labor ideals than any other. It is open before you. With justice to all and prejudice to none, do not fear to enter.

Always progressing within the pale and protection of the law, do not be deterred by the argument of epithets. Stand pat. You will be met by constant pleas for "vested rights." They are just as likely to be "vested wrongs." The Southern slaveholder pleaded "vested rights" for the best part of a century, but the Fourteenth Amendment quashed them forever. You will encounter much plausibel talk about the "liberty of personal contract" and its "sacred inviolability." In the platform recently adopted at St. Louis, it was found necessary to revise up to date the foundation creed of Democracy, expressed so tersely in Jefferson's first inaugural message. Right in the midst of the immortal expressions declaring for "freedom of the press," the "right of trial by jury" and others quoted verbatim from Jefferson, the weasel stateman who drew the St. Louis document ran in a declaration for "liberty of personal contract, untrammeled by sumptuary laws." These words have given basis in times past for applying the worst forms of plutocratic oppression, disguised in a popular catchword. "Liberty of personal contract" sounds well, but it means, in analysis and application, the complete control of labor by capital by the final argument to the stomach. There comes a time when public policy directs the strong arm of government, and it comes down hard upon personal contract, saying "Thus far and no further." The St. Louis platform's author not only revised but repudiated Jefferson in the use of the expression, for in the paragraph just preceding that from which they were quoting Jefferson used language which will be immortal when the St. Louis platform is in oblivion. Listen to him as he proclaims the truth of yesterday, today and forever:

"With all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people?

"Still one thing more, fellow-citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities."

Men of Oregon, the opportunity is before you! Whether you be followers of Lincoln or of Jefferson—and in my mind they stand together a united leadership to the same ideals—the lesson of Labor day should be emphasized every election day. Each time you face the ballot-box make your vote count towards policies which, as Lincoln demanded, shall maintain labor on the highest footing in the structure of government. Put in practice the words of Jefferson, and fearlessly establish a government in city, county and state "which shall restrain men from injuring one another," even though it does violate the so-called "liberty of personal contract." And, above all, secure and jealously safeguard by every agency at command a government which, through taxation or other methods, "shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

"Labor is able to go on its own feet." When the workers of Oregon and America use their brains at the ballot-box with the same intelligence as they do their brawn in daily toil, and unanimity of direction as they use their legs in the Labor-day parades, the march to reform will not be long.

In the words of that distinguished leader of today, Thomas E. Watson, let this be our mission to be emphasized on this and every Labor day, and applied at every ballot-box occasion between:

"To restore the liberties of the people, the rule of the people, the equality of all men before the law, is our purpose. We believe that manhood should count for more than money; that character should outweigh the dollar. Whether he work with brawn or brain, it is the worker who should be monarch of the world."

SPORTS PROVE GREAT SUCCESS

Day's Programme Ends With Big Dance at Armory.

There were over a dozen contestants in the men's 200-yard race, the prize being a hat donated by L. Krause. Roy Lockwood proved to be the winner. There were ten entries in the men's race, the prize being a pair of shoes donated by the Baron Shoe Company. At the word "Go," all runners started fairly well. One who had taken the precaution to wear a lacrosse costume so far as pants are concerned appeared to be an easy winner, but when near the goal he stumbled and fell. A. F. Roberts and Alfred Brown came to the tape together, and they were declared equal, rather a disappointment to those who had money on the event.

"There is nothing to do but to run this race over again," declared Announcer J. H. Jones, after conferring with the committee. So after a rest Brown and Roberts went at it again, and Brown got the shoes.

"Boys' race next. One hundred yards. Open to boys under 16 years old," called out Announcer Jones, and about 20 boys within sound of his voice began to peel off various articles of attire. Finally, after a good deal of wriggling, all the boys were got in line, and one old-looking boy was told to "chase" himself because he was suspected of being 20 years old. A moment's suspense. "They are off," came the cry, and a tall lad reached the tape first.

"That boy looks as if he were over 16 years old," growled a man who had a boy in the race.

"How old are you, boy?" was asked the winner.

"Sixteen years and two months old," said that youth, frankly.

"Run the race over again, mister," said a chorus of voices. When this was done it was found that three small boys rounded against the tape, in this order: Carl Green, Logan Murray and A. Cornell.

Fat Men Run Close Race.

"Next. Fat men's race, 200 pounds and over," said the announcer, and a general counting of noses took place among men accused of being fat. Homer Johnson, weighing 275 pounds, presented himself, closely followed by Peter Sinclair, who drives a wagon for Henry Weinhard. A tall, stout man also contested, but he declined to give his name. "I don't want my name in the paper, if I lose," he remarked. After three false starts the three fat men ran, and Sinclair and Johnson landed at the tape so evenly that the committee was puzzled. The winners willingly ran over the course again, and when 20 yards from the winning post Sinclair gave up the contest, and Johnson was the easy winner of a hat given by John Dellar. All the fat men in the crowd gathered to tender him their congratulations.

A dozen pretty little girls lined up to run 100 yards, the reward being a hammock given by H. E. Edwards. Two of the littliest girls of all were generously given a few yards of a handicap. Dora Craiger was the winner.

"The next race is for ladies. Think of it, ladies. You have only to run 100 yards, and the lucky one gets a present of a silver watch and chain. No, I beg pardon—a silver cake dish, the gift of I. Gevurts & Sons," said the announcer in his most oily tones, which penetrated to the furthest edge of the grandstand.

Women Would Not Race.

"Who is first, ladies?" was again called. There was a good deal of whispering and laughing, but nobody came forward, so the tug of war contest was called instead.

There were three entries, from the Teamdrivers', Longshoremen's and Electricians' unions, but only the teamdrivers and electrical men presented themselves. The teamdrivers were favorites, because they were the champions two years ago, and were backed to win again. Eleven good men and true lined up on each side, in this order:

Teamdrivers—Captain Frank Wynne, J. Woodward, Henry Denzel, A. Duncan, S. Stamp, J. Pugh, H. Homer, C. Koontz, N. Vandermoost, F. King, L. Myers and W. Poynot.

Electricians—Captain John L. Green, G. E. Hill, W. Dunkin, F. Ehelebe, D. Williams, W. H. Holt, Jake Jacobsen, H. G. Green, Axel Anderson, John Busby, Carl Ehelebe and J. Sather.

It was no baby's play, for 11 strong men on each side sat down on specially prepared boards and grasped a thick rope, with a pull that comes with long experience. Between the two elevens was a white mark on the rope, and it was announced that the team pulling the white mark furthest away from the center, in five minutes' time, would win a silver inlaid gavel, the second prize being a silk flag. At the word of command everybody in the pull started work with a will. Most of the strain seemed to be on the first man in the teamdrivers' delegation, but he behaved like a veteran, and his face did not change color. Other men, however, not very far from him, were nearly purple from severe muscular effort. Slowly but surely the teamdrivers hauled up the white mark to their side and kept it there. Their rivals pulled, but could not loosen that muscular grip. Cheers greeted the victorious teamdrivers, who modestly bore their honors.

Many Chase Greased Pig.

"All hands line up to catch the greased pig," was next announced, and instead of a dozen candidates, a small army of 200 men and boys announced that they were ready to join in the chase and win the pig. What fun it was. The pig gave a squeal as he realized that many enemies were after him. He slipped through many fingers, owing to his greased condition. Ultimately, after leading the crowd a merry chase over the entire field, he capitulated to N. Vandermoost. Several boys entered the contest of climbing the greased pole, to get a $2 bill attached to the top. It was a slippery affair, and two boys gave up the attempt when they got half way up. Ernest Pouch was the winner.

The baseball game remained, and a well-contested game was played between teams representing the Federated Trades and the Leatherworkers. The line-up:

Federated Trades.		Leatherworkers.
Bradley	1 B	Gearin
Hobson	2 B	Anderson
McFarland	3 B	Trowbridge
Summers	S. S.	Houston
Van Orden	R. F.	Newell
Michaels	C. F.	Enrick
Duncan	L. F.	Van
Wells	C	Vadness
Robertson	P	Toden

The Federated Trades turned out to be easy victors, as they obtained a lead in the first inning that their opponents could not shake off. The game finished: Federated Trades 15, Leatherworkers 2. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	
Federated Trades	9	4	2	0	0	—15
Leatherworkers	0	0	0	2	0	—2

L. E. Helboch was declared the winner of the contest in which a prize of $5 was offered to the person wearing the largest number of union labels. He wore 11 labels. G. E. Shaver, president of the Federated Trades Council, was second man, wearing ten labels.

The sports were a great success, largely due to the excellent management of this committee: D. H. Williams, chairman; W. H. Fitzgerald, secretary; T. A. Davis, treasurer; H. A. Recob, Ira Martin, F. D. Moore and H. E. Schrader. Programme: B. G. Ferguson and H. F. Swarth. Refreshments: T. W. Tobin, J. P. Blainey and J. M. Davis. Brown's Park Band furnished excellent music.

The day's outing was pleasantly ended by a dance at the Armory last night. The Armory floor upstairs was well filled with dancers and the event was quite a social success.

TWO DELEGATES WANTED.

County Judge Will Make Appointments to Irrigation Association.

Notice to appoint delegates to the third annual convention of the Oregon Irrigation Association, to be held at Ontario on September 19, 20 and 21, was received by County Judge Webster yesterday morning. The County Court is authorized to appoint two delegates and anybody who wishes to represent the county may file his application with the court.

The basis of representation in the convention is as follows:

Delegates to be named by the Governor, 20; Mayors of each incorporated city, two delegates and one for each 25,000 people or major fraction thereof; Boards of County Commissioners, two delegates; commercial organizations, two delegates and one for each 50 members; irrigation companies, two delegates; State University, two delegates; State Agricultural College, two delegates; State Experimental College, two delegates; State Normal schools, two delegates; County Irrigation Association, two delegates and one for every 50 members; all delegates from Oregon to National Irrigation Congress.

The following shall be entitled to seats as delegates by virtue of their respective offices: The Governor, the Secretary and Treasurer of the State of Oregon, members of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, the members of the State Board of Horticulture, the State Biologist, the State Fish Commissioner, the State Dairy and Food Commissioner, the State Land Board, the State Veterinarian, the State Game and Fish Warden, the Mayors of incorporated cities, the United States Senators and Representatives in Congress of the State of Oregon, County Judges, County Commissioners, County Surveyors, City Engineers and surveyors of incorporated cities, all members of the National Irrigation Association from Oregon.

THE OBSTINACY OF MR. FOX

Master Plumber Refuses to Discharge His Union Men.

The Master Plumbers' Association made the refusal of J. H. Fox to follow the lead of the other members and discharge his union journeymen plumbers the principal subject of the meeting last evening. What can be done with Fox to make him line up on the apprentice rule is a question as yet unsolved by the association. The association doesn't know just what to do, and members admitted as much after the meeting.

Four men are employed in the Fox shop. When the trouble arose between the Plumbers' Union and the shop managers Fox declined to discharge his men, saying that he had no grievance against them. As he employs but one apprentice in any case, the rule of the union that not more than one apprentice be employed in each shop, no matter what the number of journeymen, did not affect him. In other respects the strike or lockout of the plumbers is characterized by a lack of any particular features.

WAR MAP AND ATLAS.

Japanese war map in colors, included in map of the world, showing each of the great nations and their possessions in separate colors; submarine cables—including the line recently opened across the Indian Ocean, from Africa to Australia, and the new American and British lines across the Pacific; the international date line, and the distances between great ports. Commercial maps of each of the grand divisions, with railroads and principal cities emphasized. Map of the Philippine Islands, showing over 4000 miles of cables and telegraph lines recently constructed by the United States Government. Maps of Nicaragua and Panama Canals, and the islands about to be acquired from Denmark. Index with population according to latest official enumeration, embracing United States census of 1900; Germany, 1900; Great Britain, 1901; India, 1901, etc. Send postpaid to any address for 12 cents in stamps. Oregonian Publishing Company, Portland, Or.

FREE ST. LOUIS BOOK

Had for the Asking—Tells All About the Big Exposition.

Those readers of The Oregonian, who are planning a trip to the St. Louis Exposition should not fail to secure a copy of the beautiful 86-page book just issued by the Union Pacific Railroad. It tells all about the Exposition, and may be had by asking at the O. R. & N. city ticket office, Third and Washington, or by writing A. L. Craig, general passenger agent, Portland.

Everybody going to the World's Fair should use the Denver & Rio Grande, the "Scenic Line of the World," either going or coming. See the Mormon Capitol, the Canon of the Grand, the Royal Gorge and Pike's Peak—God's art gallery of Nature.

Your complexion, as well as your temper, is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. Improve both by taking Carter's Little Liver Pills.

NOBODY TO VOTE FOR

Democrats of Washington Are in a Bad Fix.

NOT SATISFIED WITH PARKER

George F. Cotterill Says He Will Not Support Turner for Governor Because of Ex-Senator's Alleged Insincerity in Politics.

Those Democrats in the State of Washington who stood with Bryan in 1896 and 1900, and the silver Republicans who left their party upon its definite adoption of the gold standard are now without a platform or a leader, according to George F. Cotterill, a well-known Democrat of Seattle, who came to Portland for the purpose of delivering a Labor day address.

"I cannot support Parker," said Mr. Cotterill yesterday at the Union Depot

George F. Cotterill.

as he gathered his grips together and moved toward the 3 o'clock train for Seattle, "and still less can I support Senator Turner, the Democratic candidate for Governor in my state. This leaves me without any candidate."

The Democrats in Washington are, as a party, opposed to what they term railroad domination of the Legislature and politics. Senator Turner will in all probability make his campaign on this issue, and it is promised that he will verbally lambast the railroads in his speeches and effectively restrain their influence should he be elected. Therefore, the reporter asked Mr. Cotterill why Turner and his candidacy were not entirely satisfactory, even to such an uncompromising Democrat as himself.

"Because," said Mr. Cotterill, "Mr. Turner is not sincere. He was one of the plutocratic ring which framed Parker's nomination as a rebuke to Roosevelt for interfering in the Northern Securities case and breaking up this illegal merger. His sympathies and interests have always been and are still with the moneyed interests he now professes to oppose. His announced hostility to the railroads in Washington is not genuine, and a Democrat who is forced to choose between a Republican candidate and a hypocrite must either vote for the Republican or take to the woods.

"Two stories are current which will show that real Democrats who stand for something have no place to lay their heads in the Washington campaign. One is that George Stevenson, the railroad lobbyist, who for years has done the railroads' political work in my state, is now one of the counsellors of the Turner forces. The other is that the Harriman interests are supporting Turner. If this be true, the only choice a Democrat or the people have is a choice of railroads."

Guessing at the result of the November elections in Washington, Mr. Cotterill said that Mead, the Republican candidate for Governor, would probably win by a majority of 25,000, while Roosevelt would carry the state by between 30,000 and 40,000.

"Of course," said the disgusted Democrat, "many Republicans who are tired of the machine and the railroad domination will vote for Turner, not as a personal tribute to the man who has been many things to all parties, but as a protest. Against this, Mead will receive the votes of many Democrats who prefer to vote for a consistent and openly declared Republican rather than for a man who masquerades under the name of Democrat and is, nevertheless, a secret supporter of all those political sophistries to which the party is opposed and a sincere advocate of none of the principles upon which Democracy has in the past been builded."

Neither can Mr. Cotterill find any comfort in the National campaign.

"Why should the Democrats expect to win," he asked, "upon a platform which is an emasculated copy, a mere echo of the Republican platform? Look at the candidates. There is the same difference between them, exactly the same difference between them, as there is between the plaforms of their parties. One is aggressive, progressive, definite and positive. The other is weak, whining, imitative and negative. What is a Democrat to do?"

AMUSEMENTS.

"Captain Lettarblair."

Another audience that tested the capacity of the Columbia Theater last night reveled in the enjoyment of the charming comedy, "Captain Lettarblair," as well as in the comfort of the beautiful auditorium. It was a brilliant audience, one that equaled the famous "Du Barry" opening night, and from parquet circle to the uppermost baclony the listeners responded to the witchery of the play and the finished art of the actors.

It would be hard to find a more delightful comedy than "Captain Lettarblair," with its clever mingling of light and serious situations. A yet more difficult task would be to match Miss Couhtiss as Fanny Hadden or Mr. Baume as Captain Lettarblair. Miss Countiss has come home to find herself even more popular. Her Portland friends recognize in her a remarkable actress, whose stay in the East has developed her powers, while it has not lessened a whit her grace and charm. Mr. Baume is a surprise to Portland. He rises to the Irish wit of Lettarblair like a trout to a fly, and his vivacious acting of the part leaves nothing to be desired.

The whole company is clever, and the Portland public may well look forward with pleasure to the stock season at the Columbia.

"La Tosca" at the Baker.

"La Tosca" at the Baker this week is proving even more of a success than did "Cleopatra." Mr. MacDowell and Miss Deane are invested with two of the best parts in their careers, and the acting is of a high order. The play is staged appropriately, and the costumes are handsome. The drama is said to be the best written by that pastmaster Sardou. Miss Deane is proving herself an exceptionally gifted actress in the title role, and her interpretation of the part is compared favorably with that of the two or three great actresses who have essayed it.

The Star.

The three Kelcey sisters are featured at the Star this week, and very properly so. They have an act which any vaudeville house in the country might be proud to offer. They are acrobatic soubrettes who sing well, dress well and dance with the best of them in the business.

Rance Smith is a blackface comedian who succeeds in convulsing his audience. His dance steps are the kind real "niggers" do on the levee, and his songs are above the average.

Dan and Bessie Kelly appear in a skit, "Imogene's Strategem," which is so good that one wishes it were longer. Incidental to it, Miss Kelly sings "Answer" very effectively, and Dan's gags are new and funny. He made the big individual hit of the show yesterday with one about the Portland fireboat. He is an originator of humor. His fun is spontaneous, and altogether he is an exceptional vaudeville comedian.

Winifred Lamar is a pretty soubrette whose dancing pleased the audience immensely.

Will C. Hoyt is singing "In the Valley of Kentucky" this week to the picture accompaniment and doing the beautiful song full justice. The projectoscope's pictures of the Russo-Japanese war are timely.

The attendance yesterday was as large at each performance as the house could contain, the Labor Day holiday seeming to turn the inclinations of everybody to the theater.

The Lyric.

The topmost of topliners at the Lyric this week are Sampson and Zacho, the real things in giants and giantesses. The man, Sampson, toys with 100-pound iron balls as if they were oranges and does other feats of strength which pass comprehension, and the woman, Zacho, caps the climax by lifting an upright piano by her teeth. The less strenuous acts on the programme are uniformly good. Fields and Whalen do an entertaining sketch after the Bowery fashion, and introduce a lot of witty jokes, some graceful dancing, in which Miss Whalen, especially, shines, and a number of taking songs. Maude Carter, a young woman with a sweet, sympathetic voice, sings a couple of sentimental songs splendidly. There are many good things to be said of her, her naturalness, distinct enunciation and pleasing stage presence making her part in the performance very attractive. Tint Welch is an acrobatic comedian who puts much originality into his act. He gets away from the stereotyped things which so many vaudeville actors who are doing his kind of stunts seem to think are immortal. Thomas W. Ray, the singer of illustrated songs, repeats his former success, and his clear, ringing tenor voice is fresh as ever. The vitascope has a series of interesting pictures. The audiences yesterday tested the capacity of the house.

The Arcade.

A very good vaudeville offering marked the opening of the new week at the Arcade and the Labor day crowds were there in force to see the new show. It is a varied programme with a range sufficiently wide to please as many different tastes as are to be catered to.

Kate Coyle, who is always charming, is singing "The Duel of Hearts and Eyes," as well as only she knows how.

Petronelle d'Arville, a violinist of real genius, plays some new and some of the good, old, never-dying kind of solos, and has a large part in making the show a success.

Lloyd Spencer, who calls his turns "Odds and Ends of Comedy," tells a lot of good stories, most of which are new, and sings a convulsing parody on "Hiawatha." He appears in a dress suit and avoids horseplay.

Gaston and Harvey, an Australian team, have a novel singing and dancing act, which struck the audiences as very good and earned them much applause.

Steinle and Hyde, in a comedy skit called "The Author and the Housemaid," brought the laughs and applause in Dutch and Rube characters. They were hot favorites. The moving pictures which the bioscope contributes are new, and some of them startling.

The Bijou.

There is a good combination at the Bijou this week, two very strong vaudeville acts compose the first part of the bill and the Zinn burlesquers complete it with their rattling burletta, "Venus," in which Frances Grey, Horace Mann, Cad Franks, Leon Erroll and Harry De Lane and the members of the pony ballet disport themselves.

The first turn is contributed by Gilmore and Le Moyne, whose skit, "Taming a Husband," is one of the prettiest acts in vaudeville. Both members of the team are finished light comedians, and the violin playing of Miss Le Moyne is positively delightful.

Preciados, a Mexican magician, follows the before-mentioned number. He does many mystifying tricks, some of them equally as well or better than Herrmann, whom all black-art performers imitate. Preciados is an adept, and the closest scrutiny fails to disclose any careless touches. The vitascope pictures are also good.

"Venus," which runs for half an hour, is a string of songs, dances and comedy hung upon a definite plot, in which all the performers appear to excellent advantage. Labor day brought out great crowds at all the theaters, and the Bijou had its full share of them, the house being packed at each performance.

Keane Wins the Cordrayites.

At Cordray's Theater last night every seat was taken for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Mr. Keane in the double part received an ovation of which any actor might be proud. Men and women wept and shuddered and yet were filled with pity at the pathetic figure of the good Jekyll transformed into the evil and malignant Hyde. Hyde's final desperate struggle and death scene was one of the most powerful pieces of acting ever witnessed in the City of Portland. The same bill will be repeated tonight.

"Octoroon" a Hit.

The hit of the year. The most popular melodrama offered Portland audiences at popular prices in a decade. Thousands of people saw it at the Empire on Sunday and Monday, the four performances of this grand American drama by the peerless Weidemann Stock Company arousing the wildest enthusiasm. "The Octoroon" is the theatrical event of the season. Wednesday matinee tomorrow.

What Archbishop Said.

PORTLAND, Sept. 5.—(To the Editor.)—With regret I notice that in your issue of yesterday a misstatement is made regarding what I said at the dedication of the Holy Cross Church, on Sunday. In one place your report of my sermon asserts that I said Christ has not given to the individual priest the power to forgive sins, but to the church in general. I did not and could not say this. What I did say was that Christ gave to the Apostles and their successors, the bishops and priests of the Catholic church, the power to forgive sins.

A. CHRISTIE.

Colic and Diarrhoea—A Remedy That Is Prompt and Pleasant.

The prompt results produced by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, together with its pleasant taste have won for it a place in many households. Mr. W. T. Taylor, a merchant of Winslow, Ala., writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy myself and also with men on my place, for diarrhoea and colic and it always gives relief promptly and pleasantly." For sale by all druggists.

POKER GAMES CLOSE

Sheriff Word Issues Strict Orders by Deputy.

MUST NEVER OPEN AGAIN

Announcement Is Also Made That Big Nickel-in-the-Slot Machines Will Be Confiscated if Found in Operation Anywhere.

"There will not be any public gambling, never; not so long as I am Sheriff. I ordered all the poker games closed today, and told them not to open again."

This statement was made by Sheriff Tom Word yesterday to an Oregonian reporter, after he had dispatched his chief deputy, G. P. Morden, to visit all saloons and cigar stores where poker games were in operation, and tell the proprietors of the places of business that such games are included in the prohibited class under the statute. Mr. Morden, following the instructions of his chief, went to the saloons of August Erickson, Fred Fritz, Eugene Blazier, J. W. Blazier and the Banquet Hall and Maze saloons, and also a number of cigar stores. Wherever he found a poker game has been running he ordered it stopped.

"They must close and remain so," said the Sheriff, in the most positive manner. "I will never permit public gambling."

Referring to the big nickel-in-the-slot machines, commonly known as the money machines, the Sheriff was equally positive, and said he would confiscate them and break them up if he discovered any in operation.

"Some time ago," he stated, "I was waited upon in relation to these machines. They told me it had been fixed to run them, but I said not with me. I told them I would give them an answer Saturday, but they did not wait, and instead put the machines in."

Relative to faro and other gambling, Sheriff Word says they have all been closed since he gave orders to that effect in July. He heard that a faro game was going on secretly, and went to the place and ascertained that there was no truth in the report.

The money nickel-in-the-slot machines have been in operation in various saloons in Portland for several days past. The machines are played with nickels, but only pay in slugs, redeemable at the bar for drinks or cigars. They were allowed to run this way for a considerable length of time, but were placed under the ban by the city authorities about a year ago. The proprietors at that time attempted to play them for money, and said they had arranged with Chief of Police Hunt to operate under the monthly fine system. The Chief denied having entered into any such deal, and as the result of a dispute between him and the slot machine owners the machines were ordered out of saloons altogether.

It is reported that the machine men have agreed to make a legal fight to run the machines with slugs, contending that this is not against the law. The statute provides that "No person shall play or use any nickel-in-the-slot machine or other device of like character wherein there enters any element of chance, whether the same be played for money, checks, credits or other thing or representative of value."

The presence of a machine in a saloon is sufficient evidence that it is in operation. The penalty for violation of the law is a fine of $10 to $100, or imprisonment in default of payment to be credited at the rate of $2 per day.

The general gambling statute also fits nickel-in-the-slot machines as under its provision it is unlawful to play any game played with cards, dice or any other device, whether the same be played for money, checks, credits or any other representative of value.

These slot machines are not found in all saloons, because quite a number of saloonkeepers don't want them.

LAVISHED LOVE ON DOG.

Affection for Canine Parts Fannie Sutton and Edward Styles.

Because Fannie Sutton loved her dog better than she loved her Eddie, Edward Styles, an employe of the Pacific States Telephone Company, last night took the ill-fated canine by the hind legs and beat his brains out over the bannister. Whereupon Fannie went after him with an umbrella, and the neighbors telephoned the police station and asked that officers be sent to stay the carnage.

Eddie and Fannie reside in a roominghouse at the corner of Second and Davis streets. For some weeks Fannie has been making goo-goo eyes at her pet foxterrier, and Eddie has several times asked her to desist and lavish more affection upon him. The dog continued to lead the band, however, and last evening at 7 o'clock the crisis came. Eddie demanded that Fannie relegate the canine to the rear and have nothing to do with him in the future beyod throwing him an occasional bone. Fannie stated that so long as she had muscle and willpower of her own the dog would digest porterhouse steaks dipped in tomato sauce. She also persisted in giving the terrier a bath when Eddie wished to use the tub, and it was doggie that nestled close in Fannie's arms instead of Eddie.

Eddie made a bold resolution. He seized the dog by the hind quarters and stepped into the hall. Fannie followed, and saw the murder. Then she seized an umbrella and brought it into sharp contact with the head of Eddie, who beat a retreat and fortified himself behind the bedstead. There and in that position the belligerents were discovered by Sergeant Hogeboom and Officer Gruber, who dashed to the scene in the patrol wagon at the alarm from the remainder of the residents in the rooming-house. Fannie and Eddie were hustled to the police station and stood before the rail in the light from Captain Moore's diamond star. It was cruelty to animals for Eddie, and when the hard-hearted officers discovered the true state of things it was also vagrancy for Fannie. Judge Hogue will preach the funeral oration over the remains of the dog in the Municipal Court this morning.

THE OVERWORKED EYE.

The faded Eye, the red and inflamed Eye, the Eye that needs care, relieved by Murine. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The letter of Miss Merkley, whose picture is printed above, proves beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared, and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, MISS MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

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