

POINTS ABOUT THE NYES

WITH CASUAL REMARKS REGARDING THE ASTOR FAMILY AND ASTORIA.

A few suggestions for the benefit of the Salvation Army and those liable to be hit with a Rodak Camera—An Indian Princess.

Copyright, 1890, by E. W. Nye. Astoria sits enthroned at the mouth of the mighty Columbia. She is a good town and reminds me some of Heidelberg. We played there against the Salvation Army and Smith's Little Beans.

They are mostly carrying on a guerrilla warfare in their business. They seem to be on neutral ground, giving most of their attention to supplies. Instead of doing a general, devil-defying street act and trying to scare old Satan by means of a tambourine and two homely women, why don't they take in washing occasionally, including their own?



PLAYING AGAINST SALVATIONISTS

When they know the great adversary of souls as well as I do they will not try to scare him with cross-eyed women or live him and his boss by beating the tambourine, the sabbat and the landlord. Humanity, charity, soft soap and unselfishness will do more toward giving Satan "that tired feeling" than all the loud and onion-flavored hennans of unguessed men and bleating women, who seek to harass the hosts of heaven with a bass drum while their own children, with empty stomachs and unlaundried noses, weep at home.

But I was speaking of Astoria. I bought a perpendicular lot there, with pockets in it and brackets for holding farm implements. Astoria was settled in 1811 by Mr. Astor, whose family are said to be people of means. His descendants live in New York and are among our best people. The Astors and the Nyes are quite thick. They often borrow dishes of us when they have company come in suddenly on them. While our ancestors were catching whales, the Astors were catching muskrats. The elder Astor was prospered, however, more than the elder Nyes, for when petroleum began to squirt through the ground our folks had to hire out to Capt. Kidd, while the Astors did well in the fur, pit and green hide business.

Astoria is really a good city and shows much thrift and enterprise. The Astor family would do a very commendable act by establishing a library or some permanent institution there worthy of themselves and the thriving town. There are 2,000 people in Astoria. The canned salmon is caught all along here, and the low job of the steamer comes back from the rich green velvet moccas which uphold the high steep banks while ever, instead of going on with six or seven columns of newspaper advice and suggestions to congress as to what to do during the coming session, I would hold it down to five lines by saying: "Gentlemen, you may go home and do your electioneering if you please, instead of coming to Washington to do it. Leave your address with me and I will see that your salaries are sent to you."

The salmon industry is not so profitable now as it used to be. A salmon that used to net 25 cents now nets \$1.25 to the cannery, so it is a question with them whether they can can or not. Yet I suppose that after a certain manner a man might do well in a salmon cannery. All styles of business, however, on the river and Sound seem to be doing well. If we do not mention the canneries, there are the fisheries, tanneries, fisheries, canneries, distilleries and tanneries. I do not know how the real estate men in Astoria are, but certainly their lot, many of them at least, lead an enviable life.

I just heard of a young man in Portland who came up with us on the steamer California along with other things. He brought a good deal in social circles after he got home. I wonder how good a house he was, and made quite a haul of himself. He made fun of his fellow passengers a great deal, and proceeded to do the life of the party. After awhile a young lady in the group began to look over some photographs and stereoscopic views. (Probably she ardently got the attention of the rest, and then she produced one which showed the young man on board ship, exchanging his views with the ocean. The picture spoke for itself with an uncertain sound.

He had forgotten about there being a conversation, but for powerful word painting, strength of diction and general scope of Salomanger's style he easily got the best of the argument. I rarely argue with an Indian. Even when I lived among the more hostile Sioux, I was the same way. I believe in giving every man the right to his own views, even though they may differ from mine.

The Swish is also a plain spoken person, and knowing that he can never be elected president anyway, he is not afraid to express himself. It must be a pleasant life to lead. You just get up in the morning when you get ready and put on your bed quilt—provided you haven't got it on already—and then you go cheerfully about the duties of the day by sticking down in the glad sunshine. It must be real nice.

Some of these Indians are quite ingenious. Yesterday I saw one who Michael Angelo's bronzes were retained in place by means of a bright, new elastic frame. It was all he could do to keep from betraying his pride and being of feebly haughty, but he did. His daughter Malinmash was selling soft shell crabs on a falling market; also shrimps and other articles. It is customary for bright young tourists to converse with these and their brothers and sisters. Most always, however, they are led to regret it. The Indian does not seem to

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Do not order broiled oysters in Portland, Oregon. Other victuals are reasonable in price and well prepared, but there is no economy in buying broiled oysters. I paid sixty cents for six broiled oysters, and each one was smaller than a collar button. On the coast the clam is the Ward McAllister of nautical circles. He grows to an enormous size, and is arrogant to a degree. I saw in San Francisco a clam shell which had been used for years as a horse block—that is, I saw a man who said he saw it. His name was Samuel Post Davis, and a letter addressed to him at Carson, Nevada, will call forth a pleased and happy response.

At Tacoma I saw several of the Swish tribe of Indians. I paused to scrutinize them more carefully. Especially a bright young Alfarita squaw with white teeth and black eyes. They had been blacked by her husband, I presume. But she was quite pretty, and therefore a great curiosity among the Swishes, who are a low, trifling set.

I looked at her earnestly until she came timidly toward me with a large, wet mackerel in one hand and a blood curdling cackle in the other. Then I said to Mr. Lacy: "We will now go and look at those lots of yours, if you are not too busy." He said perhaps that would be the better plan, so we trudged away.

The Chinooks are a more peaceable people, fond of outdoor sports and Holland gin. Their lives are spent mostly in their canoes, which gives them wonderful depth of chest and a paucity of legs which is quite remarkable. One of them looks very robust as he rows, as he rows, but when on land he goes, with his ten converging toes, it would make you sure to grin at the way his toes turn in on the shore.

And his string halt style of walk, and his Waterbury talk make you smile. For his knees are out of plumb, even when he's out of ram, and his language knocks you dumb. Evermore.

When George Francis Train got ready to go around the world a few weeks ago, making Tacoma the starting point, it was suggested that he take with him Queen Duodesimo, daughter of old Chief Seattle, Duchess of Yamhill, and heir to the throne of Puyallup. She is now over 90 years of age, and no longer cursed by the fatal gift of beauty, but she said that her parents were both dead, and in their absence she certainly would not consent to take such a journey with a man of whom she knew very little indeed. She said that there was already scandal enough in royal families elsewhere without any contributions from her family. The queen then took a small bite of Piper Heidsieck tobacco and declared the audience at an end. As she swept proudly

out of the room, cutting another notch in her scepter, she resumed her part of clam, and as she covered off down town, she looked every inch a queen. More progressive monarchies may learn a valuable lesson from the conduct of this gentle savage, who divested of her kingdom and most of her reigning clothes, yet seems to give the tongue of scandal a lick at her.

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In Portland I met an actor who had just returned from Alaska. He says that Alaska as yet is not a good show place. He saw the country, however. I asked him how the scenery was and other works of creation. He said they were "very clever." I had never heard the works of God indorsed so heartily by an actor before, and so I speak of it here. I do it in order to prove that many of the unkind criticisms we hear relative to the creation are really unjust, and arise from a feeling of envy and jealousy worthy only of smaller minds. A truly great man will not try to belittle others. No matter whether we are trying to construct solar systems or elevate the American stage, nothing can be gained by the exhibition of a small jealousy.

Do not order broiled oysters in Portland, Oregon. Other victuals are reasonable in price and well prepared, but there is no economy in buying broiled oysters. I paid sixty cents for six broiled oysters, and each one was smaller than a collar button. On the coast the clam is the Ward McAllister of nautical circles. He grows to an enormous size, and is arrogant to a degree. I saw in San Francisco a clam shell which had been used for years as a horse block—that is, I saw a man who said he saw it. His name was Samuel Post Davis, and a letter addressed to him at Carson, Nevada, will call forth a pleased and happy response.

At Tacoma I saw several of the Swish tribe of Indians. I paused to scrutinize them more carefully. Especially a bright young Alfarita squaw with white teeth and black eyes. They had been blacked by her husband, I presume. But she was quite pretty, and therefore a great curiosity among the Swishes, who are a low, trifling set.

I looked at her earnestly until she came timidly toward me with a large, wet mackerel in one hand and a blood curdling cackle in the other. Then I said to Mr. Lacy: "We will now go and look at those lots of yours, if you are not too busy." He said perhaps that would be the better plan, so we trudged away.

The Chinooks are a more peaceable people, fond of outdoor sports and Holland gin. Their lives are spent mostly in their canoes, which gives them wonderful depth of chest and a paucity of legs which is quite remarkable. One of them looks very robust as he rows, as he rows, but when on land he goes, with his ten converging toes, it would make you sure to grin at the way his toes turn in on the shore.

And his string halt style of walk, and his Waterbury talk make you smile. For his knees are out of plumb, even when he's out of ram, and his language knocks you dumb. Evermore.

When George Francis Train got ready to go around the world a few weeks ago, making Tacoma the starting point, it was suggested that he take with him Queen Duodesimo, daughter of old Chief Seattle, Duchess of Yamhill, and heir to the throne of Puyallup. She is now over 90 years of age, and no longer cursed by the fatal gift of beauty, but she said that her parents were both dead, and in their absence she certainly would not consent to take such a journey with a man of whom she knew very little indeed. She said that there was already scandal enough in royal families elsewhere without any contributions from her family. The queen then took a small bite of Piper Heidsieck tobacco and declared the audience at an end. As she swept proudly

out of the room, cutting another notch in her scepter, she resumed her part of clam, and as she covered off down town, she looked every inch a queen. More progressive monarchies may learn a valuable lesson from the conduct of this gentle savage, who divested of her kingdom and most of her reigning clothes, yet seems to give the tongue of scandal a lick at her.

I saw her briefly one day not long since. She wore a slightly soiled, white woolen toboggan cap and an air of chaste melancholy. Also a red and white muslin ring with fringe on it. Her teeth were Allan by the way side, but she is still vigorous, and as a charmer has few equals on the Sound. The Chinooks are not a warlike people, but they still retain their true nobility of Indian character which bestows upon the woman the insupportable right to bear the children and do the right housework, such as killing huge flying squirrels, cutting cordwood and breaking staves.

Some of these Indians are quite ingenious. Yesterday I saw one who Michael Angelo's bronzes were retained in place by means of a bright, new elastic frame. It was all he could do to keep from betraying his pride and being of feebly haughty, but he did. His daughter Malinmash was selling soft shell crabs on a falling market; also shrimps and other articles. It is customary for bright young tourists to converse with these and their brothers and sisters. Most always, however, they are led to regret it. The Indian does not seem to

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