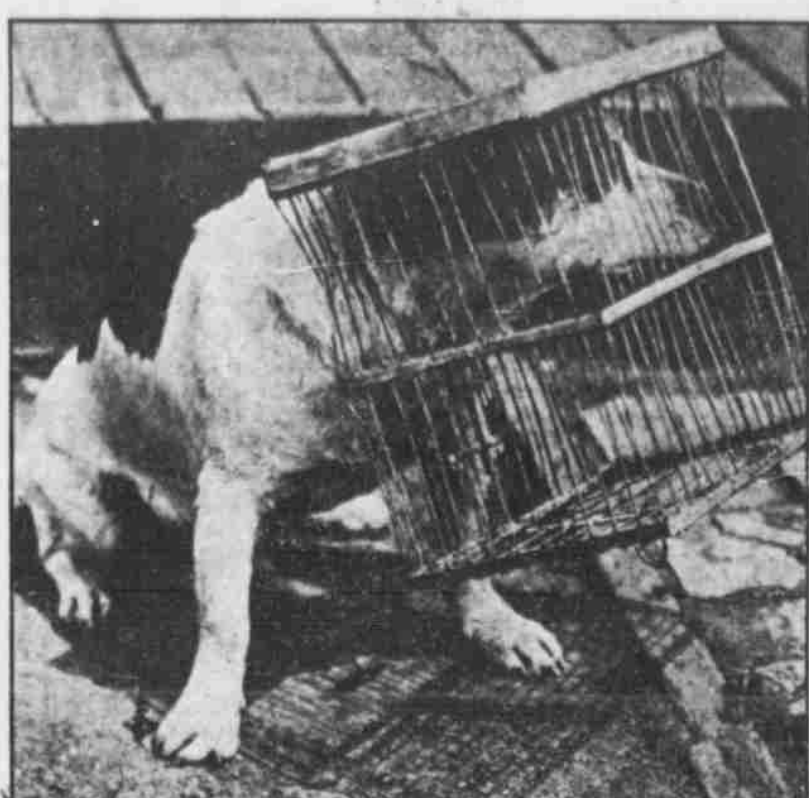


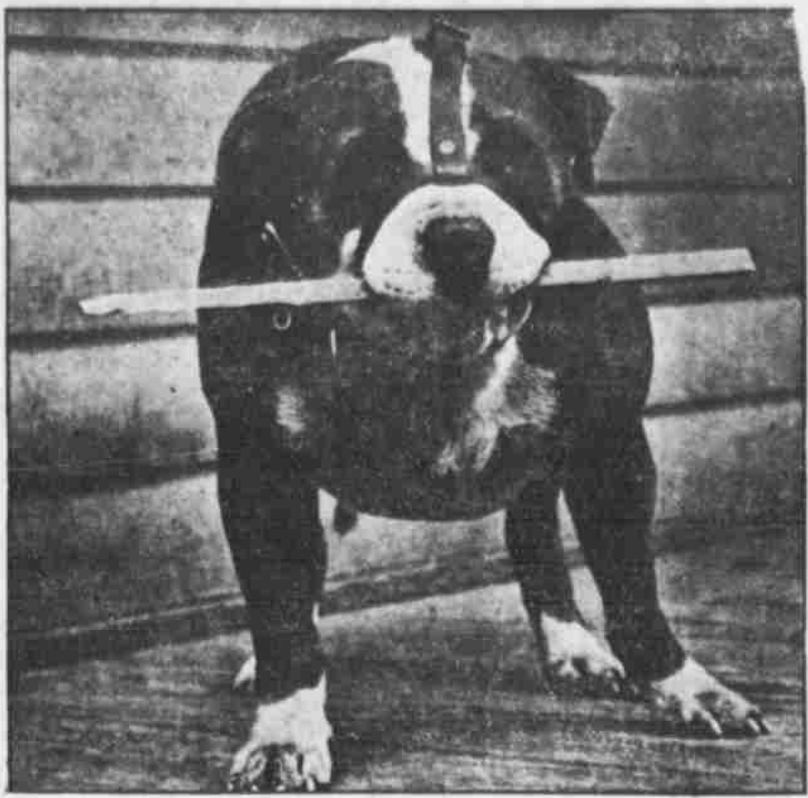
Tige Talks to Towser Concerning Troubles Due to Mayor's Orders



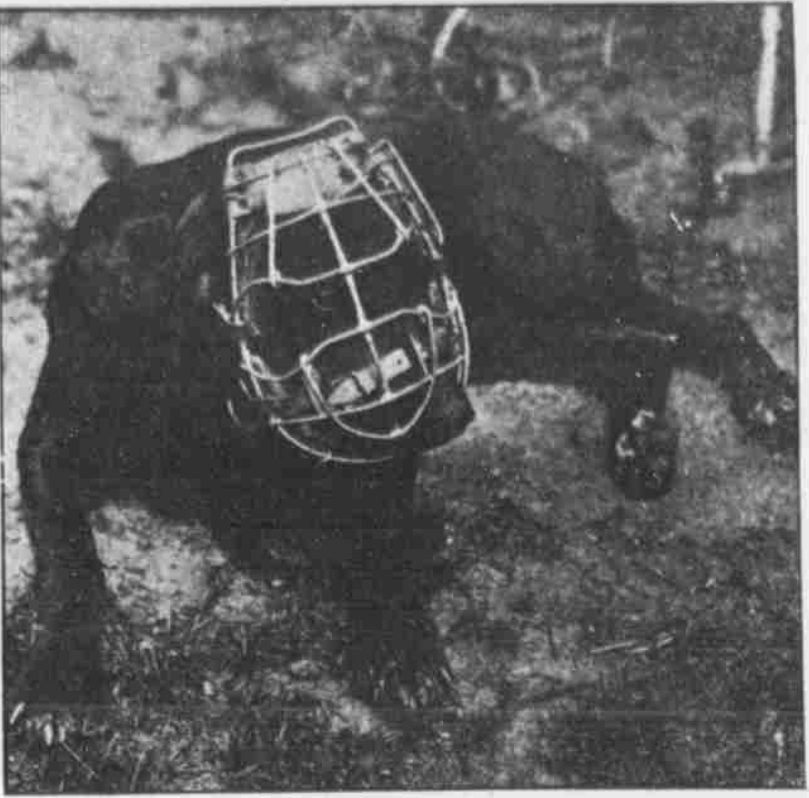
WHY TIGE FEELS TIRED.



READY FOR THE POLICEMAN: ALL!



BABIES' PET IS SAFE NOW.



TOWSER FEELS HIS DISGRACE.

YOU look as if you had stuck your nose into a rat trap and it has sprung on you," remarked Tige, sarcastically, to his old friend, Towser, as the two met in a vacant lot. Towser looked dejectedly through a contrivance of wire and leather straps. Tige was sporting a brand new leather head piece which was pulled rakishly down over one ear.

"I don't know that you can say much," barked Towser. "You don't seem to be able to keep your own millinery on straight."

This happened a few days after his honor had issued his ukase prescribing the proper thing in canine wear for the next ninety days. Owing to his public importance and the fact he was a general favorite in high and low places, Tige was looked upon as the sage of dogdom, and whatever he had to say was listened to with a good deal of interest by thoroughbred and mongrel alike. After the preliminary pleasantries had passed, Tige squatted down on his haunches, closed one eye and looked thoughtful.

"I have heard somewhere that every dog has his day," he remarked after a few minutes. "I was just wondering if it is true. If it is I know a slender man with a very bald head that will get his when my day comes around, lasso or no lasso. G-r-r-r-r-r."

"I was making the rounds among the gang today and, say, you ought to have seen some of the things I saw. It was enough to make a self-respecting dog weep. A woman going along Farnam street had her little spitz pup with her. Now a spitz pup always makes me feel like I wanted to go back to the tall woods, but this little fellow who couldn't put up a decent fight with a mouse, was dragging a leather head piece that was so heavy with silver buckles and things that he couldn't hold his head up. There over on the north side there is my old friend, 'Fido,' who lost his muzzle by a scrap over a bone and was afraid to get out on the street until he had jammed his head into a bird cage. Afraid a policeman would come along and try to execute

him and the mayor's proclamation at the same time.

"That was worse than a little bull terrier I know, who has had 'em so bad ever since he heard about that proclamation he puts his master's base ball mask over his head before he will stick his nose outside the fence. Hasn't got a real muzzle and he gets the next best thing.

"I have another friend who is so old his teeth have all fallen out and he has played with babies all his life. Yet he has to go around with a lot of straps choking him and rubbing the skin all off his nose because some dog over in the north part of town snarled and snapped at a butcher's boy who used to throw stones at him.

"Say, what makes me tired when I think of this business is the way some of those mongrels who haven't got the nerve to fight can come up here now and make believe they are as good as any of us, and what can you do? It makes me feel sick to see that shaggy cur from across the street come around with his muzzle hanging down over his chin, grinning and sneering at us respectable dogs that can't wear our negligence. Then it makes me dependent to jump for a bone and find I can't get my mouth open wide enough to grab it, and some upstart of a pup that hasn't any owner to scold him for him sneaks it away from under my nose and runs down the street with it. I have to stand for it. But that isn't the only thing we have to put up with. Think of running a scraggly black cat into a corner and then having to back down for fear of getting hurt. That's just what we respectable dogs are up against. Sometimes it makes me wish I was a yellow mongrel running the streets without a friend to pat me on the head, instead of a pampered companion of a spoiled child with everything I want but the right to chase cats and fight over bones. I would rather get a kick now and then and go hungry half the time, and be able to defend myself or hold my own in a fight over a big, juicy bone, than to have the best kind of kennel, three meals a day and a nice, soft bed at night and have to



GENTLEMAN IN FULL DRESS.

wear one of these things on my face. It's the first time I ever envied the alley dog. Now I think how happy he must be.

"I went over to the court house when they were making all this fuss about us. A man they called Ignatius Jehovah Dunn was talking and the way he talked about us was the worst I ever heard. I would rather be kicked around from morning till night than to hear my friends run down that way. That man Grasevay must be a peach. I'd share my last bone with him if I knew I'd never have another.

"How can a self-respecting dog hold his head up any more with one of these things over his face? I always thought I'd die of humiliation if I ever had to wear one of those red dog blankets, but I believe this is just as bad. When I have mine put on in the morning I just naturally slink along as if I was afraid someone might see me. When I do get my nerve up and try to look as if I didn't mind it some yellow cur comes along and dares me to come out into the alley and what can I do?

"As I remarked at the beginning, Towser, when my day comes look out. I've got some of these so-called humans spotted. I'm passing up even the lowest down Weary Willie now and I haven't had a mouthful of trouser leg for over a week now, but just what till my time comes. Just because these two-legged animals are in power now is no sign they always will be. Wait, I say, until my time in the saddle comes. When old Tige climbs into the mayor's chair things will begin to go some. Maybe it isn't true, but I've heard there are muzzles and muzzles. Also there are rabies and rabies. Only a few days ago a man in the next block got drunk and hit his wife. When I got into the mayor's chair here is the first proclamation I am going to issue:

"Whereas, An epidemic of lushing appears to prevail among a certain species of animals called humans, and

"Whereas, Complaint has been made that this state of affairs is bad for the

public at large and is hurting the soda water business,

"Therefore, I, Tige, by the authority in me vested, do hereby proclaim that it shall be unlawful for any man to run at large without having firmly attached so as to completely cover his head a muzzle so constructed as to prevent access to his mouth by anything larger than a soda water straw. Any man found violating this proclamation, etc. Cheer up, TIGE, Mayor."

"I guess that would hold some of these fellows for awhile. Then I would put a bulldog on every corner and we would see

things began to happen. Then I think I would issue another proclamation to muzzle these men who stand around cigar stores and street corners and talk politics all day. I would make the family cat wear padded gloves and the neighbors' chickens have their toes manicured every day. I would make it a real muzzling proclamation.

"Well, maybe you can get some consolation out of that, but I can't," responded Towser, who had been listening attentively. "My throat strap is choking me."

"I repeat, just wait till my day comes," replied Tige.

California's Golden Harvest

THE state of California secures an annual income from its orchards of more than \$2,000,000. It produces more than one-half of the country's peach crop, a third of the pear crop and seven-eighths of what are termed subtropical fruits.

It supplies practically all of the prunes, apricots, lemons, figs and the bulk of the oranges grown in America. Put into figures, this means 175,000 tons of prunes alone, 1,000,000 boxes of lemons, nearly 3,000 tons of olives, 5,000 tons of figs, 2,500,000 bushels of peaches and 10,000 tons of walnuts and almonds.

As 50 per cent of the oranges and lemons raised in the state are distributed through the fruit associations at Los Angeles, the business done at this center will give an idea of the industry in southern California. It aggregates 30,000 cars with a value of \$17,000,000. An average of 2,000 carloads of fruit of all kinds have been sent daily during the shipping season out of the thirteen counties of which Los Angeles is the selling center.

In Fresno county, where 50 per cent of the raisins cured in California are produced, fully 50,000 tons will be the record for 1906, the revenue from this fruit aggregating fully \$4,000,000. Thirty years ago

not more than 2,000 orange trees were in bearing in the 500 miles of fruit belt stretching from the foothills of Mount Shasta south to San Diego.

The orchards at the present time cover more than 75,000 acres, nearly all of them being the seedless variety, raised from two little shoots which were planted at Riverside in 1873.

The area containing the great orchards of California consists principally of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, with what is locally termed the Los Angeles country, comprising the five counties of southern California.

While irrigation is needed for a large proportion of the orchards in southern California, the yield in an average year is so large and the financial returns so great that many of the companies who control the larger orchards could sell them at a price averaging \$2.50 an acre, although this land prior to irrigation was not worth \$5 an acre.

Although oranges will ripen in California nearly every month of the year, the harvest season is usually from November 1 to June 1. As fast as a wagon load is picked it is sent to the packing houses. There the boxes are credited to the grower, then prepared for market.

Here the oranges are dumped into a long, narrow tank, filled with water, at one end of which is a big wheel with a tire of soft bristles. As the wheel revolves the brush works in connection with another set of brushes in a smaller tank underneath, and the oranges, after bobbing about in the big tank, pass between the wet brushes and come out bright and clean.

At some of the packing houses the old method of hand washing is still in use, and groups of women, each with a brush and a tub of water, stand under an awning and scrub busily. After the bath the oranges are spread upon long, slanting racks to dry in the sun, and from the lower end they roll into the boxes and are carried into the shade of the warehouse to cure.

After the hours of curing they are fed into a hopper which drops them single file into a belt that runs between revolving cylindrical brushes. They come out sleek and shiny, and are carried in a belt elevator to the sorting table, where they are graded into fancy, choice and standard. The grades are determined by the size and appearance.

This sorting table inclines slightly, and the dividing stream passes in two files upon narrow tracks of moving ropes, which diverge gradually. The smallest oranges fall through first, the larger sizes further on, grading themselves and falling into their proper bins.

There are a dozen sizes, from the small ones that run \$5 to a box, to fruit that cannot be spanned with both hands and which pack forty-eight to the box. Both extremes are subject to discount from the market price as off sizes.

Oranges are very tender and must be handled with great care. Finger nails are kept short, lest a slight bruise be made on the skin in handling; and wherever an orange drops even an inch or two spouts, bins and tables are padded. Usually the warehouse is on a siding or on the direct line of railway, so that the boxes can be loaded into the cars from the building without loss of time. A carload is from 400 to 500 boxes—Moody's Magazine.

When the Police Sell at Auction Their Unclaimed Goods

NOW, gents, how much am I offered for this saddle? It is guaranteed to be the original and genuine Pat Crowe saddle, which he rode away in on that memorable night. The gentleman starts it at \$3. Why such a bid is an insult. Gentlemen, in five years that saddle will bring \$500 from Jay museum in the country. Three dollars I'm offered—who'll make it four? Three dollars once, twice, thrice, and sold to the gentleman over there for \$4."

Such was the line of talk to be heard all of Tuesday afternoon in the police court room. The occasion was the annual sale of unclaimed property which had accumulated at the police station during the last year. Of what did this property consist? It was difficult to enumerate and tedious to hear. A few articles will suffice for an insight. There were fifty-eight revolvers; there were knives and watches of all descriptions, clothing, kodaks, bicycles, zinc brass, copper, furniture, slot machines, trunks, grips, harness, umbrellas, furs, "hooey" lay-outs, canned goods, shoes, clothespins, scales, razors, etc., ad infinitum.

Ordinarily the personal effects of prisoners are returned to them when they are released, except "contraband goods" such as revolvers, gambling devices and the like, which are confiscated, but this "unclaimed" property is accumulated in various ways. Prisoners escape from the chain gang or rook pile, others die and neither ever calls for his property. Expressmen frequently bring trunks and grips to the station which they have been unable to deliver on account of a defect in the address. Much of the unclaimed junk consists of stolen property which

has not been claimed by its rightful owner.

It was a cosmopolitan crowd that thronged the police court room, and the races, colors, sexes and previous condition of servitude represented there were almost as varied as the unclaimed articles offered for sale, and the appearance of some of the most ardent bidders was such as to suggest that they themselves were in the "unclaimed" class. And yet they all had money. They jostled each other and pressed against the railing in their eagerness to pick up bargains until the police had to repulse them. Colored men were perhaps the strongest bidders on razors and pocket cutlery, and the rivalry between them was so intense that many of those articles sold far above retail price.

Much of the clothing was bought in by Russians. A bunch of almond-eyed Celestials were in the market for "hooey" lay-outs, of which there were fifteen. The prices obtained throughout were the best since these sales have been held, which is indicative of the prosperous era which is upon us. A second-hand shotgun which retails at \$7 brought \$10. One of the police sergeants had his eye on a box of fifty dozen clothes pins, which retail at 1 cent per dozen. He stayed in the bidding until 50 cents, the retail price, was reached, and then dropped out. The bidding ran up to 35 cents, at which price they were sold.

The selling of the grips and trunks was where the "sure thing" man and the man with gambling proclivities parted company, for it was simply buying a pig in a poke. You saw the trunk or grip, but not the contents, and the price obtained depended

largely upon the imagination of the bidder, as stimulated by the auctioneer. In the bidding on these "hidden treasures" a "hunch" played quite as large a part as it does in the betting ring at the race track. For instance, Mr. Jones sees an old canvas telescope grip with the letter J written on it. He at once begins to get interested, and the chances are that Mr. Jackson also has grown keen to the situation and begins to count his money. They both have a "hunch" and from then on it is simply a question of which has the most money, for he'll win the prize.

Some unkind, irresponsible person has insinuated that many of these "hunches" are manufactured by the police for the oc-

castion; that they know certain individuals who will attend the sales who have strong feelings for certain "hunches," and that they fix up a select assortment for them. When questioned about this, Captain Mostyng ridiculed the idea, and said such a thing was impossible for the reason that no man ever bit twice on the same hunch.

It is an interesting study to watch the process of complete disillusionment as it comes to these buyers of pigs in pokes. A Twelfth street tailor and companion carried to his shop four heavy telescope grips which he had bought at \$1 each. Arriving in his shop they laid their burdens down. The tailor glanced furtively around the shop as though to make sure there

would be none to steal his treasures; then he bolted the door and began to unpack. The situation was growing uncanny. The first three grips contained worthless, moth-eaten clothing and rags—simply that and nothing more. The last grip examined had evidently belonged to an aged woman. The clothes in it were clean and neatly folded. There were her specs, her thimble, her knitting needles and a writing tablet in which a letter had been begun. It was written in a trembling hand and began: "My dear son; I am not sure where you are, but—" That was all. The tailor was of the opinion that the grip and contents represented the woman's sole earthly belongings, and he wished that he might re-

turn them to her. "Let us hope," he said, "that the poor soul has found her 'dear son' and that he is taking good care of her."

The total proceeds of the auction sale were \$700.35. This money goes into the fund of the Police Relief association, which was created by an act of the legislature in 1887, and which is contributed to by a 1 per cent per annum levy on the salaries of all policemen, and also from other sources. On the death of a member of the police force his family receives from this fund the sum of \$50, and during an officer's sickness or disability he receives the sum of \$2 per day.

Pointed Paragraphs

Fortune tellers are fortune swellers—for themselves.

Courtship is the juicy grade and marriage the appendicitis.

Many a man takes a better half in a half-hearted manner.

Judge no man's sincerity by what he says, but by what he doesn't.

Present a small boy with a watch and he'll have the time of his life.

Hot air is the motive power that operates the human talking machine.

Many a man becomes a jailbird through his strenuous efforts to feather his nest.

And the mining prospectus gets the coin while the hard-luck story is bumping the lumps.

Did you ever notice how few people there are present when anyone happens to say nice things about you?

A successful financier is a man who can separate other men from their money without the aid of a sandbag—Chicago News.



FRED MYERS BOUGHT SADDLES.



JOE BONNENBURG STIRRING UP BIDDERS.



"DOPE" LAYOUTS THE 'FIENDE' ENVIED.



THREE OF THE BUYERS WELL PLEASED.