A DAY WITH COLONEL PATRICK HENRY WINSTON

"IF you will wait a moment," said Patrick Henry Winston at the Imperial Hotel yesterday, "until I wash my hands in the beautiful, spacious, brilliantly lighted and marble-lined lavatory of this hostelry, I will walk a way with you."

And accordingly I waited while the man who was the first United States Attorney appointed for the State of Washington, and who was more recently its Attorney-General, laved his hands.

Presently he emerged, and as he progressed through the lobby, an acquaintance, resolved to talk at all hazards, pressed a meaningless handshake upon the raconteur, and inquired with an expectant smile:

"How's business?"

"In Portland," replied Colonel Winston, "there are but two kinds of business—grand and petit larceny. Grand, as I observe it, is at present dull; petit, flourishing."

And therein was the expectancy of the inquirer justified.

"It is strange," quoth Colonel Patrick as he began his intermittent journey down the street, "the numerousness of the yap who asks you 'How is business,' not that he cares, but because he can think of nothing intelligent to say. Like his brother ass who—"

"What are you doing in Portland?" inquired A. D. Charlton, he of the Northern Pacific, as the Colonel grasped his hand. "Are you following up the President's trail?"

The Colonel was much pained. "Mr. Roosevelt," said he, "was, during his visit to the Coast, so surrounded by detectives, superannuated politicians, and hopeful office-seekers that I did not get nearer to him than the sidewalk. No, sir, I am not following his trail. I would not wander with the common herd, whose anxious hands Mr. Roosevelt shook because it was best for him to do so; and whom he told that he was glad to meet them. The Lord will doubtless consider the exigencies of the man who would be President again, and forgive a little trifling with the truth.

"But," continued the anecdotal cyclopedia, "I sat with Roosevelt in the National convention of 1884 in Chicago. He was a mugwump then, and voted with George William Curtis for Edmunds, while I," the Colonel's breast expanded at the thought, "I, myself, sir, voted for President Arthur."

"Did you invite the convention to ask you questions?" asked Mr. Charlton, and when the Colonel denied, the pass-seeker's friend explained.

"At a political meeting held some years ago in Everett, Wash.," said Charlton, "Colonel Winston, who was then a leading light of Populism, stated that he would answer from the platform any queries that members of the assembly might have to ask. The first victim arose in haste, and, after attacking the tax system, concluded with a statement that pretty soon the Government would 'make us pay for water.'

"'And if they do, my friend,' replied the Colonel, 'what has that to do with thee?'

"A roar of laughter," said Mr. Charlton, "extinguished that gentlemen, and another, equally as unwise, arose in his stead.

"'Do you believe,' queried this aspirant for political wisdom, 'in the equal distribution of wealth?'

"'My friend,' said the Colonel, as he held his bald head forward that all might see its desolate and denuded state, 'what does my belief or yours matter? I also believe strongly in the equal distribution of hair.'

"There were no more questions," said Mr. Charlton. "Excuse me," and the man who is now protected by the Elkins law grabbed a passing car.

"Nice man, Charlton, but he's no politician," said the Colonel, as he resumed his march. "Not that that matters much, for the labor question is the only unsolved problem in politics. We have settled the race question by killing off the Indians, reducing the negro to practical slavery, and are now entering the field against the yellow race. And that reminds me of a curious instance of altruistic evolution. You know I am a Southerner, a veteran of the Confederate army, and incidentally as warm a supporter of the Union as there is today. But to our mutton.

"General Miles, the anti-Administration gentleman, who is now so horrified at the atrocities of the American soldiery in the Philippines, is the same Miles that put iron shackles on the limbs of Jefferson Davis, a prisoner of war and an old man, confined in an inaccessible casement with walls 17 feet thick."

A legal gentleman of some renown stopped to greet the politician whose party died and left him living and alone. Colonel Winston is a lawyer himself, and, like the Roman augurs of ancient days, the gentlemen smiled upon each other. But Colonel Winston's regard for truth rose superior to the seal of silence without which many attorneys would never be considered wise.

"Law," he said to me a minute later, "is no longer a profession, but a trade. We have surrendered our politics and Legislatures to the lawyers, and consequently we can neither be born, die, get shaved, sell, nor even give our property away without paying tribute to them. How would it be if all politicians and members of the Legislature were newspapermen?"

Before such an Utopian vision I hesitated, but not so the philosopher.

"Why," he explained, "no one would be able to do anything without advertising his intention in the newspapers, three insertions at $17.28 an inch, preferred position extra."

"Where did you pick up your knowledge of advertising rates?" I asked.

"Did I never tell you of the time I used to run a newspaper? No? Listen:

"Once I had an ambition. To a friend I told it. 'I would, sir,' I said, 'be an editor. Daily I would tell the public all the happenings of all the world. And, sir, I would tell the truth, the naked, unpleasant and disagreeable truth, sir, about every occurrence. Without fear and without favor, I would conduct my paper, sir, and in time the public would come to know that when they read it in my paper, sir, it was, indeed, the truth.'"

"And," I asked the Colonel, whose accent was truly of the South, and going further South with every moment that he spoke of his ambition, "did you ever come to run such a paper?"

"I did," sighed the Colonel. "At least I ran a newspaper once, and only a little later. After I had been a great editor for six long months, my friend entered. Lacking entirely in delicacy, he asked abruptly if I had conducted my paper along the lines of my ambition.

"'Sir,' I said to him, 'for half a year I have been editor of this newspaper. If during that time I have ever told the truth about any solitary thing referred to on the editorial page, I can assure you solemnly that it was an oversight.'"

Judge Williams, bearing the burden of a well-filled 80 years as though they weighed but 60 Summertimes, passed on the other side of the street.

"A great man," said Colonel Winston. "A giant and my friend. They raise no more men of this breed today. Our dinky educational system, our physical culture courses and our diplomas, what do they do for us? Have they in 75,000,000 people given us a Clay, a Calhoun, a Webster, or a Lincoln? Have they produced a single great man? Where are the Longfellows, the Bryants, the Patrick Henrys of today? Whose are the master tongues whose eloquence will appear in the sixth readers of tomorrow? Where are the Henry Ward Beechers? But, then, he was a preacher," added the Colonel, regretfully.

"And you don't think much of preachers?"

"Well, it's this way about preachers," said the iconoclast. "They ought to be licensed like fortune-tellers. They make good money, and can afford it. I wish I had gone into the business. It's not so bad, if a man is a good confidence artist."

"Wouldn't you sooner be a humorist?"

"Young man," replied the Colonel, and a warning index finger pointed the admonition, "let me warn you against the fatal gift of humor. Only one man in history has ever survived it, and he was Abraham Lincoln. The humorist has only two alternatives. He may choose between the popularity of the buffoon and the unpopularity of the satirist."

"Do you object to unpopularity, then?" I asked at random, but the Colonel picked up a double meaning but of the phrase.

"I'm not unpopular," he insisted. "Only the other day I was invited to preside at a reunion of old settlers at Olympia. I didn't go, but that was just because I don't care to be identified with a lot of old fossils."

To a question as to what he thought of Portland and the bee-y-o-o-tiful Willamette Valley, Colonel Winston stated that he could say nothing which had not been better and less truthfully said in the advertising literature issued by the Board of Trade.

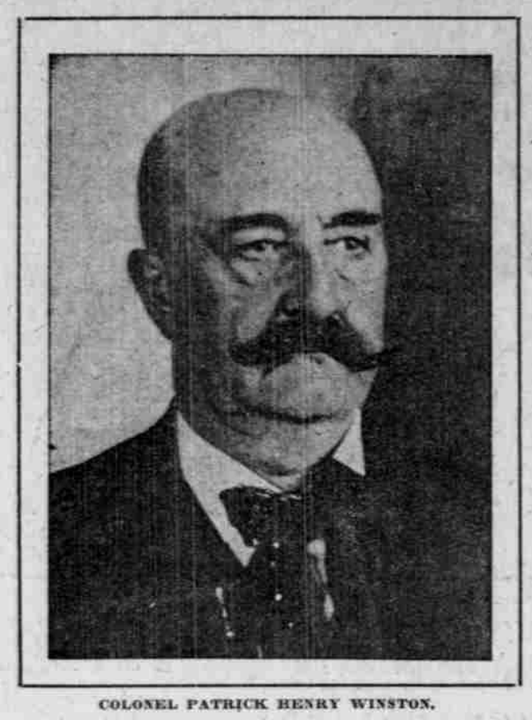
"But I am greatly surprised," he said, "at the number of pretty women I have met here on the street."

We were back at the hotel, and Colonel Winston grew meditative as he sat in one of the mahogany chairs.

"The preachers to the contrary," he said, "this is a poorly made world. All of the animals seem to have been put on in a heap, and when they asked, 'How are we going to live?' the only answer was evidently, 'Eat each other up'; and even so, when most we need our teeth, they are gone.

"We should have been born old men and old women. Then we could have receded gradually into the vigor and strength of manhood, into the happy days of childhood, the unconscious joys of infancy, and thus have entered the Elysian fields with the smile of innocence upon the lips, and the joy of innocence in our hearts."

A. C.



COLONEL PATRICK HENRY WINSTON.

SIDELIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF A BUSY CITY

"HERE'S something rather 'cute' for your town stories," said a well-known railroad man of the local fraternity yesterday. "I have a little tot of a daughter who teased me for a long time to get her some pet rabbits. She was so persistent that at last I was compelled to give in, and I bought a couple of pretty little white 'bunnies' for her. She promptly fell in love with them, discarding all other pets and playthings. She managed to teach them a number of tricks, the most successful of which was to sit up at a word of command.

"One day I came home and found her holding an audience with the rabbits on the back porch. I approached unobserved and took in the show.

"'Johnnie,' she was saying to one of her pets, 'how much ith two times two?'

"Johnnie, making no reply, was promptly cuffed over, but sat up again upon orders.

"'Whitey,' she said to the other, 'let's see if you will answer; if you won't, you are a dweadful naughty rabbit, too, and I'll punish you. Now, how much ith two times two?'

"Whitey only wiggled one ear, and she cuffed him over. She was about to question Johnnie again, when, in the interests of humanity, I interfered.

"'Tottie,' I said, 'what are you doing? Don't you know that the poor little rabbits can't talk, much less answer questions in mathematics?'

"She looked up at me, and with lips that began to quiver a little, said:

"'Wy, papa, dey can, too. Aunt Jennie told mamma dis vewy day zat wabbits multiply like evyzing.'"

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR STONE, who for many years past has, day in and day out, received and reduced to typewritten copy his share of Associated Press report at the local office of that organization, has lately gone to Seattle to handle the wire at the Association's office there. Recounting something of his long experience to a friend recently, he said:

"The work might seem to be of the most monotonous and wearing description, as it demands long hours of absolute concentration, pounding the typewriter for yard after yard of news items, market reports, convention proceedings, President's messages, legislative enactments and so on. Indeed, I would not like to have to walk the miles of manifold copy I've turned out in my time.

"The work, however, becomes so mechanical that one will grind away at it in the small hours of the morning, sometimes when wearied and sleepy, working like a clock, with scarce consciousness of the fact that syllables, words and sentences are being formed, with proper sequence and meaning.

"Sometimes, though, one's wire is hot with such news that the operator, the very first of all the people in a town to learn of outside happenings, is kept afire with excitement. If I live a thousand years I'll never forget one night, the night of July 3, 1898. It was worth a lifetime of service in the operator's chair to have a night like that, when the glorious news of Santiago clicked out at my elbow.

"Beyond the low partition the front of the office was filled with Naval men, Army men and civilians, all wildly excited. As the boy carried out the tissue-manifold from my machine the crowd snatched the sheets from him and read, amid the wildest cheering I ever heard. I could scarcely refrain from screaming myself, as, in my shirtsleeves, perspiring, I pounded the typewriter, while I chewed a big black cigar into little bits. Yes, my boy, that was a night to be remembered."

"IT'S TOO BAD," said Agent Sheldon, of the Burlington, the other day. "It's too bad about this dreadful Lewis and Clark Fair graft, isn't it? I was moved almost to tears—of laughter—a little while ago. I was standing in the front door there and chanced to overhear a conversation between two typical street demagogues. The talk, as I recall it, was about like this:

"'I see,' says No. 1, 'that they've killed the 'nyshyative and 'frendum on the fair.'

"'How's that?' asks No. 2.

"'Oh, the Secretary of the Treasury up to Salem butted into it in some way—he's just a tool of the money power—and he issued a order settin' forth that they had to have the p'tition in in a certain time. That was just a trick to keep 'em from gettin' the required number of names to the p'tition, and the trick worked to a charm. More'n 40,000 people didn't have no chance to sign it. It never got 'roun' to me, and I'll bet it never got 'roun' to you, did it?'

"'No,' says No. 2, spitting through a grating, 'no, you bet it didn't, and I'm tellin' you right now, there's something rotten in Bismarck in the way that business was handled, an' don't you forget it.'

"'Yer right,' says No. 1. 'That's the way the thing goes. That little dodge just put the kibosh on the expression of the will of the people. Now they've got their own way, and you just watch 'em' (here No. 1 got terribly impressive) 'you just watch them fellers, Lewis and Clark They've got a cinch now, and you mark what I'm tellin' you—they'll both clean up a big lump o' money out o' this, an' it's just by robbin' the people of Oregon.'"

"I HAVE always had strong faith in the possibilities of action by will power alone," said the quiet-voiced man with white hair. He had come aboard at Salem and had opened conversation by a courteous acknowledgement of the removal of a fellow passenger's feet from the seat opposite. The talk had referred to the public institutions at the state capital, and the last speaker's point was upon methods of handling criminals and lunatics.

"But," he went on, "I never realized the truly phenomenal, almost supernatural character of the will until it was tested in my own experience. Some years ago, I don't remember just how or when, I contracted an appetite for a certain drug—not morphine nor opium—but there is no necessity for my naming it. I did not feel at any time that I was becoming a slave to it. I knew that I could shake off the habit with ease when I so desired, shake it off by a mere effort of the will—and I felt no ill effects.

"But it fell upon a day—it seemed a hazy sort of day, with landscape surroundings of a curious, changeable character—which I ascribed to mirage—it happened upon that day, I say, that I found myself being pursued by a strange, unspeakably horrible creature. The most terrifying thing about it was its silence. Though of leviathanic length, its slimy, vicious exterior and rubber-like elasticity enabled it not only to squirm along between the high brick buildings of a city street, but even among the trunks of the great forest of fir through which I fled with the speed of a spirit.

"No language spoken outside the confines of Hell itself could describe the terror that gripped my soul. My limbs became numb from the rapidity of their movements, but though I kept on with undiminished swiftness, I saw that the thing was gaining. It was close behind, and, like an awful shadow, it was without sound.

"I had reached a rugged, mountainous region and in my desperate efforts to escape, I doubled and turned through vast canyons and masses of rock. Suddenly I ran into a sort of cul de sac, shaped like the apex of a great wedge. The monster form cut off all retreat.

"It was then that I thought of the use of the will. Summoning every psychological fiber of my being for the effort, I willed to rise and projected myself upward, just in the nick of time. To my relief and astonishment I found that I had overcome the force of gravity and I rose (just like a feather falls) to the top of a great precipice. Here in exquisite happiness and triumph I paused to rest a moment. Then, on the impulse of curiosity, I peered over the edge of the abyss.

"And I looked straight into the visage of that thrice-damned thing. It was climbing up with great, sticky, spider-like legs. Even as I stared downward one of the waving feelers, projecting from its head, smote me in the face, like a brush from a paste pot.

"Shrieking with dread, I fled again from mountain top to mountain top, but across the intervening valleys followed the shadowy horror, like a murderer's conscience. Fear is akin to anger and the rage that grew within me was almost as unbearable as the torture of the terror. The desire for revenge, the longing to rid myself of this pursuit led me, after months, yes, years of it, to plan many a strategem to that end.

"Once I drew the monster low on the course of the Colorado River into the heart of the Grand Canyon. Rising suddenly to the top of its enormous wall, I managed to dislodge a section of rock as large as a modern brick block. I fondly hoped to crush it, but though the great mass fell upon my enemy through thousands of feet, it was only to bounce off, like a pebble from a football.

"This was discouraging, and I realized at last that only the realms of space itself would secure my freedom. Again I resolved to exercise the power of the will. Archimedes required a fulcrum in order to move the world. I had but to summon my resolution and with my puny arms thrust the earth from me and I was at last alone and free.

"About me was nothingness, silence. The fast disappearing ball of this planet left a final impression of the baffled monster, erect, trying to reach into space after me. I laughed in the joy of security. Such comfort of relief was never before given to mortal. At last I had time to think. Then the absurdity of it all suddenly came home to me. I realized clearly the absolute impossibility of such phenomena.

"It was unreal, it was nonsense, of course. I had only to exert the will once more and I would awake. I struggled desperately.

"Then, all at once I awoke, and as one opens the door of a dungeon and enters the sunlight I was again on earth with faculties clear. But I was a weak, white-haired old-young man, and I found myself in a padded room of that madhouse.

"It is over, and I am on my way home at last.

"Gentlemen, I see that you have shuddered at my tale, yet you listened with absorbed attention. It is natural. The most torturing at the same time the most fascinating of all emotions is fear."

L. P.

BURN 1300 SLOTS.

Philadelphia Police Seize Gambling Devices.

Philadelphia North American.

More than 1300 slot machines were burned yesterday. What at 4 o'clock in the afternoon was a pile of gambling devices valued at $130,000, two hours later lay a heap of smoldering ashes and heat-distorted scrap iron.

Guarded by police and firemen, the huge bonfire on the lot at Thirty-second street and Lancaster avenue roared and crackled. Clergymen, officers of the Law and Order Society and city officers looked on inside the ropes, while without more than 5000 persons gave curious heed to the proceedings.

Oil-soaked, the great rick of multi-colored dials, glistening metal and shining wood blazed high and burned fast. At its height the fire's heat was too intense to be borne by any within 50 yards of it. Iron work writhed as though in agony, and the dumb instruments of vice gave forth protesting explosions.

It was more than the mere destruction of condemned property. It was a fiery explation of the sin of a city. The flames that discounted the heat of the sun and the smoke that crowned their forked tips were the concrete expressions of a great victory for the cause of municipal reform.

Since Director Smyth has heeded the Department of Public Safety things have changed. Progress has been more rapid. The law has been upheld by those whose duty it is to uphold it. The fire that burned in West Philadelphia yesterday bears testimony to this. The dead body of slot-machine gambling found its crematory. The epitaph on its urn is a eulogy of the Weaver administration.

Most of Monday night and nearly all day yesterday big ice wagons went back and forth between the headquarters of the Law and Order Society and the City Hall and the vacant lot bounded by Lancaster avenue, Thirty-second, Cuthbert and Thirty-third streets. Steadily there grew a pile of all sorts and conditions of slot machines.

Seven hundred came from the society's headquarters and more than 600 from the Department of Public Safety. Around the lot ropes were stretched, and policemen of the Sixteenth District kept outside of them a constantly swelling crowd. Two barrels of oil were brought up near the pyre, and over in little Douglas street a chemical engine was held in readiness for any accidents.

A stalwart policeman with a stone broke in the heads of the oil barrels, and strong arms dipped out the fluid and saturated the stack of machines. All except one, a big double affair, lay in the one pile. The exception excited much curiosity. A card on it stated that it had been captured at Third and Walnut streets. No one seemed to know the why of its lonely state, and eventually it went to destruction with the rest. Somebody wise in such matters said it was the only device of its complicated kind in the city, and was worth $700.

It was 20 minutes past 4 o'clock when Magistrate Eisenbrown, before whom most of the cases growing out of the slot machine raids were heard, applied a torch to the petroleum-dripping pile. Tiny, snakelike flames wriggled inward and upward, and puffs of smoke shot away on the brisk southwest wind. This was a matter of a few seconds; then the fire took hold with sudden earnestness. Its first roars were drowned by cheers from the spectators.

Those who had gathered close fled back before the waxing heat. The seasoned wood of the machines burned like kindling. While the open-air furnace worked its will, three more loads of the illegal devices arrived from City Hall. The wagons were backed up as close as the heat would allow and their contents hurled into the fire. These three loads were the last of the supply. Slowly the flames died down, and the onlookers dispersed.

Many in the crowds muttered curses. There were gloomy-eyed men with noisy garments. They agreed that the affair was a "shame"—the "shame" invariably adorned by an unprintable adjective—sometimes by two or three. For the most part, though, the spectators looked on the scene as a show. Pretty girls asked curious questions of their escorts, small boys guyed the guardians of the fire, and men and women crowded close to the ropes, that they might miss no interesting incident. Here and there a clergyman, surrounded by a group of listeners, used the event to point a moral. One of them was particularly interested to know why the Government issued patents for such things as burned in the lot near-by. Nobody seemed able or willing to elucidate the matter.

D. Clarence Gibboney, secretary of the Law and Order Society, and Assistant Director of Public Safety Alexander Colville, who represented Director Smyth, who was kept away by pressing business, exercised general supervision over the destruction of the machines. Among others who were prominent in the crowd gathered about the flaming mass were the Rev. Hughes O. Gibbons and the Rev. Joseph May, president and vice-president of the Law and Order Society; the Rev. J. J. Timanus, and the Rev. Mr. Hunsberger, of Camden. Captain McCoach was in command of the police.

RUGS FURNITURE CARPETS CHINA HOUSE FURNISHINGS DRAPERIES

H. E. EDWARDS

185-187-189-191 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.

SALE OF BRUSSELS CARPET 59 CENTS PER YARD

Beautiful new designs are now being shown on our Carpet floor. The Brussels which we are offering at 59 cents is what is generally sold at 75c to 85c, and the price is good for one week. During this sale charge for sewing, laying and lining will be 9c per yard.

KITCHEN UTENSILS AT REDUCED PRICES

Paring Knives	5c	Clothes Pins, doz	1c	Pie Tins	2c
Butcher Knives	15c	Lamp Chimneys	5c	Bread Pans	5c
16 Granite Sauce Pan	20c	Rolling Pin	5c	Flour Sifters	10c
Granite Rice Boiler	35c	Gem Pans	10c	Steel Fry Pan	15c
Potts' Iron Set	$1.00	8 Steel Skillets	30c	Granite Tea Kettle	65c
Clothes Wringer	1.10	Cop. Bottom Boilers	95c	Kitchen Scales	$1.45

Neat Little Fir Table, highly finished in golden oak color. Special price 95c

New Whitney GoCarts have arrived — call and see the line while it is complete. We sell a pretty Sleeper Go-Cart for $10.00

At our store can be found the largest selection of Mirrors in the city—12x12 Mirror, with hooks, for hats, only $2.50

TO UNVEIL MONUMENTS

MEMORIALS TO DEAD LODGE MEMBERS TO BE DEDICATED TODAY.

Woodmen of the World and Women of Woodcraft to Conduct Ceremonies.

The procession for the Woodmen of the World memorial, which will be held in Lone Fir cemetery this afternoon, will be formed at Tenth and Washington streets, under command of Colonel J. C. Jones, of the Uniform Rank, at 2 P. M., assisted by the several captains. The camps, headed by the Uniform Rank lodges, will march across Morrison-street bridge to East Tenth, and at East Alder and East Eighteenth streets will be joined by the Portland Camps of Women of Woodcraft. At East Twentieth and East Stark at the entrance to Lone Fir cemetery the members of the camps will open ranks and allow the circles to enter the cemetery first. In this order the procession will proceed to the Park Blocks, where the unveiling ceremonies will be held.

Two monuments have been placed on the platform, one of which will be unveiled in memory of the dead of Woodmen of the World, and the other in memory of the dead of women of Woodcraft who have died in Portland the past year. Both Woodmen and Women of Woodcraft will participate in the ceremonies. The following will conduct the ritualistic services of the unveiling of the monuments:

Woodmen of the World officers—Consul-commander, William Reidt, Webfoot Camp, No. 65; adviser, A. W. Schmale, Portland Camp, No. 107; banker, Watts, Albina Camp, No. 191; clerk, H. O. Richards, Prosperity Camp, No. 396; watchman, T. J. Joergenson, Prospect Camp, No. 140; sentry, E. J. Rathbun, Mount Tabor Camp, No. 318; escort, Albert Ehlers, Montavilla Camp, No. 89; master of ceremony, E. R. Raymond, Sunnyside Camp, No. 319; orator, T. J. Murphy, Webfoot Camp, No. 65.

Women of Woodcraft—Guardian neighbor, Mrs. J. W. Morrow; assistant guardian neighbor, Mrs. Snow, Oregon, No. 171; adviser, Mrs. J. Davey, Mount Hood Circle, No. 151; magician, Mrs. Harrington, of Juanita, No. 275; clerk, Miss Harriet S. Baker, Arbutus, No. 273; banker, Mrs. Maggie E. Hearn, Nomah, No. 501; attendant, Mrs. E. J. Rathbun, Mount Tabor; inside sentry, Mrs. Repka, Mount Tabor; outer sentry, Mrs. Saraff Hess, Montavilla, No. 400; musician, Mrs. Mertie Lewis, Montavilla; reader of poem to the dead—Mrs. Jeff Hayes.

This year the Uniform Ranks, composed of members of the Camps and the Guards from the Circles, will make a fine display. These two branches have been largely increased and drilled and provided with uniforms. Each Uniform Rank and Guard will precede the Camp and Circle to which it belongs.

NEW TRAIN SERVICE.

Commencing June 13, the Canadian Pacific will inaugurate fast service, placing in commission the famous "Imperial Limited." This train makes the run from ocean to ocean in four days.

STEAMER LURLINE.

This favorite steamer, thoroughly repaired and renovated throughout, is regularly on the Portland-Astoria route, leaving Taylor-street dock daily, except Sunday, at 7 A. M.

Enlargement and inflammation of the prostate gland are cured by Oregon Kidney Tea.

STEINWAY

AND FIFTEEN OTHER MAKES OF HIGH-GRADE

PIANOS

Cash or easy monthly payments

We will allow no one to undersell us.

Soule Bros. Piano Co.

326 Washington St., near Sixth St.

Fine tuning and polishing. Phone Main 677.

$50 REWARD $50

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of anyone claiming to be our agent. Our glasses are never peddled or sold at your residence. Anyone claiming to represent us is an impostor. We have seen hundreds of people whose eyes have been ruined by wearing glasses bought from traveling spectacle sellers. They may be sensible persons and display good judgment in all other matters, but in this one respect they act most foolishly and without reason. If your eyes are troubling you in any way it will certainly pay you to come to our institution, where our expert eye specialists will give you a scientific examination FREE OF CHARGE and show you with colored charts the cause of your eye trouble.

Finest quality white crystal Lenses fitted to your eyes, with a two-year guarantee for accuracy $1

Same quality lenses sold by other opticians for $2.50.

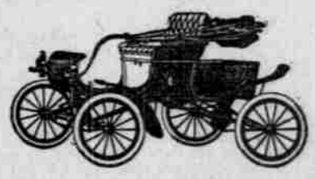
Should any of our patrons who have had glasses made here need a re-examination of their eyes or new glasses, we will examine their eyes and fit new lenses to their old frames FREE OF CHARGE.

NOTE—Remember, before buying glasses elsewhere that this is the only optical institution on the Pacific Coast that will exchange lenses at any time in two years without extra cost.

We sell "EYE-CURA," the great eye remedy; cures weak, tired, sore, granulated or overworked eyes. Recommended by physicians everywhere to be the best eye remedy. Mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents.

OREGON OPTICAL CO.

EXCLUSIVE OPTICIANS 173 Fourth St., near Yamhill



Everyone Interested AND NO WONDER

Not a more satisfactory, serviceable and reliable runabout is made than

The OLDSMOBILE

WHICH IS BUILT TO RUN—AND DOES IT

All Roads Alike to It

Standard Models $675

Wood Wheel Models $690

Three of the carload received already sold. The rest will go rapidly. Call and let us demonstrate their many good qualities to you.

FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO., Inc.

105-111 Sixth St., Portland, Or.

Spokane Tacoma Seattle

DR. W. A. WISE.

PAINLESS EXTRACTING

We do Crown and Bridge Work without pain. Our 18-years' experience in plate work enables us to fit your mouth comfortably.

We have feeling as well as you.

Dr. W. A. Wise, manager, has found a safe way to extract teeth absolutely without pain. Dr. T. P. Wise is an expert at Gold Filling and Crown and Bridge Work.

Extracting free when plates or bridges are ordered.

DR. T. P. WISE.

WISE BROS., Dentists 208-213 FAILING BUILDING, Cor. 3d and Wash. Sts.

Open evenings till 9. Sundays from 9 to 12. Or. Main 2029.