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Is the talk of the town;
Just a dollar a week
Is all that we seek,
On the finest of gowns,
Either female or male—
Come to us—we'll make the sale.
That the garments will fit,
And are made very fine
Is guaranteed by "It"—

**Great Northern Tailors
Combine**

403-406 Swetland Building.



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Merchant Tailors to Men and Women

Suits made to measure from the finest fabrics, in latest New York styles; a fine line of samples for your selection. Our prices are so moderate and terms so easy that you cannot afford to be content with a "hand-me-down" suit when you can obtain one made to your order, and therefore perfect fit, from us. Best fitters and cutters in the city. Call and investigate. Fourth floor, Fourth-St. entrance.

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Are TROY Laundered Clothes**

If we could take you through our modern plant, flooded with sunshine and scrupulously clean, with its immaculately dressed workers; if we could show you how thoroughly each garment is laundered and inspected, our close attention to the small details that really make the laundered garment, and some of the refreshingly white, snowy clothes that leave this laundry—you would not hesitate long in sending your clothes here.

A single trial will prove a revelation in how clothes really should be laundered.

A phone call will bring our wagon the same day.

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OREGON ENGRAVING COMPANY
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SONG OF THE WHALE.

The Humpback Is a Little More Musical Than the Bowhead.
Whales are rarely thought of as vocalists, yet according to Miss A. D. Cameron in "The New North" they really have a distinctive song of their own.

A certain Captain Kelly was the first to notice that whales sing. One Sunday, while officers from three whaling ships were "gamming" over their afternoon walrus meat, Kelly started up with "I hear a bowhead!" There was much chaffing about "Kelly's band," but Kelly weighed anchor and went to find the band wagon. Every sail followed his, with the result that three whales were bagged.

Among bowheads this singsong is a call that the leader of the school, as he forces a passage through Bering sea, makes in order to notify those that follow that the straits are clear of ice.

Walrus and seals and all true mammals that have lungs and live in the water have a bark that sounds strange enough as it comes up from hidden depths. Every lookout from the masthead notices that when one whale is struck the whole school is "galled" or stampeded at the very impact of the harpoon; they have heard the death song.

The sound that the bowhead makes is like the long drawn out "hoo-hoo-oo-oo-oo" of the hoot owl. A whaler says that the cry begins on F and may rise to A, B or even C before slipping back to F again. He assures us that with the humpback the tone is much finer and sounds across the water like the note from the E string of a violin.

JEFFERSON'S BONES.

He Prized Them Highly Until Dr. Wistar Saw Them.

It is said that when Thomas Jefferson journeyed from Monticello to Philadelphia on his way to take the oath of office as vice president he carried a lot of bones in his baggage. The bones, alleged to be those of a mammoth, had been found in Greenbrier county, Va., and sent to Monticello, where they were set up by Jefferson, who, it appears, entertained a somewhat exaggerated notion of his attainments in natural history and who stood sponsor for the bones as those of "a carnivorous clawed animal entirely unknown to science."

It was not until after Jefferson reached Philadelphia that he was undeceived, for at a glance the learned Dr. Wistar saw that they were the bones of the common sloth, several specimens of which he showed the Virginian. Jefferson, it is related, was greatly chagrined, especially as his discovery became known as Megalonyx jeffersonii.

It has been pointed out that indirectly no less a naturalist than the great Buffon may have been responsible for Jefferson's error. It was the Virginian's practice to send Buffon specimens and information, and with the subtle flattery of a courtier the French naturalist wrote:

"I should have consulted you, sir, before publishing my natural history, and then I should have been sure of the facts."—New York Sun.

The Foster Mother.

There is a story told about a hen which was intrusted with a sitting of ducks' eggs to hatch. When the young brood went down to the water she was frantic with anxiety, but the second year, when her next brood of ducklings went to swim, she was scarcely troubled at all, and the third year she would fly to a stone in the middle of the pond and from her coils of vantage watch the ducklings swim round her with evident pride. The fourth year she was allowed to hatch her own eggs, and when she discovered that the infant chicks had no intention of taking to the water she flew to the stone in the middle of the pond and clucked frantically to them to swim out to her.

Cheerful For Him.

Not long ago a stock of crockery was sold at auction, and Mrs. Wilson attended the sale. When she returned her face was radiant with joy.

"You must join the cremation society," were the first words she said to her husband.

Mr. W.—What for?
Mrs. W.—I've bought such a lovely vase to hold your ashes! You have no idea how it will set off the mantelpiece.

Her Gentle Hint.

Borem—Some one must have been joking Miss Suburba about me and told her I owned the street railway system here. Porem—What makes you think so? Borem—Why, I was out to call on her last night, and every time she heard a car she said, "There comes your car, Mr. Borem."—Judge.

The Laws.

"I care not who makes the country's laws," said the "sharp" lawyer, "if"—
"If what?" his colleague asked.
"If they continue to put in verbiage that may be variously interpreted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Especially.

The Frencher—We never realize the full value of anything until we lose it. The Bereaved Widow—That's so, especially if the lost thing is insured.

Poor Opinion of Papa.

Little Elsie (after being punished)—I think papa is dreadful. Was he the only man you could get, mamma?—Boston Transcript.

When the heart says "Give" the gift will never be too small.

SHIPS AS THEY SINK.

Their Trip to the Bottom and What Happens Afterward.

What becomes of the ship that sinks in midocean? If it is of wood it takes, in the first place, considerable time for it to reach the bottom. In a hundred or more fathoms of water a quarter of an hour will elapse before the ship reaches bottom. It sinks slowly, and when the bottom is reached it falls gently into the soft, oozy bed, with no crash or breaking.

Of course if it is laden with pig iron or corresponding substances or if it is an iron ship it sinks rapidly and sometimes strikes the bottom with such force as to smash in pieces. Once sunken a ship becomes the prey of the countless inhabitants of the ocean.

They swarm over and through the great boat and make it their home. Besides this they cover every inch of the boat with a thick layer of lime. This takes time, of course, and when one generation dies another continues the work until finally the ship is so laden with heavy incrustations, corals, sponges and barnacles that if wood the creaking timbers fall apart and slowly but surely are absorbed in the waste at the sea bottom.

Iron vessels are demolished more quickly than those of wood, which may last for centuries. The only metals that withstand the chemical action of the waves are gold and platinum, and glass also seems unaffected. No matter how long gold may be hidden in the ocean, it will always be gold when recovered, and this fact explains the many romantic and adventurous searches after hidden submarine treasures lost in shipwrecks.

EARLY COLONIAL HOUSES.

Some Had Inner Stone Walls to Resist the Indian Raiders.

In America the early colonists had little use for the mason's art, except in the construction of the huge chimney stacks which in any dwelling of considerable size and any pretensions to comfort formed a very considerable part of the structure. The great kitchen fireplace and oven, with smaller hearths in from two to four rooms on each floor, required a very considerable part of the material and skilled labor bestowed upon a colonial homestead in the more northern colonies.

In some sections where the dangers of an attack by Indian raiders were imminent, the wooden walls of the lower story inclosed a stout wall of brick or a kind of rubble masonry. Some of these buildings are still standing and inhabited, although dating back at least so far as the lower stories are concerned over two centuries. A very few brick buildings have wholly or in part come down to us from the first years of colonization, and until within the last half century some that preserved the peculiar features of Elizabethan and Stuart types of dwelling and business structures. Much of the brick and about all the great flooring tiles and ornamental tiling were at first imported from Europe, but lime and brick of good quality were soon produced in almost every community.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

Love Will Find a Way.

The young couple hastened into the union station. It was very patent that they were not married. They were altogether too chummy for that. They went out onto the platform and stood and talked for a minute, when he took her in his arms and kissed her fondly and again hurried away toward a train.

"What do you think of that?" inquired one of the attaches of the station.

"That looks all right. Why?"

"They do that three or four times a week. They think that everybody else will think that he is going away on a long journey, but he has never got on a train yet. He simply walks around back of the train and disappears. He gets his kiss all right, though."—Louisville Times.

Minuteness of an Atom.

Sir Oliver Lodge once gave a striking illustration of the minuteness of the atom. The amount of gold in sea water, although very small, seems considerable when stated in atoms, for a single drop of sea water contains 50,000,000 atoms of gold. That figure, however, indicates merely one-fiftieth of a grain in a ton of sea water, and it would take 100,000,000 atoms to be visible under a microscope of the highest power.

A Bad Spill.

"Here's a young woman left \$500,000 merely for spilling a little sunshine into an old man's life."

"Her experience is more fortunate than mine. I once spilled a cup of coffee into an old man's lap and he cut me out of his will altogether."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Satisfied With Sound.

"The man has a wonderful flow of language," said the impressionable girl.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He is one of the people who would rather talk than be listened to."—Washington Star.

She Couldn't See It.

Miss—You earn \$50 a month. Before I marry you you'll have to earn \$50 a week. Mister—B-but with you a month would seem but a week.—New York Globe.

Sometimes Happens.

Mrs. Whyte—I understand she married beneath her. Mrs. Browne—Yes, the young man in the flat below.—Somerville Journal.

Commencing at Home.



Mrs. Suffrage—It is women's duty to correct the crying evils of our times. Mr. Suffrage—Then you had better start spanking baby.—New York Mail.

Home Grown.



"Do you know why all the artists have such long hair?"
"Why, of course; so they can have some brushes."—Le Rire.

Caricatured.



"I should like to make an attempt at caricature. Can you give me an idea for one?"
"A portrait of yourself."—Puck.

And She Was Fat.



Rude.



Bird—What are you squinting at, you rude boy? Didn't you ever see a bird before?

Playful Pussy.



"How did you come by those scratches?"
"I was playing with the cat."
"And that bruise on your forehead?"
"She—she threw a dation at me."—Fliegende Blätter.