

LAND FOR COOS RAILROAD

LARGE TRACT SECURED NEAR EMPIRE FOR TERMINAL GROUNDS.

Work on Wharf Will Be Began at Once, and Construction of Road Proper September 1.

MARSHFIELD, Or., July 26.—(Special.)—Chief Engineer L. D. Kinney, of the Great Central Railroad Company, said today that a large tract of land had been secured for terminal grounds near this city, and that the company has also secured a water frontage of 1 1/2 miles from the Empire mill toward Marshfield.

California Colonist Rates. SAN FRANCISCO, July 26.—The Southern Pacific announces that September 1 the following daily colonist rates will be placed in effect via the Southern Pacific and its connecting lines through Ogden or El Paso to California: From Omaha to Kansas City and other Missouri River points, 25c; St. Louis, New Orleans and Mississippi River points, 30c; Peoria, Ill., Chicago, 35c. These rates will be in effect until October 31.

Tracklaying to Be Began. HOQUIAM, Wash., July 26 (Special.)—Monday, the Northern Pacific extension will commence laying the track from Grass Creek to Cheenoweth Creek, a distance of two miles. The work on the new extension, which is from Hoquiam to the sea, is not progressing very rapidly, only about 75 men being employed.

NEW BILL AT SHIELDS' PARK

Demontello, Great Trick Jumper, Among Features This Week.

Beginning tonight, Shields' Park presents the greatest novelty of the season in the European wonder, Demontello, novelty trick and barrel jumper. The different feats this jumper performs are marvellous. Among the things he does is to jump from one barrel across a high table into another barrel blindfolded, and while blindfolded and with both feet tied he stands on a four-inch pedestal, and in one jump clears a five-foot fence and lands on the same-sized pedestal on the opposite side. Among the tricks he performs is to jump on and off a man's face, and from a table on to the points of a dozen knives, without either injuring the man's face, the knives or his feet.

Another big novelty will be Borton and Draper, in the original act, "The Wise Girl and the Kid," in which they introduce a series of up-to-date fads, including singing, talking, acrobatic work and comedy. Horizontal bars. This is their first appearance on the Coast, and they come here direct from the big Eastern circuits.

Another Eastern team, the Lawrence, Dan and May, will appear in a clever sketch entirely different from anything that has yet appeared here.

Floyd and Stiles, two clever young delineators of rag-times, make their first appearance in a series of parodies and witty sayings.

O'Leary and Fay have made such a big hit the past week that they are retained for their last performance. They will introduce all new work in their novelty jugling.

Joseph Thompson will sing "The Star and the Flower" and "Stay in Your Own Back Yard," two of the best illustrated songs of the year. The repertoire has a thousand or more feet of new moving pictures to display, and Shields' orchestra will play between acts.

Amateur night, with a howling success last night; three acts appeared and made a big hit with the large audience. A much larger list of amateurs will appear next Friday night.

The big balcony will be completed tonight, and will be all ready to accommodate the big Sunday night crowd.

DRINKS OF THE ENGLISH.

Great Britain's Liquor Bill About Reaches the Limit.

There comes a time in the lives of convivial men when their habits have to be reconsidered. The social custom cannot be indefinitely prolonged. There is a time limit to the "long pull." It is so with nations. There are a good many indications that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was quite right when he said that the people of this country had nearly gone to the verge of their possible expenditure on stimulants. It is undoubtedly true that there has been a general depression throughout the wine and spirit trade. The failures recorded last year are more numerous than for any previous year for a good while. Many establishments are turning over much less than they did three years ago. True, there has been an absolute increase in the quantity of drink consumed, but not in the proportion to the growth of the population.

The fact is, that the war has obliged a good many people to limit their outlay. The loss of friends and relatives who have served in the field, the increased duty on spirits, the advance on the income tax and some change in the volume of business—all these have had their influence in lessening the amount of money which people had available for stimulants. Fashion, it appears, rules in drinking as well as individual taste. When Queen Victoria's sherry was put on the market everybody drank sherry. First it was the Queen's sherry that was asked for, and then sherry generally, so that this wine seems in fair way to again become popular.

FLOWERS AND FOOLS.

How Flower Girls Learn to Sell Their Posies.

London Telegraph. There are many cynics loose in London. The cabbie and the bus driver have lost their belief in the wisdom of man over the everlasting eruptions of the Strand. The sentimentality who sell "extra specials" by shouting news which the extra specials do not contain never had any. The lions in Trafalgar Square, monuments of departed greatness, look wearily and cynically upon the present littleness that harassses them on a Sunday afternoon.

There are church wardens who have found a big frame in the park and in a thousand others who divide mankind into knaves and fools. But the cynicism of all these is thrown into the shade by the monumental cynicism of the flower girl. Flower girls, of course, are not monumental except by contiguity. They haunt statues—the commanding Sir Robert Peel who presides over Chesapeake or the dirty Mercury who brings from Olympus to the less heavenly regions of Piccadilly. In theory she is cynical in excoela. It is partly the cause of the climate. "Car-nation, lily, rose," is all very well in a picture or a poem. When you have to sell them in a 20th century May you do not look pletorial, and your language is rather expressive. That poetical, it is hard to be sentimental with a blue nose. There are degrees in the trade. The "button holes" that cover some square feet belong to a different caste of vendor and a different caste of weather from the eminently respectable carnations and rosebuds of Piccadilly. But the young ladies who manufacture for the dwellers in out darkening jungles of maidenhood and sarcasm are not a whit less cynical

than the artists among flower girls who dwell in the shadow of Mercury.

They see the vanity of the lordly sex as under a searchlight. And the lordly sex is vain, whether the hat it wears with its frock coat is of silk or straw. The silk hat ponders deeply over the shade of its rose; the straw hat grasps greedily at another inch of green background. It is the same principle, and the same cynicism says when it has gone: "Lor, Polly, there's a fool!" There are many strangers within our gates, strangers with clean-shaven faces and a nasal drawl, strangers also with floppy ties and terribly neat mustaches. The strangers come to the flower girl and she takes them in. It is all one to her. The American is brisk and brusque, but he pays all the more. The Frenchman is profusely polite, but he pays none the less. They are both mere foolish men to the cynical flower girl. Her chief joy—if she has a joy—is the youth who desires to be made splendid without counting the cost. He is not only profitable, but amusing. Her chief sorrow, no doubt, is her own sex, who have a mean and unscrupulous desire to pay just prices. Her own sex, unlike the mere man, generally buy in bulk, for the decoration of their homes, not themselves. This is a disheartening practice, which confirms the cynicism of the flower girl. A few inches of wire will not suffice to make a bunch of flowers, and the exacting female pays just about as much for a dozen good blooms as a man does for one decrepit specimen with a wire leg. Consequently, the flower girl believes neither in the brain of man nor the heart of woman, and sits in the lee of status, cynicism and blue. It was a lawyer who said that only fools went to law. The flower girl knows who buys flowers.

HE FOUND HIS SHOES.

But the Old Soldier Was Sorry Afterward That He Did So.

New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Right after the reunion of Confederate Veterans at Dallas, Tex., I witnessed a rather comical and yet a rather pathetic thing on one of the trains which pulled out of the city on the day after the celebration had closed," said a visitor from Texas. "All the coaches were jammed to the windows and the women were even packed into the aisles, and there was of course a heavy sprinkling of the old fellows in gray uniform. When night came on the veterans began to make themselves as comfortable as possible, many of them pulling off their coats and shoes. It was some time after midnight when a gray-bearded and stooped man roused from his sleep and began to look around for his shoes. He did not have on the uniform of the Confederacy, and had not been to the Dallas reunion.

"Up and down the coach he went in his sock feet, looking for his shoes, but it was to no purpose. He was about to despair when a young gentleman, who occupied a seat near him, remarked that he had seen an old gentleman take a pair of shoes from about that place in the aisle, and suggested that he had probably gotten hold of the wrong shoes. He said further he thought he could identify the man. Forthwith they went in search of the man who was supposed to have gotten the shoes. They found him. He was a grizzled old Confederate, and he, too, was being played in bad luck so far as his shoes were concerned. But he thought he had found them. Farther, said the old man who had been on the train, 'I got my shoes who's your born,' and sure enough, on closer examination the old Confederate soldier found that he had made a mistake, and he proceeded to unpeel his feet. He handed the old fellow his shoes, and began to pace up and down the coaches again. In his old, white, home-made yarn socks, looking for his shoes.

"The man who had recovered his shoes should be picked out when they ain't as fine as some of the other shoes. Of course it's just a mistake, a kinder curious caper of fate, I guess, that an old rebel should look over the shoes of his comrades, an' fancy he was in the past the best of a fellow on the other side.' And the old fellow, who was on his way to the G. A. R. encampment, lapsed into silence. A little later, when he saw the old Confederate soldier, still in his sock feet, hobbling across the platform at the station where he had to change cars, he straightened up, his eyes moistened and glistened, and he said, with infinite pathos: 'I ain't a rebel, but you ain't a soldier, an' used to be, for in the '60s I guess I'd seen my right arm cut off plumb up to the shoulder before I'd made that old fellow give up them shoes if they was mine.'"

Did Not Understand Letter.

PORTLAND, July 26.—(To the Editor.)—Mr. "Homo" has put an entirely wrong construction on my letter of previous date. I did not for one moment attempt to elevate the feminine sex to the detriment of the masculine. I simply protested against the tendency of certain writers and "joke" manufacturers to shift all human failings, and a few more, on feminine shoulders. But it strikes me that there are even denser persons among males. Who would have thought it! Had I said in so many words: "Men, stop making fun of us women, for you are not perfect, either," perhaps "Homochen" would have comprehended me. But since our friend from Hillsboro has brought up the subject of superiority, I want to say that even the manhouse, supposed by him to be preferred by females to the poor farm—is also overcrowded with men. There are, according to the latest statistics, black times in many manses as women at that inn of mental rest. And the manager of Signor Homg de Tracy's late boarding-house also complains of a lack of feminine clothes rack patronage. But these, I will admit, are the benefit of men who are not civilized enough to honor womanhood, that all the inmates of these institutions, as well as all masculine (?) fools, had the awful misfortune in early youth of having had a woman for a mother, from which dire calamity they never quite recovered. Small wonder these unlucky fools turned out worse than the more favored, "Homochen" admiringly admiring" and nature and corner-loving "Homo" par excellence, who, judging from the ideally idle lives they lead, must have been "born of roses and fed" on dew. Had they been hampered by the loudest-like influence of a woman mother, they would perhaps not be so perfect. Another thing, "Homo" (?) if a woman is brave enough to face her audience when speaking, a man should be doubly so, when answering, according to what I have always read and heard. But you were awfully scared, weren't you, to hide like that? MRS. W. H. BARRY.

Siberian Bear a Joker.

New York Press. From appearances no one would suspect the Siberian bear at Bronx Park of snoring, but he has a habit of snoring, and the delights of the long-haired ursine is to tease the big grizzly in the next cage. The Siberian bear does not eat all the meat given him for dinner. He saves a bit and pushes it up close to the bears separating him from the grizzly. The grizzly tries to push his paw through, but he can't. Then the Siberian bear moves the meat forward and backward, to one side and the other with the plain intention of tantalizing the grizzly.

In this he succeeds admirably. After many attempts the grizzly retires in wrath to a corner of his cage. As he goes he plainly lets out a growl which plainly says: "If I could get through those bars it's more than the piece of meat I'd would be eaten. There won't be or, less bad Siberian in the world."

When the other bears in the cage with the big grizzly hear the growl they are careful to keep out of his way until his bad humor vanishes.

Gray has been decided on by the Kaiser as the color of the German Army war uniform.

Great "Hourly Sales" at Meier & Frank's

Tomorrow morning at eight the Second "Hourly Sales" of the Summer season—A great mass of sterling values that should bring even a larger attendance than last Monday, and mind you, it was the busiest July day we ever experienced—There's no half dealing about these "Hourly Sales"—An array of bargains that must immediately appeal to every person having the least idea of economy—To facilitate shopping, a printed list of these offerings will be passed out at the different entrances—No telephone orders received for hourly sale items.

Grid of 24 hourly sales items, each with a clock icon and a time slot. Items include: Napkins 3c, Children's Vests 4c, Turkish Towels 8c, Shirtwaists \$1.20, Men's Underwear 38c, Turnovers 18c, Ribbons 8c yd, Cheney Foulards 49c, Bedspreads 66c, Knee Pants 85c, Ladies' Sailors 65c, Curtains 89c, Shirtsuit Suits, Tea Kettles 69c, Catsup 7c bottle, Hammocks \$1.07, Wash Boilers 79c, Flannel Skirts 30c, 100 lbs Sugar \$4.15, Lace Curtains \$1.19, Children's Shoes 75c, Ladies' Hose 36c, Talcum Powder 4c, Men's Hose 14c pr, Cushion Covers 15c, Challies 22c yd, Applique 17c yd, 100 Trunks \$3.33, Remnants 1/2 Off, Boys' Caps 10c, Ladies' Belts 20c, Sailor Suits \$1.69, Lawn Chairs 79c, Fabric Gloves 30c pr, Neckwear Half Price, Ladies' Suits \$1.95, Screens at Cost, Toilet Soap 3c, Ladies' Drawers 15c, Bureau Scarfs 38c.

From 2 to 3—36-inch Fish Net Curtain Material, 11c yard From 3 to 4—Dannison's Paper Napkins, 6c per 100—Envelopes 3c package Meier & Frank Company || Meier & Frank Company || Meier & Frank Company