

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

THE "FATAL FACILITY" OF MARRIAGE IN MODERN SOCIETY.

Healthy Nerves and Shattered Vitality.
Young Ladies as Foreign Tourists.
Emergencies—Luncheon at Nast's—Cure For Whooping Cough—Suggestions.

The writer says that facility and frequency of divorce is not in itself an evil, but a result of other evils that lie deeper. If people do not wish to be divorced all the laws and courts between here and togeth' couldn't separate them. Divorce is not a disease, but only, at the worst, a symptom of preceding disease, or perhaps more truly a desperate clutch at a remedy for a desperate disease. This author urges more serious consideration before entering into marriage relations, and the remembrance that two people who are married have their individual lives to lead none the less because of the new relation, and mutual concession must be made or disaster in some form will be the result. That all intelligent people nowadays know that one body, more powerfully constituted than another, is not to be associated, often absorbing, so to speak, the other's vitality, leaving it listless, pale, steadily wasting away, and that a like process, mental and moral, is not infrequently a strong masterful will taking the color out of another individuality, and all this without necessary reference to the difference of sex, which, when added to the other preponderance, makes the result more disastrous.

All this voices a profound truth, and this author hints vaguely at the necessity for more complete, judicious, and commonsense instructions of the young on themes which are connected with the general subject of marriage. It is doubtless true that the scope of current education is not practical enough in this direction, but the chief difficulty seems to be that young people are not led enough to apply the knowledge their education brings them to the practical aims of life, marriage among others, and perhaps most important of all. The fact is we hear no end of unending drivel talked on the "trifling facility of divorce" in our time, and men and women are frantically engaged in trying to erect barriers against it—barriers which, like a continually rising dam against an accumulating stream, will serve only to make the final inevitable disaster more terrible.

The simple truth is that the fault lies not in easy divorce, but in the fatal facility of marriage in our society. With us anybody may marry—practically—and they do it all the time, without thought or calculation or reflection of any kind about relative fitness, physical, mental, moral, social, or any other, without any thought of duties to each other or the world, without the faintest thought for the future in any way—with less exhibition of prudence or care than any one of them would show in forming a six months' partnership in the business of selling tups or peanuts. People may preach and pray and suel and growl about it as much as they please, but all in vain, for it is a social and philosophical social necessity which no power on earth can escape that, while men and women remain what they are, if marriage remains as easy of commission as it is, divorce must be correspondingly easy, or worse disaster will follow. The boiler into which you force steam faster than some escape can relieve it, will burst, no matter how stoutly made.—Chicago Times Book Review.

The Healthy and the Shattered.
When I see brawny men and strong, healthy women ridiculing and condemning the nervousness of some delicate woman, made querulous by daily battles, hotter than any Gettysburg, I fancy I see a blacksmith's hammer or a granite bowlder questioning the trembling nature of a water-spring. Care and trouble, that would pass over your head as the winds pass over mountain peaks, only bending the far tops a little, while the rocks take hold on the eternal hills, would sweep the delicate mechanism of other natures into chaos. What does your flesh and blood Hebe know of nerves? He blood is elixir, her sinews are like strung cords, and all her goings out and comings in are timed to the pulses of buoyant life. She is a splendid physical development, a masterpiece of mechanism that works as smoothly as a feather drawn through oil. Of course she carries electric cheer wherever she goes—why shouldn't she? She is never out of sorts—why should she be? A harp in constant tune gives forth no discords. She is never despondent, never cast down, never nervous. An eagle soaring on strong, uplifted wing above the reach of the hunter's arrow is never wounded.

Now take the woman who has lots of babies and a shattered vitality, who was made a frail and delicate creature in the first place, and by chance and circumstance has been so reduced that her body is but a transparent astral vase that holds the flower of life, and let her be sunshiny and blithe and sweet not more than one-third of the time. I tell you that one-third counts more in the sight of heaven than the entire unruined existence of the woman whose nerves are strong and well. She shall pass through life with a song of deliverance, no need of glory, such as conquerors know; she shall be found fault with and despised by people who can do no more understand what she suffers than a burdock root can understand why the sensitive plant shrinks at the lightest touch or a steam whistle why an Eolian harp responds to the song of the troubadour wind. She shall lie down in death at last, as upon a couch of perfect peace, meekly wondering perhaps what welcome her spent and weary soul shall gain from heaven with pitying tears and soon forgotten; but I love to think of the surprise that awaits the dear soul there.—Amber in Chicago Journal.

What Labby Thinks About It.
Henry Labouchere, in a special letter from London to The New York World, says: "If we get a fine crop of meallards during the coming matrimonial season society will know whom it has to thank for it. Sir Crichton Browne lately told the National Health society that they could see more true loveliness in a morning's walk engaged in cleaning down the doorsteps than in fashionable 'swaying' rooms. As if this were not enough, I had been informing the Philadelphia girls of the Bournemouth that the factory girl with the shawl over her head and clogs on her feet was far more beautiful than many ladies he had seen in Piccadilly with high heeled shoes and

absurd bonnets. With science and art, not to mention Lady Herberton, thus leagued against her, what chance has a marriageable maiden who has not the courage to be unconventional?"

Women in Emergencies.
It is not always a question of nerves, but one of habit, which enables one person to do just the right thing under critical conditions, while another, and far stronger physically, stands up utterly helpless. I have seen a frail, delicate woman, who looked as if a breath might blow her away, quietly step to the front and direct those around her in an emergency with a wise forethought that checked possible evil consequences, while her stronger friend went into hysterics. The one had learned to control herself, the other simply gave way to a natural feeling of consternation.

No home or family can be entirely guarded against the possibility of some accident which only instant action can prevent from having fatal consequences. More than any one else must the mother have control of herself and be prepared, no matter how her heart may be torn with anguish at the suffering of some loved one, to move with calmness and precision in the doing of the best possible thing under the circumstances.

It is the work of a delicate fine ladyism for a lady to scream or faint or go into hysterics at some sudden happening. The physical condition may be such, it is true, as to render perfect control over the nerves an impossibility, but these exhibitions could be prevented in a majority of cases. Temperament may also have much to do with the matter, but those persons who know themselves to be possessed of an organization that is easily disturbed should set resolutely at work to gain control of it, instead of nursing it into greater weakness by indulgence. I remember hearing a physician say of a patient who was given to falling into agonizing hysterics at the slightest provocation, that she was cured by being left to lie upon the floor where she had thrown herself, and allowed to scream and tumble, and faint ad libitum. Heroic treatment, it is true, is not always feasible, but in this case it was effectual.

I do not want it to be understood as having no sympathy with hysterical people, for they are often terrible sufferers, and their situation is the result of an overstrained body, but I do mean to say that persons who are ordinarily well, and who are given to hysterics at the slightest provocation, that she was cured by being left to lie upon the floor where she had thrown herself, and allowed to scream and tumble, and faint ad libitum. Heroic treatment, it is true, is not always feasible, but in this case it was effectual.

A Luncheon at Thomas Nast's.
Thomas Nast, the well known caricaturist of Harper's publications, lives over in Morristown, N. J., and a few days ago he gave a luncheon, to which he invited all the best known caricaturists of this city. The luncheon was given at his Morristown home, and the artist who tells this about it said that he never sat down to a more delightful repast; that there was hardly a dainty that could be thought of that was not on the table, and that everything was cooked in the most perfect style of culinary art.

Mrs. Nast presided at the head of the table, and two extremely pretty and attractive waitresses, in white aprons and caps, served the meal. There was something about these waitresses that attracted the eye of the artists, and they gave them much more thought than they would have done to the usual young Irishwoman who performed this office. During the meal the guests from time to time expressed their delight at certain dishes that were laid before them; and finally Mr. Nast said, as they had been so pleased with his cooking, he would introduce them to the cook. They were prepared to see a dear old colored auntie in her bandanna and kerchief, but, to their surprise, Mr. Nast led a most charming young lady, who proved to be his daughter, into the drawing room, who, entirely unaided, had gotten up this elaborate meal. The artists asked to have the waitresses brought in too, for they felt pretty sure that they were Mr. Nast's daughters also; but this hint was not taken by the hostess. The artists, however, are convinced that the unmistakable likeness of the waitresses to the host was sure proof that they also were members of the family.—New York Mail and Express.

Injury to Personal Appearance.
There is one more point upon which it would perhaps be well to speak, the absolute injury to personal appearance caused by permitting a child to suck its thumb. There is perhaps no ill effect during infancy, but if the habit is allowed to continue in its many cases it is until the jaw begins to expand to make room for the second teeth, the shape of the mouth is ruined for all time. The upper incisors are pushed outward and their inner edges pushed upward in many cases, so that the lower edges instead of forming a straight line, as they should make a "V" lesser or greater in proportion to the habit and the natural conformation of the mouth. Where you see this peculiar conformation of jaw in an adult you will in nearly every case see a corresponding lack of symmetry, if not positive deformity, of the thumb.—Emma C. Hewitt.

The Marriage Settlement Idea.
The idea of marriage settlements, which as a general thing is repugnant to Americans, is not a bad one. It makes a woman independent, and it makes it possible for her to marry a poor man, who might be a much better husband for her than a rich one. When young men or young women have been brought up surrounded by every luxury at home, and then get married and are obliged to live as though they were in straitened circumstances, when they know at the death of their parents they are going to have all the money they want, it makes them, I fear, look forward to the death of their parents with feelings akin to resignation. If at their marriage a good round sum of money were settled upon them I think the effect would be more satisfactory than is found in anticipation.—Philadelphia Record.

A doctor's wife in Devonshire, England, supplies choice ferns at low but remunerative prices, sending them by parcel post all over the United Kingdom.

If the ear be big and ugly, a few curled locks brushed carefully back will help wonderfully. Never comb the hair right back from an ugly ear.

If gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish, all specks can then be washed off with water without harm.

Something About the Chinese Language.

Chinese is a queer language. All its words are only one syllable long. But the sounds in the Chinese language are not very many, some 405 at most, and their written language contains about 8,000 pictures, each representing a thing or idea. And these pictures must be committed to memory. This is hard work, and not even the wisest Chinese professor can learn them all. But now comes a difficulty. For, of course, where there are so many words and so few sounds, many different words have to be called by the same sound. How then are they to tell, when several different things have exactly the same name, which of them is meant?

We have such words. For instance, there is Bill, the name of a boy; and bill, the beak of a bird; there is bill, an old weapon, and bill, a piece of money; there is bill, an article over which legislators debate, and bill, a claim for a payment of money; besides bills of exchange, bills of lading, and so forth. But Chinese is full of such words of a single syllable, you, for instance, which, like bill, means many very different things. So they choose a number of little pictures, and agree that these shall be used as "keys." Each "key" means that the sign or signus near which it stood belonged to some large, general set of things, like the things of the vegetable mineral, or animal kingdom, forests, mines; or seas, air, or water, or persons, like gods or men. It was like the game called throwing light, in which you guess the article by narrowing down the field until certain what it is.

But there Chinese writing stopped short, thousands of years ago. There it is to-day. There are now 214 of these "keys" and, by intense application, Chinamen learn to use their method with surprising quickness and success.—St. Nicholas.

A Free and Fearless Bill-Poster.

The New York bill-poster has, from time immemorial, been a free and fearless rover of the highways. In the days when Harry Paulding, now dead and gone, had his headquarters in a Park Row cellar and drank champagne as a beverage, with a paste barrel for a throne, these bill-posters' wars were incessant. A truce was called to one only to have another begin. At first Paulding had a monopoly of the business. He made a mint of money and tyrannized the whole community that had to deal with him. Then opposition started up, and he set to work to fight it. The streets were full of war and the police courts kept busy fining the contending factions. Now and then one would commit a murderous assault, and on at least one occasion that I recall a murmur was scored against the adhesive guild.

A prominent theatrical manager having got into a quarrel with Paulding woke one morning to find the whole front of his residence from cornice to pavement, covered with show bills. Even the windows were pasted over, and it cost him a handsome sum to clear the declivity away. In another instance, Paulding's brigades of the sidewalks of Broadway and Fifth avenue with dodgers that did not wear off for a week. When his men were in a merry mood they made nothing of decorating the backs of private carriages with advertising paper, and once they adorned a church front with the bills of a burlesque troupe.—New York News "Babbler."

He Wanted To Be A Reporter.

Time and again the assertion has been printed that George W. Vanderbilt wished to become a newspaper reporter, and I do not imagine that readers generally gave entire credence to it. Nevertheless, it was true. George is the youngest son of the late William H. Vanderbilt, and a sharer in the estate to the extent of about \$50,000,000. At the time of his effort to get into journalism he was only an heir prospective, and he had strong desire to do something on his own account. "I had an idea that I could become a writer," he said, a few days ago, "and I believed that there was no better schooling to be had than as a reporter. I fancied that I would like the work, too. I went down to The Sun office and talked with Mr. Dana about it, and he said he would give me a place on the staff on the same footing as the other reporters. That was what I wanted. But father opposed it. He believed I wouldn't get a fair, square opportunity—that the public would be censorious of my work, no matter how careful my employers might be, to deal with me exactly as with the others. So I gave it up, and it is too late now."

What he meant, as I construed it, was that, having acquired an enormous fortune, it is too late, for him to accomplish anything else. He has a marked literary bent, however, and is apt to write a book sooner or later. George Vanderbilt is the wealthiest bachelor in America.—New York Cor. Galveston News.

A Widow's Extraordinary Devotion.

"If you want to learn what extravagance is," said an employe of a Chicago cemetery, "just look into the monument business. Some of these stone men are very sleek talkers, and if they once get hold of a man, he is, as a rule, a goner. The desire to pay respect to the memory of deceased relatives by erecting handsome monuments is a laudable one, and it is also quite general, but sometimes it finds most extravagant expression. For instance, there is a shaft in our cemetery erected by a widow over her husband's grave which costs about \$450, and which the poor woman is gradually paying for out of her earnings at the wash-tub."—Chicago Herald.

A Seasonable DREAMING.

Tenant—The ceilings need kalsomining very badly.
Landlord—I will send the kalsominers the first thing in the morning, sir.
Tenant—And the outside of the house ought to have a new coat of paint.
Landlord—The painters will be here right after dinner, sir.
Tenant—And the water and gas pipes are somewhat out of repair.
Landlord—I know they are, sir. I will stop at the plumber's on my way home.
Tenant—And the
Tenant's wife (peering him in the back)—John! John! Wake up and turn over. Do you want to rouse the whole neighborhood with your snoring and seeping?
Tenant—Um—yah—um, gosh the luck! It's only a dream!

THE DRUMMER DID IT.

A Class of Honest and Enthusiastic Nuisances Who Never Die.

All investigations by archeologists into the various races and their history brook on an inexplicable influence that seems to connect widely different places, periods and peoples. They find old jars in use in India that the mound builders had here, and they come across iron teaspoons in the primeval forest beds of coal. They are astonished to find the gridiron of the north of Ireland figuring in the social life of China three or four thousand years ago. The Bedouin Arab has the arrow blanket of the Esquimaux, and in the ruins of Pompeii they come across peanut shells like what the sweeper sweeps out of the gallery of the theatre to-day. Well, why is this? Archeologists cannot tell. I can. The mysterious ubiquitous influence that leaves no track save the article is simply the drummer. It was the drummer who did it all. He left those curious Grecian scrolls in Egypt; he carved those hieroglyphics on the rocks of ancient Britain; he is the man who introduced French candy into Herculaneum and stuck the mound builders with iron teaspoons.

Do you ever know what becomes of a drummer? Not that you care, but have you ever seen a dead drummer? I don't believe drummers die. I believe they simply tuck themselves into gas. "Gas thou art, to gas return," was written of the drummer. I have met one or two men who have been drummers, but they do not talk much about it. When a drummer gets tired of talking he just disappears. I do not see how this country survives the existence of drummers.

You go into a small country place; you step into the hotel; you find in the office sixteen cents hanging up on the wall and sixteen valises in a row on the floor, and sixteen men sitting with their thirty-two feet up on the stove, telling sixteen lies about their business and their adventures, all at one time. You can't get what you want in that town. The drummers have made the store keepers buy what they have to sell, and you've got to talk it or go without. It seems almost impossible to believe that a drummer should ever be able to disguise his identity. He is, as a rule, aggressive and runs things.

If you see a man come into the office of a hotel and step up timidly to the counter and ask the clerk if there are any letters for him, please, you may know that he's a humble private citizen and a plain guest. If you see a fellow bang open the door, stride in and leave it open behind him, go and hang his coat on a peg and jam his valise on the floor, walk behind the counter, take out all the letters and read the addresses from every box open the drawer and look in, then you'll know it's a drummer—good for one night's lodging and several drinks. He generally has every body know that he's sold a lot of stuff, and he talks very loud about the fun he's had some times. But they told me of one drummer who called himself a count, and wore a long fur lined ulster and an imposing foreign looking mustache. He came in the summer season and stayed a long time. He was the rage; the girls fell in love with him; the mamma's admired him; he was on the eve of getting engaged to a haughty San Francisco belle when a lady walked into a drug store one day and found him with a lot of samples of soap, trying to stick the proprietor with his stock. That let him out and he disappeared. But the profession disowned him, for as a rule the drummer is a straightforward, open, honest and enthusiastic nuisance.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Gen. Grant in 1863.

I find in my notes a description of Gen. Grant written behind Vicksburg in June, 1863. It may be of interest at this remote date:

Almost at any time one can see a small but compactly built man of about 45 years of age walking through the camps. He moves with his shoulders thrown a little in front of the perpendicular, his left hand in the pocket of his trousers, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his eyes thrown straight forward, which, from the haze of abstraction which veils them, and a countenance plowed into furrows of thought, would seem to indicate that he is intensely preoccupied. The soldiers observe him coming, and rising to their feet, gather on each side of the way to see him pass—they do not salute him, they only watch him curiously, with a certain sort of familiar reverence. His abstracted air is not so great while he thus moves along as to prevent his seeing everything without apparently looking at it; you will discover this in the fact that, however dense the crowd in which you stand, if you are an acquaintance, his eye will for an instant rest on you with a glance of recollection, accompanied with a grave nod of recognition.

A plain blue suit without scarf, sword or trappings of any sort, save the double strapped shoulder straps, an indifferently good Kosuth hat, or slouch, with the crown battered in close to his head, full beard between light and "sandy," a square cut face, whose lines and contour indicate extreme endurance and determination, complete the external appearance of this small man, as one sees him passing along, turning and chewing restlessly the end of his unlighted cigar. His countenance in rest has the rigid immobility of cast iron, and while this indicates the unyielding tenacity of the bulldog, one finds in his gray eyes a smile and other evidences of the possession of those softer traits seen upon the lips and over the entire faces of ordinary people. On horseback he loses all the awkwardness which distinguishes him as he moves about on foot. Erect and graceful, he seems a portion of his deed, without which the full effect would be incomplete. Along with a body guard of the general's aides his son Fred, a stout lad of some 12 summers. He endures all the marches, follows his father under fire with all the coolness of an old soldier, and is, in short, a "chip of the old block."—"Politico" in Chicago Times.

The Princess Louise is working indefatigably at a series of typical Indian portraits which are destined to be a present for the queen. Her likeness of Shaban, th-famous brocade maker, is said to be an excellent one.

In ventilating a room open the windows at top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way while the foul air makes its exit at the other; thus you let in a friend and expel an enemy.
According to Mrs. Haddock, of Iowa, 1,000 women own and manage farms in that state, while in Oregon there are so many women similarly situated as to occasion no remark.

SNOWFLAKES

Where do they go.
The melting flakes of the bright, white snow! They go to nourish the April showers; They go to foster the Maytime flowers; Where the roots of the hidden grasses grow, There do they go.

How do they go?
Drop after drop, in a silent flow, When the warm rain falls, and the winds are loud, And the swallow sings in the rift of the cloud, Through the frozen veins of the earth below They softly go.

Why do they go?
Because Dame Nature will have it so! More than this, truly, I cannot tell; I am neither a seer nor an oracle! When all is answered, I only know, That they come and go.
—Kate Putnam Osgood.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

A Pleasure Trip Under the Streets of the Gay Metropolis.

Excursions under Paris form one of the features in the movement for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent floods in France, and the gorgeous sewers are liberally patronized by the fashionable world. A reporter of The Gil Bias gives this description:

"We started from the Place Chatelet at 3 o'clock and I descended a little winding staircase, the steps and walls of which were covered with a green cloth fringed by a red border. There is not the slightest danger of soiling your clothes or of encountering the slightest disagreeable odor. On arriving at the foot of the stairs a fine display of fruits and vegetables was the first thing to greet our eyes. These products were from Gennevilliers, and were grown in gardens that are watered by the sewers. We got into a wagon, in which were seats for twenty persons. Off we went, shoved along by solid looking fellows, all neatly dressed. Above us was a mass of tubes and pipes. They are the water pipes, the two largest containing our drinking water from the Vanne and the water of the Ourve which is used for washing the streets and sidewalks. Then there are the pneumatic tubes, in which we can hear the rattle of the dispatch boxes as they shoot along.

"Suddenly we heard the passengers in the wagon ahead of us uttering cries of admiration. We were under the Rue de Rivoli, but soon we reached the crossing of the Rue du Pont Neuf. This tunnel is lighted from end to end with garlands of colored lamps. The effect is fairylike. The same effect is reproduced under the Rue de la Vierge, the Rue de Richelieu and the Place des Pyramides, where precisely under the statue of Joan of Arc appear in luminous glass the arms of the city of Paris. We passed along, still following the Rue de Rivoli, where each house has its number in the sewer, just as in the street, until we reached the Place de la Concorde. There the electric lights, crossing their fires with the reflections of the Venetian lamps, turn the square into a sort of ball room. Nothing is wanting, not even the music. We all got out of the wagons to embark in large boats furnished with cushioned seats. The music was in the first boat, which was decorated with flags and lamps. The boats were started. We followed the entire route of the Rue Royale by the light of fifty dazzling electric lights.

"After a quarter of an hour in this boat we landed at the foot of a staircase, where we were mounted, and in three minutes we were above ground at La Madeleine. It is much colder in the streets than it was in the sewers, where the temperature, summer and winter, is always uniformly pleasant."—New York Sun.

Decline in the Ostrich Feather Trade.

The ostrich feather trade in Tripoli declined so rapidly last year as to eventually end in a complete collapse, and the consequences it entailed proved disastrous to all connected with the business, and more or less prejudicially affected other branches of trade. As a result, trade with the interior of Africa is said to be suspended, people hesitating to risk their diminished capital in enterprises to remote parts of the continent before some signs of amelioration in the feather trade manifest themselves, and as yet there are none such.—Chicago Times.

"Johnny had conceived the study of Latin. 'Ma, what's his?' he asked, turning from the book to the cat. 'Ask your father, child. That is an expression with which he is very familiar.'—Binghamton, Republican.



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