespun trousers, which were somewhat hesitant about the shoe tops. "Still wearing home-made suspenders. I see, and home-made haircuts! Well, well, dear old pop!" and the bright, sunny-haired lad once more clutched his father's weather-browned hand.

"Why, haw-o, maw!" said Alwynette Yoalide to her mother, offering her a pretty cheek to kiss. "You look some on the frit, maw! Still getting out of the shocks at 3 o'clock every morning and milking those 30 Holsteins. I s'pose? My word, the same old Paisley shawl, I do declare! And say, maw, how your nose does shine, doesn't it? Don't they sell any talcum around here? And the same old cameo brooch! Tush, mamma, and I see you're wearing a pair of the hired man's shoes! Dear old maw!"

Never before were such happy greetings heard in Dumppvale!

They drove home to the old farm in the red and green bodied wagon, Eustace Perceval and Alwynette Yoalide kidding each other about it and also stringing the staring population that lined the road, as if it had been painted on. "Well, well, it won't do—it will not serve," remarked Eustace Perceval when once more, after his long absence, he had crossed beneath the old

lintel. "Looks like the cotlar's Saturday night, the hull shack."

"Pop, you want to tear it down right away and build a house—a sure enough humlink house. D'ya mean to say that you eat in this corner of the cave still?"

"Why, say, guv, a Chink wouldn't stow chop suey in his face in such a dining-room as this—on the level he wouldn't! The hull blooming plant's got to come down, that's all, and an honest Injun house to live in has got to be built on this site."

"Well, if this wouldn't snap your E. string, murmured Alwynette Yoalide, gazing about her gloomily. "Same old red imitation damask tablecloth with holes in it on the dining-room table, I see."

"And didn't I write to you, maw, and ask you to put up some Swiss curtains instead of those mummy wrappings? And say—Eusty, hold me, will you?—look at that Middle Ages contraption in the front room—that whatnot with the dinky sea shells and the curled-up autumn leaves and junk spraddled all over it! Wouldn't that impede your movements?"

"Wouldn't that locomotor-atax anybody? There's no use talking, maw, you've got to cut out this antediluvian business and get next, or there'll be something transpiring around here, and that's no wireless from the Bad Lands."

"Why, this dump looks like four days over the mountains on mule back in darkest Kentucky—doesn't it, Eusty?"

The old farmer and his wife—

However, just a moment, please. If the gentle reader expects that this story is going to wind up in the conventional fashion of the epoch he might as well turn over to the real estate news and the automobile notes.

The conversational method of terminating the story would be to portray the

horny-handed old farmer in the act of vulgarly expectorating on his mitts, rolling up his sleeves, inviting Eustace Perceval out to the old red barn, handing Eustace Perceval more than was coming to him with a fence picket for about 15 minutes or more and then putting Eustace Perceval at work cleaning an old set of harness with a bum rag and a bottle of neatfoot oil.

And in like conventional manner the radiant Alwynette Yoalide's mother would be pictured as proceeding to prance in to that young woman with an assorted line of Cynthia conversation on the subject of Alwynette Yoalide's having got too big and bulky for her shirtwaists, and Alwynette Yoalide would be shown as rigged out in a green and red Persian pattern calico wrapper and set to work washing and ironing the hired man's lingerie.

But—

It is intended to cleave unto strictly truthful, even if disappointing, delineations, or what actually happens in circumstances such as these herewith presented, even at the sacrifice of the comic supplement spirit.

There—

Eustace Perceval and Alwynette Yoalide immediately became the main push and the only recognizable noise under the old vine and fig tree. The old man and woman were more tickled and proud the more their progeny bucked and kicked, and Eustace and Alwynette weren't permitted to get their hands sunburnt, but lolled on the porch all day, reading best sellers, and the more lugs they put on the more the old folks liked it; and Eusty and Alwy were now sojourning at Asheville, waiting for a new house to go up on the site of the old one; and at the end of the Southern season Alwy is going to spend a month or so in New York, picking out tapestries and bijouterie for the ornamentation of the new home, with particular reference to an all-brass swan-shaped bed for her own room, while Eusty is going to tarry in New York to purchase tennis rackets and fobs and boxing gloves and pictures of immodest soubrette persons wherewith

to decorate his den in the new home on the old farm.

Sad, monochastic work, this thing of being compelled to straighten out the gnarled kinks of the indurate funnyists, but facts are facts, and the time is nigh when they should be recognized as such.

The Smoker's Sad Lot.
Chicago Evening Post.

The man who smokes 10-cent cigars
Or two-fers, stogies, or a pipe
Who puffs inside the smoking car—
The smokestack's human prototype
(Perhaps that simile's not right.
But "pipe" has none too many rhymes—
Is apt to hear this day or night:
"You smoke too much."

If he complains about his health
And says that his digestion's bad,
They drop the hint on him by stealth
And for the opening are glad.
Or when his teeth begin to ache,
And that he cannot save enough,
With this remark they'll interlard:
His constant rhythmic draw and puff:
"You smoke too much."

It gets so when he misses trains,
Or buys a suit that doesn't fit,
Or when his taste for drama wanes,
Or when he shows a cosmic wit,
Or when his hair is falling out,
Or when his teeth begin to ache,
Some critic then is sure to shout—
And this remark is what he'll make:
"You smoke too much."

No matter what the poor man does,
No matter what he doesn't do,
No matter what the poor man was,
Nor what hard luck he struggles through;
If he should have ingrowing nails,
Or if his eyes are getting weak,
Or if his voice is sinking falls,
Somebody else is sure to speak:
"You smoke too much."

In the Pasture.
I love the kind old hoarse-cow
Who gives nice milk to me,
And often do I wonder how
That hoarse-cow can be
So patient in the field all day
And eat her clover meal
With flies a-buzzing every way.
I've wondered a great deal,
She looks so happy and so mild.
Now this is what I think
She says: "How that dear little child
Will like this milk to drink!"

EVOLUTION

Langdon Smith.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprang through the ooze and slime,
Or splattered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lapse of time,
The hot lands heaved again,
Till we caught our breath from the womb
Of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibia, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease beneath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet.

Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,
And the world was rolled in the clinging mould
Of a Neozoic shore.

The cone came and the cone fed,
And the creep that wrapped us fast
Was risen away at a newer day,
When over the nursing sod
Then light and swift through the jungle
trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms.

In the hush of the moonless nights
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts cling each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled,
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange dim dream of God.
I was tressed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like a great cave bear;

And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair,
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell over the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shamed it with brutish craft;
I wept at the shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and heart.
Then I hid me close to the treedy tarn
Where the mammoth came to drink—
Through brown and bone I drove the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Lo! I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin,
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded foot,
We fought our way to the cavern wall,
And cheer by cheer, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With red and black hand and brain;
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of
might,
For human laws were drawn,
And the world was rolled in the clinging mould
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

Your trail is on the Kimmridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flag,
We have left our bones in the Blagshot
stones,
And deep in the Coralline crags,
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come again,
Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I a fish.