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**WILLIAM SULZER, LEADER IN THE PASSPORT FIGHT.**

IT was by no accident that William Sulzer occupied the center of the stage during the agitation in congress for the abrogation of the treaty with Russia. Of course he is chairman of the house foreign relations committee, which would naturally have to deal with such a proposition, but even more naturally the Hon. Mr. Sulzer takes to a fight in defense of his principles and has done so ever since his entrance into public life as a member of the New York assembly twenty-one years ago. He was foremost among those who advocated war with Spain and has always been a politician of the aggressive type and as such the idol of his radical New York east side constituency. As an appreciative biographer once said of him, "he isn't brazen, but he's six feet in his bath slippers, and he has red hair."

**The Filigree Bracelet**

**An Oriental Tale**

By **CLARISSA MACKIE**

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On the third evening after the tourist steamer Neptune left Constantinople the little group of people whom congenial interests had drawn together out of the hundreds of passengers aboard the big ship gathered their seven chairs in friendly proximity.

Professor Trayle laid his hand on the soft white wrist of his daughter, Madeline. "I notice that my daughter is wearing her filigree bracelet this evening, and it reminds me that there is a story connected with its purchase in Constantinople."

"Good!" cried Mr. Hanford, and his wife echoed approval in her quiet voice. "We have had the story of 'A Carpet From Mazandaran' and also the alluring tale of 'The Crystal Ball' and what Miss Gray saw in it. Let us have the bracelet story, and mind you omit no details, Miss Trayle."

"It's really the plainest sort of story," protested Miss Trayle. "I had planned, when my turn came, to relate the wonderful adventure father had with the bronze teapot."

"Ah, my dear, that is my very own story," laughed the professor. "I see that Mr. Felton has unrolled the carpet of Mazandaran, on which no man can sit and tell other than the truth, so remember that the old legend applies to both sexes."

They all laughed as Alexander Felton spread the ancient bit of carpet which he had found in a remote interior province and Madeline Trayle with a single graceful movement sank to a seat upon its silken texture.

"Father and I spent a day among the bazaars in Constantinople," she began, "but we could not discover anything that resembled the bracelet I wanted. A dear friend of mine in New York possessed a filigree bracelet which was considered a perfect specimen of Byzantine silver work. I may as well save words by saying now that this bracelet is its duplicate in every detail."

"My friend said the bracelet had been purchased in the bazaar in Constantinople, and I supposed it would be an easy matter to duplicate it. The day father and I spent there revealed that there was not another bracelet like Emily Drake's in all Constantinople unless it was worn by some fair denizen of the city. Thus spoke the shopkeepers in the bazaar."

"Father has a friend who is interested in the raisin industry, and this gentleman has a villa on a vine clad slope beyond the tip of the Golden Horn, and it literally overhangs the Bosphorus sea. We drove out there and spent a day, and on our return to Constantinople we met an itinerant peddler, who offered me this bracelet."

"Of course we did not bargain long for it. It did not need his clever tale of its having once belonged to the sultan's favorite, who tired of the bauble and gave it to a slave woman, who in turn sold it to our peddler. He asked a ridiculous price, and father paid it without a murmur."

"We had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before the peddler was at our horse's heels, begging for another word with my father. Of course father had spoken to the man in his own language, and now he understood the babel of sounds that poured from his lips. As the sounds were accompanied by an outstretched palm I knew the man wanted money for something, and I saw father toss the peddler a twenty plaster piece and listen with interest to a long recital, accompanied by much gesticulation. Yes, indeed, father, you did appear much interested in the story the man told."

"When we were once more on our way toward the city father related the story the man had sold to him for 20 plasters. It was a good story, well worth 30 plasters, father, dear. I do believe you secured a bargain in that story!" Madeline smiled mischievously up into her father's rueful countenance.

"Remember, you're sitting on the carpet of truth, my dear," he warned laughingly.

"It was a good story," protested Madeline.

"Ah, do tell it!" cried Mrs. Hanford impatiently.

"Please do," chimed in the others.

"The story went that the sultan bought it from a fortune teller, who predicted that whatever woman wore it on her arm might marry the richest man in the world. One can well imagine the supercilious incredulity of the sultan and the disdain with which he waved the story teller aside. Well, never mind whether father and I believed the story or not. The bracelet seemed to possess an added attraction for both of us, and I will confess that as soon as we reached the Neptune that afternoon I hastened to my stateroom and scrubbed it vigorously with soap and water until it became quite clean and bright."

"It's incredible how filthy some of that native jewelry is," remarked Miss Gray, with a shudder of disgust.

"Apparently they believe that a certain amount of soil laid on the article increases its interest and naturally its value," laughed her nephew, Arthur Clayton. "I'll confess to one fact of mine when I'm traveling around these parts and"—

"Yankee! These parts!" scoffed his aunt.

"That's what I am!" maintained Mr. Clayton emphatically. "I'm the most dyed in the wool Yankee that ever—"

"Manufactured a wooden nutmeg," finished Mr. Hanford quietly.

"Go on with the story, Miss Trayle," urged Miss Gray impatiently. "We've interrupted you times enough. Arthur, keep still!"

"Well, I scrubbed the bracelet clean outside and inside and wore it the next day when I went ashore. We had been spending the morning in the Sultan's mosque and were standing on the steps waiting for our carriage to convey us to the hotel for luncheon when father suddenly saw Mr. Jussurmen, the raisin exporter, and dashed down the steps to intercept him, leaving me alone."

"Then from the shadow of the tall columns beside which I was standing there emerged the tall, lean form of a man clad in spotless white, with a fez on the back of his dark head. He was a man of middle age, I should think, and his hair was iron gray, and there was the saddest expression in his black eyes."

"Without speaking a word he stretched out one lean brown finger and touched the bracelet on my wrist. At the same time he raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Well, I must confess there were so much dignity and command in his manner that I found myself taking refuge in French and explaining volubly how I came by the bracelet."

"He listened closely and when I had finished held out his hand with another commanding gesture, but still he did not utter a sound." Madeline paused and, taking the bracelet from her father's hand, slipped it over her own round wrist.

Alexander Felton was watching her with a lover's delight in her beauty and charm. They had just become engaged, these two, and the mystic carpet that Felton had brought out of the wilds had witnessed their betrothal. The others in the little party had been quietly informed of the delightful secret by Madeline's father, and as the beautiful girl had become a favorite among them ever since the big ship had sailed from New York six weeks before they rejoiced in her happiness and that of the man who had wooed her faithfully.

Madeline exchanged a swift glance with her lover, and then her eyes dropped to the filigree bracelet shimmering on her arm.

"What did you do, Miss Trayle? Did you give him the bracelet?" asked Mrs. Hanford.

"Yes, of course I did. Who could have resisted the commanding gesture of his hand and the authority in his eyes? I didn't dare do anything else. I simply removed the bracelet and gave it to him."

"He snatched it eagerly, pressed it to his lips and then examined the delicate work, nodding his head affirmatively as he seemed to recognize every tracery of leaf and blossom and twig. Then he looked within the bracelet, and all the light seemed to die out of his countenance. Before that it looked glowing, as if a candle had been lighted inside, if you know what I mean. He suddenly looked old and worn and very contemptuous as he dropped the bracelet back in my hand. Then only did he speak, and, to my surprise, he spoke in English."

"It is the wrong one, madam," he said. "I crave a thousand pardons."

"You have lost one like it? I asked him."

"My daughter wore it the day she disappeared. I have never seen her since," he muttered, and, with a deep bow, he disappeared just as father came back."

"We talked it over that evening, and I told father how closely the man had examined the filigree bracelet and appeared to recognize that it was not the one he sought. So father produced his magnifying glass, and we, too, searched the inside of the bracelet. Hidden away on an obscure wiry twig were tiny letters, enlightening us as to the reason for his contempt for my bauble."

"It read 'Made In Germany,' and puffed went all the pretty story of the sultan's favorite."

"The sultan's favorite may have been the daughter of your dark eyed stranger," remarked Miss Gray thoughtfully.

"And your friend's bracelet might be the genuine article," added Arthur Clayton as they all arose and prepared to go below.

"I shall write to Emily Drake anyway and tell her to look inside her bracelet for any indications that hers is the genuine filigree bracelet," declared Madeline, accepting Alexander Felton's hand to assist her from her seat on the carpet.

"One by one the others bade good night and strolled away until at last there remained only Madeline and her father and Alexander Felton. Professor Trayle got up to go and, passing, leaned over and kissed his daughter's cheek."

"In spite of the fact that your bracelet was 'made in Germany,' my dear," he said quietly, "the peddler's legend holds good, for in marrying Alex, here, you are marrying the richest man in the world."

Madeline was startled. "Why, father, what do you mean?" she asked. "Alex will tell you," said the professor, and he slipped away and left them alone.

"You will tell me?" she pleaded as his arm closed about her. "What did father mean?"

"He meant that because you are marrying me I am the richest man in the world," said Alexander Felton tenderly. And so the tradition of the filigree bracelet was fulfilled after all.

**PLACES OF AMUSEMENT**

- ARCADE—Moving pictures.
- BAKER—"The Barrier."
- EMPRESS—Vaudeville.
- HEILIG—"A Fool There Was."
- LYRIC—"The Gay Deceivers."
- MAJESTIC—Moving pictures.
- ORPHEUM—Vaudeville.
- PANTAGES—Vaudeville.
- PEOPLE'S—Moving pictures.
- STAR—Moving pictures.

**ORPHEUM THEATER**—Main 6, A 1020. Matinee Every Day—Week Jan. 7—Max Wilson, German comedian.

**HEILIG**—Seventh and Taylor. Phones: Main 1 and A 1122. Seats now selling—Robert Hilliard, in the play like no other, "A Fool There Was."

**BAKER**—Main 2, A 5360. Geo. L. Baker, Mgr.—Next week, "The Barrier."

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**PANTAGES**—7th and Alder.—Unequaled vaudeville. Week Jan. 7—Arabs, 10 people, acrobatic act. Pantegoscope, Pantages Orchestra. Matinee daily. Curtain 2:30, 7:15 p. m. Boxes and first row balcony reserved. A-2236.

**LYRIC**—4th and Stark—"The Gay Deceivers." Week of Jan 7.

**SUMMONS.**

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, For Multnomah County.—The Foot-Titus Machinery House, a Corporation, plaintiff, vs. A. K. Carlson, defendant.

To A. K. Carlson, the above-named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before February 10th, A. D. 1912, and, if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of Eleven Hundred and Forty-Six and 22/100 Dollars and for the further sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars attorney's fee, and for the plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein; and also for the sale of certain attached property belonging to you, to-wit: 24 shares of the capital stock of the Foot-Titus Machinery House, an Oregon Corporation, which property has been duly attached in this action.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Hon. W. N. Gatens, Judge of the above entitled court, which order is dated December 27th, A. D. 1911. The date of the first publication hereof is December 30th, A. D. 1911, and the date of the last publication hereof is February 10th, A. D. 1912.

J. M. HADDOCK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Date of first publication, December 30th, A. D. 1911.

Date of last publication, February 10th, A. D. 1912.

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**JEFFERY FARNOL, AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY."**

ALTHOUGH "The Broad Highway" has been one of the most popular novels published in the United States for years, it was rejected by New York publishers, to whom it was first offered, and was issued in London before a Boston firm bought the American rights. Jeffery Farnol, the author, who is little more than thirty years old, made a runaway marriage before he was of age and left his home in Kent to seek his literary fortune in America. Having small success in writing, he turned his hand to scene painting and was for a time attached to a New York theater. He returned to England with his wife and little girl to find himself forgiven by his father-in-law and to be acclaimed a writer of dashing romance. As his principal novel indicates, he has made himself, by years of rambling, familiar with most of the highways and byways of the beautiful county of Kent, along which readers of "The Broad Highway" trace the hero's progress.