

# HOOD RIVER VALLEY

## Rapid Development During the Year.

### NEW SAW MILL COSTING \$100,000

Strawberry Crop Netted \$60,000 to Growers—Valuable Water Power That Could Be Utilized.

Cradled between the eastern foothills of the Cascade range, blocked on the south by the broad base of Mount Hood, opening upon and fronting the Columbia river on the north, is Hood River valley, one of the most resourceful and beautiful of the lesser valleys of Oregon.

The valley and its incorporated town derive their names from Hood river, an important stream the area of whose drainage basin exceeds 300 square miles, about one-half of which is adapted to the requirements of husbandry. It is not, however, within the limits of this article to speak at length of the manifold resources of Hood river valley, for what part of Oregon does not abound in undeveloped resources, of its climate, a happy mean of humidity and temperature, of health-giving air and marveled scenery, captivating to the invalid and the tourist, but rather of the material development and growth that has come to it in the year 1899.

Confidence has been restored at Hood River, and we find ourselves sharers, in a moderate degree at least, of those improved business conditions that so happily prevail over our entire country. During the past 12 months the town of Hood River has increased over 50 per

cent in population, and the growth of both valley and town has been unprecedented in their history. Let us note some of the more important industries that have been established at Hood River during the year.

First in importance is the plant of the Lost Lake Lumber Company, Captain P. S. Davidson, president, situated on the Columbia river near the mouth of Hood river. This plant comprises 60 acres of land, a two-story mill building, the main part 256 feet long by 50 feet in width, with wings for boilers, sheds, machine shops, etc. The mill is a two-hand mill, with two gang edgers, lath and shingle mills, and all up-to-date appointments. Its battery of five boilers and an engine of 500 horsepower drive the machinery. Steam takes the logs from the Columbia, steam turns them on the carriage, steam carries the lumber from gauging and cut-off saws to the yard, and even dumps the refuse on the waste-heap. Captain Davidson makes but little use of muscle in his modern mill. This mill has a capacity of 300,000 feet per 24 hours, cost approximately \$100,000, and commands the timber of the Middle Columbia from the Cascades to the Klickitat river.

The fine sawmill of Nicolai & Cameron, just completed, also situated on the Columbia river, four miles west of Hood river, has, I am informed, a capacity of 75,000 feet daily. Logs for this mill are to be driven down the White Salmon river, in Washington, which is being improved for that purpose.

Davenport Bros. added a new mill to their plant during the year.

From November, 1898, to November, 1899, this firm shipped 4,700,000 feet of lumber and 4,600 cords of wood, giving employment to 80 men and 14 teams. During the month of September they shipped 978,000 feet of lumber, in addition to a large amount of wood, and paid \$4,000 for labor. The value of their output for the year exceeded \$40,000.

The aggregate capacity of these new mills for 1900 will be nearly 300,000 feet per 12 hours, giving employment to a large number of laborers, with corresponding pay-roll. The manufacture of lumber at present is the leading industry at Hood River.

**Fruit Industry of the Valley.**  
Fruitgrowing is the second industry in importance. It need not be repeated that our fruits are the recognized standard of excellence. The Hood River strawberry has yet to find its peer in any market. Shipments of this berry for the season of 1899 approximated 40,000 crates of 24 pounds each, returned to the grower, after payment of commissions and freights, about \$60,000.

As illustrating the volume of our fruit crop, I find that our local box factory manufactured, during the year, 45,000 berry crates, 72,000 plum baskets, and 6,000 apple boxes. As a further auxiliary to our fruit industry, the Davidson Fruit Company completed last spring an extensive cannery and preserving factory, with a capacity of a carload of canned fruit daily. Owing to the shortage of the fruit crop and the consequent high prices paid for fresh fruits in the markets, the year 1899 was unfavorable to the business of this firm; yet they report having given employment to 90 persons, that

also intersect an extensive and valuable forest, from which the great mill at the mouth of the river could be supplied with logs, and many thousands of cords of wood shipped to supply the great treeless country to the east as far as Snake river. Many other forest products, local traffic and rapidly increasing tourist travel to Mount Hood, would also contribute to the support of such a line of road as I have indicated.

Hood River receives all the drainage of the north and east side of Mount Hood, and the melting snows in summer send down a large and constant volume of water. The average descent of the river for the last 11 miles of its course is 60 feet per mile. A well-known Eastern manufacturer and capitalist who visited Hood River last summer said to the writer: "The biggest thing you have at Hood River is your undeveloped water power." Subsequently he employed a highly qualified electrical engineer to survey and measure the river, with the result, as I have been informed, that it would afford 10,000 horse-power per mile, or 100,000 horsepower for 10 miles.

Hood River is happily situated for the distribution of her products, being in close touch with three transcontinental roads, and is it not probable that with this great, cheap power at her threshold she may become an important manufacturing center, and the silent wires convey the surplus products of her motors to turn the industrial wheels of Portland?

**Ever Animal Its Own Doctor.**  
Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever drink water, and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun. The warbler ants have regularly organized ambulances. Lattreille cut the antennae of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths.

If a chimpanzee is wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hands on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment of rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Theosophical Society now has nearly 400 branches in various parts of the world.

Ottumwa has reduced its liquor license from \$1,800 to \$600 per year.

Several persons died recently from eating Kansas City mince pies.

# FOR BRIDE AND HONOR

## ODD ROMANCE OF ARTHUR MASON, A PLUNGER.

Seeks in Reckless Speculation a Fortune of \$250,000, that He May Cancel a Debt and Marry the Girl of His Choice.

The queerest and most interesting story that ever came out of the maelstrom of speculation is that of Arthur Mason, a Chicago plunger, who is trying to make a fortune of \$250,000 in order to cancel a debt of honor and marry the girl of his choice. He went out several months ago to gather in this sum from the New York Stock Exchange. Sometimes luck was with him and he succeeded in accumulating as much as \$150,000; at other times fortune was unfavorable and he lost the bulk of his winnings. He is up and down by turns—one week clearing from \$50,000 to \$75,000, and the next down, practically on his uppers. But he is never discouraged, and believes he will win in the end.

Mason wants the quarter of a million with which to repay the sum that his friend, Horace L. Porter, lost in speculation on his advice in San Francisco two years ago. Porter is dead, but he left a pretty sister, Miss Alva Porter, to whom Mason has been engaged for five years. He says he doesn't wish to marry the girl so long as the debt of honor is unpaid, but at the same time he feels that it is unfair to keep a girl of her age tied up with a matrimonial contract the fulfillment of which is uncertain. So Mason has set himself the task of securing the money within the next six months.

Arthur Mason is the son of Elias Mason, the head of a large shipping business on the great lakes. The elder Mason would gladly have his son join him in business, but the young man has determined that, alone and unaided, he will make his own fortune.

Mason's ambition and romance are the result of a five years' career as interesting as any young man had after leaving college. While Mason was at Princeton he met Horace L. Porter, a quiet, mild-mannered youth of a rather retiring disposition. Porter was of the sort that is susceptible to a man of strong personality. So it was that, despite the extreme difference in their physical and mental compositions, a strong attraction sprang up between the two young men, which strengthened as time wore on.

Shortly after leaving college Mason came to Chicago and began to speculate. Like many another man who has tried the same game, he lost, and lost again. His father refused to give him an additional allowance. At the very time of Mason's financial distress he received an invitation from his former college chum, Horace L. Porter, to visit him at his home in Nevada. The invitation came as a piece of good fortune to Mason, who jumped at this temporary abatement of his troubles.

Lost Money and Then Entitled.  
It was there that Mason met sweet-faced Alva Porter and won her heart and the promise of her hand. Too poor to marry, Mason went to San Francisco and began operating in stocks, and was soon joined by his friend Horace Porter, who brought plenty of cash to do business with. As an evidence of his sincerity in his friendship, Porter suggested that his friend that they go into some business together. Porter had the capital, and he was sure Mason had the brains. The offer was accepted, and under Mason's guidance Porter began speculating on the Stock Exchange.

In less than a year Porter's inheritance of \$250,000 had dwindled to about \$10,000. Mason would not ask his father for assistance and Porter refused to write to his mother for money, and thus it was that at the outbreak of the recent war with Spain Porter was working as clerk in a Boston dry goods store, while Mason earned a sort of livelihood as a board marker in a Boston bucket shop. When President McKinley issued his call for volunteers, Arthur Mason and Horace Porter were among the first to present themselves for enrollment on the books of the Ninth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers.

Mason went from choice, Porter because his friend enlisted. They went to Cuba and underwent all the hardships into which that gallant band of heroes was driven. Mason, strong of physique, withstood the awful ordeal, but Porter, always delicate in health, quickly began to feel the effects of the climate.

He became ill and was removed to the hospital. Mason begged to be allowed to go with his friend and the request was granted. Porter was unable to resist the tropical fever, and in a few days was dead. Mason cared for Porter as tenderly as a mother would for a sick child, and as he held the fever-stricken hand of his comrade friend he made a vow that in life his only motive would be the redemption of Porter's money lost in speculation, and the re-establishment of his own previously good business character.

Upon his return from Cuba almost the first one to meet him at Montauk Point was his father. An affecting scene followed, during which Mr. Mason implored his boy to return home and the past would all be forgotten and forgiven. The soldier's answer was:

"When I have made things right with the mother of the dearest friend I had on earth I will come to you, father, but until then I must work as I never worked before."

For the past few months Mason has been living in New York City engaged in the mad whirl of speculation, and he is now the recognized plunger

among the world of strong speculators who woo chance for a livelihood. On three separate occasions his winnings lately have reached over \$15,000 a day, but in his eagerness to master fortunes at one bold stroke he has each time forfeited the greater part.

During all this time Alva Porter has written many letters. She urges him to abandon his self-imposed task and marry her. She waits for him to say the word, and yet he refuses till he has accomplished his purpose of securing \$250,000.

**A PHILADELPHIA CHURCH.**  
Probably the Oddest Place of Worship in the World.  
Philadelphia has the oddest place of worship in the world. It is at 1344 Somerset street, and is the local branch of the "Christian Catholic Church," otherwise the "Zionists," who believe in Divine healing. The church is a neat, new and well-lighted apartment, about 18x50 feet in size. The wall back of the platform, which is used as a pulpit, is decorated in a unique manner. Flasks of whisky, cigars, pipes, bags of tobacco, crutches, plugs of chewing tobacco, trusses, vials of all kinds of medicine, corsets and many other articles have places on the wall, interspersed with Scriptural passages. Each of these articles is said to be the symbol of a renunciation of the use of liquor or medicine, or the material evidence of an escape from some malady.

One understands their significance at last when men and women who have entirely given up the use of medicine to rely solely on the healing power of Christ, rise in the audience and bear testimony to marvelous cures of consumption, cancer and other serious diseases which were wrought solely through the efficacy of prayer after physicians had abandoned all hope. The Zionists eschew all swine's flesh, and the use of whisky and tobacco is absolutely prohibited, and the use of medicines of all kinds is considered blasphemous.

The Zionists were founded less than four years ago by Rev. John Alexander Dowie, a scholarly man, who was formerly a Congregationalist preacher, and was once a minister of education in Australia. Their headquarters are at Chicago. In their brief existence the Zionists have grown to a membership of over 25,000. They have a bank, a college, land association and other business institutions. The members contribute one-tenth of their income to the church. All of these are under the absolute control of Rev. Dr. Dowie, who is called the general overseer, and whose powers extend even to the naming of his successor.

Rev. Mr. Dowie poses as a prophet. Recently, at Zion Tabernacle, Chicago, the faith healer predicted that in twenty-five years the world would be ready for the "coming of the Lord." "The telephone, telegraph and other wonderful things," he said, "will make it so easy to spread the Gospel of Zion that in a quarter of a century the world will be prepared for the great day."

**BIBLES OF THE YAQUI.**  
Two Unique Volumes Found on the Body of a Fighting Priest.  
Two of the most peculiar volumes ever compiled in the name of religion have passed from Indian possession into the keeping of a San Francisco man, Mr. Luis Lotzka. They were taken from the dead body of a Yaqui Indian, an unordained priest, or "maestro," who was shot by Mexican regulars during the last insurrection of his tribe. These sacred books reveal the religious beliefs and ceremonies of the Yaquis. The maestro to whom they belonged was one of a band of Indian

marauders that had been devastating the country as they passed through it, and committing all kinds of barbarous atrocities while on their way to join the remainder of the tribe. The maestro had apparently forgotten his priestly calling.

The maestro was an artist of considerable imagination and a technique all his own, as his conception of Christ on the cross, St. John, St. Gregory and the Deity show. His realization of the ascension, the victory of the cross over sin and doom is pathetic in its crudity. A draped cloth over the cross to represent the wrapping of the body of Jesus in myrtle and olives before laying Him in the sepulchre, according to St. John xix, 40, proves that the maestro must have been a student. It is to be hoped that if he has reached heaven the Archangels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael have forgiven him for his outlandish portraits of them.

Both volumes are put together with infinite neatness and painstaking, are written and printed with a pen, every stroke of which evidences a labor of love and reverence for the task. The frontispieces, in red and black ink, are "fearfully and wonderfully made." The cover of one is of gaudy red calico bound with black and red cotton skin.

**Carpet Tacks Saved His Life.**  
Experience of a Voyager Around the World at Terra del Fuego.  
Capt. Joshua Slocum, in his solitary voyage around the world in the sloop Spray, found a new and exciting use for carpet tacks. He thus describes an encounter with the natives of Terra del Fuego:

Canoes manned by savages from Fortesque now came in pursuit. The wind falling light, they gained on me rapidly till coming within hail, when they ceased paddling, and a bow-legged savage stood up and called to me, "Yammerschooner! yammerschooner!" which is their begging term. I said "No!" Now, I was not for letting them know that I was alone, and so I stepped into the cabin and, passing through the hold, came out at the fore-scuttle, changing my clothes as I went along. That made two men. Then the piece of bawpsirt which I had saved off at Buenos Ayres and which I had still on board, I arranged forward on the look-out, dressed as a seaman, attaching a line by which I could put it into motion. That made three of us and we did not want to "yammerschooner," but for all that the savages came on faster than before. I saw that, besides four at the paddles in the canoe nearest to me, there were others in the bottom, and that they were shifting hands often. At eighty yards I fired a shot across the bow of the nearest canoe, at which they all stopped, but only for a moment. Seeing that they persisted in coming nearer, I fired the second shot so close to the chap who wanted to "yammerschooner" that he changed his mind quickly enough and belted with fear, "Bueno jo via Isla," and, sitting down in his canoe, he rubbed his starboard cathead for some time. I was thinking of a good port captain's advice when I pulled the trigger and I must have aimed pretty straight; however, a miss was as good as a mile for Mr. "Black Pedro," as he it was, and no other, a leader in several bloody massacres.

He now directed the course of his canoe for the island and the others followed him. I knew by his Spanish lingo and by his full beard that he was the villain I have named, a renegade mongrel, and the worst murderer in Terra del Fuego. The authorities have been in search of him for two years. The Fuegians are not heard of. . . . At night, March 8, at anchor in a snug cove at the Turn, every heartbeat counted thanks. Here I pondered on the events of the last few days and, strangely enough, instead of feeling rested from sitting or lying down I now began to feel jaded and worn, but a hot meal of venison stew put me right so that I could sleep. As drowsiness came on I first sprinkled the deck with the tacks that my old friend Samblitch had given me and then I turned in. I saw to it that not a few of them stood "business end" up, for when the Spray passed Thieves' Bay two canoes had put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was alone.

Now, it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the "commercial end" of a carpet tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about 12 o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they "had me," a sleep and all. They changed their minds, however, when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them. I had no need of a dog; they howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly use for a gun. They jumped pell-mell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, to cool off, I suppose, and there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired the rascals a salute of several guns when I came on deck, to let them know that I was at home and that I turned in again, feeling sure that I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.—Century.

**ILLINOISAN HAS AN UGLY FACE.**  
It Caused a Humorous Incident When Its Owner Visited Gotham.  
George Geiger was said to be the ugliest man in Illinois. He kept a country store in Versailles, a little town in this State, in the early days and made a large fortune. He spent his money freely and was a jolly good fellow. But his face! It made the children cry to look at it! Geiger went to New York in the days of his prosperity and there was not much that he did not see. The first Sunday he was in town he went to Trinity Church and seated himself in an empty pew well forward. While the first lesson was being read a stranger entered. Geiger politely made room and passed over a prayer book. The stranger scowled and, taking a pencil from his pocket, wrote on the fly leaf: "This is my pew." Geiger wrote back: "Darned fine pew; what will you take for it?" This settled the Christian gentleman and he did not bother Geiger again. At the conclusion of the service the owner of the pew put out his hand to Geiger and begged his pardon for his rudeness and lack of Christian hospitality. "That's all right," said Geiger; "it's my face, as usual, that was the cause of it." From that time the two men were fast friends, and together had many a laugh over their first meeting.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Natural All Around.**  
Sims Reeves, when a young man, received singing lessons from a teacher conspicuous alike for his ability and brusque manner. One day while at lessons Sims was requested to sing a verse of a then popular song. He had scarcely sung the first line when his teacher abruptly interrupted him with, "Stop, sir, you are fat—very fat." "And you, sir, are sharp—very sharp." "The instant retort of the now famous tenor, as he picked up his music and indignantly left the room.

**Objects to the Title.**  
The mother of the Queen of Holland objects to the title of "Dowager," and an official statement has been made by the young Queen to the effect that her mother must not be called "Dowager Queen," but "Queen Emma of the Netherlands."

**Worshipping the Tearful Onion.**  
The onion was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians. The cauliflower is a patriarch among vegetables and was taken from its Cyprus home to Italy and England in the reign of Elizabeth.

# CARPET TACKS SAVED HIS LIFE

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**Worshipping the Tearful Onion.**  
The onion was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians. The cauliflower is a patriarch among vegetables and was taken from its Cyprus home to Italy and England in the reign of Elizabeth.

# OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

## HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

**Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.**

He—That Miss Simkins is awfully shy, isn't she?  
She—Yes. I wonder if she gets it from her mother?  
He—No; from her father, I imagine. I understand he used to be a great poker player.—Chicago News.

**Ordained.**  
"There's no reason why a politician should not be honest."  
"No; it's just one of those things that happens. There is no particular reason why grass shouldn't be black; but it's green, just the same."—Philadelphia North American.

**At It Again.**  
The Savage Bachelor—I don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can be bought for \$25.  
The Sweet Young Thing—As usual, woman is at a disadvantage. A good grizzly bear can't be bought for less than ten times as much.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Hotel Guest—Well, it's so smoky here I don't see how they ever find the fire.**—Chicago News.

**Obeying Orders.**  
"Now, Tommy, give me a definition of ratio."  
Tommy—Please, sir, pa said I wasn't to talk politics in school.

**Cautionary.**  
(Slipping the ring on her finger)—Let's keep this secret a little while, darling. Don't say anything about it. (In a whisper)—I won't, love—till I find out whether the stone is genuine or not.—Chicago Tribune.

**An Enjoyable Tramp.**  
Mildred (from Philadelphia)—You don't seem to like Evelyn.  
Penelope (from Boston)—She shows a lack of proper culture. This morning she said she was going to take a tramp up the mountain.  
Mildred—Well?  
Penelope—Do you not think she might choose as her escort one whose social status is more in keeping with her own?—New York Press.

**For Mercy's Sake.**  
"His wife's name is Mercy. She keeps him busy, too."  
"Doing what?"  
"Why, running on errands of Mercy."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Buttonless Coat.**  
Stub—You ought to go to the ministers this week. Regular button-busting jokes, they say.  
Penn—Who's going to sew my buttons on after they're busted off? You don't know my wife, old man.

**Equal Footing.**  
"Why are ladies so fond of golf?"  
"Well, you see, it places them on an equal footing with the men."

**At the Polls.**  
"A woman tried to vote here to-day."  
"How'd you get rid of her?"  
"Told her to send it by mail, so that it would be sure to receive official attention."—Philadelphia North American.

**Then She Went Out.**  
Tom—What do you think she did when I asked her to let me be the light of her life?  
Dick—I don't know. What?  
Tom—Turned me down.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Would Come Around All Right.**  
They were seated side by side on the parlor sofa and there wasn't room enough between them for an argument.  
"George," murmured the maid, after a blissful silence extending over a period of several minutes, "I'm afraid your arm must be very painful."  
"Why do you think so, dearest?" he asked.  
"Because," she coyly replied, "it seems to be out of place."  
"Oh, well, never mind," said George. "It will come around all right."—Chicago News.

**A Retort Courtroom.**  
The Automobile—Get out of the way there, you old stiff! You're a has-been. The Horse—Perhaps. But will you please tell me from what part of your anatomy they cut the porthouse steaks?—Omaha World-Herald.

# One of Many.

Quadds—Hello, old boy! What are you doing now?  
Spacer—Writing for the press.  
Quadds—Don't you find it rather thankless sort of work?  
Spacer—On the contrary, nearly everything I write is returned with thanks.—Chicago News.

**The Motive Power.**  
"Mrs. Lowly dresses up and goes everywhere and has a good time, but one never sees her husband. I suppose he pays the bills, though, and stays in the background."  
"Yes. In other words she is one of those airy creatures who have no visible means of support."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Between Friends.**  
"I'm just engaged!"  
"Indeed? Have you, then, received a great inheritance?"—Humoristisches Blaetter.

**Old Sayings.**  
Dick (describing the singer)—She had azure eyes; minstrel-joke hair—  
Ida—One moment, Dick! What in the world is "minstrel-joke hair?"  
Dick—Why, a rich chestnut, of course. Girls couldn't see through a window with the glass out.

**Three Balls in Disguise.**  
"Say, Dick, oom means uncle, doesn't it?"  
"Yes; I believe it's all the same in Dutch."  
"Well, it's been a great help to me of late."  
"You don't say."  
"Yes, when Edith asked where my overcoat was I told her down at oom's. Now, old chap, if I had said down at uncle's she'd seen through it in a minute."  
Grip of Steel.

Swipsy—Me old man wuz one of dese friendly men. He'd catch hold of yer hand an' wudn't let go.  
Billy—Great Jimmy! Wuz he a cop or a detective?

**As to Hair and Whiskers.**  
Why does a man's hair fall out before his whiskers?  
Because it is at least twenty years older.—New York Press.

**Horatio Barnes Stormer.**—They used to call me a "ham," but little did I dream I would ever figure in a "sandwich."  
"I married you," he observed, "for yourself alone, but now—"  
"It was clear that the honeymoon was on its last legs."  
"Now I find I have got the whole family."—New York Press.

**Not Particular.**  
"She does all her own cooking, but she says her husband has the appetite of a bird."  
"Goodness! She must mean an ostrich."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Took Him Up.**  
She—Will you buy me that hat?  
He—My precious little—  
She—Look here! You can either buy me that hat or you can love me precious little.—New York Press.

**A Man of Metal.**  
"The orator is what you call a man of metal."  
"Why?"  
"They call him 'silver-tongued,' he has gold in his teeth, and he certainly has plenty of brass."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**In Fiji Society.**  
First Fiji Belle—Do you think she has the face to be married with the two-ring ceremony?  
Second Fiji Belle—Oh, yes, her face is certainly ample for two rings.—Detroit Journal.

**A Precious Gem Story.**  
The tea things had been cleared away, and the head of the establishment was trying to read the evening paper, while his better half bustled herself with some fancy work, and at the same time endeavored to interest him in the gossip of the neighborhood.  
"Maria," said he, glancing up from his paper, "did you ever hear the story of precious gems?"  
"Why, no," she replied; "what is it?"  
"It's an old-time fairy legend that my grandmother told me when I was a boy," he continued, "about a woman from whose lips there fell either a diamond or a ruby every time she spoke a word."  
"Well, go on," she said.  
"That's all there is of it, Maria," he replied. "But I was just thinking that if such things happened nowadays I'd open a jewelry shop the first thing in the morning."  
And then for thirteen consecutive minutes silence reigned supreme.

The woman who marries a man to reform him seldom lives long enough to finish the job.



A HOOD RIVER SCHOOLHOUSE.



MISS PORTER.



REV. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.



ARTHUR MASON.



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