

FINDS TREE OF SEEDLESS PEARS

Hood River Fruit Grower Makes a Discovery That Beats Luther Burbank.

FRUIT IS FINE AND LARGE

A. I. Mason Thinks He Has Tree of Clapp's Favorite, but in Packing the Discovery Is Made That Not a Pear Has Seeds.

HOOD RIVER, Oct. 6.—(Special.)—A discovery was made yesterday by A. I. Mason, vice-president of the Northwest Fruit Growers' Association, that may rank with the greatest horticultural feat of Luther Burbank, the wizard of Santa Rosa, Cal. It consists of a pear, well developed in every way, large of size and quality and but absolutely seedless and coreless. The fruit was examined by some of the best-known fruit growers and horticulturists at Hood River and many others and is pronounced the most wonderful example of entirely seedless deciduous fruit ever seen or heard of. Unlike the seedless apple, the seedless pear, as it has been named, is a perfect one, being from 2 1/2 to 4 1/2 inches in height and 1 to 5 inches in circumference.

Discovery Is Valuable.

Mr. Mason's discovery caused widespread interest and considerable excitement when exhibited at Hood River today and many would not believe that the pears were without seeds or core until he cut several of them open and convinced them. In fact, he destroyed about a peck of his wonderful horticultural find in order to make good his statements. It is said by nurserymen and fruit growers that Mr. Mason has not only made a wonderful discovery in horticulture, but also a great one in commerce, for it is supposed that the variety is supposed to be.

Fruit Altogether Seedless.

This year, however, it had several boxes of large, fine fruit and in being prepared for canning one of the pears was cut open and to the astonishment of Mr. Mason's wife, had no seeds in it. Thinking this was just a freak on the part of one pear, Mrs. Mason cut open another which also had no seeds or core and called Mr. Mason's attention to the fact. He cut it open and found it was the same. He cut open half a box of the fruit and found it all seedless and coreless, and not being posted on pears, as apples, he carried them to the market where any one knew of a similar incident.

None could be found among either growers, shippers or students of horticulture and the pear was pronounced not a Clapp's Favorite, but one of unknown variety that gives every evidence of having in some way performed what Burbank has been unable to do, grow seedless deciduous fruit that will be the equal in flavor and quality of that with core and seeds.

NEW COUNCIL AT SEASIDE

Delinquent Property to Be Sold to Pay for New Walk.

SEASIDE, Oct. 6.—(Special.)—The new city administration chosen at the election August 21 for the town of West Seaside, was yesterday in office for its first meeting. It is the intention of the new administration to carry out the improvements inaugurated by the former Council.

At the meeting last night it was reported that there was a delinquency of several hundred dollars in the tax for the board walk, whereupon an ordinance was passed directing the City Marshal to levy on all delinquent property, which, after being advertised for four consecutive weeks, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, in conformity to the general laws of the state.

The newly installed officers for West Seaside are: Mayor, A. H. Wilson; recorder, H. M. Wheatley; treasurer, W. S. Hestinger; marshal, T. D. Lindley; councilmen, A. G. Long, Dan J. Maloney, A. E. Butterfield, John F. Logan, B. C. Johnson, George H. Hill, Robert W. Wilson, Edgar B. Fisher, C. H. Prentiss, E. M. Grimes and Albert Johnson.

NEGRO CRIMINAL LYNCHED

Mob Batters Down Door and Kicks and Shoots Brute to Death.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Oct. 6.—The first lynching in the history of Cumberland occurred early today. For shooting Police August Baster, Thursday night, William Burns, a negro desperado, was killed and shot to death.

Only Deputy Sheriff Pendley was at the jail when, after midnight, a hundred men, a few of whom were disguised, demanded the keys. These being refused, a telegraph pole was used as a battering ram and entrance to the building was forced. Other negroes in neighboring cells were careful to guide the lynchers to that of Burns and here the mob, armed with revolvers and knives, entered the cell.

Rev. W. C. Hicks did his best to save the negro, and afterward protected the body until the arrival of Judge A. H. Boyd and the police. The body was removed to an undertaking establishment and ten thousand persons viewed it today.

PIONEER DAY AT HOOD RIVER

Old Timers Talk Over Early Days and Elect Officers.

HOOD RIVER, Oct. 6.—(Special.)—Yesterday was Pioneer Day at Hood River and about 30 veterans of early times and their wives gathered to celebrate the occasion and also to elect officers of the Old Pioneer and Historical Association. A banquet with speeches was one of the features and presided over by Hon. E. L. Smith as toastmaster. Mr. Smith made the opening address, giving a short historical sketch of Hood River and then called on D. A. Turner, who came here in 1861, and who among many other interesting things of the early days of the now famous apple valley, said that in 1863 there were 300

bachelors between The Dalles and Cascade Locks and but two marriageable women and that he was happy to say he got one of them. F. C. Sherrieb, 71; George T. Prather, 73; Hans Lage, 76; Peter Mohr, 86, and T. R. Coon, 81, also gave short talks. After the banquet a business meeting was held and the following elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year: President, D. A. Turner; vice-president, F. C. Sherrieb; secretary and treasurer, T. R. Coon; historian, George T. Prather. Mrs. E. L. Smith, Mrs. J. A. Parker and Mrs. C. Dethman were also elected members of the executive board. The date of the annual meeting was changed from the first Saturday in October to the first Saturday in September.

MANY SUNDAY SHOOTERS OUT

Every Rig in Salem Taken and Many Phasants Are Shot.

SALEM, Oct. 6.—(Special.)—The first Sunday of the open season was the big day for pheasant shooting in this part of the Willamette Valley and from daylight till dark the woods and fields were swarming with sportsmen. Every livery horse in the city was engaged on several days in advance and private rigs were in strong demand. Though there are few reports of hunters shooting the limit of ten birds, nearly every hunter returned with pheasants enough to satisfy him. Three or four birds seems to be about the average day's results. Many of the hunters had no dogs.

CABLECAR RUNS DOWN HILL

FOUR SERIOUSLY INJURED AND SCORE MORE HURT.

Dashes Down Steep Hill and Collides With Another Car on Turntable—None Killed.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 6.—(Special.)—Four persons were severely injured and a score or more slightly bruised in a collision between two Madison-street cable cars late tonight. The more severely injured all of whom live in Seattle are:

G. A. Ferguson, recently operated upon for appendicitis, side hurt and incision torn open again.

Conductor Lyle King, cut about face and head and knee wrenched.

David Sutter, scalp cut and bruised badly.

Miss Bergen, bruised and injured by falling from the car.

The grip on cable car 43, bound up the hill, broke at Fourth avenue and the car started down the hill and crashed into the grade of Madison street preventing anyone jumping until the car reached Third avenue. It was going slowly there and most of the party passengers about stepped off safely.

The car moved on over the hill toward Second, gathering momentum slightly. At Second avenue the track broke was torn out by a bad rail and the car shot toward Western avenue where another cable car was on the turntable. When the two cars came together the impact was great enough to throw the car overboard and it fell into the water.

All the passengers on the car at the turntable were gotten out of the way in time.

"Midnight in Chinatown" at the Star

FRANK DECAAMP was asked during rehearsal at the Star Theater last week by one of the women of the company what he had to do in the play being prepared for this week. DeCaamp made a grimace and replied, "Oh, I just chase around with a big knife in my hand."

DeCaamp as the adventurer, Meredith, certainly does do effective work with the knife in "Midnight in Chinatown," but he has a lot of other work to do also, and does it well.

The announcement of the title of the play for this week suggests "The First Born," "The Celestial Maiden," and other plays of that class that were the vogue in San Francisco in days before the fire, but the Star show is unlike any of those.

There is plenty of action from the rise of the curtain on a California mining company's office through the three succeeding acts, ending in an opium joint in the old Chinatown that made the Bay City famous all over the world. The drop used in the Chinatown street scene at night brought out a rousing round of applause, particularly from those who had known the "district" in the old days.

As a matter of fact, considering the small stage, the stage settings were all most creditable, particularly in the management of "Dick" French.

In "Midnight in Chinatown" there is more than an effort at a plot, for the story of intrigue, tragedy and triumph of loyal love is manifest all the way through and the comedy is of the sort that compels shouts and laughter.

The fun is furnished by George Berry, Charles Conners and Leah LaForce with a few jargon English lines by the Chinese pipe artists.

Miss Dorothy Davis rejoined the French Company after an absence of several months in her home town of Tacoma, so that the company is once more composed of the same women that have played together for two or three seasons. The audience was not acquainted with Miss Davis, but after her nervousness passed off she soon convinced the Star patrons that she was entitled to a place in their appreciation equal to the other favorites of the company.

At the matinee yesterday the new schedule of prices went into effect, but as the night house was sold early in the day and the afternoon late comers had difficulty in getting standing room, it was quite evident that the 5-cent advance is to have no effect on keeping the theater filled to its capacity.

TAKES FLING AT PRESIDENT

Bryan Criticizes Roosevelt's Suggestions for Federal Control.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 6.—William J. Bryan was in St. Louis today to fill a lecture engagement and in an interview he attacked President Roosevelt's idea of centralized Federal control of corporations as outlined in his speech here last Wednesday. Mr. Bryan also said the memorial to Congress asking for the limiting of powers of the lower Federal courts in suspending state laws adopted at the meeting of Attorneys-General last week reflected the sentiment of the people.

Mr. Bryan arrived at 7 o'clock this morning and departed at 9 o'clock tonight for Louisville, Ky.

Appointment Is Cancelled.

ROME, Oct. 6.—The appointment of Monsignor Della Chiesa, substitute Papal secretary of state, as Papal Nuncio to Madrid, has been cancelled.

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AT THE THEATERS

"BARBARA FREITCHE" AT THE BAKER.

Barbara Freitche... Marian Barney
Sally Nesly... Dorothy Bernard
Sue Royce... Maribel Seymour
Laura Royce... Lucille Webster
Mrs. Hunter... Louise Kent
Mammy Lu... Mina Crolius Gleason
Captain Trumbull... Austin Webb
Mr. Freitche... William Dills
Arthur Freitche... James Gleason
Colonel Negley... William Gleason
Jack Negley... Donald Bowles
General Stonewall Jackson... Earl D. Dreitz
Fred Gelpew... Robert Homans
Tim Greene... Earl D. Dreitz
Edgar Strong... Charles F. Lewis
Dr. Hal Boyl... Howard Russell
Sergeant... R. E. Hendry
He Ray... Neil McKinnon
Corporal Perkins... Charles F. Lewis

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE

HAT person who would find fault with "Barbara Freitche," as presented at the Baker yesterday, needs a tonic of some sort. The play is no longer a novelty, having been seen here a number of times before, but it was never so well played, nor so well produced on the stage of a local theater. Every one of the important parts is brilliantly handled and the stage settings and costumes are so good that captious criticism is disarmed.

Marion Barney and Donald Bowles deserve the lion's share of the praise for their magnificent work in the respective roles of Barbara and Jack Negley. In fact Mr. Bowles, although he is seen but little during the four acts, dominates the performance all because of his remarkably dramatic and artistic portrayal of the lad demoted from the army.

The object of his love, in the third act, where he attempts an entrance into the chamber where his successful rival lies dying, is restrained by the splendid Barbara and takes the slight fall down a flight of stairs to grovel in his insane contrition at the feet of the woman who is fighting for her lover. Mr. Bowles demonstrates his ability more positively than I have ever seen him do during the several years he has been a Portland favorite.

He handles the situation in an admirable way. His facial expression, his voice and the panther-like cunning of his movement are ghastly but eminently natural. It is the splendid piece of acting, entirely free from the suggestion of melodramatic overacting. It is an achievement that will always in the future be identified with Donald Bowles.

It is not, however, a one-man performance. There are also some excellent characterizations. Marion Barney is an adorable Barbara. It is the customary thing to praise Miss Barney's work, for since she opened her season she has done nothing but the very best work. As the unhappy Barbara she measures up to the best requirements that test the capacity of an actress. In her lighter scenes she is delightfully girlish, the very personification of the frivolous little Southern flirt and in the later episodes she does some emotional work that will stand the test along with the best of them.

Of next importance to the performance as a whole is the Captain Trumbull of Austin Webb. The leading man makes a happy, lovable hero of the Northern officer and, insofar as he has latitude, makes much of the part. Maribel Seymour is a delicious Sally Nesley and created more of the sentiment that relieves the somberness of the play than any of her associates. She is always delightful and has seldom been more so than she is this week. Mina Crolius Gleason as the testy old Colonel, Robert Homans as the brutal Union deserter and Louise Kent as the minister's wife, each deserves great credit.

The production lacks no detail to bring it up to the perfection mark. Even to the old Colonial flag with its original stars, the rag carpets, the hoop-skirts and the insignia on the officers' uniforms, everything is correct. Director Bernard and the stage crew have succeeded beyond the hopes of their most ardent admirers.

"Barbara Freitche" will make you laugh and cry by turns, but best of all it will give you with the unmitigated enthusiasm which only a really great play arouses. You will probably never see it so well played again as by the Baker Company this week.

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old family man in the orchestra seat

No one who admires gentleness and courage, fidelity and truth—the big, significant virtues—can see "The Squaw Man" without being bettered by the experience. So long as such plays are written and so consummately acted as was this one last night, there is no ground for alarm as to the future of the stage.

It may be that other pieces equally as good have come out of the renaissance of Western drama, but it has not been Portland's good fortune to see them. It was not the young girls who shed the tears last night. It was the fathers and mothers. There isn't an iota of mawkish sentiment in it. The red corpse dominates. Nor do not fall into the error of thinking it is a "weepy" play, per se. There is enough swift, rapid dramatic action and normal, hearty humor in the dialogue and situations to vitalize a dozen average dramas of the modern school. It is a reassuring demonstration that the public heart, and head, and conscience, are not in such a bad way when "The Squaw Man" can fill any theater in which it is presented, anywhere, from Coast to Coast.

It would be unpardonable in me to attempt a recital of the story. Sufficient for the play itself that it sounds the uncharted depths of human emotion and brings before us in a masterly manner the best things in the world—faith, hope, charity, and the fourth grace of humor, but best of all, a love that passeth the understanding of poet and philosopher and saint—self-abnegating mother-love and father-love. All that I can advise further concerning the play itself is: "Go and see it and get bigger."

Of the performance given by Mr. Faversham it is difficult to speak without starting a run on the adjective bank. Unless I'm very much mistaken, he had never appeared here before, and naturally there was unusual interest in seeing what the much-famed actor was like. At his first entrance he received only a faint patter of welcoming applause. At the end of the second act he was recalled five times, and was compelled to say "thank you" in response to the demand for a speech.

Mr. Faversham did last night just what a certain Roman of some repute and considerable antiquity claims to have done in Western Europe, long before the Union Pacific built into Malver, Wyoming, or Jim Carsten ever thought of turning cowpuncher to save his worthless cousin for the one girl's sake. In one, two, three orders he captured all of the town that was in the house, and the crowd that wandered down Washington street after the last curtain fell was an unofficial pean-of-praise and garland-bearing committee.

William Faversham has been too long an established factor in the field of acting to care much for Oregon panegyrics. At all events he doesn't need them to help secure an engagement. There are not many actors of his consequence as an artist. His work again emphasizes how important it is to avoid the appearance of acting. Would that some actors I know, and have seen act, could go to his night school. There would be fewer

actors and more competent janitors, perhaps.

As the expatriated English gentleman who comes out to Cattleland and marries a squaw and loves his child and suffers for his friends and is man clean through, Mr. Faversham is ideal to the author's conception of what such a bully fellow should be. And best of all he is always possible. There is no effort to act up, as Jim Carsten as a tin god, nor even a "shining mark." He makes him the kind of man we all meet a few times in a life.

The cast which supports the star is one of Liebler's best, although there are no conspicuous names in it. Margaret Bourne, the leading woman, is a delight to see and a satisfaction to hear. She plays Diana, the Englishwoman, not brilliantly, but well; and Virginia Kline, who appears as the Indian girl-wife, does capably; but it is to the man, George W. Deyo, who plays Big Bill, the foreman; Charles Malles, in the part of Hawkins, the cattle rustler; and Thomas, the amusing, but not overdrawn, British officer, and Berton Churchill, the Indian Chief, that the major part of the credit belongs.

The scenery, light effects and other accessories have seldom been excelled here. The cowboys' chaps and six-guns look as well worn and useful as those "Dusty" Farum used to use, or as you can find in any cow-camp in Harney county. "The Squaw Man" will run all week, with a matinee on Saturday.

ONE must revise popular ideas concerning the percentages of fatalities following stubs to the heart if he would enjoy "The Denver Express" without experiencing surprises. No less than six receive their quietus at the hands of the villain, only to bob up serene to the front of the said villain with his murderous attacks. There also appears to be a new reading of the term "Indian massacre" as given in the synopsis of the play, for the first act portrays a massacre of Indians rather than by Indians. With these minor exceptions, Holden Brothers & Edwards' production went with a dash at the Empire yesterday, matinee and evening, before limit hours.

The first and second acts are clever representations of life in the mining districts of Colorado, the other three making San Francisco the scene of operations. The story revolves around the efforts of an English scoundrel to remove the family of his half-brother and the successful saving of the child of the family by her foster parent.

Little Miss Rabeur as "Poppy," the foster child of the rugged old "Hiram Garvey" and his wife, "Tidy Ann," captured the house with her stage appearance, making the audience feel like "Cleveland." "Tidy Ann" could not be better done, and in the later acts her appearance was a signal for genuine merriment. The other women, while much in evidence, filled the requirements of their parts.

Thomas Rolfe, as the Sheriff of Boulder County, Colorado, despite the frequent

charge of "Tidy" that "he hadn't got no sense," was always equal to the many emergencies that confronted him. Al Fordyce made a capital "Deadwood Dick," and Harry Rowe handled the difficult part of the scheming uncle of "Poppy" in first-class style, even though he seemed to be unable to reach a vital spot with his ever-ready bowie. Darrell Loyal, as the bogus baronet, did a good bit of character work, but it remained for Frank Condon to make the greatest hit with his "Tommy Tucker." "The Denver Express" plays the week at the Empire with matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

Lipton to Build Cutter.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to build a new five-decked cutter to compete in the British regattas in 1908. It is intended that the cutter shall eclipse the White Heather II, the present champion of the British yachts.

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