

CHINESE CAN PLAY

Sheriff Does Not Raid Fantan Games.

COMPLAINS OF CITY POLICE

Municipal Authorities and County Officials Watch Each Other, While Stories of a Gambling Graft Fill Chinatown.

SPEAKING OF FANTAN.
SHERIFF WORD—"Haven't anything to say about it."
DISTRICT ATTORNEY MANNING—"Have it cases against gamblers to present this term of court. Am going my duty, as this shows."
DEPUTY SHERIFF CORDANO—"It is impossible to break up fantan without the co-operation of the city officials."
CHIEF HUNT—"Patrolmen report to me that fantan games are running."

Throughout the length and breadth of Chinatown, on first and second floors of buildings, in basements and in garrets, fantan games were running openly. The lookouts were more careless than they are generally. They did not seem to fear the sudden descent of officers bent on raiding the gambling-rooms. Innumerable Chinamen were passing from one gaming-house to another unmolested. Police officers walked by the open doors and lookouts, glanced in at the Chinamen, talked with the guards, and passed on. The Chinese precinct last night was a miniature edition of a "wide open town." There was greater activity in gambling in Chinatown last night than there has been for months.

The police wait for the Sheriff and his deputies to make the first move, and the county officers wait upon the action of the city. The police say the Sheriff started it and ought to finish it, and the Sheriff states that if he had the proper co-operation from the police and other branches of city government, fantan would soon be a thing of the past.

And above it all, undoubtedly with a sinister smile on his face and his hand on his bank-book, stands the mysterious "man who is getting the graft."

"I have nothing to say," These are the words of Sheriff Word last night, when asked whether he would make another effort to stop the fantan games.

"Will you, then, await developments, in other words, the action of the police?" "I did not say that I would," evasively replied the Sheriff. "I have absolutely nothing to say at present regarding the situation."

District Attorney John Manning laughed long and heartily when asked what he had to say regarding the insinuations of Sheriff Word that the District Attorney was not backing him up. Then, after having had the laugh, the District Attorney grew serious and said:

"I have backed up the Sheriff to such an extent that I have furnished his information against 87 gamblers, who will be tried in this term of the Circuit Court. Every one of the 87 demand and will get a separate trial, and I and my deputies will, therefore, be obliged to prosecute that number of cases. That is work enough for one term of court, I think. I think that I am doing my part, judging from this."

Deputy Sheriff Cordano was seen last night also. "The only way to get into the Chinese games, unless we have the help of the city officials, is with dynamite," said Deputy Cordano. "Such strong doors as the Chinese have are against the rules of the Fire Department, yet there is no order to have them torn down. The Council, I believe, recently instructed the Chief of Police to aid the Sheriff in his work in stopping the gambling in Chinatown. The Chief of Police has not done so."

Deputy Cordano admitted that it was almost impossible to stop Chinese gambling as long as the strong doors stood between the Sheriff and the players, and gave the intimation that Sheriff Word has recognized the fact that it is utterly impossible to stop Chinese gambling.

Chief of Police Hunt states that the patrolmen have reported to him that fantan games are running, and that he will report to the Council as requested. Beyond this bare statement the Chief has nothing to say.

The question as to who is getting the graft that is being taken from the Chinese seems to be the last thing thought of by all officials interested. The only thing the officials are certain of is that the graft is being collected by the other fellow. Deep, dark hints float through the evil-odored atmosphere of Chinatown, but the hints are conflicting and therefore meaningless. The Chinese continue to declare that they pay and therefore can play. They will not reveal to whom the money is going.

Chief Hunt has intimated that if Sheriff Word does not stop the games, and the Council orders him to act, the police will take hold in co-operation with the other departments and do all they can, and will solve the question hanging in the air, the Chinese play merrily on, losing and gaining shekels as Fortune wills.

GIVE ROBBERS EVERY CHANCE

Police Are Strangely Inactive in Pursuing Saloon Hold-Up Men.

From E. C. Turver, one of the victims of the McCarty saloon hold-up on Sunday night, comes the first true version of the affair. Turver avers that he was beaten and kicked by the robbers, as Policeman Myers' report to Captain Moore stated.

"I was sitting in a little rear room of the saloon, where there was no light," said Turver yesterday. "I saw the robbers enter and hold up those in the saloon. I kept quiet, hoping to be missed, but as the bandit conducted Clark to the safe he passed the door and saw me. He pushed the revolver in my face and bade me line up with the others. I started to do so, and I suppose I did not move fast enough to suit him, for he struck me in the back several times with one of his knives. That is as near as he came to kicking me. He went through my pockets, but found only my knife, keys and 5 cents, which he did not take. The robbers kept up a conversation all the time."

No arrests have been made by the police in connection with the case, though it was reported to them within five minutes after the robbery occurred. Detective Welner, Officer Reising and Sergeant Siover were assigned to the case, but all returned to headquarters at a late hour yesterday morning with the statement that there were no developments. Officer Myers' report, giving the names of the men who were in the saloon at the time, and stating the descriptions of the robbers as he had heard them from other people. The officers throughout the city were not notified by Captain Moore of the hold-up, even after the captain had the descriptions in his hand, and the robbers could have paraded about the town at will without fear of detection. Even the Sergeant belonging to the relief did not know of the crime until he reported off at headquarters at 11 o'clock yesterday morning. He had been patrolling a portion of the city where he might have apprehended the guilty persons, had he

been made aware of the crime soon after it occurred.

"The report that the robbers did not search the men in the saloon was untrue," said Mr. Turver yesterday. "They did search us, but refused to take anything but money. They got Mr. Clark's purse, but returned his watch."

TOOK MANY VOTES.

Frank Alling Believes Straws Show How the Wind Blows.

Frank Alling, of Tacoma, is in the city on his way home from a trip through the United States, which has lasted from the middle of July until the present time.

Mr. Alling is a well-known man of Tacoma, where he has lived for many years. He is engaged in the fruit-raising business, but is also an importer of game birds and fish, which he has been placing in the fields and streams of Washington for many years.

The traveler left his home and went to the East by the Canadian Pacific. After visiting in the East he traveled through the South and returned from Los Angeles up the Coast. He is a great admirer of Roosevelt, and while on his trip took a number of straw ballots, all of which would indicate that the majority will be a large one when Mr. Roosevelt's margin is footed up.

The first ballot taken was on the Canadian Pacific train, and out of 42 votes cast, 25 were for the Republican ticket.

Mr. Alling was taken at the International Hotel at Niagara Falls, and here 342 votes were cast. Of this number 272 were for Roosevelt. At the Hoffman House in New York Roosevelt polled 74 votes out of 98.

At St. Louis a straw election was held in the Phantasia Hotel, and 51 votes were cast for Roosevelt, out of a total of 98. At this election nearly all of the voters were Southerners.

While on a stage trip in Mexico a ballot was taken. There were 13 passengers, 10 of whom were greasers, and Roosevelt received seven of the votes cast.

In Los Angeles the last votes were taken, one on the train, which gave Roosevelt 45 votes out of 64; and the other at the hotel, where out of 74 ballots the Republican ticket drew two-thirds of the total.

Mr. Alling will remain in Portland for a couple of days, for the purpose of visiting the Lewis and Clark Fair grounds. He has been asked by Eastern friends to investigate the terms asked for concessions and the manner of placing exhibits.

DR. ROBERT A. M'LEAN.

Has returned from abroad. Office 329 Sutter street, Lincoln Bldg., near Stockton, San Francisco. Hours: Morning, 9; afternoon, 2 to 5.

STOP FOR COLLINS HOT SPRINGS.

A covered platform has been erected by the O. R. & N. immediately opposite Collins Hot Springs for the accommodation of passengers who desire to visit this place. The Spokane Flyer, trains 3 and 4, stop at this point on flag to take on or let off passengers. A commodious launch meets and carries all passengers and baggage across the river to the hotel.

It is no longer necessary to take blue pills to rouse the liver to action. Carter's Little Liver Pills are much better. Don't forget this.

Tales of the Street and Town.

WANTED—to meet a young and attractive lady, by good-looking gent, dark mustache, age 34. Object friendship.

Having laboriously composed the foregoing, Jack B., the day bartender at the X Cafe, complacently stroked the "dark mustache" and asked the night-shift man if he didn't think "that ought to fetch something peachy?" His friend, having given admiring assent, Jack took his "ad" to the business office of a local paper and paid for one insertion.

While waiting for his change at the window, a young woman, in a faded coat and a big Galsborough hat, under which coiled a mass of corn-silk hair, entered the office. He watched her scribbling something at the counter, and not being burdened with too finely-drawn scruples, he glanced over her shoulder as he walked out. He read:

"Wanted—Position for housework by Swedish girl."

Next day Jack got three notes, all evidently from "regular swells," as he told the night-shift man. Each invited him to call. Having selected one which read in very business-like style: "I would take you a short time on 'ad' and if mutually agreeable I could then offer you a permanent place," Jack made his toilet with the utmost care. He poured about an ounce of perfume on his handkerchief, bought a pink for his buttonhole and a shine for his shoes.

Then he took a car for the address given in the note. A few minutes later he found himself at the gate of one of the handsomest houses north of upper Washington street.

"They're he said to himself, beginning to feel agitated. "Didn't know it was going to be all blue chips in this game—but, well—they won't bluff Jack B.—out at this stage."

And mounting the steps, he gave the dark mustache a final twirl and rang the bell.

"Are you the lady?" asked Jack, as a maid opened the door.

"I'm not the lady of the house," returned the maid, smiling.

"Well, I guess it's her I want," said Jack, pulling the note out of his pocket. "Show this to her and she'll understand."

He was left standing in the hall for a short time, when, with a delightful rustling of silk, down the stairs came a lady of pronounced beauty and distinction. As she approached with a look of some surprise and wonder, Jack started forward with outstretched hand.

"Don't say a word, lady!" he exclaimed. "Don't say a word! You suit me—you're ahead of anything I expected. I got a lot of other replies, but I was drawn to you somehow, first off, and I'm not going to look any further. And—oh, excuse me for not introducing myself quicker—I'm Jack B.—and—"

"What do you mean?" interrupted the lady, who had suddenly flushed very red indeed.

"Why," said Jack, "you answered my 'ad' about wanting to meet a young and attractive lady—object friendship, you know, and if you ain't a young and attractive lady, I don't know who is."

"There must be some mistake," said the lady, beginning to laugh in spite of herself. "I'm an old married woman. I answered an 'ad' this morning for a Swedish girl to do housework."

"Oh Lord!" cried Jack, bolting for the door. "The refreshments is on me, as the sayin' is. Hope you'll excuse me, lady—goodbye."

As the enterprising advertiser hurried in a bee-line for the business office of the paper, he could scarcely refrain, several times, from butting his head against some of the trees he passed. Upon reaching the office, he rushed up to the counter with fire in his eye, but stopped short, for, just in front of him at the window, was the girl with the big bunch of corn-silk hair.

"I thank you are not much good bus-

CHURCH TOO STRICT

Rev. G. B. Van Waters Says It Has Erred in Past.

MORE EXACTING THAN CHRIST

Episcopalian Minister Condemns Majority Report of General Convention, Which Forbids Remarriage of Divorced Persons.

"A church that is more requiring than Christ himself is a church that is more than straight, and leans backward."

The above remarks occurred in the course of the sermon preached by Rev. George B. Van Waters, D. D., rector of St. David Episcopal Church, yesterday morning, on "The General Convention," held in Boston, to which he was a delegate. Dr. Van Waters took a decided stand in the debate on the divorce question in opposition to the majority report forbidding the remarriage of divorced people. He said in part:

The Protestant Episcopal General Convention was in session for about three weeks, and many important matters were under discussion. Perhaps the most important of which was the proposed canon relating to marriage and divorce, which read: "No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons, unless, by inquiry, he shall have ascertained that neither person has been or is the husband or the wife of any other person then living, from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage."

A minority report was presented, granting the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery the right to remarry. After a fervent debate of some three days the substance of the minority report prevailed. That this is so is cause for congratulation. To do right is to do well enough.

Jesus says adultery is a sufficient cause for divorce and remarriage, and the conscience of an enlightened people recognizes the truth and justice of this view, and they feel that more than this is not righteousness. They feel that the so-called higher standard, though seeming to be, is not in the interest of purity and the protection of the home. The church has more than once erred by imposing impossible and excessive commands, and tried to set herself right by the granting of dispensation. Church history in this matter is the story of concession. The church's business, no doubt, is to represent Christ in mercy and lovingkindness. She should remember her proneness to over-much righteousness and severity.

"IF CHRIST CAME TO PORTLAND"

He Would Find Much to Approve, Says Rev. W. E. Randall.

"Let it go forth that if Christ were to come to Portland he would find much at which to smile and approve; that he would find a beautiful and progressive

city, full of morality, pure men and women, and institutions that make for high character, while, of course, he would find some things to condemn."

Rev. William E. Randall, of the Central Baptist Church, of the East Side, in his sermon last evening on "If Christ Should Come to Portland," painted the city in very different colors from those used by Dr. Rader, when he said: "About half the women were bad." He found a city full of beauty and institutions that are uplifting, with no more immoral spots than are usual with a city of its population. Among other things Mr. Randall said:

"About 11 years ago when the Columbian Exposition was about to open in Chicago, W. T. Stead, that leader of the sensational, went to Chicago, and there visited the slums and gathered masses of evidence to prove that the city was a cesspool of corruption, and then calling a mass meeting offered to establish a journal that would expose its rotteness, but his proposal was rejected with scorn.

"So I apprehend that if a man were to walk down the Trail in our own coming Exposition he would not find all was good, but would find the good and beauty in other parts of the grounds. And if a man came to Portland and confine his field of observation in the North End, with its criminal resorts, he would not find much to approve of. Nor if he visited nothing but the courts where criminals were tried and divorces turned out would he be edified. But on the other hand if he look for beauty and morality he will find them both in our young and growing



MISS JESSIE MCCONNELL, "ANGEL" IN BELSHAZZAR, AT THE MARQUAN GRAND THEATER TONIGHT.

city. If he take a car and is whirled to the Council Crest he will see a city of matchless beauty, lanes of flowers and mountains in the distance. The observation car will also widen his scope of observation and disclose to him new beauties. He will see the splendid High School and the fine schoolhouses scattered about the city. He will see the Y. M. C. A., where hundreds of young men are taught to be honorable and lead useful lives. He will find institutions that make for the uplifting of humanity. He will see the temple of the press and the fine churches, for in my judgment the schoolhouse, the pulpit and the press are the three factors that make a city and a Nation."

Continuing, Mr. Randall condemned in strong terms the policy of permitting "open gambling," and said it was one of the things that was a blot upon the fair City of Portland, and ought not to be tolerated. He pointed to the fact that in the cities of Europe open gambling is not permitted.

Referring to the coming prohibition election Dr. Randall said he did not approve of the lines that had been laid down by the prohibition leaders, and considered that they had made a very grave mistake in their plans for the coming election. Dr. Randall said he heartily approved of local option and hoped it would succeed so that saloons in the rural districts and among the residents might be swept out and kept out.

ADVOCATES BUSINESS HONESTY

A. F. Fiegel Talks to Sunday Club Meeting at Y. M. C. A.

"Plain Honesty" was the subject of a talk given yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the Sunday Club, held at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. Contrary to expectation, the occasion did not prove to be a prohibition meeting, although General Secretary H. W. Stone, in the course of a short address, advised all those present to "vote for prohibition candidates at tomorrow's election." "I am not here to talk politics," explained Mr. Stone. "I do not intend to tell you for which political party you are to vote, but I want you to understand that we are in the saloon business. Hit the saloon every time. Vote for what party you please, but place a cross after No. 32 on your voting paper."

Councilman Fiegel then took the platform, and spoke on "Honesty." Speaking of business probity, Mr. Fiegel stated that it was not permissible to tell lies in business, or deliberately misrepresent the value of goods on sale. "People to whom we sell goods are, no doubt, sharper and shrewder than we give them credit for," went on the speaker. "Suppose you tried telling the truth in business? A business man died recently, and people who knew him said he was a trickster, a cheat, and that he deliberately cheated other people out of their money. Long years of lying and cheating had become such a habit to that man, that he lied and cheated in preference to being honest. The next time you lie in selling goods or in talking about the materials you are to place in the construction of a building, think of the blinding effect those lies will have on your character. Your reputation is what people think of you. Your character is what you are and what you make of yourself. Does it mean that, because I hold a public office that as soon as I serve my term in the office, I shall drop out of sight and you will never hear of me again? Not so. What would happen if all the men here did not vote at the election Tuesday? The same men agreed on would be elected, anyway. But I say, it is your duty to vote. Start in by trying to get the best men for public office, and if you are qualified, accept office. The hardest job before political parties is to get good men to accept office. A man, who was recently asked to run for an office, took it as an insult that

he should be asked to lose so much time from his business to serve his city. It is also your duty to see that the right man are put in charge of politics. If you don't do this, other men of a kind you don't want will be placed in power."

Excellent music was furnished by the Wilder Harp Orchestra and William H. Boyer. The latter was in good voice, and sang "If With All Your Hearts," from "Elijah."

"THE COMMON PEOPLE'S SAVIOR"

Dr. J. W. Brougner Preaches First in Series of Sermons.

Dr. J. W. Brougner, in a sermon entitled "The Common People's Savior" last night, began a series of "Every-Day Talks to Every-Day People." The White Temple was crowded and many working people attended. Dr. Brougner's address was brief and to the point, carrying the idea throughout that Christ came into the world as a workman, chose workmen to be the founders of his church, and gave labor the stamp of dignity and honor. He said:

"John, Peter and James were nothing but plain fishermen—men who worked for their living at the humble occupation, but they were chosen by Christ for his apostles and he made them his intimate friends. It is history that the men who have influenced the world most have come up from workmen. Moses was the son of a slave, David was a shepherd and Gideon a farmer. The same has been

true of the great men of the past century, and this, such as Livingstone, Lincoln, Greeley, Childs and others.

"Christ took especial interest in the working people and all that concerned them. He did most of his work among them and drew his illustrations from their work. Fields and flocks, sowing and harvesting, fishing, vine-dressing, chickens, birds, breadmaking, housebuilding and other homely occupations were sources from which he taught great lessons. The every-day things of life were ennobled and given a new meaning through his teachings, and for that reason the common people heard him gladly." Having passed through their experience himself, while he worked at the carpenter's bench, Jesus was in hearty sympathy with the working classes. He came as a workman into a workman's home and as a workman's life, and was and is the common people's Savior."

Next Sunday night, when the theme will be "The Common People's Church," Dr. Brougner will use the replies sent in by numbers of working people to the following questions: "According to your observation, what per cent of the working people attend church? Why do not more go to church? Are they hostile or indifferent? What faults do working people find with the church? What suggestions have you to offer for making the church more helpful to working people?"

REV. S. C. LAPHAM UNDER FIRE

His Sermon on "Undivorceable Man" Attracts Much Attention.

Rev. S. C. Lapham's sermon, delivered in the Second Baptist Church on Sunday morning, October 30, on "The Undivorceable Man," attracted much attention. The Catholic Sentinel reviewed the sermon at length and says:

"Brother Lapham stands alone. He certainly does not belong to the Baptist Church, of which he is nominally an East Side pastor. The Baptists rest their belief on the Holy Scriptures. But Mr. Lapham is certainly not in harmony with the Scriptures. The Scriptures do not allow of divorce; or perhaps Baptists interpret adultery as causa sufficient for the innocent party. From a Scriptural point of view, this phase of the question is debatable. Leaving aside then the case of adultery, the teachings of Christ and of Holy Scripture concerning divorce is throughout clear and positive. 'What God has joined together, let not man put asunder.' And I say to you, whoever ever shall put away his wife and shall marry another, committed adultery. And he who shall marry her that is put away committed adultery." The Lord commanded that the wife depart not from her husband; and if she depart that she remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband; and let not the husband put away his wife. A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth."

"I have it on good authority that advanced Socialists advocate free books, free clothes, free food and free love, but it remains for Mr. Lapham to preach 'free love' from a Christian pulpit. Brother Lapham may have struck a more popular chord than Dr. Rader, but he is far less a Christian, and more offensive to better instincts."

Will Vote for Prohibition.

At the First Presbyterian Church last night, Rev. Dr. Hill announced that he would vote for prohibition. After detailing the evils of the liquor traffic he said that the so-called local option law affords opportunity to curb and eradicate those evils; that he had long desired that opportunity and that now it was presented, foes of the saloon should vote for prohibition.

GRANULATED EYELEIDS.

Murine Eye Remedies cure this and other eye troubles, makes weak eyes strong.



"O dear," exclaimed the girl with the brown ribbon, to her friend with the baby-blue band, during an intermission at the Columbia the other night. "Did you ever have an elderly admirer—a very elderly admirer, Sue?"

"Not so very elderly—I had a bald-headed one once who was so soft—"

"Oh, yes, I remember him (giggle, giggle), but Mr. Yates is just too funny. He's got some money, I guess, but, oh dear, he's always saying that he feels 'A No. 1, without an ache or a pain, and it's so perfectly awfully funny!' (Giggle, giggle.)"

"You just ought to hear him, Sue. The worst of it is, he calls a sometimes when Joe is there, and he just won't go. He's a friend of papa's, too, and oh, dear! Joe makes so much fun, I'm afraid papa will get mad at him some time. Joe persists because he knows I just can't keep from laughing. As soon as he comes in Joe always says, polite as possible: 'Good evening, Mr. Yates; how are you tonight?'"

"And Mr. Yates always braces up so perfectly delicious and says: 'Me? Oh, I'm A No. 1; hasn't got an ache nor a pain.'"

"And then, after a while, Joe will bring it around so's to say something like: 'You're a pretty young-looking man, Mr. Yates, to be a man that voted for Greeley or was it Fremont? You hold your years pretty well.'"

"And Mr. Yates 'll chirp right up and say: 'Oh, yes, I allus feel A No. 1—never have an ache nor a pain.'"

"Oh, dear! I just think I'll die sometimes." (Duet of giggles.)

WHAT can be done with a man like J. W. Casey, secretary and treasurer of the Tombstone Association, and incidentally a railroad man? He's always springing something like this:

"Why is a Fullman porter like a lady?"

"Because he is a fee male." He did that yesterday and went unscathed!

L. P.