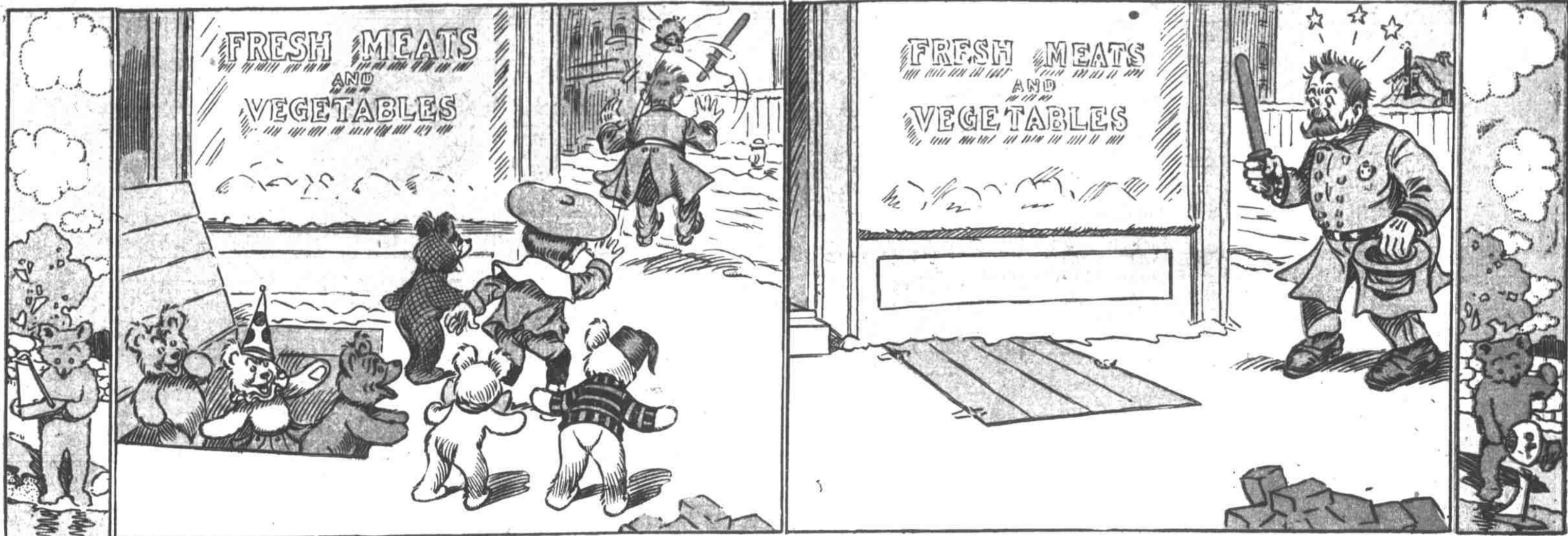


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING JULY 25, 1908



1. The fat policeman on the beat
 Was walking slowly up the street,
 When suddenly a brickbat sped
 And hit him squarely in the head.

2. The fat policeman rushed around,
 But not a person could be found.
 He should have gotten there before
 The Teds had shut that cellar-door.



3. But when he turned away his face
 Those rascals left their hiding-place.
 Another brick is thrown, alack!
 And hits the policeman in the back.

4. The butcher-man comes out to see
 What all this scampering can be.
 "Aha!" the fierce policeman sings,
 "You are the man who trun them things."



5. The Teddies peep from 'neath their door
 And hear the fearful battle roar.
 They think that it is just about
 The time for them to scramble out.

6. They see their chance and dash away—
 While each bruised victim of the fray
 Just clinches up his fist and swears
 Some days he'll get those Teddy Bears.