

NEW TYPE OF MOSQUITOS FIND
ROSE CITY IS PLACE FOR THEM

"Biff! Bang! 'Did you get him?'
"Here's another." "That makes eight
I've killed—what's your score?" "On
your ankle, look!" "There's one on your
forehead." "Can't see those on my
back—hit 'em for me, will you?"
A battle? No. A hunting expedition?
—well, not exactly. Just a peaceful
evening on the front porch, watching
the dying of the day and listening to
the faint chirp of the cricket in the
grass. But there is another sound that
is even more stridently insistent. It
is the hum of the new little mosquitoes
who have found out by reading the
highly perfumed advice of the railroad
posters that Portland is the ideal summer
resort. They have come with all
their relatives. They have brought
their little brothers and sisters and
their number is as the sands of the
sea for multitude.
They are so small that they can slip
through the meshes of the finest screen
and netting known to commerce, and

so strong that they can bite through
a calf skin boot and not feel it. But
their victims feel it, and they are going
to business with lumpy arms and prickly
faces and red hands.
"You can't blacken your face to sit
on your own front porch," says the
aggravated summer resident. "You can't
wear a what-do-you-call-'em like a
carolman in the Soudan."
You can't stay in the house 'cause it's
too hot, and you can't set out without
being eaten up by these pesky things.
And so the merry game goes on. You
can walk along the street from house
to house and you hear mingled with
the words which are not pretty, the sips
and pound and sally and retort of the
affectionate families engaged in the
exciting game of mosquito killing.
"Ouch! There's another." "Hold
still, I'll get him." "Here's one on your
back—wait a minute." Then biff! bang!
and the highly respected citizen picks
himself up from the gravel walk, where
the energy of his dear spouse has
knocked him, and meekly replies, "Thank
you."

THIS MAN HAD A SHREW, BUT---
HE DID NOT HAVE HER TAMED

"Shut up!" It came out with a
vicious snap, with all the venom of an
angry woman's tongue. A man and
woman, evidently married, were stand-
ing at the Fourth street entrance of
the Chamber of Commerce building
Monday afternoon. After an argument
the man started away. The woman's
sharp words brought him back.
"You peevish-toothed, dreamy-eyed,
golden-haired little darling, yes, some-
thing like that, only much harsher.
Everybody moved out of earshot. For
about two minutes he continued his
flow of profane denunciation.
"I'll have you arrested for profane
language," cried the wife. A little girl
crouched by her side.
"I can't hold a candle to you for
cussing," he replied. Then the pair

went inside the building, and in front
of the postoffice the woman had her
innings. She justified what her hus-
band had said about her powers of
viperation. Every name and ob-
scene epithet the human tongue can
utter was poured forth with the little
child still nestling close to her side.
She had heard the like before, and did
not appear surprised.
A man who once drove a bull team
in a logging camp was equal to the
language made him cover his ears and
flee. A Greek fisherman from down
the river couldn't stand it and did like-
wise. A printer blushed, and a steam-
boat mate had to run because he was
shocked.
The husband, seeing the gap-
ing crowd, moved away. The woman
followed. "I hope you choke in
there," she said, or words to that
effect.

RUMBLE THAT YOU DON'T FORGET
IS EVIDENTLY COMING TO TOWN

News for the boys and girls—young
and old.
The rumble of the wheels of the old,
mysterious, fascinating circus wagon—
which has never been imitated by any-
thing else in the world—with their ac-
companying monkey cages inclosing the
natural horn comedians of the animal
king, the tickling playing bands and all
that sort of thing which goes to make
up a circus, is evidently headed this
way.
With this beloved rumble, the at-

tractive bands and the entertaining
to say nothing of the hundreds of
performers, will come all of the other
paraphernalia of a great circus—a little
city in itself.
Over at the Hotel Portland, there is
a telegram waiting for some one. It is
addressed:
"Samuel McCracken, advance agent,
Barnum & Bailey."
But that's enough. So it is presumed
that Barnum & Bailey are headed for
Portland and are coming as rapidly as
their dates will allow them.

Uncle Sam's Cats Celebrate
Arrival of Their Pay Checks

There are five happy cats at the
Portland postoffice.
These cats are employees of the gov-
ernment. They are patriotic cats, too—
their payday comes on the Fourth of
July.
It is the duty of these cats to pro-
tect the United States mails—from
mice. Strange to say, mice like letters.
They are particularly fond of love let-
ters.
Some years ago the Portland post-
office was overrun with mice. All sorts

of cages and traps and the like were
tried without effect. Something had to
be done, and quickly, too. The mice
were just having a grand time with the
mail sacks and letters and fancy postal
cards.
One morning when Uncle Sam got
down to his desk in Washington he
opened one of the strangest requests
for allowances that had ever come to
his notice. It was from Portland, Or.,
and it was for cat food. This included
cat delicacies after the mice had
been consumed.
But old Uncle Sam, good-natured fel-
low that he is, was equal to the
emergency. Of course, he hemmed and
hawed a bit and said a lot of things
about there not being much use for cats
around a postoffice with the result
that the allowance was made.
"Portland cats, \$24 per annum," wrote
Uncle Sam on a slip of paper. So ever
since then these cats have been on a
sort of salary.
This year the cat appropriation was
a little late—it didn't get here on the
Fourth. There was some uneasiness
about the federal building when the
check didn't arrive when due.
But yesterday the check arrived and
everything was all right again.
Away back in a dark corner of the
postoffice late last night there was a
celebration. Only five attended. It was
the cats.

Hot Weather

During hot summer weather
men, women and children will
drop down from sunstroke and
heat prostration if the constitu-
tion is weak.

Everyone should, during these
hot, humid days, be on guard.
Life depends on care. Keep the
body strong and vigorous, shun
ice water, unripe fruit. Eat and
drink with discretion. Put a tea-
spoonful of Duffy's Pure Malt
Whiskey in each glass of water
you drink. It kills all disease
germs. Prescribed as a family
medicine by thousands of leading
doctors. If you wish to keep
strong and vigorous and have on
your cheeks the glow of perfect
health, take Duffy's Pure Malt
Whiskey regularly, according to
directions. Duffy's Pure Malt
Whiskey tones and strengthens
the heart action and purifies the
entire system.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is
an absolutely pure distillation of
malted grain, great care being
used to have every kernel thor-
oughly malted, thus destroying
the germ and producing a pre-
digested liquid food in the form
of a malt essence, which is the
most effective tonic stimulant and
invigorator known to science;
softened by warmth and moisture,
its palatability and freedom from
injuriously substances render it so
that it can be retained by the
most sensitive stomach.

If weak and run down, take a
teaspoonful four times a day in
half a glass of milk or water.
Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is
sold throughout the world by
druggists, grocers and dealers, or
shipped direct for \$1.00 per bottle.
If in need of advice, write Con-
sulting Physician, Duffy Malt
Whiskey Company, Rochester, N. Y.,
stating your case fully. Our
doctors will send you advice free,
together with a handsome illus-
trated medical booklet containing
some of the many thousands of
gratifying letters received from
men and women in all walks of
life, both old and young, who
have been cured and benefited by
the use of the world's greatest
medicine.

LEGISLATE HAWKERS
OFF THE STREETS

Mayor Lane was sustained in both
of his vetoes on the peddlers' and nick-
elation ordinances at this morning's
meeting of the council, and now Coun-
cilman Kellisher threatens to introduce
an ordinance forbidding peddlers and
hawkers to sell their wares on Portland
streets.
Of the ordinances, the one regulating
hawkers and peddlers received the most
interest because of the large number of
people involved. The measure was
drafted at the instigation of 200 busi-
ness men who signed a petition asking
that hawkers be regulated in some
manner. The councilmen took up the
suggestion and increased the fees. In
this case the mayor vetoed it.
The hawkers retained lawyers and
fought the measure, with the result
that Mayor Lane finally vetoed it.
There were only 19 members of the
council present when the roll was
called on the measure, and six voted
for the ordinance and four against it.
It is believed that if an ordinance is
introduced abolishing hawkers and ped-
dlers it will be passed unanimously.
The ordinance regulating the con-
struction of nickelodeons was drafted
by Deputy Fire Marshal Roberts, as
was one regarding the storage of pow-
der and fireworks. The council refused
to pass one relating to fireworks, and
clerk of the council vetoed the one
regarding nickelodeons. Only four
councilmen voted to pass the ordinance
over Mayor Lane's veto.

Building Permits.

Oregon Real Estate company, erect
office, Grand between Wasco and Has-
ling, \$5,000; Mrs. McMath, erect dwell-
ing, East Seventh, \$2,000; Mrs. J. C. Gilman,
\$2,000; Mrs. M. J. Collins,
erect dwelling, East Seventeenth
between Brazos and Knott, \$2,000; J. C.
Nelson, erect dwelling, \$1,400; R.
Nabauer, erect dwelling, Prescott be-
tween Fourteenth and East Fif-
teenth, \$1,700.

Moral Squad Again.

Again Portland is to have a "moral
squad" and Officers Kay and Smith
will compose it. Indications today
point strongly to the renewed activity
of the morality censors of the city.
Apparently Smith wishes to be in
fighting trim when he takes up this
case of sleeping once more, for he
has applied for a two weeks' leave of
absence.

Ministers to Fight Liquor.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Boles, Idaho, July 7.—Idaho ministers
are preparing for a fight against the
liquor traffic in the coming campaign.
Rev. C. E. Halman, of Coeur d'Alene, president
of the state anti-saloon league,
will direct the work.

MRS. FISKE IS A PUZZLE
TO LOCAL IBSEN LOVERS

By J. F. S.
There were three classes of people
who came away from the Lyric last
night mopping their brows and search-
ingly wild for something cold. There
were those who wondered what Ibsen
was driving at when he wrote "Ros-
mersholm"; there were those who were
anxious to except Rosmer's hospitable
invitation to "come and have a mill-
race with me," and there were those
who had seen through the interpretive
art of Mrs. Fiske a conflict of souls,
pathologic, perhaps, but so absorbingly
interesting that they were moved to ex-
claim, not only "Great is Mrs. Fiske,"
but rather, "Great is Ibsen."
There is enough to be said for each
of these three views of "Rosmersholm"
to justify any adherents they may have.
Through the first two acts you feel
like a river Herford's poem of the
goosegirl who was reading Schopen-
hauer to her geese. The goose didn't
understand what Schopenhauer was
driving at, neither did the goosegirl
nor, as Mr. Herford assures you, did
Schopenhauer himself. There are six
characters in "Rosmersholm," and they
talk, talk, talk. They discuss the lib-
eral and the new thought movement.
They argue pro and con the Christian
religion. It is talk, but it is such
talk! Rosmer, the weak descendant
of the first family of the little Norwegian
village, lives in an atmosphere of ideals
never reached, of great dreams never
realized. The house of Rosmer, the
Joe's House of Usher, is obscured by
a poisonous miasma that takes as its
victims those who live within its reach.
Beata, the first wife of Rosmer, has
lived a wretched life and been driven
to suicide by Rebecca, the natural
daughter of the village doctor. Re-
becca, a woman with imagination—with
some little reading along the lines of
liberalism, free thinker and with an
ambition like unto that of Lady Mac-
beth, has come into Rosmer's house,
has influenced the weak wife to throw
herself into the millrace so as to leave
Rosmer free to marry her, and then has
set about to make her own way as a
leader in the new movement that she
believes is to sweep Norway.
Simple, ghost-ridden, drunk
with his dreams, follows her
leads until publicly called to account
by Rector Kroil, Beata's brother and
the village schoolmaster, still stands
out as the one material character in
the drama. Kroil is more body than
soul, more mind than imagination. He
typifies the power of common sense,
narrow-minded, vain, but still far from
despicable, he is, in some curious way,
the protagonist of the drowned Beata.
Kroil in the flesh and Beata—the
Liberal and the miracle, she has been
caught—in the center, together with
the forces of heredity working on both
Rosmer and Rebecca, bring about the final
tragedy in their lives.

Through two acts Rebecca is a col-
orless woman—a colorless as Mrs.
Fiske is—sawing and stinging by
while Kroil and Rosmer and Morten-
sen, the editor, discuss the problems of
village politics, colorless, but always
played Rosmer with an understanding
of the man's character, his "wishy-
washiness," his enthrallment to her-
edity largely the color that obscures the
drama. Albert Bruning in the part of


Ulric Brendel the poet was—well, was
Ulric Brendel. That part of the poet
is one that must be most delicately
handled to bring out its true relation
to the rest of the drama, and Mr.
Bruning did it most artistically. Mary
Madden, Mrs. Fiske's aunt, played the
housekeeper sympathetically and care-
fully. It was a typical Manhattan com-
pany without the suggestion of a weak
spot. And the sad thing about it is
that we shall have to wait until Mrs.
Fiske returns to Portland to see an-
other such.

BRIZOLER'S BODY
GOES TO BROTHER

The body of A. J. Brizoler, a Jeweler
formerly of Spokane and who came to
Portland several months ago, dying at
the Mount Tabor Sanitarium last Sat-
urday, was shipped to a brother in
San Luis Obispo, Cal., last evening.
Although Brizoler died under rather
peculiar circumstances it is believed by
the authorities that death was brought
about by natural causes.
Brizoler was taken to the sanitarium
Friday night, unconscious. Early that
evening he had been found delirious
wandering about the hallway of a
lodging house at Fifth and Morrison
streets. A valuable watch and chain
and a diamond earring were missing
and have never been accounted for.
Brizoler had about \$500 in the Sa-
curity Savings & Trust company bank
at the time of his death.

A Cool Concoction for Summer Days.
A most refreshing drink for warm
days is cold, freshly-made tea, sweet-
ened with orange syrup and acidulated
with lemon juice. It is irresistibly de-
licious when topped off with a spoonful
of ice cream and served immediately
with Nabisco Sugar Wafers. These
dainty Sugar Wafers are the unfailing
resource of every hostess and those re-
sponsible for household management.
As they set the fashion in style and
make-up, so do Nabisco Sugar Wafers
set the standard of excellence by which
other wafers can be judged.

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