BY IRVING S. COBB

onyx desk-slab in the Hotel St. Reckless, and gazed meditatively down

Cockatoo Lane. an essay on the duty of the clergy by a well-known pugilist, and on the sporting page there's a short talk from the Rev. Dr. Peterson J. Madders on the subject of the New Short-Arm Jolt. Mr. Edwin Foy Fitzgeraid, late Foy, the noted serious actor. persists in his determination to play Hamlet, for which I honor him. It's not many comedians that find out in time they were intended by Nature for tragedy. it is reported that he will be supported by May Irwin as "Ophelia." I tose the word support in this case advisedly, Larry. May Irwin ought to play Ophelia with great success if she'd only play it the pound. I can't think of anyone of the profession who could beat her out unless it's a member of the Elephant Quadrille at Barnum's.

saying a Divorce Club has been organized out there in that Far Western City, by a lady who has mislaid divers of her husbands from time to time." "Only them that's been divorced is eligible, I take it?" guessed the House

There's also an item from Chicago

"Yes, that's the rule," said the Hotel "So of course there's some people in Chicago that'll be barred out, though not a great many at that. The Club is going to hold social sessions every week at the Collseum or under a large tent or out on the Lake Front, or some place that's roomy enough for everybody to assemble and give the members a chance to intoduce former members of their immediate families to the present in-cumbents, as it were. 'Are you related to that lady?' one member will may to another. 'Only by marriage,' the second one will reply. 'My hus-band used to be her husband one And then there'll be joint debates on such timely and interesting subjects as 'Resolved, That married men make the best husbands,' or Resolved. That it is harder to keep

a wife than a cook.' 'It ought to be a very successful organization, Larry. I think myself that they should extend its scope and make it general in character."

"We could furnish a purty tolerable large chapter right here in New

York," said the House Detective. "We could so," assented the Hotel Clerk. "I think we'd have the banner lodge inside of two months. It'd be our own fault if we didn't, considerpart of our Judges. This is no bush gether after they melted.

OT'S NEW in the paper?" league, Larry. We've hardly got a asked the House Detective, divorce Judge on the bench that asked the House Detective, divorce Judge on the bench that as he put his elbows on an didn't bat well above ,360 last season.

"You may recall how it was at our large legal department store, called a Courthouse, during the rush to clear the docket for the recent holidays. "Not a great deal," said the Hotel The papers had quite a piece about it. Clerk. "The religious department has On one side of the building sat the overworked Judges, dissolving matrimontal knockabout sketch teams at or just once over?" the rate of 18 pairs per minute, which

his hand over the newcomer's face.
'You have a tender skin,' says the Judge. 'Do you want a close divorce Judge; 'what are the grounds for your stable.'

"Then turning again to the plain-listand, and in the Winter I break Western horses for a local livery stable."

suit? "In the body of the court up rises a

"'Cruelty and inhuman conduct," thies, says His Honor, as he reaches to his job."

it's a very expensive gowh, while he fairy tales that are so popular this is quite the contrary, and we're people of moderate means; and Mr. Put-num Asunder, the lawyer who does siding Justice helps him into a chair, but not any more. It's now a 96-day "'I'm an animal-tamer by profestucks a cloth around his neck like a option. I refer the learned barrister Butte millionaire getting ready to eat a grape-fruit for breakfast, and runs "Three weeks."

but not any more. It's now a 96-day "'I'm an animal-tamer by profesting his option. I refer the learned barrister slow,' says the weak-spirited plaintiff.

'In the Summer I handle a troupe of performing hyenes down at Coney am. It'll be a great favor to me. "Three weeks."

performing hyens down at Coney am. It'll be a great favor to me, advorce suit is liable to drag am. It'll be a great favor to me, allow of the plain-listand, and in the Winter 1 break Judge, if you'll kindly hurry up the murder trial rarely lasts more than details, because the gentleman who's going to be my next husband is wait-

"You have my sincerest sympa- ing outside, and he's got to get back

year. "But the older civilizations of Eu-

rope look with abhorrence upon our divorce laws, Larry. In England, now, a divorce suit is liable to drag murder trial rarely lasts more 15 minutes over there, and the Justice pauses in the task of elipping the black cap on over his wig to ask the not guilty; and by the time the accused-I mean the condemned-finishes his plea, the hangman has got the proper length of rope and approximate size of noose all figured out on his cuff, and is stealing off to notify the official grave-digger to get busy. In some of the continental cities where a husband only comes home when he wants to settle a bet that he made at a club, on whether his wife is a blonde or a brunette, divorces are not heeded anyway, and the divorce court is viewed with intense repugnance among the best people.

Still. I hardly blame these foreigners for feeling the way they do. Larry. Our divorce habit has cost them a lot of money when you come to figure it up. There arrives on these shores the Baron Carl Otto Hans Anderson Grimms Fairy Tales Von Wurstheimer, with a reputation as a duelist and a face so full of saber scars that it looks like one those openwork shirtwaist patterns that come put up in a box. Or maybe it's a member of an old Roy-Or alist family of France, a fascinating little person with the frank, open countenance and manly physique of a suspected jockey on an outlaw track; or possibly a British peer with a breath like a hot mince pie and the quick and nimble wit of a wax doll.

."Anyway, whichever it is, he comes over and marries into one of our old sugar or railroad or coal oil families of great wealth. The exultant father of the bride steps across with the funds necessary to rehabilitate the ancestral castle, which has been used by several generations of the tenantry as a cow-barn. The groom is provid-ed with an American Income befitting his European station. But after a few years the lady gets tired of only seeing her titled husband when he feels like beating up somebody that can't fight back, and she takes her black eyes and her split upper lip into sordid, vulgar Yankee way, and sails home, thus depriving another noble family of its only visible means of support."

"I ain't got so much sympathy for "They deserve to get the worst of it."



GETS A DIVORCE, IN THE SORDID VULGAR, YANKEE WAY

factory where they make the \$3 shoes. On the other side of the same massive structure sat the marriage clerk, busy as a Swiss beliringer, turning out new licenses for applicants who had just been dissolved, so to speak. 'Twas off with the old and on with the new. A short married life, and a merry

"Picture the scene, Larry. comes a stout, sinewy gentleman, with an under jaw like a car-fender and a ing the excellent team work on the pair of melting eyes that have run to-

pleases the court or not, but anyway. provocation. as we say, may it please the court, I represent the defendant in this case. Judge. and I desire to insist, in the name of that solemn rite known as the marriage contract, that-"

"'Back up,' says the Judge, inter-rupting him. 'Who told you marriage was a contract? "'Well, it used to be,' says the law

yer. "'Maybe it did,' says the Judge,

is almost up to the best record of the lawyer. 'May it please the court,' he says the party in the chair, 'Although for the bay rum bottle and a blank

Where is she now?' inquires the "'In the hospital,' says the suffer-

ing plaintiff. 'She attacked me with such fury the last time that she frac-tured her skull, gouged out one of her eyes and knocked several of her front teeth down her own throat.

"'Poor, patient creature that you are!' says the Judge. 'What is your

says, 'not that it makes a hanged bit I took an invalid for a wife, she miss decree. 'Well, better luck next time. Judge. Tell me,' he says, 'is it one of black eyes and her split upper lip into of difference,' he says, 'whether it treats me horribly on the slightest Brush. Next gent.' "Up trips a fair litigant, who favors

the court with a rare smile.

"'It is,' says the lady, 'with buttons and, what's your trouble, my all the way down the back and a lowdear?" he inquires, in a soothing necked neck." manner, combing down his mustache misbehaving.

behaving. same time fixing his tie. 'Maybe I'd tective. 'Incompatibility,' says the lady. better take your address,' he says. worst of

"'Very thoughtful of you,' says the seem to cling?" "'It is,' says the lady, 'with buttons

"'I'd admire to see you in it some and reaching around to see if the of these days, says the kindly Judge, the American girls wot marry them placket of his silken gown of office is eyeing her judiciously, and at the lazy foreigners," said the House De-

'My husband's hair doesn't match the . "So with that they're divorced and "In such marriages, it generally color of my new Princess gown. I'll live happily ever afterward, as they turns out that both sides get the

have to give up one or the other, and say in the new brand of Elinor Glyn worst of it," said the Hotel Clerk.

When You Go Hunting For Room

BY LEONE CASS BAER.
(With Illustrations by the Author.)
Let those keep house, who no er kept house
hefore. And those who have kept house, keep house the more.

WITH the unerring intuition of a Sherlock Holmes, we immediately know that Billy Shakespeare lived in a rooming-house, or, what is even worse, he was hunting one to live in. If he had written nothing more than lines, he would still retain his place as the immortal bard in my affections

There is a personal touch in the lines which gives one a sort of fellow feel-ing, as if we are companions in dising, as if we are companions in distress, as it were.

I don't cuvy Bill one bit, lying out there in his magnificent tomb, even though his name and fame will live forever. I'd rather be just plain nobody me, slive and glad to be here in Portland, which I fancy is only one degree less than heaven. I repeat, I do not envy him, and I would not exchange places with him for anything, not even the presidency of the Portnot even the presidency of the Portland Furniture Trust, but I do know that if Bill were registered at the Portland Hotel this week, I'd dash down there as quickly as our streetear system would take me and I'd walk right past the throngs of hero-worship-ers surrounding him; embryo poets with manuscript for him to prenounce

women carrying splendidly bound and dgeldedly new copies of his plays, lion hunters, reporters, policemen, people trying to trace their relationship to the immortal William; past them all I would go, right up to his royal nibs, and I'd say, "Hollo, Bill, put her there, ald char." old chap. (No. Nina, he probably knows nothing about the Elk Lodge — and, since Bill is no doubt in heaven, he will

upon and possibly find a market for

never meet many direct representa-tives of the lodge.) But he will understand my mean-ing when I whisper: "The password is furnished rooms," and we've both been

And I have not a particle of doubt but that Mr. Shakespeare would im-mediately clasp me to him tof course, John Henry, that is figuratively John Henry, that is figuratively speaking) and, with tears in his eyes invite me to dine with him in the

It became necessary, several days ago, for me to find quarters other than the comfortable ones I then occupied. "Rents has come up," my buxom landlady informed me. "All over town they

"Rents has come up," my buxom landlady informed me. "All over town they
are coming up, in roomin' houses, I
mean," she added as she saw my face expressed disbelief. "Anyway, I'm goln' to
rent out my rooms to transom people. I
can make more that way, fer transoms
puys bettern permanent. The man acrost
the street says he can send me all kinds
of people, an' I can keep my rooms full
all the time; transom people ain't particniar and its more money." She was beginning her parrot-like repetition again,
It jarres on me.

gining her parrot-like repetition again. It jarres on me.

I was mad clear through, anyway. The hooms had been made so homey and comity in spite of the fact that they were heated by means of a villainous gas stove, and that we hadn't had a bath (good lands. Roay, wait till I folish the sentence, can't you?) in the place since we moved in six weeks before. We had taken our allotted share of Portland's water for bathing purposes, but it had been down town or in the homes of solicitous friends, or, as a last resort, a sort of spit bath in a small bowl on a 2x4 rug. (Yes, Henrietta, if it offends your ear you may say expectorate bath instead of spit.)

But naturally I resented having the privacy of the place broken into by translent (God spare the mark) for furnished rooms. Nowhere else do we see towel for its cover, and with its mirror so findishly hung that it always shows only the tilp of your shoes or the crown of your head.

Where else do we find a commode (I'm sure, Louise, I don't know where the word originated, I should judge that it is purely English—"com" being short for "come" and "mode" meaning "way"—hence "come way"—or better still, "come" ginhlog per paristilla in the paristilla in the

Furnishings That You See in Portland, and Landladies and Cheerful Atmospheres and Things you adopt, after you are snugly snoozing in your comfortable bed, on a cold night, and are suddenly outsted out of it to go sleep on the parlor sofa, or the kitchen lounge, because some of your facudes or relatives miss their car after the theater. That You See in Portland, and Landladies and Cheerful Atmospheres and Things And I can admire a dresser that is find me one furnished room that spells for the first time, in its untenanted with business works; the children clamoring hungrily for their mid-day feed—never you confort and breathes hame, when you it for the first time, in its untenanted with form the first time, in its untenanted with for the first time, in its untenanted with form the distinct of the dresser, you do not ease works; the children clamoring hungrily for their mid-day feed—never you middle the with form the distinct of the dresser, you do not, even know of time for lunch, and hurried with busing the distinct of the dresser, you do not, even know of times works; the children clamoring hungrily for their mid-day feed—never you middle with the distinct of the dresser, you do not, even know of times works, and a swell dresser (No. Henry, Tm talking of the dresser, you do not, even know of times works, and hurried with busing the form the distinct of the dresser, you do not, even know of times works, and hurried with busing the form the distinct of

GOD PLESS PRINCHED ROOM

and come to your home, sure of bed and breakfast. You dislike to change, ch? Well, so did L.

Propositions like holding a new baby, or firing a cannon, or getting married, pale into blank insignificance beside the uncertainty of room hunting.

I firmly believe there exists somewhere, unknown to ordinary mortals, but well-known and patronized by landladies and rooming-house owners, a sort of manu-

you as if, having eyes, you see not. He, the former tenant, was so disorderly, too, she goes on to say, and left things so-and she and Lizzie sin't got around yet

she goes on to say, and left things some and pitcher, a soap dish and a drinking glass, at least I suppose it's a drinking glass, though the former tenant may have used it for his toothbrush and to hold his false teeth at night.

And the green roses on the bowl and pitcher would drive Luther Burbank wild with envy.

And always there is a folded towel, evenly laid across the top of the pitcher, and two others draped across the top rung of the commode. (As usual, John Hieury, you are right; they use the three only for bait; after they eatch you it's a lucky things if you get even one each day)

And if there's a shelf anywhere in the possible flowers on it, and sometimes in it, with very often a Dutch shepherdess dancing the can-can on one end of the shelf, flanked by a boy in skin-tight trousers posed a la Napoleon.

She goes on to say, and left things so—and six got around yet to "red up."

Oftentimes and Lizzie ain't got around yet to "red up."

Oftentimes abe tells you it is their do shout yourself and your down-sitting and up-risings, your belongings, your belongings, your belongings, your belongings, your belongings, your belonging and up-risings, your belongings, your belongings or captured the lord about yourself and your down-sittings the house can ask all they care to shout under the lord be with you from the Bast tand the lord be with you from the lord be with you f himney. The family and other roo

gloomly on the room and its contents you find your voice and ask what the

She names her price; you hesitate, then feeling that perhaps you can do better, tell her so.
"Do you think they are too high?" They always come at you with this question and it is really wonderful the amount of injured surprise they put into their voice and fee.

injured surprise they put into their voice and face.

You feebly answer that you think its a bit higher than you, want to pay.

And then they spring that most-grown, worm-eaten chesnut of how much they have always got for that particular room, and that it really is worth more, but taut they thought they were doing you a favor in letting it go so reasonably, all of which makes you marvel greatly, and wish you could sink into the pavement as you feel their eyes boring through your back, in leaving.

leaving.

This is what I call a Litany for a hunter of furnished-rooms.

From a towel folded heatiy and laid across a pitcher.

Good Lord, deliver us. From little gas heaters with big gas

Good Lord, deliver us. From festconed decorations of pine cones, vari-colored paper linked in ropes, or cheesecoth drapery across the top of the dresser Good Lord, deliver us. (Of course, Mrs. Rentrooms, I know

that it hides the cracked place in the mirror, and I appreciate the fact that it catches the dust so nicely that you are saved extra work, but it offends my esthetic sense.)
From calendars left on the walls by former occupants, Good Lord, deliver us.

(Can't you just see those calendars, John Henry? Billious fruit, painfully smiling ladies, children in unnatural and stiff poses, vases of flowers, always over colored, over hard and invariably over

he commode.) From pictures done by friends or relatives of the family,
Good Lord, deliver us.
From Scripture texts and illuminated

motto cards, especially those pertaining

Good Lord, deliver us.
From a statuette of Cupid suspended

from the gas jet.

Good Lord, deliver us.

From next door roomers who hash over their marital troubles after I am started on the road to bye-lo,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lasky room Lord, Melicar us.

Good Lord, deliver us.

From leaky roofs, good Lord, deliver us.
(Yes, Augustus, you are right, the bed is invariably placed under the leak, and the owner of the property undoubtedly works by that old theory; when it rains he can't fix, it, and when it is dry it don't need fixing.)

From a steam radiator, that hisses and sputters vociferously when the heat is turned on, and walls in sucking gasps a few minutes later when the thoughtful

few minutes later when the thoughtful

fanitor turns it off.
Good Lord, deliver uz.
(Yes. I know, John Henry, I ought to be Good Lord, deliver us.

(Yes. I know, John Henry, I ought to be thankful he turned it on at ail.)

From closets without hooks, doors minus locks, locks minus keys, stopperfees windows, transoms on a strike, dresser drawers ditto, from faucets that drip, from rugs that trip, from eracked drinking glasses, from wobbly chairs, from rockers that shrick protestingly when you sit in them, and from wads of gum left on the under side of the tables, and chairs and along the door casings.

Good Lord, deliver us.

From landladies with amphibious habits, who carry with them an all pervading air of dampness and the appearance of having just been wrung out; from the landlady with an inquiring turn of mind; from the landlady who looketh on the beer whea it foameth, and from the one who appears in curl papers and a long slimpy wrapper held together solely by the first pin the Masons' wore.

Good Lord, deliver us.

So endeth my litany.

I have answered advertisements all over; from bungalow cottages on Portland Heights to scows on the river front with water privileges, for the cultivation of ducks and fever and ague. This afternoon I'm going out to view the following:

toon I'm going out to view the follow

TO LET-A small grass plot at the south end of Fuiton carline; fine view, quiet neighborhood.

TO LET-To a quiet person with references, the entire upper part of a finely situated ash barrel, located in Willam-ette Heights; water and gas (the hy-drant and gas lamp being on either

hotel on the East Side, to responsible parties. Entrance through alley gate. TO LET-A large, airy closet, newly pa-pered and painted, situated on 4th floor of house in Albina. No objection to dogs; no children allowed.