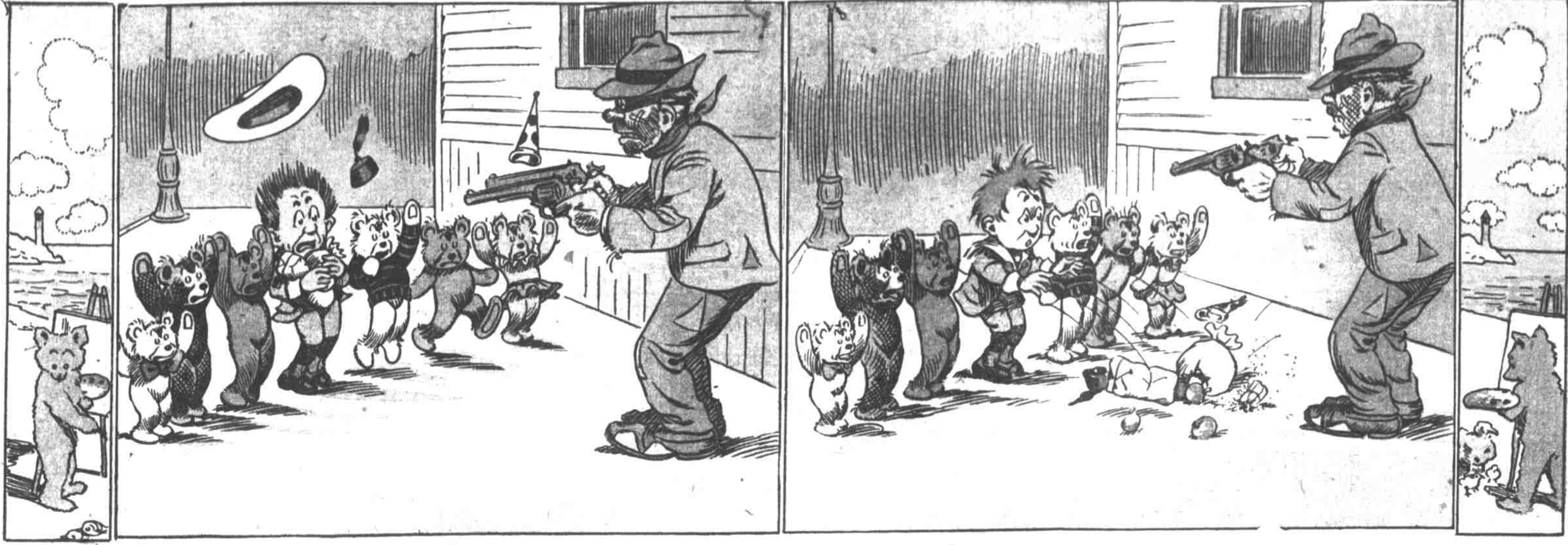
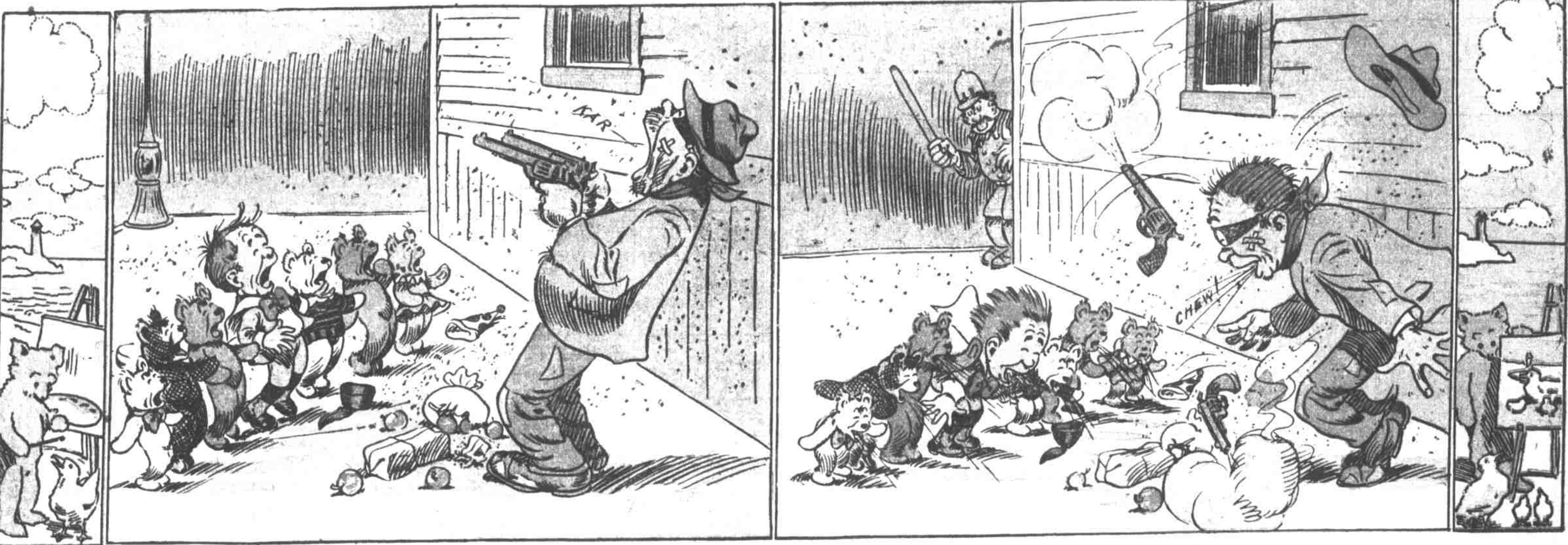


PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING AUGUST 29, 1908



1. The Teds and Johnny, on their way
From market on a sunny day,
Are held up by the stern commands,
"Give out the goods! Hold up your hands!"

2. In haste John drops his marketing,
The eggs, the sugar, everything.
The pepper, salt and spices ground
From bursting bags all roll around.



3. "Kerchew! kerchew!" cries every bear,
As flying spices fill the air.
The robber joins the chorus, too,
And answers with a huge "kerchew!"

4. Off go the pistols as the thief
In frantic sneezes seeks relief.
And answering to every sneeze,
More pepper's wafted on the breeze.



5. The deafening noise of sneeze and shot
Attracts a policeman to the spot.
He grabs the thief with wrathful cry—
"Kerchew! kerchew! You're caught, me b'y!"

6. "Kerchew! kerchew!" To John's relief,
Off marches Patrick with the thief.
"Kerchew!" the Teddies echo after,
Mixing their sneezes and their laughter.