CHELAN COUNTY HOSTESS RETURNS

MRS. FRANK REEVES SECURES CONCESSIONS FROM RAILROADS ON BOTH THE FREIGHT AND EXCURSION RATES FOR CHELAN COUNTY WEEK AT THE FAIR.

In an interview with a World reporter yesterday, Mrs. Frank Reeves, the Chelan county hostess for the Lewis and Clark exposition at Portland, and who has just returned from a week's visit to the Fair said:

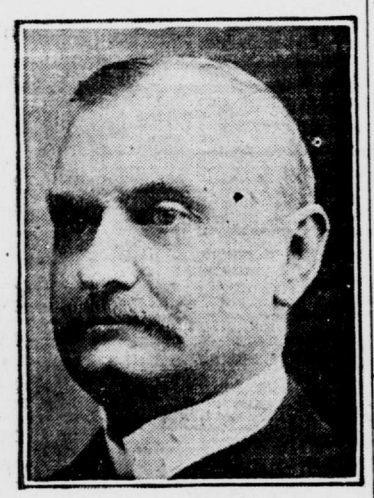
"I found the Fair most interesting and think that anyone who has seen large fairs, like the World's Fair in Chicago, and the St. Louis fair, will say that this, though smaller in extent, compares most favorably with them in perfection of detail and beauty of arrangement. As for the exhibits, there is enough, and more than enough to see. I spent a good deal of time in the Washington state building, studying the county exhibits, and think that our Chelan county exhibit is a good one, growing better every day, and managed with consumate skill by Mr. Graham. I cannot speak too highly of the work that both he and the state commissioner are doing. I visited the Snohomish county exhibit and naturally was exceedingly interested in the work of their county hostess, and her corps of 20 ladies. They were furnished with an ample supply of money to entertain with and were expending it in a way to get fine results and future benefits for their county.

"I feel that I accomplished several things during my stay, that will prove of great advantage to Chelan county. Notably, I was promised by the rail road officials a much lower excursion rate for Chelan county week, than has heretofore been granted. I also secured free transportation for a carload of our fruit to Portland, and free drayage for the same to the state building. It is planned to secure one or more carloads of our finest fruit for free distribtion during our week. This will probably help more than any other one thing we can do. Our week comes at a particularly desirable time, October being the most delightful season of the year in Portland and our products being at their finest. It is to be hoped that everyone in the county will feel the importance of our present opportunity."

Mrs. Reeves said that she found the heat in Portland almost as bad as it is here, and to her it seemed more oppressive, owing to the greater degree of humidity in the Coast atmosphere.

Thomas F. Ryan.

Thomas Fortune Ryan, whose purchase of the Hyde stock in the Equitable Life Assurance society gave him a controlling interest in that organization, was born fifty-three years ago on a farm in Virginia. His mother died when he was five, and he went to live with his grandmother at the old homestead. The family had been impoverished by the civil war, and young



Ryan as a boy of fifteen sought to straighten out the entanglements of the estate, but the task was too much for the future wizard of finance. He got his first business training as a clerk in a Baltimore dry goods house. Later he went into business in New York and has won his chief success through street railway consolidation and the engineering of big financial operations.

A Daredevil Ride.

often ends in a sad accident. To heal accidental injuries, use Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "A deep wound in my foot, from an accident," writes Theodore Scheule, of Columbus, O., "caused me great pain. Physicians were helpless, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly healed it." Soothes and heals burns like magic. 25c at U.G. Pogue Drug Co.

ROCKEFELLER IS STILL SQUEEZING

HE HAS CORNERED THE FLAXSEED MARKET AND COMPELLED THREE BIG MILLS TO CLOSE--WILL ADVANCE THE PRICE TO FORTY CENTS A GALLON.

BUFFALO, N. Y. July 24.—John D. Rockefeller, through the American Linseed Oil Company, has cornered the flax seed market and compelled three big independent mills here to close. Prices will be advanced forty cents per gallon as a result of the corner. This advance will seriously affect many industries particuary those of oilcloth, linoleum, paints, oils, etc. And will undoubtedly cause a large number of workmen to be thrown out of employment.

It is estimated that in getting control of the linseed industry, Rockefeller will make a profit of about $20,000,000 on an investment of $8,000,000 to $10,000,000. It is estimated that factories representing an invested capital of $500,000 are placed within the power of the Standard Oil by control of the linseed oil market by Rockefeller.

J. D. FARREL'S SUCCESSOR

Howard James of St. Paul is Now Assistant to James J. Hill

SEATTLE, July 24.—Howard James, for a number of years connected with the Great Northern railroad in the capacity of purchasing agent, with headquartersl at St. Paul, and as president of the Northern Steamship company, will succeed J. D. Farrell, whose resignation as assistant to the president of the Great Northern Railroad company and president of the Northern Steamship company has just been announced.

Mr. Farrell stated today that James would leave St. Paul for Seattle in a day or so for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the details of his new position.

PERSONALS.

Z. A. Lanham is about again after a short illness.

Ethel McDonald, of Cowley, Alberta, is visiting with her cousin, Mrs. J. A. Gellatly.

Jay Buttles, Deputy County Treasurer, is off duty owing to a slight illness. He is expected to be about in a day or two.

Norton Thayer, of Portland, is making a visit to his brother, Roy Thayer. It is expected that he will stay for a week or ten days.

John Feraryman and family returned to the city last Friday. Mr. Ferryman was fomerly the agent for the Great Northern here but has, until recently, been employed by the Chicago and Rock Island R. R. as travelling auditor. It is stated that Mr. Ferguson and family will, from now on, make their home here.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

July 24.

UnitedStates Government to S. H. Hopkins, 160 acres near Lake Chelan, $100.

S. H. Hopkins to R. H. Steeves, 160 acres near Lake Chelan, $1.00

D. J. Gow to A. R. McGillivan Investment Company, 160 acres near Lake Chelan, $1.00

Ida M. Stanton to Donald M. Gow, 160 acres near Lake Chelan, $1.00

Entiat Imp. Co, to Elizabeth Ehman, 2 lots in Entiat fruit lands $1,000

Lesson in Substraction.

A teacher in a western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to be always of the same denomination. For istance we couldn't take three apples from four pears or six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Harper's Weekly.

Vote Tomorrow.

Vote for the sewer and you will vote for the most needed improvement in Wenatchee. A vote for the sewer is a vote for health, progress, a vote for common decency. Vote for the sewer.

THE SUN IMAGE

[Original.]

Oliver Adams and I were sitting one afternoon in a room facing the west. A shutter was closed, and the sunlight shone through the spaces at the ends of the slats. Now, though the spaces were not round, we noticed that a round spot of light from each crack fell on the wall opposite the window. I had often seen the phenomenon before and called Adams' attention to it. A singular expression came over his face as he looked at them.

"Can you explain the circular form?" I asked.

"Only that the spots of light are minute images of the sun," he replied. "But it isn't this that interests me. I can never look at one of those little sun images without being profoundly moved."

"Out with it," I said, for I knew there was a story behind his emotion.

"When I was married," he said, "to the best woman in the world—I drew a matrimonial prize among hundreds of blanks—I was doing well in business and was able to provide for the three little kids that came along during the first five years of my married life. My wife was not extravagant; indeed, she looked out for the nickels very carefully. Nevertheless, no matter how careful a woman may be in this respect, she is a natural plunger, and I found out my Daisy was one of that kind.

"One evening in midsummer when my family was out of town I was persuaded to go into a gambling house. I never dreamed of betting when I entered, but I soon caught the fever, and when I left the place I had won something like $60. I was so well pleased with my venture that I tried it again the next night. I won steadily for a week; then I began to lose. To make a long story short, by the time my wife came home I was ruined. I sold out my business to pay my debts and had $250 over with which to begin the world again. My wife was plucky about it all and refrained from what nineteen in twenty women would have done under the circumstances. She never spoke a word of blame.

"I received my $250 one morning and in the afternoon went with it to try to recover my losses, telling Daisy I was going to take a walk. I won over $1,200, but lost it the same night, winning and losing alternately. My wife knew as well as I what I was doing, but never said a word, pretending ignorance. When I had lost all my winnings and $200 besides she began to look anxious. Not that I said a word. I didn't need to. She could tell by my face how I stood, and when she wanted to know exactly she would examine my pocketbook after I was asleep.

"One afternoon I went to the 'den' with but $20 in my pocket, and I must have looked pretty miserable, for my wife kissed me before I left the house and said, 'Be sure to be home for dinner,' just as if she didn't know that if I got absorbed I wouldn't pay any attention to dinner or any other meal. I played very close, seldom risking much at one time, for my capital was a bagatelle. Despite my caution my pile grew lower and lower, and at last I had but one white chip left. The dealer wasn't paying much attention to me and was yawning incessantly, having been at his work all the night before. I was so absorbed that I didn't notice a young fellow who came and leaned over me, watching my game. I put my last chip on the ten and lost. I was broke.

"The dealer, ignorant that I had nothing to bet with, went on with the game. And now I'm getting to the point of my story. Through a crack in the window one of these little suns came in and lighted on the jack. The dealer blinked at it and didn't seem sure whether it was a white chip or a silver dollar. The young man behind me said, 'Deal.' This decided the sleepy man, and he dealt. The jack won, and he tossed me a white check. The young man behind me, without asking permission, pushed the chip over between the king and queen, and it won. I sat stupidly looking on, the young man making my bets for me and winning every time.

"The dealer began to wake up and take an interest. My bet placer was taking awful chances, and I wanted to stop him, but I remembered that all my winnings had been on an image of the sun and didn't dare say a word for fear he'd flare up and give it away. The piles before me grew and grew, and suddenly I was startled by hearing the dealer cry, 'Busted!' The first thing I did after that was to turn to look at the man behind me to see if the devil had done it all to get my soul with the winnings. Great heavens, whom do you suppose I saw? Under a sombrero drawn down over the face glittered a pair of eyes, and those eyes belonged to Daisy. She turned like a flash and left the place, leaving me to pick up my winnings. I stuffed all my pockets full and went home. When I went upstairs Daisy was in bed. She asked me the usual question—had I put out the lights. I replied, as usual, that I had and turned in.

"That's why I say a woman is a natural plunger. Daisy would have gone back with me the next day to break the bank again, but I had had enough of it, and we agreed that I should return to my business. I did so and have done well, as you know, ever since. Now, I fancy, after what I've told you, you don't wonder that I never see one of those little sun images without a profound stirring of my emotions."

WILLARD C. IRVING.

The Wenatchee Department Store

OUR MOTTO CASH AND ONE PRICE.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

In full progress. New bargains added daily

FOR TOMORROW

Extra Special.....

MEN'S SOCKS

For Wednesday only, Men's black and tan SOCKS, worth 15c per pair 5c

HATS

Men's and Boys' straw and cloth HATS, some slightly soiled, values up to 25 cents each, all go at 15c

Cero Fruto

5c per package thoroughly cooked, ready-to-eat. Can be served with cream, dry or warm. Regular price, 15c.

Fancy Collars

15c each for large assortment fancy embroidered Collars, in white and fancy colors, worth up to 35c each

Cream

5c For Wednesday only July 26th—per can for Primrose and Oregon grape Cream. We reserve the right to limit quantity to each customer

French Sweet Chocolate

5c per package for French sweet chocolate, regular 15c package, as it lasts we will sell it at 5c per package

Bird Elocution.

The blue jay is a great elocutionist and gives utterance to many unlooked for remarks, but the one most often heard in the woods relates to the possession of a "chee-tidley-enk." Just exactly what sort of creature or thing this is no one can tell, but whenever I am in the woods I hear the jays exclaim, "Chee-tidley-enk—got him," to which the meadow lark in the pasture clearing replies, "Oh-so-cheap," with a most sarcastic drawl on the "so" and an inflection on the "cheap." As a rule, the meadow lark says his say while perched on a fence post, and he talks with his mouth wide open. There are a lot of little people in the thickets who are always in such a hurry and talk so fast that it is difficult to tell what they say. There is that gaudy colored little fellow the red start, crying, "T-wet wee-whe-whe-whisett," and the dainty summer yellow bird, who has something to say in the same line and much in the same manner. What he wants is wheat, and, although he never eats it, his constant cry is, "Wheat, wheat, t'weat wheat, wheat, wheat."—Dan Beard in Recreation.

The Weight of Hats.

"What do you suppose this hat weighs?" said the hatter, taking up a fine eight dollar top hat of silk.

"About a pound," the patron hazarded.

"Only a little over a quarter of a pound—five ounces, to be precise. No good hat," said the hatter, "runs over four or five ounces nowadays.

"This white felt hat—it is worth $25—weighs less than an ounce. This new five dollar derby hat weighs four ounces. Straw hats run from two to four ounces in weight.

"It pays a man to make the weight an important consideration in the choosing of a hat, for a light hat is a prevention of headache, and its injurious effect on the hair is reduced to a minimum."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Enthusiasm.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer.

To make knowledge valuable you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. —Emerson.

Had to Hunt For It.

She (at the theater)—I don't understand what the detective is supposed to be doing in this piece. He—I fancy he is looking for the plot.

It requires less effort to be polite than disagreeable.—Dallas News

A Dog Story.

Beerbohm Tree, the London actor, told a story of a dog named Argus which used to accompany him to the theater. The dog was of an emotional habit of mind and was greatly affected by sensational scenes. When Mr. Tree was playing in "Captain Swift" Argus used to take his place in the wing and follow his every word and look until the suicidal situation was reached. The moment Mr. Tree felt for his pistol Argus used to rush into the darkest corner he could find and, burying his head between his paws, listen for the thud of the actor's fall. After that the dog would crawl back to meet his master with a howl of joy at Mr. Tree's apparent return to life.

Green Hair.

There are men living today with green hair. This weird color is not a curious fad, but the result of working in a copper mine, where in order to become a marketable commodity the crude ore is roasted in furnaces. It is stated that, although no offensive odor emanates from this process, there is nevertheless some strange substance therein that produces a chemical change of the hair and beard, so that they become as green as grass. Strange to say, the texture of the hair suffers no injury, but remains as soft and glossy as ever.—Pearson's Weekly.

Brief Criticisms.

Of Gray's "Elegy" a contemporary reviewer wrote: "The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its lack of quantity." That and nothing more. Of "In Memoriam" a contemporary estimate was that its "simple but touching verses" were evidently inspired by "the full heart of the widow of a military man."

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.

The Columbia and Okanogan Steamboat Company will sell single tickets from all points to Wenatchee at ONE and ONE-THIRD FARE FOR ROUND TRIP, good for 35 days, but not later than Oct. 31st, 1905. Date of sale June 1st to Oct. 15th, inclusive.

Parties of ten or more traveling on one ticket, ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP, good for 15 days, but not later than Oct. 31st, 1905.

WANTED—Correspondents in every town in North Central Washington, including the counties of Douglass, Okanogan, and Chelan. Address World Publishing Co. Wenatchee, Wash.

The "Big Store's" clean up sale in shoes is a hummer.