

CROWDS SEEK NEWS

Bulletins Displayed Down Town Are Eagerly Read.

RESULT LOUDLY CHEERED

People Greet Announcement of Roosevelt's Election With Great Enthusiasm While Democrats Get No Opportunity to Be Glad.

A maelstrom of human beings, surging backward and forward, a mass of cheering, applauding humanity, fighting for positions before bulletin boards, a perfect din from rattles and drums and human throats, thus was the election of President Roosevelt received in Portland last night.

At Sixth and Alder streets, within the shadow of The Oregonian building, the streets were jammed with people, and from the corner, in every direction, people hurried back and forth cheering the name of Roosevelt. Throughout the city returns were being received. There were more screens and picture machines than ever before. Societies received the messages in their respective headquarters. Business houses displayed bulletins for the benefit of the crowd.

The crowds began to gather as early as 5 o'clock in the evening, when the first messages relative to the results in the East began to come in. Rapidly increasing in numbers as car after car brought hundreds of people from all parts of the city, the crowd grew to mammoth proportions, filling the streets and crowding the walks. Everyone was interested in New York, and all awaited anxiously the news from that state.

At 5:25 o'clock the searchlight on the top of the tower of The Oregonian building flashed out suddenly, the light swept around a circle, and came to a rest pointing due north. This signal that Roosevelt had carried New York was greeted with cheers and an unlimited amount of noise from horns and whistles. Throughout the city factories, shops and foundries saw the signal, and the whistles began to blow. From that time until an early hour this morning the crowds read the bulletins faithfully, glanced now and then at the flashlight, gloried in the triumph of Roosevelt and expressed pity for the badly-beaten Parker.

The great searchlight occasionally was turned upon the crowds on the street below, then to the northward again, that people might read the signal. As the returns from the other states began to come in the enthusiasm of the populace increased. Every bulletin was greeted with cheers. Pictures of eminent Americans, flashed on the screens, brought forth rounds of cheering and applause. Caricatures were greeted with laughter. The picture of the Stars and Stripes was enough to set the crowd wild, and the photographs of McKinley and of Roosevelt thrown on the numerous screens caused bedlam to break loose again.

Shortly before 8 o'clock, after numerous bulletins had been received, the searchlight on The Oregonian tower was suddenly shut off. Everyone noticed it, and took it for granted that another signal was about to be flashed. Though the bulletins had told the story to the initiated, there were hundreds in the crowds who did not know, and who were waiting for confirmation of their hopes or fears from The Oregonian searchlight. Suddenly the signal came. At first a thin streak of light emerged from the searchlight. It was pointed half way between a vertical position and a position due east. For a few moments it hung in this questionable position, then the full force of the light was turned on, there was a brilliant flash, and the light turned swiftly upward, assuming a vertical position.

"Roosevelt!" screamed the crowd. And then the shouting and the noise commenced. Up and down the streets marched bodies of young men, cheering lustily. The shrill and tender voices of women could be heard occasionally in the din. Horns were blown as hard as young lungs could blow them. Democrats hunted niches in the walls and doorways, and screened themselves from acquaintances.

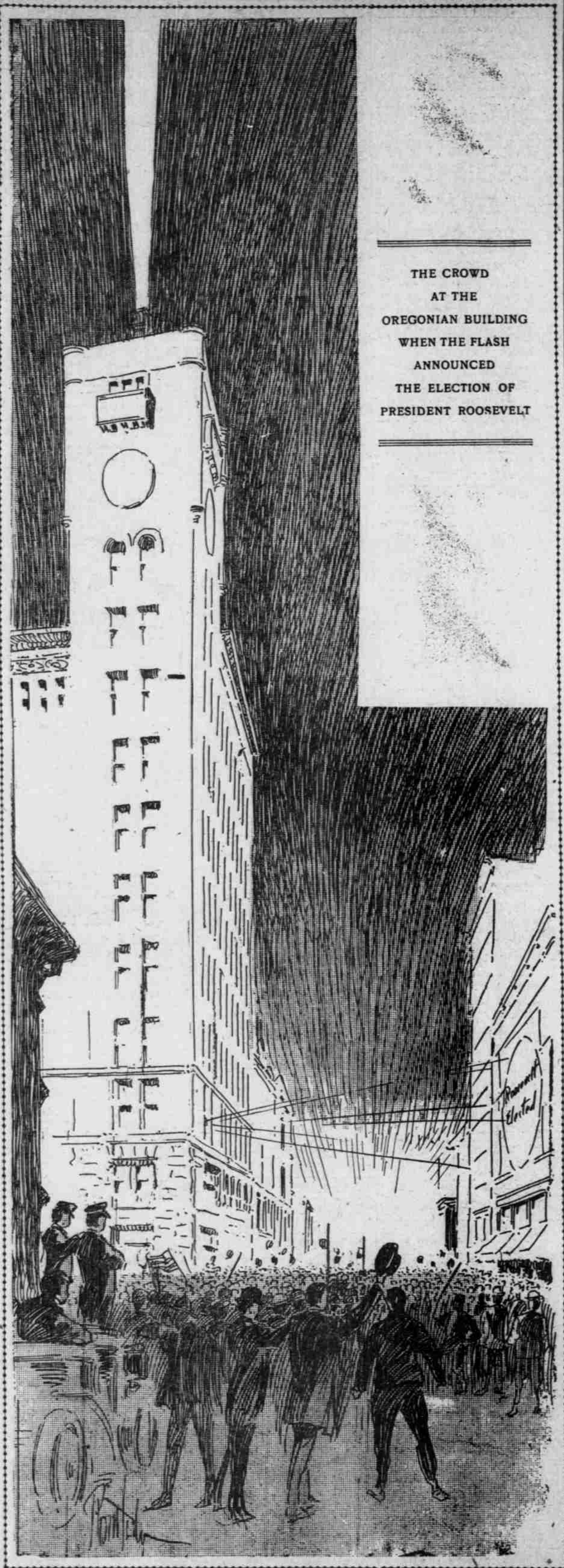
"Wait until you hear from Indiana," sang a Democrat. Indiana was soon heard from and the Democrat retired. One by one the states were being added to the Roosevelt column. One by one the electoral votes escaped Judge Parker. And then came the death blow. On the screens was shown a message stating that Parker had congratulated Roosevelt. That settled it. What had happened before was but a drop in the will to what happened afterward. Where one horn was blown before, ten were blown afterward. Men cheered louder. A wandering hand struck up a lively tune. Men moved from row to row, inciting the people to further jollification.

At all the theaters the bulletins were received and read to seven acts. Election returns were received at the Y. M. C. A., and the occasion was made a general good time. An orchestra discoursed sweet strains and all who chose to go were admitted. At the Commercial Club President Calkins had arranged a programme, and election returns and a good time were mingled properly. A special wire was put in for transmitting the news. Several of the larger business institutions received the bulletins. Fireworks, though not a great quantity, were discharged. Telegraph offices were besieged and messenger boys worked overtime. The best of order was maintained. Chief of Police Hunt having the entire police force on duty during the day and night.

The crowd refused to disperse until all the states had been heard from. During the early morning hours the shooting and cheering continued. It was about 4 o'clock this morning when the streets were comparatively clear, and the people had gone to their homes and to bed to dream of four more years of Roosevelt and prosperity.

WOMEN PAY TO VOTE. Political Social Held at First Congregational Church.

Electioneering tactics were reversed at the political social which the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Congregational Church gave yesterday afternoon. Instead of being "bought" at the polls, those present paid 10 cents per ballot for the sensation of voting for a real Presidential candidate. The regular Australian ballot system was used, an electioneering was not allowed within ten feet of the polls; in fact it was the real thing in politics, and every lady there declared she liked it immensely. There was a box for Roosevelt, one for Parker and one for the Prohibition. "Teddy" seemed to be doing such a lapid-office business that Dr. House became fearful he was being supplanted in point of popularity, and opened up a private ballot-box of his own, which resulted in splitting the party and keeping the Roosevelt majority lower than it would have been otherwise. The Prohibitionists only succeeded in getting 13 votes, which will, no doubt, have a depressing effect on Dr. Swallow when he hears it. There was perfect order at the polls, and the balloting was conducted in as quiet a manner as was possible under such exciting circumstances, but when the polls were closed and the judges and clerks opened up the ballot-boxes the whole precinct was in an uproar.



THE CROWD AT THE OREGONIAN BUILDING WHEN THE FLASH ANNOUNCED THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

stances, but when the polls were closed and the judges and clerks opened up the ballot-boxes the whole precinct was in an uproar. "Why bless my soul, this Parker box seems to have something in it," exclaimed a well-known member of the society, holding the box gingerly in her hands and giving it little shakes. "Well, we'll have to open it and see," said another, and the lid was unsealed in a jiffy. "Well, did I ever—in all my born days! Three votes for Parker—three votes! Now what do you think of that?" indignation was rife. The judges and clerks put their heads close together, and there were mutterings of disapproval audible to those who waited in painful suspense for the outcome. The voters stood around and eyed each other suspiciously, and made vague remarks about their family having been Republican ever since the Revolution. At last a judge seemed ready to speak. "I would just like to know," she said, "who in this crowd had the temerity to vote for Parker?" The silence was ominous. There was a readjusting of silk-lined skirts and a few moved their chairs, or felt their back hair to see if it was all right. At last a woman rose, and all eyes were upon her. Surely she must be one of the reprehensible parties. "I cast a vote for Parker," she bravely acknowledged, "but you see he's my cousin, and I couldn't very well help it. My husband voted the straight Republican ticket this morning, though," she hastily added.

Prohibitionists Work at Polls. Probably 40 Prohibition workers stayed at the different polling places in the city throughout the day. Fully half of this number were women, who handed out tracts explaining the local-option law and the county prohibition measure to prospective voters. There was no disturbance at any of the booths, so far as the Prohibitionists were concerned. There was no regular Prohibition headquarters open last evening. Believing that full returns from the state would not be received until today, the members of the central committee gained information on the election from other sources.

Best Treatment for a Cold. Hunt the world over and you will not find anything better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a cold. When you take it you do not have to remain in bed. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to ward pneumonia. For sale by all druggists.

SAY "I TOLD YOU SO"

Joyous Republicans Gather at Party's Headquarters.

TELEGRAPH THE PRESIDENT

Democrats Lay the Blame on Parker and Express an Embryo Desire to Return to Bryan's Standard.

"The President, The White House, Washington, D. C.: Accept my cordial congratulations over your great victory. Oregon will give you between 35,000 and 40,000 plurality." "FRANK C. BAKER, Chairman Republican State Central Committee."

"If this was the time of Nero, of Napoleon, or of Pharaoh, this land would be drenched in human blood and disrupted by civil strife, and it may be anyway." Henry Gray sat at the table in the Democratic headquarters and commended to erupt.

Judge Alex Sweek held up his hands for silence. "Here are the returns from New York," he said, while his eyes grew bright with hope deferred.

The messenger boy escaped through the side door, while the document was read amid a deep and despairing silence. "I don't believe it. It can't be true," said Pat Powers, after a time, as he beat a slow tattoo on the floor with his big stick.

Citizen H. W. Parker thrust his head in the door. "They say that Parker has given up the fight and congratulated Roosevelt," he exclaimed.

The bunch admitted the telegram, but doubted its verity, and the gang sat in solemn silence. Outside there was noise and glee, inside was sorrow and lamentation. Hope had fled, and with it strength, and the few of the faithful who had gathered to listen to the glad tidings from New York clung frantically to the one consoling thought—W. L. Douglas had been elected Governor of Massachusetts.

"Woe to the country," lamented N. A. Perry to the solemn group. "Woe to the country. Now we have the bull in the china store for sure."

"Bryan is the next President of the United States," and Bert Haney arose to speak. "This is what comes of the party seeking false gods. There will never be a Democratic President until the Democrats vote their ticket."

"The Bryan following could not stand for the Parker medicine," said some one. "We lost our chance in 1896," explained R. A. Miller. "If we had carried the election that time we would not have been thrown out of power in 30 years."

At the Republican headquarters an expectant group sat around the state chairman's table, and as one message after another came in applause broke the silence. It was all expected by the men who had been watching, but the completeness of the fulfillment filled them with wonder.

Senator John H. Mitchell, David M. Dunn, Postmaster John Minto, Sig Sichel and others filled the chairs. There was not much talking, for there was too much news to be heard. Like the little boy, fresh from Thanksgiving, they were too content to be demonstrative. They were happy. But each looked the other in the eye and said, "I told you so," while Chairman Baker repeated his axiom, "That 30,000 will look like 30 cents."

VOTE AT HIGH SCHOOL.

Pupils Have Mock Election and Vote for Prohibition.

The vote taken at the High School yesterday strongly indicated that Oregon will be solidly Republican for many years to come, for the rising generation, who will be voters in the near future, polled a heavy vote for Roosevelt. His plurality was 478, while Parker only got 87 votes, and DeLoe and Watson 1. The Prohibition ticket stood 483 for and 217 against, giving the rum-fighters a majority of 276. Equal suffrage was in full swing and the girls cast their ballots and talked politics as freely as the boys. It is the policy of the present school administration to have the pupils familiarize themselves with National and state politics, and also with the balloting system in vogue. They seem to take to this kind of education very kindly and thoroughly enjoyed yesterday's experience. The vote was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Candidate and Votes. Roosevelt: 653; Parker: 87; Swallow: 80; DeLoe: 1; Watson: 1. Total: 823. Roosevelt's plurality: 73. Prohibition: 483. For: 492. Against: 217. Majority for: 275.

HOLIDAY FOR RAILROAD MEN.

All Offices in Worcester Block Closed, and Travel Very Light.

Yesterday was a holiday in the railroad offices at the Worcester building and practically all business was suspended. The heads of all the departments left early in the forenoon for their homes and allowed their clerks to close up shop.

On railroad row the usual business activity was observed, it being the idea of the ticket men that people had to travel whether President was elected or not. In spite of the open doors and waiting clerks, however, the business was

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BEAUTY OF SKIN PURITY OF BLOOD

Ancient and Modern Ideas on These Interesting Subjects.

UP-TO-DATE METHODS

For Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Hands.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny, Plato a privilege of nature, Theocritus, a delightful prejudice, Theophrastus a silent cheat, Carneges a solitary kingdom, Homer a glorious gift of nature, Ovid a favor of the gods. Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world, and yet none of these distinguished authorities has left us even a hint of how beauty is to be perpetuated, or the ravages of age and disease defied. Time soon blends the lily and the rose into the pallor of age, disease dots the fair face with cutaneous disfigurements and crimsones the Roman nose with unsightly flushes, moth, if not rust, corrupts the glory of eyes, teeth, and lips yet beautiful by defacing the complexion, and fills the sensitive soul with agony.

It is in the treatment of torturing, disfiguring humors and affections of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, that the Catuana remedies have achieved their greatest success. Original in composition, scientifically compounded, absolutely pure, unchangeable in any climate, always ready, and agreeable to the most delicate and sensitive, they present to young and old the most successful curatives of modern times.

NO SHAVES AFTER 8 O'CLOCK. Barber Shops Compromise the Closing Hour Difficulty.

No barber shop in Portland will be open after 8 o'clock in the evening except Saturday from now on. This has been agreed on by all the boss barbers, and the three which had extended their hours to 10 o'clock have compromised with these closing at 7, and have agreed to close at 8 o'clock. This outcome was anticipated by the boss barbers a week or more ago. They were merely waiting for the Portland Hotel barber shop to find that it was wasting time keeping open until 10 o'clock, and now that shop has capitulated. Its proprietors have found that they lose by remaining open after 7 and have accordingly agreed to close with the others at that hour.

AN OBJECT LESSON

In a Restaurant.

A physician puts the query: Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty, vigorous old men at the tables; men who run from 60 to 80 years of age, many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile?

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson which means something.

If you will notice what these hearty old fellows are eating, you will observe that they are not munching bran crackers nor ginseng picking their way through a menu card of new-fangled health foods; on the contrary, they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned loin of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bran crackers.

There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee and many other good things are rank poisons, but these cadaverous, sickly-looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories.

The matter in a nutshell is that if the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantity, any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress, one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remedy all difficulty, because they supply just what every weak stomach lacks, pepsin, hydro-chloric acid, diastase and nux.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels and in fact are not strictly a medicine, as they act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly and thus giving the stomach a much-needed rest and an appetite for the next meal.

Of people who travel, nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time and also having found out by experience that they are a safeguard against indigestion in any form, and eating as they have to, at all hours and all kinds of food, the traveling public for years have planned their faith to Stuart's Tablets.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full-sized packages and any druggist from Maine to California, if his opinion were asked, will say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble.

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