

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

HOW TIME IS PASSED ON THE TRIP TO ENGLAND—A PLEASING SEASIDE RESORT

SOUTHPORT, Lancashire, England, June 15.—(To the Editor.)—The Atlantic Ocean is no longer a barrier to a big ferry constantly crossed by large boats carrying freight and passengers. The steamer on which I crossed was the New England, of the Dominion line, 11,500 tons. She is not a racer, her record being about 300 miles a day. On the trip there were about 100 passengers—50 in the steerage, 20 in the second cabin, and the same number in the first cabin.

Our first-cabin passengers were mostly from Canada and the New England states. The Pacific Coast was poorly represented, there being only five persons on board—two from Portland, two from San Francisco, and one from Victoria. We were a pleasant family and after the first day out were fairly well acquainted with each other. The American travelers of England were represented by a gentleman from Lowell, Mass., who was in the course of transferring mill machinery from his former mill near Belfast—machinery worth over a million dollars. He was engaged in the business of manufacturing linings for coats, dresses, etc. Another "invader" was Mr. Sullivan, of Sullivan's rubber heels, who is establishing a house in London. Mr. Sullivan is a jolly Irishman, who kept the smoking-room steady by supplying drinks to his friends, who were very numerous. He had with him as his guest a Roman Catholic priest, and they left us at Queenstown, much to our regret.

One never crosses the Atlantic without the company of several Roman Catholic priests. They are visiting their old homes in Ireland, and many of them go on to Louvain, in Belgium, and to Rome. They are very pleasant company. We had six of them on the New England. One of them, Father O'Connor, of Oelwein, near Dubuque, Ia., and I became very good friends. Father O'Connor graduated in Dublin 12 years ago, and was sent at once to this agricultural parish in Iowa, where he has done much good work. He told me, with a happy smile, that he intended to surprise his old mother on the little farm in the south of Ireland. She had been carrying water into the house from the stream which flowed through the farm, and many a weary trip he had made with her pail for the last 60 years. Father O'Connor, this year, when he is home, is to measure the distance between the stream and the house and to give orders for a pipe to be laid to the house so that his old mother, for the first time in her life, will be able to wash the potatoes in her own cabin without carrying water from the little river.

One of our passengers was a Colonel of the British Army. He had been in South Africa in the Boer War, but was selected as one of the remount staff, and had been stationed at New Orleans and Denver purchasing horses. He told me that he had bought 150,000 horses, and was now glad to get home. I asked him about the horses bought in Oregon and Washington, and was glad to hear that some of the best horses came from these states. The Colonel is to spend the months of August and September shooting in the Scottish highlands. He expressed the opinion in the course of our talk, as we paced the deck together, that the British and the Boer would annihilate readily, and that a happy and prosperous people will soon be found in South Africa.

On board ship we had religious services on Sunday in the first cabin, the doctor of the ship reading the lessons from the English church prayer-book. The Roman Catholic priests had a service in the steerage, and in the afternoon there was a service in the second cabin in Norwegian. I attended this last service, and was much impressed with the dignity of the worshippers, of whom there were about 150. There was no lack of Norwegian ministers (or Swedish, I am not sure which, there being four who took part, all dressed in their clerical black clothes. The singing of the hymns was done with a zeal far above that of the first-cabin passengers, and I noticed that they were mostly

in the minor key. I did not understand a word of it, but I could see by the faces of the people that they were enjoying the service very much.

We had the usual concert two days before landing in Liverpool. The programme was made up of songs, etc., volunteered by some of the passengers, and the money raised by sale of the printed programmes (25 cents each) and by voluntary offerings, was distributed between the Liverpool Sailors' Orphanage and the Boston Floating Hospital. We raised \$150 in this way.

For amusement there are shuffleboard and spoon and potato races on deck, and we had a ping-pong tournament, which lasted two days. The last affair was a great success. The ship was as steady as your own billiard-room, and the playing was of a high order. About 10 couples entered, and it was a case of the survival of the fittest. A Mrs. Taylor proved to be the champion, and she was presented, amid the applause of the passengers, with a cup, which was brought into the dining-room on a tray—the cup being covered with a white linen napkin. The chairman of the committee, in his speech, alluded to the hard won fight and the champion's prowess and so forth, and had much pleasure in presenting the cup, etc., which had been obtained at great expense. When the cover was removed there was revealed a tin cup, worth about 5 cents, which was accepted most graciously by the winner. And so time is not allowed to hang heavily, and the voyage is soon over, and upon reaching Liverpool the passengers are all scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Southport, where I am now on a visit to friends, is one of the newest towns in England, being about 100 years old. It is 15 miles south of Liverpool, and 40 miles from Manchester, and is an illustration of what can be done in the way of making a beautiful city out of poor material. One of the great features of the town is a house built on the sand hills which extend for miles, and it was known as "The Duke's Folly." The town is now a fashionable seaside resort and has about 7,000 inhabitants. It is the residence of many wealthy Liverpool and Manchester merchants, and because of its fine climate, many delicate people of wealth have chosen Southport as their home town.

When the tide is out the promenade, which is two or three miles long, is about two miles from the sea. The municipality has formed artificial lakes for boating, and has also made beautiful gardens, which are kept with great care. The principal street (Lord street) is bordered on both sides with trees. It is more than a mile long and is on a straight line, and the view down the street is very pretty. There are many handsome buildings, and the residences are many of them very artistic. The gardens and lawns are a wonder to behold when it has to be considered that the soil had all to be brought from a distance.

In view of the discussion in Portland recently about the trees on the sidewalks I was interested to notice how the people here take care of the trees. There are not only good trees on the sidewalks, but also in the middle of the walk there is a tree now and again, and the cement is not laid up to the trunk of the tree, but only to an iron grating about three feet square, which is laid around the tree on the sidewalk.

Southport is the cleanest town I have seen in England—the streets and sidewalks are covered with a cement made of crushed rock and coal-tar laid on a foundation of broken bricks, and it is said to be a very lasting roadway. I asked about the taxation, and am informed that the municipal rates are nearly all payable by the tenant, and are based on the rent of his property. The present rate of taxation is 2s. 6d. per £1, or about 20 cents on the dollar. If the rent is £200 a year, the tenant has to pay in addition £40 a year for city rates and taxes. This includes an assessment for the support of the poor, and the council, which goes to the local guardian.

I have just returned from a visit to Chester, which was at one time a Roman camp. The cathedral is a fine specimen of Norman architecture. I have also been to Eaton Hall, the family seat of the Duke of Westminster, surrounded by the Duke of Westminster. The Duke of Westminster is the wealthiest Peer in England, but of all this I shall have to write again, as I have already gone beyond my limit.

JEALOUS WIVES AND HUSBANDS

SERMONETTE ON THE "GREEN-EYED MONSTER" BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

NOW and then one turns from the wilderness of new books—recollection of which seems like passing through those dead forests one sometimes meets in mountain travel, all of one gray sameness—to some of the old books out of fashion for no reason. If, among these old books, one takes up that marvel of artistry, "Black House," one comes in certain chapters upon a presentation of one of the greatest shadows of married life depicted faithfully as the sun himself paints. It is where Mrs. Snagsby's head in a perfect beehive of curl papers and nightcap—makes nocturnal examination of Mr. Snagsby's pockets, secret purses of his letters, private researches into his books and ledgers; and by day, swift and dark and silent and wretched, watches at windows, listens behind doors and gets her mind into a wide mist where no one could see the way to anywhere in a "general putting of this and that together by the wrong end." And Mrs. Snagsby stands for every jealous wife the world over—though she be little and ignorant and ill-bred and obscure—in cottage or in palace, who makes her husband miserable by her suspicions and contributes to the breaking of her own heart by searching for what she does not wish to find.

Once let this evil-eyed power get possession of the mind, and every fact of life and of the universe twists itself round to its support, all the same as if one were possessed by a madness. For it is a madness before which one is helpless, and from which one must be delivered as one longs to wake from a half-conscious nightmare.

To doubt the man who "wore faithfulness to you alone of all women, and whom you have honored as you have idolized, to doubt the woman who has seemed a creature of white innocence—it puts the world out of joint and all the rest of creation in as false a light. The earth revolves on a new axis, the heavens have another pole, and the light has gone out of them; there is left only the lurid green light that transforms all things into unreasoning with its evil glow.

How much better would it be at the first suggestion of doubt to face it and defy it, to declare to one's self, "The man I love is too noble for this," or "The woman I love is too spotless to

MUSIC IN HOLLAND

SERIES OF CONCERTS BY THE BERLIN PHILHARMONY ORCHESTRA

KURHAUS, Scheveningen, Holland, June 18. The Kurhaus concert series have begun in full force. The Philharmonic Orchestra, of Berlin, consisting of 800 pieces, with friendly, genial old Rebeck, the friend of all musical students, and Anton Witte, first concert master, arrived here June 1. Two thousand of the fisher cottages waited expectantly for their summer guests, but only 80 of the fisher families were made happy. Later on, the many grand and black engaged rooms in other cottages, and just now the town is so full of visitors that the signs in the windows of the different front parlors, "Gemeubelde Kameren Te Huur" (furnished rooms to let), are gradually disappearing, one by one.

A contract has just been signed, and the Philharmonic Orchestra is engaged to play for the next 10 years, during the summer months, at Scheveningen in Holland. The orchestra, that most fashionable of European seaside resorts, situated on the North Sea. Concerts are given twice daily, under the direction of Josef Rebeck. The first concert began at 3 and lasts till 4:30, the second at 7:30 and lasts till 10 in the evening. During the week the orchestra takes place on the terrace, which seats 500 guests, and overlooks the promenade and beach. The effect is for the eyes, as well as the ears, the fashionable dressed men and women of all nations, some walking, some sitting at tables enjoying beer or drinks, and the strains of the orchestra mingling with the sounds of the dashing of the waves on the shore below. It is no wonder that in July and August every hotel and every fisher cottage is occupied with guests, and that each year an increase of hotels and houses are built to accommodate the increase of newcomers.

Each Wednesday evening celebrated artists are engaged to play with the orchestra, and each Friday evening is the grand symphonic concert in the Kurhaus. Every Saturday evening after the concert and the orchestra is a cosmopolitan assembly, and here it is interesting to watch the women of all nationalities vie with each other in their splendid gowns, lace and diamonds. But among these all, the American need never be ashamed of their well-gowned women abroad, for in Scheveningen, as well as in the other European watering places, the American women carry off the palm in regard to taste, beauty and fashion. On Sunday evenings a double concert is given, one on the terrace and the other in the Kurhaus. The orchestra is a brilliant fireworks and, in honor of our Fourth of July, this year an American flag will be displayed, as well as a "Roosevelt" picture—for the Hollanders are proud of the fact that the President of the United States is descended from an old Dutch family.

The admittance to each concert at the Kurhaus is one guilder, equal to 4 cents of our money. One may buy a season ticket, which admits one to any and every concert, for 10 guilders, or 100 cents, of October, for 2½ guilders, about \$10. Last night was the second symphonic concert of the season, and the programme was:

Overture to "Mantred".....R. Schumann
Symphony (D-minor), op. 44.....R. Volkmann
(a) Allegro. (b) Andante. (c) Scherzo. (d) Finale.

First performance of this symphony in Scheveningen.
Introduction to "Meisterlieder".....R. Wagner
Concerto A minor for Violin, C. Saint-Saens
Performed by Joseph Makins.
Overture to "Egmont".....L. v. Beethoven
Herr Makins is the new cellist, who substitutes in the place of Anton Heeking. His technique is marvelous and he was recalled several times. Witte will be the soloist at next Friday's symphony concert, and he will play the Beethoven violin concert.

Eduard Zeldenzust, the celebrated Dutch pianist, is again here, but he leaves next week to fill an engagement in London, and will spend August again at the seashore. Zeldenzust has been engaged by Wolfson for another tour of America and arrives next December in New York. He declares America to be "the only country," and he hopes to marry an American girl, only.

Henri Wieniawski, the great violinist, was often invited to dinner and afterwards asked to render a few selections on his violin. He soon grew tired of being asked only to entertain the guests with music, and he accordingly sent a refusal to the dinner. "Most Honorable Sir: It is impossible for me to attend your banquet this evening, but I send my violin."

LILLIAN MYERS.

Chautauque Music.

One of the attractive features of the Chautauque Assembly will be the music. A grand concert will be given there Saturday night, when Mrs. Walter Reed will sing, and selections will be played by the Spitzer-Konrad string quartet, consisting of Messrs. Spitzer, Griffin, Zilm and Konrad. The programme will be as follows:

Allergo, from Quartet, op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven
(a) "War ich ein Halm".....Tschakovsky
(b) "The Dance".....Chadwick
(c) "The Sweetest Flower".....Haydn
(d) Old English song, "Maiden, Philander"
.....Arr. Weckwerlin
(e) "Shadow".....Carrie Jacobs-Bond
(f) Solo adagio cantata with variations, by Kaiser Quartet.....Haydn
(g) "The Rose".....Mendelssohn
(h) "Annie Laurie" (Scottish).....Mendelssohn
(i) "The Rose Tree".....Mendelssohn
(j) "Just a Wee-bit for You".....Jacobson
(k) "The Rose Tree" (a).....Mendelssohn
(l) Minuetto moderato, from "Fris Quartet".....Rostini

July 16, there will be a grand recital of Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," by Mr. W. H. Boyer's chorus of 60 voices, and the orchestra will be a musical treat of a high order. The soloists will be: Mrs. May Dearborn Schwab, soprano; Miss Hurley, contralto; Harry W. Hogue, tenor; and Professor George W. Hogue, bass. The accompanist, Mr. Boyer's chorus recently sang "Elijah" at Taylor-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and the singing was admirable. One of the most impressive features was the unaccompanied singing of two chorales, marked with devotion and spirit and fine religious feeling. Professor Hogue's solo was a revelation, and it was a pleasure to hear such a cultured well-balanced bass voice.

INEXPENSIVE FROZEN DELICACIES

DELICIOUS DESSERTS MADE IN A FEW MINUTES
DIRECTIONS FOR THE NOVICE

WITH warm weather comes the craving for cool eatables and drinkables, and it is well that the home caterer should learn of one of two helps toward the speedy and easy production of these delicacies. A bag of strong material in which to put the lump of the while pounding into small bits, leaves the water, and for quick results, remember that one measure of salt goes with three of ice, and that while freezing is going on the ice and salt need to be but a trifle higher than contents of freezer. Never pour off water unless there is danger of penetrating, for this salty water does the quick work (three to five minutes). When the mixture is frozen it should, if possible, be packed to "rip" for two or three hours, as this process actually improves its flavor. The water is now to be poured off and the proportions of the measure changed to one of salt and four of ice.

Never fill the freezer interior more than three quarters full, as the contents increase. All fear of salty water spilling over while standing is removed by covering with paper, buttered side out, is fitted over the contents; then even immersion would not matter. With these simple but important hints in mind the following delicious desserts may be produced by a novice.

Velvet Apricot Cream.
Between seasons it is a comfort to know that a can of apricots costing about 15 cents will, without a drop of milk or cream added, produce a frozen delicacy, rich in color, creamy and fruity to the taste. The apricots are packed in a syrup, following this recipe that those tasting it might imagine a delightful blending of many fruits. Wash the apricots through a sieve (vegetable strainer), and so if possible, and a pinch of salt, and a dash of lemon juice. When turned out this is a deep cream color, and is soft and wonderfully rich. This is sometimes served with whipped cream, but it is really superfluous.

Ivory Cream.
Is another inexpensive surprise that would deceive even the family epicure, and, indeed, is fit to "set before the king of bon vivants." Wash four peeled bananas through a sieve, add two peeled oranges, and mix with a dash of lemon juice. Two tablespoonsful of lemon juice and one of yellow wine, two-thirds cup of sugar, and a dash of salt. Mix all together, then fold in a pint of whipped cream. Instead of wine, use water, and which has been simmered enough of the carefully grated skin of a deep yellow orange; this gives color and a distinct orange flavor. Pineapple juice, if at hand, adds fruitiness. This may be frozen in small tins, or mold.

Cafe Frappe.
It is not generally known that to produce the proper grains in frappe freezing must be done with salt and chopped ice in equal parts. Make coffee clear and as liked for breakfast coffee, both as to milk and sweetening.

Slender and light, of mush-like consistency, and when freezing it is important to remember the rule given for frappe. Sherbet is really frozen punch, and when it is made with hard eggs stirred into every quart; lemon or orange marmalade may be used instead. If gelatine is used a tablespoonful dissolved in quart cup of water will best up when just forming into jelly, and will be white and foamy.

For Ivory Cream.
Melt a scant tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in a tablespoonful of cold water, then stir in two of boiling water; add four tablespoonsful of sugar and three of yellow wine; fold into this three cups of whipped cream and stand away to freeze in mold. When cream is whipped it should not be frozen in freezer unless dasher is taken out. This is good in taste and appearance.

To chill a mold thoroughly, in hot weather, being filling stand in the ice and salt mixture for freezing. When cherries are plentiful remember of what a rich flavor and beautiful color the juice of the cooked fruit is; save out a little when preserving, and seal in half pint jars to add to summer drinks. This hint is good for most fruits, as there is generally a superfluity of juice.

TEETERS AND TOTTERS

HOW TWO LITTLE CHICKS AND TWO LITTLE BOYS RAN AWAY

TEETERS and Totters are two cunning little black and white chickens. They live with their mother, Mrs. Muffin, in a coop in the back yard in which Sammie and Jamie Newton play. Sammie and Jamie are twins, and so are Teeters and Totters. That is, Sammie and Jamie have decided that the chickens must be twins, because they couldn't possibly look so much alike otherwise.

For the first few weeks they came out of the shell Teeters and Totters were content to play and run about in the back yard, as do Jamie and Sammie. Neither the chickens nor the children are allowed outside the yard without nurse or mamma. But one day the grocery man left the back gate open, and the chickens thought that their chance to see the world had come, indeed.

So out into the alley trotted Teeters and Totters, hurrying in the way which had earned them their funny names for them. When the chickens were very little they didn't seem able to walk straight, so the children named them Teeters and Totters, and they have never been called anything else. The children are almost sure that Mrs. Muffin chirps something like that when she wants her chicken babies to come back to her side quickly. Poor Mrs. Muffin, you see, is cooped up in a little yard of her own, because she will scratch up the house beds if she is allowed to go free. And it's really very trying to her feelings have her naughty children run away when she can't run after them. You can see how it would be yourselves if you were in Mrs. Muffin's place.

Well, on the day that the chickens de-

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they were so glad to get home alive and safe. But nurse said a good deal about it to Sammie and Jamie. You know, little boys and girls run away often get into trouble, and there's no knowing what might happen if they went out of back gates and down alleys alone very much. Besides, as nurse told them, Sammie and Jamie couldn't say very much to Teeters and Totters for being out of bounds without permission. You see, they were out of bounds themselves when nurse found them, and even if they were going to halt up their pet chick and turkey, they really ought to have asked leave.

WOMEN AS PEACEMAKERS

They Could, Believes Sir Edwin Arnold, Abolish War for All Time.

London Telegraph. "No word of peace has been more frequently upon the lips and in the hearts of all than the sweet word 'Peace,'" says Sir Edwin Arnold. "To women especially peace means more than to men, because, since it is the watchword of their social dominion, the password of their power, the master word of their best interests and highest desires, it is a curious fact to reflect upon that women, if they were so minded and were resolute and united, could probably make universal peace sooner and more certainly than if all the powers had the millennium for their policy. Dr. Busby said wisely and truly, when reproached for wearing his hat before the King, that in the schoolroom he was the greatest of men in the realm, because," he quoth, "I govern the boys; the boys govern their mothers, and the mothers govern the men in authority." Now and again women have shown examples of their irresistible strength as peacemakers. Everybody knows that splendid picture by Rubens, entitled "The Rape of the Sabines," where the Romans are shown carrying away by force from the country of their enemies a bevy of maidens destined to be the unwilling brides of the marauders. But Rubens ought to have painted the noble incident which resulted from that ancient deed of violence. There came a day when the proud Romans and the angry Sabines were drawn up in battle array against each other. At the moment of conflict, however, the captive Sabine women, with their babies in their arms, rushed between the opposing ranks and rendered fighting impossible. "On our side," they said, "are our husbands and children; on the other side stand our fathers and brothers. From whatever veins it flows, the blood you are about to shed must be our blood, and whatever victory is gained, it is only with tears that we shall witness it." So was that particular war stayed. The Sabines and the Romans became one people, and the memorial of that triumph of woman's political mastery is still to be seen in the Eternal City when your vetturino drives you over La Sabina, across the quarter where the Sabine people came to dwell.

"If women were aware of their power there is many a war which they could and would stop in some way or other. As for the mode to be employed, there is no need to enter upon those; it is enough that she who rocks the cradle rules the world, and the proverb says with truth that the woman who has the gods on her side, which she has, will win the gods also with. The difference between war and peace for them is greater than it is for men. One of our most famous painters left behind him a pair of masterly canvases, which put the contrast between peace and war in eloquent colors. By one was depicted the shattered gateway of a besieged city, amid the smoking ruins of which, together with many other signs of fierce combat, lay the dead body of a gallant cavalry officer, his silver helmet shattered and his uniform laced with his life blood, while his side his splendid war horse was breathing out its life from panting and foamy nostrils. The companion work showed a lovely landscape by the seashore, with children playing among the wild flowers, a placid sea rippling in silver upon the yellow sands, and the happy life of a neighboring fishing town going forward in the middle distance, with many a charming group of

tail and exceedingly thin. He donated a number of suits, which in time reached suffering family in Southern Illinois. A letter subsequently received by the Senator from the father of the family, told to what use the garments had been put. "I am grateful for the clothes," wrote the father, "and they will be of service for many years. My son John is wearing the coat. It drags on the floor, but does very well under the circumstances. My son James is wearing the vest. It reaches below the knees and bothers him some when he walks, but he will outgrow this imperfection. The trousers bother us some and we have not yet found any use for them. If nothing better turns up, we think next Winter they can be used to hold the poker."

SENATOR SAULSBURY'S CONTRIBUTION.
New York World. The recent contributions of clothing and supplies for the relief of the destitute in Manhattan recall an incident of some years ago, when the Mississippi River overflowed its banks, causing much distress to those living along its borders. Nearly everybody regarded it as a duty to turn in old garments and such articles as could be conveniently spared.

Among the contributions was Senator Salsbury, of Delaware. He was unusually

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