

HARD TIMES DANCE

LENA, OREGON
February 11th, 1916

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INDUSTRIAL ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Gardner plans to build a public dock.
Albany is to have a chiropractic sanatorium.

Florence—Porter mill has started on 10-hour day.

Roseburg—Brushy Copper mine may be developed.

Albany has new department store with \$40,000 stock.

Astoria is soon to make solid fills on 9th & 10th streets.

Lumber camps on the Columbia river continue to open.

Lincoln county plans a new road around Pioneer mountain.

Geo. W. Moore says that Bandon sawmill will soon operate.

Estacada—Hornor Bros. expect to manufacture wooden silos.

Ashland—Hotel Oregon is to be made modern tourist hotel.

Astoria plans to have an \$85,000 clay manufacturing industry.

Astoria plans filling in Commercial street at a cost of \$39,000.

A \$625,000 beet sugar factory is to be built in or near Grants Pass.

Portland—Emerson Hardware Co. will rebuild after \$80,000 fire.

Astoria is building a scenic highway to the summit of Coxcomb hill.

The Board of Regents of U. of O. have voted \$40,000 for a new building.

Baker is disposing of \$75,000 worth of additional water bonds for extensions.

The Booth-Kelly Lumber Co. at Springfield is making extensive improvements.

New lumber companies are filing articles of incorporation in Oregon almost daily.

The St. Helens ship yard gets contract to build five vessels, mostly lumber carriers.

Coquille Valley Telephone Co. plans to sell to Coos and Curry Telephone company.

The La Grande sub-station of the Eastern Oregon Light & Power Co. was destroyed by fire.

A crab station is being established at Astoria for shipment of crabs to various parts of the United States.

Wasco county has awarded the contract for construction on Tygh grade and White River grade roads, cost \$21,890.

Oregon rose petals are wanted in the east for manufacture of perfumes and sachets. War has cut off European supply.

At Narrows, Cello Rapids, the Columbia river is only 150 feet wide. This is the proposed site of the greatest power plant in the U. S.

The Southern Pacific can operate oil steamers in technical violation of Panama Canal act under decision of Interstate Commerce Commission.

Plans are on foot to get branch line of railroad from Cushman to Florence and a double bridge across North Fork suitable for teams and trains.

Railway earnings for December show increase of 18.7 per cent over last year. Prosperous railroads are the surest indication of returning good times.

N. P. & G. N. Rys. may continue to operate the steamships Great Northern and Northern Pacific despite the Panama Canal act as Interstate Commerce Commission has held such operation was in interest of public.

Commercial transcontinental telephone service to New York City and intermediate cities has been inaugurated by the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company at Portland. Another step of industrial progress by a great industry.

Los Angeles film makers have become interested in the campaign to locate some of them in Oregon. One company figuring has a payroll of from \$20,000 to \$25,000 a week. Too much regulation and legislation is forcing them out of California.

A Mere Incident.
"Oh! We understand that you had an exciting adventure night before last?" tentatively remarked the able editor of the Polkville (Ark.) Weekly Clarion.

"Nope!" nonchalantly replied Mr. Gap Johnson, from out on Kumpus Ridge. "Not me! You must be thinking of some other Johnson."

That was the night that a bunch of seven or eight fellers, that had been noratin' around that they was going to shoot me at sight for a little suth-in' or nuther, called me to the door and all took a shot at me. I dropped to the floor, crawled over and got my shotgun, crept out the back way, slid around the corner of the house, and sorter sifted both barrels of buckshot round amongst 'em impartially. They all went away then, except three of four and I went to bed. That was all that happened that night, as far as I recollect."

THE BEST FROM JUDGE

The Deferred Answer.

At the rate of 100 yards in 18 seconds Jobson was running for a train. The reason he wasn't running faster was, that was as fast as he could run. Or, as the children say, all the faster that he could run.

Blogson, on the sidewalk, was making no speed at all. The reason was he was standing still. He wasn't catching trains that morning.

Suddenly Blogson called: "Hey, Jobson! Jobson! Hey!"

Jobson turned without slackening his speed any more than he could help, for he knew that if he didn't catch that train it would go without him, and Jobson took nothing in life more serious than he did catching trains.

"Goin' somewhere?" Blogson called.

Two days later Blogson's telephone bell rang at 3 o'clock in the morning. Blogson answered it with one hand while he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes with the other. Jobson's voice:

"This you, Blogson? Yes, I was going to catch a train. G'bye!"—Louisville Times.

Value of a Horse.

In an Ohio town there was a groceryman who kept the most emaciated-looking horses in the whole state. One day the delivery boy drove one of the nags a bit too hard, and, finding a soft spot in the lower end of the township, the horse lay down and peacefully died. Large commotion, of course, on the part of the owner.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Brown," said the agitated boy. "I didn't go to do it."

"You are sorry, are you?" yelled the agitated Mr. Brown. "Well, is that going to pay me for the loss of the horse?"

"No, sir," answered the boy. "I will pay for the horse, all right. You can take him out of my next week's wages."—Exchange.

Right Personage in Wrong Conveyance.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was to officiate at an important service in the Abbey. The main entrance to the Abbey was opened, and a great space roped off so that the dignitaries might alight from their equipages unmolested. When a dusty fourwheeler crossed the square, driven by a fat, red-faced cabby, bobbies rushed out to head him off.

"Get out of 'ere," one of them called briskly. "This entrance is reserved for the Archbishop."

With a wink and a backward jerk of his thumb the irrepressible cabby replied, cheerfully: "I 'ave the old duffer inside."—Christian Register.

A Spook.

Blinker—I woke up last night with the feeling my gold watch was gone. The impression was so strong that I got up to look.

Jinker—Well, was it gone?

Blinker—No; but it was going!—Philadelphia Ledger.

Oh, Papa!

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the joyous girl, as she tapped her foot with a whip, "what do you think of my new riding habit?"

"Daughter," replied Mr. Growcher after a solemn survey, "that doesn't look to me like any habit. It looks more like a permanent affliction."—Washington Star.

More Orderly.

Willard—Are you going to hang your stockings up Christmas Eve?

Emma—No, I've outgrown that sort of thing.

Willard—Well it's more orderly than leaving them lying around on the floor.—Widow.

And Then Profound Thought.

She—You shouldn't squeeze my hand going out of the theater. When I squeezed back, I meant you to stop.

He—Me? I—why, I, I—didn't touch your hand!

The Orator.

"I tell you, my friends," roared the patriot on the stump, "our navy may not be the biggest and finest thing of its kind afloat, but we have two of the finest oceans lapping our shores to sail one on that the history of the world has ever known."—Topeka Journal.

Query.

"Jones is in the hospital very much run down."

"Nervous prostration or automobile?"—Baltimore American.

The Simple Life.

A northerner chanced to spend the night in a run-down farmhouse in South Carolina. His host willed away the evening by telling him about the riches of the country and the aristocracy of its inhabitants. The farmer described his own family as being the best in that part of the state.

The next morning, the visitor heard his host rousing a sleepy son in these words.

"Charley, git up an' wash yo' face in the creek and then climb the persimmon tree an' git yo' breakfus."

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SAM HUGHES CO.

He Had It. "Hullo, Tom! What's this I hear about your having some labor-saving device?" "It's true, all right. I'm going to marry an heiress."—Boston Transcript.