

M. C. CLAM IN CHICAGO GETS LIGHTS ON SCIENCE

University of Rockefeller, Chicago, 30 Jan.—Eagerly I shall write to my countrymen of this next of Ideas American. Once I thought in Washington I would find one center of intelligence. Again, in New York I hoped to discover why all people in America did think so quickly. Bah! I was disappointed. I was at the wrong end of that problem. Those ideas are not born in Washington and New York. Here, in the university founded by that three-renowned scientist, M. Rockefeller, I find those ideas are made. This, to me, is the grand discovery explaining much.

When I did speak with despair to my friend John W. Gates of my effort to study the psychology American, instantly he did make me happy—my dear friend!—by these words:

"Bah! You, my dear Clam, must go to that place where ideas are propagated. You must begin at the beginning place. Then you will understand why those Americans are so quick, yet eager. I shall now give to you the letter to my friend Prof. Stag, of the University of Rockefeller. Also I shall get one note from M. Rockefeller. This will be one fine pull."

Instantly he did write for me this letter:

"My Dear Stag—My dear friend, M. Clam, studies the affairs American. He desires to know where new ideas are made, also why those Americans are so quick in their brains. Put him next, my dear Stag. Show him that circus of yours. It beats Wall street. Yours, truly, JOHN W. GATES."

M. Gates did telephone to those Hills Pocatello, and in half of one hour this telegram did arrive:

"John W. Gates—Have sent this telegram to Stag. 'Show everything to M. Clam, of Paris, except financial incubator. My policy now is to conciliate all molders of public opinion. Be sure and make warm friend of M. Clam.'"

"ROCKEFELLER"

With joy I embraced my dear friend M. Gates and hurried away. That railroad train did fly like one thousand thunderbolts. I did see the Pittsburg, that grand city of millionaires and curious laws. In the Pittsburg city all men must become millionaires before the year thirty-five years old. On that day they must get the divorce instantly and be married to one other female. It is the law! This all wealth will be distributed among those people. Some millionaires try to get the divorce more early, because they wish to distribute wealth more quickly. Also second wives of millionaires of Pittsburg must be actresses, because they can scatter money more quickly than other women. Many other strange social laws are made in the Pittsburg city, yet I was jerked away in that train before I could learn all.

When I did arrive in Chicago—Bah! Astonishment did seize me! What a nation in America! What cities! What a people! Almost I thought this was that Plain of Shinar, with all people trying to talk strange languages while building towers of Babel in each street! Those terrible buildings—that elevated railroad again those crowds in excitement running! I had agitation, with desire to run. Yet I must be calm. Halling a flare, I drove to this University.

M. Stag, that professor of psychology was most polite. When he did read that letter of M. Gates he arose and embraced me. "Welcome, M. Clam!" he said "I have received also one telegram from M. Rockefeller, our patron saint. He instructs me to be most polite to journalists. Embrace me, M. Clam!"

With pleasure I did embrace the psychology professor. This is one giant intellectual. He is very tall, yet burned to thinness with those fires of intellect. Almost his forehead bursts with weighty things inside. The face of M. Stag is not pronounced, being obscured by one undergrowth of real whiskers of different lengths, because he has not the time to shave. Also he wears large spectacles night and day.

"We shall now go to that psychology laboratory," said M. Stag. "There you shall see some things."

In one room, very large, I saw one hundred scientists at work. All kinds of machinery was there. One man was talking to a large chimpanzee, who did scratch fleas and grunt. With each grunt that man did cock his ears to listen, then ran his finger rapidly through a book. It was one monkey dictionary. "Soon we shall be able to talk with this chimpanzee," said M. Stag. "After we have learned certain points on grammar from him, we shall publish that revised dictionary. Think M. Clam, of that benefit to society!"

"Ah, yes!" I replied. "To some society that will be one great boom."

Much I desired to linger and listen to those grunts, yet M. Stag conducted me to one machine, very complicated, where three negroes sat stripped to the waist. Those scientists applied parts of the machine to those negroes. One negro laughed and chattered like drunkenness while one scientist made notes on his chart. The second negro became pale, almost white, and the scientists did quickly make measurements, manipulate the machinery and make many notes. Soon another apparatus was applied to the third negro, who leaped convulsively to that ceiling, howling in an unknown tongue.

Our scientist instantly grasped the dictionary of Congo dialects. One other turned on more electricity. Three more scientists grasped that negro as he came down and held him on a stool. All was activity, with intense study, yet no one had excitement but those negroes and myself.

"But they will kill those negroes!" I said to M. Stag.

His reply: "Perhaps not! This M. Clam, in one investigation into those terms of race hatred. Why do we hate that black race? That is the question. If we can solve this problem, then we shall make experiments to discover the anti-toxin. Already we have assured M. Rockefeller that we are making grand progress, and more money will be coming toward us."

One terrible squealing astonished me. We rushed to the spot. Three scientists were at work on several pigs tied to tables on which were more machinery, with tubes, dials, and wires. When one pig was touched with the wire his squeals were measured for volume, intensity, and quality. "This laboratory experiment, M. Clam, has wonderful possibilities," said M. Stag. "What terrible energy is spent by these pigs in squealing, yet it is lost to this world. How to conserve this energy? That is the question. If we can contrive machinery for this, think of that saving of power! Those stock yards could supply power for all packing operations; also for those municipal trainways. M. le Mayor Dunne has great interest in this problem. Also those Armour's have given us free pigs for experiments, with one million dollars for apparatus. Soon we hope to solve this problem. Then Chicago may boast of utilizing all parts of these hogs for the benefit of society, yet the squeal may be most valuable of all!"

I said: "Can you not save the squeal and let the rest of that pig go?"

The reply: "That Chicago law, M. Clam, provides that no pig shall ever leave the city alive. This will prevent those other cities from being more hoggy than Chicago."

M. Stag led me up to one room where many people did hang head downward, suspended by ropes. Scientists in attendance watched these persons closely, taking temperatures, administering electric shocks, and making notes of words spoken by those victims. I thought this was violence, with murder! With excitement I said: "You, M. Stag, do not make murder!" His reply: "Be assured, M. Clam, this is not violence. Here we have experiments in sublimation of thought. Do you know of great ecstasy of brain when upside down? No? Bah! You are behind those times. One Chicago scientist, after eating heavily was unable to write. His head sank down. Instantly he found those thoughts clearer. He bent to the floor in agitation. Yes, it was not one mistake! His brain did flash grand thoughts. Eagerly he stood upon his head. Hurrah! The brain of him did strike poetic fire, with sparkling thoughts most like fireworks of the genius! He did try to write, yet he could not reach paper while upside down. Quickly returning to his feet, he ran for the pen and paper. Bah! Those miracles of thought vanished! He stood like the numbskull, the jackass, with no thoughts. Even he did not remember to stand again on the head. Thus, almost the grand discovery was not discovered. One day this scientist was knocked from the street car to his head with feet upward. Instantly those thoughts of genius flashed again. He did cry to those bystanders everything, and this discovery was discovered at the last! Too quickly he did turn to his feet at first. Now, by turning slowly, those brains do not spill out all, as they did to him."

"Look, my dear Clam, at these reversed philosophers, poets, inventors, and various geniuses!" said M. Stag. "This specimen, you will see, is purple in his neck, with those eyeballs popping. You say this is the blood to the head, with danger of apoplexy?"

"Bah! This is the signal of genius overloading one ordinary brain. Already we have gathered books of terrible wisdom from these inverted brains—epics, philosophies, prophecies, new religions, and the strange inventions. It is the grand scheme, for these people cannot remember their sublime thoughts when we put them again on their feet. All benefit goes to us."

"But," I said, "is not everything upside down which is here said? Is not each word topsy-turvy, of no logic?"

The reply: "Ah, no! Wait, my dear Clam, for those inspired writings. Then you shall see what this university shall do to this world. Do you doubt? You, M. Clam shall be hung up by those heels!"

"But no! no!" I cried, with intense violence. "Pardon, my dear Stag! I cannot doubt your words! All is true, as you say it!"

In one moment I had perspiration to my head, with corrugations of the spine. In America called the goose flesh! I did not admire that look in the eye of M. Stag. The brain of him was saying: "This Frenchman, he would make the fine specimen. What kind of genius..."

In agitation I wrung my brain for the escape. Ah! I thought of the M. Rockefeller telegram! "Please, M. Stag," I said, do not forget the telegram from M. Rockefeller."

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ed: "Hell, it is under Chicago one mile! Keep that lid on tight!" "This also, is the new thought," observed the scientist. "Ya, ya, mukuwillwill, the wild goose eats the purple snake!" cried one maniac. The scientist assigned to him said: "Doubtless investigation will reveal much in his cryptic speech." "Beware of pink suspenders!" "Try paregoric!" "Those newspapers are liars!" "Unscrow my wrists!" "Columbus, gentlemen, is a myth!" "Give us municipal ownership in smaller doses!"

"Charley Ross, he is in Topeka!" So those maniacs howled, with one thousand more new ideas, while I did listen. All day those scientists listen and take notes. Instantly, all ideas are turned over to those experimenters and investigators, to be worked out with the M. Rockefeller apparatus and money.

Diab!e! How novel, how simple, yet how effective! No more I wonder how these United States develop so quickly. With admiration I told M. Stag my thoughts. He did blush with the pride. "Ah, yes," he replied: this, after all, is the center of intellect of this world. Yet we must keep busy, or M. Rockefeller may refuse to give us money. Until that incubator is perfect, we must depend upon artificial stimulants from M. Rockefeller. Soon we shall make our own financial endowments, I have hope."

M. Stag did introduce many famous scientists to me, professor, of many kinds. Each professor did give me copies of his lectures, with the request that I publish them, with his name; also all did ask me to mention them to M. Rockefeller. Almost I was swamped with new ideas and great politeness. I have shame to think I cannot tell more of those grand ideas and new discoveries that are almost made. Yet my countrymen will now understand why those Americans are so quick in their brains. They are fed from Chicago, where the supply of maniacs is most plentiful and those scientists are most ingenious and daring of all investigators in this world.

CLAM.

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In that rotunda of the Hall of Mystery was one statue of M. Rockefeller. Many scientists did come and go, all stopping to kowtow to that statue and kiss one big toe of it. "In China," said M. Stag, "those students did refuse to kowtow to M. Confucius, and that government did make of him one god, so that all should kowtow. Bah! What prejudice! Here, all students kowtow gladly, and M. Rockefeller is not yet the god. Yet we have hope that our government will realize his grand virtues some day."

In that Hall of Mystery were many cells, each containing one man or woman, very insane. Almost the bed-did make me frantic. One scientist stood at each cell, taking down every world is one balloon" yelled one maniac, was the nest of new ideas! "This world is one balloon, yelled one maniac, with wild eyes. "It is full of gas which explodes!" "Aha!" said the scientist who listened. "Here is one fruitful new idea!" One maniac shriek

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Astoria National Bank at Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business January 26, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$370,387.94
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	8,887.50
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	12,500.00
Bonds, Securities, etc.....	60,709.43
Banking house, furniture and fixtures.....	3,250.00
Other real estate owned.....	8,233.41
Due from State Banks and Bankers.....	17,334.88
Due from approved reserve agents.....	169,600.02
Checks and other cash items.....	3,100.99
Notes of other National Banks.....	1,105.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	1,305.10
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:	
Specie.....	\$79,419.00
Legal tender notes.....	81,554.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent circulation).....	625.00
Total.....	\$738,584.27

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund.....	40,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	12,539.73
National Bank notes outstanding.....	12,500.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	\$324,134.55
Demand certificates of deposit.....	45,776.64
Time certificates of deposit.....	253,633.35
Total.....	\$738,584.27

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss. I, J. E. Higgins, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. J. E. HIGGINS, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of January, 1907. GEO. C. FULTON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: GEO. H. GEORGE, A. SCHERNECKAU, L. MANSUR, Directors.

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