

GATE CITY JOURNAL

Published every Thursday at Nyssa, Oregon

J. E. ROBERTS, Editor

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ADVERTISING RATES

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Reading, subsequent insertions, per line, per issue .50
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One inch, per month (if weekly) .50

LOCAL READERS

Reading notice, per line, one insertion .25
Reading notice, per line per month .50
Circulars and Cards of Thanks, per line .50
Rates for 1/2 page space will be given on application.

TOWN BUILDING.

There is never a time in the existence of a growing town, when its business men and promoters can afford to quit advertising its resources and business possibilities.

The fact that money is tight, and investors are not ready, or are not in a position to buy, is not a legitimate excuse for quitting the educational work pertaining to the undeveloped resources and commercial advantages of your town.

The reason investors are not ready to buy, is that they have their money invested in other lines at this time, and cannot realize on it, or do not care to withdraw it just now. There will come a time, and perhaps soon, when they will realize and will then be ready for another investment.

Do you think the investor is idle, that he is not planning for another investment as soon as his money is at liberty? If you do, then you have another thing coming. He is reading, studying conditions, planning for the reinvestment of his money, that it may not be idle.

If you have a good investment to offer, and he has had the opportunity to learn of it and investigate it, you are in line for his money the moment it is at liberty for investment.

If, on the other hand, you have joined the quitter class, when the first adverse breeze began to blow, you are out of the running, for the man seeking investment for his money finds a place for it, and is ready to reinvest as soon as he realizes on former ventures.

Your clinching arguments should be constantly held up to the public gaze and driven into the public mind right now, while the speculator is seeking another place for his capital. Poverty lane is strewn with the skeletons of quitters, while every brown stone front on Broadway was built with the money made by a man who never let his lower lip drop.

APPRECIATION.

A letter received by the Journal the morning of the 4th, has the following:

Enclosed find notes for this week's issue of the Journal. I want to say that your editorial ("One More Blast") in last issue is a literary gem! It is a crisp, pungent, philosophic bit of commercial wisdom that will

be appreciated by your readers—at least by those who know a good thing when they see it. "There's something in the Gate City Journal worth reading now" wife remarked after perusing the last number.

The foregoing was written by a personal friend of the editor, to be sure, and while his views may be prejudiced in our favor, it is none the less highly appreciated.

There are many others who see merit in the expressions of their local papers, but unless they drop a word of encouragement occasionally, the editor never knows it, and is led to believe, by the apparent stolid indifference of his readers, that his efforts are not appreciated.

An occasional word of praise, along the lines of the above, will work wonders with the man behind the quill. Whether or not it will improve his work as an open question, but it is certain that it will keep him trying.

A RANK HOLD-UP.

The management of the celebration at Ontario made a great mistake in permitting the hold-up of their visitors that was practiced at the base ball park.

In the celebration advertisements it was announced that 25c general admission would be charged for seeing a double-header game of base ball, and when the visitors went to the game they were charged 50c and then 25c more for the grand stand.

The Secretary of the Commercial Club was put in the booth to sell tickets, and the explanation made that they did not intend to say that the admission to both games would be 25c, but that they would 25c each. The explanation does not explain. The advertisements said explicitly that the double-header game would be 25c general admission—and no mention was made of an extra charge for the grand stand. To have been fair with the people, the management should have stated in their advertisements that they intended to charge 50c admission to the ball park, and an additional 25c for seats in the grand stand. As it was, the announcement read that admission would be 25c, and no mention was made about the additional grand stand charge.

This hold-up no doubt netted the management some \$300 more money than to have stood by their advertised figure, but the ill feeling engendered will be far more damaging than the slight money gained by the misrepresentation.

CORONATION A FROST.

Nobody went from Nyssa to see the King of England crowned last week, principally because most of us were compelled to adhere to this soil by force of circumstances. We might add here that there were others in other and more prosperous communities that shared our lack of financial voluptuousness.

In fact, the coronation following so closely upon the death of Garrie Nation, partook similarly of the nature of an obsequies.

There were fewer Americans in London coronation week than there are commonly at a cock fight or a dog show.

The Journal is not in a position to explain, even were we inclined to mix in this maudlin man-worship, but it is refreshing to learn that a reasonably large number of Americans have reformed, and prefer to remain at home and celebrate the 4th of July.

Every man in business in Nyssa is financially interested in securing a live dry goods merchant in the town, for every customer who is obliged to go to another place to purchase one line of goods, will of necessity purchase other needed goods. Let us all work together and secure this much-needed business at the earliest possible moment, for its absence means a great loss of money to Nyssa.

The Idaho supreme court has declared the alien labor law unconstitutional. In other words, the high judicial tribunal has said that the state legislature has no right to protect American workmen against the European pauper labor, imported into this country. There is just where the whole tariff system falls down. We are told that the protection of American industries enables the manufacturer to pay his labor higher wages than the free trade countries of the old world can.

Then these same manufacturers import their labor from the free trade countries, and employ at the free trade wage scale. If the people rebel, and pass laws protecting American workmen against the alien, the courts declare the law void. Does anyone wonder why the workmen, who cast 95 per cent of the votes in the United States, are preparing to make a clean sweep of the whole tariff system? And can it be wondered at that these same workers are taking every opportunity, as they did framing the new constitution for Arizona, to place the recall club over the heads of the judiciary?

Senator Lorimer, were he wise, would hook up with Ballinger and Davis and Diaz, and make a three-of-a-kind resignation, under fire, tandem team.

And now the president of Mexico is about to be initiated into the joys of distributing 199 federal offices among 1,999 self-sacrificing patriots, look out for squalls.

London is surprised to find, that notwithstanding the coronation, there were less Americans in town last week than a year ago? It is beginning to suspect the reason is that Americans are tiring of being easy marks.

Senator Lorimer knows that he can't make his story too strong for Senator Bailey to disbelieve, but then he should remember that there are few men in the United States Senate, who refuse to believe a ward politician like Senator Lorimer.

A New York physician advocates the placing of enormous fly traps at street corners in order to catch the pests. Might bait them with bald-headed men.

Everything you want for haying can be found at the Nyssa Hardware company.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Malheur county.

In the matter of the Estate of Charles D. Williams, deceased.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given to all of the creditors of the estate of Charles D. Williams, deceased, that the undersigned was by order of the County Court of Malheur county, Oregon, appointed the administrator of the above estate, and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned, duly verified as by law required, at the office of the undersigned at Nyssa, Oregon, or the office of C. C. Wilson, attorney at law, Nyssa, Oregon, within six months from this date.

THOMAS CANHAM, Jr., Administrator.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

ISOLATED TRACT
Public Land Sale, Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Vale, Oregon.
May 22, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stat., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 11 o'clock a. m., on the 12th day of July, 1911, at this office, the following-described land: Lots 6 and 7 of sec. 30, T. 20 S., R. 47 E., W. M., containing 13.58 acres.
Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.
BRYAN B. KERRIS, Register

.... Wit and Humor

Called from the Printer's Devil, a paper published by three of Nyssa's school boys, at 25c for three months.

Hens, Hogs, Niggers and Rhinoceroses.

A hen is immortal because her son never sets. It's different with Mr. Wills, the carpenter, for he sets; we saw him set his saw. Most every set of men you see set something up or upset something. They set a trap, or set a clock, or set a hen, or set a table, or set type, or set in the shade; but Roy sets up with his girl till midnight, Mrs. Cook says.

A set of new napkins set off a tea set, Ma says, but the niggers down in South Africa eat with their fingers. It's so hot down there that the niggers set their houses away up in the trees, to keep chiggers and cobra de capillas (that's the name in the dictionary for snakes) and vampire bats from biting them. Once two niggers were playing seven-up, up in their house, up in a tree. (Dad says it was a "set" game, whatever that is) and one had just played a card and was looking at his hand, when a rhinoceros came along and stuck his horn up through the floor, right between the two niggers, and the other nigger says "What's that?" And the nigger that had played and was still looking at his hand, says, "You know what it is, but the question is can you take it, but he didn't, for just then the rhinoceros upset the house.

When they are scabbing hogs, sometimes the hair gets "set," when the water is too hot, and once when Dad was shaving, his shaving set got upset when he was just half shaved, and he had to go down to the barber shop with the other half on; and he made a set speech that would upset the polite set.

Now we'll have to quit and set this up in type, for it's about all sets we know, except summersets.

Mr. White is out in the country pitching hay this week, and they say he is sunburnt till he is almost black. That proves that White is black, and that you can pitch hay with a pitchfork till you are as black as pitch. It is alleged (we think that is a good word, for you don't have to stick too close to the truth when you say it) that Mr. White gets \$2.50 a day, for working, and they charge him \$2.75 for his board because he eats so much. We had hoped that he would earn enough to subscribe for the Printer's Devil, but we've got another hope coming. Bob van Gilse and Mr. White are the only two left that have not kicked in with the spondulicks. This Bob-White combination is hard to get without a shotgun and a dog, especially during the closed season.

How Dad writes editorials: The editor sat in his hard bottom chair, trying to think of a thought, and he ploughed all his fingers about in his hair, but not a new topic they brought. He had written on temperance, tariff and trade, and the prospects of raising a crop, and joked about ice cream and weak lemonade, till his readers had warned him to stop. And, weary of thinking, sleep came to his eyes, as he pillowed his head on his desk, when the thoughts that while awake had refused to arise, came in troops that were strange and grotesque. And as the ideas airy float, he selects the brightest one from the tribe, and this is the gem, while dreaming he wrote: "Now is the time to subscribe."

Schoolboy's Composition.

The following is a composition by a little Nyssa kid, about six years old:

Water
Water iz good to drink, bathe in and to skate on. wen i wuz a little boy ma uster bath me ever morning in Water. Injuns don't wash once in ever 10 years, i wish i wuz a Injun.

Land in Malheur county is just like twenty-dollar gold pieces—it is always ready money.

Fourth of July.

Today is the grand old Fourth of July, the day our great grandfathers "caused" the king of England.

This is the day that every American boy with a drop of red blood in his hide should be allowed to shoot firecrackers, and shoot off his mouth, and go swimming, and eat pies and cakes and doughnuts, and celebrate!

Why not?

Aren't we the direct descendants of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Marquis de La Fayette, Patrick Henry and Baron von Steuben; and didn't they cut, shoot, shoot, and deliver us from all evil, when Old Glory was much younger than we are now!

Who first started all this patriotic talk about a "Same Fourth of July?" We'll bet two bits, or a subscription to the Printer's Devil, that if he could be found, he'd have only two fingers on his right hand, and that the other three were blown off shooting firecrackers when he was a kid; and now that he is too old to shoot and too feeble to shout, he wants to stop the sale of fireworks and pass an ordinance against speaking above a whisper.

We have the proper respect for old age, and we believe in the Bible where it says, Honor thy father and thy mother; but we also believe in suffer little children, and forbid them not!

We believe in George Washington and his hatchet, and in chopping down a cherry tree once in a while, just to bear her drop!

That "same Fourth" is all right for folks that are so old they've forgot they ever were young, but for us, as Patrick Henry would have said, Give us firecrackers, or give us death!

A Sad Accident

Mr. David was engaged in vigorously shaking up a milk shake when suddenly the glass broke and the ensuing deluge made him look like a human ice cream cone. A horrified customer not knowing exactly what to say finally blurted out consolingly:

"Oh-er-too bad! Did the glass break?"

Dripping from head to foot, Mr. David looked at him piteously.

"Did the glass break?" he repeated. "Did the glass break?"

Then with frozen sarcasm, "Oh, no, not at all! You just happened in just as I was taking my morning shower."

Swat The Fly!

Every paper you pick up says "Swat the fly!" and every store you pass has patent fly swatters for sale. Mrs. Cook bought one the other day and practiced with it till noon. At dinner she tried to swat a fly that happened to light on the table, missed it and swatted Arthur, knocking him off the chair, spilled the coffee pot on all seven of the cats, broke three plates and a cup and saucer, and did ten dollars worth of damage to the furniture, but the fly escaped unswatted.

Tutors Two Tooters.

A Nyssa tutor who tooted the flute,

Tried to tutor two tooters to toot,

The two said to v, "Is it harder to toot, or

To tutor two tooters to toot."

Mr. Stone Lost the Bet

A fellow was sitting in the Drexel hotel in Vale last week, when Mr. Stone, editor of the Malheur Enterprise, came in. The fellow said Stone had a hard name, but his name was harder. Stone bet him the cigars it wasn't, and then asked him his name. The fellow said "My name is John Harder." As usual, the editor bit

and had to buy. But he came down from Agency day, and meeting Mr. Stone "How's Mrs. Stone and little pebbles?" and Mr. Stone says, "All right, and Wood and all the little boys. How's you and boys."

Alas for Newcomer, Cupid! He died shedding one last tear. 'Twas a terrible case, Doctor said.

'Twas a weinerwurst stuck in his ear.

Dust to Dust

A maid with a dust made a great bluster, a dust bust in the ball park when dusted the bust it was how now it is dust—that is all.

Lee Blodgett remarked Green that fat men are quite thick at the Orybelle store; and George said that a fat man was usual thick.

Prof. White sent a Nyssa board to write the book, last winter. He was X-X.

Uses Strenuous M

An Ontario preacher weekly expenses overbalance church members' contributions when he was a kid; and now that he is too old to shoot and too feeble to shout, he wants to stop the sale of fireworks and pass an ordinance against speaking above a whisper.

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Marshall.—They say Mr. Stone's income is \$25,000.00. What'd you do if you had that money?

Geo. Green.—Gosh, what I'd do with part of that I'd treat you to a Turkish bath.

The Hobo.—Say Mr. Stone, that dorg your wife was for.

Hank Fields.—You did Bo.—You're on, an' if I give me \$10 I'll take her. See?

Frankie Phillips.—Why ing because your mother to lick you?

Clarence Minton.—So hid the strap, the hair all he slippers, an' I've hid on my person.

The boys tell it on Stone when he got his automobile took one of his best drivers, but when they got hill the buzz wagon Sberm said: "I guess have to get out and put for I have to stay here it."

Just Received—

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The noted liquid for getting away

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