

## HOOD RIVER GLACIER, THURSDAY AUGUST 3, 1905.

### **WOMEN AND BANKING**

**ODD NOTIONS OF SOME OF THE FAIR SEX ABOUT FINANCE.**

**A VETERAN BANKER EXHIBITS A CURIOUS LINE OF SAMPLE CASES THAT CAME UNDER HIS OBSERVATION IN THE COURSE OF BUSINESS.**

"Business women of course," said a veteran banker, "understand the routine of banking from the customer's side of it about as well as men, but the queer ideas the average woman got in business has about a bank would make a totem pole laugh."

"I lost an awful good account once because I couldn't convince a woman that a note put in the bank for collection is not money. She came in one day, made out a deposit slip and tried to deposit a note just due. The teller told her that he would forward it for collection. That seemed to strike her as all right, and she kept on writing checks against her account."

"She overdrove in a day or two and sent her notice. She came down in a towering rage and asked me what my bank meant by insulting her. Overdrawn? Ridiculous! Why, she had deposited \$5,000 only a few days ago. What had we done with that money?"

"I tried to explain to her that the 'deposit' she referred to was only a note sent out for collection; that it had not been paid and might be returned unpaid. She flew into a passion. What did she care about it? She had given it into the bank, and she meant to have the money on it."

"What were banks for? I cautioned her against checking against the amount of the note until it had been paid, but she went away in a Huff and kept right on making checks until we had to stop her. We refused her checks, marking them 'No funds,' and then she withdrew her account. It turned out to be a dandy afterward, but to this day, I understand, she can't see any difference between notes, checks, drafts and currency."

"Strange as it may seem, the number of women—honest, absolutely guileless women—who write other persons' signatures to checks is large. Only today, for instance, the daughter of one of our best customers came into the bank with a check for \$500 made payable to herself."

"Her father's name was signed to it, and he had plenty of money in the bank, but his daughter had signed his name herself. We explained to her that we couldn't pay out money on such an order or request."

"But," said she, "we haven't a cent of money in the house. Papa is on the train somewhere between here and New York, and I—you don't suppose he'd hesitate to give us \$500, do you?"

"That young woman did not and could not understand why she didn't have as much right to use her father's credit at the bank as she had to use it at the dry goods stores and the butcher shop. I wanted to tell her that she had really committed forgery, but I didn't. I advanced the money on my personal account, and she went away a bit miffed and fancying that we were a fussy, unreasonable lot of money gatherers."

"Things like that are always coming up in every bank. We had one depositor, an inexperienced young widow. She had over \$30,000 in the bank. One day she came in and wrote a check for the full balance, payable to herself. The teller stared and asked how she'd have it. Any way would suit her, she said, only she wanted the cash."

"He sent word to me and began to count out the money in \$100 and \$500 notes. After counting them over she wrapped the whole sum up in a newspaper and went out. We were all puzzled, and we were afraid she might be robbed, so I sent two of the clerks after her to see what she did with the money as well as to protect her. She walked through the crowded streets about six blocks to another bank and deposited the whole \$30,000 to the credit of a poor young lawyer to whom we afterward learned, she was engaged to be married."

"I don't think he was then aware of her intention to transfer her money to his account or he would have advised her to get a certified or cashier's check instead of lugging her fortune through the downtown streets of a city like this."

"The woman depositor who can't understand why other persons' checks deposited by herself are deducted from her account when they are no good is a familiar character in nearly every bank."

"When such a check comes back and they are asked to take it up they will look unutterable scowls at the teller or collector and say: 'I put it back? Well, I guess not. Why should I pay it? I didn't make it out. Mr. So-and-so gave it to me, and if it isn't good that's his lookout. Go after him. The ideal! Surely you don't expect me to pay out my own good money for Mr. So-and-so!'

"By drawing several diagrams, exerting much patience and diplomacy, you may convince such a woman that she has to cover the bad checks she deposits, but very often she refuses or fails to be convinced. She will probably insist on realizing on every cent the teller gives her credit for in her bank book, and if she doesn't get it look out. She'll take her account to some other bank and resume her determination to have her rights. Oh, the inexperienced woman is almost as annoying and far more numerous than dishonest women, so far as banks are concerned!" —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Working the Claim.**  
"That Englishman who is visiting the Nuritche claims to be a lord."

"Yes. And the Nuritche are working the claim for all it is worth." —Detroit Tribune.

**Water and Light Notice**

All water and light bills must be paid at the company's office each month in advance, or before the 10th day of the month. No collector will be sent out hereafter. In all cases where bills are not promptly paid when due, the services will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

HOOD RIVER ELECTRIC L. P. & W. C.

By E. E. GOFF, Mgr.

**Best Spraying Material**

at the lowest prices at Clarke's store.

### **AMPUTATED LIMBS.**

**Some People Bury Them and Keep Flowers on the Grave.**

"What becomes of the hundreds of legs and arms of unfortunate amputated at the Louisville hospitals annually?" was asked of the superintendent of one of the large Louisville hospitals. "Whatever the owners want done with them."

"If you had to lose your right arm, what would you want done with it?" asked the superintendent, glancing over cornered over his spectacles with a quizzical air.

"When I die which I hope won't be soon, I want my body to be decently buried, and I think I wouldn't feel right if my arm wasn't there too. Besides, I want it handy on judgment day."

"Exactly so," said the superintendent, "and there are a great many like you. They exhibit the greatest affection for the doomed member and give minute orders as to how it shall be disposed of."

"I have known people who had their limbs embalmed and placed in little lead coffins and stored away in a vault, so that when they died the limb could be buried with them."

"I knew of one man who had his leg buried in the yard where he could look out of his window and see its grave. He would each day place a bunch of flowers on the mound and stay by it for hours."

"I was asking for facts," said the reporter.

"You are getting them," replied the superintendent. "I could enumerate a number of instances where limbs were buried in the grave with their former owners."

"I think that the sentiment is a beautiful and righteous one," said a member of the group, "and one that I should adopt if such bad fortune overtook me."

"I have also known people," resumed the superintendent, "who displayed the utmost indifference as to the ultimate fate of their amputated members. No thought of their limbs seems to enter their heads. They go under the knife without asking any questions and come from under the influence of the ether and so far as I know go through life without inquiring what became of their legs or arms."

"These people come from the lower classes, who have no fine sensibilities or sentiments. It's generally the cultured and refined man who gives orders as to the disposition of a lost member."

"Well, what do you do with the limbs of these don't care people?" asked the reporter, whose curiosity seemed never to be appeased.

"Burn them generally. That's the most sanitary and least troublesome way." —Louisville Herald.

### **POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

So many of us have another guess coming.

If things were only as good as the samples.

Town people should do less quarrelling, and country people should use better seed corn.

A man who has all he knows at his tongue's command is a prodigy or he doesn't know much.

Men are always trying to kill two birds with one stone. They will do pretty well if they get one.

Girls prefer evening parties which the men can attend, but married women prefer afternoon parties which bar out all men.

When a girl is two her father is pleased when she goes into his pockets when he comes home nights, when is ten he is irritated, and when she is thirty he gets mad. —Atherton Globe.

### **The Wrong Patient.**

When you go to consult a distinguished physician whose time is precious, it is well to be clear and prompt in your statements, advises the Buffalo Commercial, which adds: "A young woman who was slow and confused in explaining her wants in the anteroom of a busy Buffalo physician one day was hurried into an inner office, placed in a chair and had her stomach pumped out with the neatness and dispatch that come with daily practice. While some prescription was being written the astonished young woman found her voice and managed to make it known that it was her sister whose symptoms she had tried to describe."

### **A Few Contingencies.**

You have to take a few chances if you play the races."

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkin, "no Charley tells me. If you pick the best horse, and he happens to be fit, and the jockey understands his business and hasn't been tampered with, and you manage to get through the crowd and persuade the bookmaker to take your money, and the sheet writer remembers the number of your badge, and you don't get your pocket picked, you may come out ahead." —Washington Star.

### **The Very Latest.**

Ferdy Fuztop—Now I want you to make me a very fashionable coat, you know—one of the very latest and most ultra stylish you can build. Ferdy's Tailor—Yes, sir. Would you like it too long or too short?—Clever Leader.

### **An Insult.**

Tragedian—I tell you, an actor's life is dangerous. We travel so much, and there are so many wrecks. Friends—But isn't it always easy to step off the track when you see trouble coming?

Boston Post.

### **Dog's Kisses Caused Tumors.**

The danger of kissing dogs is illustrated by the experience of a young lady who is told in the London Lancet. She had been in the habit of fondling and kissing a pet dog, and when she developed a tumorous growth it was discovered that her trouble was due to the presence of a number of worms which had been transferred from the dog to the tissues of her cheek.

### **Why He Laughed.**

"Oh, George, dear, I'm so glad you've come home! We've had burglars in the flat, and they took all our silver and beat the janitor dreadfully! What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing because they beat the janitor." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### **Well Earned.**

Stingy—See here, when are you going to pay me back that dollar you borrowed? Borrowers—Why, man alive, I earned that dollar. I had to work with you for a couple of hours before I got it out of you. —Philadelphia Ledger.

### **Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in.**

Talmaige.

### **Attention, Campers.**

Nearly new brown tents for sale. Telephone Country Club Inn.

### **Notice.**

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors of School District No. 5 of Wasco County, State of Oregon, will issue \$200 in certificates of warning, bearing interest at the rate of six percent per annum, for sums receivable as follows: One-third of said amount due in two years from the issuance of the certificate, and the remaining two-thirds in six years. Parties desiring to subscribe for the same will communicate with the Clerk of said district on or before August 12th, 1905.

By order of the Board this 1st day of July, 1905.

Clerk School District No. 5, Wasco Co., Ore.

Do You Suffer with Dyspepsia or Indigestion? Clarke's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure you. Price only 50¢.

### **ODD INDUSTRIES OF PARIS.**

**There Are Night Hawks of Many Feathers.**

The ramasseur de nuit is the humblest member of the ragsellers' corporation. He is generally a laborer out of work and collects whatever he can find and judges salable from a scrap of paper or an orange peel to a dilapidated stove. Take old books, for example. However bad they are, they have a market value, for they always contain in the inside one sound piece that can serve again and generally two or three more at the heel and the back. Old provision tins, again, are full of money; the lead soldering can be removed and melted into cakes, while the tin goes to make children's toys. There are about 6,000 of this class of night birds in Paris. Another quaint night bird is the "guardian angel." The "guardian angel" is a person attached to the establishments of some masquerades—low barkerkeepers—and certain public houses for the purpose of looking after the safety of drunken customers. He accompanies them to their homes, defends them in case of need, as often as not has to put them to bed and leaves them only when they are without the reach of mischief. He earns about 50 cents a day. Cases are also on record where grateful drunkards have remembered the "angel" in their wills. To return the compliment the "angel" has invested some of his funds in the purchase of a barrow, the object of which is but too obvious.

An important night bird is the member of the guild des pâtes mouillées. He deals in tobacco manufactured from stumps of cigars and cigarettes picked up in the street and holds as sines on the Place Maubert, by the statue of Etienne Dolet, twice a week at 5 a.m. On these days the square is called the "market of wet pasta."

The industry is quite remunerative on a modest scale, of course, and would be even more so were it not for the government which stepped in with characteristic greed and on the grounds of the monopoly it holds proceeded to tax the tobacco collected with so much painstaking care.

**YOUR WORK.**

Lot 50 by 130, 2 story 8 room house, \$1200.

2 lots, west end town, 5 room house, \$850; below hill.

2 lots, 6 room house, plastered, stone foundation on hill, \$1200.

Lot 100 feet square, house, 3 rooms, \$900 on time; \$550 cash.

3 lots 50 by 90, 9 room house, ceiled, basement, \$3000; two-thirds cash.

Beautiful lots in Coe's addition, 25 per cent down, \$5 per month at 8 per cent interest.

3 lots on hill 50 by 90, on hill; \$400 cash.

2 lots, 9 room house, ceiled, piped with water, free water, \$1800; \$900 cash.

3 lots, west end town, \$1600; one-half cash, balance 8 per cent.

Lots in Coe's addition, on the installment plan.

2 lots, on brow of hill above post office, \$450.

8 room house, plastered, 4 lots, all in fruit trees, bearing, \$2300 cash.

Two lots, 50 by 100, in front of school on hill, \$600.

Lot and house one-half block east of post office, \$850; 30 days.

Lots in Coe's addition, on the installment plan. Houses to rent.

**EDWIN A. HENDERSON**

Manager.

**ANNOUNCEMENT.**

I am prepared to furnish water for domestic purposes at 50¢ per month; bath and toilet, 25¢ each; irrigation, \$1 per lot.

Knows A. HENDERSON Agent for H. C. Coe.

**Order.**

The chair lady rapped sharply.

"It should not be necessary for the chair to remind members," she said severely, "that under our rules of order, to say nothing of common courtesy, only one member may be silent at a time. Any member who becomes silent at the same time that another member is silent is distinctly out of order."

The ladies of the club visibly cringed under this merited rebuke. Many of them flushed to the roots of their hair, and several there were who burst into tears. —Life.

**Building Material, Carpets, Paints, etc.**

**S. E. BARTMESS**

**FURNITURE**

**Building Material, Carpets,**

**Paints, etc.**

**Hardware Stewart's Furniture**

**Seasonable Goods**

N P Strawberry hulls...10¢

Camp stools.....25¢