



Miss Helen MacGregor in "The Highest Bidder" at Baker's Theatre.

THAT he has many warm friends in Portland was evidenced by the rousing welcome Ralph Stuart received when he appeared in "The Highest Bidder" at Baker's Theatre, after a week's rest to take care of a cold. Although he had excellent support, Mr. Stuart was the life of the play. By turns he was the erratic, eccentric auctioneer, and the next moment transformed into the impetuous yet improving lover, and if he caught a kindly glance from his sweetheart's eyes, their love story was long drawn out, and one just began to wonder how the billing and cooing were to end, when the climax came with a suddenness and a warmth that left nothing to be desired. The part of Jack Hammetton just suited Mr. Stuart's dry, almost matter-of-fact humor. Helen MacGregor made a lovely Rose Thornhill, and she gave a fine, carefully finished study of that maiden's various moods and whims. She led on her lover like a will-o'-the-wisp. Virginia Briscoe was not so effective as usual, but this was probably because she had to portray a stiff, aristocratic English girl, Frank Camp, was impressive in his villainy as Sir Evelyn Graime, and Priestly Morrison made a fine, courtly Lawrence Thornhill. Mr. Van Pelt ought to have made the part of Sir Muffin Struggles more prominent. The stage settings were highly commendable.

Harry Sawyer, singer, mimic and storyteller, was probably the top-line in Shields' vaudeville company playing last week at Cordray's Theatre. He was splendid both in falsetto and natural voice, and astonishingly clever in imitating such people as DeWolf Hopper, Curly Tilly, who is a first-class entertainer, and if any patron was not pleased with Sawyer's act it is doubtful if anything in this city could give him more pleasure. Franks caused lots of laughter with their amusing burlesque, and Miss Franks is about the only young woman heard in this city able to draw laughter from a parody on "The Holy City." Curiously enough, the soprano singer in the De Ruiz-Granville combination also sang "The Holy City." There are times when the three Mullaly sisters fancy, made a hit, especially Pinkie Mullaly. The attendance was good all week. Vaudeville has come to stay, evidently.

DOUBLE BILL AT THE BAKER. Ralph Stuart Company in "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The Peace-maker." For the week commencing this afternoon Mr. Ralph Stuart announces what promises to be the greatest treat of moving pictures taken by Mr. Thomas Nash for Mr. Shields' entertainments are being shown there will enter the breasts of the individual members of the audience something very akin to that great essence called patriotism. Added to this are the other features of the exclusive programme. By mail Mr. Shields has gone back to the East and had secured the most capable artists that are in the business. There are Albert and Mae Fleau, two high-rate singing and dancing sketch artists. It is said that nothing better has been seen in Portland than this pair. For weeks they entertained at Keith's in New York, and where can a better house or a more exacting one be found? Ernie and Hoeneger, the Monopoles in their acrobatic work, are classed among the best. Lyndon and Wrenn follow in the quick succession of attractions. And the Mullaly Sisters, Mr. Shields says that he was on the point of sending the sisters out over his circuit, but a great number of requests came to him, asking that the Mullalys be held over, and acting on the suggestion they will remain for another week in an entirely new set of acts. Harry Sawyer will also appear in new character work. This genius was good for 18 weeks at Proctor's, and it is a safe guess that he will continue to hold the Portland people in the same good opinion of him that they now have. Cad Franks, one of the best female character artists that ever tripped his gait, will appear with Mr. Horace Mann. None more capable than these are to be found. Two new illustrated songs will be added to the full programme, and there is a new show. Compilations are due from some of the best Portland men who have shown his ability

to mind, and then, when thus prepared, Wing Shee deliberately kills him, and seeing a policeman approaching he sets the limp body of Chin Fang on the bench again, adjusts the hat, and arranges the body look alike. With an arm around the corpse, Wing Shee is smoking and engaged in conversation with the policeman strolling by. After the officer has passed Wing Shee lights a cigar and rises from the bench and carefully walks away, the body of Chin Fang falling limp on the ground. All the characters are good and will have most artistic portrayals by the members of the Stuart company. Following the Chinese play will be produced the one-act comedy, "The Peace-maker," the latest work of Ralph Stuart and Dudley A. Bragdon. Its theme is love and pique. Two young people, man and wife, love, but don't realize it; they have opinions and ideas that do not harmonize and they know it hence their matrimonial difficulties. Their friend, Sylvester Sprague, knows all about it, how to adjust all matrimonial squabbles, how to make these two misguided people agree to do it after many exciting adventures. This week, beginning today, is the last but one of Mr. Stuart's engagement here, and the sale of seats for every night and the matinee this afternoon will be in haste. Mr. Stuart has strengthened his position and esteem in which he is held by the theater-going public of Portland. He has been found a most capable artist, giving us the very best plays that can be secured. Portland will always welcome him as a prime favorite.

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."

It may be well to explain right here that nothing just like Elsie Edmond's henhouse was ever conceived by the most enthusiastic chicken culturist, even in his wildest moods. It is a two-story structure, with a well front on every side, and all of the modern improvements—private baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, hardwood floors, growing tubes, step-ladders, with carpets, oilcloths, and more money in it than in any other henhouse in Southern California contract severe colds between sunset and sunrise, and perch. Miss Edmond's henhouse has three departments—roost, nests and nursery. The nursery, which is used as a sun parlor in winter when spring chickens are ready for cream gravy, is under blue glass. Miniature pictures of champion fighting cocks and blue-ribbon hens ornament the inside walls. There are other pictures of record-breaking layers, just to encourage the present occupants of the henhouse. The henhouse is planted with pepper-grasses, moss-lined, and palms, add to the rest of the ornamentation. A well-known taxidermist has placed in the immediate yard of the henhouse in herculean efforts, including a real ostrich farm, but up to now Elsie Edmond's henhouse, near East Twentieth street and Stanford avenue, is one of the most unique structures the city affords.

Empire Theater to Open. The Empire Theater, the Hellig-Baker new house, will open its doors to the public on Monday, June 15, with one of the strongest attractions ever offered to Portland theater-goers. Several big Eastern top-line acts have been engaged for the opening performance, and will continue to play every night, Monday to open their season on the Northwestern-Pacific Coast vaudeville circuit. Nothing has been left undone to make this house one of the coolest, modern and up-to-date vaudeville houses west of the Rocky Mountains.

MOVING PICTURES PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN "SHIELDS' VAUDEVILLE AT CORDRAY'S."

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."

It may be well to explain right here that nothing just like Elsie Edmond's henhouse was ever conceived by the most enthusiastic chicken culturist, even in his wildest moods. It is a two-story structure, with a well front on every side, and all of the modern improvements—private baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, hardwood floors, growing tubes, step-ladders, with carpets, oilcloths, and more money in it than in any other henhouse in Southern California contract severe colds between sunset and sunrise, and perch. Miss Edmond's henhouse has three departments—roost, nests and nursery. The nursery, which is used as a sun parlor in winter when spring chickens are ready for cream gravy, is under blue glass. Miniature pictures of champion fighting cocks and blue-ribbon hens ornament the inside walls. There are other pictures of record-breaking layers, just to encourage the present occupants of the henhouse. The henhouse is planted with pepper-grasses, moss-lined, and palms, add to the rest of the ornamentation. A well-known taxidermist has placed in the immediate yard of the henhouse in herculean efforts, including a real ostrich farm, but up to now Elsie Edmond's henhouse, near East Twentieth street and Stanford avenue, is one of the most unique structures the city affords.

Empire Theater to Open. The Empire Theater, the Hellig-Baker new house, will open its doors to the public on Monday, June 15, with one of the strongest attractions ever offered to Portland theater-goers. Several big Eastern top-line acts have been engaged for the opening performance, and will continue to play every night, Monday to open their season on the Northwestern-Pacific Coast vaudeville circuit. Nothing has been left undone to make this house one of the coolest, modern and up-to-date vaudeville houses west of the Rocky Mountains.

MOVING PICTURES PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN "SHIELDS' VAUDEVILLE AT CORDRAY'S."

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."

It may be well to explain right here that nothing just like Elsie Edmond's henhouse was ever conceived by the most enthusiastic chicken culturist, even in his wildest moods. It is a two-story structure, with a well front on every side, and all of the modern improvements—private baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, hardwood floors, growing tubes, step-ladders, with carpets, oilcloths, and more money in it than in any other henhouse in Southern California contract severe colds between sunset and sunrise, and perch. Miss Edmond's henhouse has three departments—roost, nests and nursery. The nursery, which is used as a sun parlor in winter when spring chickens are ready for cream gravy, is under blue glass. Miniature pictures of champion fighting cocks and blue-ribbon hens ornament the inside walls. There are other pictures of record-breaking layers, just to encourage the present occupants of the henhouse. The henhouse is planted with pepper-grasses, moss-lined, and palms, add to the rest of the ornamentation. A well-known taxidermist has placed in the immediate yard of the henhouse in herculean efforts, including a real ostrich farm, but up to now Elsie Edmond's henhouse, near East Twentieth street and Stanford avenue, is one of the most unique structures the city affords.

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."

It may be well to explain right here that nothing just like Elsie Edmond's henhouse was ever conceived by the most enthusiastic chicken culturist, even in his wildest moods. It is a two-story structure, with a well front on every side, and all of the modern improvements—private baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, hardwood floors, growing tubes, step-ladders, with carpets, oilcloths, and more money in it than in any other henhouse in Southern California contract severe colds between sunset and sunrise, and perch. Miss Edmond's henhouse has three departments—roost, nests and nursery. The nursery, which is used as a sun parlor in winter when spring chickens are ready for cream gravy, is under blue glass. Miniature pictures of champion fighting cocks and blue-ribbon hens ornament the inside walls. There are other pictures of record-breaking layers, just to encourage the present occupants of the henhouse. The henhouse is planted with pepper-grasses, moss-lined, and palms, add to the rest of the ornamentation. A well-known taxidermist has placed in the immediate yard of the henhouse in herculean efforts, including a real ostrich farm, but up to now Elsie Edmond's henhouse, near East Twentieth street and Stanford avenue, is one of the most unique structures the city affords.

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."

It may be well to explain right here that nothing just like Elsie Edmond's henhouse was ever conceived by the most enthusiastic chicken culturist, even in his wildest moods. It is a two-story structure, with a well front on every side, and all of the modern improvements—private baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, hardwood floors, growing tubes, step-ladders, with carpets, oilcloths, and more money in it than in any other henhouse in Southern California contract severe colds between sunset and sunrise, and perch. Miss Edmond's henhouse has three departments—roost, nests and nursery. The nursery, which is used as a sun parlor in winter when spring chickens are ready for cream gravy, is under blue glass. Miniature pictures of champion fighting cocks and blue-ribbon hens ornament the inside walls. There are other pictures of record-breaking layers, just to encourage the present occupants of the henhouse. The henhouse is planted with pepper-grasses, moss-lined, and palms, add to the rest of the ornamentation. A well-known taxidermist has placed in the immediate yard of the henhouse in herculean efforts, including a real ostrich farm, but up to now Elsie Edmond's henhouse, near East Twentieth street and Stanford avenue, is one of the most unique structures the city affords.

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."

It may be well to explain right here that nothing just like Elsie Edmond's henhouse was ever conceived by the most enthusiastic chicken culturist, even in his wildest moods. It is a two-story structure, with a well front on every side, and all of the modern improvements—private baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, hardwood floors, growing tubes, step-ladders, with carpets, oilcloths, and more money in it than in any other henhouse in Southern California contract severe colds between sunset and sunrise, and perch. Miss Edmond's henhouse has three departments—roost, nests and nursery. The nursery, which is used as a sun parlor in winter when spring chickens are ready for cream gravy, is under blue glass. Miniature pictures of champion fighting cocks and blue-ribbon hens ornament the inside walls. There are other pictures of record-breaking layers, just to encourage the present occupants of the henhouse. The henhouse is planted with pepper-grasses, moss-lined, and palms, add to the rest of the ornamentation. A well-known taxidermist has placed in the immediate yard of the henhouse in herculean efforts, including a real ostrich farm, but up to now Elsie Edmond's henhouse, near East Twentieth street and Stanford avenue, is one of the most unique structures the city affords.

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."

place before the public a line of attractions so meritorious. But Elsie Edmond is quite the most unique and interesting chicken farmer that the State of California has had the distinction of welcoming within its borders. She houses her chickens in just the careful and dainty way that one would expect just such a dainty and sympathetic girl to do, and now has a chicken-raising theatre that is to be 20 miles to see. A stranger, to look at Elsie Edmond, would take her for an English debutante. She is attractively built, small boned, with a warm, hearted, positive, somewhat impulsive, animated and natural. She has no earthly use for Delia's systems or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims takes the natural grace out of the body and the natural kindness out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment, and stretches points to make people comfortable. A few days ago she gave a poor mother a \$10 bill to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. When she was a little girl she was kissed and made much of by General Sherman. The old warrior kissed her—she refuses to tell how many times—but at two reunions of the Grand Army of the Potomac "Little Elsie" was placed near the head of the table and for every peal of her childish laughter there was a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for the cabinet of her gray-haired days to come. "My henner!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Oh, dear!" and then she sighed. "That henhouse will drive me into the poorhouse, unless it burns up or is struck by lightning. I have only had it a few weeks, but it is the most costly thing that I ever owned. A friend of mine told me the other day that all of my home comforts were in the henhouse. I told him that I believed he was jealous of my poor hen. When we used to go out to dinner he used to bite hard when we had fried chicken. Now he, as well as some of my other friends, won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't the least extravagant. It isn't I, it's the henhouse architect who runs up the bills and who is slowly bankrupting me. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for out-glass chickens drinking up."