



### OREGON AT THE NORTHWEST PRODUCTS EXPOSITION

The state of Oregon was fully represented at the Northwest Products Exposition by the finest collection of fruits, grains, grasses and vegetables that the state has ever sent East to an industrial and agricultural show. In charge of the

booths were Messrs. O. E. Freytag of Oregon City, J. E. Sawhill of Bend, and M. J. Duryea of Eugene, Oregon. All three gentlemen were prominent speakers at banquets given by the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association

during the course of the land show. Thousands of booklets, leaflets and folders of handsome appearance were distributed to the land seekers who crowded the show during the entire two weeks.

### COMMERCIAL CLUB OFFICERS ELECTED

At a meeting of the Board of Directors last Thursday night, the officers of the Commercial club were elected for the following year. The officers chosen are: W. L. Clark, president; Dr. J. P. Watt, vice president; J. E. Robertson, treasurer; and Ray E. Scott, reappointed secretary. The new members of the board are J. H. Hellbrunner, Chas. Hall and John R. Putnam.

### A VERY CLOSE CALL

The Old Ducky Came Within One of Shooting the Buck.

"Come mighty high killin' a fine buck dis mornin'," said an old negro. "Con- in' long through de woods, an er ole buck he jump up, an' bookerly, bookerly, he run off a little ways an' stop will. 'Come in one er shootin' him, sah.'"

"Why didn't you shoot?" "Didn't hab my gun wid me, sah." "Then how did you come in one of shootin' him?" "Kaze, sah, I come in one o' takin my gun wid me."

"Why didn't you take your gun?" "Diddn't hab none, sah." "You are an old idiot!" "Look heah, doan' 'buse er man dat way when ye ain't got no cause. I ain't got no gun kaze a feller dat I wuz gwine ter buy one from axed me juse a dollar mo' I could pay. So I come in one o' gittin' de gun. If I had er got it I would er took it 'long wid me, an' if I'd er had it I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan' come 'roun' 'busin' er man when de facts is all erja yer. I hab knowed folks to fetch trouble on demselves dat way. Er person oughter be loortal in dis heah worl' o' sence and spekerlation. Good mornin', sah. Since yer's acted dis way I wouidnter gin yer none o' de meat of I had er killed it. Fo' you talked dat way I wouidnter make yer present o' some o' de buck. See what you got by it, sah!"—Uncle Remus' Home Magazine.

### Killing a Devil.

Once a Saharan traveler was informed by one of his African escort that he had just killed a devil, which proved to be his master's watch that the average had found, and, hearing it tick, concluded that there was an evil spirit inside. Accordingly he smashed the timepiece by hurting it against a tree.

### Hard to Decide.

"How did that race between the zebra and the giraffe come out?" asked Little Jinks. "It hasn't been decided yet," said Jorkins. "The giraffe's head came in two feet ahead of the zebra's, but his tail was three feet behind."—London Express.

### Johnny's Sign.

The front door bell went out of repair. Mother instructed boyish John to put up some sort of notice to the effect. John is better at athletic games than in regard to punctuation. He faintly evolved this sign, which a startled neighbor presently brought in to the mother: "Please Knock the Door-Bell Out of Order."

### A Soft Answer.

Actress (angrily)—Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation in "The Abandoned Wife" was a miserable failure? Critic—Ye-y-e-a. You see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you.

### Arresting Times.

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time," said the funny man. "Oh, I don't know," rejoined the matter of fact person. "Only this mornin' I saw a policeman enter a shoe door and stop a few minutes."

### Willing to Demonstrate.

"Tommy," said his distressed mother, "I don't see how you can get so dirty." "Come out and I'll show you," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post. Superior Price Markers and Rubber Stamps at this office.

### AN EFFECTIVE TRIO.

The Stout Man, the Parson With a White Tie and the Corkscrew.

The smoking car was so dull that when the stout man produced a bottle of his neat mates—three of them—savored in joyous relief. "Who's gotta corkscrew?" he demanded.

Nobody responded. The stout man looked around. Across the aisle was a thin person in a shabby black suit and a white tie. He was reading. In a shortsighted way, a gilt top volume with a limp cover.

The stout man leaned forward. "Betcha a feller th' parson has a corkscrew," he hoarsely whispered. "Done," said the man with the gray side whiskers.

The stout man leaned across the aisle. "Beg pardon," he said, "but have you such a thing as a corkscrew about you?"

The man with the white tie hesitated. For a moment he seemed pained. Then he fished a little, and reaching down into his pocket drew out the article they wanted.

Ten minutes later the stout man said he was going back to look for a friend. At the next station the white tie man gathered up his goods and chattels and left the car. Then came the conductor.

"Did Fatty Frost and the parson show you any of their team work?" he laughingly asked. "Team work!" echoed the side whiskered man.

"They're the cleverest swindling pair in the country," said the conductor, and passed on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### RED TAPE AND A BATH.

Curious Experience of a Visitor in a Little French Town.

St. Lo, a little town in the Manche department in France, has no public bath house such as those found in most French towns and cities, for the private bath in France is yet, as it were, in its infancy. The youngsters of the town bathe in the Vire, but the 12,000 other inhabitants think themselves above such a thing as a bath. Visitors can get a bath. It is free, but they must order four liters of water, all that they are permitted, and it is taken to them.

Not long ago a visitor in the town wished to take a bath. He went to the hospital to ask permission to take a bath there, as in Brittany this is the custom in towns where there is no public accommodation. The visitor's request was received rather coldly, and he was told that he would have to make his request in writing to the directors of the hospital. This he did and patiently awaited a response. None came, and the visitor left town.

Two days later the response came and followed him from town to town throughout France, not catching up with him until he had returned to Paris.

The response was as follows: "M. — is exceptionally authorized to take a bath at the hospital on condition that he is able to justify by a medical ordinance that this medication is necessary to his state of health."—Exchange.

### A Gentle Rebuke.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences relates how Queen Victoria once rebuked a certain mistress of the robes for unpunctuality. A day and hour had been appointed for a public ceremony in which the queen was to take part. The hour had arrived, and of all the court the duchess alone was absent. The queen gave vent more than once to her impatience, and at last, just as she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady of honor, the duchess in breathless haste made her appearance, stammering out faint words of excuse. "My dear duchess," said the queen, smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch," and she unlocked from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore and passed it round the neck of the offender.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adain Clark.

### Knowledge and Culture.

A great library does not make a philosopher any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations toward each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place. I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them. Still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well read men or men of information they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind or fulfills the type of liberal education.—Newman.

### An Observing Boy.

Little Boy (who has just seen his mother dismiss the servant for staying away from home the previous night five or six hours without leave)—Mamma, wasn't I very wrong in Mary to stay out so late? Mamma (judgmentally)—Yes, Charlie, and very impudent, too, she was. But I won't keep such a person in my house. Little Boy—When are you going to dismiss papa?—London Telegraph.

### The Smelt.

It is the opinion of the true gourmet that of all marlin sea fish there is none to compare with the smelt (Osmerus mordax). This primary rank is its own by reason of its delicacy and delicious flavor, and when fried a light brown in very fine breadcrumbs and served with melted butter there is none that disputes its pre-eminence. Its delightful flavor, however, as well as its peculiar odor, is evanescent. Like the mackerel, it cannot be too fresh. It is from its odor that the smelt derives not only its familiar but Latin name, an odor so aggressive of sliced cucumbers that if its presence be manifested only to the sense of smell people are often deluded into such suppositions. This odor is not marked except in the freshly caught fish and disappears in the cooking, giving place, however, to a fitting resurrection of the smelt to an olfactory sense still more savory and delightful.

### The Struggles of a Sculptor.

Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor, had a great struggle with poverty and adverse criticism in his youth. Of an episode of this early period a writer says: "With that indelible will and singleness of purpose that never failed him throughout his career the young sculptor set himself to express in clay, marble or bronze his conception of life and art. He used his leisure in working at nighttime in a deserted stable he had transformed into a studio at his wonderful mask of 'The Man With the Broken Nose.' After eighteen months of hard and patient labor he finished this mask and sent it to the salon. It took the hanging committee fourteen years to discover any merit in the work, for it was rejected in 1864 and finally accepted only in 1878."

### Literary Coincidence.

Resemblance does not always mean plagiarism. There was no plagiarism certainly in Newman's line, "The night is dark, and I am far from home," though it has been pointed out that it almost exactly reproduces a line in a play printed in 1599. This play is "Two Angry Women of Abington," by Henry Porter, and the original line runs, "Tis late and dark, and I am far from home."

### The Hallmark.

"Isn't that Marjorie Mince, the son-brette star?" "Yes." "But she hasn't a particle of makeup on her face?" "She doesn't wear paint and powder on the street any more for fear she might be mistaken for a society leader."—Life.

### Dear Living.

Putting Wife—You used to call me the light of your life. Bob—So I did, but I had no idea the meter was going to register such a cost. Boston Transcript.

Now is the time to buy cheap wool. A. C. Lutz, phone 310-X.



### EAST AND WEST MEET

Walter McCormack, Famous Grand Opera Tenor, makes Friends with the Blackfeet Indians from Glacier National Park

The East and the West came together in a rather striking and unusual fashion at the recent concert given by the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra in the Auditorium at St. Paul. The Indians attended the concert as guests of L. W. Hill and were very appreciative not only of the splendid

solos sung by Mr. McCormack, but of the rather intricate and high-brow type of orchestration rendered by Prof. Rothwell and his well-known orchestra. Chief Fred Big Top, in referring to the concert, said he enjoyed it very much—"some of it was just like Indian music."

The Indians applauded long and loud at times and attracted considerable attention themselves. While the suite of St. Paul were present in evening dress they had nothing on the Indians, who were very elaborately attired and carried themselves with dignity and ease.

After the concert, the Indians were introduced to and photographed with Mr. McCormack as shown in the picture above. They extended him a cordial invitation to visit their native home, Glacier National Park, Montana, next summer.

### Palmer Gives Self Up

As the guest of Sheriff T. F. Johnson, R. E. Palmer, a real estate man, rode from Hood River to Portland last Friday to give himself up to the local detectives. He is charged by Geo. L. Madden, of Jennings Lodge, with the larceny by embezzlement of \$700, the sum named in a law judgment in favor of Madden against Palmer.

Palmer has been sought for some time following the swearing out of a warrant by Madden. It is alleged that Palmer sold some property for Madden and from the proceeds took a \$700, fee. This, because he was said to have no agent's credentials from Madden, was recovered by Madden in a civil suit. Palmer, it is said, refused to pay the judgment and the warrant was secured as a result. Palmer, who lived on a ranch 11 miles from Hood River, informed the sheriff a week ago that he would be willing to return to Portland and face the charge after New Year's, Friday he walked into the sheriff's office and said that he was ready. "Will you pay my fare to Portland if I go down and give myself up?" said Palmer. The sheriff accepted and Palmer boarded the train alone and greeted Detectives Litherland and Hill generally at the union depot, where they had been notified to meet him.

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