CLEVER STORIES BY CLUB WOMEN

Husbands were under discussion at the club. "The subduing of my husband," said a sweet-tempered little woman, "came about through his own mother—my mother-in-law. No," as quick smiles greeted this beginning, "she wasn't a tartar, and she was always particularly nice and kind to me. And the manner in which she subdued my husband was all that it should have been, too.

"When I was married, you see, I lived a long way from my people, and, being young and totally inexperienced, I had a hard time in some ways. My husband's mother, dear woman! lived near us, and would often have helped me, but my husband decreed that I should never ask her advice or assistance on any account or for any reason. He didn't intend that we should bother our older relatives with our trials and troubles, he explained, and not even when the first baby was born would he allow me to call upon his mother for encouragement or aid. The mother understood the case, and her son perfectly, and often slipped over quietly to confer with me, and to laugh over Edward's short-comings. But never a word of advice did she whisper or breathe when he was near.

One Sunday, however, it happened that I was ill and the baby had the colic. It cried and cried and wailed and wailed and between the two of us my husband got so worried and nervous that he felt he could stand it no longer. So when he was convinced that both of us would be dead before his mother came if he waited for me to send for her, he reluctantly performed this feat himself. She came once, bless her! and although I was far too ill to raise my head by this time I was not too ill to enjoy what followed.

"The baby was crying like mad when she entered, but not a word about him or grandma say until my husband fairly put the child in her arms. Then: 'Do you want me to suggest a remedy, my son?' she inquired, with grave mouth but twinkling eyes. 'I thought it was against your principles to allow outside suggestions of any kind.'

"'Well, mother,' said my husband, lamely, 'I was thinking the other day that perhaps we'd been rather selfish, Marie and I, in refusing you to have your natural pleasure as a grandmother in helping us bring up the baby. And I was thinking—'

"But his mother cut him short, as only the woman who had helped him cut his teeth would have the courage to do. She looked from my bed to the baby and back again for a moment, and then she spoke.

"'Must some one sit up all night with Marie, or has this poor infant colic, my son?' she inquired.

"And my lordly husband, who had planned to secure his mother's assistance without lowering his pride in the slightest or eating humble pie with his own proud declarations that never in the world would he ask assistance from his relatives, was a meek and chastened individual from that time on."

"Far be it from me to underrate or belittle the value of the mother-in-law as an aid to the proper management of the new husband, came the story of a woman, now an admired and beloved mother-in-law herself, "but, after all, it was my father-in-law who once rendered me a great service in the days when my now thoughtful other half was inclined to value himself quite too highly, and at my expense. He loved me dearly, of course, in the days when I had not grown thoroughly accustomed to my new or 'Mrs.' name, but he hadn't the highest possible opinions of my good judgment or common sense, very often, and he seldom hesitated to let this attitude be known. Perhaps he thought thereby to prove that he was the strongest half of the bargain, and not to be hen-pecked, even at that early day. At all events he often made sport of my conversation or opinions, and I remember that this happened once at the Sunday afternoon tea gathering that was a time-honored institution in my husband's family. Finally my father-in-law, noticing, perhaps, that my cheeks were red, my eyes blazing and my mouth tremulous, came to my rescue. He began to talk to me with marked courtesy and attention, and almost before I realized it I was telling him of the soul-thrilling experience I had then known—an accident in which not only my own life, but also the life of many people, depended upon my quickness of thought and presence of mind. My husband was rather proud of this incident, which had happened shortly before we were married, and he listened with a quiet smile to my account.

"When I had finished, and while every one was still silent and listening, my father-in-law threw down the gage in my behalf.

"'Wonderful little girl, wonderful,' he said, quietly, yet with an amused smile; 'quite providential, in fact. And all the more remarkable and amazing,' he added, with a louder tone and determined manner, 'since Charlie, here, wasn't along to do your thinking for you, and you had to depend upon yourself alone.'

"I loved my husband as well then as I do now, which is saying a great deal, and I'd have laid down my life for him, if need be, at any time, I'm sure. But still, the sudden color of his cheek pleased me mightily, and, when I bade the old gentleman good night that evening I put my arms around his neck and kissed him, and I've looked upon him as my special friend and protector ever since."

The dearest fad of another club woman is that of the metamorphosis of untrained into trained workers, with the resultant improvement of all social and economic conditions. Happening to have a bright second girl in her employ recently she endeavored to stir up in this girl's nature certain latent seeds of ambition and desire to do better work.

"Now, Mamie," she said to the girl, one day, indicating a pile of neatly but not perfectly ironed shirtwaists, "if you were a trained shirtwaist ironer I should be paying you at least 25 cents apiece for ironing these blouses, and you could iron quite a number in a day. As it is, I pay you $5 a week for performing indifferently well a number of other duties, and it is all the supply and demand of the economic market have decided you are worth."

The girl made no answer but she looked thoughtful. A little later she asked for a three days' holiday and returned with the air of one who has some pleasant plan ahead.

Two weeks later the industrially inclined club woman, who was to leave the than usual before I began on the shirtwaists in the wash. They came up from the laundry looking even more delightful than upon their last appearance, and —pinned to the top of the heap was a bill for the ironing—20 cents for each one.

"What does this mean, Mamie?" queried the amazed woman. "How can you offer me a bill for doing the very work for which I pay you by the week?"

"You said you paid me $5 a week for doing a number of other things indifferently well," retorted the respectful and demure Mamie, with a suspicious twinkle of the downcast eyes and a tightening of the corners of her mouth, "and I'd done them all a little better than usual before I began on the shirt waists. We didn't say anything about ironing shirtwaists when I undertook to do your second work for you, and you told me that other day that if the waists were perfectly ironed you'd be paying me 25 cents apiece for them."

The club woman who tells the story was astonished and amazed beyond measure, but the force of her own transplanted and repeated argument struck home to her honestly, and the clever maid was made happy by the payment of her bill.

BRITISH WORKMEN'S IDEAS OF AMERICA

The report of the commission of British workmen who were brought to this country by Alfred Mosely last year is a curious and instructive document. So far as practical results of advantage to British industry are concerned the excursion seems to have been of little value. The visitors were keenly observant, but their insular prejudice appears to have been so strong that they devoted most of their time to noting things in which they consider the comparison between England and the United States unfavorable to this country, and of what it was hoped they would see it appears that they saw very little. This is not surprising.

For example, Delegate Cummings, who gave especial attention to iron and steel shipbuilding and boilermaking, concludes his report with the following generalizations as to the general characteristics and tendencies of the American people:

"Gambling and pleasure seeking appear to be characteristics of the American's life. These, taken in conjunction with his ordinary restless spirit, seem to shorten life, make men prematurely old, and increase insanity. Climatic conditions may be to some extent the cause of the generally unhealthy look of the American people, but the opinion generally expressed, to enjoy life while it lasts, has also some effect. There is, however, less regard for human life in America than in our own country. Life altogether is held cheaper, and that may be inherited from earlier times, when firearms were used on the slightest provocation. Altogether I am of the opinion that a halting time will have to take place in the States. The rush for enjoyment, the disregard of human life, the corruption of local politics and other immoralities, and the almost continental Sunday, added to which is the disinclination to walk or make any exertion after business hours if it can be avoided, all tend toward the moral and physical deterioration of the people, and must be arrested if disaster is to be averted."

Alfred Mosely, who brought the party to this country, says in his introductory chapter:

"The American workman drinks but little. One of the points the delegates were invited to investigate was whether or not the workingman in the United States wears out faster than the Englishman. Personally, I think not."

One of the delegates, who did not find much to instruct him in this country, sums up his observations as follows:

"The workmen who have built up American industries are largely Britishers. Most of the inventions in American workshops come from men hailing from the old country."

Conclusions like this would seem to show that the delegates were not here long enough to derive much benefit from their visit. It might have thrown a flood of light upon the British industrial situation had they inquired why it is that the "Britishers" who have done so much for American industry found here a more inviting and profitable field than they left when they emigrated. Why has Americanization developed vast usefulness in mechanics who could not make a satisfactory living at home? Perhaps this is the key to the whole problem. If so, the Mosely delegation does not seem to have discovered it.—New York Times.

SENATOR BAILEY'S START

The $200,000 fee said to have been earned in Wall street by Senator Bailey of Texas gives point to a story told by a man from Texas upon the manner in which Bailey got his start.

"Bailey," said the Texas man, "was a struggling young lawyer in the new section into which he had moved. Time rolled around to nominate a Democratic candidate for Congress. The day of the convention had been set. It was conceded that a certain old man in Congress would be given the nomination.

"Having much leisure and but little money, he thought he would walk to the convention. After he had been on the road for some time a farmer drove up behind him. 'Wanter git in an' ride?' he said to the young lawyer, and Bailey accepted gladly.

"'Going to the convention?' asked Bailey after awhile. 'Yep,' said the farmer. 'Ever hear of a young lawyer named Bailey 'round here?' asked Bailey. 'Nope,' said the farmer. 'Good speaker and bright fellow, I understand,' suggested Bailey. 'S'pose so,' said the farmer. 'Yes,' continued Bailey, 'and he will be over there today and I tell you what we'll do. We'll call on him to make a speech. You see all your friends, tell them about Bailey and we'll call on him.'

"The farmer said all right. No more was said about the matter until there was a lapse in the convention during the preliminary movements of the body. Suddenly the old farmer got up and suggested that the convention hear from Mr. Bailey, 'a risin' young lawyer of these diggin's,' he said, 'an a feller who talks like puttin' out fire.' 'Bailey! Bailey! Bailey!' more than a dozen yells went up and Bailey came forth. Joe Bailey made one of the hottest speeches of his life, and the upshot of the whole thing was that the 'risin' young lawyer of these diggin's' got the nomination for Congress and is now Senator Bailey of Texas."

CARRY O'LANUS

Joseph O'Brien is an Irishman who has traveled all over the wkorld, served in the royal navy and knows everybody. You can never mention a man or a fact, or anything else, but Joe knows it.

One evening I was sitting in a "decent public" with some friends discussing the recent events.

I closed by remarks with a quotation from "Coriolanus," and just then Joe walked in and happened to hear it.

"Who said that?" said Joe.

"Oh, Coriolanus. Of course you knew him."

"No, I never knew him but I knew his people. A fine old Roscommon family, the O'Lanuses. I knew all his brothers, but I never knew Corry."

AN OZARK STORY

During the blizzard which struck Kansas at the end of April the Globe of Atchison published a good Ozark story. Down in the Ozark regions of Missouri by some chance a newspaper strayed into a benighted neighborhood. The natives go hold of it and lost no time in finding a man who could read, all being anxious to hear the news. One man asked the reader, "What are they doing down there in Washington, now?" "They are doing lots of things," the reader replied. "Congress has just passed a law adding two more months on to the year and they are both winter months." The questioner jumped from his seat, saying, "Geeminee, whiz! And I am just out of fodder."

FARM WANTED

In exchange for **THREE OR FOUR NEW HOUSES**, with ready tenants. The present owner desires to be the owner of a farm of from 120 to 200 acres, within 30 miles of this city, if **AT LEAST 30 ACRES ARE UNDER CULTIVATION.** Good value given and demanded.

For particulars call at my office.

J. KRAEMER, Commercial Blk.

LOVERS ELOPED TO THE BASEMENT

At the time it happened I was temporarily in charge of a church in New York, during the absence of the regular pastor, who was away on his summer vacation. One day as I was walking near the church I was accosted by a young man, who inquired of me in a rather hurried manner:

"Are you the minister of this church?"

"No," I said, "but I am preaching here for a few months."

"Will you perform a marriage ceremony?"

"Certainly," I answered, "who wishes to be married and when?"

"I do," he said, "and now."

Up to this time I had not paid much attention to him, but his unexpected answer caused me to regard him with new interest. He was a well-dressed young man, apparently about 30 years of age, and his manners were those of a gentleman.

"Well," I said, watching him closely, "is it all right?"

"Yes, sir," he answered promptly, "but there are reasons why the ceremony should take place at once."

"Ever been married before?" I inquired.

"No, sir."

Before I had made up my mind what to do the young man had signaled to a cabman. In a dazed sort of way I saw the cab stop in front of us and heard the young man saying:

"Step in, sir."

We drove rapidly a long distance, but neither of us said a word. It occurred to me afterward that this was strange, but at the time I was too bewildered to think of it. I was not familiar enough with the city to know where we were driving, but I judged from the style and architecture of the houses we passed that we were in a wealthy neighborhood. At last we stopped in front of a fine residence. The young man turned to me and said:

"Owing to the illness of the young lady's mother the ceremony will be performed in the basement."

We got out of the cab, hurried toward the house, and as we reached the basement door it opened as if by magic, and we stepped inside.

There were two maids in the room. The young man announced to me in low tones that as there was sickness in the house there would be no witnesses except these two house servants. He then whispered to one of them and she immediately left the room. In a few moments she returned, but not alone. The lady who accompanied her was dressed in white, but her face was so concealed by the folds of her bridal veil that I could not see her face distinctly.

Not a word was said as she entered, but the young man crossed the room to meet her, and, turning to me, said:

"Proceed, sir!"

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride lifted her veil, threw her arms around my neck and gave me a hearty hug. It was so sudden I had not time to see her face, and I had scarcely recovered from this unexpected rapture when the young man announced that the cab was waiting for me. He then escorted me to the door, gave the driver some directions, pressed a bank note into my hand, bowed silently, and reentered the house.

Had Time For Reflection.

As I drove home I had time for reflection, and the more I thought of the affair, the more strange it seemed.

It was two months before I discovered any trace of the couple. Then, one Sunday morning, as I was preparing to leave the church after the service, the sexton informed me that some people were at the door waiting for me. When I reached the door there stood my bridal couple of two months before. In their beaming faces I read their happiness.

They had called upon me, they said, to express their gratitude and to explain the peculiar conditions under which they were married.

The marriage, it seems, was an elopement. The ceremony was performed at the young lady's home, right underneath the room in which her parents were sitting. Her mother was not sick, as alleged, but was violently opposed to the match, as was also the father. The young man was an officer, and the ceremony had to be performed while he was off duty. The reason for the opposition of the parents was not revealed to me, but the young couple assured me that there had been a complete reconciliation, and that every one was happy.

STORIES TOLD BY SOME NOTABLE MEN

Judge Holmes of Boston is the son of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The other day he said:

"My father in the early days of his practice had an unfortunate experience with an Irishman. This young fellow's schooling had been limited, and when my father prescribed for him an effervescing draught he did not use the word 'effervescing,' but what he said was this:

"'Take the powder home with you, put it in a cup of water, and when it bubbles and boils up drink it down.'

The Irishman came back the next day for more medicine. 'That powder did me a powerful lot of good, doctor,' he said, 'but I wish you'd give me something that wouldn't burn my mouth so.'

"'Why, it shouldn't have burnt your mouth!' my father exclaimed. 'How did you take it?

"'According to directions, sir,' the other answered. 'I put it in water, set it on the coals, and when it bubbled and boiled up I drank it down.'"

Chancellor James Roscoe Day of Syracuse University, is on terms of unusual intimacy with the students under him. Young men have always found him easy to approach—a humorous, sincere, delightful friend.

It is said that at Syracuse not long ago two undergraduates, on a wager, wrote epitaphs on each other in verse. With these epitaphs the young men presented themselves before the chancellor. One said:

"I have written a rhymed epitaph on him, sir; and he has written one on me. We would like you to read these epitaphs, and to decide which is the better."

The chancellor took the effusions, and read them carefully. Then he laid them side by side on the desk before him and said:

"Both are bad. They are both extremely bad. Therefore I prefer the shorter of the two."

Senator Depew was citing instances of happy plays of wit. He said:

"Gouverneur Morris was visiting Bishop Moore. He remarked, during dinner: 'Bishop, I have just made my will. You are a beneficiary. I have left you my whole stock of impudence.'

"The bishop gave a loud laugh. 'My friend," he said, 'you are too generous. You have bequeathed to me by far the greater part of your estate.'

Mrs. Moore looked shocked. She raised to her husband a rebuking finger. 'My dear,' she said, 'haven't you come into your inheritance remarkably soon?'"

A good story about the Earl of Yarmouth came out the other day. It seems that the young man and Miss Thaw dined with a Pittsburg family a week before their wedding. The daughter of the hostess, a little girl of nine years, sat opposite to the Earl, and not once did she take her big, grave eyes from his face.

Finally she said: "Are you an English lord, sir?"

"Yes," he answered, laughing. "I am an English lord."

She regarded him in silence for a moment. "I never saw an English lord before," she said. "I have always been very anxious to see one."

"And now that you have seen one, you are satisfied, aren't you?" the young man said, gayly.

"No, I am not satisfied," the little girl replied. "I am disappointed."

The late Paul du Chaillu was a man of indomitable bravery. Nothing perturbed him. In the most desperate crises his air was calm and somewhat humorous. One of the veteran conductors of the Pennsylvania Railroad said of him on the announcement of his death:

"Mr. du Chaillu was a man whom you couldn't frighten. Danger seemed to enliven him. I'll never forget a ride he once took with me. He sat in the last car of the train, and we came near having a rear-end collision. Mr. du Chaillu could see the other train approaching us—could see that a collision was pretty near inevitable. He said to me as I took my stand beside him:

"'Conductor, have you got a piece of chalk?'

"'What on earth,' I asked, 'do you want with a piece of chalk now?'

"'Why, it looks,' he answered, 'as if our legs and arms would be flying about in a little while, and I think it would be a good thing to mark them, so that we may identify them later.'"

CURING INSOMNIA IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE

"So many persons nowadays suffer from insomnia or from unrefreshing sleep that whatever points the way to relief or mitigation of the evil has special interest for them. Young persons do not suffer in this way, and can only imagine what a distressing affliction it is, but a great many middle-aged and elderly persons know from experience how insomnia saps the strength and weakens the vitality. For sleep is as essential to life as eating is. Existence depends on one as much as it does on the other. Indeed, a person can go without food longer than he can without sleep. During every moment of wakefulness and activity the nervous strength and vitality are being exhausted, while every moment of natural sleep recuperates. Its importance in physic and hygiene is far from being appreciated by people in general.

A recent writer on the subject presents some useful information regarding it, and some hints that may be valuable to sufferers from insomnia—at least, to some such sufferers, for insomnia comes from different causes, and the same treatment is not equally effective in all cases. Everybody knows that children require more sleep than adults, but this author says that youth, until the age of 20 is reached, requires fully 10 hours' sleep, and that anything less than this is an overdraft on nature's bank account. Young persons who frolic till midnight and report at school or business office at 8 or 9 o'clock the next morning do not realize that they are 'shortening their lives. Moreover, sleep before midnight is more refreshing and recuperating than sleep after midnight. Early sleep has been called "golden sleep," and there are physical and anatomical reasons why it is better than late sleep.

This author urges cultivating the habit of regular sleep and guarding against the habit of wakefulness. The latter, if permitted to continue, is apt to become chronic insomnia. Of this the author says:

"By far the most common cause of sleeplessness is indigestion in its various forms, due in the majority of cases to injured nervous systems. The nerve-racking mental train which business men undergo, or the everlasting sameness of certain wearying mental work and its terrible monotony, are most pregnant sources of insomnia. These conditions could be at least palliated by a certain amount of muscular activity; and, in fact, physical exercise is an absolute necessity for sound sleep. * * Everything requiring mental exertion should be laid aside before dinner, and the evening be entirely devoted to recreative enjoyment. Above all, avoid irritation; cultivate cheerfulness and a happy, contented mind; do not bring business cares home to jar the household. Drop them.

"Most persons know that the physical condition of wakefulness is a full flow of blood to the brain, causing cerebral activity. Sleep is preceded by the diminution of blood in the cerebral vessels and whatever tends to withdraw the blood from the brain tends to produce sleep. To create this condition artificially or to compel sleep by opiates or sedatives is not to cure sleeplessness. A harmless drug may be used occasionally at long intervals to break up the habit of sleeplessness, but the drug habit is worse than the other. Drugs diminish the resistance, impair the strength, require an ever-increasing dose and establish a condition of slavery. Among the natural means of drawing the blood from the brain and inducing drowsiness, which is the precursor of sleep, a hot foot bath is highly recommended. A warm bath acts as a sedative for most persons, though a hot one is likely to prove stimulating. A glass of hot water before retiring has a sedative effect with some persons. Often it is advisable for the stomach to have sufficient work for the blood to do, thus drawing it from the brain. This does not mean that a meal, such as will keep the digestive apparatus busy half the night, is a cure for insomnia, or a preventative of it, but that something light and easily digested and a very moderate amount of it, will often induce sleep. Physical exercise before retiring of a kind calculated to draw the blood to the extremities and continued almost to the point of fatigue is often beneficial. Drugs to produce sleep should never be used except on the advice of a physician, and a wise physician will be cautious in prescribing them. Finally:

"Those who wake during the night and are unable to fall asleep again, should on no account be tossing about fretting at fate. Such a course invariably prevents the return of sleep. It is better to rise, throw back the covers to allow the mattress and sheets to cool, walk two or three times around the room, draw a few deep breaths, fill the lungs with oxygen, brush the hair, take a drink of water, and then go back to what will feel like a cool, fresh bed. If that does not prove efficacious, take to a novel or some other light reading, to temporarily occupy the mind. Such reading is at once a soothing comfort and an aid to sleep."—Indianapolis Journal.

OLDEST JOKE ON RECORD

It will be difficult to discover an older practical joke than that of the coppersmith and the maker of brazen images for the Temple of Osiris, which is embodied in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the reign of Menes, founder of Memphis, who ruled over 7,000 years ago.

According to ancient records, there dwelt, between these two craftsmen, a quiet man whose desire was for peace, and who was sadly disturbed by the noisy occupations carried on by his busy neighbors.

He therefore asked each of them to say for what sum they would change their dwellings. This they did; each calculated the amount required, and he, being satisfied, paid it over to them.

"Now," he asked of the coppersmith, "where is your new dwelling?"

"I have taken that of the maker of images," was the reply.

"And you?" queried the quiet man of the latter, "whither goest thou?"

"To the house of the coppersmith!"

This is one of many tales, told in all ages, which are woven into myth and legend, and differ only in local color.

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WORLD'S RECORD FOR GUN LOADING IS OURS

The world's record for loading eight-inch guns with their 250-pound shells is held by four seamen of the United States flagship New York. They are: V. Lindholm, seaman; W. Elliott, ordinary seaman; C. G. Grant, ordinary seaman; W. H. Morris, ordinary seaman. This crew has just performed the unparalleled feat of loading an eight-inch rifle with 10 shells, of the size named, in 54 seconds.

Held by British Crew.

Until recently the world's record for loading an eight-inch gun of the type used on the New York was 10 shells in one minute 25 seconds. It was held by a crew on one of the British ships on the China station. Within the last two months there has been something of a revolution in the ordnance and gunnery branch of the United States service, resulting in a marked improvement in all parts of the work of loading and firing the heavy guns. The Navy Department's orders, directing constant target practice on all the war ships, have resulted in increased interest among the "men behind the guns" and in records that appear almost marvelous when compared with those of previous years.

In no fleet has this improvement been more evident than the Pacific squadron. On board all of Admiral Glass' ships every spare hour is spent by the gun crews in practicing with the large guns. This drill consists of two parts, loading and firing. The loading drill may be performed either by actually loading the ordinary shells into the guns themselves or by using a wooden loading machine. This wood frame is of the same height as the gun breech and the men lift the shells into place, ram them home and, in fact, go through every motion that would be required in the actual service of the guns in battle.

For the second part of the drill, when the ships are in port, it is customary to use "Morris tubes" instead of firing the large shells with service charges of powder such as are employed in target practice at sea. The Morris tube is simply a Flobert rifle, rigged upon the top of the gun or turret, and having its axis exactly parallel with that of the gun, in handling which the crew is endeavoring to acquire proficiency. Instead of shooting at a floating target placed 1,500 or 1,800 rods away, an exceedingly small moving target is rigged forward of the gun and this is so worked as to simulate the action which the larger target would have with the sea in violent motion. In order to sight the Flobert the whole mechanism of the turret, or large gun, must be moved, just as in sighting for a shot in a real naval battle. Thus the gunners get the same practice without the expenditure of ammunition that they would have in firing the service charges at a distant target.

When at Sea.

When at sea, however, all the gun crews get more or less practice in firing the big guns at targets. These are marked out upon canvas stretched upon floating wood frames, which are either towed by launches or allowed to drift.

As the speed with which the guns can be loaded is a vital factor in the fighting efficiency of a ship the importance of the loading drill, both with the guns and the loading machines, is very great. These drills in the United States navy have lately reduced the average time required for loading nearly one-half, a result due not only to the foresight of the department and the zeal of the officers, but still more to the willingness and enthusiasm of the enlisted men.

HOSTAGE FOR A NICKEL

Almost daily one sees records of different persons being detained in default of various large sums of money. Here is a little girl who the other day offered to place her little flaxen-haired brother in trust for the tiny sum of 5 cents. The transaction or what might have been one, took place in a certain barber shop in town. The barber had just finished rounding off the little fellow's bangs and was heaping all manner of praises on him for his good behavior during the process of the operation, and the little sister stood proudly by, happy in the thought that she was guardian through such an ordeal. Finally the time came to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and she handed over to the barber a bright 10-cent piece.

"Oh, haircuttin's 15 cents," remarked his tonsorial highness.

"Is it? But that's all I have with me! Well, you keep him here," remarked the sacrificing little guardian, "and I'll run home and get the rest."

Four Days Across the Continent.

Commencing June 13, the Canadian Pacific will inaugurate fast train service, placing in commission the "Imperial Limited," the crack train of the West.

NEW TODAY.

A. J. FARMER

Wholesale and Retail Grocer

Third and Jefferson.

You can save 20 per cent by dealing with me.

2 cans Blue Ribbon peaches	25c
2 lbs. soft-shelled walnuts	25c
1 lb. soft-shelled almonds	15c
1 package Scotch Oats	10c
2 pkgs. Grape Nuts	25c
1 pkg. Shred Wheat Biscuit	10c
2 pkgs. Malta Vita	25c
2 pkgs. Cero Fruito	25c
1 pkg. Force	10c
1 pkg. Postum or Fig. Prune	20c
1 box macaroni	35c
1 lb. Royal Baking Powder	40c
1 lb. Arm & Hammer Soda	5c
1 bar Naphtha Soap	5c
8 bars Santa Claus Soap	25c
12 bars Royal Savon Soap	25c
2-pint bottle bluing	10c
3 cans Carnation Cream	25c
2 pkgs. Gold Dust Washing Powder	35c
1-lb. can pork and beans	5c
3 pkgs. Acorn Matches	25c
1 can Alaska salmon	5c
50 lbs. lard, compound	$4.50
8 bars Diamond C. Soap	25c
3 lbs. broken Java coffee	25c
1 lb. good English breakfast tea	15c
Best sugar-cured hams, lb.	14½c
4-gal. jacket table syrup	$1.50
10 lbs. No. 1 Head Rice	50c
1 lb. Gunpowder Tea	25c
1 sack best D. G. sugar	$5.25
1 sack good hard-wheat flour	85c
10-lb. box crackers	60c
1 sack good Valley flour	90c
1 Little Lady Broom	35c
1 dozen Dev. Ham	40c

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We have everything in meats, fish and poultry. Market always neat and clean.

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130 Grand Ave., bet. Alder and Morrison.

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Sugar-cured hams	14½c
Picnic ham	13c
Eggs two dozen	35c
Ranch eggs	20c
Best creamery butter	45c and 50c
Dairy butter	40c and 45c
60c tea	30c

Remember, Saturday, chicken day. Cheaper than ever this week.

LA GRANDE CREAMERY

364 Yamhill Street.

Houses Are Scarce Just Now

But a man and wife can rent a corner store and combine dwelling and business at very reasonable rent. For particulars see

J. KRAEMER, Commercial Blk.

HEN, EGGS AND SNAKE

A hen, eggs and snake story comes from the home of S. H. Butler at Arrowhead. Visitors were being shown about the poultry yard the other day, when they came upon a nest of eggs upon which a would-be mother hen had been setting. The old lady happened to be absent and the cause of her conspicuous absence was soon found out, for at the nest was a huge rattlesnake.

It had driven the hen from her home and taken entire possession, and was devouring the eggs in a manner indicating that he had had nothing half so good in many days. Five of the oval-shaped pieces of more or less dainty food had been devoured and the sixth was on the road downward when the intruders appeared upon the scene.

The would be "incubator" was soon done away with, but not until some of the eggs were smashed in the operation. The others were cut out of the snake with a pocket knife and once more placed under the setting hen. It now remains to be seen whether or not the eggs will hatch chickens or snakes. —Redlands Review.

SHEEDY'S POKER STORY

Poker stories were being told, and finally "Pat" Sheedy told one.

"It was down in Missouri," he said, "that five men sat down to play a friendly game. Things went along fairly well for a time and then there was a big jack pot. One of the players told me about it afterward.

"'I opened the pot and they all stayed,' he said. 'There was some raising done before the draw, which did not scare anybody out and the betting began. We put up about all the money we had and there was a show down.

"'The dealer had a king full on aces. The man on his left showed three aces and a pair of kings. The other players, both of whom looked resolute and determined, held four kings and four aces, respectively.'

"'The other man who was telling me about the game stopped there,' continued Mr. Sheedy, 'and I asked him, 'What did you hold?'

"'Me?' he queried. 'Me? Oh, I was the coroner, and I held four inquests.'"

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SEA SERPENT?

Watch for the unique and catchy pamphlet issued by the General Passenger Department of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Company, which tells a little tale about the Summer Girls, Sea Serpent and Sunsets at Seaside. The story is short, but well told and handsomely illustrated, and will make its first appearance about June 10. Copies mailed free upon application to J. C. Mayo, G. F. & P. A., Astoria, Or.

The reduced homeseekers' rates, effective February 15 apply via the Denver & Rio Grande. Have your friends come through Salt Lake City, over the scenic line of the world.

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BRONAUGH'S ADDITION

LEGAL NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the taxpayers of School District No. 1, Multnomah County, Oregon, will be held in the School Clerk's office, City Hall, City of Portland, county aforesaid, on Monday, June 15, 1903, at 7:30 p. m. The business of the meeting will be to consider the reports of the directors and clerk, and to levy a tax for the support and maintenance of the schools of the district for the ensuing year, and to dispose of such other business as may legally come before it. By order of the board of directors.

R. WILLIAMS, Chairman Board of Directors.
Attest—H. S. ALLEN, School Clerk.
Portland, Oregon, June 3, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual election of School District No. 1, Multnomah County, Oregon, will be held on Monday, June 15, 1903. The polls will be open at 2 o'clock p. m., and close at 6 o'clock p. m. on said day. The election is for the purpose of electing one director for the term of five years. A list of judges and clerks, also polling places, will be announced later.

R. WILLIAMS, Chairman Board of Directors.
Attest—H. S. ALLEN, School Clerk.
Portland, Oregon, June 3, 1903.

NOTICE.

NOTICE of Stockholders' Meeting.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oregon Iron & Steel Company will be held at the office of the company, room 329 Sherlock Building, Portland, Oregon, June 16, 1903, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

A. S. PATTULLO, Secretary.
Portland, Or., May 21, 1903.

To Owners of East Side Property

One of my customers desires me to secure for him a **CORNER LOT, UNIMPROVED,** not further east than Sixth street, between Ash and Holladay avenue. This means a cash sale.

See KRAEMER, Commercial Blk.