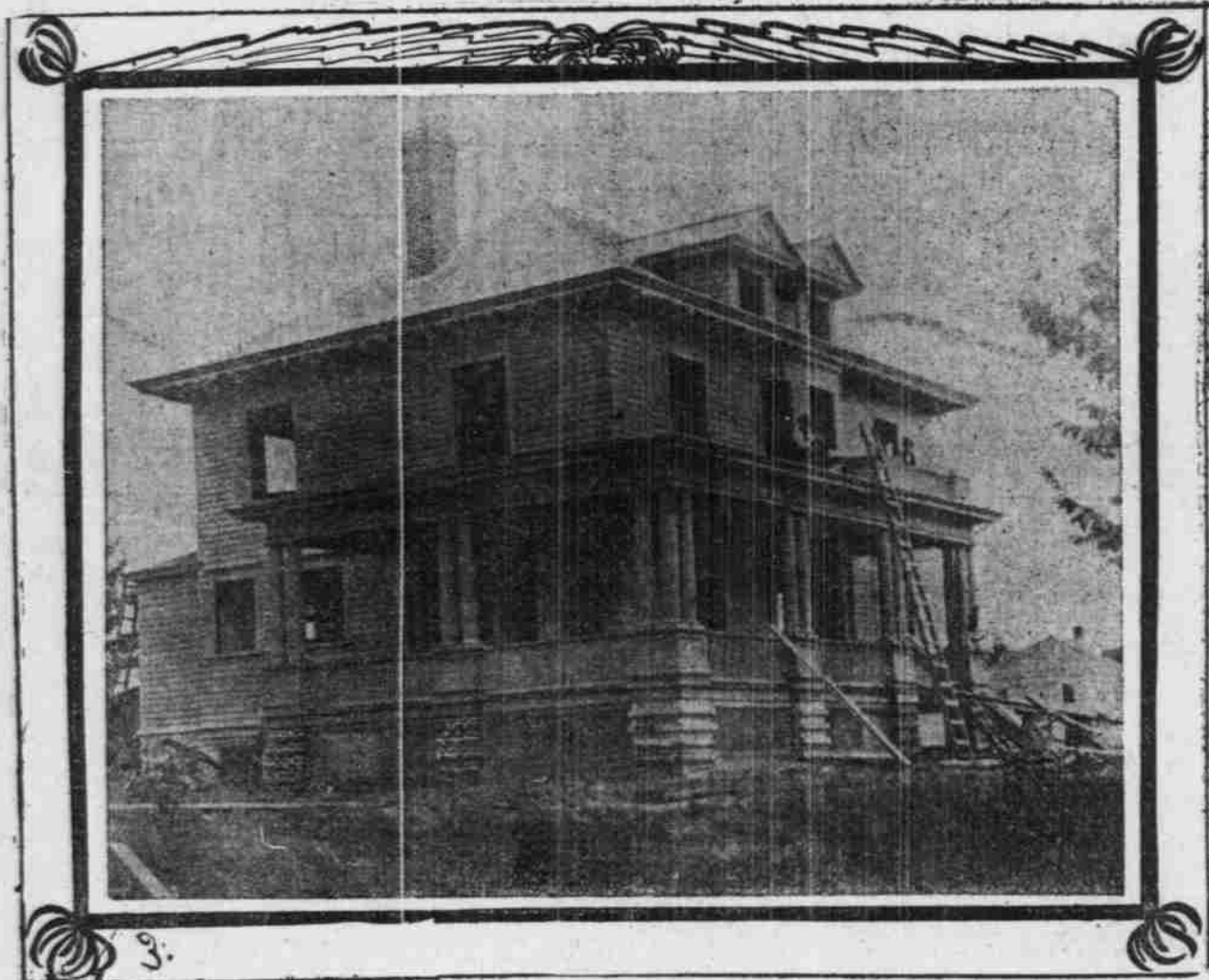
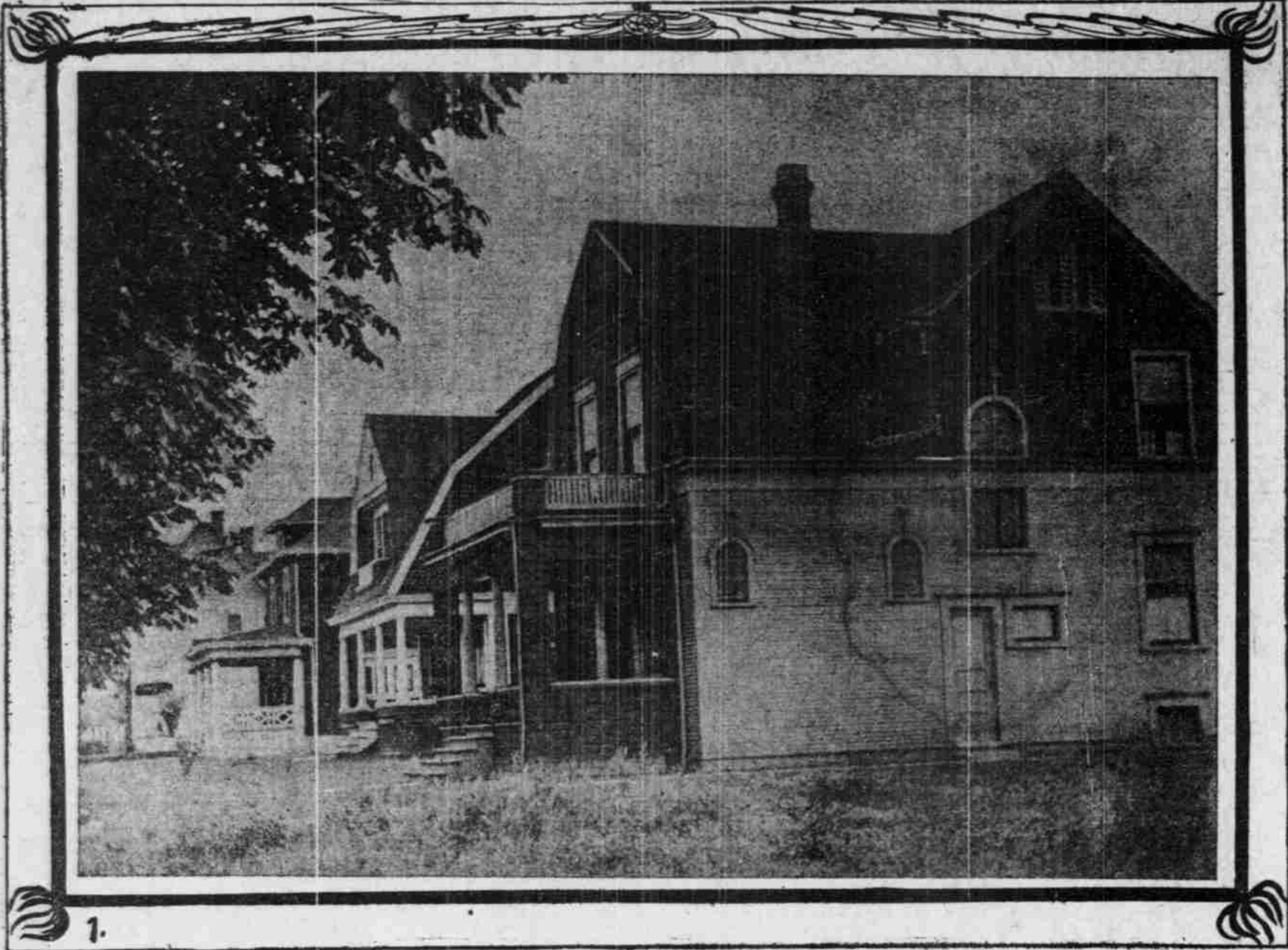


NEW EAST-SIDE HOMES . . . HANDSOME DWELLINGS BUILT FOR COMFORT



1—ROW OF HOUSES ON TILLAMOOK STREET, BETWEEN NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH. (1) J. H. BANKS. (2) HARSFIELD. (3) DR. WEATHERBERG. 2—JOHN T. WILDING, 582 SCHUYLER STREET. 3—SAM P. LOCKWOOD, EAST TWELFTH AND BROADWAY. 4—G. H. LAMBERSON, EAST THIRTIETH AND BROADWAY.

ONE of the distinctive features of Portland homes is the beautiful green lawns which almost invariably surround the dwelling, like a handsome frame around a picture. Nowhere are the lawns more well-kept than on the East Side. In some cases the houses are of such recent construction that the grass plot in front and at the side has not had time to arrive at its full beauty. But with the completion of the house the improvement of the lawn is almost a certainty.

Where neighbors are of similar tastes the boundary fence or hedge is done away with, and for a whole block is presented a solid yard of well-kept grass, from the edge of the house to the cement sidewalk at the street line. The fine effect this presents may be seen from the picture of the three houses on Tillamook street, between East Nineteenth and East Twentieth. Irvington, the suburb in which these dwellings are situated, is one of the most attractive of Portland. Along its shady streets, lined with the homes of the well-to-do, may be seen many a picture of tasteful exterior decoration. The houses built in this district are mostly of modern design, and good taste and comfort prevail.

The day of the rococo designs, with their grotesque scrolls and furbelows and scrollwork, has apparently passed, and the homes now in demand are those of a plainer design, built with more desire for comfort and economy. The few of houses on Tillamook street exemplify the new architecture to its fullest. They have been built to suit the individual requirements of the owners and occupants, and differ widely from the houses built by the dozen on similar designs for sale. They are owned by Dr. J. H. Weatherberg, A. S. Brasfield and J. H. Banks.

Not many blocks distant is the new home of Sam P. Lockwood, at the corner of East Twelfth and Broadway streets. Large and roomy, it is suggestive of comfort within and without. But one block distant is the new dwelling of G. H. Lamberson, at the corner of East Thirtieth and Broadway streets. The recently finished home of John T. Wilding, on Schuyler street, also in Irvington, was built by the architect upon his own use, and according to designs upon which he had spent many hours of labor.

Architect Sues for Money. Frank Williams, architect, has commenced suit in Justice Graham's court at Mount Tabor to recover \$5 from Hans Larsen, alleged to be due for furnishing plans for a cottage. The papers in the case were filed Saturday. It is alleged by Architect Williams that he went to the trouble to prepare the plans for the house, for which Larsen agreed to pay him \$5 if they were used. It is set forth that Larsen used the plans, but did not employ Williams to superintend the erection of the building. Hence Williams claims the \$5. No answer has yet been filed. There is a nice point involved, and architects are interested in the outcome, as they make plans of buildings constantly under the same circumstances.

MONEY EXCITED HIM. Ed Wilson is Arrested for Embezzling Cash From Fellow-Employee. To be trusted with \$100 was more temptation than Ed Wilson could stand, and he is now locked in the City Jail on a charge of embezzlement. The complaining witness is Lewis Ratkowski, an employe of the lumber mills at Napavine. He gave Wilson a check to be cashed for him, and Wilson at once started out to drink up the amount. Falling in this, he bought a ticket for San Francisco, hoping to go where he would have more time to use up the cash on hand. He was arrested yesterday morning at the Union Depot by Detective Sam Simmons, just as the train was pulling out.

"It was just like this," explained Wilson, who makes no attempt to deny his guilt. "He gave me the check to get cashed, and I was so drunk that I did not know what I was doing. We both worked in the same mill at Napavine. I was going out to Chehalis, and he asked me to take the check and bring him back the money. I had some money of my own, and I did not go out very often, started in to drinking. After I had taken a few drinks I do not remember any more. I spent the money the same as if it had been my own, and in my drunken condition imagined that I wanted to go some place. I did not know where I was buying a ticket to, and when I was arrested I did not realize what was happening."

Wilson still had \$100 of the amount on his person when he was arrested. His actions seem to bear out the statement that he made concerning the affair. That he was drunk there can be no doubt, for he was putting on enough style to well answer for the old-time "drunk and dressed-up" character, although he was not going to Missouri. Large red, white and blue stringers were flying from his coat, and ribbons and flowers adorned his person. He was as happy as a man with money can be, but he is entirely changed now. "I would give \$1000 if I were out of this," he said yesterday, "but I have brought it all upon myself."

BUSINESS ITEMS. If Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure you use that old well-liked remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, keeps all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea.

HA VE my diploma from the Chicago Medical college, though I am called the white Indian-doctor and— "My brothers we are here tonight to show you that the principals of our faith are built as solidly as the foundations of the— "Right here, gentlemen, is where you need a remedy like this. Now when you have a cramp, ache, pain in the back, or a short, fat policeman, "I know 'em, call themselves the boiler-day saints, or something like that. They're makin' converts. That fellow speltin' over there, is an Injun-medicine peddler. Holdin' his own with 'em, ain't he? He's got the biggest crowd. He was here first and had a crowd, and them Mormons come along and tried to get part of it. Taint right of 'em, now—that's what I say. He pays a license for peddlin' medicine and they don't pay nothin'."

With which comment the policeman walked disgustedly away. But the latter—"What! Ain't you goin' with me?" "No," she said, "we've been makin' mistakes. You've been mistaken and I've been mistaken. Good night!" And the conductor helped her aboard while the bold, bad, beautiful man said sweet things under his breath.

Now, the sequel to this true tale is as follows: When the heretofore mentioned silly girls again met their lordly "mash" they passed him by with an unseeing stare. But a man of "brains" is not to be bowled over by any covey of silly girls, therefore "brains" exerting its limbs to the frightful speed of two miles an hour managed to overtake the girls and accosted them with its voice, saying: "I know why you don't speak to me. That gal-friend of yours has been lying about me. She's mad 'cause I turned her down. Now, as a friend of you girls, I want to put you on. She's no good. She's sly, but she's a bad one, an' if you knew what I do, you wouldn't be seen on the street with her."

Having got their attention he dilated further, waxing quite circumstantial, in spite of themselves the young women were impressed though they had enough sense to decline further acquaintance with the man. They were also kind enough to tell the victim of them all, what the man had said. Now, therefore, the said victim is reminded of the Scripture remark about those that touch pitch, even unwittingly.

A DEPUTY City Auditor has his troubles. Sigel Grutz believes that he has his full share. One of the real big troubles is a curtain string. It hangs within two feet of Mr. Grutz's desk and is long and enticingly pliable. As one talks to Mr. Grutz he naturally plays with the string. "Quit it if you want to stay around here long," roared the Deputy City Auditor. "Every last one of the people who comes here and talks to me when I am good and busy hits me, or the desk in front of me, with that confounded string. Annoys me? Well, I should say yes. They hit me on the head, they hit my paper, they tie it to the knobs on the drawers of my desk. Good Lord, but that curtain string will be the death of me yet!"

TALES OF THE TOWN

W ELL, now, how'd do; how are you? My, but you're looking fine—get some chest on you—like you might get to be a man some day." The speaker was Dan McAllen, of course, and he passed a loving hand over the 19 gray bristles that adorned the cover to his thinking-factory. "How are you? What you kicking about? Kicking about this weather? Say, now, it's an ideal day, ain't it? Yes, yes, sir. When the sun shines in Oregon it's an ideal day. Yes, and it's an ideal day when it rains in Oregon—that's what I say—rainy weather is ideal. When it stops raining on this earth my boy, the world will come to an end for us folks. Let it rain, my boy, when it wants to—don't stop it. When the sun wants to shine let him have his own way, he won't hurt you—not in Portland, Or., U. S. A. No, sir, I never carry an umbrella, and I gave up wearing any hair, yes I did just because I like to have the sun and rain salute me freely. "Some people will kick, though—built that way, you know, got St. Vitus' dance of the intellect. Yes, woman in here today—nice woman, too. Says: 'Oh, my, I hate this hot weather.' 'Ma'am,' said I, 'you're a kicker. Just a plain, unvarnished kicker,' said I. 'No, I mean a good-looking, plain kicker. Why don't you live over in Albinia,' said I, 'where you can hang your legs over the bluff,' said I, 'and just kick and kick and kick.'"

THE lilies of the field, nor Solomon with all his proverbs were arrayed like unto him, yet he tells not, neither doth he spin—anything but gauzy snarls for stray Rubes. For he is a "grafter," a "con man," and an idol of the North End fair. His off-duty especially is to ornament the Washington street sidewalk with his porly presence. In this bric-a-brac capacity he once "maahed," with a volley of melting glances, a covey of sly and idle girls. Thereafter it was a smile and a bow to an almost daily meeting on the street. Next developed conversation and soda-water, which must have seemed insipid to the biped spider. To such a wild dissipation, one day, a working-girl acquaintance of the idle ones was invited. The man was introduced to her, and at once gave her flattering attention, which as soon as practicable, developed into an invitation to the theater.

THE working-girl, quite a-futter with the prospect of such a tall, handsome, well-dressed, perfect gentleman for a "steady," did not at first give heed to a certain atmosphere about him which, while it had the charm of mystery, was yet somehow repellent. Between the first two acts the following conversation was overheard. He—Say what do you work for? She—I have to. He—No you don't, I make a good living but I ain't no such mark as to have to work for it. She—I must be a "mark," for I don't know how to live without working. He—Shucks, a pretty girl like you could live like a queen an' never do a lick o' work. She—Indeed! Do you make a good living on your looks? He—Ha! Ha! You're quite a joshier. No, I tell you, I use my brains. I'm what you'd call a gentleman gambler. She—Oh! By the way, I don't like this play a bit, besides it's so hot in here. Lets go out. He—All right, that'll give us more time to have a little dinner. A curious person followed them as far as the sidewalk and saw the finish. "Here's my car," said the girl. "What! Ain't you goin' with me?" "No," she said, "we've been makin' mistakes. You've been mistaken and I've been mistaken. Good night!"

SWEPT OUT BY THE TIDE. THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF ACTORS WHO GO ROWING. Violet Dale, Mrs. Dale and Joseph Gottlob Have a Narrow Escape at Tacoma. Joseph Gottlob, who managed the recent tour of the Duly Company, which closed here Saturday night, tells a thrilling story of an experience which Miss Violet Dale, her mother and himself had last Thursday at Tacoma. The affair was a real adventure and one which neither of the participants would repeat for a million or two. "We were at Point Defiance, on the beach near Tacoma, and after lunch Miss Dale proposed that we go for a row," said Mr. Gottlob, with a reminiscent shudder. "Now, while I profess to know something about the show business, as an 'Ancient Mariner' I was never able to get inside the money. I told them I couldn't row a boat and was too old to learn. I hoped this would settle it, but Miss Dale insisted that she was a child wonder with the oars. Well, we started, Mrs. Dale, Violet and I, and all went well for about a minute. The boatman gave us a miserable old boat, without a rudder and with a nerve-racking tendency to spill us all out into the briny. We didn't know any better, however, and determined to see the thing through. Out beyond the point we swept like an ocean liner and all went very well 'till we discovered that we were making entirely too much speed for the amount of energy applied to the oars. I was watching the water and didn't notice, but Miss Dale while she pulled at the oars kept her eyes on the land. All at once she gave a startled little gasp and announced that the tide was taking us to sea and that if we were lucky we'd probably land on the coast of Siberia. The 'Circus Girl' turned the boat around and tried to make for land but in spite of her efforts we still raced toward the far side of the Pacific. The shore was growing indistinct in the distance and Miss Dale, completely exhausted, threw down the oars and became hysterical. I took them and pulled until I was purple in the face, but my efforts didn't seem to avail a thing. Miss Dale undertook to scream for help, although we couldn't see anybody nearer than the beach, which seemed a very long way off. 'Don't do that,' protested her mother, 'don't scream like that. You'll ruin your voice.' 'No she won't.' She hasn't any voice," I suggested, who was too badly winded to raise a holler. The boat was pitching like a Tacoma street-car, the ladies were terror-stricken, and I began to think of the newsboys calling "extra" and of what the fishes would do to us. Suddenly, Providence, in the shape of a couple of fishermen in a lifeboat hove in sight. They had a hard time catching us but finally came alongside and took us in tow. We were so glad to see those fishermen that we said all sorts of things and worked in the old gag about saving our lives, etc. "They proposed that we drift with the tide until it turned, which would be sometime in the evening, and ride back with it. We were down for our stunt that night at Tacoma so that was out of the question for we needed the money. The fishermen then said they would pull down the coast and hand us as it was impossible to get back through the narrows. Well, they put us ashore at last, eight miles from town. It was absolutely necessary that Miss Dale go on that evening, so all that we did was to walk that eight miles back to Tacoma. Oh, no, we weren't tired nor anything like that, but we got to the theater before the overture and the audience didn't know the wild things the leading lady had been doing. Miss Dale may be a great siller, but if I was handing out medals I'd overlook her and trust myself in a boat with her—never again."

Mr. Gottlob, who is manager of the Columbia Theater at San Francisco, left for that city last night. He heroically forebore using this story as "advance copy," for the Daily Company disbanded here, and he only told it as he was leaving the city. Thirty Shots to Kill a Bear. Port Orford Tribune. Harry and Tom Guerin, with a friend, were in the woods in the vicinity of Eckley, a few days ago, when they caught sight of a small bear. The bear started to run and the men after it making plenty of noise as they went. The bear soon ran up a tree and then his troubles commenced. Each of the men was armed with a .22-caliber "disabler" and hostilities at once commenced, but as the bear was on a limb 60 feet from the ground, more than 30 shots were fired before he finally tumbled from his lofty perch; but after five bullets had entered his hide Bruin took a 60-foot drop and thus his troubles ended.

Pears' No soap in all the world is so cheap. No soap in all the world is so good—none so lasting. Sold all over the world.