EUROPE THROUGH A PORTLANDER'S EYE

Mr. William D. Wheelwright Gives Oregonian Readers His Impression of a Journey.

IT hardly seems as if any account that I could give of my own wanderings would be of general interest, and yet hardly anyone can be so dull as not to receive such deep impressions during a European trip as to result in the communication to others of something in the way of the spirit of travel. The ocean passage brings you to the southernmost point of the Island of Great Britain, and from the moment you take your seat in the train until you come back to the steamer dock on your return journey, everything is different from what it is at home—novelty follows upon novelty. In the first place, as was remarked to me many years ago by a friend after his first visit to Southampton, "Everything is done, there is nothing to be finished up." The beautiful undulating country of England is cultivated to the highest point—in every direction you see a form of "intense farming," the soil made to produce all it will, where it is cultivated for the purposes of production, but with all this, there is an endless succession of beautiful scenes that are the result of cultivation, not for production, but for beauty. The first surprise that met me on this, my fifth trip to England, was the vast number of trees; the forests have not been stripped from the land without the planting of more trees to take the place of those that have been removed, as is the case with us, and the squalid and ghastly appearance that results from the partial clearing of land and the leaving of stumps and entire trees that have been killed by fire, is absolutely lacking.

London is the place, as Tennyson says, which is "now this world's greatest," the population being in the neighborhood of 6,500,000. I need hardly say anything about the city to such intelligent people as the readers of The Oregonian, who, if they have not been there themselves, have read much better descriptions of it than I could give, but I might remark that it abounds in objects of interest, especially to an American. There are miles upon miles of smooth and beautifully paved streets, the vast throngs of people, the immense traffic completely controlled by the police. There are countless rows of substantial but unornamental buildings that represent the homes of this great population. There are here and there palaces of the great, the aristocracy of kings and peers and millionaires, less beautiful on the whole than the corresponding buildings in other capitals of Europe, and perhaps less magnificent than those of New York, but interesting from the associations that cluster about them. And there are the cathedrals that form an unbroken link with the past and tell their story of what the men of nearly a thousand years ago could do in the way of expressing their ideas of art, of beauty and of religion. Westminster Abbey, containing memorials of the great men that have passed away, from Edward the Confessor to Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, with the remains of Mary Queen of Scots and those of her great rival and conqueror, Queen Elizabeth, buried in the two aisles of one of its chapels, and that magnificent structure of Protestantism, Saint Paul's Cathedral, the living monument which answers the question written over the door of the north transept, where the statue of its great architect might have been, "Si Monumentum Requiris," with an eloquent and glorious affirmative. And there is the Tower of London, which recites another and a different story of the past from that told by the cathedrals.

Places of Historic Interest.

One great advantage about visiting London is the ease, celerity and frequency with which you can get out of it. I think the English railways are just now in the van as regards speed; some trains have a schedule of 60 miles an hour including stops, if I am not mistaken, and it is thus possible to visit a great many interesting places comfortably without having to depend upon the hospitalities of the ancient and over-rated English inn. Of these, first and foremost I place Oxford, with its 27 colleges, each comprising ancient and picturesque buildings, with beautiful quadrangles, chapels and refectories containing portraits of many of the eminent graduates therefrom, as well as windows of stained and painted glass, the former including examples of that art from a date hundreds of years back, to the artistic conceptions of Burne-Jones, and the latter represented principally by a wonderful series of pictures painted after designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the year 1777, the colors of which, alas, are gradually fading, but which can never have been more exquisitely beautiful than they are today. In the dining-room of Christ Church College are portraits of Henry VIII, of Queen Elizabeth and of Cardinal Wolsey, the last of whom was the founder of the college, also of many distinguished graduates, who furnished England during the last century, as I recollect, with some 12 or 13 Prime Ministers.

In the chapel of another college is the crozier of William of Wickham, the founder of Winchester School, the finisher of Winchester Cathedral, and one of the epoch-making men of England. The most beautiful of them all, to my mind, in the architecture of its buildings, in the decorations of its chapel, in its quadrangles, its lovely private walk along the pleasant waters of the River Chur, and its beautiful park, well stocked with deer, is Magdalen, mispronounced by our English cousins, in accordance with their remarkable capacity in that direction, "Maudlen." At the time of my visits to Oxford all the woodbines, Virginia creepers and other vines, which adorn and in many cases completely cover the buildings, made a blaze of Autumn color. Instead of attempting to do more than mention a twentieth part of the attractions of this most beautiful place, I will sum up by saying, "See Oxford and die." Then there is Winchester, with its ancient school and still more venerable cathedral, with its many memorials of William of Wickham; it was my good fortune to be present at the afternoon service and to hear, as I did at St. Paul's in London, one of the finest choirs of boys' voices in the world, there being no language that can describe the exquisite beauty of the chants and anthems, accompanied by the music of a powerful organ, as they roll and echo about the arches which spring up out of the great edifice with the "airy security of a cobweb."

Richard, Becket and Shakespeare.

There is Canterbury, the ecclesiastical metropolis of Great Britain, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, which is full of memorials of surpassing interest, among them the tomb of the Black Prince, the cathedral in which the great Becket was foully murdered, a small square stone set in the pavement marking the spot where the priest and hero met his death. The scene itself was familiar to my sight from having witnessed a performance of the play of "Becket" by Henry Irving, in which the surroundings were reproduced with marvelous fidelity and accuracy. There is also the old Palace of Hampton Court, with its beautiful gardens, its shaded walks and its famous grape vine, where some 700 rooms are occupied by aristocratic pensioners of the crown. This palace contains one of the royal picture galleries, where may be found paintings of almost supreme importance and interest. I have mentioned only a few of the interesting points that I visited, simply a few scattered instances in a perfect wealth of opportunities.

The only disappointment that I suffered was at Stratford-upon-Avon, where American enterprise and interest are very much in evidence. The squalor of Anne Hathaway's cottage corresponds with the absolute poverty in the way of memorials of the greatest mind that the world has ever seen. It is simply inconceivable that the man who wrote the plays of Shakespeare could have been born and lived and died in Stratford without leaving any other impress upon the place than that which may be derived from the contemplation of the "pudgy" bust of a common-looking person, the settle on which he and Anne Hathaway are supposed to have done their courting, the schoolboy's desk at which there isn't even a tradition that Shakespeare sat, and the inscription on his tomb, written in the first person, but evidently not by the first poet of the world. My advice to those who don't want speedily to become Baconians (for the evidence that Bacon did write the works is quite as strong as the testimony that Shakespeare did not) is to buy and read Hamilton Wright Mabie's fascinating and fanciful "Shakespeare, the Poet, Dramatist and Man," look at the idealized pictures of the place and stay away from Stratford.

Wonderful Paris.

If novelty follows upon novelty in England, how much more is that true when you cross the narrow strip of water, only 20 miles in breadth, and land on French soil? Out of clouds and mist and rain, such as Turner depicted with a faithfulness that no one can ever appreciate until he has observed the scene on which he based his canvasses, into the sunshine and mirthfulness of France. Paris affects its visitors with a holiday feeling from the time they arrive there. Even the French look upon Paris as an expression of Paradise, apart from those characteristics that make it essentially "La Paradise des Dames," and I have often recalled with amusement the fact of being awakened one morning about 6 o'clock from a troubled sleep in one of the detestable compartments of a French railway carriage, by the guard's letting down the blind, and, with an ecstatic countenance, shouting, "Nous arrivons, Messieurs! nous arrivons a Paris!" as if the summit of his happiness had been reached and the Gare du Nord were the gate of Heaven. And this expression of rapture was no doubt his daily experience.

The architecture of Paris has a great deal of sameness, and almost the entire city is laid out in diagonals, if I may use the term, so that there are very few right angles. There are comparatively few buildings among those devoted to business and residence purposes that would attract the admiration of the casual observer, but if one takes his place at a point outside the wings of the Louvre following a straight line from the center, and looks through the "Arc d' Austerlitz" to the "Arc de Triomphe," the Egyptian Obelisk being in a direct line between the two, seeing about him the Garden of the Tuilleries, and takes in the magnificent Place de la Concorde, from which the Champs Elysees stretch out to Napoelon's triumphal Arch, he will say, "This is the finest spot on earth." The new Pont d' Alexander III is a work of art, too ornamental for a bridge, some say, but valuable hints might be had from it for our Morrison-street structure (when it shall be built, of which the same criticism isn't likely to be made, and the new Palais de l' Industrie with its magnificent quadrigae in bronze, and the opposite building, which are perhaps without their superiors in the world, make a magnificent approach to this expression of the disinterested affection of France for Russia.

I will not attempt to enumerate, much less describe, the thousand points of interest in this most interesting city, but will simply mention the tomb of the great Napoleon, one of the most impressive places of the world, where one reads the extract from his will, inscribed over the portal which is guarded by two bronze soldiers of the Grand Army: "C'est mon desir que mes cindres reposert sur le bord de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Francaise que j'ai tant aime," (I quote from memory and probably imperfectly) and forgets that Napoleon was the scourge of the world. I will mention also that splendid example of pure gothic architecture, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the very interesting and beautiful Sainte Chapelle, the Musee de Cluny, and the Louvre (not the Magazin du Luvre, I may say,) where are to be found as many masterpieces of art in painting and sculpture as are contained in any other one structure in the world.

To contemplate the mystery of "Mona Liza's" smile, to stand awe-struck in the presence of the "Immaculate Conception," to sit down in the divine company of the Venus of Milo (of which no reproduction can be much more than a suggestion), is richly worth the pain and peril of the journey of near 7000 miles, and these are only three examples among a myriad.

The Fairyland of Switzerland.

From Paris, with its palaces, its galleries, its bridges, its Bois, its boulevards and its cafes, it is but a night to the fairyland of Switzerland. Taking Interlaken as a base, after doing the walks in the near vicinity, I made sundry excursions into the surrounding country, up the Grindelwald Valley by carriage to Grindelwald, then by rack and pinion railway to the Scheidegg (about 7000 feet high) and thence by the Jungfrau railroad, which solves the problem of glaciers, avalanches and crevasses by entering the solid rock and then going up inside, to an altitude of 9650 feet, where a shelf has been cut out in the mountain side, from which, protected by a substantial railing, you may look down on Interlaken and the Lake of Thun, a distance of nearly 8000 feet. Then coming back to Scheidegg, we descend into the Lauterbrunnen Valley, with its wonderful falls, and so return to Interlaken. The route is known as the "Wengernalp," and sitting comfortably in the car, I contemplated the heart-breaking path over which I toiled on foot some 13 years before. From Interlaken I went to Freiburg to hear the organ, and then to the fascinating north bank of the Lake of Geneva, which has been very much exploited since I was there before, and now boasts a large number of palatial hotels, where every luxury in the world can be enjoyed at a very moderate cost, and amid surroundings where the most superb natural advantages are combined with all that the hand of man can do for the delectation of his fellow-man. This remark applies with almost equal force to every point in Switzerland, where smooth paths traverse the forests and the hills, macadamized roads conquer the Alpine passes, mountain railroads (funicular, rack and pinion and electric) climb by tortuous lines and spiral tunnels to heights that seem inaccessible, where all the visitors have come for health and pleasure, and all the population stretch out welcoming hands. From Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, to Visp and Zermatt and the Matterhorn, thence to Brigue and over the great Simplon road, now being tunneled by a railroad that will be running in 1904, to Domo d' Ossola and Pallanza on the Lake Maggiore, from there by lake and rail to Lugano, where are to be seen in an old church three examples of the works of Bernardino Luini, painted by him in 1529 and 1530, said to be his masterpieces, and thence again by lake and rail to Menaggio on the Lake of Como, Bellagio and the Villa Carlotta, containing Canova's original Cupid and Psyche and a fine frieze of Thorwaldsen, from there by rail to Chiavenna and thence by carriage over the Malloja Pass into the Engadine. This is the simple schedule of a journey that is full of scenes of enchanting beauty and surpassing interest.

Heidelberg and Wagner.

Out of Switzerland and into Strassburg is but a step (and to see the astronomical clock alone in the Cathedral is worth a long walk), then on to Heidelberg, with its wondrous castle, and finally to Munich, a fine city of some 500,000 inhabitants. It was our good fortune to attend two of the performances in the great Wagner cyclus that lasted from the 8th of August till the 14th of September, and I need not say that the presentation at the Prince Regent Theater of "Die Walkure" and Siegfried" was worthy of more than a passing notice. The performance begins at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the great auditorium is filled with an audience composed of fair women and brave men, suggesting that Bavaria's "capital has gathered there her beauty and her chivalry." Three trumpet calls at short intervals give warning of the beginning of the performance, after the last of which the doors are closed and no person can come in or go out. In the midst of darkness and a solemn silence the first notes of the concealed orchestra melt into the air, and from that beginning to the close of the act no sound is heard to mar the harmony of the great music drama. When the last note has died away, the curtain falls and the vast audience bursts into rapturous applause, and then empties itself into the large restaurant and garden, where it indulges in afternoon tea and supper. During the Walkure the trumpet call was the Walhalla motif, and during Siegfried, first the sword motif and then the motif of Siegfried's horn. "Die Walkure" has always seemed to me to be the central jewel of the Niebelungen Ring, reaching heights and depths that are unknown in "Siegfried," and that are sounded again only in the "Twilight of the Gods." And perhaps that is true, though "Siegfried" appealed to me at Munich as it never did before, partly by reason of my approaching it with a better understanding, derived from the lectures on the Ring given by a lady in Portland last Winter, who spoke of it as the Scherzo of the stupendous symphony of which "Die Walkure" is the Andante, and the Gotterdamering the Finale. From this point of view one realizes more thoroughly the charm of Siegfried, the laughter-loving boy who plays pranks on Mime, who knows no fear, to whom come whisperings of his divine descent and of Immortality to come in the harmonies of the "Waldweben," the solemnity of which is interrupted only by his ludicrous attempt to reproduce the song of the bird on a pipe roughly fashioned with his sword out of a reed of the forest. Then the new Siegfried comes into the fullness of life, and after slaying the dragon, journeys on to where the maiden, wrapped in fire as in a garment, awaits the coming of the hero who alone may waken her. The approach to the mountain, the finding of the sleeping maiden—the first woman that he has ever seen—the discovery of the fact that she is a woman, the taking off her armor, the awakening kiss, her slow return to consciousness in the midst of "woven paces and of waving hands" are accomplished all, or almost all, in silence—so far as human voices are concerned—but accompanied by the most magnificent orchestral poem that it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. So eloquent and satisfying is it that one dreads lest the human voice may make discord in its harmony, but when Brunhilde looks upon her lover and the two burst into the rapturous song with which the scene closes, one feels that to come from "Die Walkure" to "Siegfried" is to climb from hilltops to mountain heights, along the pathway of the gods.

Vienna, the City of Palaces.

From Munich to Vienna is only a few hours, and while Munich is a beautiful and imposing city, Vienna is a City of Palaces. I think the Ringstrasse is acknowledged to be the finest street in the world. The Rathaus, the Houses of Parliament, the Imperial Hoffburg, all adorned by magnificent statues in bronze and marble. The Palace of the Museum of Natural History, and that of the Imperial Picture Gallery, all completed in recent years, make an array of imposing edifices, the like of which I, at least, have never seen.

One visits the crypt of the Jesuit Church, where rest the bodies of the royal Hapsburgs for many generations, the great Empress Maria Theresa, Maria Louisa, Maximilian, and last of all the murdered Empress Elizabeth—and a hundred others in coffins of splendid magnificence, the Imperial Treasury, where are rivers of diamonds, rubies, pearls and sapphires, woven into crowns, tiaras, necklaces and other shapes of beauty, in a profusion that bewilders even the imagination. If the crown jewels in the Tower of London are worth £3,000,000, as stated in the guide book, then those in the Imperial Treasury of Vienna can hardly be valued at less than $100,000,000. And there are countless objects there besides the jewels, of which I may mention coronation robes, the insignia and regalia of the Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece, of richest stuffs crusted with gems, a piece of the true cross, a part of a bone of St. Ann, mother of the Virgin, fragments of the clothing worn by St. John the Baptist. Other saints and martyrs—or believed to be such by the faithful.

The picture gallery of Vienna is said by Baedeker to contain a larger number of masterpieces of the great masters than any other gallery, and so far as my limited experience goes, I should think the statement true. At any rate it is one of the noblest collections in the world, rich in priceless pictures of entrancing beauty, and comparatively (especially as regards Buda Pesth) poor in examples of pre-Raphaelites that are no doubt interesting as showing some of the beginnings of art, but which, to the uneducated eye at least, have no beauty that we should desire them. It is especially rich in the works of Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Albert Durer, and contains fine examples of all the great painters of olden time. In all these great galleries one is dazed by the profusion of masterpieces—you pass through a room and give a glance at least as you think to everyone and find on going through it again that you have passed by a Michael Angelo or a Leonardo da Vinci, with which, if it had been alone, you would have spent an hour. As an instance of this, and also of a Philistine ignorance that is not uncommon, I may say that my chief thought when I went to the Vienna Gallery was the masterpiece of Albert Durer ("An Adoration), which had been removed temporarily when I was in Vienna before, so that I didn't see it; yet when I came out of the door I realized that I hadn't seen it this time. So I retraced my steps to its domicile and found that I had looked at a portrait by Durer on one side and an Italian work on the other, without seeing the masterpiece between the two.

Munich has a gallery of old masters not far inferior to Vienna, and a collection of modern pictures that is thought by some to be the finest in Europe. But the "Palais du Louvre," taken altogether, with its Murillos, and Velasquez, Raphaels, Michael Angelos, Andrea del Sartos, da Vinces, Luinis, Guido Reuis, Rembrandts, Van Dycks and Rubens, representing the old masters, its Dutch pictures and its profusion of modern paintings, especially of the Barbizon School, and with its immense collection of marbles and other antiquities, contains, it seems to me, the most important aggregation of art treasures in the world.

In looking over what I have hastily written, I feel its weakness and utter insufficiency, as compared with the subjects that I have touched upon. It is only an incomplete and casual statement of impressions, made by less than a tenth part of what I saw, and what many more of us may see, if so minded. May I not hope that some one person may be stimulated by what I have said, with all its imperfections, to go and see for himself.

WILLIAM D. WHEELWRIGHT.

SUBJECTS OF GOSSIP IN THE BAY CITY

TEN BRIDES SAIL AWAY ON THE TRANSPORT GRANT

A ROMANCE THAT ENDS IN GRIEF

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—(Special Correspondence.)—When the Army transport Sheridan leaves the dock on Saturday she will have as passengers ten budding brides, with their Army husbands, on their way to the Philippines. Despite the public utterance of General Corbin that it was unwise for the Army officers to marry, his subordinates have disregarded his orders and taken their command from Dan Cupid. Hardly had General Corbin's words been put in print before military circles were set aflutter by invitations to ten weddings in the Twenty-second Infantry.

Older officers shook their heads, but there is a limit even to the authority of the shoulder-strapped veteran. Within a few days' time Lieutenants Harry Parshall, W. W. Taylor, William A. Kent, James Justice, Henry A. Ripley, Robert Whitfield, Adolph H. Hugent and Lawrence Curtis, and Captains John R. Hanney and David L. Stone led sweethearts to the altar.

Captain Hanney married Elizabeth Young in Washington. She is a daughter of Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young, who is Chief-of-Staff of the Army. During their short stay in San Francisco, before sailing, the young couples have been guests of honor at innumerable functions. The Sheridan has been shined and polished as transport never was before. Commodious and comfortable quarters have been specially fitted up on the bridal ship by Major Devol, of the transport service.

Storm-rocked and calm for brief moments in rapid succession has been the married life of Marguerite Heck Mackintosh, who figured in a sensational elopement last year. From the convent at San Jose, Marguerite Heck graduated last June and took steamer for the North. On the vessel she met Mackintosh, a young engineer. So infatuated had each become with the other that they left the steamer at Seattle and sought a minister, who made them man and wife.

Mrs. Mackintosh, in spite of parental wrath, lived happily with her new-found love for some months. Then she says he began to abuse her. Miss Heck had been brought up with the tenderest care, and was counted one of San Jose's most beautiful girls; so her new experience changed her ideas of matrimony. She asked for relief from the courts. Before her case could be heard, Mackintosh told her he was sorry, and she returned to him and the suit was withdrawn.

The clerk at court had scarcely made the entry before Mrs. Mackintosh's attorney filed a new suit, in which it was stated that the young husband had failed to mend his ways, as promised. Mr. Mackintosh is well known in Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, where he has been employed in the capacity of marine engineer at various times.

The appointment of Captain J. H. Rinder to command the huge liner Mongolia, which is now being built on the Atlantic Coast for the Pacific Mail Company, has brought home to San Franciscans how near is the realization of the long-planned enlargement of the steamship service to the Orient. Captain Rinder resigned from the Coptic, an Occidental and Oriental liner, to accept the new position. In about two weeks he will go East to superintend the completion of the Mongolia.

The big craft will then be brought around the Horn and put on the regular run with the Korea and Siberia. She is one of three new liners now being built by the Harriman interests. For some time before coming to the Pacific Coast, Captain Rinder was employed by the White Star Line as commander of the Majestic, a transatlantic vessel. Captain F. H. Armstrong, of the Persic, a white Star liner, will be given charge of the Coptic.

The fact that the big freighter Algoa was forced to sail from here to Portland in order to get a cargo of grain has caused the local press to comment on the very unfavorable condition of the shipping trade at this port. The Algoa waited here a short time, and then, in view of the fact that her great size made her the most desirable of all the vessels on the Coast, decided to abandon what was apparently an unprofitable field. At the present time nearly 30 deep-sea vessels lie in the harbor, their decks warping in the hot sun, and their bottoms a refuge for the barnacles of the bay.

Bemberg's "Ballade du Desespere," given one afternoon this week at the Alcazar, was a departure from the ordinary forms of entertainment, and proved of absorbing interest. As the curtains closed the tableau of the world-weary, heartsore poet, under the sheltering arms of death, one felt as though a miniature morality play, another "Everyman," had passed into memory. Miss Florence Roberts took the part of the poet, and Mrs. J. E. Birmingham the Voice, impersonating at last Death, the only being for whom the poet will open the door. The piece was given as a benefit performance.

Great preparations are being made at the Grand Opera-House for the production of "Ben-Hur." Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are bringing the piece out as an experiment. The gigantic cost involved requires a high admission price and a large audience. If successful, other spectacular productions will follow.

A great gloom has been cast over the Presbyterian churches of the Pacific Coast by the death of Rev. Thomas Fraser. He was the veteran worker in this Western field, and in addition to establishing the first Presbyterian church in Portland, dotted California, Oregon and Washington with temples dedicated to his religious faith.

Rev. Thomas Fraser was born in Scotland, where his father was a clergyman. When 5 years of age his parents brought him to this country, where in his youth he studied in Union College and at Princeton University. His first church work was in Wisconsin, where he traveled from one corner of the state to the other. His work in the West began with his arrival in California in 1859. After long work in the Golden State, he was given charge of the entire district west of the Rocky Mountains. He sent the first missionaries into the Northwest, and then followed to devote his personal attention to the growing territory. Dr. Fraser was a prolific writer on religious topics, and was a regular contributor to those journals published on the Coast in the interests of the Presbyterian Church. Two children survive him, Miss Julia and Charles B. His wife, who aided him in his early work, passed away 20 years ago. Dr. Fraser was 82 years of age.

The California racing season will open at Oakland on Saturday, November 14, and will continue there until December 12, when a change will be made to Ingleside. The entries closed on Monday, October 26, and it is already known that there are 400 more horses scheduled to start in the various stakes than was the case last year. High-class racing is looked for, as the only real opposition will come from Hot Springs, Ark. The other Winter meets will take place at New Orleans and Los Angeles, but dissatisfaction at the management of the former and the poor system of the latter render them of small importance.

The engagement has been announced here of Miss Florence Margaret Champreaux, of Berkeley, Cal., to Harry E. Magee, of Portland. Mr. Magee is employed by the Dun agency in Portland, and his field covers the greater part of the State of Oregon.

The engagement is a chapter in a college romance. The couple met at the University of California, where Magee was a student with the class of 1901. Miss Champreaux is at present taking special work at the college.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, of the Twenty-third Infantry, will shortly leave to assume his new duties with the United States Legation at Bogata, in Colombia. Captain Cloman before the Spanish War was commander of the corps of cadets at the State University. During the war he rendered valuable service in Cuba and in the Philippines.

Miss Annie and Miss Marjorie Ide, daughters of Judge Henry C. Ide, of the Philippine Commission, sailed for the Islands the other day on the Siberia. While here they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, at their handsome home at Burlingame.

PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

Protection of Feathered Friends Object of John Burroughs Society.

PORTLAND, Oct. 31.—(To the Editor.)—The John Burroughs Society wishes to make another plea for the birds. The complete man is the man of broad sympathies. A sympathy, however, broad in its relation to man, that excludes our brothers of the brute creation and "our little brothers of the air," certainly springs from a narrow and confined point of view.

I want to quote a paragraph from Ralph Waldo Trine's book, "Every Living Creature": "When the celebrated Russian novelist, Turgenieff, was a boy of 10 his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet. He raised his gun and fired and the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than life itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled unconscious of danger. Then with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought, the little brown head toppled over and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings. 'Father, father,' he cried, 'what have I done?' If that is sport I will have none of it. Never again shall I destroy any living creature. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life I will not take it.'"

Let me quote just one more paragraph from this little book: "I know of one bird-catcher who, with his assistants in a single season slaughtered and took the skins of over 130,000 birds. And what does this indicate in woman? I would not be unfair and so I will say that to me it indicates chiefly thoughtlessness and lack of imagination on her part.

"If the one who now decorates herself with the plumage of her slaughtered fellow-creatures could be on the spot and see the life blood that the little heart is pulsing out, staining even the feathers that she herself will wear, if she could see the agonies of the death-struggle and then see the gaping mouths of the starving young ones in the nest waiting in vain for the return of the parent bird with food—then I am sure she would no longer be a victim to this foolish, thoughtless, heartless habit."

It is the purpose of the John Burroughs Society to inculcate such ideas as these. It is the especial desire of the society to interest the teachers of the city, and, through the teachers, the pupils in the work which it is doing. E. G.

Garfield Society News.

Mrs. George Halbrook is visiting at Clarkston.

Mr. Pitzer and family expect to leave in a few days for the Alberta country.

Mrs. George S. Elsemore and Miss Clara Averill are visiting friends at Colfax.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. McCroskey entertained informally at their home Friday in honor of Mrs. Andrews, who is visiting here from California. About 15 couple were present. Mrs. McCroskey was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. Andrews.

A delightful social entertainment was given a few nights since by the ladies of Geranium Circle, assisted by the Woodmen of the World. About 75 were present, and a pleasant evening was spent. Excellent music was furnished. Refreshments were served at 10:30 in the banquet-room of Fraternity block.

Nine-Tenths Iron.

PORTLAND, Oct. 31.—(To the Editor.)—Your reporter who interviewed me yesterday at Oregon City makes me say that the "meteorite was nine or ten parts iron." What I said was "that it was nine-tenths or more iron."

F. W. CROSBY.

Feeling Pretty Well, Thank You.

Toronto World.

Portland, Maine; Portland, Oregon; Portland Canal. Portland seems to be a hoodoo for Canada.

ECZEMA SETS THE SKIN ON FIRE

No disease causes so much bodily discomfort, or itches, and burns like Eczema. Beginning often with a slight redness of the skin it gradually spreads, followed by pustules or blisters from which a gummy, sticky fluid oozes which dries and scales off or forms bad looking sores and scabs. It appears on different parts of the body but oftenest upon the back, arms, hands, legs and face, and is a veritable torment at times, especially at night or when overheated.

In 1896 I experienced at times patches on the inside of my hands that itched and burned, causing much discomfort. As time went by it grew worse, and I was convinced that I was afflicted with Eczema. I consulted several physicians and a number of specialists, and used several external applications, receiving but slight temporary relief. In February I decided to try S. S. S., and in less than a month I experienced a change for the better, and by May all symptoms had disappeared, and I found myself entirely cured, and have had no return of the disease since. W. P. BRUSH, Manager Stockman's Advertising Agency. Station A, Kansas City, Mo.

The cause of Eczema is a too acid and general unhealthy condition of the blood. The terrifying itching and burning is produced by the overflow through the glands and pores of the skin of the fiery poisons with which the blood-current is overloaded. While external applications, such as washes, soaps, salves and powders aresoot hing and cooling they do not enter into the blood itself or touch the real cause of the disease, but S. S. S. does, and purifies, enriches, and strengthens the thin acid blood and cleanses and builds up the general system, when the skin clears off and Eczema with all its terrifying symptoms disappears.

SSS

Send for our free book on the Skin and its diseases. No charge for medical advice. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Men Cured to Remain Cured

BY MY WONDERFULLY SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT, COMBINING THE FORCES OF NATURE

WEAK, DISEASED MEN, I OFFER YOU A MODERN CURATIVE TREATMENT DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER YOU HAVE USED. It combines the great forces of nature, causing them to strike deep at the very seat of the disease. This wonderful New System Treatment cured over 1000 men last year, and most of them had failed to receive a cure elsewhere. I invite you to call and investigate its merits.

LOST VIGOR RESTORED

Are you less vigorous than you once were? Do you notice a gradual decline of sexual strength at times? Do you have lame back, loss of energy, failing memory, loss of ambition, etc.? Do you have difficulty in concentrating your thoughts, a desire to shun society, feeling of despondency, etc.? If you have any or all of the above symptoms, there is not a day to lose before securing reliable treatment that will make a man of you. Don't forget that the above—weaknesses cause more domestic unhappiness and discontent, more suicides and divorces, than all other diseases combined.

If suffering from this weakness you should not marry. You owe it to your future wife as well as to yourself to be made sound and well in every respect before taking that most important step that will either make or mar your whole future. It is your duty to yourself also to be cured as soon as possible, and with the return of your strength will come that pride and confidence that comes to every man with the restoration of his physical, mental and sexual powers. You will feel yourself to be a true man in every sense, well fitted in every way to perform the duties and enjoy the blessings of life. Why suffer longer? Now is the time to be cured.

SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON

Is the most terrible of all Blood Diseases. It may be either hereditary or acquired. When hereditary it causes eczema, rheumatic pains, swollen joints, eruptions on the skin, etc. When acquired by exposure the first symptom is a small pimple or ulcer, followed by sore mouth and tongue, swollen tonsils, falling hair and eyebrows, enlarged glands, bone pains, copper-colored spots on the body, and, later, if the poison is allowed to continue its deadly work in the system, such symptoms as Paralysis or Locomotor Ataxia, loss of voice or sight, cancerous growths, decayed bones and flesh result, and make you an object to be shunned like a leper by even your dearest friends. Remember the truth of the old saying, "A stitch in time saves nine," and have the poison driven from your system forever. Don't waste your time and money taking Mercury and Iodides, which merely suppress the symptoms while you are using them, only to have them break out again with renewed force after the treatment is discontinued and you believed yourself cured. There is but one rational way of freeing the blood of this poison, and that is by using THE NEW SYSTEM TREATMENT that drives the virus from the blood for life. All symptoms are overcome by my treatment in from one to three weeks and a permanent cure effected in from 30 to ninety days. After I treat a case of Blood Poison and dismiss it as cured the patient is never again afflicted with any of the symptoms. He is cured to remain cured. I have cured thousands of men who had failed to receive a cure either from other Physicians or by going to Hot Springs. I can do the same for you. Call today and have a friendly talk with me. It will cost you nothing, and may be the means of saving years of suffering as well as money. Don't delay a single day longer. Call today.

ALL CASES TAKEN WE GUARANTEE TO CURE

STRICTURE

Is an abnormal growth of tissue narrowing one or more points of the Urethal Passage, sometimes causing a complete closure of the canal. It may be congenital or acquired. If the latter, it is uvery frequently from the injudicious use of Strains, blows, strong injections, and The symptoms are: Burning sensation, retention of urine, twisting, lack of fosually due to some of the following causes: Strains, blows, strong injections, and The symptoms are: Burning sensation, of instruments, such as sounds, etc. rce, and there is always more or less inflammation along the Urethral Canal, and this extends in many cases up into the Prostate Gland and Bladder, thus causing serious complications, which many times result fatally.

I can point with pride to hundreds I have CURED, after many specialists had failed to give even the slightest relief, if painful, or if not, were unable to effect the slightest improvement in the condition after months of continuous treatment at the cost of the poor sufferer, both physically and financially. Don't be experimented on any longer. I can cure you with my guaranteed cure.

REASONABLE PRICES

Don't let money matters keep you away.

Call Today. Don't Delay.

CANCERS

CANCERS CANCERS

DR. CHAS. BILLINGTON

The most noted and successful cancer specialist on the Pacific Coast, is now permanently connected with the staff of physicians of the ST. LOUIS DISPENSARY. He devotes his entire time to this one class of cases. He will guarantee to cure any case of cancer where the deep glands are not affected, or refund every dollar that the patient has paid. The treatment is painless. No knife. No operation.

Dr. Billington has made a life study of the treatment of cancers, and has failed in no case to make a positive and permanent cure. Neither has there any case ever returned in any other locality of the body. We invite any one to investigate his modes of treatment and and its results. Call or write for further information at once.

Not Taken Without Being Cured.

I want you men afflicted with any of the above diseases to come to my offices and I will give you the most thorough examination you have ever received; go over the various points of your case with you and explain my method of curing these diseases. I invite in particular you who have become dissatisfied with treatment elsewhere I will explain to you why you have not been cured and will also demonstrate why I can cure you Safely, Quickly and Forever. My counsel will cost you nothing, and if I find your case curable and accept it for treatment I will give you my guarantee, backed by abundant capital, to secure you. Call at once. Don't delay longer and allow further complications to form.

FREE CONSULTATION Daily Hours: 9 to 12; 1 to 4.

DR. KESSLER'S ST. LOUIS MEDICAL DISPENSARY

230½ YAMHILL ST. (2d and 3d Floors Second and Yamhill.) PORTLAND, OR.

FREE EXAMINATION Sunday Hours: 10 to 12.