#### Tales of the Street and Town

The soul of man for him to consider his ways and repent him of his sins. To this end a religious revival, once or twice annually, or oftener, if necessary, is thought to be of great efficacy.

The enterprising young pastor of a local church has lately set on foot a plan for the spiritual regulation of members of his fock and of as many outsiders as possible. Its beauty is its simplicity. Every family whose head is a member of this pastor's church is expected to inaugurate as much of a revival as possible, among its own neighbors. In this way nonchurchgoers will be induced to go to church—naturally to the family's church, and once inside expected to inaugurate as much of a revival as possible, among its own neighbors. In this way nonchurchgoers will be induced to go to church—naturally to the family's church, and once inside that edifice the young pastor will put the lever of exhortation under their consciences and lift them still more fully into spiritual grace.

The success of the pian, of course, depends largerly upon the tact employed by

pends largely upon the tast employed by each family. In the following story, told by a young lady of the East Side, it is clear that one family lacked both fact and good sense:

66 T 'most makes me mad." she said, her yes snapping somewhat, "yet I want to giggle every time I think of it. You know the Blanks are pretty religious people, but they are awfully nice" (this

ple, but they are awfully nice" (this sounded so funny that we had to smile). "They live in the big house on the comer below us. Well, last night, while the Jones girls were over calling on us the 'phone rang and I answered it.

"This is Mrs. Blank,' said a lady's voice. We are having a little party over here this evening, and we want all the negators to come. It would be so nice for us all to get acquainted, you know. Will you come over, with your mother?

"I told her about the Jones girls, and she begged them to come toe. We talked it over a minute and we thought it would be real jolly to go. There are a

would be real Jolly to go. There are a let of nice young men in the neighbor-head whem we don't know and we thought it would be nice to meet them. as they would prohably be invited also.
So we said yes, and then all hurried
to get into our best party dresses. Mrs.
Blank and her daughters met us real
cordially, but it struck me there was a sort of solemn air about the place as sort of solemn air about the place as though a funeral was on the programme. Well, we all sat down in the parior and Mrs. Blank said we'd better begin with a song. So they all struck up 'Nearer My God to Thee.' We sang too, and I began to think it really must be a

"Then Mr. Blank said;
""We will now pray."
"So we all got down on our knees to
the chairs, while Mr. Blank prayed a
long, long prayer. Kate Jones nudged me
and I thought I'd scream, but when Mr.
B. finally got through, Mrs. Hlank said:
"Now, let us each and every one say
something for the Lord."
"She said something, then each of the
daughters said something, and then Mrs.
B. called on each of the others by name.
Now, I don't think I am yery Irreligious.

Now, I don't think I am very freeliglous, but I was beginning to get mad. There I knelt in my best party dress, and I couldn't help feeling that I had been-what you call it?—gold-bricked? So when Mrs. Blank called my name I made no

reply, "'Miss Smith,' she said again.

Why, Miss Smith, said she, 'haven't you got Jesus in your heart?
"That was too much, so I just said:
"Encuse me, but I've got rheumatism
in my knees!"

THAT story reminds me of some-thing that happened to my brother years ago," said one of the group that had listened to the young lady's story.

"He laughed again, and complied. I took out my watch with my left hand and gave him the hour. He thanked me, remarked that it was a pleasant evening, and turned invitingly, as if expecting me to walk along with him for using bad words, or for chewing to-bacco, or things like that. One Winter we had a big revival in our church. A revivalist came up from Boston, and he and father labored hard. Many were brought to grace, and a strong effort was centered on John. He had now grown to be a young man. At last we loduced him

the praying ceased and people rose from their knees, I saw John, with his face

their knees, I saw John, with his face white as a sheet, making for the door.

"When we reached home, we found John at the cupboard still looking pale. Mother understood him pretty well, and she looked sharply at him as she asked:

"My son, why did you groan so? Has the Holy Spirit really touched you?"

"Mother," replied that bad boy, 'Jack Smith and I raided Deacon Wilson's watermelon patch just before prayer-meeting, and I guess you'd all have groaned worse than I did if you'd eaten as much melon as I did. Where is the pain-killer?"

66 HAVE always maintained that it's usually a man's own fault if he gets held up." began the newspaper man. "You know a holdup man generally lurks along a dark walk and never pounces on anyone without first making sure that no other pedestrians are in sight. Sydney Bell, the famous San Francisco highway-man, who is just out of San Quentin after a long rest there from his labors in the Bay City, used to stand right under a gas light, where his victim could see his gas light, where his victim could see his revolver in all its glory; but that method is risky. No one is in much danger close to a street light. His must look out in the darker places of the less traveled streets. When I see a man joitering ahead of me in such a place at night, I turn back or cross the street or turn into the next street. If I am walking behind two men and they pause a little and separate to let me pass between them I don't pass. In short, I keep a sharp lookout, and try to be sharp enough not to give a thug a chance at me. I had an experience the other night which has puzzled me ever since.

has pussied me ever since.

"You know, I go home between II and II o'clock at night—a favorite hour for thus—and I usually walk. My route is a long one, through rather lonely atreets. As I approached the south end of the street bridge on the night I mentioned, I dimly made out the figure of a man waiting, close to a telegraph pole. He waiting, close to a telegraph pole. He was about a block away. I promptiy turned off and crossed to the other side. You can imagins my annoyance when I struck the bridge to see the man crossing over just ahead of me, shaping his course to exactly intercept me. He was a rough-looking chap. Well, in pursuance to my ideas, I didn't let him intercept me-I stopped. He paused on the sidewalk just ahead of me and waited. The light shope pretty well there, so I ran a little bluff.

ed. The light shone prenty wan acceptance of the light should be a little bluff.

"I unbuttoned my coat and estentationally thrust my right hand into my hip-pocket and alowly walked toward him. He didn't budge, but he kept one hand in his coat pocket. When within hand in his coat pocket. When within about 12 feet from him I stopped again on he spoke.
What time is it? says he.

"See here, partner," says I. T'm on to you. You move on now, or I'll make it quitting time for you."
"Why, says he, with a laugh; don't be scared of me-I won't hurt you-just

wanted to know the time.

"Very good, says I. Then take your hand out of your pocket and I'll tell you the time."

"He laughed again, and compiled. I

An Object-Lesson of "The Simple Life" EX-GOVERNOR GEER TAKES AN OREGON PIONEER AS

O N January M, about the middle of shade with as good a record behind them the recent Legislative session, while for fidelity to duty as a Grant, a Glad-stone or a Roosevelt. even disinterested, though patriotic lobbylsts, were striving for and against the Jayne bill, Cascade and Hot Lake Counties, a constitutional convention, side entrances to saloons and a score of other measures that set men against each other in accusations of dishonesty and other forms of bad faith, the Oregonian printed an editorial under the caption of "In Retrospect," the first paragraph of which

A TEXT FOR A LAY SERMON.

was as follows:

Fixty-four years married; eight living children, 35 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren. This is the life record in outline at 86 and 84 years of age of William Boyles and his wife, of Medical Springs, Or. There are perhaps few in these days who could care to emulate the career of this aged couple, since it would involve too much self-sacrifice and too great persistence in commonplace endeavor. Perhaps they themseives would not care to take up the duties of life where they assumed them 84 years ago, and discharge them as they came along in the unvarying monotony of toil incident to the bringing up of a large family.

For some days I had been an interested spectator of the daily sessions of the Legislature, not especially different from its predecessors, witnessing neighbors was as follows:

its predecessors, witnessing neighbors from distant counties in all the exciting threes of discordant representations of conditions at home, that votes might be secured for or against different measures, bad feeling engendered and in many cases the special field of Ananias danger-custy invaded, the proper devotion to the requirements of Morpheus persistently neglected and "House bill 104" in decidedly too frequent requisition—all presenting a scene well calculated to recall the query in Daniel Webster's celebrated reply to Hayne, "What is all this worth?".

The Simple Life.

And the contrast with the feverish excitement and uncertain results attending the efforts of men engaged in the struggies of public life furnished by the retri spective glamoe at the simple life of "Uncle Billy" Boyles, as I knew him 29 years ago while for five years my nearest neighbor, constitutes a really impressive

It was in the early days of the settlement of Grand Ronde Valley, in the later 60's, long before the days of rallroad or telegraphic communication with Fastern Oregen, while every pound of freight for that country, and even for Boise Valley, too, was moved by pack-trains and mule teams, that "Uncle Hilly," even then called "old man" Boy-

"Uncle Billy," His Barn and Cabin. As I recall those days when I was just beginning life as the head of a family I can see "Uncle Billy" and his little log cabin under the hill but a few hun-dred yards away, just across the line fence. And his barn was smaller than his house, a partial explanation of which may be found in the fact that he him-self is an unusually short man, being but little, if any, above five feet in beight. This circumstance suggests an incident which occurred during his residence in the Cove

For some years the chimney to his house, on the outside, of course, had house, on the cutside, of course, had been of the primitive kind constructed of sticks and mud, but as he prospered in business he concluded to replace it with one of later model whose component parts should be of the pink, flat stones which could be picked up anywhere on the nearby ridges coming down from the adjacent mountain. "Uncle Billy" had a grown son, who walked with his head as close to the ground as did his father. close to the ground as did his father, and after they had worked industriously upon the new chimney for two days and had built a scaffold upon which the old gentleman was rearing his temple skyward, his nearest neighbor, whose nititude was something more than six feet, came along and, as "Uncle Billy" was always afterwards fond of telling, stood on the ground, looked down the chimney and casually inquired "if he thought that kind of an arch wouldn't interfers with its draught?"

Boys With a Sense of Humor. In those days the little squirrels which are still common to Eastern Oregon were much more numerous than now, and unless constantly repressed by means of poisor, traps or otherwise, were very de-structive of grain. It was quite a usual thing to lead a small stream of water with a hoe from an irrigating ditch to a hole used as a den by the squirrels, and train came in from the East over the after the water had been poured into it for a few minutes the entire family, often consisting of a dozen, would emerge through the water, only to be killed with the hoe, as one by one they would franche in the lock as one by one they would franche in the lock as one by one they would franche in the city yesterday, though the trainment jell tales of crowled coaches and

tically seek an escape from their unexpected bath. pected bath.

For the purpose of protecting my grain from their depredations one summer I had several steel traps set along the edge of the field, which I usually examined at the moon hour in search of captured game, and the countless numbers of squirrels which had to be struggied against can be best understood when it is related that upon one occurrent found. New Spring Woolens Announcement

All the latest designs and colorings known to the weavers' art in fine foreign and domestic fabrics for gentlemen's garments to order. Invite your inspection.





108 Third Street

\*

That has been full 30 years ago, and

A Retrospect.

steel trap.

In after years, now more than 20 years ago, Uncle Billy Boyles, with his excelent wife, took up a claim near Medical Springs, 25 miles east of Baker City, in Union County, and though the neighborhood is quite thickly settied, he has no neighbor on the east nearer than—well, parhaps, on Snake Riyer, in Idaho, 40 miles or more away. But he and his faithful wife, as related by The Oregonian, have reached the ages of 88 and 84 years, respectively, are in excellent health for the transition to that better life, their unshaken belief in which I have often heard them both declare in the prayer meetings, which they never neposition.

Many members of the Oregon Equal Suffrage Association, including ladies from several outlying peints, were present at the meeting yesterday at the Lewis and Clark State Commission on Several new members were admitted. A report was given their unshaken belief in which I have often heard them both declare in the prayer meetings, which they never neposition. and have lived goodly lives, are waiting for the transition to that better life, their unshaken belief in which I have often heard them both declare in the prayer meetings, which they never ne-glected, and which used to be held in the old Dixie schoolhouse in the days of Auld

ever seen Uncle Billy Boyles or his wife. though I have known where they live their simple life, and have several times been in view of their farm, but their early kindnessos to me have never been forgotten. Since then I have held many important and responsible positions, have 'mixed' frequently with the great men of the nation, enjoyed a reception at the White House and dined with the Presi-dent, during which time I have visited in a public way every county in Oregon but one, and most of them frequently; but at no place would I more gladly visit or be more hospitably received than if I should present myself at the threshold of Uncle Billy Boyles' humble home in the Blue Mountain foothilla, within a few hundred pards of where I killed my first deer while standing in two feet of snow in Jan.

Uncle Billy Boyles is a typical pioneer Uncle Billy Boyles is a typical pioneer Oregonian, belonging to an indispensable class of home builders who fearlessly carry the advance flag of civilization, as useful in their way and sphere as the so-called captains of industry and Napoleons of finance (if not more so), and should more frequently receive that newspaper mention which is their due, as we read of the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts and the fantastic pirouettes of Grand Dukes and Duchesses.

T. T. GEER.

T. T. GEER. Salem, February 23, 1906.

COLONISTS BOUND FOR OREGON

the city yesterday, though the train-men tell tales of crowled coacnes and almost overtaxed accommodations on the other side of the mountains. Hun-dreds of people took advantage of the opening day and started their jour-ney westward at the first opportunity, but the greater part of these are now scattered throughout Eastern Wash-ington and Oregon and Idaho, taking

fullest measure from the paternal side for information in regard to this part of their ancestry.

of the state.

Great interest is being shown throughout the East, and it is predictwhat has since come in the way of experience to those little boys I do not know, but I trust every hour has been as full of sunshine as was that one when they enjoyed my perplexity upon finding eight drowned squirrels in one small steel transparent from the squirrels in one small steel transparent from the west that thousands of families will locate in Oregon during the coming specific transparent from the west that thousands of families will locate in Oregon during the coming specific transparent from the way of expensive the same of the s Spring and Summer.

EULOGIZE MRS. STANFORD.

Equal Suffrage Association Passes Resolutions in Memoriam.

A letter was read from Miss Gordan relative to the programme of the Na-tional convention to be held here in June. Miss Chase has visited several places and aroused great interest in the coming convention. The subject of the Sacajawas statue fund came up and it was voted that the

association would do all it could to sell the souvenir spoons and the but-tons. Miss Evans arranged with some of the members to present the story of Sacajawes at the public schools of of Sacajawea at the public schools of the city and to announce the fact that the Lewis and Clark Fair Corporation have agreed to allow every child under 15 years of age wearing a Sacajawea button to go in the grounds free on Sacajawea day.

It was voted to hold the meetings hereafter on the first and third Satur-days of the month at 2:30 P. M. sharp in the Lewis and Clark State Commission rooms as usual.

rooms as usual.

Scott Duniway, gave an interesting ac-Senator Leland Stanford and his wife Jans Lathrop Stanford, wnose acquain-tance she made in 1872, which con-tinued until the tragic death of her friend and co-worker. On motion of

friend and co-worker. On motion of Mrs. Morris a committee was appointed to draft resolutions to be given President Jordan and the press. The following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That in the death of Jans Lathrop Stanford the women of the Pacific Cosst and of the National American Equal Suffrage Association have lost a life-long friend and sincere coworker, whose death we mourn as tree. worker, whose death we mourn as irreparable.

Thousands Are Expected to Settle in the Willamette Valley.

The first of the oncoming flood of colonists due to reach the Cosst in a short time reached the Union Depot yesterday morning when the overland more far-reaching and enduring in its results. results.

TOR LUELLA G. JOHNSON. MRS. E. M. SCHERER. CLARA BEWICK COLBY."

STEPHEN BEAN PASSES AWAY Resident of Oregon Sixty-Two Years is Dead.

# Stimulating Business



Just to start Spring buying early we set out six articles which we will sell only on the days specified. They can not be had otherwise except at regular prices. Take advantage of this and come in. You will find other bargains equally as desirable in every part of the house.



#### SIX SPECIAL SALES

AT ACTUAL COST

MONDAY ONLY. DINING CHAIRS Of solid oak, with pantasote

(imitation leather) seats, worth \$1.75 for ... \$1.25

**PARLOR TABLES** 

THURSDAY ONLY.

Golden oak, quarter-sawed and polished, \$3.75 and \$4.00 kind, this day \$2.55

GET THE

BOOK

FREE

HINTS TO

RANGE

BUYERS

HOW

TO

CUT

KITCHEN

WORK

IN

TWO

TUESDAY ONLY. \_

BUFFETS Solid quartered oak with French mirror, value \$25, for ......\$18.00

FRIDAY ONLY. \_ COMFORTERS

Cotton-filled Comforters for double bed, light and warm, regular \$1.50 kind \$1.00

WEDNESDAY ONLY.,

IRON BEDS Colonial Style in various colors, high posts, oval pattern ends, \$11.00 kinds for ......\$7.85

SATURDAY ONLY.

**PORTIERS** 

Mercerized plain Portiers, red or green, full size, new goods, worth \$6.00, special ......\$3.95

Get Our Free Book First You can't afford to buy a range until you know all about a Monarch. Ask us for the book; NINT WARN you intend to buy, and we will send also a set of Measuring Spoons, postpaid. ADDESS KNICODE From Ronne Co. The Stay Satisfactory Range The fire-box lasts longer because Monarchs require least fuel. Less fire needed to heat the top. The steel body with malleable frames riveted air-tight keeps the fire under perfect control.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL A MON-ARCH MALLEA-BLE RANGE WE WILL GIVE

FOR IT

\$30

All sizes, different arrangements for city or country homes, also for hotels and public insti See them and they will prove to you that they save fuel and repairs,

### H. E. Edwards, 185-191 First St.

country. After spending the Winter there, the family managed to cross the river and later reached the Willamette, down which they floated in canoes as far as Oregon City.

Mr. Bean lived for 40 years in Douglass County, but in 1991 he removed to Coos County, where he resided until

les County, but in 1901 he removed to Coom County, where he resided until the time of his death. He was a mem-ber of the Raptist Church, in which he

Frank H. Nowell Has Secured Fine Alaskan Photographs.

Frank H. Nowell, one of the noted scenic photographers of the Northwest, is in Portland for a few days. Mr. Nowell It children, nine of whom are living. He left a widow, Mrs. Martha Bean, Lampa Creek, Or.; W. S. Bean, Harrisburg, Or.; J. L. Bean and E. M. Bean, Lampa Creek, Or.; W. A. Bean, Coquille, Or.; A. S. Bean and Mrs. Mary Hasard, Or.; Mrs. Clara Burns, The Dalles, Or.; Mrs. Clara Burns, The Dalles, Or.; Mrs. Anno Timon, Lampa Creek, Or.; Mrs. Myrtle Rendall, Tacoma, Wash.

For four months he was prostrated by illness, but he bore his suffering suit, I have accumulated one of the most

loss how to proceed. I commenced pag-ing the Indians for allowing me to take their pictures, and after that had no dif-

wonderful. He has a picture of an In-dian belle that attracts a great deal or attention because of her beauty. This girl is really pretty, which is a rare ex-ception among the Aiaskan Indians. Mr. Nowell will be in Portland for several days before returning to Seattle, where he is making his headquarters.

Decides for the Defendant.

In the suit of James Canane against For four months he was prestrated by illness, but he bore his suffering with Christian resignation and patience. His devoted and loving nurses is were his wife, J. L. Bean. E. M. Bean and Mrs. Anno Timon, all of whom were views. From these negatives I sell about

Drs. Hickey and Hickey, dentists, to recover \$59 wages, Judge Sears recover \$59 wages, Judge Sears recover \$59 wages, Judge Sears recover \$50 wages, Judge Sears recover \$

## WEEK AT COVE 1'S



This handsome Rocker in quartered oak, polish finished, heavily rodded; extra strong and well made; beautifully carved handsome Spanish leather cushion back, belted in; colors-red, green and light brown. An extra value for \$8.50. All this week at COVELL'S-

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