

A CATTLE SHIP TRIP.

What It Means to Work Your Way Across the Atlantic.

HARD LABOR AND POOR FOOD

Experience of a College Student Who Wanted to See the Old World on Little Money—His Troubles Abroad and the Return Voyage.

A great many college boys and other youths who have a lot of time and very little money on their hands during the summer plan to get a fine vacation trip with little cost. One of the most popular trips is, of course, to Europe, and, as very few of them are able to stand the first or second cabin tariff and sort of fight shy of the steerage, their imaginations turn naturally toward the much talked of voyage as cattlemen. Without knowing very much about cattle or the sea or hard work young men often jump at the opportunity to get to the old world in this way.

About this trip they know just this much: First, that it costs \$5 to get the job; second, that the cattlemen must care for the cattle all the way over for no pay, and, third, that the passage back is free. That looks good, but that's only the bare outline. The experiences of a young collegian who took this trip one summer may be of value to those who may contemplate the voyage and of interest to the public generally.

When he got the idea that he wanted to go to Europe, he had \$30 in his pocket. Five of this he paid to a steamship agency in an office on South street, where he signed a contract as a cattlemen. A few hours before the sailing he reported on board to the foreman and was assigned to a smelly, greasy bunk in the forecastle. Then the foreman, who was well liquored up and remained so all the way over, examined his papers, which contained a minute description of his person. The foreman said they were all right.

The men of the cattle crew were entirely separated from the regular crew of the vessel and seldom came in contact with them during the voyage. Besides the foreman there were two paid men, who also indulged in liquor all the time and never worked, and four college boys on an outing. The youths got together as soon as they were on board and discussed the possibilities of their job. Going down the Delaware there was nothing doing. The cattle, 210 head of them, were quiet, and things looked rosy to the boys.

They got their first jar when they were called to dinner. This meal was taken in the forecastle. It consisted of "salt horse," "skouse," "punk," "oleo" and "cheery." Translated, the meal consisted of meat, potatoes, bread, butter and coffee. Some of the boys had been camping and thought they could eat anything, but they balked at the quality of the food and the careless cooking. Then came a row. The foreman and the two paid men asked them if they thought they were going first cabin and threatened to throw them overboard if they did not eat. So they ate.

That night they retired early and were pulled out at 4 a. m. by the night watch and told to go to work. The foreman and his two paid men stood around giving orders, while the boys watered the cattle. Each head of the 210 had to be given five buckets of water, which had to be carried from the outlet tubs at the end of the cattle deck. The boys soon began to sweat under this unaccustomed work and threw off all their clothing except their trousers, in which costume they worked all the way over. It took two and one-half hours to water the cattle, and then breakfast was served, the same kind of stuff that had been given the evening before. By this time the boys were so hungry that they could eat almost anything.

At 10 o'clock the heaviest work started. The hay which was fed to the cattle had to be pulled up from the hold with a block and fall. Eighteen bales of 125 pounds each were hoisted in this manner as well as ten bales weighing from 250 to 325 pounds and eighteen bags of corn of 125 pounds each. Two of the youths hooked the bales in the hold, while the other two pulled. It did not take long for the tender skin on their hands to become raw and inflamed, and the hauling became a positive torture.

When all the hay and corn had been pulled up the corn was fed to the cattle, and then it was time for dinner. This was eaten hurriedly, so that the men could get back to work. The hay was split in the narrow aisles in front of the cattle, and after several hours of hard work at shaking it up the poor beasts were fed. Then the men were fed with far worse food in comparison than that given the cattle. By this time they were tired enough to go to bed. Most of them vomited at the stuffy bunks and slept on the hard deck.

This was the regular programme for each day. On the second day out a little relief came when a poor, starved stowaway was dug out of the hold and set to work. He could not work much, for he was sick most of the time, but he helped a little. So the work went on, and the blistered hands did not have a chance to heal. Before they were halfway over every college boy was praying for land.

There was practically no amusement on board. Isolated from everybody on the ship, the boys had nothing to do in their few spare moments but gamble.

At playing poker the youth who had started with \$20, less the \$5 to the agency, lost every cent. Occasionally a cabin passenger would visit the cattlemen and bring them a bit of decent food. There was beer also, but it cost 10 cents a small glass and was very flat. They had to take turns standing the night watch and then work just as hard the next day. Three of the cattle died on the way over and had to be dumped overboard. In spite of their hardships the college boys were told that it was an exceptionally easy voyage, as no rough weather had overtaken the ship. On a stormy trip a constant watch must be kept over the cattle, as their ropes are frequently broken, and a regular stampede follows.

Once in Europe the college cattlemen imagine that his troubles are over. If he has any money he can live there cheaply, but if he has none his life is much worse than the American bunn's. One particular young man who was out of funds was lucky enough to borrow \$20 from a cabin passenger, on which he lived in Antwerp for three weeks. Then he had trouble in arranging his passage home. Having landed the cattle, the steamship company cares very little for its contract to convey the cattlemen back to America. After much argument and waiting the college boy at length succeeded in getting passage on a freighter to Boston.

The voyage home was lazy and tiresome. The food was the same as he had on the way over, with an occasional festival of plum duff. There was no work to do, so it was much better than on the voyage eastward. He did not enjoy it, however, for the sea without proper companionship is the most tiresome place imaginable. He was the only returning cattlemen on board, and the sailors were an ignorant lot and too busy to talk with him. On landing in Boston he had to write to Philadelphia for money to return home and was glad enough to get here. He is proud of his experience, but declares that it is certainly not worth the price.

—Philadelphia Record.

VENETIAN GLASS.

The Different Varieties and the Process of Manufacture.

Venetian glass owes its extreme thinness and lightness to the want of lead in its composition. All the ornamental shapes were blown and owed their beauty to the skillful manipulation of the worker, whose delicacy of touch and artistic taste were often a heritage from generations of glass blowing ancestors.

The most prized of the Venetian productions was the beautiful "vitro-trina," or lace glass, generally known as filigree. Of this there are two kinds, the "ritorto" and the "reticell."

The former was the less elaborate and consisted of a single tube twisted and given a spiral direction, the ground of the vessel being of a different color. The "reticell" designs were varied. Sometimes the twisted tubes were powdered with gold and made vertical, horizontal, diagonal or curved. Indeed, every variation was given that ingenuity could suggest or fancy devise.

Aventurine glass was invented by the Venetians, its secret being discovered by the accidental dropping of brass or copper filings into a pot of melted glass, which resulted in the diffusion of gold specks or threads throughout the mass. Its name is said to signify adventure, or resulting from chance, a word half Italian, but coined probably for the occasion to denote the peculiar variety.

Marbled or variegated glass was made to resemble chalcidony, jasper, lapis lazuli and tortoise shell. There was a kind of green and purple which became red by transmission of light. A frosty glass which showed an icy coating was made by dipping the vessel when half blown in powdered glass, the particles of which readily adhered to the warm mass, which was reheated and wrought into shape.

Sometimes powdered glass of different colors was used with fine effect upon the same object. These, with delicately gilded glass and some ornamented with jewel patterns like those of Damascus, formed the principal kinds of Venetian glass, which was too thin for engravings and could rarely bear enameling.—Exchange.

Tired of Being a Mascot.

"Do I know where you can find a good dressmaker?" said the smartly gowned woman in a wry but firm voice as her best friend looked anxiously to her for advice. "Yes, I do, but I'll never tell you. Now, don't look so injured. She is my own dressmaker, and I would not give her name or address to anybody for—well, for all my annual pin money. I've had a few experiences in that line which have taught me some lessons. I had a woman who came once a week to do extra housework for me, and she was a treasure—so faithful and so energetic. She came regularly for three years. One day she told me she needed one or two more places, so she could put in all her time, and just about then a friend of mine was looking for extra help, so I recommended Dinah. I never saw Dinah again but once. That was when I went to call on my friend. Dinah was there, putting in all her extra time.

"I recommended my tailor to a friend, and now he has so much work for her that he can't find time to make me a suit within two months, though I was the first customer he ever had after he opened his own shop. Besides, he charges me more because he is so busy.

"I recommended a certain tea room to a friend, and now the choicest table is always reserved for her, while I can sink into any old dark corner that nobody else wants. I'm tired of being a mascot. I'm looking for a mascot of my own."—New York Sun.

A HANDY BANK.

It Never Closes and Is Always Ready For Business.

In this city there is a bank that never closes. Clerks are always in attendance, and there you can deposit or draw money at any time of the night or day. But no interest is paid on deposits, for this bank is the "safe keep" desk at police headquarters.

Sometimes well to do men are taken to police headquarters after they have imbibed a little too much and are there booked for safe keeping. Large sums of money are sometimes taken from them. In the morning when they are released they are often afraid they will get to drinking again and lose their money. So they leave it at police headquarters. A small piece of cardboard is given them telling the number of the envelope their money is in and the amount. If they should want a few dollars during the day, they can go to police headquarters and draw it. Then the amount is crossed from the cardboard and envelope. When the men get ready to leave town, they can go to the desk at any hour of the night or day, turn in their cardboard and draw their money.

Many valuable articles are kept at the booking desk at police headquarters for persons who have never been arrested and probably never will be. Frequently persons leave their money with the booking sergeant while transacting business at night. Collectors come into the station when they have accumulated a good deal of money and are far from the places where they work. Their money is put behind the desk. When it comes time for them to go into their offices, they go back to police headquarters, draw their money and leave with every cent accounted for.

But it is when a wealthy but rather green farmer becomes intoxicated and is arrested that the bank does its good work. After the farmer becomes sober in the holdover he sometimes tells how much money he brought to the city with him. There are usually disreputable characters in the holdover that are all too ready to fleece the unsophisticated. These hear of the money and wait for the farmer when all are released in the morning, when a pretty little bunko game is begun. But it is often thwarted by the police. The jailer usually knows these bunko men. When the farmer is released, the jailer asks him if he intends leaving town immediately. If the farmer is not going at once, the jailer suggests that he leave his money at the desk and get a receipt for it. Then he tells the farmer the reason. The bunko man is the terror of the farmer, and he is always glad to consent. He takes just a few dollars and leaves the rest. Then when he gets ready to leave he draws his money, goes to the train and is safe.

The police station is the guarding place of many things. Often valuable papers are left there for safe keeping. Diamonds find a resting place behind the desk. Many persons have left the city with a full pocketbook just because they left their money at police headquarters instead of carrying it about with them while in the city.—Kansas City Star.

Precious Stones.

"No turquoise ought ever to be exposed to the action of soapy water," said a jeweler. "The best turquoise gems are of a delicate tint of blue, but if a turquoise ring is kept on the hand when washing in a few months, sometimes in a few weeks, the blue stone changes to a dingy green, loses its luster and becomes worthless as a gem. Then, again, no gems ought ever to be exposed to hot water. Opals generally lose their fire and sometimes crack in water no hotter than the hand will bear, and perhaps that is one reason why the opal is considered an unlucky stone.

"Some time ago a lady brought us a large pearl set in a ring. The pearl had lost its luster so completely that it might easily have been mistaken for a little ball of unpolished marble. Its surface was rough, hadn't a particle of shine. It would hardly be known for a pearl. We guessed at once what was the matter and asked her if she hadn't been handling something that had acid in it. She couldn't remember at first, but finally recalled that she had been putting up some pickles with strong vinegar and supposed she got her fingers in the vinegar. That was the whole trouble. A pearl is nothing but carbonate of lime, and vinegar or any other acid will eat off the polish in a few minutes. All colored gems are liable to fade a little on exposure to the sunlight and when not in use should be kept in the dark."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Supported by His Nose.

"What a large, sensitive, mobile nose you have!"

"No wonder. It supports me."

And the speaker smiled complacently at the surprised look on his auditor's face.

"Yes," he said, "I make my living by my nose. I am a barrel smeller—that is to say, I pass on beer barrels in the XXX brewery. I tell whether they are clean and sweet or not.

"Barrels when they come back to the brewery empty are washed and steamed and then passed on to me. In thousands they are ranged before me in line, like short, fat soldiers. I go from one to another. I apply my long, sensitive nose to each bunghole. I sniff intelligently a moment. I say whether the barrel is fit to be loaded with beer again or whether it must have another bath. All day long I work like this, and I tell you, at nightfall my old nose is tired.

"Every large brewery has its barrel smeller, and the job pays well, for few men have noses sufficiently fine for the work."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ODD WA OF POETS.

Tennyson, Artistically Fastidious, Was a Personal Sloven.

There is a sort of idea in the public mind that the poet is what scientists call a "fixed genius," that every poet is the exact counterpart of every other poet. There is probably no class of men in the world—if class it can be called—whose members differ more widely in personality.

Pope, for instance, was a miser. Dryden, Sedley, Rochester and Shelley seemed to have no use for money and "splashed it about in the most insane fashion. Shakespeare was a keen man of business. His contemporaries, Marlowe and Massinger, did not leave enough to have their bodies decently buried.

Coming down to modern times, Tennyson was artistically the most delicate and fastidious of men. A misplaced comma, an epithet which was not the perfection of expression, gave him nights of insomnia.

Yet he was perhaps the most utterly careless man of his generation regarding his personal appearance. Had he not been carefully watched by his devoted wife, he would have been quite content to wear a suit of clothes until it dropped off him bit by bit in obedience to the law of gravitation.

A great admirer of Tennyson once described his first meeting with the great poet.

It occurred at a roadside public house in the Isle of Wight. The late laureate was seated by the kitchen fire, with a short black clay pipe between his lips, burning grease spots out of a pair of check trousers with the point of a redhot poker.

It was probably Tennyson's "faculty of silence" which helped him to secure the friendship of the greatest talker—in both senses of the phrase—of his generation, Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle had occasional fits of silence, and he and Tennyson would sit on opposite sides of the hearth for six hours at a stretch without exchanging as many words.

At the expiration of such a period of silent intercommunication Carlyle would knock the ashes out of his last pipe and remark with every symptom of the keenest intellectual satisfaction, "Aye, Alfred, mon, we've had a glorious night!"

Tennyson's great and friendly rival, Browning, was as different from him in his personal peculiarities as he was in point of genius.

He always looked as if he had just been turned out of a handbox. Tennyson was one of the most silent of men, Browning one of the most ebullient and loquacious. Tennyson was pessimistic and somewhat morose. Browning was always bursting with optimism and expansiveness.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ANCIENT ARMIES.

Ten thousand horse and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

The army of Artaxerxes before the battle of Cunaxa amounted to about 1,200,000.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

A short time after the taking of Babylon the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse and 2,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 220 B. C., led against the Bactrian his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot soldiers, 200,000 horse and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylae his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, etc., in all numbering 5,283,220. So say Herodotus, Pintarch and Isocrates.

Why Paper Cuts.

Have you ever cut yourself with a piece of paper? The edge of a piece of glazed paper looks much like that of a knife under the microscope. Of course the little teeth have not the strength of steel, but if the edge of the paper is drawn swiftly over the finger without much pressure that peculiar property of matter called inertia comes into play, and the tender teeth will cut the flesh before they are broken. The same property it is which allows a candle to be shot through a one inch plank or permits a bullet to pass through a pane of glass without shattering it, leaving only a clean, round hole.—C. H. Claudy in St. Nicholas.

Lincoln and a Suit of Clothes.

On one occasion a Judge was ill and, being unable to sit in a case, delegated Lincoln to hear the matter. The account of a guardian was in question. He had paid \$28 for a suit of clothes for his ward and justified it on the ground that it was a necessary expense. Lincoln held against the guardian on the ground that it was an extravagant expenditure and in passing on the case stated that he had never in his life owned a suit of clothes that cost \$28.

Wasn't Sure.

"Remember," said the lawyer, "you have undertaken to tell nothing but the truth."

"I'll do my best," answered the expert witness, "but I won't know how far I have succeeded until I'm through with the cross examination."—Washington Star.

The Doubt.

Borrows—By the way, Knox, did I leave my umbrella at your office yesterday? Knox—You left an umbrella, but I don't know whether it was yours or not.—Exchange.

Thunder in September indicates a good crop of grain and fruit for the next year.—Old Proverb.

KLAMATH COUNTY BANK

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
ALEX MARTIN, President
ALEX MARLIN, Jr., Cashier
E. R. REAMES, Vice-President
LESLIE ROGERS, Asst. Cashier

The Pioneer Bank of Klamath County

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS
JUNE 29, 1907.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 314,962.76
Bonds and Securities	60,584.86
Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures	20,180.58
Cash and Sight Exchange	248,091.93
	\$643,800.13
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, fully paid	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	12,088.64
Due other Banks	40,061.98
DEPOSITS	491,649.51
	\$643,800.13

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

ALEX MARTIN, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1907.

[SEAL]
A. M. WORDEN,
Notary Public for Oregon.

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