

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

MODEL ORCHARD.

Scientific Apple Culture Will Be Applied in Marion County.

Salem—The Salem Fruit Growers' union is promoting a plan of developing a model orchard of 100 acres near Salem. The orchard is to be devoted to apples and the trees are to be reared under modern scientific methods. The company will invest in suitable land and have it put in the highest state of cultivation by early spring, when it will be planted in the best varieties of apples under the supervision of one of the ablest horticulturists obtainable.

Since this project has been agitated it has also become known that a large eastern syndicate is quietly taking options on several thousand acres of land within 10 miles of Salem. If the necessary quantity can be secured and this fact is now practically certain, these lands will all be similarly treated. The fruit, however, will not be confined to apples, but the land will be planted to whatever fruit it is best adapted to.

This movement is one of the most important in the history of the fruit development in Marion county, and will do much toward advancing the fruit interests in the Willamette valley. The method of this syndicate is to sell the orchards in small tracts to eastern buyers.

GOOD ROADS FOR MARION.

Big Mass Meeting Will Convene at Salem for This Purpose.

Salem—Marion County is to have good roads. A movement has been started to interest the people of the entire county in a campaign for better highways. To secure the widest co-operation, a mass meeting has been called for December 8, 9 and 10, when farmers and business men will seriously consider the advancement of the county, the building up of the rural communities and the gathering of funds to further the work.

Already eight road districts are making special levies of taxes for road building. They are scattered well over the county, showing something of the interest in the movement.

It is believed that the coming year will see an unparalleled development of good road building in Marion county. For this reason a good start is desired, and the co-operation of every man in the county is earnestly sought.

The principal business of the meeting will be to devise methods of securing funds for the promotion of permanent road work. This is an all important topic in connection with the movement, and it is probable that there will be ideas advanced which will be of wonderful value to every one.

There are 50 road districts in the county. Each of these districts has a supervisor, and it is probable nearly all of the supervisors will be here. The meeting is for every man, no matter what his occupation or his standing in the community, so long as he is interested in road building.

New Corporations.

Salem—Articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state as follows:
Astorin Lodge, No. 180, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; incorporators, R. J. Pilkington, J. C. Clinton, W. C. Laws, F. J. Carney and F. C. Fox.

Bijou company; principal office Portland; capital stock, \$5000; incorporators, G. A. Metzger, I. L. Cohen and Helena F. Adamson.
Portland Stationery & Woodware company; principal office, Portland; capital stock, \$150,000; incorporators, C. D. Bruun, T. Wallace Buist and Charles C. Duncan.

Notarial Commissions.

Salem—Notarial commissions have been issued to Ben M. Patterson, Cornucopia; Joe M. Flaherty, Lebanon; T. J. McClary, Gates; A. C. Morgan, Morgan; John W. Oliver, G. L. Webb, Isaac Sweet, M. A. M. Ashley and Alice Agard, Portland; M. Langley, Forest Grove; T. T. Bennett, Marshfield; J. L. Campbell, Glendale; Bartlett Cole, H. F. Conner and D. J. Forbes, Portland; Walter J. Logans, Nehalem; Samuel G. White, Cove; E. D. Whiting, La Grande; LeRoy Park, The Dalles; E. W. Haines, Forest Grove; C. W. Corby, Newberg, and Lot L. Pearce, Salem.

First Bank for Curry County.

Port Orford—Curry county is to have a bank, the first institution of the kind that has ever opened its doors to the patronage of that wealthy section of Oregon, nearly as large as the state of Rhode Island and without a bank is an item of more than passing interest. The bank will be at Port Orford. George D. Wood, of Appleton, Wis., who made an inspection of the county early last fall, is the prime factor in the enterprise.

New Telephone Line Ready.

Ontario—The new independent line connecting Ontario with Burns, Drewsey and Harney, a distance of 150 miles, is now completed, and Manager E. A. Fraser, of the M. M. company, was the first man at this end of the line to talk over the long distance line. This new line now gives direct communication between Ontario, Vale, Westfall, Heulsh, Drewsey, Harney and Burns.

Governor Benson Returns.

Salem—Governor Benson and Dr. R. E. L. Steiner, superintendent of the state asylum for the insane, at Salem, arrived at the capital from the south, where both went early last week to enjoy a short duck-shooting trip on the coast at Winchester bay, at the mouth of the Umpqua river, in Douglas county.

Box Factory at Klamath Falls.

Klamath Falls—W. F. Barnes is establishing a box factory near the depot, where he purposes to use the output of the Meadow Lake mill. The plant will use 3,000,000 feet of lumber annually.

FRUIT MEN TO GATHER.

State Horticultural Society to Convene in Portland.

Oregon fruit growers from the orchard districts in every part of the state will meet in Portland next week for the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Oregon State Horticultural Society. In addition to the business sessions of the society, which are of great interest to horticulturists generally, it is expected that the finest display of apples ever made in Portland will be shown in the auditorium on the fifth floor of the Meier & Frank annex, where the sessions of the society will be held.

About \$1000 in premiums in cash and medals will be offered exhibitors for the best fruit displays, and this feature of the meeting promises to be a notable one.

Many who are interested both in horticulture and in dairying will attend both the meetings of the Horticultural society and those of the Oregon State Dairy association, which will hold its meetings in the Woodmen of the World hall immediately following the horticultural society meeting. The railroads have offered special rates of a fare and a third for the round trip for both meetings.

Valley of Orchards.

The Rogue river valley now has some of the largest orchards in Oregon. Thousands of acres are given to apples and pears, the latter having been very profitable in recent years. One of the largest orchards in the valley, if not the largest in the state, is that of the Western Orchards company, consisting of 1050 acres, all set to young trees. The farm consists of 1700 acres, all of which will be set to trees within the next few years. Next spring 250 acres will be set to apples and pears, the land having received special cultivation this year. The orchard now represents \$240,000, and is owned by men in Chicago, who became interested in Oregon fruitgrowing a few years ago. J. A. Westerlund, an old railroad man, is manager of the property.

Less Rain at Eugene.

Eugene—During the month of November, just passed, the total rainfall, according to the records kept by the local weather observer, was 9.15 inches, which is more than three inches less than fell at Portland and four or more inches than at Tacoma. The average at Eugene is about three inches and a half, although there is no official record for the past years, as there has been no weather observer here until the past two years.

Newport Short of Fuel.

Newport—With wood all around us, dry wood cannot be had in the local markets. Dealers say they cannot get enough out in the summer to last during the winter, yet there are people who complain that there is no work to be had. Dealers offer good wages to wood cutters, but few there are who care to labor.

Prineville—The Redmond Commercial club has launched a systematic campaign for a direct county road from Prineville to Redmond. The club is conferring with the county court, and is taking other steps to get plans perfected for the new road.

Country Schools Costs \$16,000.

Freewater—To erect a school costing \$16,000 in a district where a few years ago the land was worthless, is the accomplishment of the Feradale school district, three miles north of Freewater.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.15; club, \$1.03; red Russian, \$1.01½; valley, \$1; Turkey red, \$1.04; forty fold, \$1.04.
Barley—Feed, \$28.50; brewing \$28.50 per ton.
Corn—Whole, \$33.50; cracked, \$31.50 per ton.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$31@31.50 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15@19 per ton; eastern Oregon, \$18@21; alfalfa, \$16@16.50; clover, \$15@16; wheat, \$15@16; grain hay, \$15@16.

Portland Markets.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 per box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; quinces, \$1.25@1.50 per box; cranberries, \$9@9.50 per barrel.
Potatoes—Oregon, 60@70c per sack; sweet potatoes, 1½c per pound.
Vegetables—Artichokes, 75c per dozen; beans, 10c per pound; cabbage, ¼@1c per pound; celery, \$3.75@4 per crate; horseradish, 9@10c per dozen; pumpkins, 1@1½c; sprouts, 8c per pound; squash, \$1@1.10; tomatoes, 75c@1.
Sack Vegetables—Turnips, 75c@1 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; rutabaga, \$1.10 per sack; parsnips, \$1.25 per sack; onions, \$1.50 per sack.
Butter—City creamery, extra, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 32½@36c per pound; store, 22½@24c. (Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.)
Eggs—Fresh Oregon, extras, 45c per dozen; eastern, 32@38c per dozen.
Poultry—Hens, 15@15½c; springs, 15@15½c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 15@16c; geese, 11@12c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, 15c.
Pork—Fancy, 10c per pound.
Veal—Extras, 12@12½c per pound.
Cattle—Best steers, \$4.50@4.65; fair to good, \$4@4.25; medium and feeders, \$3.50@3.75; best cows, \$3.50@3.75; medium, \$3@3.75; common to medium, \$2.50@3.75; bulls, \$2@2.50; stags, \$2.50@3.50; calves, light, \$5.25@5.50; heavy, \$4@4.75.
Hogs—Best, \$8@8.10; medium, \$7.50@7.85; stockers, \$4@4.75.
Sheep—Best wethers, \$4.25@4.75; fair to good, \$3.75@4; best ewes, \$2.75@4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; lambs, \$5@5.35.
Hops—1909 crop, 18@23c; 1908 crop, nominal; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@25c per pound. Mohair—Choice, 25c per pound.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF FARMING

Professor Bexell Gives Some Valuable and Interesting Pointers.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Dec. 6.—The Oregon Agricultural college has just issued a bulletin for free distribution emphasizing better business methods on the farm.

Professor Bexell, the author of the bulletin, says in his introduction:

"It is a truism to say that the financial side of farming is of the utmost importance. But the fact remains that this side of the world's greatest industry is almost entirely neglected by both the farmer and the schools. Professor Bailey says on this subject: 'In visiting practically every farm in one of the counties of the state (New York) we did not find one man who knew how much it cost him to produce milk or to raise any of his crops.'

"The secretary of agriculture, in recent year books, points out the remarkable prosperity of the farmer; that the export of farm products is vastly in excess of all other exports combined; that a million agricultural debtors have been transformed during the last ten years into the same number of surplus depositors; that 'contrary to his reputation, the farmer is a great organizer, and he has achieved remarkable and enormous successes in many lines of economic co-operation in which the people of other occupations have either made no beginning at all or have nearly if not completely failed.' He points out that most farmers live better than the average merchant or mechanic.

"The business of farming assumes two distinct phases: the productive phase and the exchange phase. The one aims to extract the treasures from the soil; the other to place them in the hands of the consumer. It is important not only to raise abundant crops, but also to sell the products to advantage.

"The importance of the exchange phase is often lost sight of. A farm may be forced to yield to its maximum capacity, labor may be managed properly and waste reduced to a minimum; and yet the net result may be a loss at the end of the year. As a general economic proposition, it might be said that large crops often result in serious loss to society as a whole. If the net value to the consumer is less than the labor and capital expended on the crop, society is the loser by the difference. Hence the importance of a thorough understanding by the farmer as well as by the merchant and manufacturer of the laws and methods of exchange or commerce.

"That farming is a science has been emphasized so much that the fact that it is also a business is often lost sight of. It is a real business, and one which pays the United States close to eight billion dollars annually. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that no legitimate business pays better than farming. It may be a little more uphill work at the start, since most farmers begin business with small capital, but it is incomparably safer in the long run, and will insure a competence for old age with greater certainty than any other occupation. But let it ever be borne in mind that the condition for success is that farming must be conducted on business principles.

"Not many generations ago it was considered sufficient for the average manufacturer merely to record his cash receipts and expenditures and to keep a tolerably accurate check on the cash balance. In many instances the left trouser pocket served as the debit side and the right as the credit side of the 'ledger.' Modern business methods and sharp competition have changed these notions until today it is necessary to know the cost of production in advance to the smallest detail. Ancient business methods prevail yet, very generally, on the farm. The wonderful progress of the American farmer is due to marvelous natural resources, labor-saving inventions, and natural ingenuity, rather than to wise and prudent management.

"In certain respects a farmer must combine the methods of the manufacturer and the merchant. He must learn not only how to increase production, but also how to facilitate the profitable exchange of his products. He must reduce the cost of production to the minimum by increasing the quality and the quantity of his products, and by getting full value out of labor. He must manage so that his working force, farm hands, children, horses, all are constantly employed. This requires most skillful management in the rotation of crops, in the division of labor, in selecting seeds, fertilizers and stock, and, above all, it requires general prudence in purchasing equipment and supplies, and in marketing products.

"This class of farmers require a variety of records to assist in the proper management of their business. A first-class set of books is just as indispensable to them as to the banker or to the manufacturer."

The bulletin is illustrated with 20 full-page engravings. It will be sent free on request. Address Professor J. A. Bexell, Corvallis, Ore.

Missing Rosenjack Seen.

Cherry, Ill., Dec. 6.—Admission late today by Fred H. Buck, clerk in the office of the St. Paul Mining company, that he had seen and talked with Alexander Rosenjack, the missing witness who, it is believed, can clear up the cause of the recent mine disaster, came as a climax to a day of interesting developments in the investigations by the coroner and the state investigating committee. Buck took the jury that he had seen Rosenjack in Cherry last night, and made no effort to advise the authorities of his whereabouts.

Citizenship in Balance.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 6.—Hundreds of persons in Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Utah may lose their citizenship rights as the result of orders received in Denver today by Theodore Schmecker, chief of the naturalization bureau here. The victims will include all who have received their final certificates within 30 days of a general election of a local nature, and who voted on the strength of the granting of the certificates.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The doctor rattled on with an unceasing flow of talk, while the mind of the Quaker plunged into a serious effort to adjust itself to this new situation. He tried to force himself to be glad that he had been mistaken. He for the first time fully admitted the significance of the qualms which he felt at permitting himself to regard this strolling gypsy with such feelings as had been in his heart.

"But now," he said to himself, "I can go forward with less compunction. I can gratify my desire for excitement and adventure with perfect safety. I will stay with them for a while, and when I am tired can leave them without any entanglements." When the situation had been regarded for a little while from this point of view, he felt happier and more care-free than for weeks. He soled his disappointment with the reflection that he should still be near Pepeeta, but no longer in any danger.

At this profound reflection of the young moth hovering about the flame, let the satirist dip his pen in acid, and the pessimist in gall! There is enough folly and stupidity in the operations of the human mind to provoke the one to contempt and the other to despair.

CHAPTER IX.

The spring and summer had passed, autumn had attained the fullness of its golden beauty, and the inevitable had happened. David and Pepeeta had passed swiftly through the intervening stages between a chance acquaintance and an impassioned love.

Any other husband than the Quaker would have foreseen this catastrophe; but there is one thing blinder than love, and that is egotism such as his. His colossal vanity had not even suspected that a woman who possessed him for her husband could for a single instant bestow a thought of interest on any other man.

David had abandoned the Quaker idiom for the speech of ordinary men, and discarded his former habiliments for the most conventional and stylish clothes. Contact with the world had sharpened his native wit, and given him a freedom among men and women that was fast descending into abandonment. Success had stimulated his self-confidence and made him prize those gifts by which he had once aroused the devotion of adoring worshippers in the Quaker meeting house; he soon found that they could be used to victimize the crowds which gathered around the flare of the torch in the public square.

A transformation had been taking place in Pepeeta. Under the sunshine of David's love, and the dew of those spiritual conceptions which had fallen upon her thirsty spirit, the seeds of a beautiful nature, implanted at her birth, germinated and developed with astonishing rapidity. Walking steadily in such light as fell upon her pathway and ever looking for more, her spiritual vision became clearer and clearer every day; and while this affection for God purified her soul, her love for David expanded and transformed her heart. Her unbounded admiration for him blinded her to that process of deterioration in his character which even the Quaker perceived. To her partial eye a halo still surrounded the head of the young apostate. But while these two new affections wrought this transformation in the gypsy and filled her with a new and exquisite happiness, the circumstances of her life were such that this illumination could not but be attended with pain, for it brought ever new revelations of those ethical inconsistencies in which she discovered herself to be deeply if not hopelessly involved.

David had chosen an old plan to compel Pepeeta to abandon her husband. For its execution he had already made a partial preparation in an engagement to meet the justice of the peace who had performed her marriage ceremony. The engagement was conditioned upon his failure to persuade the gypsy to accompany him of her own free will.

Immediately after supper he took her to the place appointed for the meeting. This civil officer had been a companion of the Quaker's for many years. His natural capacity, which was of the highest order, had secured him one place of honor after another; but he had lost them through the practice of many vices, and had at last sunk to that depth of degradation in which he was willing to barter his honor for almost any price.

The place at which he had agreed to meet David was a log saloon in one of the most disreputable parts of the city, and to this spot the infatuated youth made his way. Now that he was alone with his thoughts, he could not contemplate his purpose without a feeling of dread, and yet he did not pause seriously to consider its abandonment. His movements, as he allowed his way among the outcasts who infested this degraded region, were those of a man totally oblivious to his surroundings.

Having reached the door of the saloon, David cast a glance about him, as if ashamed of being observed, and entered. It was a fitting place to hatch an evil deed. The floor was covered with filthy sawdust; the air was rank with the fumes of sour beer and adulterated whiskey; the lamps were not lit, and his eyes blinked as he entered the dirty dusk of the interior. The door which he pushed open admitted him to a parlor scarcely less filthy and disgusting than the saloon

itself, at the opposite end of which he beheld the object of his search.

"Well, I see you are here," he said, drawing a chair to the table.

"And waiting," a deep and rich but melancholy voice replied.

"Can't we have a couple of candles? These shadows seem to crawl up my legs and take me by the throat. I feel as if some one were blindfolding and gagging me," said David, looking uneasily about.

The judge ordered the candles, and while they were waiting observed: "You had better accustom yourself to shadows, young man, for you will find plenty of them on the road you are traveling. They deepen with the passing years, along every pathway; but the one which you are about to set your feet leads into the hopeless dark."

"What I want is help."

"And so you have appealed to me? You wish me to go to this woman and tell her that her marriage was a fraud?"

"I do."

"Young man, have you no compunctions about this business?" said the judge, leaning forward and looking earnestly into the blue eyes.

"Compunctions?" said David, in a dry echo of the question. "Oh! some. But for every compunction I have a thousand desperate determinations."

"I will help you. There is no one trying to save you. You are only another moth! You want the fire, and you will have it! You will burn your wings off as millions have done before you, and as millions will do after you. What then? Wings are made to be burned! I burned mine. Probably if I had another pair I would burn them also. It is as useless to moralize to a lover as to a tiger. I am a fool to waste my breath on you. Let us get down to business. You say that she loves you, and that she will be glad to learn that she is free?"

"I do! her heart is on our side. She will believe you, easily!"

"Yes, she will believe me easily! She will believe me too easily! For six thousand years desire has been a synonym for credulity. All men believe what they want to, except myself. I believe everything that I do not want to, and nothing that I do! But no matter. How much am I to get for this job?"

They haggled a while over the price, struck a bargain and shook hands—the same symbol being used among men to seal a compact of love or hate, virtue or vice.

"Be at the Spencer House at 11 o'clock," said David, rising. "You will find us on the balcony. The doctor is to spend the night in a revel with the captain of the Mary Ann, and we shall be uninterrupted. Be an actor. Be a great actor. Judge. You are to deal with a soul which possesses unusual powers of penetration."

"Do not fear! She will be no match for me, for she is innocent—and when was virtue ever a match for vice? She is predestined to her doom! Farewell! Fare-ill, I mean," he muttered under his breath, as David passed from the room.

Having regained his calmness by a long walk, David hurried back and reached the open space along the river front where peddlers, mountebanks and street vendors piled their crafts, just in time to meet the doctor as he drove up with his horses.

CHAPTER X.

After the doctor had vanished that evening, David and Pepeeta passed down the long corridor and out upon the balcony of the old Spencer House, to the place appointed for the interview of the judge. The night was bright; a refreshing breeze was blowing up from the river and the frequent intermissions in the gusts of wind that swept over the sleeping city gave the impression that Nature was holding her breath to listen to the tales of love that were being told on city balconies and in country lanes. Under the mysterious influence of the full moon, and of the silence, for the noises of the city had died away, their imaginations were aroused, their emotions quickened, their sensibilities stirred. It seemed impossible that life could be seriously real. Their conceptions of duty and responsibility were sublimated into vague and misty dreams, and the enjoyment of the moment's fleeting pleasures seemed the only reality and end of life.

"Pepeeta, you have long promised to tell me all you knew of your early life; will you do it now?" asked David.

"Of what possible interest can it be to you?" she answered.

"It seems to me," he replied, "that I could linger forever over the slightest detail. It is not enough to know what you are. I wish to know how you came to be what you are."

"You must reconcile yourself to ignorance, the origin of my existence is lost in night. It is too sad! I do not want to think of anything that happened before I met you. My life began from that moment. Before, I had only dreamed."

They ceased to speak, and sat silently gazing into each other's faces, the heart of the woman rent with a conflict between desire and duty, and that of the man by a tempest of evil passions. At that moment, a slow and heavy step was heard in the hallway. They looked toward the door, and in the shadows saw a man who contemplated them silently for a moment and then advanced. David rose to meet him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, feigning embarrassment, "I had an errand

with the lady, and hoped I should find her alone."

"You may speak for the gentleman is the friend of my husband and myself," Pepeeta said.

"I will begin, then," he responded, "by asking if you recognize me?" And at that he stepped out into the moonlight.

Pepeeta gave him a searching glance and exclaimed in surprise, "You are the judge who married me."

He let his head fall upon his breast with well-assumed humility, remained a moment in silence, looked up mournfully and said, "I would that I had really married you, for then I should not have been bearing this load of guilt that has been crushing me for months."

At these words, Pepeeta sprang from her seat and stood before him with her hands clasped upon her breast.

"Be quick! go on!" she cried, when she had waited in vain for him to proceed.

"Prepare yourself for a revelation of treachery and dishonor. I can conceal my crime no longer. If I hold my peace the very stones in the street will cry out against me."

"Make haste!" Pepeeta exclaimed, impatiently.

"Madam," continued the strange man. "You are not married to your husband. I deceived you as I was bribed to do. I was not a justice. I had no right to perform that ceremony. It was a solemn farce."

These words, spoken slowly, solemnly, and with a simulation of candor which would have deceived her even if she had not desired to believe them, produced the most profound impression upon the mind of Pepeeta. She approached the judge and cried: "Sir, I beg you not to trifle with me! Is what you have told me true?"

"Alas, too true!"

"Oh! sir," she cried, "you cannot understand; but this is the happiest moment of my life!"

"Madam?" he exclaimed, interrogatively and with consummate art.

"It is not necessary for you to know why," she answered; "but I thank you."

"What can it mean? I implore you to tell me," he said.

"Do not ask me!" she replied. "I cannot tell you now! My heart is too full."

"But does this mean that I have nothing to regret and that you have forgiven me?"

"It does. I bless you from the bottom of my heart!"

She gave him her hand. He took it in his own and held it, looking first at her and then at David with an expression of such surprise as to deceive his accomplice scarcely less than his victim. Young, inexperienced, innocent in this sin at least, she stood between them—helpless.

It is one thing for a woman deliberately to renounce her marriage vows, but quite another for a heart so loyal to duty, to be betrayed into crime by an ingenuously worthy of demons.

Child if misfortune that she was, victim of a series of untoward and fatal circumstances, she had reason all her life to regret her credulity; but never to reproach herself for wrong intentions. Her heart often betrayed her, but her soul was never corrupted. She ought to have been more careful—alas, yes, she ought—but she meant no sin.

(To be continued.)

Ways of Women in Tunnels.

Father Knickerbocker is 233 years old, but he is still learning things about women. His latest experience may be of value to younger and calmer cities, so declares a writer in Success.

Some time ago William G. McAdoo, who has built up a thriving little business under the Hudson river, running trains between New York and the United States, set aside a special car for the exclusive use of women. The people hailed the innovation with joy. Here, at last, women could ride, safe from jostling, seat-grabbing, tobacco-scented men. True, some fun was poked at the "Jane Crow" cars, and there were silly suggestions about mirrors and perfumery and powder boxes, but nevertheless Mr. McAdoo was hailed as a public-spirited business man and a perfectly lovely gentleman. Polite uniformed attendants at the stations informed ladies of the special car and everything went beautifully.

There was only one drawback to the scheme. The women would not use the car. Giving the uniformed attendants, oh, such a look, the ladies crowded into the co-educational department, leaving their special car half empty. After three months' trial the gallant Mr. McAdoo has ordered the ladies' car discontinued.

A Sidewalk Conversation.

"How's your garden coming on?" "Why do you ask that question?" demanded the suburbanite suspiciously.

"Just out of politeness." "Glad to hear that. I thought maybe I had promised you some vegetables."

Had One of Her Own.

Rector—I did not see you at our social gathering last week, 'Lisbeth. Why was that?

'Lisbeth—Well, I had a little gathering of my own last week, sir.

Rector—Dear me! Where was that?

'Lisbeth—On the back of my neck, sir.—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

A Great Advantage.

"But this house is twenty-five miles from the railroad."

"Just the Marathon distance, my friend. Think of what exercise you'll get running for the trains."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Always Fine.

"Sets a good table, eh? How's the meat?"

"Fine! Chopped steak!"

"Our occupation is that which we select, our interruption is that which is sent us."