

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Proprietors.Address THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL
209 Yamhill St., between Fourth and Fifth
Portland, Oregon.INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC
PAPER OF OREGONEntered at the postoffice of Portland,
Oregon, for transmission through the
mail as second-class matter.
Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10
or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 25 pages, 2
cents; over 25 pages, 3 cents.Anonymous communications will not be
noticed. Rejected communications will
not be returned.Telephones:
Business Office: Oregon Main 500; Colum-
bia 700.
Editorial Rooms—Oregon Main 250.Terms, by Carrier:
THE JOURNAL, one year, \$5.00
THE JOURNAL, six months, 2.50
THE JOURNAL, three months, 1.30
THE JOURNAL, by the week, .10
THE JOURNAL, by mail, per year, \$4.00
THE JOURNAL, by mail, 6 months, 2.00
THE JOURNAL, by mail, 3 months, 1.00The Eastern representative of
this paper is Albert E. Hasbrouck,
11 Times Building, New York, and
Hartford Building, Chicago.When you leave the city or change your ad-
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Oregon Daily Journal.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1902.

The Nicaragua volcanoes will not get
quiet until the Isthmian Coast propo-
sition is absolutely settled.The coronation proceedings are still re-
cent enough for Mrs. Maybrick's friends
to work Eddys for a pardon.When Charley Fair was in San Fran-
cisco he traveled fast enough on foot.
No wonder the automobile salt killed
him.A cripple in San Francisco recently
tried to pawn his wooden leg to secure
bail. This is the good old-fashioned vari-
ety known as leg bail.If the Panama Canal question was de-
finitely settled and the money paid over
Uncle Sam might be able to discover
whether he had been gold-bricked or not.An Indiana man has sold his wife to
another who fancied her, for 30 cents.
That is the difference between desire and
possession. She couldn't have looked
like 30 cents to both of them.We fear the election of a newspaper
man to the United States Senate is one
of the dreams the Oregon Press Asso-
ciation has had while in the hop country.
An iridescent, vanishing, prismatic
vision—that's all; that's all.Senator Elkins is nothing if not logi-
cal. He thinks the United States would
be injured by admitting Cuban products
under law duties, but that if we would
take the Cubans along with their prod-
ucts, everything would be lovely.Mineowners are reckless of danger, to
other people. They don't work under-
ground, and are like the dog that howled
when the dinner gong was beaten in an
Arkansas town. His owner kicked him
and remarked: "Shut up, you blamed
fool, you don't have to eat."Prince Borghese has been offered \$1,000-
000 for a painting he owns, and though it
is his the Italian Government refuses to
let him sell it. Thus do the mighty
wear the yoke, while any American citi-
zen can soak his stepmother's watch or
his wife's jewelry without let or hind-
rance.And now it is all settled. The Rev.
Canon Westcott, Head Master of Sher-
burne Schools, England, has deliberately
admitted that while his father thought
a woman had no brains, he, himself,
really believed they had brains just like
a man. Brethren, this is a joke for
Punch.The Oregon Press Association has run
a regular Jacob's ladder into the political
sky and the venerable dean of the frater-
nity in Oregon has curled up content-
edly at its foot, with Davey by his side,
waiting for the angels to descend. Be-
ing legislative angels, they don't come
down, not for grass.The startling news comes from Berke-
ley Cal., that Eustace L. Furlong has
discovered the remains of an aethero-
lum simlun in a limestone cave in Shasta
County. It rests one's brain to know
that the remains are those of a bear.
If probably became exhausted carrying
its name around with it.

LA FOLLETTE FOR THE PEOPLE.

With what cunning and craft, power
seeks to place itself over the people, and
in what far and becoming garb it
clothes itself on its first approaches.
The case in point is the contest between
Senator Spooner and Governor La Fol-
lette in Wisconsin. Spooner represents
craft, cunning, power and plunder, on
the one hand, and La Follette the dis-
interested public on the other. That is
the ground of the battle.Spooner assumes that the seat he oc-
cupies in the Senate is his, by sovereign
right, his personality. La Follette takes
the position that the seat belongs to
the people of Wisconsin. Spooner feelsa little too lordly to obey or to pay at-
tention to the wants of the people and
of the state. He essays to have his own
will in Washington and then have the
home folks knuckle down to him in state
affairs in any way that will further his
aggressive schemes among his fellow-
Senators. He is a very useful man to
schemers generally in Washington.The people of Wisconsin, through La
Follette, their Governor, who is him-
self a citizen put in a public place and
charged with certain public duties, feel
that Spooner is sent to Washington to
serve them, and not himself or any spe-
cial corporate interest, and that he is
in duty and in honor bound to give heed
to their wants, and to support these
wants to the best of his ability. When
the people, through La Follette, make
this suggestion to him, and what they
want him to do, he turns his nose high
up in the air and expresses himself much
as Vanderbilt did in Chicago, and he is
supported in that unreasonable attitude
by every organ of power, pelf and plun-
der, over the entire country.It is amusing to see with what readi-
ness and gusto they come to his rescue,
and with what relief and bitterness they
denounce La Follette. Spooner is the
pet and mouthpiece of the schemers and
looters and must be defended and up-
held at any cost, and kept in his place,
no matter what the people of Wisconsin
may think about it or want. The organs
say the views of the Republicans of the
state as set forth in their state plat-
forms are "trifling concerns," that they
are put forth "as a piece of arrogance
by a vulgar factional dictator," all of
which is supremely disgusting to the
gentlemen who are so altogether disin-
terested.

OUR ALASKAN TRADE THAT ISN'T

Anon comes the suggestion that Port-
land move to secure a division of the
business transacted between the North
Coast cities and Alaska and British Co-
lumbia. Anon occurs a spasmodic ef-
fort. Anon follows nothing.Those who appreciate the possibilities
of the Northern trade sometimes weary
of importing this city to learn the
facts and sharpen its eyesight that it
may peer into the future. For, that the
North has a bright future not one man
doubts who has been there and who un-
derstands the limitless resources of that
region.The Territory of Alaska and British
Columbia is desirable as a field for
developing trade for the reason that it
never will become a producer of the
necessities to any extent, and will there-
fore always yield profitable returns upon
the investment made in securing a foot-
hold. It is a country needing enormous
quantities of goods annually per capita,
for cold demands fuel for the human
body, and severities of weather call for
ample protection of clothing and vari-
ous supplies.It is a mining region, capable of pro-
ducing heavily for many years and there
are other industries, all of which are
able to pay well for what is shipped to
them.This trade awaits the enterprise of
Portland merchants. It needs only the
going after to be secured. Not all of it,
to be sure, yet a comfortable share may
be taken from Seattle which now prac-
tically monopolizes the Alaskan trade,
excepting San Francisco sends large
quantities to go into the territory via
St. Michaels.Are we to rest content to permit others
to have this business?

THE SCIENCE OF JOKING.

Some of the editorial paragraphs
"quibbled" about the reward for
Tracy's capture, saying: "The reward
should be paid to Tracy's estate, inas-
much as Tracy killed himself."Some other editors, mostly heavy men
on exchanges, took it up and are now
engaged in exhorting those paragraph-
ers for uttering such sentiments.Brethren of the heavy editorial desks,
those paragraphs were joking.Brethren of the paragraphs' desks,
label your jokes. You should remember
that the average editorial writer don't
know a joke when he sees it, unless it
be marked. All of which reminds us
of the incident when Bishop Wilberforce,
standing upon the street joking with
some boys, as was his wont, suddenly
stopped and whispered: "Hush, boys,
don't crack any more of those jokes.
Here comes a fool."

LITTLE SERMONS.

"Be natural." Absurd! If we were the
world would be bedlam.
Permitting a nickname in childhood is
to be embarrassed in later life.We seem to be the better off who have
no neighbors, for to love them is not
often possible.Great men, unlike great deeds, have
a limited vocabulary.Merriment is one of the most delight-
ful qualities, but to giggle or laugh con-
tinually harasses the listener.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The way to make a woman sure you
love her is not to love her, but tell her
so.Some men get a vacation from worry
by going away from home for a little
rest at their business.A woman takes a good deal of pride
in thinking what would become of her
husband if she were dead.
Some men are so tactful they can get
over loving a woman and make her think
it is because they love her so much.

THE USES OF PRINTERS' INK.

Advertising is so business what steam
is to machinery—the grand motive power.
—Macaulay.There is but one way of obtaining busi-
ness—publicity; but one way of obtain-
ing publicity—advertising.
—Blackwood.Byron W. Orr, in the National Adver-
tiser, writes interestingly as follows:
"How many advertisers will you find
who are ready to say that a certain
paper does not pay as an advertising
medium, from the fact that the said
advertiser used the columns of the
paper once, or perhaps for two or three
insertions, and declare that it brought
no returns. The same advertisements are
also inserted in other papers, while
the one particular medium is not given
a fair test to prove its value to the
advertiser. I do not claim that every
paper will prove the right medium for
every advertiser, for no paper can be
absolutely perfect as a profit-yielding
investment for every advertisement in-
serted therein. Nor is every paper
positively bad until properly tested and
given a fair trial. Newspaper publici-
ty is a great lever for business pro-
motion when properly done, and the
advertiser is often more at fault for not
getting results than the paper. As the
farmer husks the corn, threshes his
wheat, cracks the nuts of the tree and
makes use of all the essentials about
the farm for producing an abundance
of crops, so the wise advertiser makes
direct use of the newspaper which can
serve his interests best. It is con-
tinuous judicious advertising that makes
the best test. A mere single insertion
is not likely to burn itself into human
memory very long. It is not so often
the fault of the medium as it may be
with the advertisement. If the advertiser
fails to take advantage of the right
kind of service, if he is not willing to pay
a reasonable price for talent, he need
not wonder at the uncertainties about
his advertising and some mediums."WHAT GOOD ADVERTISING DID
FOR PEA ISLAND.
There is a little handful of earth in
Long Island Sound called Pea Island.
It was so insignificant in size that no-
body paid any attention to it until one
day a man from New York City came
along, took a fancy to the spot and of-
fered to purchase and make it his own
for the not very extravagant sum of
\$50. He failed to get it at that price, as
the official who had charge of these
odds and ends of real estate belonging
to the state decided to put it up at auc-
tion, giving any one else a chance at it,
and sell it to the highest bidder. When
the auction was held it was found that
some one else had his eye on the islet,
and bought it in for \$1200. Now if Pea
Island had been advertised in the usual
routine and perfunctory way that such
notices are inserted in the newspapers,
the chances are the \$50 man would have
secured the price. Instead of that
however, the state board advertised the
sale in the same way as any intelligent
and up-to-date business man would ad-
vertise his goods, and mark the result.

NOT FAR ENOUGH.

Tess—I don't like Jack Hanson's ways
at all. He is always trying to kiss me.
Jess—Oh, come now! You know you
can't imagine anything nicer than to have
him kiss you.
Tess—Exactly. But, as I tell you, he's
always trying and that's all.—Philadel-
phia Press.

POEMS WORTH READING.

EXCELSIOR

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82).
The title of "Excelsior," or "Higher" was
suggested to the author by the motto of
the State of New York. The famous
monks of St. Bernard have in the Alps
saving stations and intelligent dogs for
the accommodation and assistance of
travelers.
The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!
In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior!
"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last goodnight.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!
"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!"
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THE WEEKLY PAPER IS GOING TO STAY.

An advertiser of one of the propie-
tary products on the market has taken
up the subject of the value of cer-
tain kinds of advertising and the me-
diums through which they get publicity,
and has come to the conclusion that the
weekly paper is declining, and that
henceforth the big dailies will be the
chief or only mediums in which the propie-
tary articles will place dependence.
This man may be right, according to
his lights, but his study has apparently
the evidences of superficiality or of
hastily-put-together thoughts. No in-
telligent person will attempt for a
moment to deny the great influence of a
great daily paper, and the advantages it
possesses over the lesser dailies and the
meritorious weekly papers, but for some
other person to maintain that the less
important dailies and weeklies will have
to shut up shop and go out of business
is about as narrow and as superficial as
a survey of the subject as one can readily
imagine. Both classes of newspapers
have their respective fields. The large
dailies are great factors in the adver-
tising field, and produce great results,
but because they do so it does not fol-
low that they are the only pebbles on
the beach. There is a number of bright,
intelligent and enterprising weeklies in
this country, and if an advertising agent
or manager of one of these proprietary
articles has been disappointed in not re-
realizing all he expected by doing busi-
ness with some of these weeklies, that is
no reason for his putting forth such
views as tend to reflect the narrowness
of his investigations.

AN ADVERTISING MORAL.

Once upon a time a donkey fell into
a deep hole, and after nearly starving,
caught sight of a passing fox, and im-
plored the stranger to help him out.
"I am too small to aid you," said the
fox, "but I will give you some advice.
Only a few rods away is a big, strong
elephant. Call to him and he will get
you out in a jiffy."
After the fox had gone the donkey
thus reasoned: "I am very weak from
want of nourishment. Every move I
make is just so much additional loss of
strength. If I raise my voice to call
the elephant I shall be weaker yet. I
will not waste my substance that way.
It is the duty of the elephant to come
without calling."
So the donkey settled himself back
and eventually starved to death.
Long afterward the fox, on passing
the hole, saw within a whitened skele-
ton, and remarked:
"If it be that, the souls of animals
are transmigrated into men, that don-
key will become one of those mer-
chants who can never afford to adver-
tise!"—EX.

P-I'S BIG CONTRACT.

The Post-Intelligencer of Seattle,
Wash., a few days ago closed probably
the largest display advertising contract
ever signed on the Pacific Coast. The
contract was for \$5,000 in display ad-
vertising, and was made by Nordhoff
& Co., proprietors of the Bon Marche.

DANGEROUS TENDENCIES.

A good word at a right time has been
spoken by the A. May Argus, in connec-
tion with the case of Rebecca J. Taylor.Some anonymous correspondent has re-
sisted it for approving her criticism of
the public department in which she
worked, and it resulted:
"We must get rid of the un-American
and dangerous notion that heads of de-
partments are 'our rulers,' and that an
extravagant, hypocritical, personal
loyalty is due to these so-called rulers."
The employees of our Government, whether
they be heads of departments or clerks,
serve the hosts, that is the people
of the state. Their duty is to the
people. They are all alike servants;
there is not a ruler among them. If
one of them knows that a department
is being run, by its temporary, transient
head, in an extravagant, scandalous or
hurtful manner, then it is his duty—his
highest and most sacred duty—to let
his real employer, the people, know the
facts as to the mismanagement of the
public business."One of the most dangerous tendencies
in American life is that which incu-
perates peculiar respect for officeholders. An
officeholder should be respected for
fidelity to his trust, and whether he be
faithful or not his official acts should
be obeyed in the interests of good order;
but he should not be respected merely
because he holds office and above all
he should never be exalted in the pub-
lic mind above criticism. When "re-
spect for the office" leads to toleration
of bad service it is time to throw it off.
The fact that officials, from lowest to
highest, are not rulers, but servants,
should never be lost sight of.—The Public.

BUT THIS IS SILLY SEASON.

Some of the silly newspapers are now
urging that the rewards in the Tracy
and Merrill cases should go to Tracy's
estate as he was the person to kill both
of the outlaws and the cause of the de-
livery of their bodies at Salem. Liter-
ally, this may be true, but Tracy did not
kill Merrill to bring him to justice and
only killed himself to keep from danc-
ing at the end of a rope or being shot
to death by his pursuers. The theory
of the papers that urge that the money
belongs to Tracy's estate is that the dead
murderer man's heirs might sue his
estate for killing their relatives and thus
secure the reward money. In the mat-
ter of the Tracy reward the five men
who pursued him to death and the boy
who informed on him ought to have the
reward divided equally between them.
The brave (?) Sheriff who is claiming a
part of the reward ought to be retired as
soon as his term of office expires.—East
Oregonian.

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at all. He is always trying to kiss me.
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THE GINGER JAR.

The body of an unknown was found in
a small Kansas town recently. In his
pockets was \$100 in cash and a fine re-
volver. The coroner took \$75 for funeral
expenses, the judge fined the corpse \$25
for carrying concealed weapons and also
took the gun, the local paper published
the obituary and got nothing.
A bookkeeper has discovered that look-
ing intently at a pink and gold rubber
ball serves as a nerve tonic. All right,
but most men will probably stand by the
high ball.
Another woman dead from the use of
a face mask to beautify her complexion.
But it is a safe bet that if it did the
work she died happy.
Emporia has a new brick depot plat-
form which, one of its papers state, "cost
between one and \$2000."
A Jefferson City bank had a short but
exciting run lately. A policeman found
two small boys swimming in the river and
chased them half a mile along its edge.
"How do you spell needle, Bobby?"
asked the teacher.
"N-e-d-l-e, needle," was the reply.
"Wrong," said the teacher, "there is no
't in needle."
"Well, then, 'tain't a good needle,"—
Philadelphia Times.

POEMS WORTH READING.

That nightie team he come chop-chop
One young man walkee, no can stop;
Maskee snow, maskee lee;
He cally flag with chop so nice—
Top-side Galah!
He muckee solly; one piecee eye
He talkee large, he talkee strong,
Too muckee curio; alle same gong.
Top-side Galah!
Inside house he can see light,
And evly loom go fire all right,
He talkee plenty, he talkee plenty,
Inside mouth he plenty cly—
Top-side Galah!
Ole man talkee, "No can walk;
Bimeby laln come, velly dark;
Have got water, velly wide!"
Maskee, my muckee go top-side—
Top-side Galah!
"Man-man" one girlie talkee he,
"What for you go top-side—see?"
And one team more plenty cly,
But alle team walk plenty high—
Top-side Galah!
"Take care! That spiltum tlee, young man,
"Take care! That ice, must go man-man!"
He talkee, "My can go all light!"
Top-side Galah!
That young man die; one large dog, see,
Too muckee bobbly, fiddlee he,
He hand b'longed collee, all same like fee,
He holdee flag with chop so nice—
Top-side Galah!
—Anonymous.WANTED--BOYS, AT LOCKS-
LEY HALL.(Journal Special Service.)
SEASIDE, Cal., Aug. 15.—(To the Editor.)—Please insert this "ad." in your
next issue:
"Wanted--Boys at Locksley Hall; lib-
eral terms offered for any and all ap-
plicants—and don't be slow about apply-
ing."
The facts are that men are scarce
here, and we propose to take steps to
remedy the deficiency. Scarcity of men
at seaside resorts during interludes be-
tween Sundays is nothing new, but our
method of filling the demands for men
is somewhat novel. Hence, please give
our "ad." a prominent position, top of
column next to pure reading matter, and
oblige me. Send your bill to the land-
lady of Locksley Hall. She will pay
it with alacrity.

THE MOSQUITO.

The following poem was composed by
Frank Dunne, a young man of literary
attainments and depth of sentiment hereto-
fore unappreciated by those who have
known him as a man of business, with
nothing to indicate that he thinks of
aught but ledgers and accounts. There
is temperance in the poem that indi-
cates artistic conception and there cer-
tainly is excellent execution of the liter-
ary part of the attempt:It was upon the sandy beach
Together sat the twain.
The maid was what you'd term a peach,
The youth a comely swain.He greatly longed his love to tell
Upon that sandy spot,
But the mosquitoes did compel
The interrupting swat.And even as his faden breast
He sought to give relief,
Some poisonous and pesky pest
Began to give him grief.Whenever he essayed to say
Some tender little thing,
Their little roundelay so gay
They straight began to sing.And if, perchance, in spite of that,
The youth persisted still,
Regardless of the threatened swat,
Each would insert its bill.And this would naturally throw
The young man off his track,
It isn't easy don't you know,
At once to talk and whack.So felled, at last in frenzy he
Began aloud to swear—
No loving oaths, but language free—
And beat the buzzing air.Whereat the maid, indignant, rose,
And brought the youth to book,
The while supercilious she froze
Him with a chilly look.And said, "You might as well go hence;
I cannot give you hope,
At least you might have had the sense
To swear yourself with dope."
—Dora Dickens.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

The last official act of Judge Andrew
Ellison, who died in St. Louis the other
day, and who for 22 years was a Circuit
Judge at Macon, Mo., was to refuse a de-
cree for a divorce.When the divorce proceedings came up
for trial the Judge waved aside the law-
yers and took the case himself. He asked
a few questions and read numerous let-
ters written by the parties to each other.
Then he said to the litigants:"I suppose that you have both been
'hasty at times, but you have three little
children who are not responsible for these
troubles. The law of God and man says
it is your duty to rear these children,
and in the face of all this affection, and
in the face of the fact that you both come
from good people and have good hearts,
I will not be an instrument—the last act
of my official life will not result in the
severance of two young people and in the
raising of orphans of three little child-
ren. I will not do it."The Judge pleaded with the couple to
return home together, and today they are
living in harmony.Unhappily for society, few Judges will
thus exert themselves for the reconcilia-
tion of man and wife. They forget that
it is the aim of the law to reform, to
pacify and to conciliate. In fulfilling the
letter of the law they forget the spirit of
it.Moreover, this Judge knew all the stops
of the human organism. He knew what
heart strings to touch. The weakness of
the bullheaded husband and wife was the
children.Three little children, three tender ties
between husband and wife that hatred
could not disentangle. These could never
be "his children" nor "her children." Al-
ways and forever they would be "our
children."Because it is the best thing left to us
from Paradise the home lives always in
the shadow of its foes. The devil would
have only man and wife inside its walls.
But God, knowing its needs, sends child-
ren.—Cincinnati Post.

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a small Kansas town recently. In his
pockets was \$100 in cash and a fine re-
volver. The coroner took \$75 for funeral
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asked the teacher.
"N-e-d-l-e, needle," was the reply.
"Wrong," said the teacher, "there is no
't in needle."
"Well, then, 'tain't a good needle,"—
Philadelphia Times.

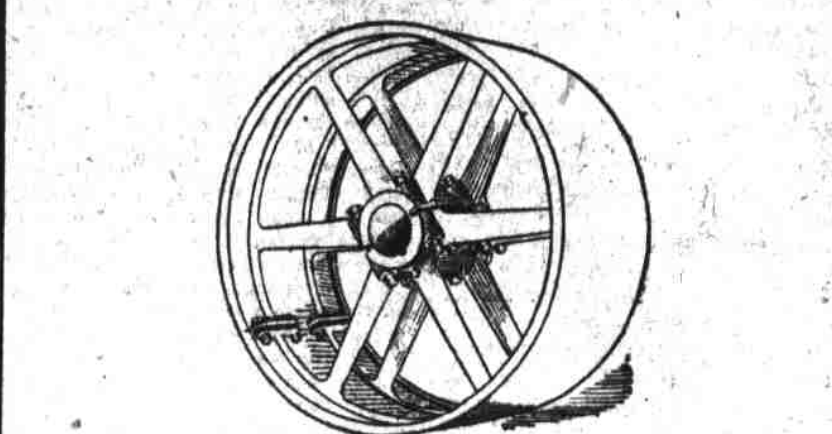
POEMS WORTH READING.

That nightie team he come chop-chop
One young man walkee, no can stop;
Maskee snow, maskee lee;
He cally flag with chop so nice—
Top-side Galah!
He muckee solly; one piecee eye
He talkee large, he talkee strong,
Too muckee curio; alle same gong.
Top-side Galah!
Inside house he can see light,
And evly loom go fire all right,
He talkee plenty, he talkee plenty,
Inside mouth he plenty cly—
Top-side Galah!
Ole man talkee, "No can walk;
Bimeby laln come, velly dark;
Have got water, velly wide!"
Maskee, my muckee go top-side—
Top-side Galah!
"Man-man" one girlie talkee he,
"What for you go top-side—see?"
And one team more plenty cly,
But alle team walk plenty high—
Top-side Galah!
"Take care! That spiltum tlee, young man,
"Take care! That ice, must go man-man!"
He talkee, "My can go all light!"
Top-side Galah!
That young man die; one large dog, see,
Too muckee bobbly, fiddlee he,
He hand b'longed collee, all same like fee,
He holdee flag with chop so nice—
Top-side Galah!
—Anonymous.

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