

Tales of the Street and Town

PERHAPS this solves a mystery of the Philippines. During one of the lunch-hour intermissions at the court-martial of Major Harry L. Rees at Vancouver last week, a group of officers and civilians were chatting at the Officers' Club. Most of the military men had served in the Philippines. The conversation turned upon the subject of the drinks of the tropics.

"The vino of the Philippines is the deadliest beverage ever concocted for the use of mankind," remarked Colonel X.

"What's vino?" asked a Portland lawyer.

"It's the National drink of the Philippines. It's made from the fermentation of rice and the refuse of the sugar mills. A little of it brings a drunk that a man cannot get over for days or weeks. Often one never gets over it."

"A certain quantity of whiskey may make a soldier just pleasantly tight; the same quantity of vino, if it did not make him perfectly insane, would have after-effects that are terrible. I would be afraid to estimate the number of suicides that have been directly traceable to vino."

Said Major Y: "The natives drink it in thimbles, not more than one or two drinks a day. Our men swallowed it like whiskey, or even beer. It seems to upset the whole physical, mental and moral fiber of a man. I believe that the thoughtless use of it accounts for the downfall of more than one man, who served honorably for a time, but afterwards—sometimes even after returning to the States—went all to pieces in every way. The average soldier, officer or private will drink to a certain extent, if he can get the drink. Perhaps the army canteen is not such a dangerous institution in a locality where, if he can't get good beer or other white-man's drinks, the soldier can easily buy vino."

NICK HAMMERSTEIN, the handsome huckman, eats 'em alive. That is, newspaper men, who write stories about hot cakes and maple syrup, stormy nights and uniforms. But here's one Nick that will surely bring about a homicide, or at least an assault and battery case.

One night (another stormy one) Nick got a "fare" for the 11:40 train to the Sound. It was close to train time, and Nick drove rapidly through the storm of wind and rain. At the station the fare alighted and fished up from his trousers' pocket a handful of gold. Suddenly a coin fell from the lot, striking the sidewalk, bounded and rolled into the gutter.

"There!" exclaimed the man, "I haven't time to go to the bank to hunt for that five. Give me a couple of dollars change, and you find it and keep the rest for yourself."

"Only got a dollar change," said Nick, shrewdly.

"All right; that's good enough." The man pocketed the dollar and hurried to the train.

A few minutes later a brother huckman observed Nick, coat off and sleeves rolled up, raking around in the gutter.

"What you lost, Nick?"

"That's all right," said Nick, "I haven't time to go to the bank to hunt for that five. Give me a couple of dollars change, and you find it and keep the rest for yourself."

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he's dry. If I ever catch him without a license-tag on I'll feed him, inch by inch, to a dull sausage-machine."

"YOU can always get a hard-luck story-out of a mining man," said Ed Wright, "but I heard one over at Olympia the other day that shuts out most anything of the kind I ever listened to."

"Calvert, he's a newspaper writer over there and three or four friends of his have been putting up money for several years past for the development of a hole in the ground. The 'rock' never got any better, and the little syndicate began to grow tired of putting out one hard-earned dollar after another. So, at last, they notified the man in charge to stop work, sell off the second-hand tools and the sack or two of beans left at the shack, take down the location notices and quit the claim. The hired man complied promptly and the syndicate breathed joyfully in the thought of getting a spare dollar or two for cakes and ale, now and then."

"Next day they were all bowled over by being served with papers in a damage suit. A rancher's cow had fallen down the shaft and the rancher demanded \$100 and costs!"

"I GOT one for you," said Jack Manz. "You think you can write English, but I bet you th'll stick you."

"Fire away!"

"If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, then he was the daughter of Pharaoh's son."

"Booh! That would make him Pharaoh's granddaughter."

"No, Booh wouldn't make him anybody's granddaughter. Give it up!"

"Yes, what's the string?"

"They ain't no string—it's just as I said. 'Moses was the Daughter-of-Pharaoh's son, see?' 'Daughter-of-Pharaoh's son, Pharaoh's daughter was the daughter of Pharaoh, wasn't she?' See?"

THERE is a goodlooking butcher at Woodlawn. He is also a goodhearted, farmer sort of chap, who takes a warm interest in other people as well as in himself. When Mrs. Jones, or old Mr. Smith, comes in for a chop or a steak, and happens to mention the rheumatism, or a lame horse, or something like that, the butcher will pause in the cutting, no matter how many other customers are on hand, and say:

"Well, now, that's too bad! I'll tell you what you want to do: You take a quart of vinegar and a quart of salt and equal parts of water, and let 'em come to a boil, etc., etc."

He got on the car the other night, and seeing a young lady whom he knew sitting in the corner, he crossed over and sat sideways, facing her.

"How-do-do, Miss Brown," said he, "How's your mother?"

The car started, and the noise drowned the further conversation to the ears of the other passengers. When the conductor came along the butcher said he "wanted off" at Cook avenue.

"After a time the car slowed up and the conversation became audible again. 'Well, poor old lady, she's had a hard time, but—'

"Cook avenue!"

"I tell you them children are 'nough to drive most any wild—'

"Cook avenue!"

"Still you can't blame 'em much, the old lady's been sick so long and—"

"Then the old man died when the oldest one wasn't but—"

"Hey there! Don't you want Cook avenue?"

"Oh! Me! Sure. 'Scuse me, Miss Brown, I'll see you again."

And the other passengers were smiling all the way across bridge.

LUTE PEARSE

striding across the room, seizing her purse and jacket and leaving the place in a burst of anger. His wife probably didn't realize just how near true he had spoken, for while Mrs. Hightower followed him with tears it was her purse that was her chief concern.

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first rate. But, looking down the list, we find Macready, in 1888, receiving \$25 a night; Foxworth, \$100 a week; Parkin, at the same period, \$40 a week; Landon, who began at \$17 a week, ended by receiving \$20 a night; and Miss Ellen Tree, "certainly a pretty and popular actress" was engaged by the Drury Lane manager, when lessee of both theaters, to play at both for \$15 a week. She then went to America, returned after two seasons and even after this reduction the company demands an even actually obtains \$25 a night." The same writer says that were it not for these heavy demands upon the treasury of the management, the dramatic author would receive larger sums for his plays and instances the money paid to authors in the days of Kemble and Suet by quoting Colman, who received \$1000 for "John Bull"; Morton \$750 for "Town and Country"; Mrs. Ichabod \$200 for "Wives as They Were"; and Reynolds, for two works in one season ("The Blind Bargain" and "Out of Place"), \$1000.

Of course, the trophies of 1880, sold together in the wrong, perhaps he viewed the matter from a managerial standpoint; certainly his will must have been inspired, for theaters have gone on multiplying and actors have gone on increasing. Among the American actors who are receiving today more than twice as much as any of the actors mentioned above are: Nat C. Goodwin, \$1000 a week; Lackey, Kyle Bell, DeWolf Hopper, Grace George, Maud Adams, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, John Drew, E. H. Sothern, Eleanor Robson, Ethel Barrymore, Willie Collier, Anna Held, Marie Cahill, Henry Clay Barnabee, Cecelia Lottus, Lulu Glaser, Joseph Weber, Lew Fields, Frank Daniels and perhaps a dozen others.

AT THE THEATERS

What the Press Agents Say.

Success at the Columbia Theater.

There seems to be a new air of great prosperity at the Columbia Theater attended by audiences at every performance that fill the theater. Everybody goes away delighted with that excellent farce comedy, "Mistakes Will Happen," which is running this week.

There are few people in this world who do not enjoy an honest, hearty laugh, and it is true that "Mistakes Will Happen" is filled from start to finish with situations, dialogue and stage business that is vastly mirth-provoking. No matter what your troubles may be, no matter what cares you may have, no matter how comfortably you may have gone—

—if you pay a visit to the Columbia this week and witness this extremely entertaining play, you will be glad you went.

The theater itself is, of course, as beautiful and comfortable as any in the city, and the fact now that the stock company is thoroughly understood to be a permanent organization seems to have put all the company on their mettle, and increased the general high standard of their performance. The famous knothole scene in the second act is greeted with round after round of applause, and all the many laughable incidents are thoroughly appreciated. This week of brightly and deliciously arranged at the Columbia will evidently be a memorable high-water mark in the admirable career of the Columbia Stock Company in Portland.

Last Performance Tonight.

The last performance of Rose Melville in her famous play, "The Holy Terror," was given tonight at the Marquam Grand Theater. This comedy is one with a plot and given by a most capable company, making a delightful evening's entertainment. Do not miss it.

"Darkest Russia."

The Empire Theater, which opened last Sunday to two crowded houses, is doing its share of business this week, where "Darkest Russia" is being presented by an excellent company.

If the honest efforts of a liberal management can add to the potency of a theatrical offering, one which has for many seasons found a ready and willing response to its conservative appeal, on the grounds of genuine dramatic interest, the present exceedingly pompous revival of "Darkest Russia" is bound to make an honorable impression wherever a play of absolute truth is presented.

The introduction of consistent humor, needed to serve genuine entertainment purposes. Such a revival, in view of the mutterings over the possible outcome of the Russian campaign, should give "Darkest Russia" with its elaboration and exceptionally strong cast, enviable prominence this season. There will be a regular matinee Saturday.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"Pretty Peggy" Tomorrow.

Considerable interest attaches to the engagement of Jane Corcoran in "Pretty Peggy" at the Marquam Grand Theater tomorrow and Thursday nights, December 7 and 8, for the first time. It will not only be the first opportunity of an amusement-seeker to see this splendid play that created such a furore in New York and the Eastern cities, but will be the first appearance of the actress, as a star, of an actress who has long been a favorite. The complete production used during the metropolitan engagement is said to be carried on the present tour, and the company is one of exceptional size and strength. Andrew Roberts, who was last seen here as a star at the head of his own company in "Richard Carvel," is Miss Corcoran's leading man, and this fact further increases the interest in the coming of "Pretty Peggy" for Monday.

"Everyman" Advance Sale.

The interest aroused by the announcement that "Everyman" is to be seen here at the Marquam Grand Theater next Friday afternoon, Saturday afternoon and Sunday night, December 9 and 10, is quite remarkable. Educators, ministers of all denominations, scholars and the great play-going public generally, all are showing great enthusiasm over the announcement that Mr. Greet is to bring his talented company here. It is announced that Constance Crawley, who has aroused so much attention in San Francisco, will appear as "Everyman" here. The balance of the company includes Agnes Scott, Daisy Robinson, John Sayer, "Crawley," Eric Edwin, Eugene Chase, Samuel H. Goodwyn, Eugene Chase, Helena Head, Sybil Thorndyke, Leonard Ferguson and the remarkable Helen Johnson. Greenstreet and Frank Darach. The advance sale of seats will open tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. Students' tickets may be had on application at the box office.

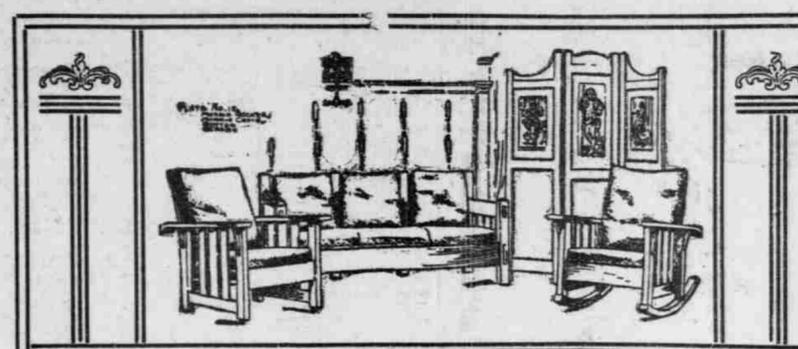
Florence Roberts Coming.

Florence Roberts will return to the Marquam Grand for a week beginning Monday night, during which she will present the most brilliant repertoire she has ever arranged for Portland, embracing comedy, romance, tragedy and psychological drama. The plays will be "Zaza," "Fest of the D'Urbervilles," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "Marta of the Lowlands," and the remarkable "Benet drama," "A Doll's House," Melbourne MacDowd, all will be Miss Roberts' leading support next week.

"The Prodigal Daughter."

The Columbia Stock Company has for the past week had in active preparation an elaborate production of the great Eastern success, "The Prodigal Daughter."

The mention made a few days ago of the two dogs who appeared to have mistaken Thanksgiving day for a Sunday, and, failing to find their master, took



Mission Furniture for Holiday Gifts

Mission furniture has attained such a vogue that it has come to be used in every part of the house. We've had this fact in view in selecting our holiday furniture and we're prepared this year to offer you a widely varied selection from which to choose your holiday purchase. Especially would we commend to you the new "FUMED OAK" designs. This is a beautiful golden-brown finish that more than equals the popular "WEATHERED OAK" in artistic beauty. Don't fail to see this furniture before making your final selection.

All of our heavier chairs and rockers are made with handsome loose cushions of heavy leather in Spanish browns and greens that harmonize perfectly with the various wood shades.

DINING-ROOM SETS, TABOURETTES, FOOTSTOOLS, ROCKERS, ARMOCHAIRS, EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, WRITING DESKS, TABLES, BOOKCASES, CELLARETTES, BOOK RACKS, PLATE RACKS, MAGAZINE RACKS.

OUR HOLIDAY SPECIAL SALE IS WORTH VISITING.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD



COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

HOLIDAY SPECIAL SALE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS

In the City's Trouble Shop

A Domestic Farce Which Turned Out to Be a Tragedy

BY JOHN DOE

THIS is the true story of the man who was grossly inconsiderate of his wife. It is not a certainty he has any wife, now.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Hightower, late of St. Louis, were on route to a little spread at an uptown restaurant when Mr. Hightower observed that he needed an appetizer. He was not feeling luptop and was sure a stimulant was needed to put him in better humor.

Mrs. Thomas Hightower demurred to being left on the street alone while Mr. Hightower entered a liquor dispensary and only consented under protest after he had promised to remain in the place less than two minutes.

She took up a position at the corner of Sixth and Stark streets and waited.

It happened that Mrs. Hightower was hungry and it seemed that Mr. Hightower was thirstier than he knew. The result was that two minutes—three minutes—ten minutes—half an hour passed and Mrs. Hightower sat alone at the corner of Sixth and Stark streets nursing a constantly growing appetite and rising anger. She had just reached the sobbing stage when a nice-looking young fellow stepped up and tipped his hat.

"Mrs. Hightower, as I live," he exclaimed, "I'm just going to dinner. Join me; what are you standing here for, anyway?"

Mrs. Hightower looked up to recognize an old St. Louis friend. After a moment's hesitation she accepted the proffered arm and went with him to dinner, just to get even with that mean, horrid, old husband, whose voice she had heard once or twice during the past 30 minutes, rising in jubilant laughter from behind the curtained doors across the way.

Mrs. Thomas D. Hightower returned to her husband's suite in the Oxford House some two hours later to find her husband absorbed in a magazine. He did not seem to notice her entrance at all and there was a painful silence of five minutes' duration, until Mr. Hightower, having finished his story, laid it aside with dramatic calmness.

"I say," he remarked, tranquilly, after a while, "that was a nice-looking chap you danced away with just as I was crossing the street to take you to dinner."

"He's as nice, too, as he is nice looking," snapped Mrs. Hightower, "for he didn't ask me to wait on the corner while he went in some horrid place to get a drink."

"Ah, villainous woman, I shall leave you forever," thundered Hightower,

striding across the room, seizing her purse and jacket and leaving the place in a burst of anger. His wife probably didn't realize just how near true he had spoken, for while Mrs. Hightower followed him with tears it was her purse that was her chief concern.

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BACK FROM ST. LOUIS FAIR

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS TELLS OF HIS TRIP.

Says Whole of Middle West is Making Preparations to Attend the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

I. L. Patterson, Collector of Customs, returned from St. Louis yesterday, where he has been in conference with the customs officials connected with the Exposition in that city.

Owing to the large number of foreign exhibits expected to be brought to the Lewis and Clark Fair, it was deemed advisable by the Government that Mr. Patterson should confer with the St. Louis officials and gain information from their experience.

Mr. Patterson has gone into the handling of these exhibits very thoroughly, and is now busily preparing for the proper conduct of the business which will arise from the fair.

In order to take proper care of the foreign exhibits, the Fair grounds will practically form a sub-port of entry, and the buildings containing such exhibits will be, in effect, bonded warehouses. Branch offices of the local Custom-House will be established within the grounds, and all business in connection with the Fair will be conducted there.

Mr. Patterson, in speaking of his trip, said:

"I went to St. Louis under Government orders for the purpose stated, and feel that the information gained will be of great benefit in the work before us."

While en route I visited Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and other cities, but that which impressed itself most forcibly upon me was the wide publicity attained by the Lewis and Clark Fair. Everywhere I went I found people talking of our coming fair, and I was continually being asked questions regarding the same. It would seem as if every one in the East had made up their minds to visit us next year, and if we receive only a small per cent of those who say they are coming we will have enormous crowds