

TYPICAL TIMBER SCENE IN BEND COUNTRY.



THIS picture was taken in the great Deschutes yellow pine belt at a point five miles south of Bend. It well illustrates the open, park-like character of this famous timber territory. In addition to making it by far the most beautiful stretch of timber in the Northwest, the entire freedom from underbrush and small growth entirely does away with fire risk; the few ground fires that occur go through the big timber without damaging it in the slightest degree. Another great asset is the level nature of the timber lands; logging railroads can be built almost anywhere without grading. Indeed, experts estimate that the Deschutes logs can be handled at the lowest cost of any in Oregon. From Bend south to California this timber extends, in a belt averaging perhaps 30 miles in width and 150 long.

The Scrap Book

All in the Brogue.

The Rev. Charles H. Kelly, an English clergyman, tells a story concerning old General Kemmis, whom he describes as "a fine spoken man." Once the gallant officer found a soldier in a very dirty condition. "Take him," he said to a sergeant—"take him and leave him in the Tagus." Some hours after he met the sergeant again and inquired, "Sergeant, did you do as I ordered you?" "I did, sir." "Where is the culprit?" "Sure," replied the sergeant, "I left him in the Tagus, as your honor ordered—up to his neck."

And the author proceeds: "The story of General Kemmis and his way of fine talking, with the Irish sergeant's reply in good Irish brogue, brings to mind one of O'Connell, a cousin of the liberator. Once O'Connell was pointing out the celebrities in Phoenix park to a young friend when the Hon. and Very Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope passed. 'D'ye see that man,' he said—'him in the trap? That's a dane.' The youth, however, had seen the reserved gentleman before. 'No, it isn't,' he replied. 'That's Mr. Stanhope, an Englishman.' 'Tis not a Dane of Sweden I mane, sir,' said O'Connell angrily. 'Tis a dane of the church.'"

Work.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room.
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
"This is my work—my nesting, not my doom."
Of all who live I am the only one by whom
This work can be done in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great nor small
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours
And cheerfully turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.
—Henry van Dyke.

Pa's Home Regalia.

Bobby was a very observing little boy. Along with his mother he was watching a public Masonic ceremony in which his father, a very large and a very pompous man, was playing a leading role.
"Oh, ma," giggled Bobbie, "see pa's apron! Ain't it a skimpy thing? Why don't he wear the big one that you make him put on when he helps you wash the dishes?"
Then "everybody laughed but father."—Judge.

Sick, but Not Seaside.

Thomas Brown was about to take a short sea voyage. Thomas hated the sea and all that's in it with a twenty-two carat hatred, for he suffered horribly when on the briny ocean, but he had to go, and there was no help for it. This time, however, he determined to put a new seasickness cure theory into practice, and no sooner had he got on board than he stowed himself away in his bunk and slept like a top till early next morning. He felt in perfect trim

and went up on deck beaming with delight.

"I've found a certain cure for seasickness, captain," he announced to that individual. "Go to your bunk as soon as you get aboard and don't show your nose out of it until you are near your destination. It worked like a charm with me. I haven't had a quain all night. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing," said the captain, "only the machinery broke down just as we were starting, and we haven't moved out of dock all night. The other passengers were transferred, but we didn't know you were aboard."

Dreadful.

On the question of the practicability of prohibition Mark Twain is said to have expressed his views as follows: "I am a friend of temperance, and I want it to succeed, but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. They have invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now, what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof or if he can get the delirium tremens by drinking the legs of the kitchen table?"

Not at All Abashed.

Work under a woman of the type to which Miss Prissy Allen belongs comes very close to being what the forefathers would have described as "a purifying trial." "Miss Allen," says the Bodwin in Joseph C. Lincoln's book, "Partners of the Tide"—"Miss Allen, she bought the last of my buckle-beries. Then she wanted to know if I wouldn't mow the front yard. We had some dicker 'bout the price, but I finally agreed to do it, so she showed me where the scythe was, and I started in."

"And I declare to man," continued Mr. Bodwin excitedly, "if she didn't stand on the front steps and watch me like a dog trying to locate a flea, jumping on me every minute or two to tell me that she thought I'd cut this part 'most an inch shorter'n I had that part,' and so on."

"Finally I got sick of her nagging, and I said, just to shame her:
"If I'd known you were so particular I'd 'a' brought my spirit level along."
"Said she, 'There's one that used to b'long to father out in the barn.'"

Good Openers.

George and his mother-in-law were not the best of friends. The old lady was suspicious of his occasional late hours and rarely had a word of commendation of any kind for him. One day, however, as she watched him unscrew the top of a can of preserves which had withstood her own and the young wife's efforts she said, rather grudgingly to her daughter, "Well, George certainly has very strong hands."

"Hasn't he, though?" cried the young wife admiringly. "Now I know what he meant when he spoke in his sleep last night about having such a beautiful pair of openers."

WHAT HE WAS DOING.

The information came as a shock to his enthusiastic friend.

When Victor Murdock dropped into Newark the other day to give a monologue on the tariff, conservation and the high cost of living he said he wanted most of all to see a friend of his boyhood days who was living there. Here is Mr. Murdock's description of his friend:

"A husky, freckle faced little devil, as I remember him, in short pants. We used to rob birds' nests and pilfer apples together out in Kansas—glorious state, Kansas—and get into all sorts of deviltry. Fred—that's his name—was the terror of the countryside. I suppose he's the town bully now. Why, I remember—and then followed a long list of daredevil boyish episodes in which Murdock and friend Fred played stellar parts. Fred—to be exact, Frederick W. Lewis of 600 Ridge street—heard that Murdock was in town and went down to renew acquaintance with him. They fell on one another's necks and swapped yarns for ten minutes. Then Murdock told all over again to an attentive group the tales of Fred's escapades. When he had finished he asked:

"By the way, Fred, what are you doing now?"
"Why, I am pastor of the Forest Hill Presbyterian church here," was the answer.
Murdock collapsed.—Newark News.

GOOD ROAD ITEMS.

Last year New Jersey spent more than \$1,000,000 in repairing roads.

Escambia county, Fla., is investigating the cost and advantages of shell roads.

Spain is planning a circuit highway 1,874 miles long, to cost \$1,440,000.

There is a movement on foot in Iowa to spend the hunters' license fund for road improvement.

Of the 2,100,000 miles of public road in the United States 44,000 miles rank as first class.

Williamson county, Tex., will spend \$200,000 in the construction of sixty miles of gravel road.

The Boys' Booster club of Iron county, Mo., has the honor of being the first company of good roads soldiers in Missouri.

Citizens of Franklinton, La., have asked for a per capita tax in their parish of \$1 on each male between sixteen and fifty for good roads.

The Automobile Club of Indiana is offering \$300 in cash prizes to the road supervisors who make the best showing in keeping up their roads.

White sulphite waste, a by-product in the manufacture of wood pulp, is being used in parts of New York to make a road surface. The experiment is being watched with interest.

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