

# around the Corners and Squares.

By Jim How.

James S. Sherman, nominee for vice-president on the Republican ticket, bears the unique distinction of having the same name as 22 postoffices in the United States. He is way ahead in this respect, his nearest opponent being William H. Taft, his running mate for the highest honors in the land.

In addition to there being 22 postoffices known as Sherman there is one Shermanville, one Sherman City, one Sherman Mine and one Sherman Dale. One of the Sherman postoffices is located in New York, the same state from which Mr. Sherman hails.

There are 19 postoffices in this country known as Taft. One of these is in Oregon. There are none in Ohio where Mr. Taft comes from. Besides there is a Tafton, a Taftville and a Taftville.

There are but five Bryan postoffices, none of which is in Nebraska. Then there is a Bryans Mill in Texas and a Bryansville in Pennsylvania.

But John Worth Kern, nominated for vice-president on the Democratic ticket at Denver Friday, in a postoffice way, fares far worse than any of the other three here in but one Kern in the country. And most of the mail for this office goes to Bakerfield, Cal. However, there is a Kernville, Or., and a Kernville, Cal.

The janitor in the Goodnough building had a strong pipe. He is a German, big and husky and the strongest ever. The pipe had been about six years in service.

Now and then the German runs the Goodnough elevator. He also runs the pipe at the same time. That pipe was so strong that it hated itself. It was the best developed thing in the pipe line that ever came over the pipe. It was never cool except when the janitor slept—the janitor doesn't sleep much.

One could tell it was strong without feeling its muscles. For that matter you didn't have to look at it. If you were in the vicinity of the Goodnough building you were aware that there was a strong pipe—an unusually strong pipe—around somewhere.

And when you boarded the elevator when the janitor was on, you said "warmer, warmer," to yourself and then, "burning up, burning up" (all this to yourself, of course) and then "hotter and hotter," until you knew that it had been found.

There it was between the teeth of the janitor. How he relished it—the strong pipe—as the cool, powerful whiffs of smoke curled from the pipe. He wandered aimlessly and apparently harmlessly but offensively through the elevator and the building as well.

He just sat there and ran the elevator and smoked and was oblivious of the past, apparently, and regardless of the future.

But here's the good part of the story. It might have been said in the beginning.

It doesn't amount to much, after all. But no one except the janitor is sorry that it happened.

That old pipe—the one the janitor smokes—got so strong the other day that it just couldn't stand it any longer. And what did it do? It just broke itself into a thousand little pieces. That's how strong it was.

Now the janitor has started in on another and hopes to have a pipe within a few years that will fit to smoke.

All Portland, almost breathlessly, is awaiting the arrival of July 20. Remember—the date—July 20, 13 days after the Fourth. The women are the ones mostly interested, but the men, and even the children, are waiting anxiously, too.

On that date—July 20—all summer goods will be put on sale at bargain-day prices in all the Portland stores. This was decided upon several weeks ago by all the merchants of the city.

Those who have been awaiting the midsummer cut wondered why they were late. They weren't late—they have simply been delayed. But everything is all right now. And early on the morning of July 20, there will be a rush for your life in every Portland store.

Worn-out transfers—transfers that have been used—help a little bit every day in operating the Portland street cars on which they have originally been issued. Out at the power house of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company in North Portland, tons and tons

of these little various colored slips of paper are contained each week in the great furnaces which heat the boilers which create the steam which moves the generators that make the electricity which moves the cars about the city.

The transfers are burned because there is nothing else to do.

Until a few weeks ago the transfers were used in heating the building at First and Alder streets, where the street railway company's offices are located. This was begun last fall. The boiler there is not like the giant boilers at the power plant, and the transfers brought in every day were enough to heat the water which heated the pipes which were extended throughout the building and from which each area even in the coldest weather so that the clerks and the officials and all were comfortably warm.

The other day some of the clerks complained that the janitor evidently was of the opinion that winter was still on. He was still using the boilers to burn the transfers in.

In a minute it was decided that the power-house was the place for the transfers in the future.

Is there anything more attractive and fascinating than a display window full of diamonds and rubies and gold and jade and the like of that? No, there is not.

Any day in the week one can see them, women and children standing in lines at jewelry stores, window and longingly gazing at the beautiful gems within. And they are not all regular

To see all these diamonds and things that are rich in color and price make a person feel like a man in a bank with stacks of gold in front of him and not an ounce of his own or as the small boy feels in front of a candy store.

A young man and his "steady" stood in front of a jewelry display window in Washington street. They looked and looked and gazed and anticipated, evidently, what they would do if they had just one of those nice, clear, sparkling stones, which was set so beautifully in a dandy gold ring.

There was love light in his eye. There was sentiment and love in her eyes, too.

"Lizzie," he said finally, after the two of them had gazed for a good long long time, "would you marry without an engagement ring? You know I'm mighty poor."

"Yes, Percy," she said.

And right on Washington street. The engagement was announced two weeks ago.

Well worn, ragged and dirty, looking like it had lost the last friend in the world, the old dilapidated "Teddy" bear was turned into the office of the street car company several days ago, together with the hundreds of other things that had been lost on the street cars during the week.

Mr. Teddy bear had seen his best days. In fact he was as ragged and well worn that he had also about seen



his last days, also. Both back legs were hanging up by a few threads, his neck had been lacerated and fractured and his front feet—well, they were just hanging on.

So Mr. Teddy bear was tossed over in a corner where worthless things are thrown.

But sure enough several days later a little miss appeared. The miss was all dressed up in white clothes and a blue sash and just looked too cute for anything. But with all her clothes there was a certain expression of sadness in her little swollen eyes.

As big as life she entered the office of the company at First and Alder streets and approached the man at the lost article window.

"Have you a lost Teddy bear?" she said.

The attendant looked over the shelves and among his account books. He had forgotten all about the one that once was one, over in the corner in the rubbish.

"Yes," he said.

"You haven't got my Teddy, you say?" questioned the little miss again as she sort of choked and pucker up her lip.

The man shook his head in the negative. And then he thought of the one over in the dark, all tattered and torn.

"What does your Teddy look like?" he said as it is the custom to require a description to identify articles before they are returned to him.

"Oh," said the girl as she brightened up a bit, "he's about as big as a kitty, has nice, soft fur, is pretty and cute and just the dearest thing in the world."

The description didn't tally worth a cent with the one that he had, so the man behind the counter began to think that the girl was on the wrong track.

"Has your Teddy a broken leg?" asked the man as he pulled the lost one into view.

"Yes, four," she said, and as she caught sight of it she cried with joy: "Teddy, don't you know me?"

Teddy had been identified. There was no question about it.

To see the ordinary peanut or popcorn vender standing in every street corner one would never imagine even for a second that even he appreciated the advantage of such a thing and that he spends considerable time and money in doing so. He just does. And he has found that it pays.

But a business man doesn't use printers' ink. It is melted butter that he brings into play to remind the ever-going and coming throng in the streets that he has something good to eat to sell. If there is anything in the world that will make a person want a sack of nice fresh popcorn it is to get a whiff of the roasting kernels as they jump about as if they were alive in the little popcorn popper.

And to excite this appetite and bring it into action so that a nickel will be forthcoming in exchange for something to satisfy that appetite, the popcorn man, after years of experience, has decided that the only way to do this is by melting butter and remelting it and let the aroma from the hot grease join with that of the roasting corn and float along the street, around the corners, through building and alleys and, in fact, everywhere and let the smell come in contact with the nostrils of the up-to-date public which is always looking for something to spend its money for if it finds what it really wants.

This aroma, of course, doesn't strike every one and many there are who have colds and catarrh, but in most cases it does.

And there is the peanut man—the man who used to have the little whistle blowing continually and which whistle, incidentally, has been put out of business by a recent city ordinance. He roasts and roasts his peanuts all day and far into the evening. As a result there is an aroma constantly arising from that roaster that will make a man hungry even if he has just left a banquet that didn't cost him a cent.

Then there are the candy men. Pass a candy shop any time of the day and you will smell something sweet and appetizing. It comes from far down in the cellar. Look around and you will

see the grating door in the sidewalk is open. Don't you suppose the candy man realizes the fact that when a person smells something good to eat he wants and usually gets it? You just bet he does.

Good news for the women: Your socks darned while you wait or rather, you can darn them yourself in a jiffy. This is the very latest. Portland has beaten New York to the quick sock darning scheme. No needles or threads or darners or swearing or anything of the sort are needed—the darn almost works automatically.



The new darn is simply a patch. One side of the patch is sticky. You get the sock with the hole—just pick out any old sock in the drawer. Snap on the patch. Zip, the hole is remedied. When the sock becomes nothing but patches, start all over again.

Old Newport with its swell society and its monkey dinners and all that sort of thing isn't so much after all—a Portland woman has capped the climax by giving a birthday dinner to her favorite pussy cat.

The woman lives over in the Holladay addition, and it was only a few days ago that she gave the unique dinner in honor of her cat which started all Portland society folks beyond expectations. In other words, Portland is all agog with news of this affair.

Many women attended the afternoon stunt. Some of them, it is said, went out of curiosity. Others who attended didn't know just what was coming off. The guests had tea and wafers and a lot of other good things to eat. All the while the cat was having a good time strutting about the parlors and enjoying the admiration which it attracted on account of its second birthday and the celebration in general.

It is reported that after the guests had gone the cat had its real food. This consisted, so it is said, of minced liver sandwiches, mice hearts, saute, creamed fish eyes, and many other delicacies, including some rat, of which cats are particularly fond.

The monkey dinner was the talk of Newport. It was also the hit of the season.

Portland's cat birthday dinner has also been somewhat of a success, but there is no indication that the craze will be become popular.

(Newport papers please copy.)

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To "Currycomb" Fish. From Good Housekeeping. "Be sure not to forget a new currycomb," said one when the mem-

bers of a prospective camping party were making their list of supplies. This made me curious, as I knew there was to be no horse at the camp. Inquiry disclosed the fact that a cur-

comb is better than anything else for taking the scales from fish.

cratic convention of her state as an alternate to the national convention. Sign in Stone street, New York; Panama Hats, Bay Rum and Shovel.

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