

The Oregonian

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. INvariably in Advance. (By Mail.) Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$3.00...

posed to spend money "to clear him." He is a little late with his finances. Prevention of the delinquency is cheaper than curing it, and he will learn that if he had given his son a little pocket money...

POSTAGE RATE. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1879. Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

IMPORTANT. The postal laws are strict. Newspapers on which postage is not fully prepaid are subject to detention.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE. The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York, rooms 48-50 Tribune building...

KEIT ON SALE. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1879. Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

HARRIMAN'S STOCK GAMBLING. The Union Pacific report, of which we have published summaries, was drawn up to make fair weather with stockholders and bondholders.

THE PESTIFEROUS HOUSE FLY. After recording an exhaustive scientific report of a committee on sanitation of the New York Merchants' Association, in which the pernicious activity, as a filth carrier, of the common house fly is set forth...

PREVENTION FOR BOYS. Continued arrests of growing boys for petty stealing and embryonic burglary mean something is wrong. The normal boy is not a thief by nature.

Right there, perhaps, lies the trouble. The father of the "boy of a good family," himself reared under different circumstances and surroundings...

and gathering the plunder of all nations in her cities. It is interesting to try to imagine what would have happened when the Southern slave barons had discovered the meek and industrious millions of China...

IT IS A SIMPLE STORY. Caveat emptor. The daughters of the Confederacy should have known better what they were about when they invited Mr. C. E. S. Wood to address them.

MADE-TO-ORDER PORT. "Mersey Docks and Harbor Board," an organization which performs for the great port of Liverpool functions similar to those which are looked after for this city by the Board of Portland...

VICTIM OF ENVIRONMENT. The wild and woolly Western cowboy who shoots up a town and does other equally ridiculous things has disappeared forever, except from the stages of the Bowery theaters.

THE HARRIMAN REPORT. Its Apology for Its Enormous Stock Gambling. Mr. Harriman could not well ignore these transactions in his annual report for the Union Pacific Railroad.

THE TREATING HABIT. The abuse of liquor drinking would be reduced to the minimum if the "treating" habit were abolished. This is a fact known and acknowledged by all who have taken definite steps...

Fate of Genius. Home Town (Pa.) Banner. At the Methodist Church festival last Wednesday evening the editor of the Banner was voted the handsomest man in Homestead. Next morning he had only piled beds and bread and butter for breakfast.

Conscience-Stricken Thief Relents. Philadelphia Record. A pickpocket who robbed Edward G. Miller of Paulsboro, N. J., of several hundred dollars, wrote saying he would return the money if luck came his way.

NOT MUCH OF A BUGABOO. The postmaster-general's parcels post project which has made such a stir seems to have been pretty generally misunderstood. It is by no means so extensive as most people have supposed.

At the annual meeting of the Vertebrate paleontologists of America at Yale University a resolution was passed asking Congress to establish game laws for the protection of whales and green turtles.

The Oregon State Journal has been published at Eugene by Harrison R. Kincaid forty-four years. He started the paper and during this whole period as chief proprietor and editor.

Where the Bee Sucks. From "The Tempest." Where the bee sucks, there suck I. In the cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry.

Maiden Meditation, Fancy Free. From "Midsummer Night's Dream." Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st me.

Over Hill, Over Dale. From "Midsummer Night's Dream." Over hill, over dale, Through bush, through brier, Over park, over pasture, Under shade of every tree, I do wander everywhere.

Full Fathom Five. From "The Tempest." Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes; Nothing of him that doth fade; But doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange; Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell; Hark! now I hear—Beneath the wave—Ding-dong, bell.

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds; Some war with rear-mice for their leather wings. To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back. Keep back the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders.

kept this young girl—the daughter of a prominent citizen of Vancouver—from making the acquaintance of a common soldier, the lapse in vigilance that permitted this was to a certain extent made good by the father's sudden awakening to his duty and his prompt pursuit and rescue of his young daughter.

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Fairy Lore From Shakespeare

The Fairies' Lullaby. From "Midsummer Night's Dream." Enter Titania, with her train. Titania—Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song; Then, for the third part of a minute, let me sit on the musk-rose buds; Some war with rear-mice for their leather wings.

To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back. Keep back the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders. At our quaint spirits, sing me now asleep; Then to your offices let me rest.

First Fairy—You'll make me, with double tongue, Thy throaty hedges, be not sworn. News, and blind-worms, do no wrong; Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus—Philomet, with melody. Sing in our sweet lullaby; Lullia, lullia, lullaby; lullia, lullia, lullaby; Nor sleep nor charm. One here, one there, one night; So, good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy—Weaving spiders, come not here; Hence, you long-legged spinnners, hence! Beaters black, and buskins white; Worms, no snail, do no offense.

Chorus—Philomet, with melody. Come Unto These Yellow Sands. From "The Tempest." Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands; Curst if you have, and kissed The wild waves whist. Foot it fairly here and there; And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Chorus—Philomet, with melody. Where the Bee Sucks. From "The Tempest." Where the bee sucks, there suck I. In the cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry. On the bat's back I do sit high; Over Summer, merrily, Merrily, merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Maiden Meditation, Fancy Free. From "Midsummer Night's Dream." Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st me. Since once I sat upon a promontory And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, uttering such airy, and harmonious breath.

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