

## FARMER LIFE IDEAL

THE LOT OF THE TILLER OF THE SOIL IS TO BE ENVIED.

**Dredges in City Shops Know Nothing of His Independence, and Although the Work is Hard and Incessant the Reward is Sure.**

If some of the farmers who are discouraged because they have not made a fortune off their farms and who feel inclined to envy their brother tillers in the city, imagining that life in the city is more desirable than theirs, easier and filled with plenty of leisure to enjoy all the pleasures with which the rustic imagination glides and glorifies those distant scenes and activities, they need only try to find out their mistake. "Far fields are green" and lose much of their attractiveness upon a nearer view.

To the city man of ordinary means and opportunities, who, like the ordinary farmer, has no bank account to fall back upon in case of emergency, life is one "demition grind" and without the soothing influences of nature that surround the farmer to quiet the fever and unrest with which the struggle, competition and turmoil around him keep his nerves on the rack day after day. As a rule, such men are not their own masters, but must order their speech, demeanor and inclinations to please the powers that have control over their daily doings in order to keep bread in the mouths and clothes on the backs of both themselves and their families.

The farmer, if he does not feel well, can rise in the morning at whatever hour it pleases him so to do, for an hour or so or a day or two does not make much difference in his affairs, except at the most critical periods of planting and harvesting. He can have his own opinions, and voice them, too, on politics and religion and all the stirring questions of the day without fear of antagonizing the powers that be, who can "sack" him if his views and opinions do not happen to coincide with those of his masters or "overlord" (the boss).

That the farmer is a hard worker nobody can deny. Tilling the soil is not easy work. Since God gave the command to man to "earn his bread by the sweat of his face" the farmer's life has been a life of toil. It takes some strength and effort to dig a living out of the ground. It is not easy to earn a living, much less a fortune, without effort, and the farmer is not the only one who "sweats." Brain workers have no sinecure, although some persons imagine that all they have to do is sit at a desk and add up figures or to twiddle a pen in their fingers. The life of a salesman behind the counter is most wearisome and monotonous. The beautiful days of spring go by, the birds are singing as they build their nests, the flowers are blooming in the valleys and on the hillsides, and the grass is growing greener and greener in the meadows, yet never a glimpse does he get of the beauty of the bright world except when he can take a car ride on an evening or on a Sunday or holiday.

A grocer's clerk works more hours and harder than the average country boy, who can go to the "corner" and pitch quots and gossip with his cronies when the city young man is just getting from work, and, as for the man who delivers milk in the city, he has even harder work and longer hours. At 4 in the morning and even earlier his wagon is heard on the streets and himself racing from top to bottom of the high apartment buildings in the cold and sleet of a midwinter's morning or in the enervating heat of summer. At breakneck speed he goes, and one could almost imagine that his life

depended upon getting through his rounds in due season. Competition is so great that he must neglect nothing and always be pleasant and obliging to the most unreasonable of customers for fear of losing one. There are the loaves, carrying fifty pounds and often 100 pounds of ice up four flights of stairs, which is no easy task, and as it is not skilled labor the pay is probably not more than it should be, considering the amount of strength expended. Hard as the work is and moderate as is the pay, no man can afford to lose his job, so he has to be very careful not to antagonize his employers.

The man who does business on a small scale and is his own boss probably finds it no easier to make a living, for he has to do the greater part of his own work, and in the case of a bad or unprofitable season is sometimes not so well off as his hireling, who is sure of his wages at least.

That man who owns his land and has good health is a poor farmer who cannot make at least a living for himself and family. It may not be a sumptuous living, but it may be a comparatively comfortable one. This cannot be said of all sorts of occupations.

There is another hope ahead for the farmer. If he doesn't have good luck this year, he may the next. There is always a chance that there will be a better yield in crops and a better price in the market. The element of uncertainty adds zest to life which a settled amount of wages from month to month and from year to year cannot give, and he is always sure of enough to eat on the farm of some sort or another.

The time is coming and is not far distant when the farmer's life will be looked upon as the ideal life by many of the world weary tillers of the crowded cities. Even now the one bright dream of many a drudger in the stores and offices is of a happy time coming when he will have a farm, a home all his own in the country, where he can rest his tired brain and nerves as he sits beneath his own vine and fig-or-apple-tree. Whoever despises a farmer's life is a fool; it is the most independent life on earth.—Country Gentleman.

### Women and Their Troubles.

Once upon a time two women were talking over their troubles, and while one was telling her tale of woe the other was very impatient to tell hers.

Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts, the second woman managed to tell her story, and as she had the last say she improved very much on the tale of the first woman, in consequence of which the first speaker was made quite unhappy.

Moral.—Some women are more wretched than others because the others have more troubles than they have.—New York Herald.

### Mark Twain on Lying.

Why will you humbug yourselves with that foolish notion that no lie is a lie except a spoken one? What is the difference between lying with your eyes and lying with your mouth? There is none, and if you would reflect a moment you would see that it is so. There isn't a human being that doesn't tell a gross lie every day of his life.—Mark Twain in Harper's.

### Calculating.

Elderly Adorer—I am sixty-nine and have \$300,000.

Fair Young Thing—I'll give you an answer the day after tomorrow. I will have to figure it all out in the mortuary tables.

### Costly Transaction.

"De mule I stoled was only worth \$20," said the Georgia dandy, "en, bless me, ef de lawyer didn't charge \$50 ter prove me innocent!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## SLEEP ON A COLD SMOKE.

**Puffing an Empty Pipe Said to Be an Insomniac Cure.**

After giving a fair and patient trial to each of many alleged cures for sleeplessness the writer stumbled across a simple method of inducing somnolence that has the merit of being harmless and inexpensive. To smokers the remedy involves no cost whatever, but of nonsmokers the capital outlay of the price of a pipe is required. It must be a wooden pipe and curved, not straight.

Having retired for the night, the sufferer should lie perfectly flat on his back, discarding pillow rests, and puff steadily at an empty pipe until he feels thoroughly drowsy. The desired result usually is achieved after from about sixty to a hundred puffs have been made. The puffing should be done slowly, with a deep inhaling movement. The expelling motions must be made deliberately with narrowed mouth. During the entire operation the pipe should not be removed, as each displacing and replacing movement tends to wakefulness.

Those capable of great concentration of thought should, if smokers, imagine they see volumes of smoke, and those who eschew the burning weed will be helped by counting the puffs.

As sleep is often successfully wooed while yet the pipe is in the mouth, bowls of meerschaum or clay are not recommended, since these are liable to be broken when the coming of slumber allows the pipe to slide from the mouth. Nervous people may be reassured that there is no danger in falling asleep with the stem edge of a curved pipe caught between one's teeth. Sleep always occasions the grip to be relaxed. That may hold also of straight pipes, but for other and obvious reasons these are less suitable than those with curved stems.—New York Mail and Express.

## LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

**His Power as Well as the Area He Rules Is Limited.**

The lord mayor of London is not the all powerful official he is thought to be on the continent. He is not the mayor of all London, but only of the city of London, and the City is but a fraction of the whole. Greater London has, roughly, a population of 6,000,000, but in the 650 acres that comprise the City there is a resident population at night of only 88,000 and by day of little over 300,000. And even within this area the powers of the lord mayor and of the twenty-six aldermen and the two hundred odd common councilors are by no means autocratic.

Much of what used to lie within his and their province has been taken over by the London county council. In fact, the average Londoner never thinks of the lord mayor as an edict making, law giving official. He stands altogether apart in the popular mind from questions of rates and assessments, schools and police. Very few people could say what legislative functions, if any, he fulfills. They may have heard that he is the chief magistrate of the courts, but beyond that their knowledge of his precise duties does not stray. It is the social and decorative side of his position that impresses the public. The lord mayor is never without his badge and rarely without his robes and chains of office. He rides abroad in a magnificently gilded coach, with powdered coachmen and footmen in cocked hats and silk knee breeches, sending a gleam of gold through the dirty drab of London.

The lord mayor's show on Nov. 9 is one of England's few annual pageants and, unthought as it is, has a warm place in the hearts of the populace, and, besides all this, he has some rights and

privileges of 400 years' standing. No troops may pass the City boundaries without his leave. The sovereign himself has to ask permission to enter the city walls, just as he has to ask for permission to enter the house of commons.—Harper's Weekly.

## LOST HIS NERVE.

**Why It Was That Big Pete Failed to Hit the Sheriff.**

There were thirty men in the White Wolf saloon when the sheriff of Silver county sauntered in to arrest big Pete Thompson for murder. Pete was playing a hand in a game of poker, and after nodding to him the sheriff stood up at the bar and called for a drink. His back was scarcely turned when Pete laid down his cards, pulled his gun and fired six shots as fast as his finger could pull the trigger. The sheriff never moved. When the smoke had rolled out of the open door and we could see the sheriff stood in the same position and wore the same smile. One bullet had burned his cheek; a second had grazed his ear; a third had cut through his shirt collar under the left ear. Big Pete was a dead shot, and yet he had missed his man at fifteen feet.

"Got through, Pete?" asked the sheriff, breaking a silence that was positively painful.

"And you—you are not bleeding?" gasped Pete as his arm sank slowly down.

"No; come on."

"You didn't bring your guns?"

"No; if you are through shooting, we'll go."

Pete laid his two guns down on the table before him and walked to the door and out into the street. His horse was tied to a post a block away. He reached the horse, mounted and then headed down the long street after the sheriff, who was giving him not the slightest attention. In five minutes the pair were out of sight.

"What ailed Pete?" was asked of the barkeeper, who had come to the door of the saloon.

"Lost his nerve," he brusquely replied.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the sheriff coming without a gun and standing there to be shot at took all his sand away and made a woman of him."

"Suppose the sheriff had had a gun?"

The man jerked his head toward the field wherein fifteen or twenty victims had been buried and said:

"He'd 'a' bin over thar."

"And will big Pete get clear?"

"Likely; but he'll have to leave here. The boys have already put him down as N. G."

## Accomplished.

Mrs. Gimp—Is Miss Stitchee much of a dressmaker?

Miss Piping—Splendid. She never has to make a dress over more than two or three times.—Boston Transcript.

## Fruity.

"She's evidently the apple of his eye."

"He told me she was a peach."

"So? Well, at any rate, they are a fine looking pair."—Indianapolis News.

## The Need of Modish Soda Mint.

Under ordinary social and gastronomic conditions there is probably a great deal more heartburn than heartburnings.—Indianapolis News.

Advise an old man to marry a woman young enough to be his daughter, and he may ask if you take him for a fool, but he will not be offended.—Athens Globe.

"I wish you had broken the news more gently," sighed the editor as the office boy plied the first page by dropping the form down a flight of stairs.—Baltimore American.

# RIVERVIEW PARK

AND

## IDLEWILDE ADDITION

TO HOOD RIVER.

Centrally Located. Fine View.

Pure Spring Water.

STREETS ARE NOW BEING GRADED,

Sidewalks will be Put in when Grading is Completed

Property is in the first sewerage system that will be put in by the town of Hood River.

Several fine buildings will be erected on the property during the summer.

Special Inducements to People who wish to Build.

For full particulars call upon

PRATHER INVESTMENT CO.,

Or

GEORGE D. CULBERTSON & CO.

J. F. Batchelder and R. R. Erwin, Trustees.

## TRY A WANT AD.

If you want to buy anything, or have anything to sell, try the effectiveness of a Want Ad in the GLACIER. A six-line ad will cost you

ONLY 25c A MONTH

# DAVENPORT BROTHERS

HAVE

## \$60,000 Worth of Land for Sale Cheap, or Trade.

### Also, HORSES, CATTLE, WAGONS, MILLS AND WATER.

The Valley Improvement company have contracted for about all the water they can furnish without enlarging the flume. In order to enlarge the flume the Davenport Bros. have decided to sell land to the amount of \$60,000. This will be a bargain in lands, and will hold good for 30 days and then will be taken off the market. So you will "have to hurry" if you want some of it.

This sale will include the Barrett Ranch, the best farm in Hood River valley. Four thousand fruit trees; free water for a part of it; contains 180 acres; worth \$20,000, but will sell in a lump for \$16,000 cash. Or we will sell in 5, 10, 15 and 20 acre lots to suit the purchaser. This is a fine bargain at only.....\$16,000

Also, the famous ranch known as the old E. L. Smith place, near the Frankton school house. This place contains 150 acres, with several fine cold springs on the place, and nearly enough water to irrigate the entire land. Only 2½ miles from town, with the Frankton school on the place, one of the best schools in the valley. This place will be sold in small lots and will all be gone inside of ten days, for.....\$15,000

Next comes the old Van Johnson place, and this will be included in this bargain sale. Worth \$4,000, but for the cash it will go for 3,000. This place contains 40 acres, 25 in clover and timothy, 500 bearing apple trees, house and barn, nice wood shed, cold spring at the door, good cellar, small hay barn, all the water

needed for the place from a private ditch from Ditch creek. You can not afford to miss this at.....\$3,000

Also, ten acres from the southeast corner of the old Sipma place, all cleared and seeded to clover and timothy. Plenty of water for irrigating the entire place, free. Well worth the price.....\$2,000

Another 160 acres on Bald mountain, for.....2,000

Twelve hundred acres 4 miles from town, worth ten dollars per acre. We will sell for.....8,000

3,300 acres up around Parker Town. This land will be sold off in 80 and 160 acre lots for about five dollars per acre, or the whole tract for about.....\$15,000

M. M. Davenport has 13 acres for sale cheap. He will also sell his house and lot, with 8 acres, cheap.

We are not offering this land cheap because we are hard up, but to help out the Valley Improvement Co. The deeds to this land are in the name of the Davenport Bros., hence there will be no commission. All the lands selected by them for choice hay lands, as well as apples and strawberries, all having free water more or less. These places

are the oldest places taken in Hood River, and are also the best, as all of them have good cold springs on them.

We also have eight or ten large teams that we will sell in the next thirty days, including harness and wagons. Eighty head of cattle in good condition; two complete saw mills.

Do not think because we are offering to sell that we are going out of business, for none of this property is included in our lumber business. The Davenport Bros. Lumber Co. is incorporated for \$50,000, fully paid up. Their large mill is now cutting 40,000 feet per day, and included in this, besides their mill, is the water flume, timber, planing mill, lumber, etc. We are sure that this property will be sold inside of 30 days to men living right here in the valley, as the men know the bargains there are in it, and we are also sure they will not let the outside take up these snaps.

Call on Frank Davenport, in the old bank building, and look over the plat of the above lands.