

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Seats Now on Sale for Next Week's Production at the Baker.

If you are going to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Baker next week you should lose no time securing your seats, for ever since the sale opened the demand has been immense. The fact that a really first-class production of the famous old play is to be seen with loads of scenery and all the marvelous effects that made the play the foremost one in all the country a generation ago, has attracted unusual interest, not only among the little folk, but older theatre-goers as well, are determined to see it once more. It will open Sunday matinee and other matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday, and popular prices, 25c and 50c, will be for the evening and 25c only for matinee performances. This brings the attraction within reach of everyone and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be found right in line with "In Old Kentucky," "Sis Hopkins" and others that have been revived at the Baker this season with such great success. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was revived in New York with an all-star cast by William H. Brady, and proved one of the season's positive sensations.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR MULTNOMAH COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of HENRIETTA KERN, Deceased.

CITATION.

To J. J. Kern, Albert E. Kern, George F. Kern, John M. Kern, T. J. Kern, William Kern, Tabitha Kern, Meta De Mond, William Struve, John Struve, Leba, Yeda Kern and Delbert Kern, and all other known and unknown heirs and devisees of Henrietta Kern, deceased: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby commanded to appear before the Honorable County Clerk of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Multnomah, at the Court House in the City of Portland, on the 15th day of April, A. D. 1912, at the hour of nine o'clock A. M. of said day, to show cause, if any exist, why an order of sale should not be made of the following described land as prayed for in the petition of A. E. Kern, administrator, with the will annexed of the estate of Henrietta Kern, deceased, hereinbefore filed, to-wit:

Lot numbered three (3), in block numbered three (3), in Columbia Heights Addition to the City of Portland, and also lots numbered twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25), twenty-six (26), twenty-seven (27) and twenty-eight (28), in block numbered thirty-seven (37), in Peninsula Addition Number Three, to the City of Portland, all in the County of Multnomah and State of Oregon.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court affixed this 11th day of March, A. D. 1912.

F. S. FIELDS,
Clerk of the County Court.
By **T. F. NOONAN,** Deputy.
(Seal of County Court, Multnomah County, State of Oregon.)

A STORY OF KITCHENER.

The Disheveled Dervish Who Was Captured in the Desert.

The following incident, involving Kitchener's ability to disguise himself, was described by one who served with the Essex regiment in a campaign against the dervishes:

"I was acting corporal of the guard over a large number of 'gentlemen of the desert' whom we had taken prisoners. In the course of my rounds a captive within the tent drew my attention, and I was surprised to hear in good English the request:

"'Corporal I wish to get out of this.'

"I of course reported the occurrence to the sergeant of the guard, only to be met with the curt reply:

"'Let the fool stay where he is!'

"I continued my rounds and was again met with the request. Again I reported the matter, and this time the reply was as curt, but a bit stronger, so I went on my rounds again. As I passed the spot this time the voice from within said:

"'Say, corporal, you are of the Essex regiment?'

"I answered that I was, and the prisoner said:

"'Well, tell Mr. B. that I want to speak to him.'

"'What name?' I asked.

"'Kitchener,' came the reply, and I at once reported accordingly to the sergeant.

"He immediately made for the prisoners' quarters, and I shall never forget that meeting. The disheveled 'dervish' was in reality the Lord Kitchener that was to be, who had been out spying among the enemy and had apparently been taken prisoner by his own troops."—London Globe.

FAMOUS FEEDERS.

Peter the Great and Louis XIV. Had Fairly Good Appetites.

Louis XIV., le Grand Monarque, could wield a lusty knife at the banquet board. It is related of this French ruler that "he would eat at a meal four platefuls of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham and a dish of pastry, finishing the repast with fruits and sweetmeats"—pretty fair for a king who, we are informed by one historian, dined in public, "and the privilege of seeing him eat was eagerly sought after." No admission was charged, as far as can be learned.

In the Bodleian library at Oxford there is preserved an innkeeper's bill for breakfast eaten at Godalming, Surrey, by Peter the Great. The czar and twenty companions managed to dispose of half a sheep, a quarter of a lamb, ten pullets, three ducks, twelve chickens, eighty-four eggs, three quarts of brandy and six quarts of mulled wine, with salad in proportion. For a little snack picked up at noon Peter and his merry crew got away with a sheep, five ribs of beef, three-quarters of a lamb, fourteen pullets, fourteen rabbits and a great quantity of brandy and wine. Peter's taste in tipples ran to brandy and hot pepper, a harmless decoction for a copper riveted throat and armor plate stomach.

His Title to Fame.

There is a big hearted man editing a paper in Iowa who ever tries to say something eulogistic about every citizen of his town both during the subject's life and at his death. On one occasion he was much perplexed to know what to say in the case of a man, a resident of the town for many years and an excellent citizen. For the life of him the editor could think of nothing that his friend had done to entitle him to distinction. The following was the one fact that the writer could produce from the recesses of his memory as a climax for the eulogy that appeared in the paper:

"Mr. Jones was once prominently mentioned for the nomination as alternate delegate for the annual convocation of the Order of the Sons of America."—Harper's Magazine.

Spider Tigers.

The lycosae are tigers among spiders, and when the eggs are inclosed in their sac they attach the precious parcel to the abdomen and carry it about with them. During the season of maternity they are exceedingly fierce and consider any evidence of curiosity on the part of an observer as a direct challenge to attack. When the young are hatched they swarm out over the mother, and she carries them about with her for several days. So voracious is their appetite that she frequently falls a victim to it, for, it is said, they have no compunction whatever in devouring her.

Curious Bread Law.

There is a provision in the British bread acts of 1822 and 1836, which are still in force, to the effect that "every person who shall make for sale or sell or expose for sale any bread made wholly or partially of peas or beans or potatoes or of any sort of corn or grain other than wheat shall cause all such bread to be marked with a large Roman 'M.'"

Smooth Work.

Hicks—How did Nix manage to reform that nagging wife of his? Wicks—He bribed her masseuse to tell that talking caused wrinkles. — Chicago News.

A Baby's Advantage.

A baby is a very helpless little thing, but it has one advantage—it doesn't have to keep sweet while a bore is trying to entertain it.—Galveston News.

Chiefly the mold of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Bacon.

BUILT FOR WASHINGTON.

A Philadelphia House the President Refused to Occupy.

The second year of Washington's administration the seat of government was removed from New York to Philadelphia. In the meantime the federal city, Washington, was in building, and the legislature of Pennsylvania voted a sum of money to build a house for the president, perhaps with some hope that this might help to keep the seat of the general government in the capital, for Philadelphia was then considered as the capital of the state.

What was since the University of Pennsylvania was the structure erected for the purpose. But as soon as General Washington saw its dimensions and a good while before it was finished he let it be known that he would not occupy it and should certainly not go to the expense of purchasing suitable furniture for such a dwelling, for it is to be understood in those days of stern republicanism nobody thought of congress furnishing the president's house, or if perchance such a thought did enter into some aristocratic head it was too unpopular to be uttered.

President Washington therefore rented a house of Mr. Robert Morris in Market street between Fifth and Sixth on the south side and furnished it handsomely but not gorgeously.—Exchange.

The Black of the Eye.

The invariable blackness of the pupil of the eye was a puzzle to scientific men until Professor Helmholtz showed it to be the necessary effect of refraction. Sufficient rays are reflected from the bottom of the eye to render visible the parts there situated, but since these reflected rays in emerging from the eye must traverse the same ocular media through which they passed in entering the eye it is evident that they must undergo the same refraction which they underwent as entering rays, only in an opposite direction. The result of this is that the paths of the emerging and entering rays coincide, and the former will therefore return to the source whence as incidental rays they originally started. There is nothing in the pupil to reflect light—in fact, it resembles a window looking into a dark room.

The First Erie Canalboat.

The William Tell was the first boat to pass over the Erie canal from Buffalo to Albany and down the river to New York. Her cargo consisted entirely of hogheads, barrels and bottles of Lake Erie water, part of which was mingled with the waters of the bay of New York on the occasion of the great fête in celebration of the opening of the wonderful waterway. Her passengers included Governor De Witt Clinton, the leader in the canal enterprise, and a delegation of statesmen and distinguished persons from foreign lands and various parts of the United States.

Took It Too.

Some time ago Australia had a remarkably eloquent and witty tailor, who became not only an M. P., but a minister of the crown. To him a new governor made this maladroit remark, "I hear, Mr. Jones, you were once a tailor."

"Yes, my lord, I was."

"And how are you engaged now?"

"Taking your excellency's measure."—London Chronicle.

One Occupation Less.

A visitor at a small resort on the coast asked one of the men whom he saw at the village store what he did all summer.

"Loaf and fish," replied the native.

"What do you do in the winter?" continued the inquiring visitor.

"We don't fish."

Favors.

Sillius—I can truthfully say I never forget a favor. Cynicus—Nothing remarkable about that. The fellow we accept a favor from seldom lets us forget it.—Philadelphia Record.

Why She Drew Up.

Nell (reading from novel)—He kissed her on the forehead. The proud beauty drew herself up. Belle—I suppose that was to get her cheek up to the proper height.—Boston Transcript.

HAFIA, the Albino

A Story of a Narrow Escape

By Clarissa Mackie

"Now, Mr. Hanford, it is your turn to spin a yarn," remarked Professor Trayle one evening as the steamship Neptune, with a party of tourists, was visiting the African coast.

"Do, James," urged Mrs. Hanford, as the seven tourists drew their chairs into close proximity. "I know positively that you had an adventure with that albino dragoman you hired at Cairo."

"An albino dragoman?" laughed Arthur Clayton. "Ye gods, what a sight! Was your man Egyptian, Arabian, Mussulman or Christian?"

"He was not exactly an albino; he was very fair and light haired, was he not, James?" questioned Mrs. Hanford, referring to her husband, who was listening with a smile of amusement.

"Light headed," he corrected. "Hafia had an Egyptian mother, an Arabian father. The mother was a Christian and the father a Mohammedan; Hafia was an out and out heathen and is now for all I know."

"That is not all of your story," protested Miss Emeline Gray. "That savors too much of tabloid fiction."

"It isn't much of a story," admitted Mr. Hanford reluctantly. "Indeed, I don't understand how Harriet got the idea there was a story connected with Hafia."

"I never suspected there was until I saw you kicking him down the steps of the hotel," retorted Mrs. Hanford quietly, and amid the laugh that followed Mr. Hanford began his story.

"Well, Hafia, the heathen, came to me the first day we arrived in Cairo and, after assuring me that he was the most efficient interpreter and guide between the Red sea and the Atlantic ocean, he produced innumerable tattered bits of paper that he swore were recommendations from former patrons, and as I did not care to examine them I was compelled to take him at his own valuation.

"Of course, I was mainly interested in the excavations around Nana Belaks and Hafia professed to have been born in the very shadow of the Nana pyramids, so I was confident that our expedition would be accomplished without mishap, as he was doubtless well acquainted with the vicinity.

"These pyramids are a half day's journey to the east of Cairo, and on the morning of our start my dragoman appeared with two camels, and soon we were leaving the city streets behind and rocking over the sandy road past the waterworks and out toward the Arabian desert.

"Master," remarked Hafia to me a few hours later as we ate luncheon beside a little spring of water. 'I have been thinking that there is a pretty pyramid much nearer than that of Nana, where there are no excavations being made and where all is peace and quietness instead of dirt and disorder. One could sleep refreshingly there.'

"Hafia," I said sternly, 'we go to investigate, to observe, to discover, not to sleep. We shall sleep when we return to Cairo. Remove the luncheon and let us be on our way.'

"With ill grace my albino dragoman tossed the remains of our meal into the sand and brought my camel to its knees before me. We rode on in silence for several hours. Instead of the cheerful conversation which had lightened the burden of the sandy journey we maintained an unbroken silence, for Hafia was sulking openly, and I was out of patience with him and beginning to have serious doubts as to his integrity.

"You said it was a half day's journey," I exclaimed at last. 'It is now 5 o'clock and we are still in the desert.'

"I came the long way, master," growled Hafia moodily.

"Why did you do that?" I demanded, thoroughly angry.

"Hafia shrugged his shoulders. 'I have forgotten the short way. Besides, it is rough and infested with robbers.'

"How soon shall we arrive at Nana?"

"In an hour, master, but I will question this caravan."

"Approaching us across the sun bathed sand was a string of some ten or a dozen ragged looking camels, whose riders were the dirtiest and most rascally looking lot I'd seen in many a day.

"Don't let them know we are alone, Hafia," I warned him. 'They look like robbers.'

"Hafia rolled one of his queer light colored eyes toward me as he nodded reassuringly. He held a few minutes' low toned conversation with the leaders of the caravan, and then, dismissing them with a rough spoken word, he turned and watched them as they disappeared behind us through the golden sunset haze.

"When the first star has risen we shall see the pyramid of Nana, master," said Hafia good naturedly, and from that moment he chattered on with high spirits until I had almost forgotten his morose fit.

"Just after the sun had set and while the swift twilight was falling, blotting out distant oasis or nearby sand dune, I thought I heard the soft padding of camel hoofs passing us on the sand, and I strained my eyes to the left and saw as through a thick gray veil a shadowy caravan of men

and camels passing us. In an instant they were out of sight ahead of us, and I believed the vision to have been an hallucination of sight and hearing, so I did not mention the matter to Hafia, and afterward I was glad that I did not.

"All at once a dark shape loomed out of the twilight, and just above it I saw the dim luster of the first star.

"The pyramid!" I exclaimed.

"Have I spoken the truth, master? demanded Hafia proudly.

"Yes, Hafia. Is there not a camp nearby where the expedition in charge of the excavations have their quarters? I would speak with the great man in charge. I have letters of introduction, and I would spend the night in his camp."

"There was an instant's hesitation, and then Hafia's voice came soft and velvety through the semidarkness.

"The camp of the learned men lies a half mile beyond the pyramid. It is on a high slope far above the sand fleas."

"Never mind. Ah, some of them must be here now. There is a light within the pyramid."

"Afterward I learned that the light was a small lantern carried up the outside of the edifice to guide us on the way.

"Let us get off L've and see if Professor Georges is inside."

"That is a great idea of the master," assented Hafia eagerly, and he slipped from his camel and commanded mine to kneel. In another instant I was on the ground and stumbling down into an excavation, at the end of which was an oblong light. It was the open doorway to a passage leading into the pyramid.

"As I entered the passageway I put my hands to my lips and uttered our old college yell in order to apprise Georges of my arrival. What happened afterward seems as dreamlike as the shadowy caravan I saw in the desert.

"Around a corner of the passageway a long brown arm shot out and extinguished the swinging lantern that had lured me there. Then a score of lean fingers attacked me in the darkness, and I was aware that I was being robbed of watch and money and whatever else of value I possessed. But, quick as lightning, my hand had snatched at the revolver at my hip, and I managed to free my right arm and fire it among my enemies.

"The flash and the echoing report threw the robbers into panic. The wounded one yelled terrible curses upon me unto the twentieth generation until distance silenced his voice.

"I groped my way into the open air and beneath the stars found my camel. Hafia and his beast had disappeared. I wonder if any of you ever tried to mount a camel when he was standing humped before you and you didn't know the password that would make him drop on his calloused knees. Well, I tried every way I could think of to make that camel kneel. I prayed to him, and I swore in seven languages, but he stood there in the moonlight, with sulky, protruding lower lip and obstinate poise. Once I essayed to climb up by the gorgeous trappings of leather that served as harness, but he turned and snapped at me viciously.

"I was quite in despair when suddenly out of the shadow of the pyramid there came a single word hoarsely whispered but quite audible, a word of command that brought the camel to his knees in a trice. I scrambled upon his back, turned him about as he arose to his height, and away we went over the track we had come. I trusted entirely to the camel to take me back to Cairo, and we reached there just as day was dawning. My camel chose his own way, and we entered the city by way of the citadel, and I inquired of a soldier concerning the pyramid of Nana, and I told him of my adventure of the previous night.

"He laughed and assured me that I had never been within twenty miles of Nana—that Hafia had deliberately led me to a small tomb which was a rendezvous for a gang of robbers, and he said that the shadowy caravan was without doubt the villainous band who had robbed me.

"Your guide was Hafia, the albino?" he asked skeptically.

"I nodded assent.

"Then it is a wonder that your throat was not cut," he said dryly and turned his back. I placed the matter in the hands of the police, and toward evening they returned my watch, but the money had disappeared beyond recall.

"I was preparing for bed when a servant informed me that a dragoman awaited my coming in the veranda of the hotel. I suspected it was Hafia and went down. There he was, his cloak drawn closely about his face quite disguising his features and complexion, but I caught the gleam of his pale, wicked eye.

"Master," he whined cringingly, 'my camel ran away with me, and I returned too late to be of assistance to you. Shall we start again for the pyramid of Nana in the morning?'

"You may start now," I said rudely, and then it was that Mrs. Hanford saw me administer a well deserved kick to Hafia, the albino. That is the end of the story."

"Oh, James, I would have died of fright if I had known you were in such danger!" cried his wife.

"Not much danger in such a pack of cowards," reassured her husband easily.

The ladies of the party separated from the group and chatted together. The four men grew closer.

"Is that the reason you had a sudden attack of rheumatism in your left arm, Hanford?" asked Arthur Clayton. "What was it—a knife?'

"Yes," grinned Mr. Hanford ruefully.

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THE MUSICAL PLAY, "THE BALKAN PRINCESS," AT HEILIG THEATRE MARCH 21-22-23. Shubert Bros. present the big musical comedy success, "The Balkan Princess," at the Heilig Theatre, 7th and Taylor Sts., for three nights, beginning Thursday, March 21. Special-price matinee Saturday.