



"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where they May."

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No class of industrial workers can use the Bank to greater advantage than the farmer. If he deposits his money in the Bank he relieves himself of the expense of carrying it and the chance of being robbed. He can pay bills by check easier and safer than by cash; he can mail his check without expense to far points, and in every way the Bank conserves his convenience. The mail service given by the rural routes facilitates the farmer's communication with the Bank. We invite the accounts of farmers.

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YOUTHFUL REFLECTIONS.

In happy mood I gazed around
Upon the scenes I loved of yore,
The spot still seemed enchanted ground
Whereon I stood long years before.
There stood the old familiar things,
No nook nor cranny 'scaped my view,
Time's watermark on silent wings
And span'd the years 'twixt then and now.

There were some things had disappeared,
And in their place stood something new.
Yet where the new ones had been reared
The dear old ones seemed peeping through.
And there was, too, the friendly grasp
Of hands I'd shook long years ago,
And as I gazed the fingers clasped
The youthful blood seemed still to flow.

I heard again the merry tongue
And voice that once enchanted me;
Again the foot and rafter rung
Of merry feet and voices free.
Again I drank the sparkling ale
I knew her dainty hand had filled,
And every taste revived a tale
That only youth and love can build.

The dear old village on the hill
Has charms that fondly linger yet;
The fleeting years have failed to kill
The joys we in our heyday met.
The silent years may wing their way,
And joys and sorrows come and go;
But these are things will ne'er decay
While memory wears the faintest glow.

—Luc F. Vernon.

HE'S SO CARELESS.

He'll leave his boots and shoes around
With mud and dirt bespattered;
His papers I have always found
About the carpet scattered.
His ties and collars strewn the room,
His shirt studs he'll deposit
With care where they will meet my
broom
In sweeping out the closet.

His pipes are simply everywhere.
My furniture he scratches
And really does not seem to care
Where he may throw his matches.
My sewing basket holds his keys,
And we have had some clashes
Because in spite of lectures he's
So careless with his ashes.

He's no exception, I suppose.
I've heard of other cases.
It's pretty hard, though, goodness
knows,
When things aren't in their places.
There's only one thing that he can
Take care of, and it's funny,
But I have never known that man
To leave around his money.

SAFETY SHOES FOR CONVICTS.

A shoe that will make impossible the escape of convicts while being transported from one point to another has been invented by a Californian. The idea came to him after suffering on several occasions by the protrusion of hob-nails through the heel of a boot in need of repair.

The device consists of a heavy leather shoe, with a perforated sole of steel plate that is so arranged that the whole will bend with the usual motion of the toes and foot. Riveted upright to this steel sole are sharp spikes, placed in such a position that they will enter the perforations of the leather sole, but kept from ordinarily doing so by cross bars with a series of steel springs on either side.

The whole contrivance is fastened to the prisoner's foot by means of metal straps, held securely by a padlock. With the cross-bars in position, the prisoner can walk in the shoes as in ordinary ones, but when placed on the train or other conveyance, the officer releases the cross-bars and locks them in such position that they cannot be replaced between the spikes and the perforations without a key. The only thing that then keeps the spikes from entering the perforations and piercing the criminal's foot is the springs. These are of sufficient strength to protect him from harm as long as he is seated, but the moment he stands up and attempts to walk, the weight of his body compresses them enough to make it impossible for him to stand the anguish of more than a step or two.

It seems to us that this device would be specially serviceable in this State, where the transportation is done by guards from the Penitentiary sometimes in squads of from two to half a dozen. This device would make it possible for one or two guards to perform the work.

There Had Been But One William.
A Philadelphian, on his return from Berlin, talked at the Philadelphia club about Kaiser Wilhelm.

"You know the Kaiser's ballet of Sardinia?" he said. "Well, this ballet made a success, and in its honor the Kaiser gave a dinner.
Berlin is laughing over an incident at the dinner. It seems that one of the speakers said in the course of his speech:

"This battle teaches us a powerful lesson. It shows us that we cannot escape our fate. As the immortal William once said, 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.' And so—"
"The Kaiser applauded thunderously."

"That's clever, very clever," he cried. "But when did I say it. I've quite forgotten."

DRIFTWOOD BY LUE F. VERNON.

Pity is akin to love, but it is a poor relation.

From the trouble in the marriage line, experienced by three of Jay Gould's children, there must have been a curse in the millions of dollars which they inherited.

The Los Angeles Times wants to know what has become of the little boy with the red-top boots. This is easy. He is taking young ladies out for "joy-ride" these days.

A California man was sentenced to the penitentiary for seven years because he married ten women. Many a man has received a longer sentence for not marrying one.

A steward in London was severely bitten by a suffragette, whom he was trying to eject from a meeting. The latest demand is "Bites for Women," male stewards preferred.

A reliable publication in the East states that a Louis Judd, assigned from the bench and a salary of \$300 a month, to sweep streets at \$1.50 a day. How do you suppose that kind of a man ever became a judge?—Los Angeles Times.

That is easy. By brushing and dusting the "political bee," so to speak.

When mention is made to prohibitionists, wine should not be used at communion, they will tell you it isn't fermented. Gee! Whether fermented, or not, it made Lot drunk as he—Can you gain say this, Mr. Prohibitionist, if you believe the Bible?

A patient and ingenious blacksmith in Hungary recently sent a present to the Emperor of Austria, a horseshoe, a pair of trowsers, a file and a knife, all ingeniously nailed to a goose's egg, with minute nails, without the egg being broken. The Emperor forwarded in return his photograph, a gold medal and thirty ducats.

"Thank God that many of our most beautiful women are still among our purest and best, living great lives, rearing children in the fear of God and as was Santa Monica."—Los Angeles Times.

According to this many of our ugly women are still among our loveliest and worst, living wretched lives, raising children to worship the devil, and are as weak as Eve.

These two "squibs" are taken from the "W. C. T. U. Column" published in the News-Examiner, of Centralia.

Alcohol is the largest factor in the causation of feeble-minded imbecile children. It should always be classed as poison.—The News-Examiner.

The *News-Examiner*, by all means, should drink a copious draught for writing such a wilful lie.

I excelled the English printers because I would not drink beer.—Ben Franklin.

These are printers to-day, "slugs" at that, who are "half-shot" at the time, and "full as a boiled owl" the rest, on beer and whiskey, who would make Ben look like a Canadian half-dime with six holes in it, as far as "excellence" is concerned in these days.

Edward McCann, inspector of police of Chicago, has been indicted by the grand jury on five counts of bribery. His bail was fixed at \$30,000.

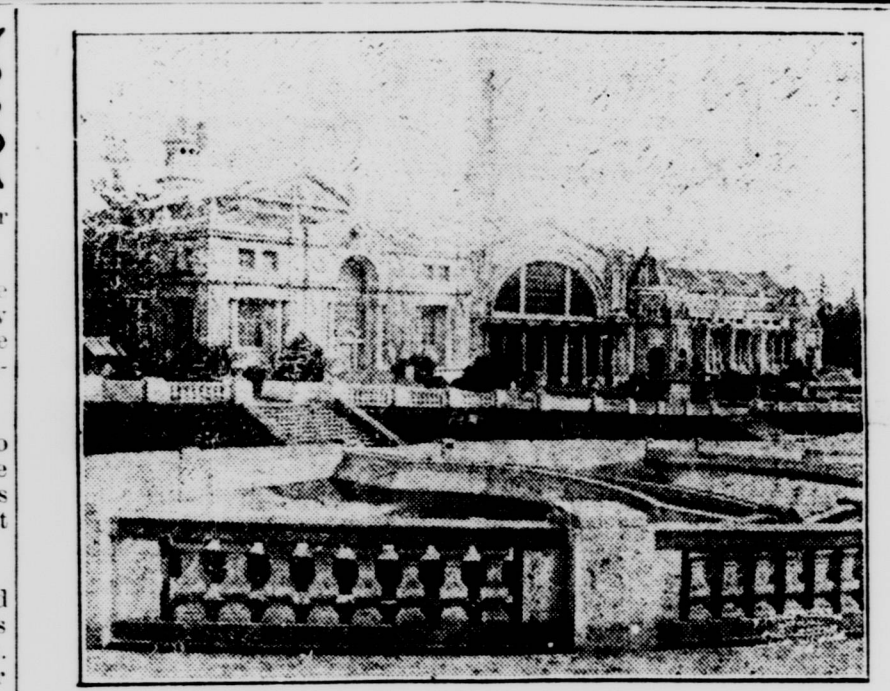
The indictments charged that he took a bribe of \$300 from five keepers of disorderly houses in the Windy City. State Attorney, Mr. Wayman, of Illinois, purposes to investigate every police division in the city, including, as his friends say: "The red light district of the South Side, and the segregated zone of vice on the North Side." Chicago, these "moral reform" days is not the only city in the United States with a "red light" district in one part, and a "segregated zone of vice" in another. Ugh!

"No person should eat any salt water fish from June 1 until August 10. They are all wormy." "I have heard warning has been sent out by Captain L. C. Schilling, of the Pioneer Fish Market, an authority on the lives of the denizens of the deep. 'Fresh water fish are all right,' says Captain Schilling, 'but none who eat any fresh water fish will eat any of the salt water kind until after August 10. I have always refused to sell them to my customers and during the summer months will handle nothing but those taken from fresh water.'—San Diego Union.

What have our fishermen to say about the foregoing? It is worthy of investigation. We don't want to eat "wormy" fish—apples are bad enough!

[And right here it is noted that there are trees of cherries in Olympia, whose fruit is infested with worms—each cherry containing one of the nauseating maggots.—En.]

Some people have exceedingly retentive memories and others are dull in this respect. I may envy the man who can keep everything to his mind he means to do—all his engagements and promises and what not; but I certainly do not respect him, for he never can be one who is fitted to get through a deal of work. Nor is he a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; even our cares, if not overwhelming, assist us in our struggle with the world. Nature seems to throw down trouble before us that she may test what we are worth, and the brave man picks up the gauntlet and goes on conquering and to conquer. The world is now a busy one, however, that if a man tells you he has a splendid memory you may safely put him down as a person who does precious little



ORIENTAL PALACE AND MANUFACTURERS BUILDING.

The Palace of Oriental Exhibits and Manufacturers Building have a frontage on Cascade Court and Geyser Basin and look across at Foreign Exhibits and Agricultural Palaces. Yukon Avenue separates these magnificent display buildings, and in the back ground the state buildings of Oregon and California are located.

Construction work on these buildings was completed last year and exhibits are being received and placed in position. The Oriental Palace will house the most valuable collection of Far Eastern art that has ever been sent from the Orient, and will present displays from Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, French Indo China, Borneo, Java and all the eastern countries of Asia.

The Manufacturers building encloses a vast amount of exhibit space and every foot of this has been engaged for display purposes by domestic and foreign manufacturers. The interest manifested in this department of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is world-wide and competitive displays will be general and comprehensive. Exhibits are being daily received and the heavy work of installation is rapidly being accomplished.

thinking, and has very few ideas, else would the tablets of his memory soon be filled were they acres in extent. But there is one relief to mind and memory that should never be despised by the busy man. It is simply the notebook. A tiny note-book and a fine-pointed pencil, if well and regularly used, will add years and years to the life of anyone. Trying to remember something you have half forgotten is a most harassing ordeal for the nervous system. Find the something in your note-book, act on it, and scratch it out, and there is a load of worry off your mind at once.

MAE DUFFEE'S GRAVE.
Shall It Be Marked by Appropriate Stone—
Fund Being Raised for the Purpose—
Vernon's Heartfelt Tribute to Her Memory.

A few years ago, Miss Mae Duffee, a member of Nat Goodwin's Dramatic Company, which was then playing "The Gilded Fool" in Missoula, and her body lies in the Missoula Valley Cemetery. Her death caused considerable newspaper comment, from the alleged treatment of the unfortunate girl by the famous comedian. Miss Duffee's death was so sudden as to cause judicial inquiry to be made into the cause which was fully determined. It is claimed that Miss Duffee, on her death-bed, expressed a desire to see Mr. Goodwin, but he and his company had left the city and were in Helena when she died. Mr. G. always omits Missoula when playing Montana. From time to time during the past years since Mae Duffee's eyes closed upon all things, the *Missoulian* has received letters of inquiry about her death, the condition of her grave, etc., and most every one in the theatrical business has a copy of the pretty poem written by Lue F. Vernon, in remembrance of Mae Duffee, in his or her scrapbook. Here is the poem:

"Dried Apple Fruit Cake."
Wash three cups of dried apples, soak over night in water, just enough to cover; save the water to stew them in, after chopping very fine; add three cups molasses; keep until tender, then let them cool; one cup of butter one and one-half pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, three eggs, one tablespoon of baking soda, two tablespoons of cloves, three cups of cinnamon, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of coffee, salt, flour to make it stiff.

The best and richest ice creams are made with eggs, but a very good cream can be made without them. An excellent rule calls for the yolks (never the whites) of three or four eggs, one pint of cream, and about one cupful of sugar. The exact amount of sugar depends on the quality of fruit or flavoring to be used. When pure cream is used without milk, there is sometimes difficulty in freezing it, for if it is very rich it may turn to butter in the process, so it is best to use half milk and half cream.

Mustard Pickles.
One quart of sliced onions, one quart of sliced green tomatoes, one quart of large cucumbers, seeded, peeled and cut in pieces, one medium head of solid cabbage, four sweet green peppers, sliced. Chop all the vegetables fine (with a food chopper preferably). Make a brine of one pint of coarse salt to one gallon of water, and cover the vegetables with this brine, let stand twenty-four hours, then scald the whole batch, turn in a colander and drain well. Mix one cupful of flour, three tablespoons of ground mustard, one tablespoonful of turmeric powder, with enough cold vinegar to make a smooth paste, then add one pint of sugar and enough vinegar to make two quarts in all. Add this to the drained vegetables, put into the preserving kettle and cook about ten minutes, then bottle and seal.

No Machines for Farmers Wives.
Our wants are many and various, writes a farm woman in *Good House-keeping*. We want better roads; we want a parcels post; we want better schools. But what we need more than any of the above is labor-saving machinery for the farm women.

I live in a rich farming section, where almost every farmer has all the most up-to-date machinery and tools of all kinds, but no similar provision is made for the woman. Of all the lovely homes in our section only one has a heating plant, but it has no bathroom; not one has a lighting plant; not one has water piped into

the house; only one woman has an oil stove. Some of them have sewing and washing machines, but they do not have the help of a gasoline engine to run the washer, churn, etc. If the farm women had labor-saving machinery in proportion to the farm men, there would not be many discouraged farmer's wives.

Isn't the farm, with its pure air, fresh fruit and gardens and dairy products, the most healthful place on earth? Yes, but many a farm woman must be her own cook, housemaid, seamstress, baker, laundress, scrub-woman, nurse, gardener, dairymaid and poultry-raiser, not to mention the extra "stunt" in butchering, fruit-canning, harvesting and thrashing times. She must struggle on with ever a mountain of work ahead; each night finds her miserably tired, yet, perhaps, her rest is disturbed by restless or ailing little ones. Is it any wonder that after a few years of this ceaseless grind the tired body and mind should give away?

It is bitterly hard for a cultured woman (and there are many, many such among our farm folk) to slave and find no time to read and study, so that she may keep herself well informed and be a congenial companion for her husband and children.

Is heart's blood cheaper than machinery? Have our farmers joined the city man's mad chase after the almighty dollar?

Shady Streets of Dutch Cities.
The average Dutch town is an attractive place in the summer months, since practically every street and canal is bordered with shade trees, which shut out the glare of the sun and offer cool and inviting avenues for the exploration of the tourist. The banks of these canals are generally terraced in two levels—the lower one for warehouses and the upper for shops or dwellings, and each elevation is planted with trees.

At best a city is an exceedingly poor location for tree culture. Narrow streets, with tall buildings, exclude the life-giving sunlight; asphalt or closely paved walks prevent the necessary moisture from sinking into the ground and nourishing thirsty roots, and leakage from the gas mains is a deadly poison to all vegetation. For this reason care should be exercised in the selection of the variety of trees for street-planting in order to get the best results. In Holland, time has demonstrated that the elm and linden should be placed in the first rank, for there are many examples of these species in Dutch towns which have withstood the ravages of more than two centuries. The elm appears to be the hardier of these two trees and will live under most adverse conditions.

The Dutch municipalities expend large sums each year for the preservation of their shade-trees, but the results amply justify the cost for maintenance. In the last year the city of Utrecht taxed each inhabitant 21 cents for its trees (two and one-half Dutch cents equalling an American cent), and The Hague spent 28 cents for the same purpose.

Frenchman Looked Innocent.
Some time ago, in a Temple street store in Boston, a nervous little Frenchman brushed against a pretty trifle of ware valued at about \$14 and succeeded in getting several more pieces out of it than had gone into its making. The floor-walker led the abashed Parisian aside and politely explained that the broken vase would have to be paid for. Monsieur hauled forth a handful of small silver and copper, mostly foreign, from his pocket, when he was told the value of the trifle.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Parisian, "seventy francs, I no have got." At this he took out his billbook and disclosed a fifty-dollar express draft, which the floor-walker instantly seized upon, to the unspeakable horror of its owner.

After deducting the value of the vase the former handed the man his change and dismissed him with a floor-walker's blessing. The express draft reached the bank in due time, with four others, as fraudulent, but the volatile little Frenchman had departed southward with the swallows.

Household Hints.

"Silver Pie."
Peel and grate one large potato, white of one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of white sugar, one cup of cold water; bake with under crust only.

For Pickling Small White Onions.
Peel and boil them in salt water until tender, then lift into glass jars with a fork or perforated spoon, until the jar is filled, settling once or twice, fill with vinegar, and on top of each jar put a tablespoonful of ground mustard.

Graham Gems.
Cream two table-spoons of butter, or meat drippings with a tablespoon of sugar; add one well-beaten egg, a half teaspoon of salt; one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half cup of white flour, one and one-half cups of Graham flour. Beat well and bake in gem pans, in hot oven.

Ginger Snaps.
One cup each of molasses, sugar and butter, one tablespoon each of vinegar, cinnamon and cloves, one teaspoon of soda, dissolved in six tablespoons of hot water. Mix all together; add flour to make a soft dough; pinch off pieces the size of a walnut; roll in the palm of the hand until round; place in buttered pan, leaving space for them to spread, bake in hot oven, taking care that they do not get scorched.

Green Tomato Chow-Chow.
Chop fine one peck of green tomatoes, six green sweet peppers and four onions. Stir in a cupful of coarse salt and let stand over night, drain in the morning and put into a granite pan with good vinegar to cover. Add one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, and half a tablespoonful of cloves, one cupful of sugar and cook until soft, then seal in air-tight jars. If preferred, the ingredients need not be chopped, but sliced coarsely.

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Summer Night Appeal.
Los Angeles Express.

Backward, turn backward, you pests in your flight, and kindly let up on that infernal bite! Mother, come back with your fingers so deft, and rub the sore spots which those critters have left! Bring on the ointment and heal up the bites in order to give us our needed rest nights! We are so weary with rubbing each spot, we cannot keep track of the fresh bites we've got! As over our framework those nuisances creep, oh, fan us to sleep, mother, fan us to sleep.

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