

We Are In the Market For Poultry of All Kinds

Come in and see us when you have anything to sell

We carry in stock Poultry Grit, Ground Shell, Beef Scraps, Etc.

Owyhee Merc. Co.

Butter Wrappers

PRINTED JUST RIGHT

The Journal Office

FRESH FISH

We receive a shipment of Fresh Fish direct from the coast every

THURSDAY

NYSSA MEAT MARKET

H. BURBIDGE, Prop.

The Ontario Laundry

Soft Water--Better Work.

Leave bundles at Gibson's Barber Shop

Nyssa Barber Shop

Shaving, Hair Cutting, Hot and Cold Baths

NYSSA OREGON

THE JOURNAL PRINT SHOP

Is prepared to do your printing and the finished product will be equal to that turned out by the big city printer-ies. It will cost you less to have it printed in Nyssa

We have recently added a number of the latest type faces and your stationery will be up to date if it is printed here.

The Journal PRINT SHOP

W. C. T. U. COLUMN

Contributed.

More Men Ordered on the Water Wagon.

Officials of the I. X. Thomas phosphate works, at Mantau Point, New Jersey, have informed their employees who takes a drink of intoxicating liquor on his way to or from his work will be discharged. The company has employed a special watchman to see that the men have not been drinking before they come to work. The officials decided on the new rule when some of the workmen were found intoxicated.

How Do You Account for the Empty Jails?

"I will serve meals to just forty-one prisoners tonight," remarked the steward of the Spokane, (Wash.) county jail. "It begins to look as if pretty soon they will not need anyone to feed the prisoners, for there won't be any." This prediction was called forth by the fact that there are at present in the county jail only 41 prisoners as compared with an average of 230 last March. The Spokane Review under date of March 11, in reporting the situation, says:

"A year ago today there were twenty-five women confined at the county jail, the majority of whom were drug and whiskey victims. Tonight there will be but one woman at the jail to be cared for.

"Last year at this time there were nearly 100 prisoners at the jail who were drunkards and drug fiends. When a reporter visited the jail yesterday not one such case was in evidence.

"Last night there were fifteen federal prisoners at the jail. A year ago there were 60 federal prisoners. No boot-leggers are arriving at the jail.

The report of County Physician A. E. Stult, filed yesterday with the county commissioners, shows that he has not treated a patient for delirium tremens during the last month. Last year Dr. Sells, the county physician, treated many drink victims.

"At this time there are but two cases on the criminal docket of the superior court for trial during March. The criminal docket usually averages from twelve to twenty cases per month."

"Pears to me," said black Isaac, "dat we wets is lak my clearin'. De big trees am all gone an' I am down to de sassafras an' de persimmon sprouts. Ain't nuttin' left wuth cuttin'. The liquor folks am like dat. Der big arguments is flambusted sense all dem states went dry. All de arguments dey has left is jest breshwood."

Isaac was right. Nothing is left of the once fluent arguments against prohibition but just "breshwood." It is amusing to analyze the petty reasons(?) now being advanced in defense of the liquor traffic.

Protecting the Recruits.

Recruits for the United States army in Los Angeles are no longer boarded at a hotel where liquors are served. Upon complaint of Mrs. M. W. Law, president of the Los Angeles federation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, Congressman Charles H. Randall recently took up the question with the secretary of war, protesting against the practice. As a result it is stated by the war department in a letter to Mr. Randall that recruits are now lodged in a hotel where there is no bar or liquors of any kind, and that they are served with meals at a lunch room where no liquors are sold.

Circuses Play Only Dry Towns.

The circus people are among the latest to realize the financial superiority of a dry community over a license community. The plan for booking the big circuses for 1916, it is reported, is to play only dry towns, with the exception of the large cities, and to pass by the smaller wet cities of the United States.

In discussing this new plan for circuses booking for 1916, the manager of the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus, as given by William Allen White in the Emporia (Kans.) Gazette, says, "We do better business in a dry town than in a wet one. We noticed the difference in Missouri; always the days' receipts were better in a town that had gone dry under local option than in a town where saloons were open. And business is better in Kansas than it was in Missouri.

"Let me give you an example. We showed in Crawfordsville, Ind., this summer, and that town is dry. It was dry in more ways than one this year, for the rains were scarce and crops bad, hard times apparently pushing on. Yet we showed to capacity crowds.

The season of the year is now at hand when the average boy that is too poorly to chop an armload of wood or spade a small patch of ground in the garden, thinks nothing of turning upside down all the ground in the backyard in search of worms for fish bait and walking five miles to go fishing, and thinks it fun.

THE BROAD WAY.

"There is a way that seemeth right but the end thereof is death."

Oh, the glorious tramp of thousands of feet,

That follow the musical rat-a-tat beat; 'Tis the custom of ages the greatest world sin,

Red trap of the Devil, that millions fall in.

With the sound of a rattle, they rush men to battle

Where most of them lose, for ther's little to win.

O, yes; 'tis a wonderful smooth-curving road,

Yet the knapsack and gun make a tiresome load.

But the jangle like jingle makes tired limbs tingle,

While with hoboes and tramps, and jail birds you mingle,

And like dumb-driven cattle, you're pushed to the battle,

If unmarried you're glad, VERY glad that you're single.

Still you'll be but ONE, of five million or ten

Who are forced in the march, to the great slaughter pen,

The jingle like jangle, of political wrangle,

Twists your God-given reason all into a tangle;

The future all dark, one GREAT question mark—

While your uppermost tho't, is to murder and mangle.

THE BROAD WAY.

For these thousands of thousands, who march side by side,

There must needs be a road VERY broad, very wide.

Yet men who know little, and some who know less,

Will claim they are battling for God's righteousness:

Tut-tut-rat-a-tat; who can believe that? Such nonsense I can't understand—I confess.

Midst the noise and confusion of suffering ones,

Who all are in truth some fond mother's sons,

There are souls that are passing to final doom

Thru' the blackness and darkness of hopeless gloom,

To a burial like that of a vagabond rat,

No grave to be marked, by tablet or tomb.

And ther's the poor fellows in wet filthy trenches

Midst death laden fumes and horrible stenches,

What glory for them in this bloody affair?

Their lives they're simply throwing away.

Where the bullet's dull thud, mixes brains, blood and mud.

Sure the devils are ruling the nations today!

The end of this road has no sign-board or mark,

Its jumping-off-place is a leap in the dark.

No warrior, dares ever, make mention of it,

That horrid, unspeakable bottomless pit

Still continues the rattle, yells, cheers and rat tattle,

Not a soul of the host, dares say let u quit.

PART 2—THE NARROW WAY

You've heard of a path, a straight narrow way

Which a few simple people, are traveling today.

They carry no burdens of knapsack or gun,

Tho' the path leads on upward, they easily run;

Singing and shouting, not one of them doubting,

The victory is sure, when their marching is done.

In the hearts of these pilgrims, is kindled a fire

Of unselfish ambition. A holy desire

To honor their Master, by KEEPING his law

Which they have found perfect, without any flaw.

When praising aloud, this peace-loving crowd,

Is the happiest band, THIS WORLD ever saw.

The end of THIS road is marvelously bright

For these are not worldlings, THEY WALK IN THE LIGHT.

This SURE, was the PATH, their kind Master took

Which He tells us about in his wonderful Book.

We're told that no gate is so perfectly straight,

'Tis the shortest, BEST route, without any crook.

We're promised a home in a city most glorious,

Where the pure of all nations shall enter victorious.

There crowns will be given for Christ-like endeavor;

A pledge of life-EVERLASTING forever.

No wars can annoy or hinder our joy,

In that CITY preparing, just over the river.

A. F. FOSTER, Nyssa, Ore.