



Scene showing Alice Lloyd in the joyous musical gaiety, "Little Miss Fix-It," at the Heilig Theatre, three nights, beginning Sunday, March 10th. Special matinee Tuesday.

HEARD A BIG COMMOTION.

Two Boys Who Stumbled Upon One of the Great Scenes in History.

Ed Howe tells the following story in the American Magazine:

"So little that is really exciting or worth while has happened in my life that I am greatly interested in Jim and Dan Ayers, who run a restaurant in the town where I live. Something really happened to them once upon a time, and when I go to their restaurant I enjoy hearing them tell about it.

"When they were boys they lived on a farm in Virginia. I have heard them say their postoffice was Sudley Springs. One Sunday morning their father started them to Sunday school, and, after they had loitered along the way a mile or two, Jim Ayers remarked a commotion over beyond what they called the Big Woods.

"What's that?" Jim asked, stopping. "It was getting late by this time, and Dan replied:

"I don't know, but we'd better hurry up and get to Sunday school or we'll get a whipping."

"Then they hurried on, but the commotion over beyond the Big Woods broke out again faintly, but it was very unusual, and Jim stopped and listened. He had never heard anything like it before, although he was a big boy twelve years old, and, after listening awhile, he said:

"I'm going over there." "Better not," Dan said. "You know father whips hard."

"But the strange commotion continued, so Jim said he was going, whipping or no whipping. Dan followed, but kept saying they would catch it when they returned home.

"They walked and walked and walked. All the time the commotion over beyond the Big Woods became more pronounced, but they couldn't tell what it was. They forded streams and were chased by strange dogs, but kept on from 10 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They had nothing to eat, and they didn't know that they could ever find their way back, because they were in a country strange to them. But they kept on, and a little after 3 o'clock, as a reward for their perseverance, they walked into the battle of Bull Run. I never before heard of boys going anywhere and finding anything as great as they expected."

Eyes Get the First Attention.

There is no such disguise as that of the eyes. If we want to get an impression of a person's face we have to look at the eyes. You will find this in any railway carriage or public conveyance. You are interested in a face; you fix your eyes on the opposite eyes. If the eyes meet both fall; the eyes drop apologetically, for the inquiry is too intimate. The two people know well enough, though neither may be an artist, that you cannot get an impression of the face by looking at the chin or the forehead or the nose. You must look straight at the eyes—the window of the soul—and the face becomes a recognizable unit. The best disguise, as burglars and grownup children know, is the mask that covers the eyes only.—London Standard.

Sense of Hunger and Thirst.

Whether the hunger sense has its seat in the stomach and thirst in the throat has been a subject of much scientific controversy. The Italian physician, Valenti, puts the seat of both these emotions in the gullet. He found that a cocaine injection in the oesophagus (the channel from the mouth to the stomach) resulted in immediate suppression of the feeling of both hunger and thirst.

Savages have long known that the chewing of coca leaves renders the gullet insensitive and destroys any desire for food or drink.—Chicago Tribune.

Trouble in Store For Him.

There is a rough time in store for the little boy whose antics have led his distracted parents to thus appeal for assistance through an advertisement in an English paper:

"Nurse.—Wanted, a robust, God fearing Scotch nurse, who can teach the shorter catechism and has a working knowledge of the business side of a slipper, to take charge of a four-year-old boy who has a double dose of original sin."

Labor Bills Before Congress.

Congressman Henry of Texas has introduced H. R. 14,963, amending the Sherman anti-trust law. The bill seeks to amend the present law to correct its defects and also to exclude certain organizations. Section 10 of the bill provides "That nothing in said act is intended, nor shall any provision thereof hereafter be enforced so as to apply to members of organizations or associations not for profit and without capital or to agricultural products or live stock in the hands of the producers or raisers."

Other bills in which labor is interested were all introduced during the extra session and referred to appropriate committees. The eight hour bill unanimously passed the house.

Napoleon on Shakespeare.

Napoleon had a very poor opinion of Shakespeare's plays. According to Thibaudeau, in his "Bonaparte and Consulate," Napoleon said one day: "Shakespeare was forgotten even by the English for 200 years until Voltaire took it into his head to write him up to please his English friends, and ever since people have gone about repeating that Shakespeare was the greatest author that ever lived. I have read him, and there is nothing in him that approaches Corneille or Racine. His plays are not worth reading."

A DROP OF WATER.

There Are Times When It May Become a Source of Real Terror.

The fear of silence and loneliness not seldom attacks busy miners who, for that reason, refuse to work alone in distant drifts. In China the very refinement of torture is to confine a condemned criminal in a place where sound cannot reach him and over the plank to which he is bound to place a vessel of water, so regulated that once every few moments a single drop shall fall upon his brow. There is no light and no sound to distract his attention, and the thoughts of the poor wretch become so concentrated on the expectation of the next drop of water that when it falls it seems to strike him with the impact of a bomb, and reason cannot long withstand the strain. In his book, "In Lotus Land—Japan," Mr. H. G. Ponting says he came to understand the strange dread of silence through an experience in a California mine at midnight.

Five hundred feet into the crust of the earth I went and felt no new sensations except one of disappointment as the shaft echoed with my footsteps—600 feet, 700 feet, 800 feet and the bottom of the mine.

But as I stood there a creepy feeling came over me. What was this consciousness that suddenly oppressed me and made my blood seem chilled? I had felt nothing like it before. My candle gave but a feeble glimmer, and I found myself peering furtively into the shadows with a feeling almost akin to dread. All at once I knew. It was the silence—the immense, oppressive silence. Hitherto when I had been down in the mine there had always been the regular beating of the hammers on the drills. Now there was nothing but thick, velvety silence.

Then a sudden sound, like the crack of a stock whipl, put every sense on the alert. Was I not alone, then, after all? In a moment the instinct of self preservation reminded me that I was unarmed. Who could be down here at this hour, and what could be his object? Had I been followed? Without a weapon I was at the mercy of any ruffian. All this rushed through my brain in a moment, and as I tried to pierce the shadows my candle only served to make the darkness visible. Another crack, almost like a pistol shot, and then enlightenment and relief flashed upon me. It was nothing but a drop of water falling from the hanging wall in the sump below, yet in this dread silence it struck with almost the noise of a fulminating cap.

REFORMED BY A SONG.

Nordica Saved Her Jewels and Made a Thief an Honest Man.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, the singer, once upon returning from a concert tour decided to go straight to her villa in France, accompanied only by her maid. She knew there were no servants there at the time, but felt no alarm. They arrived in the early evening and enjoyed being home again. At nearly midnight they sat softly talking together, with only the mellow moonlight flooding the rooms, when they heard a window off the south balcony being raised, and an instant later steps were heard in the hall.

Almost paralyzed with fear—no one to help, no weapon at hand—there flashed over the prima donna a realization of her power of song. "It has moved thousands," she thought, and with trembling notes she began to sing what had been uppermost in her thoughts before the entrance of the intruder, "Home, Sweet Home." The exquisite voice grew steadier, and it rang out in its sweetest, purest strains. Then followed "Old Folks at Home," but her audience had gone. The maid saw a dark figure creep through the window and steal across the lawn and out of the gate.

Some weeks later Nordica received the following letter:

Dear Madame—On the night of the — I entered your home to relieve you of all your diamonds, jewels and money, but an angel song rang out in the sweet words of mother's songs, and my hand and heart were arrested, and I vowed never, never again to do aught that would sorrow that sainted one.

I am now engaged in honest work. God bless you!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Each Otherness.

Nothing is of real value in the world except people. Never hurt a person by a wrong thought or by word or by act. Never hurt each other. Then go on a big discovering expedition and find each other. Never say, "That person has nothing in him," for that only means that you haven't found it yet. Then, last of all, never think you are the only person. You are just a part of "each other." You are not somebody and the rest of us everybody else. We are each other. Life is each otherness, not everybody-elsehood.—St. Nicholas.

Graves in Pawn.

In times of financial difficulties the Loochooans, residents of the southwestern islands of Japan, sometimes pawn the graves of their relatives. They are always redeemed, however, failure to do so meaning family disgrace. The turtle back shaped tombs, usually located on a hillside facing the water, are elaborate affairs of stone and cement, and their cost and upkeep often bankrupt the family.

Hopeless.

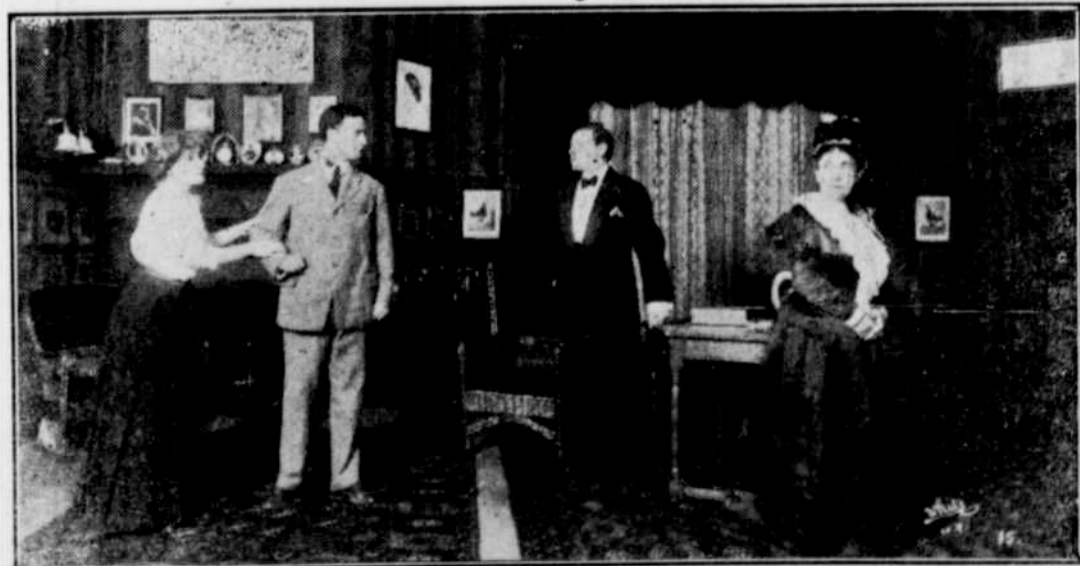
"Why don't you make up your mind to cease permitting your wife to henpeck you?" "I have made it up half a dozen times, but it doesn't seem to do any good at all. She refuses to concede that I have a mind."—Chicago Tribune.



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