

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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Running Accounts and the Troubles and Worry Caused by Them.

One of the most serious and insidious obstacles in the way of thrift, of ease of mind and of true household comfort, is the "running account."

Jack Fallstaff, who got all the good out of the credit system there in it, declared: "If I had a thousand sons the first human principle I would teach them should be to forewarn their potatoes and addict themselves to sack."

The "running account," however, is more dangerous for the housewife, because she is not usually either the wage-earner or the paymaster in the household.

Young couples who start out by running in debt should remember that they can not, in the long run, get an inch the start of the world in that way.

It too often happens that no check is kept upon the running account. Settling day is always a day of surprise for the debtor, and big store-bills are a perpetual source of family broils and discontent.

A NATURAL WEAKNESS.

She wanted to know all the customs and habits of cats, dogs, monkeys and rabbits, and all of the traits and conditions.

She thought that no knowledge was trite or irrelevant, from a wee, tiny hummingbird up to an elephant, and she swam around in her own proper element while learning their habits and in-sensations.

And it was a known truth that no possum or beaver could in the least fashion ever deceive her, for she'd travel all lands from the Nile to the Neva, and knew all their fish and their vermin.

She knew all the habits and traits of the condor, she was fond of the bon and the long anaconda, of the cobra and copper head she was much fonder, and all snakes that kept coiling and squirming.

She secured the earth from the Poles to the Equator for the ape and the monkey and the tough alligator, and the crocodile, shark and all things of that nature, she sought with peculiar devotion.

And whenever this kind of live stock grew monotonous, she sought the rhinoceros and tough hippopotamus, and she waded right in and sure she sought 'em worse than they had any previous notion.

But in spite of her knowledge and physical bravery it was whispered by men who were given to know, that she was still bound by a feminine slavery that holds all her sex in its power.

For whenever a mouse came anywhere near her, she screamed so loud that her neighbors could hear her, and her poor little heart heaved her dearest when she'd screech on a chair for an hour.

—Lynn Union.

WOMEN WHO STEAL.

A Floor-Walker Tells of His Experience With Them.

"Wasn't it rather strange, the arrest of those respectable ladies the other day, for stealing in a State street store?" was asked of an old floor-walker in the retail dry goods trade.

"Yes, it was strange that they were arrested and put through," was the reply. "It is nothing uncommon, though, for women presumably respectable to be caught stowing away on their persons goods they have not paid for."

"How they get off depends on the store where they are picked up. You know all don't nor do all have the same ideas about the effect of publicity of such affairs would have on their trade."

A portly lady, tastily clad in plush cloak, silk dress, and fashionable hat, seemed leisurely engaged in making a selection from several boxes before her.

The reporter and his associate carelessly drew closer, and overheard the various running comments on colors, seams, and the other features of the stock exposed. The boxes all seemed drawn pretty close to the front of the counter.

But that mirror had not been held up for frizzes alone. Over her shoulder the salesgirl had seen the customer's actions reflected, and she turned at once to say, "We generally have all purchases wrapped up, ma'am," with a significant look.

"What do you mean, you hussy?" said the stout lady, flushing up.

"The remark was repeated and 'Mr. Jones' to the floor-walker. Mr. Jones was not far off. In fact he was so near that he caught the box and gloves half down the lady's dress as she loosened her pressure on them, and sought to let them fall on the floor."

hears of it at all it will be by letter from her, telling how easy she got off. If we hadn't been in court within a month I believe I'd put her through, for she deserves it. She's an old hand, and pretty well known in the stores. But to take her up. Ever been at the Armory Police Court? Of course you have. Well, once a month is often enough for me there. I wonder how she came in to play that when there were so few in the house. Why, three or four were watching her noting the fun. "Thought you knew her, did you? How's that?"

"She's the image of the wife of a well-known architect," explained the reporter.

"Suppose she is; I know she is no architect's wife. She's a stone-cutter's, by the way," laughing at the idea. "Now, whatever there is in it, I've a theory that such resemblances are designed by some professionals, and they study their prototypes most carefully, even to associations, so as to talk familiarly of friends if occasion brings about the opportunity."

I have been mistaken myself in assumptions, but got over it long ago, after a most disagreeable scrape. I was younger and brasher. I saw a modest-looking woman take off a half-dozen as nice embroidered handkerchiefs as we had in the store. I was positive she was a certain customer on our books, and was confirmed in the belief by recollecting the absent-minded way she worked. To me it seemed a sad case of kleptomania, and I fancied her house full of all sorts of stolen nicknacks of no use, but said to be presents from friends. That's the way, you know. So I let her pass unnoticed, and at the end of the month sent up the item with the rest of the statement of the month's purchases. Then it all came out. As soon as I saw the lady I knew my error. But it was a close resemblance. No, I take no stock in kleptomania. If you notice, it's only a disease for rich folks. Who knows but what Pasteur will be inculcating for it after he gets through with hydrophobia? There's more money in it for him. They say the nobility have attacks of it once in a while. Yes, every stock suffers with us. O, it might stop stealing if he didn't display goods so much, but it would stop trade too. Why, the other day I actually saw a crumpet woman look a bunch of hair curlers for the notion counter that were plainly marked two bunches for three cents. The girl of it paralyzed me and the clerk around, and we nearly laughed aloud. We let her go her way, though. Silk remnants and bolts of ribbon or lace are the most tempting. Hang me, but I wonder what the shoppers take us for? They can't reason at all, most of them, but steal on the impulse, especially such as were arrested the other day. It's our business to watch the goods around, and we get so by experience that we can take in a good deal with one scope of our eyes. We know all our patterns, besides having them marked otherwise. Then we get to know the character of our visitors pretty well by the way they carry themselves. By just a moment's talk we know if a woman really wants to buy to-day, or 'we'll call again.' They can't play it on us unless the store is pretty full, and then it is our losses occur, and our profits, too, I might say. Yes, we do search, but more frequently it is not necessary, but as you saw. If a woman comes prepared to steal, and has the customary bag or pocket sewed in her clothes, we can know whether she is good to search by beating around her clothing, when we feel uncommon objects for the pocket. From time to time we have accumulated up stairs stacks of stuff taken out of such places, but not stolen from us. Rarely do they try to brazen it out, but cry, and talk of their homes, and they never did it before, and never will again, and so on. As I said, we don't care to go into court, and let most go if we get our goods back. Articles regularly purchased, you know are wrapped and have cash checks with them. We have found such with goods acknowledged to be stolen, but never keep them, of course. How do we keep track of every thing in such a varied stock? By system, and nothing else. Then every thing gets familiar to the salespeople. Their eyes are sharp for patterns of goods and bulk of packages. It's only when things are known to be sold that they never will be missed. We did have a girl here who boasted she could tell if a hole was gone out of a pattern of lace, but she died, or got married, which is the same, so far as regards business, for they quit them. But I'm off of shoplifters. You can say nine out of ten are presumably respectable, and most of them never stole before they were caught, and never will afterward. Once is enough. Shouldn't you think so?" —Chicago Inter Ocean.

LOTTERY OF THE TURF.

Fatuable Race Horses Which Cost But Little and Earned Fortunes.

The redoubtable Harry Bassett, one of the best race horses the world has ever known, brought only \$315 as a yearling, yet he vanquished all the great racers of his era, and won \$50,000 in stakes and purses. Glenmore cost only \$175 as a yearling, and won \$35,000 on the turf. Bramble cost \$450 and won \$32,000 during his career as a race horse, and sold for \$5,000 as a stallion when he was six. Vigil cost \$210 as a yearling, yet he won \$25,790 in stakes as a three-year-old alone, and sold with another horse for \$25,000. Tom Ochiltree brought only \$600 as a yearling, and sold for \$7,000 at the end of his third year, after he won \$10,500, and the next year he won \$22,845. Parole brought \$780 as a yearling, and won \$83,000. Foxhall sold for \$650 as a yearling, and won \$63,125. Luke Blackburn brought only \$300 as a yearling; Sly Dancer, \$400; Bancroft, \$175; Boatman, \$350, yet these four won some \$50,000 in prizes. Brambelotta brought only \$500, and won \$20,265. Bootjack brought only \$500, and won \$13,965. Ripple actually brought only \$60, and yet he won \$8,055, and was second only to Hindoo as a three-year-old. Ferida brought only \$325 and won \$35,382.50 in stakes. Wallenstein sold for \$600 as a yearling, and a year later was disposed of for \$9,000. Springbok brought only \$430 as a yearling. He sold at two for \$2,500, and was the champion of his era, winning \$19,750 in stakes.

These figures speak of what has been accomplished by the purchase of moderately priced yearlings of former years. Now, let us note those of the past few seasons whose racing exploits are more fresh in the minds of our readers. Mr. Bryant purchased General Harding, by Great Tom, for \$550. The colt won \$16,634 as a two-year-old, and Bryant refused \$15,000 for him. Colonel Bruce paid only \$300 for Tyrant, and sold him, eight months later, for \$5,000, and the colt won \$11,110 in stakes last season. Colonel Bruce paid only \$280 for Economy, and sold her for \$2,500, we believe, at two Tom Martin, by Longfellow, cost Mr. Fox only \$275 as a yearling, and she has won some \$13,862. Modesty cost \$225 as a yearling, and she has won some \$10,479. Her mate, Lizzie Dwyer, cost Mr. Corrigan only \$425 at the Woodburn yearling sale, and she has won \$20,670 in stakes. Mr. Corrigan, likewise got Irish Pat cheap enough as a yearling for \$300, and last year the colt won \$14,916. The Billet filly, Wanda, who won \$7,205 as a two-year-old, cost only \$375. As a yearling Loftin cost only \$380, and Mattie B. \$500. Decoy Duck cost Mr. Farrar \$420 as a yearling, and as a two-year-old, he refused \$12,000 for her. He paid only \$300 for Telle Doe, who has won twenty times that much. Mr. Williams paid for Bob Miles, as a yearling, only \$500, and the horse has won \$25,025. We have already alluded to Tyrant, but take some of the other three-year-olds of last season. Mr. Pate bought Editor for \$400 as a yearling, and has won \$10,000. Favor cost \$470 as a yearling, is said to have been sold for \$12,000 at three and has won \$17,500 in stakes. Mr. Williams paid only \$985 for Joe Cotton, but he was as cheap as dirt, for he has won \$22,000 in stakes and a fortune in bets. Of last season's two-year-olds we need only mention that the Invincible Bankrupt cost as a yearling only \$400, and Biggion sold for \$500, and "squandered" colts and fillies which sold for nearly ten times as much. —Spirit of the Times.

A Heathenish Name.

"Coup-y-gay-pacia-y-peny." This cabalistic word was solemnly chosen a few days ago by Signor Sacchi, a member of the Common Council of Pavia, as the name of his new-born child, a little girl. We can not call it her Christian name, for Signor Sacchi is a leading Freethinker, and he was anxious that his daughter should be called by a name which no one could possibly suppose to be Christian. The local registrar of births, however, protested against entering so ridiculous a name upon his official books; but as the father persisted that he would give her no other, the registrar thought it best to comply. After Sacchi had left the office the registrar wrote to headquarters asking for direction. A reply was sent from Rome that the absurd name must be erased, and that the father must substitute some more reasonable one. In the event of his refusal, the registrar was empowered by the Government to make the little maiden a namesake of her native city. Signor Sacchi proved incorrigible. —St. James' Gazette.

Pocket Pea-Soup.

I was talking to a friend of mine last week about the different modes of relieving distress that have been adopted, when he pulled out of his pocket a small slab wrapped up in paper. "This, he said, 'I have given in numerous cases. It is the German pea-soup, which gave bone and muscle during the last war. This slab costs three-pence; it makes seven pints of pea-soup, requiring no addition to it, for meat is pressed in with the peas." Well, I tried it, and better pea-soup I never tasted. A packet would make a sufficient dinner for a family. My friend bought the slabs that he gives away of a grocer who has a shop in George Lane, Folkestone, and who imports them from Germany. —Labourer, in London Truth.

JOKES OF ANIMALS.

The Sense of the Ludicrous as Developed in Dogs, Monkeys and Birds.

In discussing humor in animals, Mr. W. H. Beard declares that mankind is not alone in possession of a sense of the ludicrous. Cats, dogs, monkeys and birds all have occasionally their little jokes, those of the parrot, especially, being quite broadly facetious, and often of a practical nature. He mentions the testimony of a gentleman owning a parrot which has been taught to spell "dog." The bird is also in the habit of confirming the correctness of his own spelling, by repeating his lesson thus: "D-o-g, dog; bow-wow. That's right!"

One day his master heard him indulging in his exercise, with the letter o omitted, saying: "D-g, dog; bow-wow. That's right!" The mistake was so constantly made, and the bird watched his master so closely, that the latter supposed his pet to be actuated by a mischievous desire of provoking correction. Turning to the bird, he said: "No, Pol! that is not right. D-o-g, dog; that is right!"

"D-g, dog, bow-wow," returned the parrot, and after repeated corrections, he would say nothing different. Finally he concluded his joke by declaring: "Well, it's no matter," and refused to converse further.

Another parrot was one day given a piece of meat which the cat coveted, climbing up to his cage in order to purloin it. The bird offered no resistance, but fluttered about the top of the cage counterfeiting extreme terror. Presently, in her efforts to reach the meat, the cat turned in such a manner that her tail fell between the bars of the cage. The parrot forgot his mock fear, and pounced instantly upon the tempting tail, which he so vigorously pinched in his strong beak that the cat shrieked with pain. Immediately the bird set up a "Ha! ha! ha!" in splendid imitation of his master's laugh, which he had never before been known to attempt.

Going one day into a bird-fancier's shop, Mr. Beard noticed a scarlet macaw, which, as soon as it found itself the object of attention, presented its right claw, waving it up and down and saying: "How'd ye do?"

Politeness would have counseled a reply to the bird, but prudence forbade, and as the gentleman did not respond in kind, the bird thrust his claw still farther forth, repeating, in a higher key: "How'd ye do?" "He wants to shake hands with you," said the shopman.

"Yes, I know," answered the visitor; "and that isn't all he wants. Would he not bite my finger?" "Well, he might pinch it a little," said the man, laughing outright.

The macaw joined, with a cackling sound, which was evidently his substitute for laughter, and men and bird enjoyed the proposed practical joke, like "three jolly fellows of one race." —Youth's Companion.

RUSSIAN COURTSHIP.

A Country Where the Wife Gets Mad If Her Husband Does Not Whip Her.

Mme. "Henri Greville," now visiting this country, thus describes courtship and marriage among Russian villagers: "For the first two or three days after the wedding in Russia things go on very well; that is, while the families are exchanging their visits. After that the husband beats his wife; and if he does not beat her, she thinks it is because he does not love her. Beating is the mark of proper jealousy. Among the wealthier Russians the mothers of Trinity Day dress their marriageable daughters very handsomely, and take them to a city garden, something like Boston Commons. The silk dresses of the girls are unlike any thing you ever saw here. They are pink, yellow or sky-blue, with huge flowers of contrasting colors. The girls are as stiff as sugar loaves in them. The mothers and daughters seat themselves on benches in the gardens, and all the young men who want wives parade before them. The girls never look at the men. They sit until five o'clock without saying a word. Then they go home and wait. In two or three days, or perhaps a week, an old woman appears. She asks for the mother, and begins to talk to her about everything in the world except the marriageable daughter. She is the match-maker. It would be highly improper for the young man or his family to appear in the matter. At length she says: 'You have a turtle dove, and I also have a turtle dove.' After a little parrying she comes to the point. 'Why should not my pigeon marry your pigeon?' The mother demurs, and says her daughter is too young. 'Why did you take her to market, then?' The match-maker sets forth the present and prospective advantages of the match. The girl is summoned and informed that in two or three weeks she will marry the young man. She must not look very much pleased if she likes the match, and she must look somewhat as if she did not like it. She can not refuse. The young man comes to a family tea-party; perhaps to two. Then his friends return the civility. They see nothing of each other beyond this." —Exchange.

—DON'T ASK your husband to walk the floor with the baby half the night. A man who tramps industriously around a billiard table three nights in a week or buys an admission ticket to the opera can't be expected to be on duty at home the other three nights. Have mercy on him and give the man an opportunity to recuperate. —Puck.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

At the annual Sunday-school festival in Lucknow, India, a few weeks since, two thousand children marched in the procession.

—Mrs. Talmage, the wife of the Brooklyn preacher, lectures every Sabbath to a class of three hundred women and men. —Brooklyn Eagle.

—The Methodists in Bulgaria have formed an association for publishing a monthly religious newspaper to be called the Christian Witness.

—The Legislature of Connecticut rejected without debate or comment the petition that the testimony of atheists and unbelievers be taken in court the same as that of any one else. —Hartford Post.

—In the Episcopal Church in the East a lay order has been started called "The Holy Name Society," to break up profane swearing. There is an ancient society like it in the Roman Catholic Church.

—Sometimes I've asked every body that never told a lie to stand up. Every fellow was looking around to see if any body was going to get up. It any body had a-got up I'd give him the floor and sit down. —Sam Jones.

—A nephew of Ceteawayo, the famous Zulu chief, has been studying for five or six years in Sweden, for the most part in Stockholm, and is on his way back to his native land where he hopes to labor as a missionary.

—A Methodist preacher in the Bottineau district (Dakota) has a circuit of 259 miles, and has been making his points most of the time on foot, but his friends have recently presented him with a horse and vehicle. His salary has not been large. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—The pastors of several churches have adopted the plan of having an inquiry-meeting at each ordinary Sabbath evening service with marked good results. The congregations are larger and more interested, and there are generally found several inquirers in attendance. —Christian at Work.

—For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far, at least, as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little, wingless neighbors that are continually meeting me with a salutation which I can not answer, as things are. —Thomas Carlyle.

—The Examiner has information that two Russian Baptists who were accused by their Russian "popes" because of their religious belief, were sentenced to death by the court. Their wives, children and relatives were also brought into court, and when asked whether they would give up their belief, they said: "Do with us what you please, but we will abide by the same faith." They were sent to prison, but they read the Bible there to their fellow prisoners. —N. Y. Examiner.

—Statistics show, says a Hamburg paper, that German stands at the head of the educated countries of Europe. In Germany, 94 per cent of the population can read; in England, 91 per cent; Austria, 88 per cent; France, 88 per cent; Italy, 74 per cent; Spain, 69 per cent; Russia, 53 per cent. In Germany, 89 can read, write and cipher; in England, 81 per cent; France, 77 per cent; Austria, 75 per cent; Italy, 63 per cent; Spain, 46 per cent; Russia, 39 per cent.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—He who forgets as well as forgives is an honest friend of mankind.

—You will gain a good reputation if you avoid those actions which you censure and blame in others. —N. Y. Ledger.

—"Can February March?" asked the punster, with a sickly smile. "Perhaps not," replied the quiet man, "but April May." —Boston Transcript.

—"The reason why the word 'honeymoon' is only applied to married persons is probably because the moon only affects the tied. —Pacific Dester.

—"Politeness," says a modern Yankee Socrates, "is lawful tender all the world over; it will win nine times out of ten on mankind, and is a good risk to take even upon the mule."

—"Ohio eggs beat the world," boasts a braggart Buckeye journal. Well! The world beats Ohio eggs. Thus, even in matters of poultry, are all things made even. —Puck.

—A barber's idea of jocosity—"I tell you what it is," said the jocular barber, "when you attempt to cut the hair of a bald-headed man you are indulging in a bit of sheer nonsense!"

—Some one says: "Nothing can be both a failure and a success. Can't it? Study on this awhile. When the weather forces the mercury down to zero it always comes to naught."

—The late Mr. J. R. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, is said to have been worth \$20,000,000. He was one of the richest men in Philadelphia, and probably one of the fifty richest men in the United States, as it is doubtful if there are fifty men in the United States worth more than \$20,000,000 each. His two sons succeeded him in his publishing business. —Chicago Sun.

—ROSCUKO Murphy: "Do you know the man who drives that hack with bay horses?" Gilbooly: "Yes, I know him." "Well, he started out from Austin when the train left the depot, and he got to San Antonio just as the train ran into the depot over there." "He must have had a good team." "No, he didn't have any team; he was on the train." —Texas Siftings.