

BUYING OF PRESENTS

Portland Stores Crowded by Christmas Shoppers.

RUSH BEGAN EARLY IN THE DAY

Some of the Incidents of a Very Busy Saturday—How Some Women Chose Cigars for Their Men Folk.

It looked as though all Portland was buying Christmas things last evening till a late hour. All the retail stores were thronged, and the center of a tremendous business. Last evening's purchases seemed to cover the whole range of human wants, and one has only to watch the traffic for a few minutes in any portion of the downtown neighborhood to realize that Christmas gifts may be purchased anywhere. Dry goods, boots and shoes, umbrellas and coats, as well as jewelry, toys and books, were bought in great quantities in the aggregate, and everybody was laden with some package for Christmas on the return home.

Even the little stands on the sidewalks did a rushing business, while the men who stood in doorways and cried out the sale of some automatic toy or other novelty caught many a passer-by. The man with the little wrestling harlequin, worked by an invisible thread he held in his hand, took in lots of money while passing out packages with his disengaged hand. "Only a dime," the directions are on every package; "a child can work it," and the money came tumbling in, while the purchasers hurried home to find that the "automatic toy" was a delusion and a snare, and the wrestlers struggled only while some one jerked the string.

The little stores in the North End seemed to be doing their share of the business, and the storekeepers were heard expressing gratification at the increase of trade over the same period last year. "I wish Christmas would come four times a year," one merchant said, who lives with his family in the back end of his little store. "The poor people seem to have more money than ever before, and are more apt to spend it than they were. They are enabled to trade with the proprietor himself."

Tomorrow, however, is expected to be the culmination of the great holiday trading period of the year. Most of the working people in the city are paid off Saturday night, and these had no time to make purchases last evening. A great many persons also made their purchases until the last minute, as they cannot decide what to buy, in contemplating the vast array of possible Christmas gifts displayed in Portland windows. The day will be especially busy with country dealers, bakers and confectioners, and most of these concerns will require extra help in selling and delivering the goods. Christmas is a joyous time with the children, and the rising generation begin agitating the question of "What am I going to get" full six weeks before the great eve itself appears. Parents are not unmindful of the good time they had or should have had Christmas day when they were young, and so begrudge not the brief hours of happiness which may be looked back to with pleasure when the cares of life have been undertaken in the years of maturity.

RUSH BEGAN EARLY. Prudent Women Came in the Morning Buying Memoranda.

Even so early as 9 o'clock in the morning the crush began with the prudent, level-headed matrons, who were shrewd enough to make their purchases before the jostling, excited, nerve-wearing crowd of the afternoon had exhausted the patience of the clerks. These early shoppers went about with their purchases in their arms, knowing exactly what they wanted, and where to find it, and preserved an unflinching temper and calm judgment under all circumstances.

But as the day advanced, the babel increased, and from 3 to 5 in the afternoon the stores were a perfect Babel. With the exception of a brief lull for lunch and dinner this evening, the night. Frail women were pushed aimlessly in and out of the stores, and the surging mass of humanity, hats were awry on pretty heads and unwise femininity that persisted in wearing long skirts, with many a sorry mishap. The greatest crush was in the toy departments, the most refreshing breathing-spaces in the men's clothing departments. Considerable damage was incurred by the reckless manner of carrying umbrellas. Many country girls, accustomed to the freedom of moving about in large areas, persisted in carrying these under their arms at right angles. In such case an umbrella becomes a more dangerous weapon than a shotgun, and such young children as happened to be near them were in constant peril of being jabbed in the eyes with the sharp rods.

Outside, the rush was quite as mad. Delivery wagons were driven wildly about without regard to life or limb, until even old residents felt like taking out an accident policy before attempting to cross the street.

AND JOHN PAYS THE BILL. How His Wife Got More Money by Buying More Presents.

There is one clever little woman in Portland who finished her Christmas shopping with more money in her purse when she went out of the store than she had when she entered it, and it was all done in a perfectly honest and legitimate way, too. It was one of the shrewdest bits of financing that the holiday season has brought forth. This is how it happened: It had been arranged that Mrs. X— and her mother and her sister should all do their Christmas shopping together. After an hour had passed, Mrs. X— found that her cash was running low, and to meet the demands upon it. There was a crimson silk smoking jacket at a little Japanese store around the corner that she had had her eye on for the last three days as a present for John. She feared she would have to give it up.

Suddenly a way out of the dilemma flashed into her head. She turned to her sister, who, with a distrustful air, was studying the curves of a marble Hebe, and said to her: "If you have decided to take that Hebe, I wish you would let me pay for you; John has a lot at the store, and I'll give it charged. You will merely be paying me instead of the clerk."

"But I am buying it for John!" and a vision of John glancing over the bill of Mrs. X— flashed into her mind. "What of that? The bill won't come in till somewhere about July, and John never looks at the items anyway; I have me to do that. Besides, John and I are one, aren't we?"

There were more protests. "I should think you'd want to help me get that smoking jacket for John, instead of throwing so many obstacles in my way," exclaimed Mrs. X— with an aggrieved look in her eyes. So it ended in a pleasant clatter of gold and silver pieces into her purse, and a solemn promise extracted from her that she would place the matter right before John. Then all scruples vanished, and amid a flurry of laughter, Mrs. X—'s mother bought a pair of silver bases (for John) and a pair of real Valenciennes, and an

embroidered center-piece, all of which she gave to John. Mrs. X—'s purse still fattens. By the time she was ready to leave the store she had just \$10 more in cash than when she entered it. So she bought the crimson smoking jacket at the little Japanese store around the corner, and then treated her mother and sister to ice cream and chocolate creams with their own money.

Women Buying Cigars.

The unusual sight of women purchasing cigars and pipes could be seen yesterday. This is one of the privileges of the fair sex at Christmas time. The pipes bought are of the meerschaum and fancy variety, and occasionally a smoking-jacket is thrown in. This comes in handy if the man has to lie around the house for several days to recover from the effects of the cigars. The story has been told for years that women, in buying cigars, invariably pick out a fancy box full of law-breakers, being more impressed with the appearance of the box than the contents. It is a well-known fact to all smokers that fine brands of cigars are put in up plain boxes.

A well-known cigar merchant, speaking of Christmas business and the patronage received from women, took occasion to remark that this old chestnut had been done on the fair ones long enough. He admitted that wives, sisters and sweethearts do not know much about the quality of cigars, and are not supposed to, but said that dealers, as a matter of business, put up a nice class of goods for the holiday trade, and that a woman can buy just as well as a man, if she pays the price. He said it was a pity to spoil an old joke, but it was equally wrong to hand down this stale gag from one generation to another to the detriment of honest, fair dealing cigar men. The continual circulation of this story, he said, caused many women who might otherwise buy cigars as a Christmas gift to feel certain of being taken in, and afterward laughed at if they did so, hence they desisted.

An old-timer who stood by listening to the conversation said the truth was the cigars were always good enough, but it was man's mean nature to say they were bad, in the way of a joke, merely to annoy and perplex the dear girls.

She Liked the Curly Mustache.

At a corner cigar store two stylishly dressed women were buying Christmas cigars as a present for a man, apparently the husband of one and the brother of the other. The name was Jack. The store man was trying to manipulate their fancy so as to alight on a good brand. He drew out a half a dozen different brands, and they looked at them, assuming a critical air. "There, now, I like that brand. It has such a pretty shape, and such a pretty label. Red and gold are such pretty colors," said Jack's wife. "How much are they?"

"Those are two for a quarter," answered the cigar man. "Oh, most of the working people smoke cigars! He smokes five-centers—those long black ones, with such a lovely fragrance. He says the others are too rich for his blood," she replied, contented in Jack's choice of an economy.

"The man brought out a brand of 5-cent cigars. "There," said the other, "look at those dear, sweet, little pooky things! Won't Jack look at anything but anything smoking those in his new jacket about the house? I really believe those are the kind."

"Yes," Jack's wife rejoined, "and look at the handsome man on the label, too, with such a nice, curly mustache! We will take one box of 50."

Boy for His Sister.

A well-dressed man with a bewildered expression was wandering about in a large department store, dodging the clerks who politely besieged him with inquiries of this sort: "Are you being waited on, sir?" He always seemed bored and answered: "I am only looking around." Finally, in desperation, he landed at a counter where there was a heap of pretty lace scattered in careless profusion. The girl at the counter was pretty and looked sympathetic, which is worth a dollar a minute to the proprietor. The man bent over the counter. "Say, now," said he, "maybe you could suggest something pretty for me to give a young lady."

"What, it goes around the lady's neck, and she would the dainty kerchief about her neck, tied it and let the figured ends drop loose. "There, what do you think of that?"

"Sure thing," said Johnny. "Say, I like you, and I wouldn't mind if you wore the suit and allowed me to wear yours—just for fun."

The transfer was made, and, clad in boy's garments, as of yore, Johnny ran away again to be a pirate. But he got only as far as the North End, when a policeman who knew him conducted him to the police station.

The judge's decision was that Johnny should be sent to the Reform School. Johnny grinned and said: "I don't care where I'm going, so long's they don't dress me in girl's clothes. I'm a boy."

New Year's Religious Service.

A union religious service has been arranged for the morning of New Year's day at 11 o'clock at a place hereafter to be announced. All the religious denominations in the city are interested, and representatives of the several branches of the churches are to speak—Dr. T. I. Elliot, for the Unitarians; Dr. Edgar P. Hill, for the allied evangelical churches; Dr. Arthur A. Morrison, for the Protestant Episcopal churches; Dr. Stephen S. Wise, for the Jews, and it is hoped the

Roman Catholics will be represented by a member of their clergy. The exercises will include hymn-singing by a choir and responsive reading.

CARD OF THANKS.

The relatives of the late Mrs. Mary J. Walling desire to extend their sincere thanks to the Rebekahs and other lodges, and to all the friends who so kindly extended their sympathy and assistance during her illness and at her funeral.

think of that," said she smiling pleasantly. "That's great," said he. "wrap it up. I really believe that's the proper caper." "For your sweetheart?" she asked. "Now, for my sister," the man answered as the girl loudly cried, "Cash!"

Italian in Charge.

"Give me one dozen bananas, please. We want them for our Christmas dinner." "Alla right, missa," said the proprietor, in his choicest Italian. A tall young man watched the girl, and his eyes said: "Nice girl, that." The dozen bananas, in a bag, were handed to the girl, and she opened a deliciously large month, and ate two. Then she placed the skins of those bananas in a piece of brown paper, unobserved by the tall young man, and walked out of the store. He followed. Stealthily, the maiden looked around, and allowed the brown paper parcel to drop at her feet. "Here's my chance," thought that young man, and he rushed forward and presented her with that parcel containing banana skins, saying, with a gallant air, "Allow me, miss."

The girl looked wrathful and said: "I don't want that parcel. I threw it away, stupid!"

Got the Turkey.

He was a fat turkey, and was labeled "Our Baby," as he hung from a hook in a North End meat market. A thin-faced, started-looking girl, accompanied by a shabbily-dressed, elderly woman, saw that turkey, and said: "Look, ma; can't we buy it for our Christmas dinner?" "No, Mollie; not this year. That bird ain't for the likes of us," said the woman, sighing.

Another woman, in widow's weeds, was near, and heard the conversation. She turned to the clerk who was waiting on her, and said: "Give that turkey to that little girl, and charge it to me, but don't mention my name."

She grabbed her parcels and walked swiftly away. The clerk had quite a time explaining to the poorly-clad woman and girl, that a woman they didn't know, had consigned the fat turkey to them, as a Christmas present.

Lost His 10 Cents.

"Gimme a shine, boy, fer—hic—10 cents. Blow the—hic—expense. Christmas," said a gambler to a bootblack yesterday, at Second and Burnside streets. But while the boy was polishing up the boots, the gambler fell asleep in his chair. "Finished, mister," said the boy.

A snore was the reply. "Search his pockets, Chimmie," said during the process of being searched, the gambler awoke and said: "What the hinky-bink! You come along," and the atmosphere became lurid.

Hearing the disturbance, a policeman walked up to the gambler and said: "Hullo, drunk again. Haven't I warned you about this? You come along," and the unwilling man was dragged to the police station.

"There goes my 10 cents," growled Jimmy the shiner.

HAD TO DRESS AS A GIRL. Rebellious Boy Will Now Avoid His Disgrace.

Johnny Christiansen, 10 years old, is a boy who rebelled. He was forced to dress in girl's clothes. His case came up yesterday for consideration before Municipal Judge Cameron.

Johnny was in the habit of running away from home to become a pirate, until his parents were forced to send him to the Boys & Girls' Aid Society. Here it was seen that Johnny had a naughty spirit, which must be broken, and he was condemned to wear girl's clothes.

"I'm a boy—boy! hoo!" wept Johnny, but the onlookers snickered and said, "Don't be making a fool of yourself."

Johnny, however, was wise, and he ultimately said that it was nice to wear girl's clothes.

"Is that so?" said a simple-looking boy who had not been in the institution very long.

"Sure thing," said Johnny. "Say, I like you, and I wouldn't mind if you wore the suit and allowed me to wear yours—just for fun."

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EVE OF BIG DEVELOPMENT. PEERLESS POWELL'S VALLEY SOON TO HAVE A RAILROAD.

Gresham Will Be the Center of a Free Delivery District—System of Cross Roads.

Gresham, which is the heart of the peerless Powell's Valley, is coming into importance by reason of the probability that it will be the center of the rural free-delivery district, and also on account of the probability that the Mount Scott Railway may be extended there next year. The Special Agent of the Postoffice Department is now investigating the situation, and there is hardly a doubt but he will find conditions favorable to establishing free delivery shortly after the first

Advertisement for Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Co. featuring 'Fine Furniture From Factory to Fireside' and 'OUR CLOSING OUT FURNITURE SALE'. Includes images of a chair, a table, and a bed, with prices like \$9.75, \$8.75, and \$6.50. Text includes 'FREE ON MONDAY' and 'DON'T OVERLOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY'.

OREGON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO. 208-210 First St., Bet. Taylor and Salmon.

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Notes from Local Field.

Christmas Mail Not Burned.

Postmaster Crossman states that the two cars containing first and second-class mail matter left Gresham on Wednesday, December 12, and were due in Portland Saturday, a week ago, and not yesterday as reported. Persons having mail on that car have had time to ascertain that it was sent, and can guess what became of it if it did not arrive. The California mail was a day late, owing to the wash-out at Dunsmuir.

Presented with a Charm.

The large room of the saddlery department of the George Lawrence Company was the scene of a demonstration of good feeling on the part of the employees of the firm Saturday, when John F. Redwood, foreman, presented George Lawrence, Sr., president of the firm, on behalf of the workmen, an elegant Turkish easy chair. After alluding to the beneficial influence of the prevailing custom of giving presents on Christmas, the speaker dwelt on his past associations with Mr. Lawrence, attributing the success of the firm to the untiring efforts, unswerving integrity and liberality of the recipient.

Died in California.

The many friends of J. D. Meagher will be pained to hear of his unexpected death, which occurred in Vallejo, Cal., yesterday, after a short illness. His mother, Mrs. Paul McLean, a sister, Mrs. A. L. Moore, and three brothers reside in this city. His mother and brother, T. F. Meagher, left for Vallejo last evening to attend the funeral.

Former Portlander Dead.

Mrs. Edwin Russell has received news of the death of Bakerfield, Cal., December 12, of her nephew, Louis R. Lacombe, who was 35 years of age, and was formerly well known in Portland, having been in the insurance office of Laidlaw & Co. nine years ago. He was a son of the late Louis and Georgina Lacombe.

Native Daughters' Installation.

At a regular meeting of Eliza Spaulding's Cabin, No. 1, Native Daughters of Oregon, last night, new officers were installed as follows: President, Mrs. Eliza Christiansen; first vice-president, Mrs. A. B. Manley; second vice-president, Mrs. F. Schmitt; third vice-president, Miss N. Teal; recording secretary, Mrs. P. Snow;

Scared Burglars Away.

Mrs. Hall of Portland Heights, fired three shots with a revolver at two burglars whom she caught robbing her house early yesterday morning, and the burglars fled in terror.

Masonic Election.

At a regular meeting of Portland Lodge, No. 55, A. F. and A. M., held Friday evening, December 21, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. M., James P. Moffett; S. W., Edward Everett; J. W., William Boy; treasurer, George E. Withington; secretary, I. W. Pratt.

SISTERS OF MERCY ASK AID for the Aged.

Dear Friends—Will you, in your kindness, remember our two institutions—the Home for the Aged, at East Twentieth and Irving, and Mercy Home, corner Sixteenth and Couch—when you are dispensing charity on the coming feast of Christmas? These institutions are both filled to their utmost capacity, and as the Sisters of Mercy, who are in charge, are in no wise more than humanly remunerated for their work, being able to procure barely the necessities by dint of rigid economy, they respectfully solicit you to aid them to make Christmas a pleasant Christmas time by the donation of a Christmas dinner for the old folks and a Christmas tree for the young folks. At Thanksgiving 50 people in each institution sat down to dinner (which, by the way, was largely donated), and as many, if not more, will be present at Christmas.

DAILY CITY STATISTICS.

Real Estate Transfers.

E. J. Jeffrey and wife to John Bays and wife, lot 8, block 7, King's Sec. 1000. \$1000.
Sanderson Reed to John A. Bell, lot 1, Fruitvale, December 21. 1500.
W. F. Church and wife to George Miller, lots 6 and 8, block 5, Richmond, September 5. 400.
W. F. Nisbet and wife to Julia Holman, lot 1, block 18, Portland, December 4. 5000.
Alliance Trust Co. to Rose Guillaume, 612 1/2 Adams, December 18. 600.
Stephen Barnes and wife to Ellen Douglas, 5 acres, section 12, T. 1 S., R. 2 E., January 4, 1897. 1.
Sterling V. Leabo and wife to Joseph Cereghino, lots 1 and 2, block 1, Leabo's Addition, December 22. 500.

Marriage Licenses.

George Dielschneider, aged 23; Ada Foster, aged 22.
Charles Gusman, 23, Alaska; Christina Schlotfeldt, 22.
Jake Hartung, 23; Mary Baum, 13.
Herbert A. Maddock, 33; A. Gertrude Mark, 23.

Death Returns.

December 20—Ruth Conser, 50 East Twelfth street, 44 years; heart failure.
December 20—Frank McAfee, 1 North Goodsell avenue, 1 month; marasmus.
December 18—Hugh Bauer, County Jail, 60 strangulation, suicide.
December 20—Ira F. Abernathy, 353 Chapman street, 1 month; infantile pneumonia.

Contagious Diseases.

Roland Barrett, 235 1/2 East Oak, 10 years; diphtheria.
Lillian Dickson, 303 Twelfth street, 23 years; measles.

BEST CHAMPAGNE PROCURABLE

"Among the best judges of champagne it is a common expression, that to order Pommery is to get the best bottle of champagne procurable. There is no other brand of champagne that is more extensively used in the most exclusive and fashionable circles." From Bonfont's Wine and Spirit Circular.