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**Tobacco Store Signs That Are Condemned to Retirement in New York City.**

One of New York's busy municipal commissioners says the wooden Indian must get off the walk. If the cigar dealer needs him in his business he will be obliged to take him inside and give him house room. Anyway, he cannot be allowed to encumber the sidewalk, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of course it may be possible that the commissioner is moved by an honest desire to keep the walks clear, and then again he may be under the influence of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Aged Wooden Indians. And, really, it must be admitted that there are cases where interference would seem to be justified. There are wooden Indians of extreme age who are still forced to do their servile duty at all seasons of the year, and in the most inclement weather. With cramped muscles and ossified limbs they have stood on guard for many decades.

Many of them are gray and dingy and weather beaten, but they never complain. Some of them have cracked open and lost their feathers, and warped their fingers, and dropped their wampum. Why, there are cigar dealers so unfeeling as to refuse them even a coat of paint when the mercury drops to zero.

**Early Decline of Physical Powers Due to Neglect of Athletics.**

Beyond the age of 40—at a period when so many are physically lazy—the superior value of exercise is apparent, but ordinarily this is just the time when the hygienic of athletics is neglected, aptly observes Rev. F. S. Root. There is no reason why a punching bag, rowing machine, pulley weights and other apparatus should be relegated to college boys and clerks. But, having done a good deal of work in his time, it is almost impossible to persuade a business or professional man turning 40 to give any sort of attention to physical culture if such training has been previously neglected. It is an inexorable physiological law that we can only retain our bodily or mental powers by properly using them. Exercise is not a matter of choice, but of necessity.

The hop crop of the Willamette valley this season will greatly exceed any previous year.

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**Poor Hair**

## LAKE IN THE CRATER

**Mount Ranier Has Magnificent Cavern at Its Peak.**

**Pent-Up Waters Without Any Surface Outlet Discovered by Tacoma High School Professor and Students.**

There is a lake of water in the crater of Mount Ranier. Its depth and extent are not known, and may never be. The discovery of the lake was made by Prof. John B. Flett, who has charge of the botanical department of the Tacoma high school, and two men, Arthur Gillespie and Frank Weymouth, who are students of the high school, says a Tacoma (Wash.) report. The three have made the ascent from the east side by way of the White river glacier. The ascent was made Saturday, July 25, the three spending that night in an ice cave in Crater peak.

The ascent was made over long, vast snowfields, and up great reaches of glaciers. These glaciers were bisected with numerous crevasses, which caused the scalars to angle back and forth across the face of the mountain. Much time was lost in this way, as the crevasses could not be seen until the climbers were almost upon them. It was after six o'clock Saturday evening before they arrived at the rim of Crater peak. A furious wind, accompanied by driving snow, simultaneously gathered over the top of the mountain, and the three began to hunt for shelter.

Passing around the rim of the crater, steam was observed issuing from a hole about the size of a man's body, and, squeezing through the hole, Prof. Flett found himself in a commodious cavern, the bottom of which was composed of rocks and volcanic ash making up the rim of the crater, while the roof consisted of the ice formation covering the mouth of the crater. The boys followed into the chamber, and the three found themselves warmly and cozily housed for the night, the dry steam coming up from the bowels of the mountain tempering the arctic atmosphere.

The chamber sloped away toward the center of the crater, agreeable to the contour of the crater rim, but the slope was such that the three could lie down on the large stones without danger of sliding into the darkening cavern beneath. Prof. Flett's alpenstock dropped from his hand and rolled 75 feet down the throat of the cavern, and a rope was tied around Weymouth, who ventured into the darkness beneath and secured it. As he descended he lighted matches, carefully exploring his way, and finding that the mountain beneath is honeycombed with passages, which emit quite jets of steam, but probably in the remote past vomiting forth red-hot lava. The three then began to roll stones down the incline. Some of these would clear all the partitions separating the passages, against which a few of the stones lodged, and after sending back a rumbling roar for a minute, as they rebounded from side to side of the caverns, they could be heard splashing into the lake beneath.

The lake has its source in the melting of the tremendous quantities of snow that fall within the crater, and which is perpetually acted upon by the steam jets rising from the interior. There is no surface outlet for this water over the rim of the crater, and if there were the low temperatures of the crest of the old mountain, would soon freeze and close it up. A subterranean channel, leading down through the heart of the mountain, may give a temporary vent to the pent-up waters. The three witnessed an incomparably grand sunrise from the summit the next morning, and on that day, which was Sunday, descended into Paradise valley by way of the old route by Gibraltar rock.

On the way down they met five young men from Seattle, who were starting to make the ascent, in which endeavor they were successful, they reaching the rim of the crater the next day (Monday) at noon. Prof. Flett and the two boys went around the side of the mountain, crossing the Cowlitz and other glaciers, and finally arriving at their camp on a ridge overlooking the White river glacier. Prof. Flett believes that the route from the east side is one of the best that could be selected, the slope gradients being easier, there being no dizzy precipices, with the trail following a shelving of rock, as there is on the Gibraltar side of the mountain, and no dangerous and untoward cleavers to be traced.

**People Eat Less Bread.**

"Well, how's business?" asked a reporter of a wholesale flour agent. "You would be surprised," he replied, "to know that in this time of general prosperity we are selling less flour than in hard times. From 1893 to 1895 I sold more flour than ever before or since. Business is thriving in many lines, but the country is too prosperous for the flour men and the bakers. Why is it? Simply because the people have money enough to buy other things than bread. When the country is hard up people get along on bread as the staple of the table. Now they use the fancy cereals, breakfast foods, can use more meat and vegetables and generally expand their diet, which, of course, lessens the demand for bread."—Washington Star.

**American Divorces.**

The increasing number of divorce cases has now become a racial danger

For news and opinions—the Oregonian.

## A MODERN SPARTACUS.

**Manner of Speech of the Gladiatorial Conqueror of the Twentieth Century Arena.**

It is conceivable that Spartacus, had he been a prominent figure in the modern arena, says the New York World, would have addressed his fellow-gladiators after the following fashion:

"Now that I've won the championship, I'm goin' to defend it against all comers—first up first served. But first I'm goin' on the stage, an' don't intend to do any fightin' for a couple of years. See? While I'm makin' me tour youse guys can hustle around an' git reputations for yerselves. I'm the greatest man at me weight in th' world, an' can lick any two of youse glove-pushers. I've got \$1,000,000 deposited wit' th' sportin' editor of the Bugle to bind a match wit' anybody I make up me mind to fight wit', th' articles to be signed afore I goes on the stage. Naw, I ain't goin' to give dat guy Corbettius another show. He's a big stiff, an' is jes' tryin' to git a little free advertisin' for his saloon. He never could hit hard enough to break an Easter egg, an' if he don't stop shootin' off his mouth I'll take a fall out of him. As for dat Fitzsimmons, he's a dub, an' never saw de day when he could lay a glove on me. If I had a boy I wouldn't want nuttin' better dan to match him wit' dat stiff. Sharrkus is a sadder big bluff. Say, he's dead afraid of me. You couldn't git him into a ring wit' me again, an' if you did he'd butt his brains out jumpin' troo' de ropes. Jes' wait till you see what me press agent has ter say in de morning papers an' I'll let yer know where I stand. Gee! Such language! 'Well, loosen up, somebody! Dis here saloon I'm runnin' ain't no charity place, an' it don't git along wit'out pushin'. If youse guys tink yer can stay in here all day jes' lookin' at me for nuttin' youse is fooled."

**Not Ready for That.**

Once upon a time there was a spendthrift of the name of Jones, who soliloquized in this wise:

"What a fool I have been! If I had all the money, for instance, that I have spent for beer and cigars I could have a good bank account instead of being on my uppers and trying to borrow money from my friends. I wish I had it!"

Some one touched his arm. He turned and there stood his fairy godmother.

"You shall have your wish, my son," she said, "on one condition—that you never touch beer or tobacco again in any form so long as you live."

Jones hesitated—and was lost. "I don't want it bad enough for that," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

The last time the significance of that very versatile and comprehensive word "gentleman" came up for discussion in the present writer's hearing one of the talkers was reminded of the amusing experiences of an American woman in Scotland, says Harper's Weekly. She had been studying to be a trained nurse and went abroad in the summer. In Edinburgh she undertook to buy a mackintosh. She found one that suited her, but the price was too high. She said to the shop girl: "I have to work for my living and can't afford to pay so much. You must sell it to me cheaper." "Wait a minute," said the girl, and went to the rear of the shop to the proprietor and said: "That person would like that cloak, but she says she's not a lady, and wants a reduction." Whether she got the cloak or not did not appear, but unquestionably she got a very surprising illustration of the difference between the meaning of the word "lady" in Scotland and its meaning in the United States.

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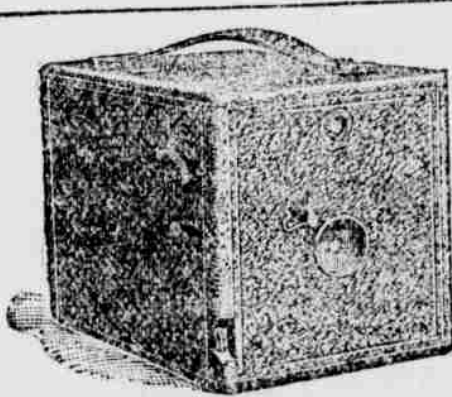
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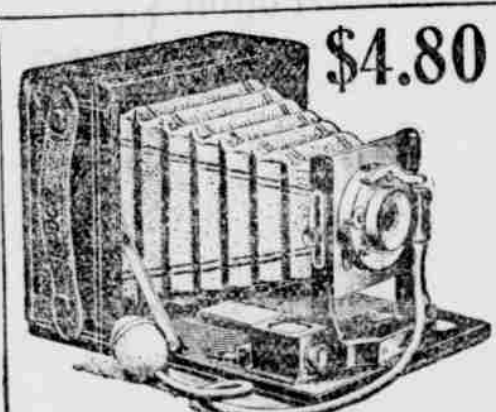
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