CITY NEWS IN BRIEF

The Oregonian's Telephones.

OREGON.

Counting Room	Main 667
Managing Editor	Main 636
City Editor	Main 166
Composing Room	Main 685
East Side Office	East 61
Superintendent Building	Red 2823

COLUMBIA.

Counting Room	667
Editorial Room	166
Composing Room	714
Engine Room	296

AMUSEMENTS.

CORDRAY'S THEATER—This evening at 8:15, Knute Erickson, in "The Man From Sweden."

THE BAKER THEATER—This evening at 8:15, "The Great Diamond Robbery."

SHOT HUCKLEBERRIES AT HIM.—A visitor from the East, meeting an old acquaintance of his schoolboy days at a club here yesterday, asked him if he remembered when they raided old Sandy Robinson's melon patch. This brought up old times and a string of old stories. Others joined in the conversation and finally one told a watermelon story. A threshing crew was working one afternoon at a farm on the Upper Willamette when a farmer who lived on the bottom land across the river came over and told the boys that he had a big patch of fine watermelons and invited them all to come across and help themselves. The invitation was accepted with thanks and it was decided to go that evening. The only man in the neighborhood who had a boat was a mean, cross-grained fellow. The boys thought the best way to get his boat would be to say they were going to steal melons and invite him to go along. This suited the mean fellow to a dot. When he was told that the owner of the melons might shoot he scouted the idea and expressed contempt for him and his shooting, and said they would just bring away a whole boatload of the best melons on the farm. The boys sent word to their friend when and how they were coming to visit his melon patch, and advised him to be on hand with a gun to scare the owner of the boat. The farmer was on hand with an old musket containing a small charge of powder and a double handful of ripe huckleberries. He concealed himself in the edge of the tall corn between the melon patch and the river. As soon as the moon was well up the boys arrived, stealing through the corn and began testing the melons. The owner of the boat made himself particularly active and prominent. He wandered about thumping all the melons he saw and marking the best. Very soon he got near tht place where the owner was waiting and watching for him, and as he stooped to thump a very large melon, the report of a gun was heard, and something struck the owner of the boat in the back with a squashy thud. He clapped his hand to his back and holding it up in the moonlight saw great clots of blood dripping from it. With an agonized yell of, "My God! boys, I am shot," he leaped ten feet in the air and struck out for the river racing like a coyote across the tops of the cornstalks and touching only the highest ones. The boys and their host lay down and laughed till they were tired and then ate watermelons till they could neither eat nor laugh any more. The boatman had disappeared with his boat and to this day he can never look at huckleberries without turning pale.

IS NOT IN THE MILK BUSINESS.—Friends of George Weidler received quite a shock a few days ago. They have always believed that his robust health and cast-iron constitution were indestructible, but a trifling incident nearly ended his career at short notice, and showed his many friends that he is not invulnerable. Weidler started to drive out to his farm in Washington County a few mornings since and a large milk can was put in the buggy. Driving up town he met a woman driving down. He hastened to pull his horse toward the curb to get out of her way, but she seemed determined to pass on the wrong side. Being by nature a man of gallantry he decided to let her have her own way and pulled his horse sharply around to give the lady room. The pull was so sharp and unexpected to the horse, who knows the rules of the road, that the animal was thrown down in trying to turn so suddenly and fell across one of the shafts and broke it. Mr. Weidler pulled himself and his outfit together, called an expressman, sent his buggy to the shop for repairs, telephoned home for a man to come after the horse, and stood on the curb beside the big milk can watching for the stableman and chatting with James Lotan, who happened along. Presently a hodcarrier, who knew them, came up and calling Mr. Lotan aside, said in a voice loud enough for Weidler to hear: "If Mr. Weidler has gone into the milk business tell him he can leave me a pint a day." All the blood and all the dignity of all the Weidlers rushed to the head of George W., and Mr. Lotan only caught him in time to prevent him from falling in an apoplectic fit. Language fails to describe the dreadful incident. Imagine President Roosevelt being offered a job by some dairyman as cowherd and you have a ground to build up from.

TROUBLE NEVER TROUBLED HIM.—A servant of the public, who is somewhat overworked and finds life more strenuous year after year, was bemoaning his hard luck a few days ago. "You should have died young, before the cares and worriment, the toils and troubles of life came on you," said a friend to him. "Oh! I do not want to die to escape trouble," said he. "I have never had a trouble in my life that I could not go to bed and sleep off in a night, except one." "And what might have been this terror of a trouble?" "Getting straightened up after a debauch; getting my nerves toned down and my stomach braced up so that I could look solid food in the face without feeling sick." "And why, may I ask, could you not sleep off this trouble?" "Oh, that is easy enough. I could not sleep at all. Now I do not drink liquor at all, have not tasted a drop for ten years, and the troubles connected with getting drunk have left me, but others come in their place. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Go where you will, do what you may, you're never free from care; this world is all a bag of gas, a bladder in the air."

MADE NOVEL FARO BOX.—A faro box, not quite so handsome as the silver-plated ones to be seen in well appointed gambling-rooms, but answering every purpose of such a machine, has been left at The Oregonian office for Colonel Hawkins to add to his museum in the City Hall. This box was made and used by a lot of workmen employed in building a lighthouse on the coast of Oregon. It was made out of a corned-beef can, and although much worn by use still bears in patches the blue varnish with which the canneryman decorated it. As the opening cut in the front to see the cards through weakened this part of the box it has been backed up and strengthened by a thin piece of board. The spring which holds the pack of cards in place is ingeniously made of a strip of the tin from the can wound in a spiral and held in place by one end being pushed through a slit in the back or bottom of the box. People who like to gamble will find some way to do so whether in a desert, adrift on an iceberg or building a lighthouse on a lone rock by the sea.

TO CONFER WITH MARKETMEN.—A conference will be held at 8 o'clock tonight at 489 Washington street, between the directors of the Portland Domestic Science School and dealers in meat, fruit, groceries, vegetables, etc. Its purpose is to devise a plan by which needed sanitary reform in the display and handling of perishable food may be inaugurated.

COMPANY B DANCE at the Armory, February 27; previous invitations accepted. *

DON'T FAIL to attend the clearance sale at Rosenthal's Shoe Store, 149 3d. *

OYSTER COCKTAILS served free today at Burns' Grocery, 147 Third street. *

GREAT price reductions on fine shoes at Rosenthal's, 149 3d. *

F. W. BALTES & CO., linotypers, printers.

WISE BROS., dentists. The Failing. *

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS BORN.—Solitude or loneliness cuts but little figure in the life of a reporter who spends his busy hours in a crowded room with a dozen or more of the tribe and seldom knows what a peaceful or quiet moment is. Should one chance to be alone in the room for a moment there is certain to be some one coming in to obtain information about something, and it is often a tedious job to get rid of such callers. An industrious reporter who came down to The Oregonian office at the early hour of 10 A. M. yesterday to have a quiet hour to do some work in, had hardly kicked a path to his desk through the litter of papers on the floor before a stranger came in who wanted to look over the American Encyclopedia. He was told that such works were all in the editorial rooms, as reporters had no use for them, knowing as they did nearly everything worth knowing. He was told that if he would ask for the information he wanted it would be furnished at once off-hand and he could depart, as visitors at such an early hour were not desirable. "I know that," said he, "for I have worked on a newspaper myself. I just wanted to find out what year Washington was born in." The lone reporter said Washington was born on February 22, but he would not give any further information on the subject, as he was astonished that the inquirer did not know this himself, and he urged the man out at the door and locked it and then rushed to examine the biographical department of Webster's "pocket" dictionary to find out for himself that General George Washington, the first President of the United States, first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, was born in 1732, and died in 1799. He knew that Washington was dead and by a rapid arithmetical computation ascertained that if he had lived till yesterday he would have been 170 years old. Having thus prepared himself for the next caller he got down to his work.

MACHINE TO SHAVE WITH.—The crowd awaiting their turns in a barber's shop Saturday afternoon fell to discussing the reason why so many people shaved themselves, and what a pity it was that more do not do so, thus relieving the barber's patrons from so many long and tedious waits. It was the general opinion that it was not the expense of the barber's services which led people to shave themselves, but the dread of having to wait, as few have time to spare for sitting about a barber's shop. The barbers said there was a prospect for relief for all concerned in regard to this trouble, as a man named Dudley, a barber in the North End, had been working for a long time on a machine for shaving. His invention is nearly completed and he is about to apply for a patent on it. The barber said he had seen it work and that it would lather and shave a man in one minute. He was not at liberty to explain how this was done, as he had been pledged to secrecy until the inventor secured a patent, but he could say that the machine was on the same principle as those which clean the beautiful "Kosher" pigs' feet, seen in all the markets. Whether a man's head can be successfully treated in the same manner that pigs' feet are remains to be seen, but everyone will do well to buy a razor before the price goes up, remembering always that "All the world's a barber-shop and every man's a barber."

CATHOLIC MISSION.—Rev. Father Lambert, of Chicago, opened a mission yesterday morning, at St. Mary's Church, in Albina. The services will continue for two weeks, a lecture on doctrinal subjects being delivered each evening at 7:45. Father Lambert is one of the most eloquent missionaries of the country and an unusually large attendance was the result of his first lecture. The entire parish is manifesting great interest in the meetings, to which a cordial invitation is extended to the public.

PRISONER BROUGHT BACK.—On a charge of petit larceny "Curly" Keith was yesterday brought from Seattle to Portland by Detective Frank Snow. Keith is charged with having entered a house in Portland some time ago and taking a number of small articles. The evidence is said to be strong against him.

ESCORT SENATOR FULTON

Astoria Citizens' Committee Go Home With Him Today.

At 8 o'clock this morning Senator-elect Charles W. Fulton will board the train for Astoria. He will be accompanied by a committee, composed of the following citizens of the city by the sea: E. M. Tallant, J. Q. A. Bowlby, C. S. Wright, James W. Welch, S. S. Gordon, George H. George, Harrison Allen, Samuel Elmore, B. Van Dusen, C. W. Halderman, J. C. Clinton, J. V. Burns, C. H. Stockton and I. Bergman.

All the members of the committee arrived in Portland yesterday morning, and after congratulating Mr. Fulton, the members arranged for the home-bound trip. They chartered two passenger cars, which they will have decorated gaily, and they have arranged for a monster procession at Astoria, where Mr. Fulton has spent the best years of his life. At Tongue Point, four miles from Astoria, the train will be met by river craft and will be escorted to the city, amid the tooting of whistles. At Astoria a salute of 21 guns will be fired, and a reception will be held. The festivities will be continued during the day, and in the evening a banquet will be given at the Irving Club.

JUMPED OVERBOARD.

Drunken Man Committed Suicide From the Steamer American.

H. Bleikenrifer, of St. Helens, plunged to his death in the waters of the Willamette from the deck of the steamer American, on her return trip to Portland, at 10 o'clock last night. He was intoxicated at the time he boarded the steamer at St. Helens, and it was with difficulty that the crew several times prevented him from taking his life previous to his successful attempt. Shortly before the steamer reached Lannton he became submissive, and it was thought that he would give no more trouble. On being left alone for a moment, however, he made his way to the upper deck. As Linnton was passed some ladies in the cabin heard a loud splash astern of the boat, and it is generally supposed that it was at this place the unfortunate fellow took his life.

Bleikenrifer was about 21 years of age, and had given up a position in a St. Helens hotel to come to Portland. He is not known here.

WHAT THE FOX SAID.

But the Bell Never Sued Him for Libel.

PORTLAND, Feb. 22.—(To the Editor.)—The attention of "A Life-Saver," whose communication appeared in The Oregonian yesterday, is called to the fact that quotations should not be garbled in using them. He quotes the fox as saying to the bell: "You have a long tongue and an empty head." What the fox really did say to the bell was: "You are a brazen-faced, hollow-hearted open-mouthed, long-tongued, tedious, tiresome, noisy nuisance." Many who reside near churches coincide heartily in the opinion of the fox.

SUFFERER.

WHERE TO DINE.

If you enjoy good things, go to the Portland Restaurant, 305 Washington St.

Special six-course dinner at the Imperial Hotel restaurant today, 50 cents; second floor; take elevator, 12 to 8 P. M.

High-Grade Pianos for Rent.

Sold on easy installments. Pianos tuned and repaired. H. Sinsheimer, 72 Third st.

For a Social Game of Billiards,

Parlors, 127 6th, adjoining Oregonian Bldg

Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable. Carter's Little Liver Pills cure both.

AT THE THEATERS

"The Great Diamond Robbery."

Dick Brummage	George Alison
Frank Kennett	William Lamp
Clinton Bulford	Fred Mower
Grandfather Lavelot	Thomas Delaney
Mario Marino	William H. Dills
Dr. Livingstone	Bennett Southard
Senator McSorker	William Bernard
Count Garbladoff	Wade Rhine
Mike	Robert Siddle
Jimmy McCune	Thomas Delaney
Clancy	Howard Russell
Brannigan	Bennett Southard
Mrs. Maria Bulford	Cathrine Countiss
Mary Lavelot	Elsie Esmond
Mother Rosenbaum	Mina Gleason
Mrs. O'Geogan	Roy Bernard
Peggy Daly	Lillian Rhoads
Mme Mervaine	Elspeth Graham McNeill
Tough Girl	Hazel Kilday

"The Man From Sweden."

Carl Anderson	Knute Erickson
Frank Marsden	Hector Dion
Morris Doane	Charles Mailes
Chu Wing	Frederick L. Power
Lemuel Tomkins	Mark Thomson
Michael Murphy	Harry Leddy
Richard Johnson	W. S. Cetti
Hiram Baker	Fred Beichert
William Walker	William Wallace
Little Jim	Little Beatrice
Alice Jefferson	Sophie Howell
Emmalida Prescott	Marie Steers
Emmie Prescott	Lillian Maynard

For thrilling situations, dramatic surprises and attractive stage pictures, the six-act melodrama written by E. M. Alfriend and A. C. Wheeler, "The Great Diamond Robbery," produced yesterday afternoon and evening by the Baker Stock Company, is the most attractive and successful offering at that place of amusement this year. The theater was crowded to its utmost capacity, and when Detective Brummage (George Alison) threw off his disguise as a bogus policeman, at the end of the fifth act, and confronted Mother Rosenbaum (Mina Gleason) in rescuing two of her victims, the house broke into cheers, and there was a curtain recall.

Catherine Countiss, as Mrs. Maria Bulford, the wife and afterward the widow of a rich New Yorker, is the central figure in the play. Her haughty, imperious bearing when she makes her husband understand that she tolerates him merely for his money; her short lived terror when he discovers that she is a member of the band of criminals who stole diamonds valued at $250,000; the cynical, heartless coldness with which she gives him a deadly poison, which he thinks is wine; the remorseless spirit she exhibits in crushing those who would effect her capture and ruin; standing like a tiger at bay, on Senator McSorker's staircase, when she realizes that discovery of her crime is imminent; her swallowing of poison and sensational roll down the stairway, where she drops calm in death—are a few lights on Miss Countiss' wonderful portrayal.

George Alison does clever work as the detective, and he looms up in such unexpected places and in so many disguises, that he is a favorite from start to finish. Mina Gleason gave a strong, powerful representation of Mother Rosenbaum, and her action and Yiddish accept were fine. William Lamp did the best work he has yet exhibited, in personating Frank Kennett, and engaging in a stirring wrestling match with Robert Siddle. He made the audience tremble with excitement. Hazel Kilday, as the tough girl, made a hit, and her step dancing is one of the features of the play. William Bernard gave a strong personation of the New York ward politician, and Mrs. Bernard was amusing and entertaining as Mrs. O'Geogan, a woman with a touch of the brogue.

There will not be a holiday matinee at Baker's this afternoon, as the Baker Stock Company has all the work it can attend to in taking care of regular performances. "The Great Diamond Robbery" will be the attraction for the rest of the week.

There were so many fair-haired, blue-eyed people from Sweden at Cordray's Theater yesterday afternoon and evening witnessing performances of Broadhurst & Currie's "The Man From Sweden," that the audience looked like a specially imported Swedish colony, with Americans thrown in between. Knute Erickson, the star, made his bow in his new presentation of Carl Anderson, a frolicsome, happy-hearted Swedish emigrant, never so happy as when playing and singing with a little child. He scored an instantaneous success. His new play, now seen for the first time in Portland, is clean and homelike, with laughter and tears artistically intermingled. It is well suited for family parties, and especially so for women and children. "Standing room only" signs were displayed at each performance. How the Swedes enjoyed that play! They laughed louder at every joke, and sat tender-eyed watching the prettily pathetic situations. One big Swede furtively applied his handkerchief to his eyes when Erickson put Little Jim to bed, and said: "That is our play." When Jim was tucked up to sleep in his little bed a baby girl in her mother's arms cried out, amid hushed silence: "Dood night, baby."

Erickson reminds one of Emmett in the latter's palmy days in the peculiar grace he has in romping about the stage with a little child perched on his shoulders. He has a pleasant baritone voice, and sang such songs as "Julie Yet" and "The Man From Sweden's Jubilee," and played on the mandolin an air from the overture to Rossini's "William Tell" and on a one-string violin, shaped as a broom, "Old Kentucky Home." Whenever he appeared on the stage there was a smile of pleased anticipation from his audience. The plot in his comedy-drama mostly relates to a little boy he saved from shipwreck, Little Jim (Little Beatrice), and the attempts afterward made to abduct the child by the bad man of the play, Morris Doane (Charles Mailes); but in the end everything turns out right, and the boy finds his father. The leading lady, Sophie Howell, portrays Alice Jefferson, the owner of the farm where Anderson and Little Jim find shelter, and she gave a satisfactory presentation. She limped slightly as she walked across the stage, on account of an injury sustained last week in Tacoma, when she accidentally fell into a baggage shute in the darkness one night when the lights were lowered from the stage.

The scenery is good, and the representation of a blizzard in Minnesota at the end of the second act is one of the best seen here. There are other musical numbers well worth hearing. "The Man From Sweden" will be the attraction at Cordray's all week.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Zelie de Lussan Tomorrow at the Marquam.

That Zelie de Lussan, the piquant and fascinating prima donna, who will be heard tomorrow at the Marquam, is as great a favorite in New York as in London, is well known by all those who keep in touch with grand opera under Maurice Grau at the Metropolitan. And her well-nigh unparalleled triumph in San Francisco in 1897 is equally a matter of musical history.

Her programme to be given here will be specially characteristic of her own captivating personality, containing groups of alluring Spanish songs, French chansons, brilliant Italian arias and ballads by English and American composers, each of which will be sung in its own language. These, together with selections from her most famous operatic roles, will make an entertainment of transcendent interest and artistic value. Seats are now selling.

Anna Held.

Have you seen the frame in the Marquam Grand Theater lobby of Anna Held and her stunning chorus? No? Well, do not miss the opportunity. Nothing like it has ever been exhibited in the city. It is a gem of photography and artistic framing seldom looked upon. The advance sale of seats for "The Little Duchess" will open Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, when not more than ten seats will be sold to one person for any single performance, so you will have to hurry. The engagement is for two nights, Friday and Saturday, February 27 and 28, with a matinee Saturday. Seats must be taken at the window.

Daniel Sully.

The advance sale of seats will open this morning at 10 o'clock for Daniel Sully, who will present his latest success "The Old Mill Stream," at the Marquam Grand Theater next Wednesday and Thursday nights, February 25 and 26. There are so many plays on the road that style themselves dramas that it is really refreshing when one of exceptional merit presents itself. In "The Old Mill Stream" we are promised a play that for naturalness and intense interest has never been surpassed. For years Daniel Sully has been seeking a play that would amuse, as well as teach a strong moral lesson, and from reports his search has at last been rewarded. For heart throbs and smiles there has never been a play more cleverly written. The lines are bright, the comedy sparkling and the situations exciting and novel.

Mr. Sully has spared no expense in the presentation of this play, has surrounded himself with a cast of exceptional strength and mounted the play with special scenery and accessories.

PERSONAL MENTION.

J. R. Wyatt, a prominent Albany lawyer, is at the Belvedere.

George Stevenson, of Stevenson, Wash., was in the city yesterday.

J. N. Scott, one of Athena's leading merchants, is at the Imperial.

Grant Mays, a prominent attorney of The Dalles, is a guest at the Imperial.

H. H. Pincus, a well-known hopdealer of Tacoma, is registered at the Belvedere.

S. Waters, a prominent Goldendale merchant, is registered at the Imperial.

State Senator T. M. Dimmick, of Coos County, and son are registered at the Belvedere.

James A. Drain, Adjutant-General of the State of Washington, is registered at the Imperial from Olympia.

Joseph Barton, general freight and passenger agent of the Sumpter Valley Railroad, who has spent the past week in this city and Salem, returned to his headquarters at Baker City yesterday morning. Mr. Barton reports the Sumpter Valley Railroad as doing a larger business than at any time in its previous history.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—(Special.)—Mrs. F. A. Spencer, of Portland, registered at the Imperial Hotel today.

Both Tired of the Alliance.

San Francisco Call.

It seems that John Bull and the Kaiser would be very glad to get rid of each other if they only knew how. The incompatibility of temper is decided and each is waiting for the other to furnish a cause for divorce.

ALASKAN CITY GROWING.

Mining Districts Near Valdes Are Developing Rapidly.

John A. McQuinn, who went to Valdes last July to act as hydraulic engineer for a mining company, arrived here yesterday on business for the company. He has the plans and specifications for their plant nearly completed, and will probably go to Chicago to meet the general manager of the company and consult with him in regard to further developments of the mine.

The plans as mapped out by Mr. McQuinn include the laying of a 22-inch steel main 4500 feet in length, with a head of 360 feet. It is intended to use a 10-inch nozzle, throwing a stream with a velocity of 150 feet per second. This will be sufficient to "remove mountains" of gravel, but will not be safe to walk in front of, unless one wants a 10-inch hole pierced through him. The plant also includes an air compressor to be operated by two steam boilers of 90-horsepower, for boring a tunnel, and a hoist and pump to be used in getting down to bed rock.

The company's claim is situated in what was originally known as King Solomon's Basin, and comprises 700 acres of gravel, running from surface to a depth of 50 feet, which "pans" very evenly at the rate of about $1 per yard. Working operations are to be commenced on bed rock, and the main flume will pass through a tunnel 7x12 feet, which is to be cut through solid rock a distance of 1200 feet into a stream which will carry the debris to tidewater. The cost of the plant will be between $150,000 and $200,000. A conservative estimate of the gold in the claim is $10,000,000, and it will take about 10 years to clean it up. The basin and deposit could not have been better arranged for being mined by a hydraulic plant if they had been made to order.

Valdes has grown rapidly since Mr. McQuinn arrived there last August, the number of houses having doubled and the population increased to about 1000.

Several Portland people are interested in business there. Lack of communication by water has kept Portland merchants in the background there.

The snow when Mr. McQuinn left Valdes was about five feet deep on a level. The aggregate snowfall this season, which commenced about November 1, has been 37 feet, which is said to be the largest ever known.

Sledding over the Government trail to the interior had just commenced as Mr. McQuinn left. The Government has 37 single teams at work taking in 2000 tons of forage and supplies to telegraph stations and to the agricultural experiment stations, where some one is trying to raise nutmegs and bananas. About 100 miners, who had been spending the Winter and their superfluous cash in Valdes, were just taking the trail for the interior mines, and busy life was beginning again.

The borings for oil at Kayak, on Prince Williams Sound, have proved successful, a gusher having been struck, flowing the highest grade oil known. Several barrels of this oil are on their way East for a thorough analysis. In the meantime a man is sitting on the mouth of the well to keep the oil from flowing to waste. Mr. McQuinn says the Kayak oil field is an extensive one, and there is a fine chance for speculation and profitable investment there, if the Seattle people have not gobbled it all up.

There are many good openings for investment in Valdes, as the city has just begun to grow. An electric lighting plant has just been put in, but a water supply is needed, and a dock and other improvements.

Women's Home-Science Exhibit.

Chicago Record-Herald.

When Helen Gould converted the costly kennels of the Summer home on the Hudson into a school of domestic science a few years ago it served to call public attention to a widespread renaissance of scientific cookery, not only in this country but in England. The novelty of converting an establishment that had been devoted to the breeding of fancy canines into a free school for the making of fancy cooks created wide comment, and yet this was only one of the many incidents occurring in all parts of the country which marked the popular revival of interest in the culinary and domestic arts.

That the American kitchen has suddenly become the center of scientific interest is evidenced by the constant enlargement of facilities for teaching domestic science not only in the ladies' seminaries and technical schools, but in the public schools throughout the land. Dietetic science has been making rapid strides, and along with it must go instruction in scientific cookery. Most people are familiar with the great work that has been done in this line by Henry D. Perky, founder of the Oread Institute, of Worcester, Mass., where thousands of young women have received free instruction in cookery and other household sciences.

The home science exhibit now being given by the Chicago Woman's Club, the largest of its kind ever given in this city, is a noteworthy illustration of this marked growth of popular interest in the science that lies at the basis of health, happiness and social progress. The utensils of the kitchen, through such an exhibit, are elevated into the scientific implements of an art that is capable of yielding results that make the home what it was designed to be under our system of social order—the unit of civilization. The work of the club in this direction is most praiseworthy and merits popular encouragement and support.

THE WHITE IS KING

IT IS YOUR FRIEND. IT IS YOUR FRIEND.

Phone South 2461.

Do not buy a sewing machine until you have tried the WHITE. If you want to rent a machine, rent the WHITE. If you want needles or parts for any machine, come to the WHITE store, and you will always get the best. We have the largest sewing machine store in the Northwest. Phone South 2461.

BARTLETT & PALMER.

Corner Sixth and Alder streets, opposite Oregonian bldg.

PARIS TO LOSE HER WALL

Twenty Miles of Useless Fortifications to Be Torn Down.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Few English visitors to Paris ever realize the fact that the city is surrounded by a wall 20 miles in circumference, and that nothing can enter the French capital without passing through the fortifications. This wall, which is 60 feet high and is surrounded by a deep ditch, was constructed about 50 years ago at a fabulous cost. Its construction caused thousands of peasants to flock to the capital, and when it was completed they remained in the city without employment, a source of constant anxiety to the authorities.

The most curious thing is that the fortifications never had any military value. In 1863 General von Todleben, the Russian vauban, the constructor of the defenses of Sebastopol, came on a visit to Paris. Napoleon III was anxious to know his opinion of the newly elected enceinte, and asked him to inspect it. The following morning the Russian General mounted his horse at one of the bastions, and, followed by two aid-de-camps of the Emperor, rode around the wall. Five hours later he was back at the starting point, not having uttered a single word during the ride. He turned in his saddle to the aid-de-camp with the question, "Eh, bien, messieurs, c'est tout?" "Oui, mon, General," was the reply. "Alors, Paris est pris d'avance," was his response, which was only too well justified by the events of 1870.

In spite, however, of the lessons of the war, the wall around Paris still exists, and until 1902 no effort has been made to remove it. It has strangled the development of the city, and has served no purpose except to facilitate the collection of taxes on all objects entering Paris. The main revenues of Paris are derived from the octroi, which consists mainly of taxes on foodstuffs of every kind. This is what makes Paris one of the dearest cities in the world.

It has now been decided to pull down the fortifications and give la ville lumiere breathing room. This will also abolish the military zone—the strip of ground a quarter of a mile broad which surrounded the wall, and on which no houses were allowed to be built. This was a sort of no man's land, covered with huts and wooden shanties run up by vagabonds and smugglers. The sale of this military zone will bring in hundreds of millions of francs. This is only one thing that can be laid to the credit of the wall around Paris. It rendered the commune possible in 1871 by giving the communards the power to close the gates and shut the government and the army out of the city.

First Time Under Fire.

New York Press.

He was the youngest officer present at the trial of "Little Animosity," Sandy Hook's toy 260,000-pound gun. The gorgeous uniform had just arrived from the tailor's. The gold lace seemed the gildest that ever was gilded. His gloves were snow white. There might have been three pounds of solid gold on his sword trappings, and his hand never left the scabbard for a second. It is not for a layman to say what he was there for. Possibly he was an ornament, in which case he was a success. He had stepped here and there in great dignity, the cynosure of all eyes. The locomotive had been signaled to pull away on the tackle that was to slide the gun into position for a second shot, and just at that moment, when all hands had given the block and its wire rope a wide berth, our beautiful young Lieutenant was seen to step within two feet of it, his patent leathers ankle deep in the sand. A break, a slip might mean sudden death. A big voice yelled in tones of command. "Get out of there, you!" The recoil of a gun is nothing to the way our gorgeous Lieutenant got up in the air. Initial velocity is petrified inertia in comparison with the way he made tracks for safety. But he managed to keep his clothes on, and his sword, and showed that he will make a soldier some day by remarking quietly to the amused crowd: "First time I've been under fire!"

Democrats to Gather in 'Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.—Democratic clubs of Washington, Nevada, Arizona and many places in this state will send delegates to the gathering which is to be held in Pythian Hall tomorrow. The convention is to be held under the auspices of the State League of Iroquois Clubs. It is expected that fully 200 delegates will be in attendance.

For a Quiet Game of Pool,

Parlors, 127 6th, adjoining Oregonian Bldg.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

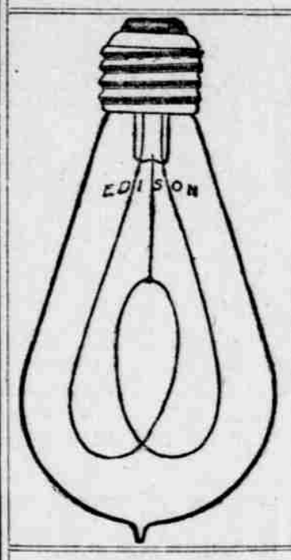
Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

Dr. E. C. BROWN EYE AND EAR DISEASES, Marquam blg., rooms 208-7.

Dr. Radway's Pills, purely vegetable, mild and reliable, regulate the liver and whole digestive organ

Electric Lamps Reduced



To....

Consumers

Of current from our mains, we have reduced the price of lamps below cost, viz.:

15c each or $1.75 dozen

These are standard, first-grade Edison lamps that we formerly sold at 25c each, and are made especially for our circuits. Buy our lamps and get good service.

Delivered in Dozen Lots Free of Charge.

Portland General Electric Co.

THE PORTLAND

PORTLAND, OREGON

American Plan

$3.00 Per Day and upward.

COST ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR TOURISTS AND COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

Special rates made to families and single gentlemen. The management will be pleased at all times to show rooms and give prices. A modern Turkish bath establishment in the hotel. H. C. BOWERS, Mgr.

1884 1903

Our health is good, our business prosperous, and we shall continue, as in the past, to sell honest spectacles for $1, $1.50 and $2.50, sight included.

WALTER REED

The Optician

133 SIXTH STREET

Oregonian Bldg.

Polishes and cleans simultaneously

GORHAM SILVER POLISH

Contains no deleterious ingredients

Produces a polish that remains

All responsible jewelers keep it 25 cents a package

With dress shirts as with any other dress clothes, if they're a little wrong they're all wrong. "Cluetts" and "Monarchs" are right.

Cluett, Peabody & Co.

SHOES

for the little ones like you would buy in . .

NEW YORK

at "Best's," "Kohlen's" or "Coward's." Come and see. KNIGHT'S SECOND FLOOR DEP'T

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

Dr. Fred Prehn, Dekum bldg

Full set teeth, Gold crowns, 22K Bridge work, 22K $5

Philadelphia graduate. All the latest appliances for doing perfect work. Fred Prehn, The Dekum, cor. 3d and Washington, Portland, Or.

BEST IS CHEAPEST

COAL

Rock Springs Coal, delivered..$8.50

Renton Lump, delivered.....$7.00

BOTH PHONES. VULCAN COAL CO.

SCHWAB BROS. PRINTING CO.

BEST WORK, REASONABLE PRICES

247½ Stark Street Phone Main 178

Spring Styles OF SHOES

MAKES FOR WOMEN

Laird, Schober & Co.

Foster & Company

"DELSARTE"

"QUEEN QUALITY"

MAKES FOR MEN

NETTLETON

Stacey-Adams

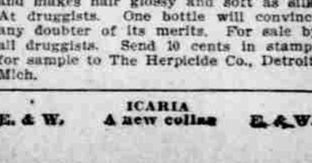
Strong & Garfield

W. L. Douglas

Goddard-Kelly Shoe Company

SIXTH AND WASHINGTON STS

TEETH EXTRACTED AND FILLED ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN by our late scientific method aplied to the gums. No sleep-producing agents or cocaine. These are the only dental parlors in Portland having PATENTED APPLIANCES and ingredients to extract, fill and apply gold crowns and porcelain crowns undetectable from natural teeth, and warranted for 10 years, WITHOUT THE LEAST PAIN. All work done by GRADUATED ENTISTS of from 12 to 20 years' experience, and each department in charge of a specialist. Give us a call, and you will find us to do exactly as we advertise. We will tell you in advance exactly what your work will cost by a FREE EXAMINATION.



Set of Teeth	$5.00
Gold Filling	$1.00
Gold Crown	$5.00
Silver Filling	$ .50

In our GOLD CROWNS and BRIDGE WORK, of which we are making a SPECIALTY, the most BEAUTIFUL, PAINLESS AND DURABLE of all dental work known to the profession, you will find an example of the HIGHEST ARTISTIC ATTAINMENT, the adaptability of which to the HYGIENIC conditions of the mouth is unquestioned.

New York Dental Parlors

MAIN OFFICE—FOURTH AND MORRISON STS., PORTLAND.

Branch, 614 First Avenue, Seattle.

HOURS:

8:30 A. M. to 8 P. M.; Sundays, 8:30 A. M. to 2 P. M.

HAIR WON'T FALL OUT.

If You Kill the Dandruff Germ With the New Treatment.

John N. Fuller, a well known citizen of Colfax, Wash., says: "I had dandruff so badly that it caked on my scalp. Herpicide completely cured me." George H. McWhirk, of Walla Wall, Wash., says: "Herpicide completely cured me of a bad case of dandruff of 20 years' standing." They took the only really sensible treatment, a remedy that destroys the dandruff germ—Newbro's Herpicide. Stop dandruff, hair won't fall out, but will grow naturally, luxuriantly. Allays itching instantly and makes hair glossy and soft as silk. At druggists. One bottle will convince any doubter of its merits. For sale by all druggists. Send 10 cents in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

E. & W. ICARIA A new collar E. & W.