

HERMANN TELLS WHY ROOSEVELT IS SAFE.

POINTS PATH TO VICTORY. Republican Club of Portland Holds Big Rally.

WALLACE M'CAMANT SPEAKS

Campaign Issues Are Discussed Before Enthusiastic Audience at Alley Hall—Incompetence of Democratic Party Shown.

THINGS BINGER HERMANN SAID. Not only will we show to the nation that we are up to the standard with 20,000 plurality, but we will add 7000 new Republican votes to the old guard for a grand total of 30,000 ballots to spare for Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

There is no state in the Union that asks so much, needs so much, deserves so much, or receives so much from the Government as Oregon. We owe a debt of gratitude for service rendered which we should pay.

The Lewis and Clark appropriation was largely the result of the personal effort of the people, and we should show our thanks. Between Roosevelt and Parker, it is easy to choose. We take the one who has been tried and not found wanting.

Judge Parker accuses the Republican party of extravagance and promises to put on the brakes. That alone should doom him to defeat. What would become of our river and harbor improvements, our aid to the farmer? This is a billion-dollar country, and needs billion-dollar appropriations.

There is no doubt but that we are better off today than eight years ago, and it is our duty to support the hand that feeds us.

Democrats oppose everything, but whenever you have a Democratic Administration you have a deficit in the Treasury, less money for the farmer, less money for the worker, less money for the Republic.

It did not need the music furnished by Woodman's orchestra to create enthusiasm at the rally held in Alley hall last night by the Republican Club of Portland. It was not necessary to arouse enthusiasm, for it throbbled in the air. It needed neither the eloquence of Hermann nor the jokes of McCamant, except as an occasion for a demonstration of the fires of Republican loyalty which burned deep in the hearts of the large crowd gathered and which longed to lose its applause.

Judge H. H. Northrup, the venerable president of the club, was the chairman of the evening. He produced the speakers in presenting Congressman Hermann as the first speaker of the meeting, he recounted the latter's friendship and labor in the cause of the state, both at home and in the halls of Congress.

Mr. Hermann in his address treated all of the issues of the present campaign briefly and well. He produced the history of the Republican party in the past and present, of its achievements, of its fidelity to promises made, and its faithfulness to tasks undertaken. He called to mind the issues from which the party has emerged in the beginning and of the manner in which these grave questions were met, one by one. He traced the country through its struggles with the Illinois question, which has fallen to its lot and showed how faithfully the Republican party has tried to overcome the mistakes made by the short-sightedness of its opponents. His remarks on the tariff were terse and forceful and drew repeated bursts of applause from the audience. His treatment of the Philippine question, his treatment of the tariff, where the Republican party met with a warm reception from his hearers. He said in part:

"On the first Monday of last June Oregon expressed her great question in tone on the issue of the state, and at that same time pointed out the path to be trod in November. We are, as a nation, about to pass upon the great question of the tariff, who shall be at the Executive head of the great Nation, the greatest on earth, and everywhere we hear the question asked, 'Have you heard from Oregon?' In every convention and every gathering the question is asked and the reply comes proudly, 'There, look to the West and behold the path of victory pointed out by the state to the Westward, where rolls the Oregon.'

Plurality of 30,000 Wanted. "Let the word be passed along the line that Oregon must contribute 30,000 plurality to the grand result next month as a proof of our confidence in the principles of the Republican party and the great policy of its nominees. Still more, let the result proclaim to the President and to the American Congress that Oregon appreciates the generous aid it has received for its rivers and harbors, for its rural free mail delivery, and the promised help for the reclamation of its arid lands, and the further hope for National aid in behalf of good roads in our state.

"And especially let it be understood that we do not forget the kindness of the Chief Magistrate and the Congress toward making an eminent success of our Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905. That will do more toward the material advancement, the development and the population of the state than any influence which has come to Oregon in any period of ten years of its history.

"It is the duty of every good citizen to lend his effort to the election of one who shall do honor to the Nation and guard the material interests of all the people. It involves his obligation as a defender of right, to his country as an honest man and patriot, and to posterity as an intelligent being.

"In looking over this audience I behold many young men and this reminds me that the men who will control the destinies of the 20th century are the boys and young men of today. There are 2,000,000 of these who will cast their first vote in November, for President. They may really hold the balance of power in that great election. I would say to them, in the words of Garfield, 'Pitch your tent among the living and not among the dead.' Discard issues and impracticable theories are not for the progressive, patriotic beginner. He should seek an

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MANY GUESTS OF HONOR. State Senator From Clackamas Demonstrates to Admiring Federal Brigade How He Holds the County Safe.

ADDRESSING REPUBLICANS LAST NIGHT. Binger Hermann.

The leaping waters of Clackamas River heard the sound of eloquence sweeter than honey at Estacada yesterday. State Senator George C. Brownell, of Oregon City, and E. B. Tongue, of Hillsboro, were the

speakers, and the guest of honor was Senator John H. Mitchell. A score of other notables were present, and perhaps 150 rural citizens who brought their ears to the Republican doctrine. Between while a vocal trio made the tall pines to nod with its cadences. The sun shone splendidly upon the little town which sprang to life but eight months ago. The hearts of the throng were warmed and gay. Through the exact eyes were held in a hall, windows and doors were kept wide open so that the utterance might wing its way untrammelled over all the hills and dales of Clackamas County and bring to pass that 1200 Roosevelt plurality.

A distinguished bunch from Portland accompanied Senator Mitchell and a splendid white special car of the Oregon Water Power & Railway Company. Verily, the Senator must have felt proud to be thus escorted to the democracy of his faithful Senator Brownell, for his compatriots were such as Frank C. Baker, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee; J. L. Patterson, Collector of Customs, and his chief deputy, L. A. Pike; J. T. Bridges, receiver at Roseburg; General O. Summers, United States Appraiser at Portland; David M. Dunn, Collector of Internal Revenue; John W. Minto, Postmaster; W. L. Lightner, County Commissioner for Multnomah, and J. E. Magers and W. P. Keady, the last-named of whom acted as host in behalf of the railroad company.

Where Mr. Brownell is Unrivaled. "It takes George Brownell," remarked Colonel Dunn effectively, as he surveyed the hearty constituents of that redoubtable gentleman, "to jolly up the people of Clackamas County."

George looked a little hurt, for he had just delivered himself of a verberating speech. "You Federal brigade," eyed first Colonel Dunn and then successively General Summers, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Minto, Mr. Pike and Mr. Bridges, "think you can palm off a lot of blarney as genuine guff. 'But you're honest as a right,' responded Colonel Dunn, reassuringly, whereat George C. seemed reconciled, the Colonel spun his cane between his palms and Senator Mitchell beamed upon the happy family with utmost complacency.

But this took place after the arrival at Estacada; yes, after Senator Brownell had greeted Senator Mitchell in a manner almost as affecting as the meeting of Dr. Livingstone and Stanley in the wilds of Africa, and had introduced him to the admiring rustic as his dearest friend. Ere arriving at the Estacada station, where Mr. Brownell's shadow was waiting in the bright sunlight, the white car "Portland" had been speeding an hour and a half from the city.

In that time each of the occupants of the car had taken turns at sitting beside Senator Mitchell. L. A. Patterson was first of grace, then Frank C. Baker, and next Colonel Dunn. "Right here," said the Senator, as the car whizzed through Lentia, "is where I tried my first law case in Oregon."

At once everybody picked up his ears, and the Senator strained his voice above the din of the motors as follows: "That was in 1890. O. P. Lent was Justice of the Peace. This place was 'way far out in the country, and East Portland contained only two houses."

All voices were silent until the quiet period was ended by Colonel Dunn passing out several smart poems of his own manufacture. One verse, which extolled the comforts of the marble Custom-House building, was gratefully received by Messrs. Patterson and Pike.

Senator Mitchell's Catchism. The journey's end attained, all hands piled to dinner, at least so many as their mouths were hungry. Down they all sat together, Senator Mitchell heading the

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table. Postmaster Minto at his right hand. Surveying the happy family that was basking in the light of his eyes, Senator Mitchell bestowed him to catch a bit of Colonel Dunn's, he began, "how much internal revenue will you collect this year?" "Quicker than a flash was the Colonel's reply. "About \$225,000 or \$230,000," he said. "Do you know how much in the United States last year?" "This time the Colonel staggered, but replied: "Oh, perhaps \$234,000,000."

The Senator named the sum. The Colonel was \$40,000,000 off. Next came Mr. Patterson's turn. Between two mouthfuls of soup he named a sum which the Senator appeared to hear, for he smiled delightedly. "You must have been weighing hops," grumbled Colonel Dunn at his more successful brother. But Mr. Patterson lost his smile when the Senator proposed that he divide the profits of his 30-cent hops.

Dinner ended, Mr. Brownell led off to the meeting place. Coming upon a man, his wife and their baby, he patted the infant lovingly, fattened by the woman and "killed" the man. Then said Mr. Brownell in his winning manner: "Better get your wife in right away, if you want snuff."

Though seats were plenty and the crowd



BINGER HERMANN.

SANITARIUM MAY STAY. LOCAL OPTION DOES NOT APPLY TO INSANE ASYLUMS. Judge Frazer Declines to Issue Order Prohibiting the Institution or Declaring it a Nuisance.

The sanitarium will remain at Tabor Heights. Judge Frazer yesterday declined to issue an order prohibiting the sanitarium, and declaring it a public nuisance, in deciding the suit brought by P. E. Hanson and numerous other persons whose residences adjoin the institution. In rendering his decision, Judge Frazer reviewed the evidence submitted during the trial of the case very fully, beginning by saying that when the evidence in behalf of the plaintiffs was all in, it looked as if they ought to prevail, and that they had been greatly annoyed and frightened by some of the patients. The court admitted that it was natural for people who were not familiar with the subject to be alarmed at the presence of insane in their midst.

Referring to the testimony for the defense, Judge Frazer called attention to the fact that the medical witnesses, Dr. William House, who was educated in insane institutions in New York; Dr. W. T. Williamson, Dr. R. L. Gillespie, Dr. H. W. Coe, Dr. Dewitt A. Palm and Dr. J. R. Leachman, the latter having had charge of an insane asylum, San Francisco, were all eminent in their profession, and had a great deal of experience with insane. Their evidence was entitled to much credit. The evidence of other witnesses for the defense was reviewed relative to the harmless class of patients at the sanitarium and on other points.

The court referred to the complaints known as the "Elocutionist" Wilson, Alexander and others, including a patient who had run away, and of the Alaska patients, who had been declared to be harmless, but who were coming to the Alaska patients appeared to be what had routed the neighborhood.

Judge Frazer commented on the fact that the suit was not brought until the sanitarium had been located for over four years at Mount Tabor, and its owners had expended a great deal of money for improvements in the purchase of land and for leases. The plaintiffs made no objections, and when they did come into court summed up all the occurrences of the four years, which the court did not consider.

Judge Frazer expressed the opinion that the noises at the sanitarium were not so great as those heard from a public school. The heavy, toll-worn hand of the carpenter held down its edges very carefully over his treasured phenomenon.

"Put your hand on this side, and I'll catch him as he comes out here," commanded the proud owner. The carpenters were greatly interested in the proceedings, but stood back to give us room. We needed it.

Perhaps it was because that little chick had three legs and could run in three directions at once, but, whatever the cause, it seemed to be all over the chicken line had been pecking at the same identical moment. As soon as the owner quietly began to lift the covering it darted about, cheeping madly.

Of course, there was a scramble to keep the priceless curiosity from escaping. The carpenter did, for I hated to see the obliging man lose his valuable bird. He was very anxious to get at the head, which was almost—only almost—visible under a fold; then he would snatch at another corner.

"Look out, it's on your side," he would cry. "No, it ain't; it's gone," I answered excitedly. "Cheep, cheep, eep," said the frantic prisoner.

"It's under your hand; I'll take the handkerchief off, be careful," ordered the owner. I put my hand at the spot where the chicken should come out slowly, deliberately, the man lifted the handkerchief.

There wasn't any chicken under that silk handkerchief. In vain did I try to look as though I had known what was coming all along, and was merely obliging enough to carry out a trick.

"I use nothing but my fingers, gentlemen," said the "carpenter." "I took a long time to learn that trick, but I can strike anybody who has grabbed the storekeeper and his clerk had been strung one by one.

"Sometimes when I strike a town where I will give an exhibition, I get myself up as an idiot, old clothes and so forth, and put some old carpenter's tools in my pockets. I go into the swellest store I can find and ask if

identifying the class. New York Press. "I don't recall seeing you at college. I guess you must have been before my time."

"Possibly; possibly. Who was at the head of the faculty when you were there?" "Um—let me see. I don't just recall his name, but I recall the straight back. Bruce played halfback and kicked a goal away from the field in the last half of—"

"Oh, sure! Of course! That was the year our center rush carried most of the opposing team on his back for a gain of 30 yards. Yes, indeed. I wonder who was president then. I don't seem to remember minor details of college life myself."

WAKEFIELD ANSWERS BRIDGES. Contractor Denies That He Owes His Partner in Drydock Anything. Robert Wakefield has filed an answer to the suit of J. B. Bridges for a partnership accounting of the profits realized in constructing the Portland drydock.

Robert Wakefield has filed an answer to the suit of J. B. Bridges for a partnership accounting of the profits realized in constructing the Portland drydock. He alleges that he took the contract in his own name for the benefit of himself, William Jacobson and Bridges. He and Jacobson had together a sixteenth interest in the property adjoining the drydock, which was not charged to Wakefield. He alleges that it was understood that Bridges was to superintend the work of construction, while he and Jacobson contributed a plant, appliances and so forth. Bridges was to remain at Vancouver, except Sundays, but he did not do so, and instead lived in Portland, and often arrived at the work late in the morning and left early in the evening.

Wakefield says Bridges paid \$100 to the Columbia River Lumber Company after he was ordered not to do so, as it was already paid. He alleges that Bridges has drawn \$170, which he has not charged to himself in the accounts presented in court; also that Bridges has disbursed \$135 as expenses for which he has received no vouchers, although they have often been demanded by Wakefield. He does not know if these expenditures were for the benefit of the dock or not until he sees the vouchers. He further asserts that he made it a point to handle the dock with careful handling, and that there is a lease on the shipyard at Vancouver running yet for four years, to be disposed of before the partnership affairs can be wound up.

Wakefield avers that the profits were only \$500 on the contract. He says there is only \$50 due Bridges, but Bridges must draw \$170, which he has not charged to himself in the accounts presented in court; also that Bridges has disbursed \$135 as expenses for which he has received no vouchers, although they have often been demanded by Wakefield. He does not know if these expenditures were for the benefit of the dock or not until he sees the vouchers. He further asserts that he made it a point to handle the dock with careful handling, and that there is a lease on the shipyard at Vancouver running yet for four years, to be disposed of before the partnership affairs can be wound up.

From this "friend" to that skipped Mr. Brownell as a butterfly that taps the wisdom of one flower after another. Each one he knew by name. He asked for the wife and the baby, and even the room mare. When the visitors from Portland beheld his evolutions they ceased to wonder why he was so popular with the people of his country.

J. B. Huntington made the introductory remarks, while the audience faced pictures of Roosevelt and Fairbanks and a sign, "Don't split on the other side of Mr. Brownell and Mr. Tongue. Contrary to general expectation, the chair called first, not on the plaintiff, but on Mr. Brownell.

The speech that followed was ably delivered and enthusiastically received. Mr. Brownell went into political history to prove the wisdom of protective tariffs. He said that the prosperity which had made possible the creation of such a town as Estacada and built its railroad, he showed to be due to Republican policy.

After Mr. Tongue had spoken, the farmers went home to their chores and Senator Mitchell's group put off for Portland.

Exclusive Schools for Girls. New York Press. The average citizen is not aware that there are girls' schools in this country which he could not get his daughter into if he devoted his life to the work. The tuition fee at these schools is from \$500 to \$2000 a year, and even the poorest pupil, to enter one of them, must have had her name enrolled from her babyhood.

There are perhaps five superlatively aristocratic girls' schools in America, and to be one of their graduates is considered by young women a far greater honor than to be a graduate of an ordinary college. The schools are situated, as a rule, in beautiful and quaint old villages. The number of their pupils is limited. The tuition fee is extremely high. The courses are good, but not quite so good, perhaps, as the food. Instead, in one institution it is notorious that the chef draws a higher salary than the Latin teacher.

The stockholders of these schools are usually their graduates. It is the stockholder in an American stock exchange, and on a blackboard at the rule of clubs, bars out an applicant irremediably.

Philadelphian, Oct. 22.—Horace T. Richards, his wife, and their son were severely injured last night in an automobile accident near their home, Thirty-second street and Abbotford avenue, Falls of Schuylkill. All were thrown some distance. The chauffeur alone escaped. Mayor and Mrs. Weaver were to have joined the party, and the automobile was en route to the Mayor's residence when it stopped on a railroad crossing. A freight train struck the machine, which was demolished. Mrs. Richards' skull was fractured, her husband's arm and many fractured bones, and the son's injuries are so severe that his condition is regarded as critical.

THREE-LEGGED CHICK. One of These Monstrosities Is Running Loose in Portland.

HAVE you seen the three-legged chicken? One of these monstrosities is running loose in Portland. It's an interesting thing to see, and also to hear, but beware!

The other day I went into a grocery store. The proprietor and his clerk looked as though they had just seen something more diverting than butter and eggs. Across the counter from them stood a stout, ordinary-looking man in his shirt sleeves. He appeared to be a carpenter, or possibly a machinist, who had dropped in for a plug of tobacco. He looked the part to perfection. On the counter was a crumpled hump of a silk handkerchief. The carpenter continued his conversation with the butter-and-egg dealer.

"I don't know of another one like it anywhere around in this country; I think I'll put it on exhibition, and perhaps sell it."

Then the carpenter turned to me. His tone implied that he was about to confer upon me a rare privilege. "Ever seen a three-legged chicken?" he asked. "I have seen a three-legged chicken," I replied. "Two-headed lambs and so forth are common enough in their way, but a chicken with three legs where but two should be was a novelty to me. I said so."

Now for the first time I noticed the silk handkerchief on the counter. All this time apparently the marvel in the chicken line had been pecking at the same identical moment. As soon as the owner quietly began to lift the covering it darted about, cheeping madly.

Of course, there was a scramble to keep the priceless curiosity from escaping. The carpenter did, for I hated to see the obliging man lose his valuable bird. He was very anxious to get at the head, which was almost—only almost—visible under a fold; then he would snatch at another corner.

"Look out, it's on your side," he would cry. "No, it ain't; it's gone," I answered excitedly. "Cheep, cheep, eep," said the frantic prisoner.

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"Possibly; possibly. Who was at the head of the faculty when you were there?" "Um—let me see. I don't just recall his name, but I recall the straight back. Bruce played halfback and kicked a goal away from the field in the last half of—"

"Oh, sure! Of course! That was the year our center rush carried most of the opposing team on his back for a gain of 30 yards. Yes, indeed. I wonder who was president then. I don't seem to remember minor details of college life myself."

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