

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. 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."

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 confectionery 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.

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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.

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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 on which she was asked to pay for the statuette just presented to him by his wife's sister, arose before her startled eyes. Mrs. X— laughed. "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 \$19.60 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. "My that are all three wondering what will happen when the bill comes to John next July."

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 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 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 confectionery 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."

Had to Dress as a Girl. Johnny Christian, 10 years old, is a boy who rebelled against his father's wish to dress in girl's clothes.

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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.

"No, mister; not this year. That bird ain't for the likes of us," said the woman, sighing. "Hullo, drunk again. Haven't I warned you about this? You come alone, and the unwilling man was dragged to the police station. "There goes my 10 cents," growled Jimmy the shiner.

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Fine Furniture From Factory to Fireside. This is Actually the Real Meaning to Purchasers, of OUR CLOSING OUT FURNITURE SALE. For we have cut down all prices to factory prices in order to close out our Retail Department at the earliest date possible. Bear in mind that we have furniture that will fit anywhere in any home. Quaint, Unique, Colonial, or Modern Furniture, all are subject to the same sweeping discounts. FREE ON MONDAY. WE STILL HAVE. DON'T OVERLOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY. OREGON FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO. 208-210 First St., Bet. Taylor and Salmon.

Several beautiful Mahogany Bedroom Suits; a number of choice mahogany, bird's-eye maple and golden oak chiffoniers and dressers; a large variety of artistic parlor pieces; choice selection of parlor and curio cabinets, in brass and onyx, mahogany and gold leaf; a few brass beds; select line of sideboards and buffets, and thousands of other articles which abound in any furniture store.

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

from almost all points of the compass, and it is a thriving country town. It is conceded that Powell's Valley is one of the finest in the state, and it has settled up and developed very rapidly during the past 10 years. The beauty of the surrounding country is beyond description. Magnificent farms stretch in every direction. Through Powell's Valley a railway would doubtless pay from the start. A railway extending through the valley, following the windings of Johnson Creek as closely as possible, from Mount Scott to Gresham, and even to Pleasant Home, would tap a fine district and pay. The residents of Powell's Valley are said to be ready to encourage in every way the introduction of an electric line that will take their hay, potatoes and other produce to Portland. Naturally, they are looking to the East Side Railway for the extension of the Mount Scott Railway at least to Gresham next year. The distance is about 7 miles, and the grade is known to be almost a level one, and construction would not be expensive. The route has been gone over before and pronounced entirely feasible. There are many crossroads intersecting the main ones and extending to Johnson Creek, so that the route near Johnson Creek is thought to be best from all points of view. Yesterday a resident was in from Pleasant Home, and said that as he was coming to Portland on the Powell's Valley road, before he came to Gresham, he passed not less than 25 wagon loads with both hay and potatoes, all on the way to Portland.

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. Mr. Lawrence was taken completely by surprise, and responded in a feeling manner, thanking the men for their expressions of good-will and assuring them that in the management of his business he had only aimed to do what was right.

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 Christensen; past president, Mrs. A. B. Manley; first vice-president, Mrs. R. Scinsson; second vice-president, Mrs. F. Schmitt; third vice-president, Miss N. Tealier; recording secretary, Mrs. P. Snow;

Newspapers Admitted Free. The management of the Metropolitan has extended an invitation to all the newspapers of Portland to witness the performance of "A Bell Boy" tomorrow night.

Will Build. Edward Holman has purchased the lot

Former Portlander Dead. Mrs. Edwin Russell has received news of the death, at Bakersfield, 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.

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 McCarroll, 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.

Marriage Licenses. George Dielschneider, aged 23; Ada Foster, aged 22. Charles Gusman, 22, 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 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.

