

**Lost, Strayed and Stolen**

BEING VAGRANT TALES OF THE TOWN, GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

PARAGRAPHERS and professional humorists have derived a considerable income by pointed references to vagaries of feminine shopping. What would you think of a woman going shopping for railroad tickets? Wouldn't it jar you? Let it be understood distinctly that this is no joke. The shopper goes at it with all the seriousness and sweet womanly dignity displayed at the silk counter, when she spends a half hour inspecting fabrics of choicest kinds, knowing all the time that her cash assets will not exceed 30 cents. Funny, isn't it? Yet the man behind the counter, who has been deceived into figuring up berth rates and other incidentals, and perhaps to secure business has given special concessions to the prospective purchaser—ask him if it's funny. He would reply forcibly and to the point, but he couldn't be quoted in any paper short of a sheet printed on asbestos, with which a hand grenade went as a premium. And the innocent cause of it all will smile, and trip daintily out with conscientious appreciation of having discovered a new sensation to whittle away the tedium of an unoccupied afternoon.

THE Man Behind the Counter of a transcontinental railroad ticket office has troubles that make the afflictions of Job look like a delicious dream of unalloyed bliss. As you take the "before" and "after" pictures that appear in the magazine advertising pages, and reverse the captions, the result will represent the ticket-seller. Dapper and well-groomed, as befits a man drawing a good salary and riding on passes, he will show up in the morning, fresh as a daisy. By noon he is nervous; by night he begins to long for grassy dells, lowing cows and the other luxuries of days on the farm. A reporter for The Oregonian was permitted to be witness of the ticket-seller's woes on several occasions within the week past, and to paraphrase the refrain from the comic opera, his lot "is not a happy one." Men and women who, in private life, are renowned for their accumulation of common sense will appear as hapless as children when preparing for a long journey. They will ask all sorts of queer questions, from the cost of a private Pullman to the quality of butter served in the dining-cars.

TWO of the shopping kind happened into a local office a day last week, and one asked the price of a ticket to say Dorchester, Mass., which is a thousand miles from the right place. The clerk told them, and there followed a series of queries at a pace that would put a machine gun to shame. "Does the train stop at Denver? Will we see Indians on the trip? Are the sleeping-cars real nice? How much should one tip the porter? Is the ice water on the cars healthful? Is it safe for a woman to travel alone? How much will it cost counting dining-car expenses and all?"

The affable man figured it up, and gave the result. "Thank you," she said, sweetly, and both swept gracefully out. "Wouldn't that jar you?" he asked of the reporter.

BY no means is the woman shopper the sole irritant encountered in the ticket office. She is one, but there are others—in bunches. There is the Ambassador of Commerce, as Chief Clerk Wright, of the Portland, calls him, more familiarly known as the drummer. Excess baggage is the sore spot with these diplomats of trade, and concessions from the railroads are constantly asked for. Perhaps he will take refusal as final and leave with a pleasant satisfaction. On the other hand, he may call himself names for ever having patronized the line, and declare in a louder voice that the money he has spent for mileage over that particular road would buy a brownstone front. In addition, the line and its entire management is consigned to the hottest compartment in perdition. As he departs there will be another wrinkle added to the clerk's brow, and he will retire to a corner, where copious and expressive remarks partially relieve his state of mental unrest.

The theatrical man, with an attraction that is almost paying, is a frequent visitor, and like as not he wants credit. If he is booked for half a dozen towns along the line, the passenger department may send him on with a partial payment and a lien on the receipts and baggage for the balance. But this is business soon closed, and seldom contributes to the annoyances of the clerk.

BUT it is quite different with the woman, and a numerous progeny of all ages. Boys who have twice a week are little ones in arms, to hear her tell it, and it is a shame the railroads want to charge even half fare. However, she is willing to pay that much, but full fare never! Rules are inflexible, and employees are adamant, wherefore the woman is compelled to accept an age estimate woefully out of keeping with her own. But before she does the clerk is told what he is, and more particularly what he is not. Of course, he cannot reply in kind, and he has to bow and smile and try to look as though it was what he preferred above all things. Then there is

the irascible old chap, who thinks feather-beds ought to be furnished in the sleeping-cars, and who wants to tell his friends, the directors—he knows them all—what an infernal lot of idiots are running the road.

THESE are types, but there is a characteristic which is common to all except experienced travelers—the asking of possible and impossible questions, and the inclination to doubt the reply. "What time does the 8:30 train get to Lakeville?" an intelligent-looking little woman will ask. "At 10:08," the clerk will reply. "Does it really? Are you quite sure? Won't you please look it up in the book?" To satisfy her, he turns over a dozen or more pages of the official guide, runs his fingers down the time-table, looks thoughtful before answering: "Yes, here it is: 10:08." The inquirer doesn't see the page, and it may have been the Lakeville division, or it may have been a stretch of road hundreds of miles from there. But the information came from the book, therefore it is reliable. Ticket-sellers are bureaus of information on every conceivable subject under the sun. Yet they continue to be affable, chaps, debonaire and smiling, and always ready for the next one. But it is a life of troubles, and unless they graduate into the ranks of magnates, with private cars and the consequent aversion to reporters, there is apt to appear silver threads among the raven locks at an age unseemly in its youthfulness.

**WHERE IS OUR PIETY.**

Does It Abide in Christian Precept, or Do We Know?

PORTLAND, Jan. 22.—(To the Editor)—There is little doubt that many minds have dwelt with sadness on the heart-rending sorrow of a bereaved father, a minister, in the wreck of the Walla Walla. And this writer would gladly catch the attention of many who might greatly benefit a cause bearing upon the position in which such as he stand.

To seek to gain this point through the religious press would risk the result, as in a case related as occurring a few years since: In a small church on the outskirts of the city, there were evening services only. A minister came from another section to officiate, and members of his congregation also conducted the music. One very rainy night the sermon was an urgent appeal for attendance at church. There had been one family proverbially reliable on this point; they alone formed the congregation. This drew forth subsequently this comment from one of the choir: "Didn't those A's (they were A's, however, only in the sense of A) catch it for nonattendance at church?"

The father in question was said to have appeared much of a wreck, mentally as well as physically, and his pecuniary condition, which had necessitated the division of his family to different sections of the vessel, seemed regarded as the natural consequence of his not having allowed himself to spend his life in seeking what is practically necessary.

I wish to draw attention to the fact that while he and any other self-devoted minister is only acting in obedience to the spirit of his marching orders, it is equally the duty of others to see that he does not suffer loss of his natural support. Just here there has come in a great fault in those calling themselves Christians. Those who pay a just salary to a preacher under whom they sit, and stop at that, to what purpose do they hear continually their commission, which calls them as truly as it does the minister to do missionary work ("Let him that heareth say, come"); how else if not doing this in person can they obey the command except by supporting those who do the work? They are not obeying when merely paying to hear the orders which they do not carry out.

Philanthropy and benevolence are boasted of as features of the day; but justice should be vindicated as first; and a minister is as much entitled to his dues as is the physician, lawyer or grocer. If Christians are not intending to pay attention to the obligations of their position ("The workman is worthy of his hire") then either they have not scanned their commission or are using it selfishly. In either case where their warrant to consider the minister's "safe" The drift of the day in this matter is exemplified in a meeting in which an effort was being made to reimburse the resources of the minister which had been sacrificed to that congregation; one member who had been recommended as a particularly zealous person had so far sat quietly through the whole and suddenly threw cold water on the plans which had been faithfully considered, by asking, "And what shall we do for the Church?" Is this then it that the Church is merely a building, and a building where ornament and self-indulgence are the inspiring motives?

There is plainly a great error: If the command has gone forth as of the first importance, "Say, come," it is no less binding upon one Christian than another—the preacher or the one who would support the preacher. The immediate hearers in many localities are unable to do it. "Let no man look upon his own things, but the things of others"; meaning the same as "Bear ye one another's burdens."

DISINTERESTED.

A BIG BARGAIN.

You get more than your money's worth when you buy Worcester Salt. Compared with other brands, it is double value.

Warm Footwear of every description—Boots, Slippers, Felt and Knit Slippers—(Shoe department.)

Meier & Frank Co. Meier & Frank Co. Meier & Frank Co.

Blankets and Comforters at unusually low prices—(Third floor.)  
"Williamette" and "Eldredge B" Sewing Machine great y reduced.  
Trunks and Traveling Bags—Every size and style—(Third floor.)  
New Wash Fabrics and Foulard Silks at Clearance prices.

Orders for Carpet and Shade Work should be placed at once.  
Only one week more in which to buy Linens at present prices.  
Men's and Boys' cold weather Clothing, wonderfully low priced.

**Clearance Sale**



**Last Week!**

Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock commences the fifth and last week of the Great Annual Clearance Sale—The yearly event which always commands such vast interest at Portland's "Big Store"—The throngs of well-pleased, completely satisfied customers that have daily crowded every department gives certain indication that our merchandise and prices are right—We know that superior attractiveness of goods, of prices, and of service, must result in mercantile supremacy—The growth and development of this business is an illustration of what can be done in a wide-awake though conservative community like this by persistent striving to attain the highest ideals in both merchandise and methods—Our trade has grown more than three-fold during the past four years, and is growing faster now than ever before—An expansion along strictly legitimate lines, and which has no parallel on the Pacific slope—Our facilities for serving our customers well and promptly are so unmistakably superior and are so thoroughly appreciated by the public that we may fairly claim for this emporium the honorable distinction of being

**Portland's Foremost Establishment**

No time of the year better illustrates the store's great advantages as a shopping center than the days devoted to the Great Annual Clearance Sale—For 30 days business is done without profit, the one aim being to reduce stocks to their lowest tide before the annual inventory, early in February—A million dollar's worth of high-class wearing apparel and household necessities is placed on sale at wholesale prices—Tomorrow commences the last week of the 1902 sale—Wardrobe, pantry and linen closet should be replenished—Shopping, as far as possible, should be done mornings because the afternoon hours will be rushed beyond the store's capacity, and buying cannot be near as satisfactorily done.

- Every Article Reduced**      **Every Line of Merchandise Included**
- |               |             |                   |                     |              |               |                  |                  |                   |      |
|---------------|-------------|-------------------|---------------------|--------------|---------------|------------------|------------------|-------------------|------|
| Crockery      | China       | Hosiery           | Laces               | Neckwear     | Drug Sundries | Cloaks           | Suits            | Carpets           | Rugs |
| Lamps         | Cutlery     | Dress Goods       | Silks               | Embroideries | Books         | Waists           | Petticoats       | Trunks            | Bags |
| Silverware    | Cut Glass   | Shoes             | Umbrellas           | Linens       | Leather Goods | Corsets          | Furs             | Lace Curtains     |      |
| Kitchen Goods | Graniteware | Gloves            | Ribbons             | Domestics    | Notions       | Muslin Underwear | Infants' Goods   | Curtain Materials |      |
|               | Groceries   | Men's Furnishings | Men's Hats and Caps | Wash Fabrics | Linings       | Children's Coats | Children's Coats | Sewing Machines   |      |

**Last Week!**      **Last Week!**      **Last Week!**      **Last Week!**

Meier & Frank Company | Meier & Frank Company | Meier & Frank Company

**GREAT ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE THE LAST WEEK.**

A FEW OF OUR OFFERINGS.

Handsome Electric and Astrakhan Collarettes, nicely lined, regular price \$5.00. Sale price **\$2.25**

Beautiful Moulton and Electric Seal Collarettes, with tabs, trimmed with six tails, regular price \$6.50. Sale price **\$3.25**

Elegant Fox Boas, the very latest, made Isabella, Sable and Blue Fox, regular price \$15.00. Sale price **\$7.35**

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Also great bargains in Cloaks and Suits. Special prices on the remodeling and repairing of Fur garments.

Send for Price List of Raw Furs.

*Shirley & Son Co.*

LARGEST AND LEADING FURRIERS IN THE WEST.  
281-283 MORRISON STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

**FELLOWS**

509 Washington Street

35 Cents  
Box No. 1 White or Yellow Macaroni.  
25 Cents  
Four Cans Alaska Salmon.  
15 Cents  
Can Eagle Condensed Milk.  
15 Cents  
Two Cans Condensed Cream.  
12 1/2 Cents  
Pound Choice Green Costa Rica Coffee.  
70 Cents  
Sack Choice Valley Flour.  
75 Cents  
Sack Good Hard Wheat Flour.  
35 Cents  
Pound Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate.  
25 Cents  
Can Baker's Cocoa.

E. C. Goddard. J. F. Kelly.

**GODDARD-KELLY SHOE CO.**

**CLEAN-UP SALE**

<b>BARGAINS MEN'S SHOES</b> Coin and Square Toes, \$3 to \$5 grades. <b>\$1.00 pair</b>	<b>BARGAINS WOMEN'S SHOES</b> Lace and Button, \$3 to \$5 grades. <b>\$1.95 pair</b>
<b>Boys' and Youths' Shoes, Button and Lace, \$1.00 pair</b>	<b>Women's Calf Shoes, \$2.50 and \$3 grades, \$1.45 pr</b> <b>Misses' and Child's Shoes, \$1.25 to \$2.00 grades, 75c pr</b>

No Goods Exchanged After 11 A. M.

CORNER SIXTH AND WASHINGTON STREETS

Established 1870. Incorporated 1890.

**G. P. Rummelin & Sons**

Manufacturing Furriers 126 2d St., near Washington

LATEST STYLES IN

Coats, Capes, Collarettes, Boas, Muffs, Etc.

in all the fashionable furs.

**ALL GARMENTS AT REDUCED PRICES**

ALASKA SLEEPING ROBES. CHOICE FUR RUGS

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Raw Furs.