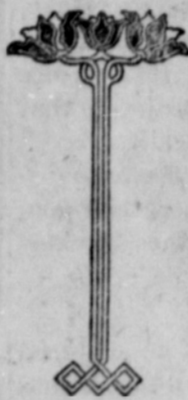


Better take the

GOLD HILL NEWS

A LIVE LOCAL NEWSPAPER



\$1.50 PER YEAR

THE PARROT HELPED.

A Lesson in Voice Culture That Resulted in Liberal Tips.

A young woman who left an uptown hotel in New York the other day was much more liberal in her tips during this visit to the city than she had ever been in the course of her many visits to the hotel. After she had gone to the train one of the managers overheard scraps of conversation between two of the bellboys and made them tell him the facts in the case.

The woman has a parrot which converses as fluently as any parrot can in half a dozen tongues. Having had occasion to test the bird's powers, a bellboy in the New York hotel conceived an idea.

The next day at lunchtime, the owner of the bird having left her door open, two bellboys repaired to the room, and while one remained on guard the other approached the parrot.

"Say 'Give the boy a dime,'" said the page to the parrot. The parrot paused and cocked his head on one side.

"Give the boy a dime," repeated the bellboy encouragingly, and he kept it up until he had said it a full fifty times. The parrot seemed interested, but that was all. The bellboy got scared. Then he went out, and the other bellboy went in and gave the bird a lesson in voice culture.

These lessons went on for three days before the bird seemed to realize that he was expected to do anything, and then on the fourth day, when one of the boys entered the room, he was greeted with "Give the boy a dime." The news spread among the conspirators, and before the end of the week they had the bird so that he would exclaim "Give the boy a dime," at sight of a uniform.

There came a day when the bird

rose to the occasion as expected. The bellboy took an express package up to the rooms, knocked, opened the door and entered. As he handed the package to the woman a deep voice was heard to exclaim, "Give the boy a dime." The woman started, gasped and then as the bird repeated his injunction said, "Yes, of course," and she fished into her purse for a coin. The bird's owner up to the time of her departure had not been heard to brag about this new linguistic accomplishment of her pet.—New York Sun.

Mere Man's Apparel.

Here is a spicy letter from "Stenographer," which is intended, of course, for men only:

A reader makes fun of the clothes women are wearing this winter—the wastebasket hats, inverted pyramid skirts, etc. If any feminine costume is as ugly or ludicrous as men's costumes I'd hate to see it. A hat shaped like a bowl or like a section of stovepipe (derby and silk hat), a funeral suit with two flapping tails and a gouged out vest, leaving a tombstone slab of shirt (dress suit), chokingly high collars, trousers with creases, etc.—we are used to these monstrosities. It is lucky we are, for if we saw them for the first time we would swoon with disgust. Let the pot stop calling the kettle black. Let men stop guying women's clothes. Look in the mirror, mere man, but don't blame me if the mirror breaks.

So there! That settles it. We shall say no more about women's clothes except that they serve to set off the face and figure and enhance the beauty of the human form divine. Even those inverted bushel measure bonnets are quite cute, and the hobble skirt is a distinct improvement upon the hoop-skirt that was worn by our grandmothers of civil war time; also the old time bustle has disappeared from female attire, and it is to the credit of the women that it has. Or is it men mode makers in Paris who design women's costumes?

It has been said that clothes make the man. This refers to men's clothes. Women's clothes sometimes break him. But, there; we are forgetting our agreement.

Our Ninety-three Millions.

Well, we are a big country! We are big in territory and in population. There are 93,462,151 of us, including the Alaskans, the Porto Ricans and the Hawaiians, and if we include the Philippines, Guam, our Samoan section and the Panama canal zone there are 101,100,000, according to the completed reports of the census bureau.

The figures of the thirteenth census as compared with those of the twelfth and preceding censuses show that never before has any nation grown so rapidly in population. Leaving out Alaska and all the island possessions, the population of the United States proper is shown to be 91,972,266. It seems only a few years since we talked of "our 70,000,000." We have now about thirty times as many people as we had when the republic was established. About every twenty-five years we have doubled our population on the average. In the language of free America, that is going some.

Much of the more recent increase has been due to immigration. Much of the immigration has been undesirable. Yet a very considerable part of it has added to the good citizenship of the country. And, after all, it is good citizens that make a nation great rather than mere numbers of human beings. If we measure by numbers alone, then China and Russia are far greater nations than the United States.

There are several American institutions which have helped to bring our citizenship up to a high standard, and chief of these is our public school system. We have fewer illiterates in proportion to population than any other nation. Knowledge is power, and it is the common school education that has made this nation a world power not to be despised—but, on the other hand, to be admired and imitated—by all the other nations of the world.

Even in dealing with conservation of the forests, log rolling must be avoided.

INDIAN STRATEGY.

A Piegan's Trick That Fooled a Band of Crees.

A member of the Canadian mounted police tells a good story of the cleverness of an Indian. One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. Pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more till it entered a river and headed for a little wooded island.

Smoke was rising from the trees and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Piegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. He was in war paint, and at his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, glanced about him a moment and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds another Piegan came round the rocks and went in, then another, and another, and another. The Crees lay silently in the bushes, counting, till upward of fifty Piegans had come round the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last seventy men had disappeared in the cave the superstitious and cautious Crees concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when re-enforcements arrived, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island.

That night, however, one Cree, less credulous than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it

What

is the mark you have set before you? Would it not be better to have a little help in getting to it? Don't think you have to pile up your dollars until they amount to the some you want to save. As soon as you get a dollar, put it away where it will be ready to invest into any good enterprise that comes along. You do this by passing it over our counter and telling us to add it to your bank account.

The Gold Hill Bank
J. L. Hammersly
Cashier

*For a clean shave
a neat haircut
a thorough shampoo
a comfortable massage
a good shine*

*The Crystal Barber Shop
assuredly!*

made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a single campfire. The ponies were gone, and not an Indian was in sight. The clever Piegan thief by making the circuit of the passage and the end of the island seventy times had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the

time necessary for his escape.—Exchange.

The official discovery that olive drab service uniforms for soldiers in the tropics are not so cool as uniforms of white drilling seems to confirm a discovery made some generation ago by laymen in tropical regions.