

Our Motto

The Best is none to good for you,

The best is always the cheapest.

If you Are satisfied, tell the other fellow.

If you are Not satisfied, tell us.

"The Quality Grocers"

Waterbury & Chapman

Estacada, Oregon

Our

New Stock of Rugs

Is Here

Body Brussels, 9x12 \$15.75 to 18.75

Brusselo (all wool) 9x12 \$10.50 to 13.00

Half Wool 9x10 1/2 \$6.00 to 7.00

To Keep the Floor Clean

Rope Door Mats - 75c to \$1.25

Estacada Furniture Co.

Green Trading Stamps

Undertakers

\$2 a day

\$10 a week

The Hotel Estacada

MODERN CONVENIENCES

One of the most delightful
Resorts on the Coast

Local and Tourist Trade Solicited

Quality is Remembered

We are in business to sell Good Goods
at Lowest Prices. The mail order
houses neither buy your pro-
duce, help pay your taxes or sup-
port your schools. Trade At Home.

Estacada Pharmacy

World's Greatest Short Stories

No. III.

A MUNICIPAL REPORT

By O. HENRY

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O. HENRY



MONTAGUE GLASS

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. Montague Glass, Gouverneur Morris and Richard Harding Davis all declare that O. Henry's "A Municipal Report" is one of the world's greatest short stories.

PART I.

EAST is east and west is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people, they are not merely inhabitants of a state. They are the southerners of the west. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city, but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have in the climate an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Hagland of the new world. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all from Adam and Eve descended, it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say, "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance and the atlas.

Nashville.—A city, port of delivery and the capital of the state of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland river and on the N. C. and St. L. and the L. and N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the south.

I stepped off the train at 8 p. m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, lie me to comparison in the form of a recipe:

Take of London fog, thirty parts; malaria, ten parts; gas leaks, twenty parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, twenty-five parts; odor of honeysuckle, fifteen parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a mothball nor as thick as pea soup, but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbrel. It required strong self suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby and a new L. and N. tinetable and a lithograph of Lookout mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth travelling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get

such chicken livers en brochette.

At dinner I asked a waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute and then replied, "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doing after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished. It had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds, and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of \$32,470 per annum.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation and heard a burst of semilively laughter issuing from a soda water and ice cream parlor. There was indeed little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville. Where he shut up a national force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I had heard of, admired and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the south in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick—the tile floor, the beautiful tile floor!

Here I first saw Major (by misphered courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend A. Tennyson said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip
And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable ad lib. A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy and with a kind of sleepy misiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until

he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles, so I sidestepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a noncombatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays "Dixie" I do not cheer.

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist and the first gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of he took up to my distaste his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely, for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you and if you would like to make a complaint we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer and without any known means of support, although he seems to have money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection. "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night."

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only about 10 o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as curtains in a cake sold at the Ladies' exchange.

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the south and does an enormous wholesale dry goods, grocery and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clew to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art) and

To be continued