

OPEN GAMES TO GO

Public Gambling Will Stop, Says Mayor Williams.

W.L. ARREST LAW-BREAKERS

Fourth-Street Denizens Must Move to Secluded Quarters—Order Abolishing Money Machines Knocks Out Swindling Reaping Rich Harvest.

Gamblers, dicekeepers, saloonmen who evade the law by refusing to close up their places of business at the prescribed hour of 1 P. M., and white and colored vagrants of every shade of reputation, living in a state of nervous dread, as the result of Mayor Williams' announcement that he has started and will start other measures that will drive them out of law-abiding business. They do not know when the heavy hand of the law may fall on them. It may be any hour now. The Mayor takes the position that the public open gambling as conducted at present must immediately cease, and that the occupants of disorderly houses on Fourth street must vacate these premises and must move to more secluded quarters, away from a main public thoroughfare.

Mayor Williams' Statement.
"I will do all I can to make open gambling impossible in Portland during my term of office," said Mayor Williams, to an Oregonian reporter last night. "The abolishing of every description of gambling in a large city. However, notice will be served on those running open gambling places to quit the business, and the warning if not heeded they will be promptly arrested. If jurors do not convict those who persist in defying the law, I will not be discouraged by one failure or half a dozen. I will keep hammering at them. It will be a fight all the time. If the courts and the people of Portland sustain me, I will not countenance public gambling houses where young people are taken and often robbed. It is difficult to say what can be done with Chinese gambling houses."

"As to disorderly houses on Fourth street, those people who ply their unlawful trade there must move to more secluded quarters. They are now on one of the public thoroughfares of the city, and such a condition will no longer be permitted. Saloons must close at the hour prescribed by law. I cannot make Portland a paradise, but will do all in my power to make it a decent place worth living in."

Gamblers Do Big Business.

All the principal gambling-houses did a rushing business yesterday, although the players at the various tables did not know the moment the police might sweep down on them. There was a general feeling, however, that the authorities would doubtless interfere with the Fourth of July trade, and a large number of strangers with well filled pocketbooks were present from country districts and backed the tiger early and often. There were few winners. The dealers in the gambling-houses saw that the police decline, of course, to say when the order to stop play shall be given, but it is understood that the time is a matter of days. The police will move in administration, according to those who are on the inside, amounts to this, so far as gambling is concerned: The order to stop gambling will be given by the police, as heretofore, and if the order is not obeyed, those who continue to break the law will be arrested. They will likely pursue their former policy, when brought before Municipal Judge Hogue, to demand a jury trial, and a jury will be carefully drawn. The jurors may head in a verdict of acquittal as they have in many cases in the past. The police will move in administration, according to those who are on the inside, amounts to this, so far as gambling is concerned: The order to stop gambling will be given by the police, as heretofore, and if the order is not obeyed, those who continue to break the law will be arrested. They will likely pursue their former policy, when brought before Municipal Judge Hogue, to demand a jury trial, and a jury will be carefully drawn. The jurors may head in a verdict of acquittal as they have in many cases in the past.

Those who have watched previous cases in the Municipal Court, where gamblers have been on trial, generally agree that the sentiment of the jurors was with the accused. No case has yet been tried by the methods in selecting jurors has not been possible. The argument was presented by the defense that if a gambler were convicted, individual liberty was in danger. The last took.

Money Machines Swindle.

The order removing all money machines from saloons has generally met with popular approval, and the only objectors are the saloonmen and the three or four firms in town who own the machines. "We have lost a good thing. Sometimes our profits were about \$100 a day," said one man who runs a well-known saloon. Among the well-informed young men about town, it is conceded that the internal arrangements of the money machines were such that it was next to impossible to win any money by playing. What steps were taken to prevent patrons winning is, of course, only known to those who received the machines and those who owned them, but there are dark rumors floating around town that these very machines have been one of the biggest swindles that has struck Portland for a long time. The wonder is that any man with an ounce of sense ever played them, when the so-called "luck" was against him every time. The machine itself was against him in the first place, and it is calculated that the profits to saloonmen and owners of the machines for the several months they have been in operation is not far removed from \$100,000. Maybe more.

The machines worked on a spindle, and after you deposited your nickel, quarter, half-dollar or dollar, or even a higher stake, the differently colored circle whirled around and you fondly waited until the indicator touched the color you were playing, showing that you were entitled to a prize of \$10, \$20, \$50 or \$100, according to the machine. But unless you were what is called "right," you never got the color—only a blank or a cheap stake. There are those who say that it was impossible for players to ever reach a high stake, because the indicator opposite the high stake was carefully greased in advance. The result was that the indicator stopped on the next strike, always a poor stake. One young man is known to have recently played a money machine in a Sixth-street saloon for 15 minutes, and he dropped \$40, getting nothing but the saloonkeeper's sympathy. Numerous players have tried the machine, have won \$5 or \$10, and have frantically played the money back, and have then lost every cent. It somehow is not in human nature to win money, stop playing and then go home.

Profit \$5 to \$100 a Day Each.

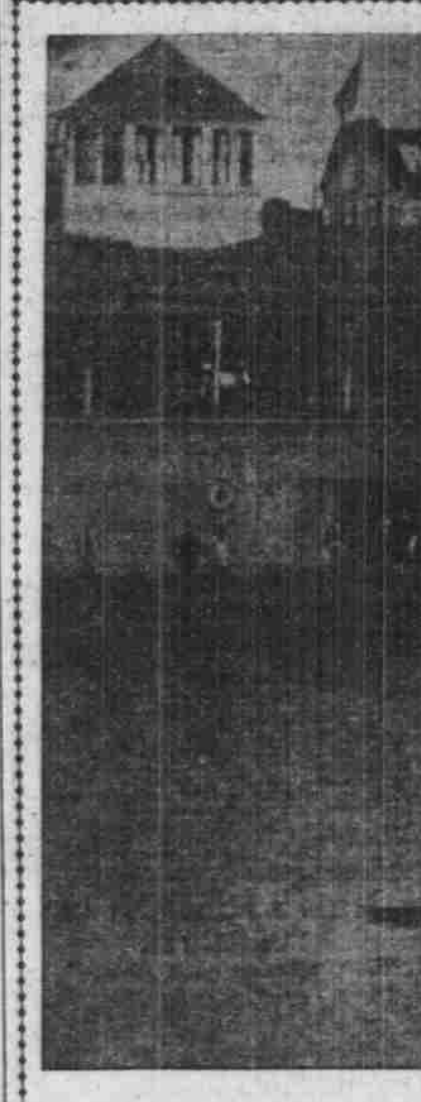
Between 30 and 60 money machines were in Portland saloons when the order came to stop play. Some saloons, like the Olympian, had four machines. Other saloons had one or two. It is calculated

ELKS TO GIVE CARNIVAL

Lodge Men Will Take Place of Multnomah Club.

Directors Decide to Abandon the Project, Which is Immediately Taken Up by the Elks.

The Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club has abandoned the proposed Fall carnival, and the Elks will carry out the plans that the clubmen first had in view. The decision on the part of the Multnomah Club management was made Thursday evening, at a meeting of the board of directors, it being their opinion that existing circumstances do not warrant the handling of such a project. The decision of the board is final, being reached after



WINNING SENIOR FOUR AT THE FINISH.

is said to possess a fat bank account now, and to be interested in real estate. An Oregonian reporter called on him last night and found him busy exploding firecrackers. In reply to a question about his money machines, Cohn got nervous and spoke as follows: "I'm the manager of the concern, but I have nothing to say." Then he shut his lips tightly, as if he feared a word or two would unwittingly escape.

Saloon men are incoherent at the loss of their beloved money machines. Speaking publicly, they say they are glad the machines have got their faces turned toward the wall, or have been removed, as there was no profit in them. Privately they say: "Great Scott! Wasn't it a cinch! Greatest thing we ever had as a money-maker. You should have seen those drunken fellows play. Why, they would have placed themselves in the machine, if there had been room."

Such Fun.

Cassell's Journal.
"So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie, gushingly, to her particular friend, Madge.
"Yes, dear," was the blushing reply. "I am really engaged at last."
"And to that stern, stolid-looking fellow, Alce Wilson?"
"Yes, that is the happy man," laughed Madge.
"Isn't he inclined to be masterful?" suggested Elsie.
"Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend, quickly; "he often says that after we are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expenditure as well as his own, and, in fact, have his own way in everything."
"Good gracious! And you seriously tell me you mean to marry a man like that?" cried Elsie in astonishment.
"Oh, yes, dear; I wouldn't give up the idea on any account. You see, it will be such fun to show him how absurd such ideas are, won't it?" and the speaker smiled a wicked smile, which the happy Alce ought to have seen, but luckily didn't.

There are but nine subscribers to the postoffice telephone in Swansea, Wales.



THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY RIDING IN A DRENCHING RAIN.

ELKS TO GIVE CARNIVAL

Lodge Men Will Take Place of Multnomah Club.

Directors Decide to Abandon the Project, Which is Immediately Taken Up by the Elks.

The Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club has abandoned the proposed Fall carnival, and the Elks will carry out the plans that the clubmen first had in view. The decision on the part of the Multnomah Club management was made Thursday evening, at a meeting of the board of directors, it being their opinion that existing circumstances do not warrant the handling of such a project. The decision of the board is final, being reached after



WINNING SENIOR FOUR AT THE FINISH.

careful consideration of every phase of the subject. The club has, during its 10 years' existence, arranged and carried to successful termination many laudable enterprises, and its decision in abandoning the carnival project is the cause of deep regret among the public-spirited citizens of Portland.

However, it is certain that the carnival will be held for the Portland Lodge, 142 B. P. O. E., at its last meeting took the matter under consideration, and a committee, headed by Governor-elect George E. Chamberlain, was appointed to make a thorough investigation of the project, after which a report will be made to the lodge. The Elks, like the Multnomah men, are noted for their energy and public spirit, and if the members of the organization take hold of the matter in earnest, there is no question as to its successful issue. Two years ago the Elks gave a street fair in this city which was a great success, and the members of the organization take hold of the matter in earnest, there is no question as to its successful issue. Two years ago the Elks gave a street fair in this city which was a great success, and the members of the organization take hold of the matter in earnest, there is no question as to its successful issue.

King Alfonso and the Cigarette.

An amusing anecdote about the young King of Spain is going the rounds at Madrid. The King went one evening to see the Prince of Asturias, who was in command of the Palace Guards, and asked for a cigarette. This being forbidden, the Prince refused, saying: "Your Majesty, the guard is not permitted to smoke." Alfonso addressed himself to another officer, and received a similar reply. He then walked to a private and said, sharply: "Give me a cigarette." The soldier replied: "I have no cigarettes, but if you like to make one, here are paper and tobacco." Thereupon (says Dalziel) His Majesty turned to the Prince of Asturias and remarked: "Well, I have found some one who obeys his King."

Joked From His Grave.

The fourth Marquis of Hertford is reputed to have said: "I should like to see the faces of my relations when my will is read." A rich man who has just died at Berlin may be credited with a similar wish as to his codicil. He had numerous relations, but treated all who approached

WAS KIND TO CHILDREN

CHARLES LAMB'S CHARMING WAYS WITH THEM.

Delightful Reminiscences of Mrs. Coo, Who, as a Little Girl, Knew Him.

We have very little knowledge of Lamb's ways with children, writes E. N. Lucas, in the London Athenaeum, but enough to know that he must have been very good company with them when he liked. He cannot have been thrown much among them. There is his charming letter to the "child-wife," Sophy Kenney, which Canon Alinger prints, and the allusions, in the same vein, to little Louisa Martin (whom



WINNING SENIOR FOUR AT THE FINISH.

he called Monkey) in the letter to Hazlitt of November 16, 1836.
"Some things, too, about Monkey which can't so well be written; how it set up for a fine lady, and thought it had got lovers, and was obliged to be convinced of its age from the parish register, where it was proved to be only 12, and an edict issued that it should not give itself airs any more, and how it got leave to be called Miss, by grace."
And in an unpublished letter from Mary Lamb to Dorothy Wordsworth I read that John Hazlitt's little girl was so fond of Charles Lamb that, when he was expected, she used to stop strangers in the street and tell them, "Mr. Lamb is coming to-night." There is also a passage in Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke's "Recollections of Writers," which is so much of a piece with Mrs. Coo's reminiscences that I copy it here:
"Charles Lamb brought a choice condiment in the shape of a jar of preserved ginger for the little Novello's delectation, and when some officious old lady suggested that it was lost upon children, and therefore had better be reserved for the grown-up people, Lamb would not hear of the transfer, but insisted that children were excellent judges of good things, and that they must and should have the cake in question. He was right, for long did the remembrance remain in the family of that delicious rarity, and of the mode in which Mr. Lamb asked and down the passage with a mysterious harbingering look and stride, muttering something that sounded like a conjuration, holding the pudding jar under his arm, and feigning to have found it stored away in a dark chimney somewhere near."

Beyond these references, and a few others, there is little evidence as to Lamb's way with children, for whom he wrote so much.

Whether or not Mrs. Coo is the only person in England now living who remembers Charles Lamb I cannot say; but it is, I think, probable. In Italy the Countess Gigliucci (who was Clara Novello) and her sister, Miss Sabina Novello, both of whom knew him, still happily survive.

Mrs. Coo (who was Elizabeth Hunt), of Widdow, who is now in her 84th year, remembers Lamb as he was between 1837

WAS KIND TO CHILDREN

CHARLES LAMB'S CHARMING WAYS WITH THEM.

Delightful Reminiscences of Mrs. Coo, Who, as a Little Girl, Knew Him.

We have very little knowledge of Lamb's ways with children, writes E. N. Lucas, in the London Athenaeum, but enough to know that he must have been very good company with them when he liked. He cannot have been thrown much among them. There is his charming letter to the "child-wife," Sophy Kenney, which Canon Alinger prints, and the allusions, in the same vein, to little Louisa Martin (whom



WINNING SENIOR FOUR AT THE FINISH.

and 1852. In 1837, aged 22 and free of the India house—he used often to walk down to Widdow—22 miles from London—to stay a day or two among old friends and older associations. These little visits probably signified that Mary Lamb was ill, for Mrs. Coo does not remember that Mary Lamb ever accompanied her brother. At any rate, she never saw her. Miss Isola, she says, came with him once, and her feet were so sore from the journey that she had to lie in bed for two or three days. Mr. Lamb waiting for her recovery, Mr. Lamb often had visitors, too, but he did not seem to mind. He loved walking too much.

Lamb's chief friends at Widdow in those days were the Norrises. Randall Norris, sub-treasurer of the Inner Temple, a very old friend of the Lamb family, died in January, 1854, leaving a widow, a dead son and two daughters, very poorly provided for. Lamb gained the assistance of Crabbe Robinson in doing something for them, but their means remained slender, and, moving to Widdow, the two Misses Norris opened a school for girls. They lived at Goddard house, and the school was conducted by Mrs. Norris. The sisters were known as Miss Betty and Miss Jane. Mrs. Norris was the good angel of the village—doctor, nurse and every one's refuge in trouble. Richard Norris was deaf and peculiar, lived in the house, too.

Among the pupils at Goddard house was Elizabeth Hunt, one of the three little daughters of Thomas Hunt of Widdow, the Water Mill, whose wife and Mrs. Norris were old friends. Little Hunt afterward became Mrs. Coo, and she is now living near London, with faculties unimpaired and a number of very pleasant recollections of the famous visitor from town who made red-letter days for her family and friends.

In those days—10 and more years ago—she was Mr. Lamb's favorite of all the Widdow children—partly, she suspects, from her quickness in catching a mischievous idea. She remembers with a vividness that is, to some extent, communicable, his affected conviction that her hair curled only by artificial means, and his repeated warnings at bedtime not to let her creep into a goose's belly tonight, for he always had his joke, and no one would expect him to call a feather bed a "feather bed," like other folks. He said it was like heaven, in a goose's belly. When he made a joke he did not laugh himself.

He always brought a book with him, sometimes several, and he would read or write a great deal. His clothes were rusty and shabby, like a poor dissenting minister's. He was very thin, and looked half-starved, partly the effect of high cheek bones. He wore knee breeches and gaiters, and a high stock. He carried a walking-stick with which he used to strike at pebbles. He smoked a black clay pipe. No one would have taken him for what he was, but he was clearly a man apart. He took pleasure in looking eccentric. He was proud of being the Mr. Lamb.

Mrs. Coo does not remember anything about Mr. Lamb's taste in food, except that he was fond of turnips. He used to come down to breakfast late.

He was very free with his money. To be sure he always gave just what his hand happened to draw from his pocket, even as much as 3 shillings. "Poor devil," he wants it more than I do, and I got pleased to be able to save him the trouble of taking the children into the village to the little general shop. It had a door cut in two, like a butcher's, and he would lean over the lower half and rap his stick on the floor, calling loudly, "Abigail! Ives! Abigail! Ives!" "Ah, Mr. Lamb," she would reply from the inner room. "I thought I knew your rap," said young Abigail, who was a very good girl, and I've got my money with me. Give three young ladies sixpennyworth of Gibraltar rock."

Gibraltar rock was Abigail Ives' specialty, and sixpennyworth was an unheard-of amount except when Mr. Lamb was in the village. It had to be broken with a hammer. The children, Mrs. Coo says, always stood a little in awe of his uncommonness to other people, in spite of these treats.

When he joined the Norrises' dinner table he kept every one laughing. Mr. Richard sat at one end, and some of the school children would be there, too. One day Mr. Lamb gave every one a fancy name all round the table, and made a verse on each. "You are so-and-so," he said, and you are so-and-so," and so on. "What's he saying?" What are you laughing at?" Mr. Richard asked testily, for he was short tempered. Miss Betty explained the joke to him, and Mr. Lamb, coming to his turn, said—only he said it in verse—"Now, Dick, it's your turn. I shall call you Gruburnum, because all you think of is your food and your stomach." Mr. Richard pushed back his chair in a rage and stamped out of the room. "Now I've done it," said Mr. Lamb, "must not make friends with my old chum. Give me a large plate of pudding to take to him." When he came back he said: "It's all right. I thought the pudding would do it." Mr. Lamb and Mr. Richard never got on very well, and Mr. Richard didn't like his teasing ways at all, but Mr. Lamb often went for long

walks with him, because no one else would. He did many kind things like that.

There used to be a half-holiday when Mr. Lamb came, partly because he would force his way into the schoolroom and make seriousness impossible. He had would suddenly appear at the door in the midst of lessons, with: "Well, Betsey! How do you do?" "Oh, Mr. Lamb," they would say, and that was all end of work for that day. He was really rather naughty with the children. One of his tricks was to teach them a new kind of catechism (Mrs. Coo does not remember it, but we may rest assured, I fear, that it was secular), and he made a great fuss with Lizzy Hunt for skill in saying the Lord's prayer backward, which he had taught her.

He had a favorite seat in a tree in the wilderness at Bakesware, where he would sit and read for hours. Just before meal times Mrs. Hunt would send the children to tell him to come, and sometimes he preferred to stay there and eat some bread and cheese. He always was particular, to return a message either way, "Give your mother my love and kisses, and say I'll eat her beautiful luncheon here," adding, "Don't forget the kisses, whatever you do."

Mrs. Coo remembers perfectly Bakesware as it used to be. It was only partly destroyed in the late young days. She recollects particularly the figure of Nabuchadnezzar eating grass, in one of the pieces of tapestry, with his long fingers like birds' claws. It was one of the great treats for the children to pretend to take rides in the state coach, which Lamb's friend, John Lily, the postilion (mentioned in the poem "Going or Gone") had often driven.

At other times Mr. Lamb would watch the trout in the stream, and perhaps feed them, for half the morning. Once or twice he took a daisy, and he would pick it himself to fix the worms "Barbarous," he used to say; "barbarous."

The Miss Norrises, I might add, married each a brother in a Widdow family of the name of Trevelyan. They survived until quite recently. Charles Trevelyan told W. C. Hazlitt that Mr. Lamb was so small and "immaterial" a figure that when out walking with him he used to put his hand under his arms and lift him over a stile as if he were nothing.

In the celebration of his birthday an Englishman 81 years old invited guests, all older than himself. The united ages of the host and guest amounted to over 160 years.

Good enough for anybody!

ALL HAVANA FILLER

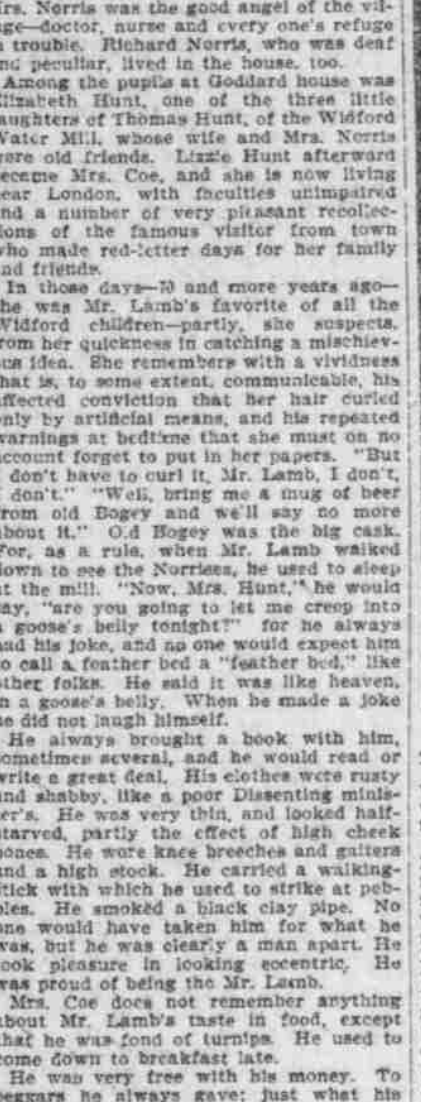
"FLORODORA" BANDS are of same value as any from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "SPEARHEAD," "STANDARD NAVY," "OLD PEACH & HONEY," "SAW LOG," "OLE HAGG," "MASTER WORKMAN" Tobacco.

Good enough for anybody!

ALL HAVANA FILLER

"FLORODORA" BANDS are of same value as any from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "SPEARHEAD," "STANDARD NAVY," "OLD PEACH & HONEY," "SAW LOG," "OLE HAGG," "MASTER WORKMAN" Tobacco.

Good enough for anybody!



WINNING SENIOR FOUR AT THE FINISH.

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

ALL HAVANA FILLER

"FLORODORA" BANDS are of same value as any from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "SPEARHEAD," "STANDARD NAVY," "OLD PEACH & HONEY," "SAW LOG," "OLE HAGG," "MASTER WORKMAN" Tobacco.

Good enough for anybody!



WINNING SENIOR FOUR AT THE FINISH.

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!

Good enough for anybody!