# THE MAN WHOM KIPLING MALIGNED

YANKEE JIM, OF YELLOWSTONE, TELLS OF THE EXACTS WHICH THE "LITTLE ENGLISHMAN" MISREPRESENTED

HE fame of Rudyard Kipling a hundred years from now, judging, of course, from his works to date, will be founded upon his short stories of Indian life and his verse. Both are essentially works of his imagination, but works in which the characters, the children of his imagination, are made to live and breathe because of a vesture and environment of reality; a reality which owes its realness to the wonderful faculties for observation of its creator.

Notwithstanding the fact that much of this work of Kipling's, worthy as it is to compare with the best of its kind in history, was produced prior to his return to England, by way of America, in 1890, it remained for his story of this trip, a supposedly truthful account of his observations, to bring him out into the glare of the limelight of publicity where he has kept himself ever since.

It was his scathing criticism in this work of America and its people, particularly those of the West, that first attracted attention to Kipling and, in course f time, to his other and better works, His idea at that time of the American, judging from his criticism, is epitomized in one of the closing verses of his poem of that name.

Ensiaved, illogical, elate, He meets th' embarrassed gods, nor fears To shake the iron hand of fate Or match with destiny for beers.

At first Kipling's position was one of notoriety, rather than of note, but gradually the attacks of the press, aroused by the outspeken criticism in his book, subsided as his genius made itself felt in his later works. People read his stories because they liked them, and he finally entered upon the cumulative period of popularity whose zenith is not yet reached.

In "From Sea to Sea," the name given by Kipling to his book of travels, he eems most effectively to show up the American follies and folbles when he cites individual instances, recording his conversations with street acquaintances and chance associates, setting forth their weaknesses and absurdities as characteristic of the country, producing, when all is said, a rather sorry picture of the Amer-ican. An instance of this nature, in connection with his tour of the West, fell under my notice a year ago, and if the rest of the incidents which Kipling used as nalls to fasten down the lid of the offin he had prepared for American dignity, American manners, and, in fact, everything but American business enterprise, which latter he did not approve of, have no more truth in them than his stories of poor old Yankee Jim of the Yellowstone, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Sait Lake, Omaha, Chicago, and other of the Western cities have little reason to care longer for the smart of the whip that he laid so unsparingly along their unwashed Western backs.

#### Room for Suspicion.

Considering the shameless way in which this story of the old hunter and trapper is patched up out of whole cloth, there is d reason to believe that, in this much talked-of story of his travels Kipling's imagination has reciprocated the service of his observation in his works of fiction and helped him to construct effective and pointed "instances," where the real incidents of his trip would not bend to his

When I decided upon a trip to the Yel-lowstone Park Summer before last I an-ticipated hothing with more pleasure than stop off at Yankee Jim's, where Kipling stopped, and a day's fishing in Yan-kee Jim'e Canyon, where Kipling fished. I pictured myself listening to the desperate old hunter's blood-curdling tales of In-dian warfare, just as Kipling listened, and I even went so far as to invent a wild story of my own with which I intended to cap one of Jim's when the opportunity offered, just as Ripling tried to do. I wanted to know what became of "Diana of the Crossroads," the beautiful country girl that Kipling described, and I wante o learn of a hundred other things that Cipling said and did on the momentous casion of his visit. But it was all on Kipling's account, for my feeling toward Yankee Jim was almost one of repug-nance, aroused by the former's descrip-tions of the cold-blooded manner with which Jim recited his atories of the re-volting Indian crucities he had wit-

Imagine my surprise, then, when I had umped from the train and hurried eagerly over the few yards that separated the track from Jim's cabin, at being met at the door by a benevolent-looking old an with white hair and beard, clean and neat in dress, whose manner, as he grasped my hand and bade me a cordial elcome, betrayed a gentleness and cour-ey rarely found in such surroundings tesy rarely found in such surroundings. I noticed almost at once, however, a kind of anxiety in his manner, which became more pronounced as I, having deposited my bag and rod on the floor and taken the chair which he had set for me, blurted out: "Mr. Georges" (I had heard he preferred to be called by his surname), "they told me in Livingston that you had met all the famous men that ever came up this way, and I have known of you for years through kipling's account of you. I want you to tell me some of of you. I want you to tell me some of the Indian stories you told him."

Yankee Jim and Bob Ingersoll. He endeavored to hide the look of anand at once began talking most volubly, but in a forced and unnatural manner that I, even in my singleness of purpose to hear of Kipling, noticed with

derstanding.
They told you that I had met most all the notables, did they? Well, I guess
I have. All of them, in fact, before the
railroad was built. Perhaps they told
you about the time that Bob Ingersoil hectured down there, on his way out from the Park. No? Well, you see, Bob and his family stopped a whole day with me, when they came along and we got me, when they came along and we got to be great friends. His girls came right cut here into this kitchen where you are sitting now, and rolled up their sleeves and helped me wash the dishes. They were calling me Uncle Jim before they had been here an hour. Well, the people down there persuaded Bob to give a lecture in Livingston, and I drove in the whole 40 miles to hear it. When the lecture was over Bob came up to me the whole 40 miles to hear it. When the lecture was over Bob came up to me at the hotel and asked me what I thought of it. 'Mr. Ingersoil,' said I, 'I don't like to tell you.' I like a man that speaks his mind, said he. 'Go on.' Weil, Mr. Ingersoil,' said I, 'I think you're making a grievous mistake in standing up there and hurting the feelings of almost the whole audience, just for the sake of the one or two that thinks as you do.' At first I thought he was going to come back at me, and I don't doubt that he would have tied me up in short order, but all of a sudden he laughed right out in his jovial way, and took my arm and eald, 'Mr. Georgea, let's have a drink.' He was the most lovable man I ever met, in spite of his doctrines."

ever met, in spite of his doctrines." Now, this would have been interesting nough under ordinary circumstances, ut here was a man who had entertained Kipling, exchanged stories with him, even eaten with him, and was not talking about it. I was sure there was something wrong, and I hastened at once to remind him.

"Jim (I had forgotten the Mr. George in my eagerness), did Kipling really catch as many fish as he claimed down

ain the look of pain and annoyance, again the switching off. shing in the canyon isn't what it



SHOWING HEAD AND SKIN OF A 10- POUND TROUT. \_\_\_\_\_\_

Horr began dumping their tailings in the river. Roscoe Conkling caught the big-gest fish that a tourist ever caught in the canyon. He was a great hand with the rod, but, in my opinion, much over-rated as a public man. He had the nerve to cheat me out of the price of a case of beer. Ordered it for a couple of coach loads of his party and then drove off without paying for it. These politicians are slippery ones, anyhow. Roosevelt seems to me to be the only straight one in the lot. He has hunted all over here, you know. I never met him myself, but he used often to put up with Yancy over in Pleasant Valley. I remember more than 10 years ago that Yancy tolme that he liked a young fellow named 'Rosefelt,' who came over hunting from Dakota, better than any of the other hunters that stopped with him, because he always looked after his own horse and never kicked about the beds or meals. Did you ever hear of the time that the tenderfoot tried to cheat Yancy by offering to pay his reckoning of \$10 with a \$100 bank note, and Yancy fooled him by giving him the \$90 change in silver, which he happened to have on hand? Yancy, is a sly one. Another time—" I almost despaired of his ever talking

of Kipling, but I resolved on one more "Jim," I interrupted, rudely enough, as

I remembered afterwards, "is it really true, as Kipling tells, that you saw a squaw burned at the stake when you lived with the Indians?" Kipling's B! - Lie.

At once he lost his assumed air of

sprightliness and the look of tired rescame again appeared. He tried to dodge

"I knew you'd ask that as soon as I saw you," he said. "Everyone asks it, sooner or later. I didn't understand it at first, and then, one day, the editor one of the Butte papers sent me a copy of the book with the chapter about me marked. I had almost forgotten the lit-the Englishman, and I certainly never expected he would get to be so famous."
Then, suddenly, he assumed an almost defiant air, and throwing himself back in his chair and looking me straight in the face, exclaimed: "Young man, do I look like a man that would let a woman, white or Indian, be burned at the stake before him? Why, my old Colt's would have shot some one all of itself at such an outrage. He said, I said 'she hollered considerable.' What did you think of me when you read that? What have all other people thought who have read The unhapplest night I ever spent was the one I read that chapter. I knew at once that the book would be widely read just for the way everything. Besides, it's a fine piece of writing, only I can't help believing that where he talked with the different peo-

used to be before the coal mines up at he wanted, just to make them look ridiculous and carry some point he was trying to make. But I was the only one whose real name he used. People know me by the name of Yankee Jim better than they do by Georges. Why couldn't he have called me by some other name if he was going to lie so? It's an actual fact that have hated to meet strangers ever since

read about the squaw. "I don't see as many people now as I used to in the old days before the rail-road was built to Cinnibar, and every one had to come in on my tollroad through the canyon, but those that do stop here now stop because they have heard of me in some way or other, and more than half that have come in the last four or five years read of me first in that book, and have wanted to hear the story of the squaw that was burned at the stake. And they have expected to find me proud of the fact that such a great writer devoted almost a whole chapter to me. them come in the same spirit that they would go to see a robber or a murderer. Why, only a week ago a man and two women had the train stop here for them. When the train pulled on, they stood for a while by the track, as scared as a lot of young Indians on their first visit to town. At last the man sneaked up to the window and peeped in. Then the women window and peeped in. Then the women got their courage up and peeped in beside him. I felt like a bear in a circus. Next they came around to the door, holding all together for protection. The man asked me if I was Yankee Jim, and the woman chipped in about the squaw, and then

they all siggled. Why He Lost His Temper.

"My old rheumatism was giving me a gnation that his face had worn when I twingo or two that day, and, besides, man crazy. Anyhow, I paid no attention to them. Then that young dude winked at the women, as if to say that he knew way to make the old bear come out, and taking a coin from his pocket, started to walk in, telling me he would give me a

dollar if I would tell the story.
"Young man, from the time this cabin
was built, in 1865, to that day several thousand people had stood at that door and asked for admittance, and never, to white man or Indian, had it been denied I had harbored many a tough cha and been robbed several times as ward, but I kept it up just because I was proud of the record. Well, I made an end of it all right then and there, for I slammed the door square in his face, bolt-ed it and went to bed. Lucky for them that Gibbs, who lives a couple of miles up the valley, came along in the course of an hour. He hauled them up to Cinnibar and brought back 10 of the dude's dollars for the service.
"I've been sorry ever since that I lost

read, just for the way he criticised everything. Besides, it's a fine piece of a man keeping from liquor all his life and writing, only I can't help believing that dying a drunkard. Of course, it can't be helped now, but it's the fault of that ple he wrote down their sayings just as blamed story, and it is only one of many

VANKEE JIM, OF YELLOWSTONE PARK, WHOM KIPLING MALIGNED.

times that it has been brought up to me. And all the other stuff he wrote about us here hadn't any more foundation than the squaw story. Let me read you from the

above the fireplace and took down a grimy copy of "From Sea to Sea." He opened it at once at the double dog-eared pages wherein he figured, and, finding the place he wanted, read:

An Invented Diana. "The fish had prepared me for any sur prise, wherefore when Yankee Jim introduced me to a young woman of 5 and 20, with eyes like the deep-fringed eyes of head buoyant, like a bell-flower in its bed, I said nothing. It was all in the day's events. She was California-raised, the wife of a man who owned a stock farm 'up the river a little ways,' and, with her husband, tenant of Yankee Jim's shanty. I know she wore list slippers, and did not wear stays; but I know also that she was beautiful by any standard of beauty, and that the trout she cooked

were fit for a King's supper."

"Then he goes on," said Jim, keeping the place with his finger, "to tell how the neighbors strolled in and gossiped about lost helfers' and crops, and how I told my biggest lies about the Indians, and so on and ends willke this:

on, and ends up like this;
"Next morning I fished again and listened to Diana telling the story of her life. I forgot what she told me, but I am and a mouth that the daughter of a hun-dred earls might have envied—so small and so delicately cut it was. 'An' you come back an' see us again,' said the simshow you how to catch 6-pound trout at the head of the canyon.

"We may have told him that there were

The woman called herself Helen Mon-tague, and I don't just recall the man's name now. They didn't even pretend to be married. I suspected that they were up here 'laying low' about something, but I didn't ask any questions. A month or two after they left I read of their being arreste i down at Billings for being mixed up in some sort of a 'dope' and robber; scheme in Butte. Still they behaved wel enough here, except for drinking a good deal, and the woman was first-rate com-Lied About Them All.

6-pound trout in the canyon, for there were even 10-pound, and I will show you the skin and head of one of them after a while; and the woman he told about was beautiful enough. God knows, but simple-

minded, never. Now what do you think his gentle country folks were? Nothing

more or less than a team of song and dance artists from a Butte concert hall.

"But that little Englishman knew al the time that they weren't 'simple country folks.' I remember her singing a song of hers, a parody on 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, called 'Wait Till the Bottle Goes She called him Johnny Bull almos the first time she spoke to him, and when she sang the song she would put in 'Johnny' at the end of each line of the chorus and he would puff up in a great way. He took her banjo and tried to way. He took her banjo and tried to play chords for her to sing by, but made a great mess of it. Then he, and I guess the rest of us, teased her to dance, and after a lot of coaxing she gave us that Scotch dance where they throw their hand up on one side and then on the other—I think they call it the Highland Fling. Then she gave us the Fisher's Hornpipe and ended up with a regular old break-down, holding her skirts about her knees and footing it in great shape, while knees and footing it in great shape, while we all clapped our hands for time. That was a simple country girl trick, wasn't it?

"Then he and she talked for a long time, he telling her about the sporty parts of the cities in India, and she of Butte and Denver and other Western They certainly struck up quite a friendshi and her teammate seemed more than glad when the little Englishman left the next

"The Englishman was most certainly ar interesting talker, and he showed such an intense interest in all you told him that you naturally liked him. But he didn't admire Miss Helen Montague for any 'simple country folks' qualities, sim ply because she didn't have them. Probably when he came around to write the book he thought that the 'simple country folke' would show off in fine contrast liv-ing with the desperate old man who stoo by while the squaw was burned, and so he lied about us all.

"I'm getting to be a pretty old man-

over 70 now-and the greatest pleasure I have had in life has been the meeting and the entertaining of the different people, high and low, that came along this way to the Park. Well, for the last six years, just on account of that thoughtless paragraph, I have been robbed of this pleasure entirely. I almost dread strangers now, for I feel that I am looked upn more as a curiosity than a man. I may not have done it justice in the telling, but it seemed to me that the story of this gentle old man, taking a natural pride in the friends he had made and the tice he had attracted, even among those the gazelle, and 'on the neck the small in high places, reduced through the agency of the careless lie of the great writer to feeling himself regarded as a freak and a monstrosity, was the most touching rerital I had ever listened to. Ninety-nine old prospectors and hunters out of a hundred would have been jubilant over the notoriety; Jim was crushed. He impressed me as more sorrowful than resentful. He had hardly uttered a word against Kip-ling, and several times he had praised him. Since, I have tried vainly to recall his using the latter's name once; I can only remember his using a pronoun or "The little Englishman." This may have been an inadvertency on his part, or my mem-ory may be at fault. At any rate, it was aimost the only sign of resentment that he showed, and his attitude toward Kipling seemed to be one of protest rather than of anger. He was only the one human atom beneath the literary Jugger naut, still I could not help recalling the verse with which this same Kipling prefaces one of his famous poems The toad beneath the harrow knows

### NEWS OF SOCIETY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the week with her mother, Mrs. R. R.

Mrs. D. B. Thomas held an informal reception Saturday evening. Miss Lora Nelson, of Starbuck, visited with friends during the week. The Women of Woodcraft entertained their friends, Wednesday evening.

Independence.

Mrs. Al Herren and son Carl are visiting in Heppner, Or. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ireland were in

Mrs. E. Johnson, of Hoquiam, Wash., Miss Clara Irvine visited with relatives here the first of the week. Mrs. William Staiger, of Salem, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. E. Pad-dock, returned home Monday.

Vancouver Barracks

Lieutenant Arthur Cranston will be the guest of Lieutenant Van Horne while the general court-martial is in session Lieutenant Hiram E. Mitchell left Monday for Washington to see his father, Senator Mitchell, who was reported iii. Mrs. Carl Reichmann entertained the whist club this week, and during the afternoon a record of 27 games was played. Friday last Lieutenant and Mrs. Harry El Mitchell had a number of the young people of the garrison in to supper after the hop.

Major Charles St. J. Chubb, Seventeenth Infantry, who has recently arrived at Vancouver Barracks, was joined by Mrs. Chubb on Monday.

Mrs. Robert L. Collins, wife of Lleuten-ant Collins, of the Sixth Cavalry, will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Van Horn, for the next few months.

Lieutenant Robert F. Jackson, Third Cavalry, who has been ill at the post hospital for some time, is now convalescing and will be the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Goodale during the remainder of his stay at Vancouver Barracks. It was with a feeling of much regret

that army officers stationed here heard of the order sending General Randall to the Philippines the 1st of April. As the General has seen some years of hard service in Alaska, which is counted as for-eign service, it was hoped he would re-main in the department at least long enough to complete some of the plans he has made for its improvement.

Job Douglas has gone to Toronto, called by the serious illness of his mother, Judge Irwin and wife, of Montesano, have been the guests of friends during the

The members of the Eastern Star gave a social Tuesday evening, which was made pleasant with music and refreshments. The third annual ball of the Order of was given on Friday evening, was attended by several hundred persons. The affair was more of a social function than those of the two years previous, the decorations having been planned and carried out on a larger scale.

The reception to Rev. Charles McDermott and wife, of the Congregational Church, Wednesday evening, was a great social success, hundreds of persons from

all over the city extending congratula-tions. Mr. McDermott has been paster of the Methodist Church, but recently received a call from the Congregation

Chebalis. Mrs. Jennie Dwyer has gone to Sumpter,

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kaupisch departed Monday for California, to be gone a month. Miss Barbara Royal, of Portland, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. T. Newland, in

Mr. E. E. Kirtley, of La Grande, Or., visited Mr. and Mrs. William Murphy, in Chehalis, Monday and Tuesday. J. M. Kelly, of Joseph, Or., and Miss

The Order of Washington has issued in vitations for a card party to be given Monday evening. Miss Hazel Lepper left Friday for St Paul, where she will vigit relatives. Sh expects to be gone about a month, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris gave a silver wedding at their home Tuesday evening A large number were present and many useful presents were received. Refreshments were served late in the evening.

Elva Phillips, of Chehalis, were married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Maggie Phillips, Thursday afternoon.

Centralia.

Mrs. H. Honeywell is visiting relatives in Seattle and Everett this week

Mrs. M. Day, mother of F. L. Day, of this place, left Friday for her hor Minneapolis.

A charming social event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ruddell,

Probably the most delightful social

event among the young people of Elma was an entertainment at the Christian

A farewell ball was given Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. John Parsons by their

Mrs. Tillie Langhorne returned from Portland Tuesday to visit with her par-

Miss Stella Mutul entertained a number

of friends in a very pleasant manner at her home on Nob Hill Saturday evening,

Holly Camp No. 285, Woodmen of the

World, gave a pleasant entertainment to the Circle at the Fowler Opera-House, Sat-

Dallas.

Miss Bessie Miller, of Lebanon, is the guest of Mrs. Mona Thompson.

J. F. Morrison, of Grant's Pass, greeted

friends in this city last Friday.

Miss Ruth Crocker, of Portland, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lawton left for Sheridan, Or., last Friday, and will make

THE FOREST FIRE BILL.

Pending Measure Would Practically

Stop Homebuilding in Oregon.

BLUE RIVER, Feb. 3 .- (To the Editor.)

—In the Sunday Oregonian appears an article under the caption of "Settlers or Speculators?" in regard to the forest fire bill. We think Mr. Ritchey's condem-

nation of said bill is timely and to the point. What would be the result in 25 years if this bill should or could be en-

forced? It would put a stop to the home-oulding throughout the foothills and along

the rich bottom land of our many rivers

years in hewing out a home for them-

selves and families must now hang their brush hook up on the ever encroaching fire brush and sit down and watch it

One would think our present Legislators,

or at least those who gave their support

to the forest fire bill, were not strictly on-to their jobs. They certainly cannot leg-islate weather conditions which will make

it possible for the brushburner to even swing his slashing before the 15th of June

or after the 15th of October. Oh, no, you

grante who may come may attempt to

But it will be like burning a wet blanket.

It's unfortunate for the people of Ore-

gon to have to invoke the referendum to veto the work of our hired men at Salem. But it's very fortunate for our people that they have a referenfum vote on the

that they have a rescuence our right.

S. O. SPARKS,

The Kipling Procession.

London Punch. An important feature of the Durbar cere-

monies which seems to have escaped no-

tice was the grand Kipling procession. It

was only fitting that one whose name and

dian empire should have a prominent po-

can't fool a Webfooter. Those poor em

burn brush in the rain.

their home there in future.

ents, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Smith.

in West Elma, Friday evening

friends and their families, who bers of the Elma Cornet Band.

Church Saturday night.

urday evening.

Robbed Off His Pleasure.

LEWIS R. FREEMAN

sition in the celebrations, and it will be seen from the following details that the

The order of the stately progress was

A Phantom Rickshaw containing Mr. Kipling's laurels.

A cart bearing an exhibition tank in which is discovered Mr. Swimburne swimming in samples of the Seven Seas.

Soldiers Three.
The Oaf bearing the Mud.
The Chief Jingo bearing the Banjo.
The Fool bearing the Flannel. The Cat who walked by himself. Bodyguard of Stalky & Co. A Duke's Son. A Cook's Son. A Son of Hundred Kings.

Hundred Kings.

No. 1 Big Gun Carriage drawn by The Camel (led by Mr. Stephen Phillips). The Bahy Elephant (led by Mr. Thomas Hardy). The Python Rock Snake (led by Mr. J. M. Barrie), and The Crocodile (led by Mr. Wm. Watson), and con Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Alfred Austin. Mr. Airred Austin. Mrs. Jane Oakle Detachment (very much detached) of Absent minded Beggars.

# PERSONAL **MAGNETISM** A COLLEGE STARTED UNDER STATE

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At an expense of over \$5000 the college has issued a remarkable work on these sciences, 10,000 copies of which will be given away absolutely free. The book is elegantly illustrated with the most expensive engravings, and it is decidedly the finest and most comprehensive work of its kind ever published. It is the product of the combined talent of thirty dis-tinguished hypnotic specialists and scientiste. It thoroughly explains all the hid-den secrets of Personal Magnetism, Hyp-notism, Magnetic Healing, etc. It is full of surprising experiences, and makes many startling disclosures in regard to the use and possibilities of this secret

The college absolutely guarantees that any one can learn these sciences in a few days at home, and use the power without the knowledge of his most intimate friends.

The reporter asked for the names and addresses of some of the pupils, so that he might communicate with them personally. Several hundred were offered, from which the reporter selected eighty-The replies received were moufficient to convince the most ske four. than sufficient tical in regard to the wonderful benefits to be derived from the mighty power. There were absolutely no failures. All had learned to make practical use of the sciences. The following extracts are taken at random from the letters, for the benefit of readers:

J. H. Schneller, 1412 Avon street, La Crosse, Wis., writes: "Hypnotism truly reveals the secrets of life and the mys-teries of Nature. My own father could not have convinced me of its wonderful power, if I had not actually tested it for myself. I consider a knowledge of it invaluable for those who wish to get the most out of life; to those who wish to achieve success to the full measure of their possibilities."

Mrs. Effie M. Watson, Martinsville, Ind., "Hypnotism opens the road to happiness and prosperity. It health. should be studied by every one. I would not part with my knowledge of it for any amount. The instructions have developed within me a force of character, an ability to influence and control people, that I did not dream I could acquire."

J. W. Clinger, M. D., Springfield, Ohio, writes: "I have used the methods of hypnotism taught by the American College of Sciences in two cases of difficult sur-gical operations with perfect success. It is a complete anaesthetic, and prefer-able to chloroform or ether. I acquired a practical knowledge of hypnotism in less than three days. The book is grand. Rev. T. W. Butler, Ph. D., Idaho City, Idaho, writes: "I have cured a number of chronic cases of rheumatism, dyspepsia, and paraylsis of long standing; he had a single failure. I consider a I consider a knowl. was only fitting that one whose name and edge of Personal Magnetism invaluable, fame is so much associated with our InThe book has greatly increased my own

> Binghampton, N. Y., writes: "I had long suffered from nervous prostration and dyspepsia. My case baffled all medical skill. I studied hypnotism from the American College of Sciences, and tried it upon myself with surprising results. In one week my stomach was better than it had been in 30 years. I could eat anything without the slightest distress. I can hypnotize myself in five minutes and eleep all night; have hypnotized a num-ber of others."
>
> The first 10,000 persons who write to

Dr. W. P. Kennicutt, 529 State street,

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"Oregonian" readers to know the

reasons why we have such a high

nd practice along the lines of which we make a specialty-Disor-2d-An earnest desire to cure quickly and permanently every

man who places his case in our hands-not only from a sense of duty and a humanitarian point of view, but because it does and always has paid us to do so. 3d-Complete apparatus and general equipment, regardless

4th-Remedies that cause no injurious effects during or after 5th-Frankness. If we cannot cure a man we will not under-

take his case. This not only makes us many friends, but creates

6th-Operations. We perform operations when necessary only. If the patient cannot be cured permanently without an operation we so inform him at once.

7th-Our successful home-cure system. By this we cure thousands of men without seeing them. (Write for blanks.) 8th-Our invariable rule-never to accept money until our patients are entirely recovered.

OFFICE HOURS: Week Days 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. - Sundays 10 to 2 250% ALDER STREET