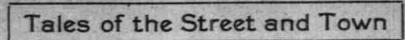
THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, NOVEMBER 20, 1904.



and as no first visit there is com-plete without some pea-and-shell experience, I was prepared to have some-thing happen during my stay," said L-, a local webfooter, lately returned from a trip East.

"But I hadn't expected to be buncoed before I'd got away from the depot. "I carried a suitcase which had cost me

a week's salary, to say nothing of the toothbrush and pajamas I hoped to use

toothbrush and pajamas I hoped to use during my stay at the Waldorf Antoria. I hadn't taken more than two smills and a cought of the genuine New York air before a chap, dressed like a hackdriver, ram up to me with. 'Have a cab, sir?' "I thought I would better have one to keep from getting tost in the great city, and so handed him the suitcase. You can guess my feelings when I saw that chap take it and run like the devil. He was a real sprinter, and I realized that I could not hope to overtake him. I could only stand and stare after him as his figure rapidly diminished with the perspective of distance. of distance

Well, I'll be hornswoggled!' said L "Well, Fil be hornswoggied!" mild I. At that moment one of his confederates, also dressed like a hackman, approached and tried to reassure me by saying that the fellow hadn't stolen my 'grip'; that he had only hurried off to get his place in the line of hacks. I noticed that the line was about a quarter of a mile long." "Did you get your suitcase?" "Just wait. I suppose they saw I was not the man to be trifled with or cless there was nothing in the case that they

there was nothing in the case that they really wanted. At any rate, after I had resolutely waited for some time, my man drove up. It may have been foolhardy, but I committed myself to his care and was safely driven to my hotel."

"OREGON is a great apple country." Two or three frisky young bloods were standing at the entrance to a cafe at Fourth and Washington streets yesterday watching the antics of an alleged wild man across the street. The "wild man's" chief stunt



"Let's have some fun with that fakir." said one of the young bloods. The others agreed in chorus. Ochoo!

"On-hool" Just then a particularly tough-looking messenger boy ap-peared, riding his wheel. He was called to the curb and the chief joker said to

"Oo-hoo!"

"See that wild man over there? I will give you 2 bits to soak him with an ap-

"But, he'll git me," said the boy. "No, he is git me, said the boy. "No, he wont. I'll get an apple for you; you take it and stand in the doorway just below there, with your wheel all ready. When he pops his head out and yells 'oo-hoo,' soak him and skip. He can't catch you." The boy agreed. A particularly soft and

aged apple was procured from a fruit stand.

"A good apple would hurt him, per-mps," said the chief joker, "and we

don't want to hurt the poor fellow." The programme was then carried out. The boy took up his position with his wheel handy and the apple in hand, while the jokers took front seats for the show across the street. The "wild man" popped

Oco-ho

'Squash!' Squarely against his left ear landed the Squarely against his fert can an object haven apple. It filled the ear and played haven with the make-up. The "wild man" made a rush, but the pavement was slippery and down he came-kerflop! wetting his tights and shaking off a lot of feathers. The boy got away.

The boy got away. After guiet was restored the three jok-ers crossed the street and stood in front of the snake show. "This is a great country for fruit, isn't

of unusual wildness and the trio his

drifted on. A VALUABLE placer claim has been

S it was my first visit in New York | The women were pointed out to him and he fustened his "lamps" on them at once. He modeed his head twice and stooping over, picked up a hairpin from the car-pet. He examined it thoughtfully and again nodded.

again nodded. "Yes," said he, "it looks suspicious. Did you see that fat one look around? That's because she's atraid some one's watching her. I've seen her face before. I've had my eye on her. She's a shop-lifter, or else I'm much mistaken." "Now (turning to the pairoiman), you wait outside ready to stop 'em if either of

walt outside ready to stop 'em if either of 'em makes a getaway. I'll watch here and if they try to go out without giving up the glasses I may follow them up and see where they go. I'll get the glasses, never you fear." Now, as the old yellow novelists used

to say, "let us return to our heroine." Patrons of the Marquam that evening will remember how a lady suddenly sprang up in the audience with a suppressed cry. "Tm sliting on them," was what she

"Great Scott!" said "George," as he again rushed to the phone.

Joe Day was on the point of stopping the suspected women when the vaudeville manager shouted from the box-office; "Hold on, Joe! She's got 'em! She was sitting on 'em!" LUTE PEASE.

ALKING of hackmen, I'll have to tell you of one in Chicago. He had heard of Portland, Or., but he knew it was a long way off.

"Having only a short time in Chicago t wanted to see as much of the town as possible in a day,' so selecting a hack, I asked the driver to let me sit with him, us it would be rather dull seeing the sights from within the carriage, having no one to talk to or tell me when we passed the Palmer House or the slaughter-house.

"He was quite sociable and seemed con-siderably interested when informed that I came from Portland. "Presently we passed the site of the

"There's where we had a big fire last year," he said. 'Iroquois Theater-500 peo-ple burned to cinders. Did you hear about that is Conners.

"'Oh, yes,' I replied. 'I heard about it at half-past 3 o'clock on the afternoon consisted of thrusting a remarkably made-up black face

that it happened.' "'No, you don't,' said he. 'It didn't happen until 5:38.' out of the entrance to a snake show and emitting from the said face the sound:

"I tried to explain about the difference in time between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, but he wouldn't see it. He is no doubt convinced to this day that I made a pretty poor bluff about having heard the news of that fire."

In the City's Trouble Shop

The Final Break-Up and Its Sequel-The Fate of the Charivari Party

ENJAMIN SMITH and his sweetheart had a final breakup.

Benjamin, being 19 years old and inexperienced, was deeply affected by the incident. After spending a sleepless night and leaving his breakfast untouched Benjamin's agony be came so intense that he could bear it no longer-as he thought. If he could only forget it all or get away from the terrible monotony of the gnawing which was rending his pulmonary or-

which was rending his pulmonary or-gan. life might be worth living again. Otherwise it was not. This was the trend of Benjamin's thoughts as he wended his way up and down his room like a caged ani-mal trying to lure the evasive sleep to take possession of him. This failing entirely, he sought an expedient in the flowing bowi. Like many another of his predeces-sors in such experiences. Benjamin eventually found that trouble is aquatic in its habits when the occa-sion necessitates. He found that drown-ing trouble in drink is like drowning a fish in fresh water. The flowing bowi

"This is a great country for fruit, isn't it?" remarked one. "Yze," said another, "it's a great ap-ple country, especially." At this juncture the wild man betrayed

happened by force of chance that s

case was caned in the fronte shop yes-terday morning. His Honor assured him that many men have lived through such experiences as "final breakups" and lived to kick themselves. Benjamin promised to try it.

Mason street. The Bad Boys' Brigade called it a cha-rivari. The bride and groom called it a biamed outrage. "Birdie, 'oos---" began the groom dur-

After which the youths went home im-pressed with the fact that the day of the

WILL HOLD EXHIBITION.

Oregon Camera Club to Compete for

Cups and Other Prizes.

Mason street.

charivari is past.

on. ALUABLE placer claim has been by control of the streets of the streets of the show the public what can be done by the amateur photographers of this city and a crowd of men who were competially worked that the and a crowd of men who were competially and the prints of the kind in the streets of the str

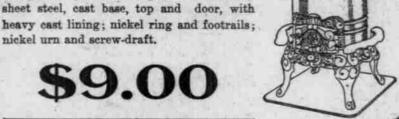


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has an old one **Ten Sizes** To insure you getting a suitable size, we have ten different sizes of Coal Heaters from which to choose. All prices are reasonable, ranging from

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open to

offer, always

anyone who

Range.

is being so energetically worked that the gaystreak is not expected to last long. At the eastern end of Madison-street bridge yesterday morning a little knot of reall. The object of their gaze was a man, vigorously digging up the sand near the base of several half-burnt piles of the forest left by the old Wolff & Zwicker ful be carried to the water's edge, where ful be carried to the water's edge, where the descripted the sand up a simall plat. Iron Works fire. Shovelful after shovel-ful be carried to the water's edge, where he deposited the sand upon a small plat-form of boards. Having built up quite a heap of "pay-dirt" he next began to sluice it with buckets of river water. In a mo-ment the nuggets began to show. They were boiler-bolts. Having washed them clean, the man gathered them up with his fingers and put them into a gunny sack. In a skiff moored near were 200 to 300 ds in sacks, ready for the market.

"That 'ere feller's got a gold mine, while it lasts." said a bewhiskered old gentleman, one of the spectators. "Y' see, they was tons of boils stored in kess in one corner of Wolff & Zwicker's shop. They went down into the water durin' the fire and got all mixed and covered with sand.

bedded izself in the was quickly diarmed gullery. The boy was quickly diarmed a scow down round yere at the Portland police department was all them bolts ommunicated with. Benjamin was taken on that the Portland of reprimanding the boy, Judge 'An old chap that lives in a scow down yender, got to prospectin' while ago and found whar all them bolts lit. 'Course its only at low water, like this, with the tide cut, too, that the ground kin be worked. Wall, he made

this, with the time cut, too, that the Portuand. ground kin be worked. Wall, he made hout \$5 or \$6 a day, but the rheumatig got into his jints so he let out his claim got into his jints so he let out his claim to this young feller on halves. Them boits is high, an' he gits 4 cents a pound, an' it don't take many bolts to make 100

A CERTAIN lady of this city recently made a curious mistake about a of opera glasses. She had visited one say little nothings to each other. The pair of opera glasses. She had visited one of the vauteville shows early in the eve-ning and later had gone to the Marquam and yelling right outside the door, at 212 with her husband.

No sooner was she seated than she exclaimed: "George, I have been robbed of my glasses:" "Robbed? Are you "Tes, I left them on the vacant seat next me at the — Theater a little white ago. Two very pe-cular looking women sat just beyond, and if those glasses there now, those "George, I have if those glasses aren't on the seat there now, those women have them."

OR TRUMS" The husband rush-

"I Am sitting on Them." ed to the phone. In a few moments the ushers of the vaudeville show had reported that the glasses were not to be found, but that the two

women described were still in their seats. Excitement ran high. In a few moments are Joe Day and the officer of the beat had arrived, breathless. Joe Day took charge of the situation in his usual mas-

charge of the situation in his usual mas-terity fashion. "Let me get my lamps on them women." suid he, in a low, determined voice. The management of course allowed him to enter without the payment of a dime. These exhibitions are given by the club.

must be won by the same member three

Rent I

You

Sees

#2

Acting on the impuse he invertent the musile was toward him. He pressed the musile against his heart and paused an instant to repeat a little prayer his mother had insight him before sending himself into eternity. Then he pulled the trigger. A committee will be in attendance and each visitor will be supplied with a cata-logue. The public is invited to attend

> Westward Movement of Centers. Des Moines Register and Leader.

ALLESINA

There was a loud report. This item is not Benjamin Smith's obit-uary, for Benjamin still lives-or did when the paper went to press this morning. It The atudy of the Westward movem one saw the inverted rifle and gave Ben of the geographical centers of American jamin a shove at the identical moment he pulled the trigger. The result was that the builtet passed Benjamin by and im-bedded itself in the wall of the shooting activity is highly interesting. The move-ment has been steady and natural. The centers of population, of manufactures, of farm val ies and areas of the productiv ity of the various leading crops of the



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