

In the City's Trouble Shop

An Old Legend Modernized—Distinguished Visitor Entertained— An Excerpt from the Life of Two La Grande Men— The Philosophic Thief

T WAS a recurrence of the old Continental legend about the wayfarer who warmed the frozen snake on his bosom.

Frank Johnston, living in South Portland, invited John Gustavson and Oscar Earl Walgreen into his place and warmed their spirits from a large keg he had purchased a day or two before.

Johnston proved too liberal a host and communicated too much spirituous warmth to the paunches of his guests. The unavoidable effluence occurred, and like the reptile of old, John and Oscar Earl went on the warpath, breaking windowlights and rolling furniture about in hazardous fashion.

Like the victim of antiquity, Johnston retaliated as best he could. He called the police and had his erstwhile, ill-mannered guests removed to the Police Station, and then appeared against them in Police Court yesterday morning.

Judge Hogue made the just finding, however, that Johnston's kindness was of the wrong variety. He should have left the serpent in the ice.

John and Oscar Earl were turned loose and Johnston headed sadly in the direction of a windowglass and furniture store.

THERE was no brass band at the depot to meet William Meek when he arrived in the depot from Seattle.

There was, however, a set of brass buttons, set off with a background of dark blue and surmounted with a black helmet and dour redoubtable countenance.

Mr. Meek was gathered in by this reception committee the identical moment he slid from his seat on the brakebeam. The committee assured him he was the city's guest and showed him to an elegant suite at Second and Oak streets. Here William was treated with all the courtesies usually accorded to members in good standing of Itinerant Order of Wandering Vagabonds.

In a formal address of welcome, yesterday morning, Judge Hogue, on behalf of the city of Portland, said he could not think of letting the visitor leave without at least 30 days of the city's hospitality. Mr. Meek will spend the time investigating the methods in vogue on the rock pile.

TROUGH the long Summer and Autumn months Charlie Harris and J. W. Jolly toiled side by side in the fields about La Grande.

When Charlie would get tired, J. W. would remind him of the glorious trip to

San Francisco, via Portland, that was coming at the end of harvest. When J. W. would get tired, Charlie would tell the same story. Thus they labored along until a day or two ago when they set sail, arriving in Portland the other evening. They at once proceeded to view the great city.

"Did you see that," observed Charlie to J. W., nudging him playfully in the ribs, as they were passing Fourth and Davis streets.

Charlie followed the line of J. W.'s finger and saw two strolling damzels who were looking in their direction. Presently they smiled again and one of them, the most stunning at that, flaunted a lace handkerchief in the evening breeze.

"They're trying to mash us," observed J. W., coyly.

"No, git out," rejoined Charlie bashfully.

It happened that J. W. had spoken more wisely than he thought, and it was a matter of but a few moments until there was a happy quartette walking arm in arm down Alder street.

Yesterday Charlie and J. W. were figuring out the distance from Portland to La Grande and how long it will take them to walk back. They have given up their trip to San Francisco. They will not start back for a few days, however, as they are being held as witnesses against two incidents they accuse of having deprived them of J. W.'s exchequer.

They are, perhaps, in luck they did not reach San Francisco.

FRED TAYLOR is a philosopher. Fred, who hails from Salem, where Judge Moore hired him as a servant, was arrested on a charge of stealing a watch.

"Did you steal the watch?" asked Judge Hogue.

"I did," admitted Fred.

"Why?" asked the Court.

"Because I needed it worse than the man who owned it," said Taylor.

"How do you know that?"

"Because the owner would have pawned it if he had needed it as badly as I did."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Easily enough—and if I hadn't figured it out I'd be dead of starvation before this. I was mighty hungry when I took the 'dicker."

"Didn't you know you'd get caught?"

"I knew, above all things, that I was hungry and would not beg and I couldn't find a job."

"How would you like a job breaking rock for a few months?"

"That beats starving."

The case was continued until Monday for sentence.

The Small Man Who Wore a Giant's Clothing

MRS. X. blames it all on the carelessness of Central.

Central has not expressed any opinion on the subject, but Mrs. X. says it is a good joke. Anyway, the lady blushes when she hears the 'phone ring, and declares if she were to hear the voice on the street, she would faint.

X. has decided, however, that the underclothes were to blame. X. is the villain of the story, and she earns his bread by catering to the desires of the people who wish to travel from one part of the country to another.

He is a man of contracted stature, but elongated girth, and has great trouble in securing well-fitting underclothes.

Three weeks ago Mr. X. paraded into the seclusion of his stitchee, attired as diabolical.

Messenger had delivered the wrong "My dear," he said.

"Who was doing her morning work," he would roll those blanketed confounded arms and legs up until they are the right length. The clerk tore up the whole store trying to find something to fit me, and this is as near as he can come to it."

The industrious housewife beheld her impatient husband attired in a suit of rainbow hue, correct in fit, but lamentably overgrown in length. Long rolls of "silk and wool" hung around his feet and eclipsed his hands.

"Why, George," she remonstrated, "you can never wear those in the world."

"Wear 'em!" exploded the long-sleeved and long-suffering George, working his toes convulsively in the superfluous goods.

"Wear 'em! I don't intend to wear 'em. These are patterns, and I want the legs planned up so I can send the things back East and have some made to fit me both ways."

Mrs. X. was obedient, and the "patterns" were duly shipped to the factory with full instructions.

Wednesday morning, as X. started for his bath, wrapped in the drapery of his robe, he was met by his wife carrying a bundle.

"George," said the lady, "your new underclothes have come, and I want you to try them on."

After the bath, X. undid the bundle expectantly and drew forth a fleecy sheet.

"Here goes for a perfect fit," he soliloquized, as he began those dignified and graceful antics usually indulged in by men who fall to pieces when they move all the water from their backs.

"Sugar," he soliloquized next, as he felt the perfect fit like a curtain to somewhere between his knees and his ankles, while his utmost efforts failed to find the ends of the sleeves.

A blind, unreasoning exasperation flooded the mental faculties of the shirt-enveloped man. He plunged into his nearest garment desperately. The waist-band was feet too long, but gazing about him in grateful folds, the victim of the special instructions emerged into the presence of his wife.

"Look-a-here!" he thundered, sinking into a chair and moving one foot and hand, from which fluttered extra goods, blue, like the bannered of a Prince.

"Laugh!" he added. "Laugh if you want to. Laugh at me after all the time I've waited and the trouble I've had. Laugh, but I'll show you. I'll wear 'em if I have to wrap up in a blanket and ride to the office in a cab. I'll show you how to laugh. I'll wear the—"

"Please ma'am," he spluttered, as Mrs. X. opened the door, "I left the wrong

package. Those things belong to Colonel B."

The lady, glad that her husband would be suited at last, hastened to the 'phone.

"Give me Main 364," she told the answering voice.

A minute and the receiver at the other end of the line was taken down.

"Oh, George!" said Mrs. X. "I want you to come right home and take off those underclothes; they belong to Colonel B."

"What's that?" queried the other voice.

"I say," explained the lady, "that you put on Colonel B's underclothes this morning, and the boy has come after them. He is here waiting, and I want you to come home and take them off."

"Haven't you made a mistake, madam?" asked the other one uncertainly. "I am sure that I am wearing my own underclothes."

"Isn't this Main 364?" asked Mrs. X., while her face grew pink.

"No," was the response, "this is Main 634."

This is why Mrs. X. blushes when she hears the 'phone ring, and the cause of X's self-complacent smile.

R. A. WATSON.

Sees Brother After Many Years

Lafayette Winchester, of Indiana, visits an Oregon Pioneer.

There is an Indian in Portland who is paying a visit to a brother whom he has not seen since he was a boy, and to a number of nephews and nieces and grandnephews and grandnieces, who are the best of friends.

He is La Fayette Winchester, of Franklin, Ind., and the brother whom he is visiting is John A. Mather, who emigrated from Indiana to Oregon 50 years ago. They are survivors of a family of ten children.

Mr. Mather and his sister, Margaret, and her husband, Joseph Smith, came overland in an ox-wagon in 1854 as members of a party commanded by Captain John M. Bell, there being about 20 wagons in the train. Other members of the party were the wife of the late Governor Penneyer and General Ward, whose daughters married Captain Bell and Dr. Belt, of Salem.

The trip was marked by one tragedy characteristic of the times. Captain Bell learned that another party of immigrants had been massacred by Indians near Fort Boise and turned back to offer aid. He found the whole party had been killed, with the exception of one boy, whom he took with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith took up a homestead of 100 acres on the Corvallis road, five miles from Portland, which has become very valuable with the growth of the city. They are both dead, but the family has many more, for they are survived by 11 children, 40 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Mr. Mather is still living, a hearty old man of 70, and has three children and eight grandchildren.

Mr. Winchester was only 4 years old when his brother and sister came West, and this is the first visit to them, he having taken the opportunity of a business trip to Los Angeles to see them. Mr. Mather has never been back to Indiana, but Mr. Winchester had enjoyed visits from Mrs. Smith and three of her children.

Although he was 30 years old when he came to Portland, Mr. Mather continued his education, for he studied at Portland Academy under C. H. Kingsley and Charles Hall, Mrs. H. L. Pitcock having been a schoolmate of his.

STOP FOR COLLARS HOT SPRINGS. A covered Collins Hot Springs, erected by the O. R. & N., immediately opposite Collins Hot Springs, is now open to the accommodation of passengers who desire to visit this resort. The Spokane Flyer, trains 3 and 4, stop at this point on their way to the west. A commodious launch meets and carries all passengers and baggage across the river to the hotel.

Harris Trunk Co. 221 Morrison, is headquarters for trunks, suit cases and bags. Trunks repaired.

EILERS PIANO HOUSE

100 New Model \$350 and \$400 Clarendon Pianos for \$258 At \$1.50 a Week It is the Greatest Piano Value in the World

No piano anywhere near its equal in tone, action, artistic design, quality of material or workmanship has ever been offered by any other manufacturer or dealer at anywhere near the price of the Clarendon at \$258, which is really

1/2 Its Real Value! The Clarendon Pianos Have No Equal

for pianos that cannot begin to compare with them are offered for sale at prices ranging from \$250 to \$400. Therefore you make a saving of \$150 to \$200 when you secure one. The celebrated tone-lasting Clarendon pianos are

Built to Last a Lifetime!

By skilled, experienced piano-builders, whose head inspects every instrument personally before it leaves the factory.

Every Clarendon piano is as fully guaranteed in every particular and for as long a term of years as the highest-priced piano we sell. A beautiful stool and handsome scarf presented with each piano.

Piano Buying is a Confidence

Unless you have expert knowledge of piano manufacturing you must rely entirely upon the reputation of the firm from which you buy. We will be glad to assist you in your selection of a piano. We have pianos for sale elsewhere and after inspecting them, with an expert if you wish, come here and see the Clarendon Piano, hear its tone, go over the mechanism and inspect its construction. Then judge for yourself if there is any \$350 or \$400 piano in the world that will compare with it.

Only \$10 Down and \$1.50 a Week Delivered to Your Home on Payment of \$10 No Insurance and No "Extras" Whatever

We give our customers the benefits of our immense output and great purchasing power.

The celebrated tone-lasting Clarendon embodies all the latest improvements. They have the finest action in the world; finest imported felt hammers, finest copper strings, made to order, most celebrated makers in the world; bushed pins, selected ivory keys, new Boston fall-board and music rack, three pedals and practice muffer; the scale is overstrung and the action is of the highest quality.

The cases are beautifully finished, in finest figured double veneer, handsomely carved and polished.

The touch is exceptionally responsive and elastic; so easily manipulated that a child of could get a good, strong tone with ease.

Clarendon Pianos are conceded to be the best pianos ever sold by dealers at from \$250 to \$400, so you save from \$150 to \$200 by securing one of these.

Clarendon Pianos are really masterpieces of piano construction.

We challenge the Clarendon for that will in any way compare with it. NOTE PARTICULARLY—This is not a piano club. Any one is entitled to the benefits derived from this great offer.

Upon request, a representative, who will explain and give full particulars regarding this wonderful piano offer.

Exchange your old piano for a beautiful new Clarendon.

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EILERS PIANO HOUSE

Largest and Most Reliable Store on the Coast 351 Washington St., Cor. Park.

Thanksgiving Appeals

The committee soliciting for the new building of the Baby Home during the past week has been generously received, but more money is needed for the completion of the Home. Crowded conditions since moving the old house to its new location and the loss of much room there by a speedy occupancy of the new quarters, where every modern convenience will add to the health and comfort of the children.

The Baby Home is glad to make public acknowledgment of the recent generous donation to its little ones by the Needle Guild. To receive so many new garments at one time is a great help as well as satisfaction. Even the donation members of the Guild can scarcely realize the great good done by their generous gifts.

The furnishing of the garments, clean, wholesome and serviceable and suited to the special needs of old and young. Its mission is unique and its benefits can be far-reaching by slight effort and assistance from individuals who can, if they will, increase the membership of the Guild to large proportions.

May the number grow till all who can afford to give two garments a year become members. THE BABY HOME, By L. W. Bilton, president.

OLD COMPANIES DEAD

Street Railways Are Now in Hands of Consolidated Company.

On Monday morning the Portland Railway Company and the City & Suburban Railway Company will pass out of existence for good and all, and the Portland Consolidated Railway Company will take charge of the business of the two old corporations.

Yesterday afternoon the deeds for the property owned by the two companies were filed with the County Clerk and the final transfers to the Portland Consolidated Railway Company were made. All of the property heretofore owned by the Portland Consolidated Railway Company will be transferred to the new company, which will take active charge of the business on Monday morning.

During today the furniture and papers belonging to the office of F. I. Fuller at First and Washington streets will be taken to the Mohawk building on Third and Morrison streets, where Mr. Fuller will make his headquarters hereafter. He will have the office room that has been up to this time occupied by C. F. Swigert, of the City & Suburban, while Mr. Swigert will take the inner room adjoining.

No extensive changes in office arrangements will be made at this time and the force of clerks now located in the building at First and Washington will not be moved at present, if at all.

The new transfer system will be effective on Monday morning, at which time the conductors on the various lines will be instructed in the new transfer system, and it is expected that there will be little or no confusion arising from the change from the old to the new plan.

FINANCES ARE LOW AND MONEY IS NEEDED FOR AN ADDITION.

The Patton Home Association for old people, situated on Michigan avenue, begs again at this approaching Thanksgiving time to most graciously thank the public and school children for their generous donations of money and provisions for the past year. We would also ask them to come to our aid this year. We have had a very successful year, inasmuch as our Home has been well filled, there being at present 23 inmates, every available room being occupied. Although receiving an appropriation of \$2000 from the state, our finances have run quite low. We are doing some charity work, but our present hampered quarters, as well as being short of funds, hinders us equally in that respect.

In view of the fact that at present there are a number of applications for admission to the Home, the board has decided to build an addition in the near future. Donations will be received by a number of ladies at the store of Adolph Dekum, 135 First street, November 21, 22, 23 and 24. Those who may be unable to deliver goods at this place may call upon East 48 or send to Mrs. Nicolai's residence, 408 Holiday avenue. We hope all will feel very generous toward us, and in this way help to cheer up the declining days of the old ladies at the Patton Home.

DIRECTORS PATTON HOME.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' AID SOCIETY. Worthy Charity is in Need of Money, Clothing and Supplies.

The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society desire to place their needs before their friends and the general public this Thanksgiving. For many years it has been the practice of those who are charitably inclined to assist all worthy institutions at this time of the year, and as the needs of this society are so much greater this year, than heretofore, it occurs to the management

COUCH SPECIAL

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE A GOOD COUCH AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

Our shop has turned out more couches than we wish to have in our store. There are too many duplicated. We are going to clean them out this week. Every couch will be marked down from 10 to 25 per cent. Be on hand to get early selection if you want to make money by saving it in buying at the right time while prices are down.

\$9.00

Couch made with good, strong frame, heavy springs, well filled; covered with wool velour in green, red or figured; regular \$12.00 value, for one week only it will be sold for **\$9.00**

Carpet Clean-Up

We want to clear the carpet room of a lot of remnants. If you have a small room or hall we can cover it for you at a saving of 25 PER CENT OFF THE REGULAR PRICE.

H. E. Edwards
185-87-89-91 First St. Between Yamhill and Taylor

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HOW ABOUT IT? A Perfect Timekeeper Purchased by Railroad Men May Cause Them to Be Late.

It remains to be seen whether the strains of the music of the locomotive's clattering wheels and jangling bells have the most charm for Messrs. A. B. Cornellius and E. C. Cochran, two popular Southern Pacific employes.

Last week they purchased not only a fine piano, but a Pianola to play it. As every one knows, the time of the Pianola is flawless; but if it will suggest to these gentlemen when they are enjoying the perfection of its playing that they, too, should be keeping time is yet to be revealed. Will they, when they discover by the use of a few simple levers that they are as much monarch of the entire musical realm, from ragtime to grand opera, as the hand on the elevator is master of the complicated mechanism of the locomotive, forsake the elevating charms of music for the grimy allurements of the rail at the proper time? Or will they linger for a few more strains and keep locomotives panting impatiently and passengers fuming and anxious?

The instruments were purchased at Eilers Piano House, and certainly are beautiful. The Kimball piano is one of the famous styles that took the gold medal at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. It is case in rosewood, and the Pianola is a perfect masterpiece. They are as handsome a pair of instruments as can be found in any home in Portland, and are certain to be the source of unlimited pleasure to their owners and their large circle of friends.

Everybody going to the World's Fair should use the Deaver & Rio Grande, the "Scenic Line of the World," either going or coming. See the Mormon Capitol, the Canon of the Grand, the Royal Gorge and Pike's Peak—God's art gallery of Nature.

They Compel Admiration

First, because they look so good, and then, because they wear so well and last so long. That's the

Studebaker Wagon

and we guarantee that there isn't a better made wagon in the whole world. It's right to the last detail. All lumber used is air seasoned; all iron and steel tested and inspected. Come in and let us show you what a really good wagon is.

We have some Studebaker books for friends who call. Get one. It is worth reading.

Studebaker Bros. Co. Northwest, Portland, Ore.

Is Your Boy Worth \$5?

If so clothe him with a suit that will keep him dry in all sorts of weather, possess style and is made for service. Our new (patent applied for) **\$5.00 Hercules Suit** is of the famous **Wear Resisting and Dependable**

Hantover

is Rainproof, Strainproof, Hygienic and Sanitary

Strictly all wool, check of style, as are all garments of the **Hantover**, and will outwear two ordinary suits. Coats of double-breasted coat and knee pants (inner lined).

\$5 Nothing Like It Ever \$5 Offered For The Price \$5

Adapted for Boys of 7 to 16 years.

Plenty of snappy, chic styles for little fellows' wear described and beautifully illustrated (in color) in our entertaining FREE booklet entitled "A Son's Letters to his Mother." Yours for the asking and really worth writing for. **Hantover** clothes for boys of all ages are sold by better class clothiers, at popular prices. If yours hasn't them, write to us direct.

DAUBE COHN & CO.
MARKET ST. & JACOBSON BLVD. CHICAGO, ILL.