

Elinor's Afternoon Off.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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It was the proud boast of Mr. and Mrs. James Regan that their flower-like daughter, Elinor, had never set foot in that plebeian vehicle, a trolley car.

To be sure, there had been a time when James Regan would have welcomed the chance to drive one of the good, old fashioned street cars, but those days belonged in the dark ages of Regan family history along with the momentous Sunday when that same flowerlike daughter had been christened plain Mary Ellen.

Today, thanks to a pocket of gold in the Sierras and a few lucky speculations made possible by those same glittering pockets, the fair Elinor had at her disposal a variety of private vehicles, from a tiny electric runabout to a sixty horsepower touring car, from a smart trap on their Long Island estate to a correctly equipped victoria for her daily drive in Central park.

The men who were glad to ride beside the girl in motor car or trap were equally glad to acknowledge their friendship with the blunt, shrewd Irish capitalist, for though the Regans were counted among the newest of the newly rich, they were not of them.

A strain of royal blood had surely filtered through the dark ages of Regan family history, for both generations took to the newly found luxury as ducks had taken to the mudholes behind their cabin in the Sierras.

From the moment they had come east Elinor had been surrounded by irreproachable governesses, companions and chaperons. Her comings and goings had always been attended by chauffeur or footman or groom. And there had been times when, watching other girls sit fearlessly and unattended from ferry to trolley car, she had felt an odd twinge of envy.

Some things of life she had missed, and this something was vaguely represented by the trolleys in which she had never ridden, the city streets on which she never set foot unattended. Even more vague was her feeling that somehow her dotting father had not quite played fair with her about Reginald Schuyler.

It meant something, of course, to marry into one of the old Knickerbocker families. Schuyler always let her realize this fact. He allowed his blue blood, which showed little enough in his pallid face and deep ringed eyes, to do his wooing.

The other man—he was, like themselves, new as to wealth, fresh and vigorous in every vein—he might have been so different if given half a chance. Sometimes she wanted to give him the chance. Sometimes she wanted to please her father. And neither of the two men in the case nor her father dreamed of the vague unrest in the girl's heart.

All this to explain why Elinor Regan's eyes fairly danced when she stepped from the door of the ferry-house and reviewed the long line of public vehicles. Belden, the punctilious, was nowhere in sight.

Elinor's companion, Miss Greenleaf, was young, but keenly alive to her duties and very anxious to retain her pleasant and lucrative position.

"Something must have happened. I am sure I would the telegram very carefully. Shall I call a hansom or an electric cab?"

Elinor shook her head.

"I've heard you can get smallpox riding in public vehicles. Don't they use them for funerals and that sort of thing?"

She was watching her companion from the tail of her eye and wondering just how far she might go.

Miss Greenleaf looked worried.

"Perhaps I had best telephone to the house."

"Oh, no," interrupted Elinor quickly. "We can reach home by trolley while they are sending down the car for us."

Miss Greenleaf hesitated—and was lost. A few seconds later she was swept, golf clubs and bags, into a croquet car. It was crowded with suburban women bound for the shopping district. Elinor swung blithely from a strap and enjoyed Miss Greenleaf's discomfiture.

"If Mr. Regan ever hears of this!" thought the worried companion. And just then they alighted to change cars. Evidently there was a delay far down the street, for the two women stood some minutes on the corner, and then Elinor spied a drug store whose windows were filled with garish advertisements, beyond which loomed a soda fountain. Miss Greenleaf never knew just how it happened, but she found herself, feebly protesting, before a mahogany topped table which a white coated boy mopped up with a damp cloth.

"Chocolate ice cream soda for both of us," was Elinor's calm order. "Now, don't scold, dear," she added to her companion. "Even our maids have an afternoon off. Why not their mistress? I'm having the time of my life."

The white coated lad studied his stunningly gowned customers with profound interest. Never before had a young woman asked him to put 5 cents' worth out of ice cream into her soda. Then she had asked her companion, now entering into the spirit of the thing, whether she would have more soda or more ice cream. She might spend 5 cents more!

"Gee," said the boy as he dipped out the extra cream, "they act like two kids on a lark!"

As they sat forth once more Elinor clutched her companion's arm.

"Let's make an afternoon of it, Miss Greenleaf. I've never, never ridden in the subway—please."

Something in the girl's tones made Miss Greenleaf turn suddenly reckless. "We will, we will," and then she added under her breath, "if I lose my place for it."

In the subway Elinor turned a trifle pale. The noise, the confusion, the

mob bound for a ball game, the flashing white pillars beyond the open windows—and this was how the girls who worked for their living rode back and forth each day. She thought of her trap and her runabout, her victoria and her touring car, and then she studied the faces of the women around her. A man had risen instantly on her entrance, and she had sunk behind a row of newspapers. But there were other women, older women, more plainly dressed women and more tired looking women, who swung from straps.

She leaned forward and peered around the screen of afternoon papers. Oh, that tired looking woman with gray hair and arms filled with bundles, who clutched desperately at a strap and swayed resignedly with the movement of the car! Elinor half rose in her place to offer the tired woman her seat, and then she sank back. Behind the screening newspaper directly in front of the tired woman she had caught sight of a face, a face she knew, Reginald Schuyler's.

And that man behind the paper was the real Reginald Schuyler, who could sit behind a paper while a tired woman swayed before him!

Elinor did not reason consecutively or logically. She had simply a vague feeling that if ever she became less radiant, less charming than she was today Reginald Schuyler was not the man who would forgive her defects. Reginald Schuyler would be a delightful companion so long as no sacrifice was demanded of him.

It was a subdued Elinor who a few stations farther along signaled to Miss Greenleaf that she had had enough of the subway. She slipped out of the car in dread fear that Schuyler might lay down his paper and see her.

Once more in the fresh air, she bade Miss Greenleaf hail a passing taxicab. Miss Greenleaf laid the girl's sudden quiet to the foul air in the subway and berated herself for yielding to her charge's nonsensical scheme.

That evening James Regan felt that never before had he fully appreciated his daughter's beauty and charm. She was so wondrous tender and womanly as they sat alone in his "den."

"Daddy," she whispered, her arms crossed on his knee, her face uplifted to his—"daddy," she repeated very softly, "if I were to ask you to buy the crown jewels of Patrovia or some other tiny kingdom for me to wear you'd get them, wouldn't you?"

Her father nodded and smiled down on her.

"And if I wanted to buy a prince and a palace I could have them?"

Regan frowned. He hated monarchical institutions. Then he smiled and patted her head. "I guess, yes—sure," he said.

"Or a new sort of orchid—and you'd send to the heart of Africa for it?"

"Now, what are you driving at, Elinor, girl?" demanded her father, his shrewd eyes twinkling.

Elinor flushed beautifully and gripped both his hands in hers.

"Such a little thing, daddy—and it will cost you just 5 cents."

The old man turned serious.

"Out with it, darling."

"I want—you—to telephone Jack Boardman to spend the week end with us at Grey Towers."

For a few seconds silence reigned in the high ceilinged room. Then Regan laid his hand tenderly on her bright hair.

"Elinor, if you want that more than anything in the world?"

He hesitated, and the girl said softly, "More than anything in all the world, daddy."

The man flung back his shoulders and said firmly:

"Then I'll phone him now, before I change my mind."

For Jack Boardman was—the other man!

All There.

Old Lady Goodyear laid down the paper, with a sigh, and looked over her spectacles at Grandfather Goodyear.

"I feel quite ashamed when I remember our humble marriage notice," she said.

"Married in the First Congregational church of Harborville, Abel Goodyear to Mary Lawton," chanted Grandfather Goodyear. "It read well, to my thinking."

"Yes, for those days, but not for present times," said his old wife. "You know Anastasia Cummings' daughter Laura married a Toby, and their daughter has just married Sophy Levitt's grandson. His mother, Sophy's child, married a Wilson."

"Well, what of all that?" inquired Grandfather Goodyear, rubbing his forehead in great confusion of mind.

"It's the fashion to keep all the family names," said Old Lady Goodyear severely. "You hear how grand it sounds!"

"Married, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Frederick Cummings-Toby, by the Rev. Harold Lowden Kirkbright, Edith Smythe Cummings to George Broune Levitt-Wilson."

"Now, there's something for old Grandpa Broune and Grandma Smythe to be proud of—if they were alive."

"M-m!" said Grandfather Goodyear. —Youth's Companion.

Good Ad.

The Midget—Hello, Mary. Now that the show season is over, are you going to loaf all summer?

The Fat Lady—Well, I should say not, Gasp! I have a contract from a country boarding house to sit in the railroad station when the train comes in and advertise the table—Pittsburg Post.

The Superstitious Man.

He was a superstitious man, Who loved a pretty maid. He would have long, but still to pop The question he delayed.

At last resolved to know his fate, Beneath the moon's pale sheen He started forth, but soon recalled The date—it was thirteen.

Returning to his little rooms, "If I should ask her, lo, Upon this hoodoo date," he cried, "She'd surely answer no! Tomorrow is the fourteenth; then I'll sail forth again. To win her promise, and I feel It will not be in vain."

THE CITY OF CROWDS.

"Surging Throngs, Like Beetles by Night, Like Ants by Day."

A man stood at the V point of the Flatiron building one day at noon. With a piece of chalk he leaned over and made little crosses on the sidewalk. Two clerks out for a noonday cigarette stopped and watched him.

In two minutes there were fifty people in his audience. He continued to make crosses. At the end of fifteen minutes over 1,000 people blocked the street car tracks and the pavements.

The police fought their way in and cleared the crowd—and the man had won his bet. He had gathered a crowd of 1,000 in less than 1,000 seconds.

You can always gather a crowd in New York. It is the city of crowds, eager, lumped masses which move by the thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, helter skelter, from the office to the baseball game, from the baseball game to dinner, from dinner to the theater and home again.

Always it surges on mass to work and to play, each man afraid to be alone, each scurrying to keep up with the other, to be near the other, inquisitive, sullen, weary, festive, but always together, in a crowd, a big crowd, the biggest crowd possible!

Four million little black dots cover a little island. A half million other little black dots swarm with each early sun on to that island to add their numbers, to be sucked into tall buildings, to boil and bubble in ditchlike streets. When the sun leaves out come the millions of dots to crowd and tumble and jam their way into little narrow cars, to be carried and dumped, hither and yon, in wriggling black masses, always in masses—homeward!

To swarm and boil under the next sun, and the next, and the next, busy, bobbing, emulous, restless, needless black millions of little dots!

Three hundred thousand persons tossing themselves daily into the vast human vortex that seethes and fro across Brooklyn bridge; a million plunging into the subways every twenty-four hours—the thing is epic, bewildering in its immensity.

Like beetles at night, like ants in the daytime, but never like men, actual men, do they seem! Bits of bundled flesh sucking in oxygen, exhaling carbonic gas, but never human beings with a spirit and a brain!

Too much endowed with a quality destroys that quality. This throng is built of so mighty and so numberless a humanity that it loses all its human quality; it is inhuman. It is so grand that it is a plaything. It is so serious that it is a jest.—Broadway Magazine.

One of Judge Grosscup's Distinctions.

Judge Peter Grosscup is never referred to as "the junior partner of the junior partner of Abraham Lincoln."

Although the judge is only fifty-six years old, it is a fact that he enjoys this distinction.

For years he was the junior partner of Leonard Sweet of Chicago. Grosscup was a mere boy then and Sweet was in the sweat and yellow. The old sign of "Sweet & Lincoln" is, I believe, in possession of the Chicago Historical society.

Judge Grosscup himself never mentions this. I have often wondered if the experience of Roscoe Conkling's father has anything to do with this reticence.

Judge Conkling used to say with real bitterness, "I was once Judge Conkling, but now, heaven help me, I am only Roscoe Conkling's father."—Beau Broadway in New York Telegraph.

Wellbeck Abbey.

The mysterious subterranean gulleries of Wellbeck abbey, built by the eccentric fifth Duke of Portland and so widely advertised in the Druce case, have been thrown open to the curious public. Having been confirmed in his title and estates by the collapse of the litigation instituted by the Druce claimant, the present duke is so overjoyed that he yielded to the general desire by ordering that visitors be admitted to the pleasure grounds, riding school and underground rooms at Wellbeck, except on Sundays or when the family is in residence at the abbey.

London's Last Private Garden.

It is said to be the last of the private gardens in the city of London is coming to an end. No. 4 Crosby square, with its beautiful old staircase and pleasant rooms, is to be pulled down. Ripe figs were gathered in the summer of 1903 from the fig tree on the wall, and other trees grew near the fountain in the middle of the garden. An 1850 edition of Murray's "London" states the present houses in Crosby square were built in 1677. This was the year in which the Lady Mary was married to William of Orange.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Two Headed Terrapin.

Any one who wishes to see a real life side show should go to the zoological gardens and visit the reptile house. A two headed "monster" reposes within, and it is neither stuffed nor faked. It arrived in a consignment of spotted terrapin. The freak is one inch and a half in diameter and just twice as greedy a baby turtle as its brothers and sisters, for it eats voraciously with both its heads at the same time.—Philadelphia Record.

Extremes of Fashion.

After all, the most disgusting thing to contemplate in connection with the revived director craze is the violent reaction which sooner or later is bound to follow it. Those of you who recall the "corkskin" mania of the seventies will remember, of course, that it simply represented an exaggerated phase of the revolt against the previous supremacy of the crinoline.—London World.

At the End of the Voyage.

Jonah disembarked.

"The only trip I don't have to tip the steward," he exclaimed.

Thereafter he regarded the whale half approvingly.—New York Sun.

Different Points of View.

"It's hard to be poor," sighed the seedy pessimist.

"That's queer," replied the ragged optimist. "I always found it easy enough."

Successful guilt is the bane of society.—Syrus.

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The Cost of a Calf.

In an experiment to ascertain the cost of raising a calf, Professor Shaw, of Michigan Station, took a dairy calf and kept an accurate account of the expense of feeding for one year from its birth. The amount of feeds used in that time were 381 pounds of whole milk, 2508 pounds of skim milk, 1202 pounds of alfalfa, 219 pounds of beet pulp, 1254 pounds of hay, 1247 pounds of grain, 447 pounds of roots, 14 pounds of alfalfa meal and 50 pounds of green corn. The grain ration consisted of three parts each of corn and oats and one part of bran and oil meal. In the end of the year the calf weighed 800 pounds at a cost of \$2.855 for feed. The calf was a Holstein.—Oregon Agriculturist.

For a Sprained Ankle.

A sprained ankle may be cured in about one-third the time usually required, by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely, and giving it absolute rest. For sale by Keir & Cass.

The fruit growers of Josephine county, Oregon, have reorganized under the name of the Rogue River Fruit Growers' Exchange, with a capital of \$5,000. New constitution and by-laws have been adopted.

The total receipts of the postoffice at Medford for August amounted to more than \$1,200. For the fiscal year ending June 30 the receipts were \$13,029, while for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, they were but \$5,833.

The great crusade for righteousness has ruined business, shattered stocks.

The smallest berries, still we note, Are at the bottom of the box.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup does not constipate like most of the old fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by Keir & Cass.

Good for Biliousness.

"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night and I feel 50 per cent better than I have for weeks," says J. J. Friesner, of Urgan, Mich. "They are certainly a fine article for biliousness." For sale by Keir & Cass. Samples free.

The Okanogan Canning Co. has been started at Okanogan, with a capacity of 100 cases, or 2,400 cans, a day and is being operated to the limit during the busy season. The plant is in charge of M. B. Rutherford.

Quick Relief for Asthma Sufferers.

Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthma sufferers in the worst stages and if taken in time will effect a cure. (Clarke's Drug Store.)

Do Not Injure Fruit.

Owing to the fact that there is a general impression that pine boxes are undesirable to pack apples in because the odor of the box is imparted to the fruit, the Pine Grove Box and Lumber Co., which has been investigating the matter and has written to several apple buyers on the subject, has received the following letter from Rae & Hatfield:

New York, June 20, 1908

Mr. F. P. Fennell, Hood River, Ore Dear Sir:—Referring to yours of the 14th I will state that there is nothing in the statement made of apples taking on the flavor of pitch by reason of the fact that the material used in making the boxes might be full of pitch. If we knew that to be a fact we would make it a point to use material saturated with pitch, and pack all our Ben Davis apples into them, for they are flavorless, as you know, and if the flavor of pitch could be imparted into them we might be doing a land office business in them, by reason of the medicinal qualities that they would contain.

Yours very truly,
Rae & Hatfield.

Why He Didn't Go.

The German emperor recently canceled an engagement to take luncheon with Prince von Bismarck, the late Prince von Stolberg-Wernigerode, Prince von Solms-Lich, Prince von Stolberg-Rositz, Prince von Salm-Hestmar, Prince von Bentheim-Steinfurt and Prince von Salm-Salm. The people of Germany can't understand why he didn't go. It is probable that he was afraid of getting hypnotized.

Organize Portland Club.

A Portland club is being organized by merchants in North Dakota, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The members pay \$5 a month till \$50 is realized and extra money is to be provided for side trips.

C. EVERETT.

The Practical Shoemaker,
At Riggs' Old Stand.
Fine Work a Specialty.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, June 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that

LEWIS OWEN, of Mt. Hood, Oregon, who, on July 17, 1902, made Homestead Entry, No. 8883, for NE¹/₄ Sec. 34, T. 12 N., R. 12 E., W. 10, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 25th day of September, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: William H. Edick, Louis U. W. Bert Sandman and William S. Gribble, all of Mt. Hood, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, June 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that

MARY L. BOOTH, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on June 16, 1908, made timber and stone application, No. 899, for NE¹/₄ Sec. 34, T. 12 N., R. 12 E., W. 10, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 25th day of September, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Henry F. Marshall, James S. Stinson, William H. Davis, John West and Mary L. Booth, all of Hood River, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Hood River, Ore., Sept. 3, 1908.

Sealed proposals are wanted by the City of Hood River, Oregon, for the construction of Section Two, of the Hood River Sewer System. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the City Recorder, at Hood River, Oregon, from this date until the 14th day of September, 1908, at noon of which date bids will close. Bids must be accompanied by certified check for 10 per cent of the amount of bid, made payable to J. S. Nickelson, Recorder, the amount of such check to forfeit to the City of Hood River, in case of failure to execute the contract.

Proper execution of contract will entitle bidder to receipt of notes of award. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids, and to make a lump sum bid for the entire job, and that no extra charges will be made, in any order of the Sewer Committee.

J. S. NICKELSON, City Recorder.

BIDS WANTED.

Bids will be received for the work of clearing and grubbing 20 acres of land three miles south of town on the Mount Hood road. This will be received until 6 o'clock P. M., September 29, 1908. Work to be commenced by October 1, 1908, and completed by March 31, 1909. For information and specifications call on W. L. Clark at foot of Second Street, or address Lock Box 35, Hood River, Oregon. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

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