

PUSH CLUB FORMED UP AT WILLAMETTE

CITIZENS WILL MAKE TOWN'S MANY ADVANTAGES KNOWN TO WORLD.

Willamette has caught the spirit that (Glory be!) lately has begun to pervade all of Oregon City's suburbs...

At this meeting officers were chosen as follows: President, D. K. Bill; vice president, E. Mass; secretary, F. R. Sizer; treasurer, J. F. Sanders.

Willamette is one of the prettiest residence towns in the valley and besides has industrial advantages peculiarly its own.

BIG SHIP COMING.

Washington, D. C., July 2—President Roosevelt has determined upon an important change of American naval policy.

Transfer of the Atlantic fleet of 16 battle ships and two armored cruisers to the Pacific.

Withdrawal from Asiatic waters to the Pacific Coast of the armored cruiser division now in the Far East.

Withdrawal to the Atlantic of the protected cruisers now comprising the bulk of the Pacific fleet.

The long voyage of the battleships to the Pacific cannot be begun within six months and probably the great armada will not get under way until late in the spring of 1908.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County.

Maribel Bentley Reister, Plaintiff,

vs.

Edmond Reister, Defendant.

To Edmond Reister, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer a complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the 19th day of August, 1907...

JOHN F. LOGAN, Attorney for the Plaintiff.

Miss Harriett Case arrived from Alaska Tuesday where she has been teaching. She will spend the summer vacation with her mother, Mrs. Mary Case, and sister, Miss Minnie.

Rev. and Mrs. P. K. Hammond and children Ward and Marguerite will

leave Wednesday morning for their new home at Eugene. They will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who regret to see them go.

ORCHESTRA FOR NEW ERA CAMPMEETING

Dunton's complete orchestra has been engaged for the entire season at the New Era campmeeting and will give three concerts on Sundays.

The New Era campmeeting dances will be on Saturday evening, July 13, 20 and 27. Dunton's orchestra will furnish the music.

Fire crackers, six bunches for 25c. At Lent's Confectionery store.

A DEAL IN BANANAS.

No like da skeenny olda man Dat com' to dees peanutta stan' Today an' buy da wan banana.

Wal, deesa man he com' an' say: 'How mocha for banan' today?'

'O my, I mus' be gattin' deef Or you es talka like da t'left?'

'Ees two for it.' I say agen. He shak' bees head at me an' den He tal' me, 'Mak' eet fi' for ten An' tak da mon.'

'All right.' I say, 'I guess weel do.' Den 'Fi' for ten ces wan for two.'

He tak' da beegees' wan of all! Ha, w'at you theenka dat for gall! He es so meana man, so small, He mak' me seek.

Eef evra customer es go For maka t'reecks an' talka so Like heem, you bat my life, I no Gat reesha queeck.

T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

There Were Limits.



Nervous Old Lady—Do people lose their lives here very often? Old Salt—No, mum; only about once!

His Dire Threat.

There was determination stamped on his brow. "Refused, eh?" he hissed, snapping his words like the explosions of a motorcycle.

The beautiful girl swooned. When she recovered she found him sitting in an easy chair reading the sporting news.

"Ah, you didn't turn on the gas after all, did you?" she asked in trembling tones.

"Yes, I did," he replied coldly. "You—you turned on the gas, Harold!"

"Of course I did. How could I light it if I didn't turn it on?" And then she asked his forgiveness and accepted him on the spot.—Detroit Tribune.

Puzzled.

The noted foreigner was perplexed. "Zis was a strange countree," he remarked, with a frown. "The longer I stay ze less I understand."

"What is the trouble now, count?" asked his American friend.

"Mooch, monsieur. I get on ze train. Ze conductor carry the past my station. I get wild. I wawe my cane, I stamp my foot, I shout! Zen ze conductor grab me and hold me. When I ask him why he hold me he say because he think I am off. Ha, ha! He say I am off, and zat is ze very reason why I raise all ze noise—because I am not off, but on!"

BILL NYE OF THE BOOMERANG

FAMOUS HUMORIST TO WHOSE GENIUS AND MEMORY. A MONUMENT IS TO BE ERECTED.

Characteristic Glimpses of a Man Who Made Millions Happy Enough to Laugh—Disliked Being Lionized and Caricatured as a Baldhead—Popular Lecturer and Writer of Humor That Simply Made You Laugh or Burst.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

ONE, but not forgotten, is Bill Nye, most famous of newspaper humorists. He died eleven years ago. Now there is going to be a Bill Nye monument.

The Boomerang was twins. It was a mule and a newspaper, both owned by Bill Nye. Both inhabited Laramie, Wyo. The Boomerang newspaper was named after the mule.

Three-year-old Project.

Though the definite announcement of the Nye monument as a consummation to be achieved this year is a matter of news, the project is three years old.

But they visited John D. Rockefeller and in their awe of the living they forgot the dead.

Last year Philadelphia was the place of rendezvous, but the study of ancient history on the spot precluded the consideration of the monument matter.

So the project was passed along to Los Angeles, where the fifth annual convention is to be held during the week beginning Sept. 15.

Not an artist. Nevertheless he was permitted to execute some crude sketches, which were funny while they lasted, but eventually the McDougall pictures replaced all substitutes.

Measurably Handsome Man. Nye was by no means a hairless living skeleton, though he was tall, nearly six feet, and slim.

Nye was by no means a hairless living skeleton, though he was tall, nearly six feet, and slim. After he became famous he always shaved clean, perhaps on the theory that it would look ridiculous to have his hair on the wrong end of his head.

He wore clothes, he confessed, to cover his body, and it must be admitted that he did not waste his time in studying the Parisian fashions. But he dressed pretty much as the average man dresses and therefore was in no sense a comic Sunday supplement at large.

Nye was, in fact, a measurably handsome man. Walt McDougall's idea seems to have been that he must make

This may account for the familiar ease with which he wrote of mules, turkeys and other farm products.

The world has a wholly erroneous impression of Bill Nye's personal appearance. This is due chiefly to Walt McDougall, the comic artist who illustrated Mr. Nye's weekly output for several years.

Those McDougall pictures, though they enhanced the humor of Nye's writings, were not pleasing to Nye himself. It is related that Nye requested the managing editor of the American Press Association, which syndicated his weekly letters during the last seven years of his life, to get another artist.

McDougall, he said, made him look ridiculous. Accordingly the artist C. G. Bush was cast for the Nye performance, but the newspapers taking the service-forthwith emitted such a roar that it was deemed necessary to return to Mr. McDougall.

Mr. Bush's pictures were good, but they had too much hair to suit the public, which had been dieted on baldness until baldness and Nye had become brothers.

"Let me illustrate the stuff myself, then," requested Bill Nye. Now, Mr. Nye was a humorist, but



BILL NYE AS HE WAS AND AS A CARICATURIST SAW HIM.

Pastor Burdette is also Bob Burdette. Now you know him. For nearly thirty years prior to his reformation he was a famous press humorist and funny lecturer. He lives at Pasadena, near by, and will be one of the Nye monument fund entertainers, along with a dozen other press humorists who are bold enough to speak their pieces on the stage.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born at Shirley, Mo., in 1850. He told with pardonable pride how at the age of two years he took his parents to Wisconsin and grew up on a farm.

As a youth Nye put in six sorrowful months trying to read Blackstone, Coke, Chitty and other favorite authors in a Wisconsin law office. He always maintained that he could read those authors over and over again and find them just as fresh and novel as at the first reading.

He secured a regular job on the Laramie Sentinel at \$12 a week. For a short time he worked in Denver as a reporter on the Tribune, the paper on which Eugene Field somewhat later made his first reputation as a humorist.

Returning to Laramie, Nye established the Boomerang, which bounced once a week. He was also elected, appointed and otherwise erected into the dignities of justice of the peace, police magistrate, United States commissioner, postmaster and superintendent of schools.

But being the official Pooh Bah of Laramie was not particularly lucrative. Nye worked so hard to make a living that his health broke down. The Boomerang was not financially successful. He resigned his multitudinous offices. He wrote to the postmaster general that he would find the key of the postoffice under the door mat.

When Mr. Nye returned to the vicinity of his former home in St. Croix county, Wis., to recuperate, that was about the year 1883.

Quoted in All Quarters. But the Boomerang, though dead, had made its mark. It was a sheet of modest appearance, making no particular specialty of news, but bubbling full of Bill Nye. Stray copies floated into eastern newspaper offices. A gentleman who was connected editorially with a Rochester newspaper in the Boomerang days told me recently that he picked up a copy of the Boomerang on his desk one day just out of curiosity, because it looked so lonesome and was so far away from home.

The next thing he did was to put the Boomerang on his regular exchange list, after sending a large section of it, scissored out, to the composing room. The Boomerang was quoted east and west, north and south, and it was evident that a new humorist had arisen.

Bill Nye wrote a book about his Boomerang experience while he rusticated in Wisconsin. Offers from big eastern papers began pouring in, but Nye was shy. Finally the New York World induced him to go to the metropolis and take a job as a regular contributor. Incidentally he was in great demand as a lecturer. His platform tours with James Whitcomb Riley are recalled as events in the lyceum world.

Nye declined to live in New York city, but took a house in the rural districts of Staten Island, where his children could play with the goats, for he had married and multiplied.

Nye wrote for the World from 1883 until 1889, when his services were secured by the American Press Association. From that time until his death, more than seven years later, he furnished a weekly letter of about two columns, whether he was sick or well, at home or on the road, missing only one week. He wrote his matter, we are informed, with a lead pencil on all sorts of paper, frequently on the homely stationery of some small hotel at which he stopped while chasing a lyceum engagement.

Much of his work during the last three years of his life was done at his farm home near Asheville, N. C., where he built a handsome residence near the George W. Vanderbilt estate. It was there, on Washington's birthday, 1896, that the humorist died.

Nye's weekly salary from the American Press Association was the largest ever paid to a syndicate writer up to

that period. It figured up about 12 1/2 cents a word. Thus the Boomerang came back to him—after many days. It is said that from his writing and his platform work he earned at one time about \$40,000 a year.

Nye disliked being lionized. About fifteen years ago he wrote a play, "The Cad," which was to be produced in New York. He was in the city on business connected with the play.

"Nye came into the office one day," says Dexter Marshall, who at that time was managing editor for the American Press Association, "and looked aground in a bashful, hesitating manner. He said that he had to be in town for the day and he didn't want to attract attention. Couldn't we hide him somewhere—behind a screen, for instance? I fixed up a corner in the office and screened it off. Nye sat down there, with books and papers, and spent the day."

Had to Laugh or Burst. The Nye brand of humor was something new under the sun. Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Josh Billings had won wide recognition, but each of them relied to some extent upon distorted spelling to attract attention. Nye always spelled correctly and used good grammar. His exaggeration was linguistic rather than orthographic. He could string hifalutin adjectives like chain lightning, making the humblest, commonest object in our everyday life take on a glamour so much out of proportion to its real importance that the exaggeration was ludicrous. The reader simply had to laugh or burst.

"What was the funniest thing you ever wrote?" Bill Nye was asked shortly before he crossed the great divide.

"The funniest thing was borrowed from my platform manager," replied the humorist, who was modest as well as shy. "He gave me the idea, and I put it like this: On being requested one day to do the carving at dinner I replied that I was not much of a success as a carver because I couldn't make the gravy match the wall paper."

Bill Nye published half a dozen books. But the American Press Association is aware that these are not a sufficient monument to his genius. They know too well that books of avowed humor which are made up of fugitive pieces are subject to the statute of limitations. Usually they resemble the household cookbook or the campaign life of Garfield in their general mechanical makeup. Their fate is to end up on the bargain counter along the sidewalk, marked down to 20 cents. Wherefore, O lords and masters, let the boys build a more enduring monument to Bill Nye, and long let the prairie zephyrs of Laramie cross the memorial of the man who made millions of us happy enough to laugh.

Mohler Let Off WITH A LECTURE. On complaint of several of his neighbors, Sydney Mohler of this city was arrested by Humane Officer Bradley on charge of cruelty to animals.

Mohler has the contract to furnish horses for the Mazamas on the occasion of their annual outing, and has been breaking a number of wild horses for the trip. One of these became injured in some manner and was left lying on the ground without any care from the owner till the time of his arrest. Mohler was brought before Deputy District Attorney O. D. Eby, and after receiving a severe lecturing, promised to kill the horse or tend to its suffering.

The animal was killed Monday evening.

TIME CARD. C. W. P. RAILWAY.

Table with columns: Leave, Arrive, Leave, Arrive. Rows for various stations like Portland, Astoria, Cannon Beach, etc.

I. Topolar, Main St. Opp. P. O. OREGON CITY, OREGON



Everything to Make Life Pleasant During the Summer Months. Gasoline Stoves - Refrigerators - Tents.