THE PALATIAL

HERE were a dozen of us at the Gabsters that night, and the talk turned on dramatic criticism. The Gabsters is a well-known club in a certain efficie, and constitutes itself a sort of court of last resort in the settlement of momentous questions. It doesn't make much difference what the subject under discussion is, the active group at the Gabsters usually settle it with a finality which is the equivalent of the grave. Outsiders may not always agree to our conclusions, but we do, and that is enough for us, and no Gabster in good standing, once a subject is definitely settled, will ever again allow it to be reopened, save in the sacred precincts of

the club itself. "Dramatic criticism nowadays," said Jim Hicks, the humorist, the most genial of Gabsters and good fellows generally, "is perfectly rotten. Fact is nobody knows anything about the stage nowadays but myself-"

"Oh, nonsense, Jim!" put in Billie Scribble. "The dramatic critism market is the best in the world. All a man needs is a pen, a pad, and an orchestra chair, and he can give you dramatic criticism that will make your hair curl, and he can sell it in a minute if it's only clever." "Don't doubt that," retorted Hicks.
"But is it any good? Does it help any-

body, public, star, manager, anybody at all? I say no. all? I say no."
"Jim's right," said Ex-Cathedra Tomlinson, as we called him, because of a
certain little manner of authority that he
always affects. "The only dramatic
critic that's worth a cuss these days is the gallery god. He knows what's good and what isn't. You can't fool him with your fads and your follies, and the thing

that he doesn't like doesn't go."

And so the discussion ran until about 11 o'clock, when the consensus of opinion was that while modern dramatic criticism is in the main pretty fair reading, either full of scholarly qualities or brilliantly touched with epigram, it was not especially uplifting, and that the only in-dividual in sight who could really be said to know his business in the matter of the theater was the whistling, peanut-eating original who graces the family circle directly under the roof. He at least is not afraid of his opinions, and in-dulges in no diplomatic indirection of speech when the opportunity comes to express them.

settled, I started for home, and as I passed a certain theater its audience was just coming out. Among the surging crowd was a small shock-headed gamin, clad chiefly in freckies and half a pair of suspenders, who was expatiating vigorously upon what he had seen and my crously upon what he had seen, and my mind at once reverted to the councils of

"Here's a chance to see how much there is in that theory of Ex-Cathedra Tomlinson's," thought I. "I'll tackle this young god and see what he has to say."

So I addressed bim.
"Hello, Mike," said I. "Hungry?"
"Bure," said be. "Always—before, be-



potatoes, ice cream and-I regret to say-

he observed, shaking a great deal of pow-dered sugar upon a small bit of bread and stowing it safely away in the cav-ernous recesses of his mouth. "Dey's bin monkeyin' too much wit der drammer fer de past five years, an' as fer me, I'se gettin' kinder down on de whole outfit. Ye can't b'lieve de bill boards never no more. Dere's no stunts dat makes yer trow yer hat up in de air nowdays. Fer nuttin' doin' give me de teayter."

"Is it not strenuous enough for you?" Iinquired. "That it?"
"Oh, de whole ting's on de Willieboy,"
said Chames. "Dere's nuttin' to make yer
want ter git up an' pull down de house,
an' honest I ain't had a chance to whistle
wit me two pinkles for six moorts. De sil. So I addressed him.

"Hello, Mike," said I. "Hungry?"
"Sure," said be. "Always—before, between an' durin' meals."

"Well, you come up to Stanley's with me and I'll blow you to anything you want if you'll tell me what you think of the stage of today," said I. "I'll let you do the ordering."

The lad's eyes grew big with astonishment.

"What's yer lay?" he demanded. "Just tryin' to gimme de gan?"

"No," I repiled. "This offer is honest. Tou can have everything on the bill of fare, from broiled lobster to quall on fonce."

"An' all I gotter do's t' talk about de stoige to the fare, from broiled lobster to quall on fare, from broiled lobster to quall on fare, from broiled lobster to quall on fare. The fact was as a sample of the stage of today, the demanded of gard in the decoration of the stoige of the presisted, a grin beginning to spread over his features.

"That's the proposition, Mike," said I.

"That's the proposition, Mike," said I.

"The good old days when a feller died."

"In de good old days when a feller died."

"I as a day hold lobster in pen de stoige to day what kin goygle."

This was a poser. I have heard of an actor fellers is wholly lackin' in goygle. There a mid on de stoige to day what kin goygle.

This was a poser. I have heard of an actor fellers is wholly lackin' in goygle. There alon't a mid on de stoige to were a bright hard of an actor fellers is wholly lackin' in goygle. There alon't a mid on de stoige to day what kin goygle.

This was a poser. I have heard of an actor fellers is wholly lackin' in goygle. There alon't a mid on de stoige to day what kin goygle.

This was a poser. I have heard of an actor fellers is wholly lackin' in goygle. There alon't a mid on de stoige to write the i'en from de to derive wite with in the deven technique, but goygle was as far from harding or goygle. The per lack of the stage a villain in a Sunday school. I sin't seen a villain goygle. The per lack of the stage a vind of the feller typin' to lead there. The feller was method of an actor feller sa what kin

like he was alife for some minutes after de rattle. Dat's de kind of deat' dat's wort lookin' at—deat' wit some action to it; somepin dat breaks winders and pulls down de bric-a-brack, and sort o' makes down de bric-a-brack, and sort o' makes down de bric-a-brack, and sort o' makes de scenery wobble. Chickens dies better dan most o' dem easy Willieboys dat passes for villains dess days."

"There is a good deal of truth in what

you say, Chames," said I, "but after all the style of decease you speak of lacked subtlety.

"Dat's a stranger to me woyd box, dat subtlety," said Chames, "an' I ain't wise to yer game when yer uses it, but all de same dere ain't no life about de deat's dey die on de stolge dese days, an' deys not no fun watchin' 'em. Den dese mod-ern actor fellers is wholly lackin' in goy-

de cop, but de trachedian. When he was feller Mansfield does it every other Thoy are fulled and the cop, but de trachedian. When he was feller Mansfield does it every other Thoy are fulled and the cop, but de trachedian. When he was feller Mansfield does it every other Thoy are fulled and the cop, but de trachedian. "Well, I'm your huckleberry, if dat's fill dee is to it—only me name ain't Mike; it's Chames," he said.

Whereupon we proceeded to Stanley's, where "Chames" ordered profusely of where the control of th

feller Mansfield does it every other Thoys-

wit' a voice like a t'understorm-

"Edwin Forrest's day has passed, I pre-sume you mean," I interrupted, resolved to say a good word for the actor who was actually the first in my experience. "He was not only a great tragedian, but a past master in the thunderous voice." Faust From the Gallery "Me fadder tolt me about him." said home. I considerately let him off.

Chames. "He said his fadder had tolt him dat dat feller had de goygle all right, an' what's more, useter chuck de villains of de play over into de band wagon. Oh, for iom days, when dere was somenin' doin'!'

have something to say about that phase of the drama." "Dey's are all on de blink dese times," said Chames. "Dey don't get de right fellys to write 'em."

"You-er-you don't care for Pinero, then?" I asked. "Hully chee!" said Chames. "Say. Mister Man, d'ye know dat feller makes me sick. Dere was dat play o' his called Irish dey had over here last Winter. Dere wasn't an Irishman in de whole bunch, an' all dey did was to talk Willie-boy to a fairy fer 17 acts an' den smash all her premiums."
"Excuse me, Chames," I put in. "Her

what?" "Her premiums," replied Chames. "De tings she got from de tea store for buyin' her Liptons at deir shop," he explained. "Oh-I see," said I. "You mean her brie-a-brae."

"Dat's de woyds," sald Chames. "Her chugs, an' her pitchers, an' de candle-sticks, an' all de stuff from de installment store. Say, dat was a great act, but it came too late. De whole gallery was hit-tin' de pipe before dey butted in wit de smashup. If dey'd only began wit dat!"
"Still, Chames," I ventured, "Pinero is considered a great playwright."

"That's what I'm kickin' about," said hames. "An he ain't ace high. His Chames. "An he ain't ace man talk's like de jokes in de back end of a loidy's paper. It's all fer de Willieboys downstairs in de orchestra chairs an' de steadles up in de roof, boxes. But de steadles up in de roof, what do we get out of it? Why, honest, now, Mister Man, ever a boygler couldn't gain no real information about de homes o' de refined from sein' one o' dose Piner-rer plays. Dere ain't a second-story in de whole bunch. It's nuttin' but a lot o' parlors, wit' talk to match. All de fun I ever got outer a Pinerrer play was laughin' at de Willeboys downstairs fer laughin at de play. Dat's on de level." "And how about Clyde Fitch?" I queried.

"Chee!" said Chames. "He's de limit. He was de feller dat wrote de play where "He's de limit. de villain dies by drinkin' poison an' slidin' down onto de floor. What does he know about life? He's got de Willieboys down fine, but de Willieboy nin't de whole push. Dey haven't any cinch on de way we live. Say, d'ye know what dat man does? He says de boxes is all dere is in modern sussiety, wit a few in de orchestra. Dere ain't no upstairs. Teayters is all one floor. Well, dat's his great big mistake. He's on de blink when he says dat de teayters of New York is kep' slife by Mrs. Wally New York is kep' slife by Mrs. Wally Van Jones an' Mister Johnny de Toots an' de fellers dat live on'y t' meet deir own set. Deyse odders in dis town, an' dey is onto him, all right. He ain't in it wit' de real ting. De people dat laughs at de real ting. De people dat laughs at him laughs all right, but when he's down dey won't stand for him. Dey tink more of de cloes dey wear dan dey do of de auttor o' de play. Dey says on de way out o' de teayter. 'What a pretty wrap dat was o' Mrs. Chinkledoolles,' or 'Dlt ye see Tommy Rot in de box wit Mrs. Petle Tiara-bom-de-ay? Wonder where 'Petle is ternight?' an' so on. His plays is all right fer de folks he's after, but for us-"He's getting to be high art, Chames," said L

"High art?" ejaculated Chames. 'High art?' ejaculated Chames. Well, high art's all right, all right. But, in discase it ain't so very high. It don't reach up to de gallery, an' dere's where you find de folks dat's after de real stuff.'

It was at this point that Chames, having consumed five platesful of ice cream, signified his satisfaction, and intimated that, as he had to get busy selling the next day's evening papers at 5 o'clock in the morning, he thought he ought to go very much have liked to ask him his opinion of certain plays current, but in of his professional obligations. I did not feel that I ought to do so. But h me his address, which I still have, Here Chames signed, and to cover up his anybody would care for the candid opinion sorrow over the departure of the good old of so candid a critic, and the editor of of so candid a critic, and the editor of this newspaper will permit the same to be published in these columns, I shall be communicate with Chames

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## HEROISM OF THE UGLY DEVIL A Rough Rider Monograph.

UR outfit was at San Antone when | While the others loafed on the deck, shot and repulsive, so when he grew violent the next week from Texas whisky and tried to kill the Corporal, the men said he was an ugly devil, and though he was Walsh on the rolls, no one remembered it, the cognomen seemed to fit and he was the Ugly Devil to the end. The Arlzona lawyer said he was mongrel without descent, sired by vice and dammed by iniquity, and on such high authority his pedigree was accepted. There was a rum memory of New York's East Side in his profanity, and he ate like a free lunch fiend. His face was a jungle of sandy hairs, and from much chewing of plug tobacco an umber sediment had settled into the grotesque wrinkles around his mouth like silt from a sewer, while his fingers were tawny from cigarette smoking.

The more esthetic, who took to water, avoided him and the unwashed cut his society on general principles. Only the Theologian, who probed for his soul, and \*the Cartoonist, who delighted in him as a study in filth, 'tolerated him. Even the Cherokee half-breed lost caste in the troop by dealing an occasional hand of studpoker to him. His voice was keyed to gutterals and his vocabulary was of monosyllables and grunts. His nearest approach to humor was when, in derision of the sissy who carried his sweetheart's picture in his watch case, he cut the head of a crack pugilist out of a pink sporting paper and pasted it into his German sliver timeplece, while for pathos, nature had substituted a keen appreciation of the obscene. He sat his horse like a tramp and his dumb-brute density gave tramp and his dumb-brute density gave say. Those who were not there have the top Sargeant an excuse to profane told that, but the enemy was half way his Maker. Invariably he "bent" fatigue and at the guard tent was a star lodger. I may overlook some other trifling eccentricities, but in the main this was the Ugly Devil as he came under my observation during those hot, waiting days of May.

With the coming of orders the monotony of camp gave way to the frantic confusion which attends amateur war, but we got to Tampa somehow and aboard the transport. By an unexplained oversight the Devil was sober when we steamed down the bay, and he seemed chagrined and apologetic as a consequence. He did one tour of guard duty on the way over which led us to the violent presu tion that at last he had taken a brace.

the rookies came and K Troop got craps and swapped lies, he sat on his feet a recruit. In appearance he was 30 time it passed inspection, the while cuss-ing heat and files with such a generous time it passed inspection, the while cuss-ing heat and files with such a generous show of enthusiasm that we felt draws and made a half-hearted complaint. The toward the new side which he thus pre-sented. At Baiquiri, where we landed, be fell from this high pinnacle of rectitude, however, by way of the Major's jug, which he stole in the night, and while We were shooting at Guasimas he was in the rear with the sow-belly and hard tack, dreaming sweet dreams of peace which come from contentment and Jamaica A week followed our initiation into

war. There were seven graves by the roadside where none had been before. The Jug was empty and a brigade with the blear-eyed reinforcement of one man was crowding and pushing its way along the Kettle Hill trail while the little fellows the yellow hill were weaving a mesh of Mausers over our heads. We finally got out into the chapparal "as skirmish worked our way to a play-ground below the trenches and dropped on our beilies in the grass. The line grew impatient. were owing for the men in the graves and desired to liquidate. A man on my left "kicked" audibly at the delay. I knew the voice, there was but one such in the troop. Some rifles begun popping at noth ing, and the Lieutenant yelled: "Wait for the bugle." That touched off the whole front. There was a volley and then the man on my left broke for the hill. The growl I had heard a moment before came back to us intoned to the insanity battle: "Damn the bugle. Let's go after

Since then historians have called it Anyhow, we fired and ran and fired and ran again, and the nearest man to the Colonel was the Ugly Devil, stumb ling and 'shooting, but always in the How we got to the top I couldn't down the other side and making for the city when we bollered and waved the colors. "How many 'd 'spose we're shy?" asked a fellow in G, when we got ou "Dam if I know. Some I reckon." wind.

The Red Cross people came sprawling figure half way up the slope It was breathing noisily and strangling in its own blood. They tried to lift it, but the distorted lips and choking throat entered a last gurgling protest: "Aw, lem-'me 'lone, will yu. I'm up against it. See?" And in this day they call such men heroes ARTHUR A. GREENE.

When Joe Jefferson Retired.

Chicago Tribune, Joseph Jefferson, the actor, is very sensitive on the subject of his retirement

from the stage. He has been before the footlights since a small child, and he has never shown any desire to leave the stage. The interviewer who puts the question of farewell to him gets a rather sharp but pleasant reply, but a reporter in the South recently got the best of him. The actor came downstairs at the hotel and was much disturbed to find a long but mysteriously worded article in which the reporter was called in and asked where h got the story.

"The city editor told me to see Mr. Jefferson," said the young man, "and ask him if he was going to retire." "Well, did you see him?" said the edi-

"No, sir," said the reporter. "I sent up my card to his room and it was 'Mr. Jefferson has retired.' "

And then the actor who sleeps 20 years in every performance took the reporter out and bought him a \$5 hat.

## The Song of the Tree.

Warm in the deep of the prison of sleep, I iay in the womb of the Earth, Till the Spirit of God in the tingling sod Aroused my spirit to birth. Then fed by the dew and the sun I gre From sapling-hood to a Tree, As tall and effite, as strong and as straight, As ever a Tree should be.

Now, robed in a sheen of shimmering green, Bathed in the sunrise red. My branches glisten, my little leaves liste For secrets that never were said; Though the sunshine glint, and the west

wind hint. And the raindrops murmur, I ween Man never shall learn, nor a Tree discern, The ultimate thing they mean.

Or stripped to the chill of the north windle I stand in my strong bare bones; dance with the blast, as maddening par The tempest in anguish means. With strife and song my spirit grows

strong-In the law of my being I grow, Till the lightning smite, or the wind in it The growth of the years o'erthrow.

And when long I have late in the sun and the rain,
And the creeping things grow bolder, And Earth, my mother, makes Dust my

Then out of my death shall arise the breath Of flowers of rainbow hues— So, welcome my life, with its growth and its strife, Then-Death be the Life I choose

-Edna Kingsley Wallace, in the Critic. The authorities of the Iowa State University have declared a boycott against boarding-houses which refuse to conform to certain regulations promulgated by the dean of the woman's department

## COMPARED WITH THE DESERT OF SAHARA An Eastern Paper's Estimate of Oregon in 1844 W Interesting Reading.

of March 21, 1844, with the publisher's of wild indorsement, from the Louisville Journal. Oregon was then claimed by the United States, but not yet awarded through the This is the first glimpse the happy em treaty defining the northwestern boundary

"Every nation is addicted to some particular vice. The most characteristic vice of our nation is an insane rage for territorial acquisitions. We have more land than we can use, and yet, like a miser with overgrown coffers, we fret that we have not enough. Our avaricious eyes are by turns directed to Canada, to Texas and to Oregon. One fever is scarcely abated before we are afflicted with an-What is to be the result of this other. disease the wisdom of Heaven can alone

foretell. . "What there is in the territory of Oregon to tempt our National cupidity no one can tell. Of all the countries on the face of this earth it is one of the least favored of Heaven. It is the mere riddlings of creation. It is almost as barren as the desert of Africa and quite as unhealthy as the Champagna of Italy, To eave the fertile and salubrious lands on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and to go beyond their snowy summits a thousand miles, to be exiled from law and society, and to endeavor to extort food from the unwilling sand heaps that are there ed earth, is the maddest enterprise that ever deluded foolish man. We would not be subjected to the innumerable tor-tures of a journey to Oregon for all the soil that its savage hunters ever wandered over. The journey thither, from all accounts, is horrible enough, but it is paradisean when contrasted with the wasting miseries which beset the wretch-ed emigrant when he has reached the point where he fancied his unutterable woes were to cease, but where he finds they are to be increased beyond all en-

"We have already intimated that the journey to the Columbia River from this country is attended with starvation and a thousand other felicities. If the emigrant is so lucky to escape the pangs of famine and the bullets of the Comanches on this side of the Rocky Mountains, he may perhaps survive the long and tedious asent of the mountains. When he surmounts the summit and begins the downward journey, the land of promise, the delectable Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey, spreads out illimitable before him. And a most ravishing proshefore him. And a most ravishing pros-pect it is! There is not a tree to limit

OLLOWING is part of an article over piles of volcanic rocks and copied into the Northern Advocate sandstones, interspersed with cases wormwood and pear ad libitum. Nothing else can be seen to the right or left or in front.

> grant gets of the blissful Oregon. "Aft the writers and travelers agree in representing Oregon as a vast extent of mountains, and vaileys of sand dotted over with green and cultivable spots Now, that such a wretched territory should excite the hopes and cupidity of citizens of the United States, inducing them to leave comfortable homes for its heaps of sand, is indeed passing strange. Russia has her Siberia, and England has her Botany Bay; and if the United States should ever need a country to which to banish its rogues and scoundrels, the utility of such a region as Oregon will be demonstrated. Until then we are perfectly willing to leave this magnificent country to the Indians, trappers and buffaloes that roam over its sandbanks and by the

side of its rushing and unnavigable Those sections of Oregon that are most advantageously situated for culture and profit are unhealthy, and abound in reptiles and insects which render life insup-portable. There are moccasins, copper heads, rattlesnakes, scorpions, ligards tarantulas, fleas, ticks, mosquitos, galli-nippers and other pests, of which neither entomology nor zoology nor hepetology gives any account. Wherever the mud is sufficiently oleaginous to produce mosguitos they swarm from it in flocks that obscure the sun at noonday. After these rapacious insects have eaten all the flesh from the bones the Autumnal agues commence their interesting experiments. Per sons who reside in the swamps of Illinois on the Wabash bottoms in Indiana, or in the lowlands of Red River flatter them-selves that their knowledge of the sque is consummate; but it is reserved to those fortunate individuals who reside in the smiling valley of the Wallamet to be carried to the seventh Heaven of delight on the wings of immortal agues.

"Some of those who are smitten with the Oregon lunacy are thinking of railroad routes to connect the Mississippi and Columbia, sheer over the eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains and the countless mountains, not yet named, beyond. All the mines of Mexico, If disemboweled, could not furnish a penny in the pound of such an expenditure. It is a singular fact that when a man becomes enamored of the loveliness of Oregon, what previously seemed impossibilities become the most practicable of things; and as long as the delusion lasts he is as crazy as in the last agonies of starvation. Let a railroad be constructed to the Pacific and let the Pacific be bridged to China and we shall enjoy the benefits of public the reach of his imparadised vision. His and we shall enjoy the benefits of public enchanted eye wanders in ecstasy works on a scale of magnificence worthy

century, and worthy of the sublime all-conquering genius of a man who discover in the deserts of Oregon all the elements of some future vast empire. Out of the many thousands of candidates declined for the British Army each

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