

A Letter From the Flowery Southland.
The many Hood River people, to whom Mrs. M. A. Cook is well and favorably known, will be pleased to read the following letter written by her in Southern California.

The weather at Long Beach is uncertain from February to the first of June; surf bathing is rather chilly, and overcoats are comfortable. The idea of a perpetual summer here is untrue, although rarely a day passes without someone battling with the breakers. This season has been a record-breaker for cool weather and frequent rains, but when compared with other states it is an Eden on earth.

There are a number of desirable localities in the vicinity of Los Angeles, but Long Beach affords many advantages. It is only six miles from San Pedro, the future largest harbor on this coast; has the second largest bath house, built at a cost of \$90,000; is three miles from Signal Hill, where everything native to a semi-tropical climate is grown; two steam railroads and a double track electric line connect with Los Angeles, thus affording the community the advantages of city life; there are no saloons or club houses; the city affords the best graded schools; there is a pleasure pier with a two-story pavilion, where bands render sweet music every afternoon and evening of the year, and where on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights large crowds gather to enjoy the pleasure of dancing. Hundreds of distinguished people visit the lovely Southland every year, combining business with pleasure.

The month of May was an eventful one for Long Beach. On the 29th, part of the Pacific squadron, with five of Uncle Sam's war ships, anchored three miles off Long Beach and San Pedro, headed by the flagship San Francisco, with Rear Admiral Glass in command. Visitors were allowed to inspect the ships during their six days off shore, and it is estimated that 10,000 people went aboard. Alternately the ships engaged in target practice. A large canvas target was anchored five or six miles out at sea. One could enjoy the scene from shore without the aid of a glass. As the ships steamed back and forth, a loud rumbling report was heard at intervals. First a cloud of smoke was visible. Then by watching closely one could discern the course of the projectile by the large columns of water rising and splashing in the manner of a fountain, about every mile or so, where for an instant the lead plowed the briny blue, something like a stone skipping along the surface of a pond. The leaden missile would nearly reach the target before the report was heard rolling over the waves at a tardy pace.

May day will long be remembered. Twelve hundred marines came ashore for their usual morning drill on the ball campus, after which they joined in the parade, headed by the Long Beach band. While marching down Pine avenue on their return to the ships, the men presented a fine appearance in white uniforms, brown leggings, shoulder bayonets and cap covers. The officers wore blue coats and white trousers, their unheated swords flashing in the morning light.

The marine band in uniform attracted much attention, also the Red Cross, which brought up the rear. While passing a prominent office, the command to halt was given, and right about face. From the crowded curbing proceeded the young women of Long Beach high school, with their hats and flowers. Passing along the line they gracefully presented each soldier with a button hole spray of blossoms, which vied in sweetness with the fair donors. The band boys received bouquets, and the signal corps was requested to step forward and receive in charge a beautiful basket of roses presented to the admiral. I venture to say the sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks of the maidens were carried in memory long after the flowers had withered.

I met Mrs. Davis, the wife of a prominent physician in the community, and whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making several years ago. Together we paid a visit to the battleship New York. A member of the marine corps kindly escorted us over the great ship. Our first impression was of solidity and power. As we progressed cleanliness and order were particularly noticeable. A little world of its own seemed the great ship with its telephone system, printing office, hospital, speaking tubes, signal service, accommodations for hundreds of men. We stood just below the bridge where the brave and noble Admiral Sampson watched that victorious defeat.

From May 6 to 9 was La Fiesta, an old-time Spanish fête, held every year at Los Angeles. On the 7th we went to see the grand horse parade and matinee. Some of the spans are valued at from \$12,000 to \$15,000. In the evening there was an electrical display. Words can not express the grandeur and brilliancy of the fete.

The 8th was President's day, and the city was beautifully decorated for the occasion. There were flowers everywhere, and everything seemed a mass of color and perfume. We had the good fortune to secure a position with a fine view of the platform from which President Roosevelt addressed 200,000 people. It seemed we were listening to a friend who understood our hearts and needs, rather than a stranger. Brave, true, courageous—a soldier and hero, who has won love and respect regardless of political strife.

Chenoweth News.
Miss Edna Brown, the school teacher, with her parents and brother were visiting here last week.

Wild blackberry picking is the rage now.

The weather is cool and occasionally there is a light shower, which makes it delightful.

Mr. Torgerson met with an accident Friday that might have cost him his life. He stepped on the lower side of a log to roll it into the pond and it caught him and rolled over him. But as he was on the brink of the pond it bruised his shin and the water saved his body and head, so he escaped with nothing worse than sore shins and a wetting.

Heppner Thanks Odell.
At the regular appointment of Rev. J. W. Jenkins at Odell Union church, Sunday, June 28, a collection was taken for the Heppner sufferers, amounting to \$11.40. Mr. Jenkins has just received a letter from Mayor Gilliam in which he heartily thanks the people in behalf of Heppner for their gift.

Still Looking for his Eleven Quarts.
Editor Glacier: I was fired off the blind baggage the other night and was as dry as a bone, so I fished around and got an empty tomato can and began to look around some. Well, I ran into a fellow that looked good to me and says: "Hey, Cully, where'd I get a growler?" "Well," says he, "You can't get anything but mineral water here, as this town is prohibition."

"Well, I don't like mineral water nor no other kind of water," says I.

"But that fellow up the street sells good mineral water," says he, and he winked long enough for me to hear him. So I dug up a nickel, 3 coppers and a postage stamp, and got a can full of that mineral water. 'Twas all right, too. Well, as I came out of that water stop, a feller pulled a paper on

Hood River May Have a Rival.
Oregonian.
There are prospects of Hood River Valley having a rival as a strawberry producing section. Eagle Cliff in Washington county, Washington, on the Columbia, some 65 miles below the mouth of the Willamette, is the section named for this honor. The land is some 800 feet above the sea level, and appears to be particularly adapted to producing late strawberries. L. S. Davidson of Eagle Cliff was in the city, yesterday, and brought along for exhibit some very fine specimens of the Wilson strawberry and Triomphe du Gard, which in size, flavoring, coloring and plump form condition proved a striking contrast to the few berries now being brought into the market and the tail end of crops of various berry gardens in this vicinity. Mr. Davidson says the berries on his place are now just coming into prime condition for marketing, and he is of

the opinion that if fields were planted on Eagle Cliff the crop would bring a good price as being later than all other strawberries in this region. Early berries, except the very earliest, have to compete with the crops of many sections. The very earliest Oregon berries have to compete with California berries, and only have the advantage of excellence over them. The late berries from Eagle Cliff would be the only strawberries in the market at this season, and it is probable that there would be a large demand for them at a good price.

Underwood Brevities.
Your reporter has been too busy to write since the 4th.

A. N. Foley, Ed Sweetland, Mrs. Jones, Ed's mother, and Mrs. Dark with her three little girls, spent the 4th at the lake, and had one of the best times the writer has ever experienced. Leaving Underwood Landing Friday morning, the 3d, at 9 o'clock, with a ton of supplies for the Underwood and Dark families, we arrived at the Husum post office at noon, rested an hour, started on the road, arriving at the store of the Chapman brothers at 6 in the evening, so tired we hardly knew what to do with ourselves. We struck camp near what is called Trout creek. After supper several jolly people from the store came over to our camp and we sang songs for an hour or more. Next morning, after a hearty breakfast cooked by a camp fire, we made ourselves comfortable and stayed in camp all day and rested, not caring to go out to the picnic. In the afternoon we attended the ball given in the new store built by Mr. Peets. We danced until supper time, then after 8 o'clock we returned to the ball and danced until 11 in the morning, when we returned to our camp and were soon lost to the world in deep slumber. Sunday morning we all took a trip to the ice cave, but it was so cool we did not enjoy our trip as we would had it been a warmer day. Returning to camp we found Will Underwood and his friend Henry Weaver. Then came the process of cooking dinner. Everybody turned out to help make dinner, as all were very hungry. The afternoon and evening were spent with music on a violin and mouth harp, all hands and the cook taking turns about playing either the harp or violin. All seemed to have enjoyed the evening and left for their resting places between 10 and 11 o'clock. Monday morning we left camp at 10 o'clock, getting back to Underwood at 2:30 in the afternoon.

Tuesday, July 7, Ed Sweetland, Will Underwood and Henry Weaver packed 5 horses with supplies and started for the mines, but had to turn back on account of snow. They arrived at Underwood Saturday evening, and expect to make another start in about a week.

Miss Ledbetter of Portland, niece of John Dark, spent a couple of days with Mrs. Dark last week.

A little stranger came to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Pete Sorensen, Sunday morning. Mother and child are doing well.

Mrs. A. J. Haynes, with her two little girls, went to Portland for a week or 10 days last week.

Mrs. Brown spent two or three days last week with her aunt, Mrs. Olson on the transfer boat at Kalama, Wash.

A party of five men came to our house, Monday evening, on their way up the river from Stevenson. They are on a surveying trip.

Mrs. Anna Wise, from Chenoweth, came up on the steamboat Monday evening, on her way out to the Thornton settlement, the Thornton boys being her brothers.

Mrs. E. W. Hill of Chenoweth passed through Underwood on her way to the Dalles, last Thursday, returning home Saturday.

The Washington Lumber company's freighter has been kept quite busy for about seven days freighting to and from Chenoweth.

Robert Rand of Hood River passed through Underwood, Monday, from Chenoweth. While resting and waiting for dinner he dug some new potatoes, and Mr. Rand measured the tops which weighed 6 1/2 lbs. You can ask Mr. Rand about it, or just come across the river and see for yourself.

Odell Notes.
Eight carpenters are now at work on the warehouse and hall at Odell.

The mill is again running after a lay off since the 4th.

Between the work of the hay harvest and spraying everybody is busy.

New comers are in evidence here. Mr. Lewis' family of Portland are now on their homestead near the James English place. Mr. Zeller and family are also on their homestead adjoining the Nebber place. They are engaged in building a house.

Professor J. L. Towsey of Portland, who owns the Rowley place, is here for his vacation.

Frank M. Orr sold his 25 acre tract last week for \$3,750. Mr. Orr and family have gone to Portland where he will resume his old position with Bell & Co. Mr. Guy of Portland is the purchaser of the Orr tract and seems pleased with Hood River.

Patto, the bird dog at the little white store, was poisoned last Sunday and has gone to his long home.

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WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK.

me and I thought it was a sheriff, so I started to shin it up the street, and then ran into two more fellows with papers.

"I'm guilty," says I, "but don't give me more than 30 days."

"Ah, g'wan," says one, "this is a petition for a saloon and we want you to sign it."

"What's in it?" says I.

"A quart," says one of them, "and there is a quart in every one you sign."

"I'll sign 'em," says I, "and set my can down to scratch my autograph on them papers and a feller stole that can. I'll out after him and run into another feller with a paper, 'I'll sign it,' I yelled.

"That's right, my friend," he says, "we want to get all the names on this remonstrance we can."

"What's the remonstrance?" says I.

"Well," says he, "this is a prohibition remonstrance and—"

"I'll remonstrate on prohibition," says I, so I signed it thinking that it was another quart.

"Well, I signed eleven petitions and fourteen remonstrances and shook hands with myself thinkin' I got a 4th of July I'd have when I got all them quarts. While I was huntin' up the feller that stole my mineral water I ran into a place that looked like a jug court so I began to pull my stakes when I heard a feller say, 'That's the counsel met to see if this town is goin' to be wet or dry.'

"What's that?" I asked.

"Well," says he, "it is whiskey or no whiskey." "But it'll be whiskey," says the other.

"Whoop, I'm goin' back," says I, and I did. Well, just as I got there some one said the committee was "in the hole." "A good luck pot will git him out," I says, and a feller told me to keep still. Well, about 100 fellers and boys was around the table watchin' the game and I edged in to have a look, and say, it was a game at all, but a lot of fellers had all them petitions and remonstrances and was callin' off the names.

"Tim Flannigan," says one.

"He's all right," says a feller standin' close in. "He's a voter and lives in Dublin guleh."

"Heedn't," says another feller. "He's me grandmother's half step-uncle on the side of me mother-in-law and lives in the back end of Fogarty's livery stable, he does."

"Pat O'Harrity," "He can't vote," says one.

"He owns a pig in Ireland," says another one.

"He didn't," says another, "for the pig was arrested for disturbin' the piece."

"Hurrah for E Pluribus Unum," yelled the feller that stole my can.

"He's dead and can't vote," howled a remonstrator.

"Put him out," says the committee in the hole.

"Hit him with a brick," says one.

and a feller that wore a white necktie stabbed me with a bottle of soda pop. "Give him ninety days," says a big feller, and they did.

When I set out I'm goin' to take up a collection of them quarts and go over to Underwood and join the police force and the town can do as it pleases. Git dry and blow away or swim off in mineral water, but no more petition-remonstrances for yours truly.

WEARY WALKER.

Traveling "Oenils."
Nowaday's is soon as a man knows how to put a lens in a frame, he starts out as an oculist, whether he knows anything about helping your eyes or not. He will fit you with a pair of lenses that magnify, but that they do not ease your eyes you may not notice for a month or two. At the Glenwood hotel I told an "oculist" that she had charged a poor lady \$4 for a pair of steel frames and lenses that I sell for 90 cents.

She said, "We can't sell them so cheap; we have a big expense, car fare and traveling expenses; we have to charge more." And she sold a young man a pair of spectacles for \$7 that cost her 34 cents. Spectacles with morning glory frames, you know, look nice, and next

day you can't tell what color they were. I warn people to look out for these travelers claiming to be oculists. If they are too lazy to work they sell lenses and charge \$6 for a pair that cost 19 cents. A traveling spectacle peddler said to me, "I go to a house and size the people up; see how bad they want them. At first I ask \$6; if they can't buy at that price I show them another pair, but same kind, for \$4, another at \$3, then \$2 and \$1. And they only cost 19 cents!" Beware of fakirs.

CHARLES TEMPLE.

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