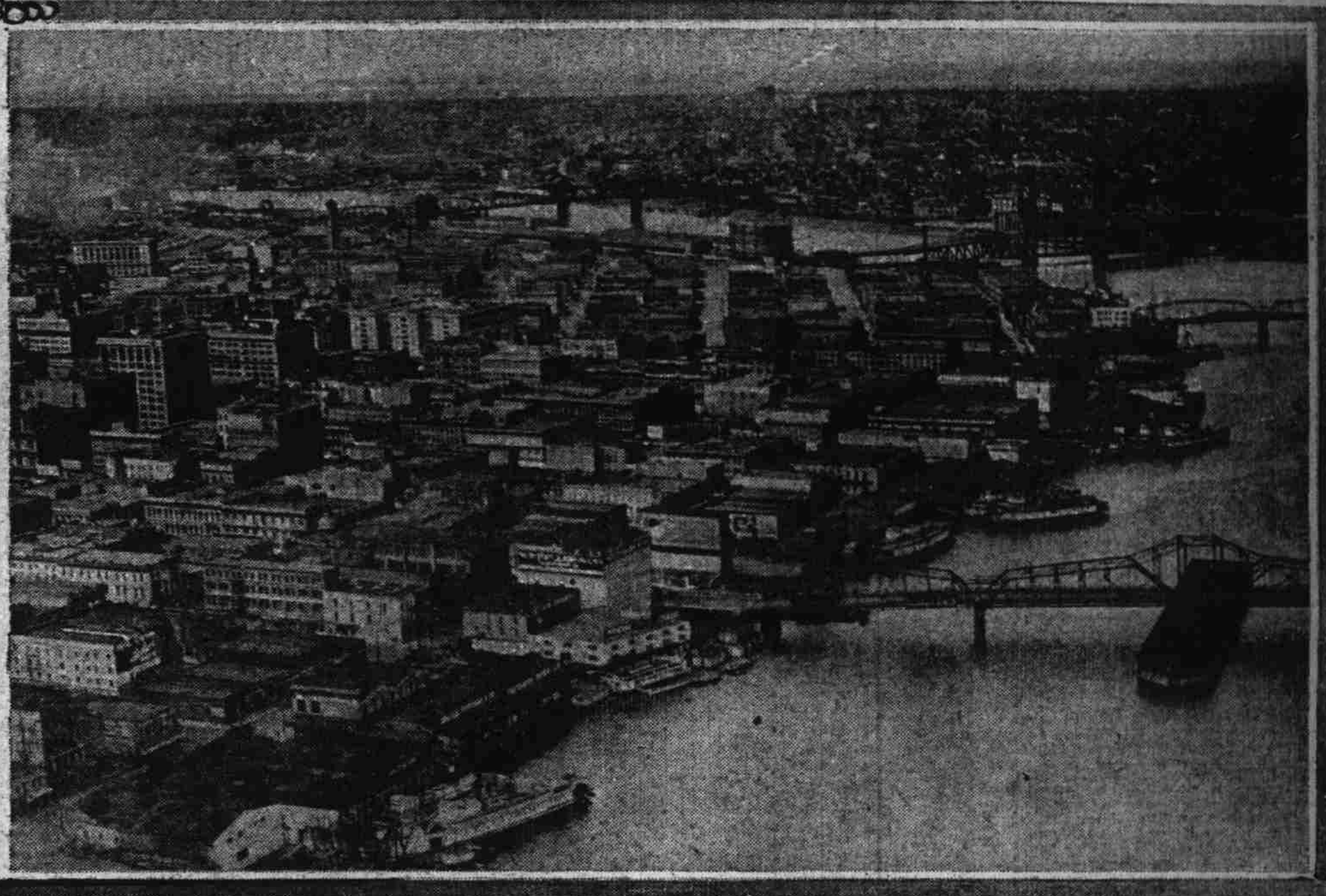


TWO REMARKABLE GLIMPSES OF PORTLAND'S BUSINESS SECTION AS THE BIRDMAN SEES IT



Left—Looking southeast from a point above Eighteenth and Kearney streets—In the foreground is a portion of the city's railroad terminals and wholesale warehouses; in the background is the business center with the East Side business and the residence section beyond. Right, looking northeast from a point over the Willamette with a section of the Morrison bridge in the foreground. These photographs were taken by C. S. Woodruff from a plane operated by the O. W. L. Airplane company.

Formula for Speech Written Man to Make It Not Hired Yet



"When the speaker sees the different delegates yawning and napping their teeth he has got to throw in a amusing antidote —"

By Ring W. Lardner

To the Editor: A great many admirers has written in lately asking who was going to make my nominating speech at the 2 approaching conventions and what was they going to say. Well gents I haven't yet hired the men who will do the talking but I have, wrote the speech according to the formula which I memorized at the different conventions to which I have attended at and I am setting the speech down here in the case that I can't get nobody to make it. In the 1st place it wants to be understood that they's a certain style to be followed in making a nominating speech and here is a few of the rules that has got to be followed or other wise the speech won't get across as a regular speech.



on it so as he would get through with his speech, but all of a sudden he remembered it himself and come to the terminus of his speech. Elapsed time 2 hrs. and the candidate got about 3.50 votes.

Well friends, here is the speech I have wrote for who ever it is I hire to place my name before the different conventions and it may not sound like it was a new speech, but when I am around at different places I generally always listen pretty close and this is the kind of a speech the other boys will make in behalf of my rivals, and you can't even begin to get nominated without so why try and get away from the regular formula.

Mr. Chairman and Mrs. Charwoman and gents of the convention: That reminds me of the story about the two weasel tenders in Peoria, Pat and Mike. They had just come over from the old sod and was not yet use to the way Americans do things in. So one night Pat says to Mike, "Most what do you think is the matter with?"

"Well," said Mike, "I don't know really."

Now gentlemen of the convention I guess I don't half to tell you that the country is on the verge of what it is on the verge of. Old glory and the stars and stripes is facing the greatest crisis of my career. Our friends the Democrats or Republicans (Laughter) will be sorry for the next 4 yrs. don't see a business man at the head of this govt. I don't know what else to say in regards to.

That reminds me of a little story that may be you have all heard it but I think it bears repeating it. It seems they was 2 Lithuanian pearl snatchers name Pat and Mike. One wk. they come over from the other side and got a rm. in a big hotel in N. Y. city. At the end of the first wk. Mike went down to the desk one day and they was a bill in his mail box. The bill was for \$73.50 for one wk. Well Mike took the bill upstairs and showed it to Pat and Pat said, "Well, what of it?"

That is why, gentlemen of the convention, I am here today to place before the convention the name of a man who we all know and can't help from respecting him in spite of party affiliations or etc. I forgot the name just now but have got it wrote on my cuff and will spring it at the proper time. This man, gentlemen, never gets sick and is nominated and elected to this high office of the president chair he is a man on whom we can call. You can examine into this man's record and find nothing. That is the kind of a man, gentlemen, who this country demands at this crisis in old glory and the stars and stripes.

Our friends the Democrats or Republicans would differ with me here (Laughter).

That reminds me of a little antidote, that was told around Washington just before we come here for this convention. It seems like they was 2 Peruvian bicycle receivers name Gus and Cracker. They come up here from So. Africa one Sunday and got in a brawl with a couple of Welsh prairie wolf name Pat and Mike. Neither one of them win. Now gentlemen of the convention I am not a speech maker (Cries of yes and no) but I have just looked at my cuff and I am sorry it has got kind of smeared over but it looks like the name of my candidate was (insert my name).

That is the speech I have got wrote up for who ever I pick out to nominate me, gents, and as I say I have heard them all and while you may not think it is the best of speeches, why still and all I will gamble that it evens up with the majority, and if it don't put me over for a landslide in Chicago, why it can't miss in San Francisco.

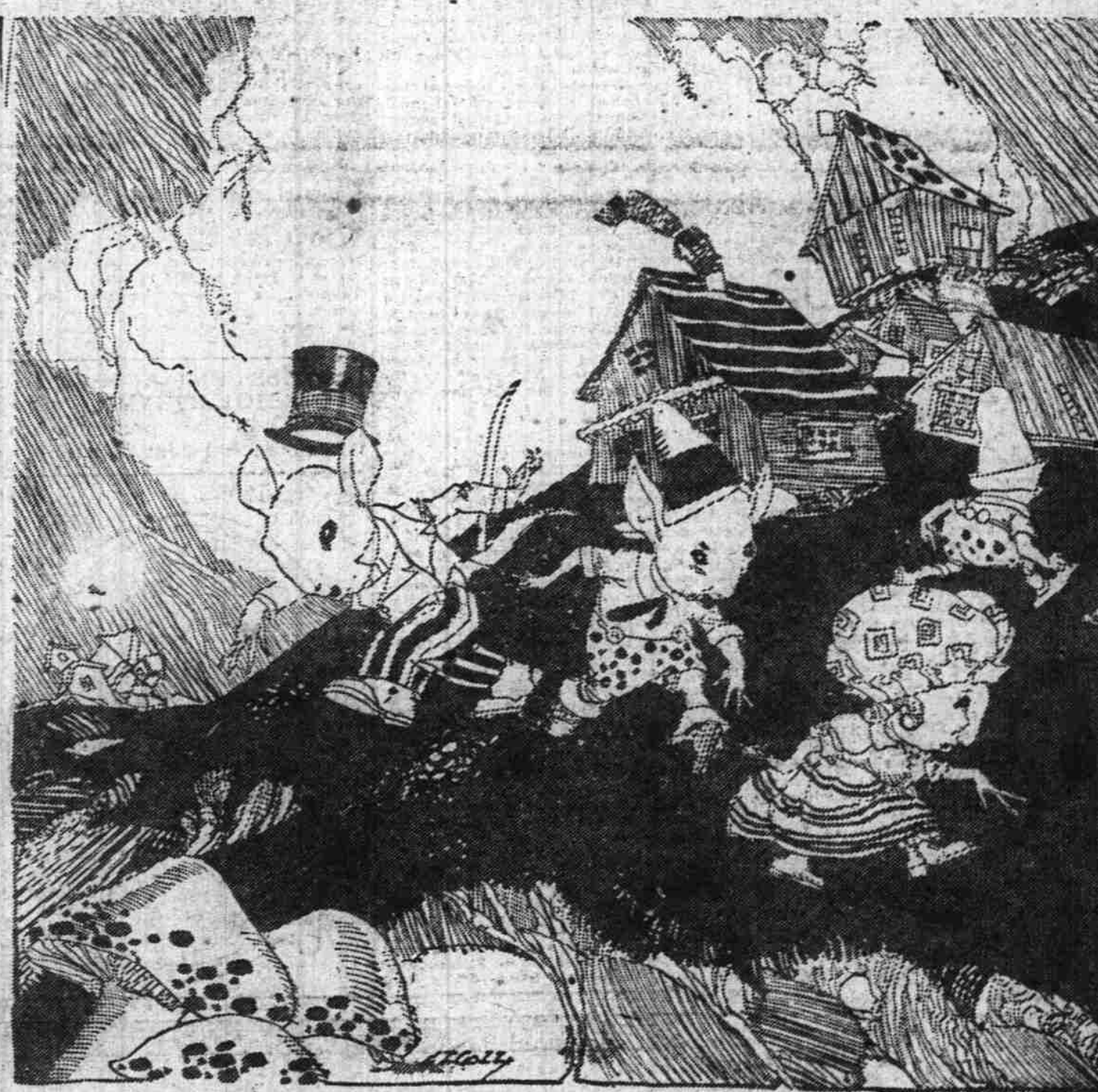
RING W. LARDNER.

Long Island, June 2.

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Gold Ring Not Stylish

The plain gold wedding ring is out of style, Frank Le Bron of New York, vice-president of the United Jewelers' association, told the mid-western convention of the organization in Chicago.



Great Doings in Tinytown

IN TINY TOWN the farmers go about their small affairs. Some weeding in the mousey fields. Some off to sell their wares.

In the Froggie town of Lily Pad. When all at once the ground began to shake and rock and quake For 50 miles around.

For 50 mice miles, honey, whee! The courthouse lost its steeple. "An earthquake! Run! an earthquake!" Shrieked the frightened mousey people.

The moles have dug a splendid subway Under Mousey Town. And half the mouse inhabitants

"Gold itself is becoming passe," he said. "To be in style, you must wear green or white gold. The new-style wedding ring is beautifully engraved with orange blossoms. White gold is preferable for wedding rings, because green is symbolic of jealousy." Mr. Le Bron also said wrist watches are going out and pendant watches on a black cord or gold chain are coming in.

Speaks 3 Languages

Paris newspapers recently carried an advertisement offering for sale a poll parrot, 14 years old, "speaking three languages." The owner states that he will only sell the bird to a family with children.

Go quickly tumbling down! The other half run to the roofs. Judge Johnny Whiskers Gray Got out his telescope and climbed A steeple right away!

He took one look and tumbled down— "A giant," screamed the judge, Which so alarmed the Tines not A mouse of them could budge.

Next instant they flew right and left. A giant foot came crumpling Right in the middle of the town. Three dozen houses crunching.

The next step took him 12 mice miles The other side of town. Knocked three barns and a market And a hundred fences down.

Indians

I THINK a good many of us had the notion that the red men were disappearing rapidly. I was glad to read, therefore, in the Century Magazine that since 1850 the Indians have increased from 230,000 to 250,000, and that they are progressing in every way. The wealth of the Indian is estimated at \$700,000,000 and their resentment against the white man is dying out.

In Same Class

An interesting feature of the 1926 commencement of the Huntington, W. Va., high school will be the presence in the graduating class of mother and daughter. Mrs. Leo F. Drake and Miss Aileen Drake, who have been classmates since the beginning of junior high school work.

I'm glad to say no one was hurt The giant went his way. And pahaw! the giant was a boy Out in the woods to play.

But boys are giants to small mice. 'Twill take them half a year To mend their fences and their barns. Now if you're ever near

To Tiny Town, do tread with care And don't make earthquakes for them; For if you knew these little folk You'd simply plumb adore them.

They're furry, wise and oh! so quick. As they run to work or play. And their babies are the darlings. That you've seen for many a day.

best advantages of our civilization the old score may be wiped out. The old Indians with their blankets and tapes were more picturesque, but the modern Indian, with his modern farm and bank account, is more prosperous. Twelve thousand Indians served in the army and navy, and altogether they invested \$25,000,000 in Liberty bonds.

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Fairyland Queen Loses Her Crown

ONCE upon a time the Queen of the Fairies lost her crown—her very emerald and diamonds.

"A bird must have flown off with it, your Highness," said the old fairy prime minister gloomily.

"And now we shall have no end of trouble," just what he meant by that will be very clear to us later on.

"What a lovely ring!" Doris exclaimed in delight, "and it just fits my little finger, too." Doris had been picking violets and there, hidden down under the leaves, had come upon the gold circlet with its whole row of tiny green and white stones.

Thinking how surprised her mother would be, she slipped it on her finger, and gathering up her violets ran home. "Look—look what I found!" she called, running upstairs and flying along the entry to the sitting room.

"Come show it to me," said her mother. "Where are you, anyway?" "Why, can't you see me? I'm right beside you," and Doris reached out and touched her mother's hand.

But poor Mrs. Blake! At the touch of a hand the poor lady toppled over in a faint, and it was some time before Doris could bring her to. The more Doris tried to comfort her the more she shivered.

No wonder: the little girl was perfectly invisible. Imagine! "I must be dreaming that I hear Doris talking," murmured Mrs. Blake. "I'll just go downstairs and try to find the child." Paying no attention to Doris' conversation, she rushed down the steps, and now it was Doris' turn to be frightened, for she was sure that her mother must be very sick.

Without thinking she twisted the little ring to the left and the next minute had flown out of the window so fast that she did not have time to even breathe. On she whizzed and flew until she bumped into a tree, where she got badly tangled in the branches.

"What do you mean by shaking my house this way, you great, ugly creature?" snapped a cross voice. Flapping its wings, a great blackbird rushed at Doris' head. In terror the little girl put up her hand and a tiny branch caught the ring and turned it to the right.

The next minute she was jerked from the tree and started falling down with incredible speed. She closed her eyes and expected to stop with a thump when she reached the ground. But no siree, right through she fell until nothing but her head was above the earth, and as no one could see her head, you can imagine how frightened she was.

"How will I ever get out?" she wailed dimly. "Oh, dear, I wish I were safely home again!" No sooner had the words popped out than she landed with a plump on the sitting room sofa, bewildered to even think.

"I wish I knew what was the matter with me," she cried in a frightened voice. "You've got the queen's crown on silly," whispered a little voice. Doris hand flew to her head, but, of course, there was no crown there, and the more she thought about her troubles the more cross she became.

"Well, I wish she'd blow up in a tree and fall out again!" she exclaimed sulkily. The fairy queen was at that moment sound asleep in a room, but at 11 words she was jerked into a treetop and then rudely shaken to the ground.

"Gr-r-racious!" shuddered her majesty, picking herself up. "Someone must have found my crown. Oh, dear, what will they wish next, wonder?" She did not have long to wonder, for Doris herself came falling headlong into the queen, whose crown she was wearing.

Doris stared in amazement at the lovely creature and at the dear little queen who was brushing off her royal petal frock.

"Give me my crown," said the little fairy gently. "It is on your finger. For the first time Doris stared at her ring, then slowly drawing it off handed it to the queen.

"Good by Doris; thank you for bringing it back to me."

"But I don't want to go yet, I—"

Doris never finished the sentence, for the queen, setting the little crown on her own lovely head, wished Doris back home, and she was never able to find Fairyland again.



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