

STEARL SUMMER HOTEL

the Scenery and Fish are
Only in Pictures.

It Went There Every Saturday
to See Susie and Grace—Preferred
Temerity to Strength.

Once upon a time there was a summer hotel that was all right until you saw it. The hot and tired denizen of the crowded city would look at the half-tone prints of the cool umbrageous depths and the wood engraving of the man yanking out a five-pound bass and he would want to lock-up and fly to the piney woods.

The so-called guests put in most of their time changing clothes and inquiring for mail. Grand View was the name of the hotel, because, by climbing to the roof you could see the county seat. The bedrooms were so small that the women kept their trunks in the hallway. After one's light was out one had to feel for one's pillow, and after one found it felt like one sack of salt.

On the table could be found everything that the city market had afforded three days previously. Each patron, upon answering the bell, came into the dining room and confronted a leaf of lettuce, with two slippery slices of cucumber holding it down.

The princess who waited on the table had put her pride in her pocket so as to get the price of a piano. She had agreed to bring food from the kitchen, but she had not agreed to meet any of the guests, socially, as it were, so everyone had to be careful.

She would approach the table with a certain sweet gravity and hand each person a cut of beef, just large enough for a half-sole. Then she would sprinkle a semi-circle of individual dishes across the table cloth and feel of her hair and answer all questions in a lady-like manner, telling you what they didn't have.

The iced tea was all ice and the cottage pudding took up the sauce like a sponge. This for four a day. If anyone went to the office and kicked, the manager led him to the roof and showed him the view. The manager was onto his job. He had chased the milch cows out of an adjoining pasture and put up two red flags, so that he might advertise golf links. The damp spot was the way to the station was called the lake. Anyone who didn't believe there was sea-ting could go up to the office and look at the photographs of a fat man holding up a string.

The manager had arranged for the mosquitoes to keep the mosquitoes from the mosquitoes. Still, the hotel was rather shiny. The stationery was great. For six days in the week the social gayeries at Grand View were very much he. There was a clerk with a shirt waist who walked along the verandas and chatted about the weather so as to keep people from discussing the table service. After he had conversed for about 15 minutes he would begin to burn loud and threaten to go out. Thereupon the ladies would fall to him.

But on Saturday evening when the bus came up from the station loaded down with the boys who were expected to sign the checks—Oh, then there was joy indeed! Everybody was glad to welcome the bread winners. Each would have on her most scrumptious toggery and the turquoise brooch and she would have out her little four-inch lace handkerchief, all ready to wave at him. All the married couples would elench at the hotel steps, and those who didn't have the right would post-pose it for a while.

Among the men who came out on a Saturday special was a bachelor named Albert. Albert knew two girls at the hotel, and he didn't care who saw him with either one. Albert was susceptible. He had a cool head for business and in his calmer moments he would decide to scratch matrimony until he could show a hundred thousand. But when he was up at Grand View and found himself in a secluded corner of the Veranda with either Susie or Grace and the crescent moon would be playing hide-and-seek among the oak branches and somebody out in a row-boat plunking a mandolin and the night bird calling to a companion that had broken the date—then Albert would get reckless and not care what became of him.

Susie and Grace were not alike in any particular. Susie was ever so athletic. She went around bareheaded all summer so as to be baked to the color of an Indian. Usually she had her sleeves rolled up to display a fore-arm that reminded one of Terry McGovern. She wore a short skirt and flat-bottomed shoes. It was a positive pleasure to see her bounce up into the air and jam a tennis ball. She was a dandy whip and she had won a cup over an eighteen-hole course.

When she ordered up a saddle horse she wanted one that would prance and shine. Susie could take care of

herself at any point along the road. She had a determined eye and an authoritative manner. If anyone had told her she was a weaker vessel she wouldn't have believed it.

Grace was quite the antithesis. She was a repose creature who kept out of the sun and wore filmy white materials. She usually had herself squigged up to about twenty-one inches, with the straight line in front, the same as you see on the fashion page. She wore French heels all summer, and whenever she saw a cow she squealed and caught hold of the nearest man.

Susie, on the other hand, squared off at the threatening bovine and Mrs. Cow would break down a fence trying to get away.

Grace once tried to hit a golf ball because it seemed to be the thing. She pecked at it a couple of times and sent it about eighteen inches, and then she felt something give and returned to the veranda.

Every time she ventured out she wore a three-foot hat covered with Battenberg and carried a parasol so as to protect the complexion. She never was keen for physical culture, but preferred to get herself lucked in just right and then sit and read some thing by Booth Tarkington. She had a slow, languorous walk leaning forward from the hips. If you didn't know, you might think she had casters under her. The other girls rapped her for being affected, but then she wasn't doing it for their benefit. When she executed the glide into the dining room, the men would tell one another to pipe the tall on with the poor shape.

As already intimated, these were the two that had Albert on the guessing block. It kept him busy looking after both, but he knew the advantages of a healthy competition. A girl always throws herself rather more earnestly if she thinks that some other maiden is trying to sew buttons on her. So Albert had a lot of attention paid to him every time he came out.

As the summer weeks slipped by, it became evident that Grace's work on the veranda was more effective than Susie's violent effort in the field. One Saturday night Albert brought out a ring and forced Grace to wear it. Next day there was an awful buzzing. A majority of the wise ones had picked Susie as the logical first choice.

It happened that an intimate friend asked Albert if he had not got twisted and given the ring to the wrong one. "It is generally conceded," said the friend, "that Susie is the most superior thing that puts up at and with the hotel."

"Superior is the word," responded Albert. "As a type of the new kind she is the best ever, and that is why I can't keep up with her. She gives me the 40-love score when we play tennis. It is a rider. I sit back while she handles the ribbons. Everyone along the road gives her the 'Ah-h' of admiration. They may notice that she has something on the seat beside her but what they say about me I'm lucky I don't hear. Then think of a large man who wants to retain his self-respect going out on the links and getting waxed good and hard from a child just budding into womanhood. She can hit the ball right in the eye every clip and send it to the green, while I worry it off into the bunch grass and beat it until it looks as if some one had been chewing it. For six days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year I get round-shouldered talking through a phone and hanging over a desk. When I do put on my flannel and rush to the country, I am not prepared to enter the lists with the seasoned lady champion. Naturally, I do not care to get alongside of her and invite comparison. However, I wish to say that Susie is a swell girl and whoever marries her will always respect her. If he doesn't, I hate to think of what will happen. The trouble is that when Susie and I are together, I am with her and not she with me. She takes me places. As soon as I realized that I was a candidate for satchelcarrier I began to slow up on Susie."

Now, Grace is different. She clings to you and wants advice. It's all up

to you. You don't have to lean back and look up at her. She doesn't pity you because you fizzle or take you in hand as if you were a boy. I have a feeling that if I married Susie I would be put in the nine-hole and kept there forever. I am proud to know such a woman, everytime she plays a match I will be on hand to pull for her, but when it comes to the practice of stickology on the dim veranda and then a clasp of the yielding form, I pass up the party with the iron muscles. When a lady is trained so hard that the form refuses to yield, what's the use? There's nothing in it. Then there is always the horrible fear that if you do anything to vex her, she may pick you up and throw you into a rosebush. It's pretty hard to love a woman and be afraid of her at the same time. No dainty Sandoz for little Albert, the office slave! For me the simple, sinuous, old-fashioned variety."

So he married Grace and Susie married a little chap who wore specs. He is now acting as caddie for her.

Moral: The gymnasium girl does not always have the strongest pull. GEORGE ADE.

Latest Kodak Snapping at Goetzman's.

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS

Thursday, July 25th, 8 p. m.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.

"No Connection With Any Combine"

The Roast Beef

Of Merry England

Can be Discounted by

Bay City Market

GOVETT & CO. PROP. THIRD ST.

ORR & TUKEY, Freighters

GRAND FORKS STAGES—8:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

HUNTER STAGE—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8:30 a. m.

OFFICE—A. C. CO. BUILDING

KLONDIKE CORPORATION, Ltd.

Operating the

Light Draught Steamers

ORA, NORA, FLORA

The most successful boats sailing on the Yukon. All thoroughly refitted and refurnished.

New Machinery Has Been Installed in All Three Boats.

We Have the Best Pilots on the River

Capt. Martineau, Flora;

Capt. Green, Nora;

Capt. Bailey, Ora.

Through Tickets To Coast Cities

Klondyke Corporation, Limited

R. W. CALDERHEAD General Manager

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS

Thursday, July 25th, 8 p. m.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.

"No Connection With Any Combine"

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS

Thursday, July 25th, 8 p. m.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.

"No Connection With Any Combine"

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS

Thursday, July 25th, 8 p. m.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.

"No Connection With Any Combine"

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

The Roast Beef

Of Merry England

Can be Discounted by

Bay City Market

GOVETT & CO. PROP. THIRD ST.

ORR & TUKEY, Freighters

GRAND FORKS STAGES—8:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

HUNTER STAGE—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8:30 a. m.

OFFICE—A. C. CO. BUILDING

KLONDIKE CORPORATION, Ltd.

Operating the

Light Draught Steamers

ORA, NORA, FLORA

The most successful boats sailing on the Yukon. All thoroughly refitted and refurnished.

New Machinery Has Been Installed in All Three Boats.

We Have the Best Pilots on the River

Capt. Martineau, Flora;

Capt. Green, Nora;

Capt. Bailey, Ora.

Through Tickets To Coast Cities

Klondyke Corporation, Limited

R. W. CALDERHEAD General Manager

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS

Thursday, July 25th, 8 p. m.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.

"No Connection With Any Combine"

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS

Thursday, July 25th, 8 p. m.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.

"No Connection With Any Combine"

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

WILL SAIL FOR WHITEHORSE AND WAY POINTS

Thursday, July 25th, 8 p. m.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.

"No Connection With Any Combine"

Advertisements

MEAT TO EAT

That's worth eating can always be found at

GRAND FORKS MARKET

FRED GEISMANN

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

FOR

Speed, Safety, Seamanship.

Good Cuisine, Polite Attention

We Recommend the STEAMER

CLIFFORD SIFTON

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

Artistic Painting

Wall Paper in Stock

ANDERSON BROS.

SECOND AVENUE

CHARLES E. TISDALL

VANCOUVER, B. C.

IMPORTER OF...

Arms and Sporting Goods

RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS OF EVERY MAKE AND QUALITY.