

Tales of the Street and Town

It is generally admitted to be good for the soul of man for him to consider his ways and repent him of his sins. This is 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 flock and of as many outsiders as possible. His beauty is his simplicity. Every family whose head is a member of the church is expected to be expected to inaugurate a revival as possible, among its own neighbors.

"It most makes me mad," she said, her eyes 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 sounded so funny that she had to smile).

"That story reminds me of something that happened to my brother years ago," said one of the group that had listened to the young lady's story. "Our father was a young boy's minister, my brother was a bad boy—a proverbial minister's son, though I do think that proverb holds good more often to its contrary.

An Object-Lesson of "The Simple Life"

EX-GOVERNOR GEER TAKES AN OREGON PIONEER AS A TEXT FOR A LAY SERMON.

ON January 26, about the middle of the recent Legislative session, while Senators and Representatives, and even disinterested, though patriotic lobbyists, 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 foul play, the Oregonian printed an editorial under the caption of "A Retrospect," the first paragraph of which was as follows:

Sixty-four years married; eight living children, 38 grandchildren, 42 great-grandchildren. This is the life record in outline of 86 and 84 years of age of William Boyles and his wife, of Medical Springs, Or. There is perhaps few in these days who would care to emulate the career of this aged couple, since it was marked with such sacrifices and two great persistence in commonplace endeavor. Perhaps they themselves would not care to read the outline of life where they assumed them 64 years ago, and discharge them as they came along in the unvarying monotony of their days 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 from distant counties in all the exciting throes of discordant representation of conditions at home, that votes might be secured for or against different measures, had feeling engendered and in many cases the special privilege of being personally invaded, the proper devotion to the requirements of Morpheus neglected and "House bill 104" in decidedly too frequent regulation—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 struggle of public life furnished by the retrospective glance at the simple life of "Uncle Billy" Boyles, as I knew him 39 years ago while for five years my nearest neighbor, constitutes a really impressive sermon.

to come to a prayer meeting. He came, and, wonder of wonders, in the midst of things, when we all knelt down, John knelt, too. Everybody saw him, and the word went round for an outpouring of supplication on behalf of the pastor's son. Ladies prayed and deacons prayed, and finally the great evangelist took up the subject with all the fervor and eloquence of which he was capable.

"Suddenly John uttered a loud groan. 'The spirit is upon our brother at last,' shouted the evangelist, and 'Amen!' 'Amen!' shouted everybody. Members wept upon their knees and called aloud for the salvation of the sinner. But louder than the preacher, louder than the amens and the groans of the congregation, groaned my brother. When at last the praying ceased and people rose from 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 wagon, and I got three hundred dollars, and I guess you'd all have groaned worse than I did if you'd eaten as much meat as I did. Where is the pain-killer?'"

"I 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 turks along a dark walk and never pounces on any one without first making sure that no other pedestrians are in sight. Sydney Bell, the famous San Francisco highwayman, who is just out of San Quentin after some rest, used to stand right under a gas light, where his victim could see his revolver in all its glory; but that method is risky, when it struck the bridge to a street light. He must look out in the darker places of the less traveled streets. When I see a man loitering 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. I keep my eyes 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.

"You know, I go home between 11 and 12 o'clock at night—a favorite hour for thugs—and I usually walk. My route is to go down to a telegraph pole. He was about a block away. I promptly turned off and crossed to the other side. You can imagine my annoyance when I struck the bridge to a street light. I was about a block away. I promptly turned off and crossed to the other side. You can imagine my annoyance when I struck the bridge to a street light. I was about a block away. I promptly turned off and crossed to the other side.

"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 as "Uncle Billy" and his little log cabin under the hill but a few hundred yards away, just across the line fence. And his barn was smaller than his house, a narrow shed with a roof which may be found in the fact that he himself is an unusually short man, being but little, if any, above five feet in height. 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 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 grove near, who used to head as close to the ground as did his father, and after they had worked industriously upon the new chimney for two days they had, but a scaffold upon which the old gentleman was rearing his temple skyward, his nearest neighbor, whose altitude was something more than six feet, but a scaffold upon which the old gentleman was rearing his temple skyward, his nearest neighbor, whose altitude was something more than six feet.

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 poison, traps or otherwise, were very destructive to 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 when 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 frantically seek an escape from their unexpected bath.

For the purpose of protecting my grain from the depredations one summer I had several steel traps set along the edge of the field, which I usually examined at the noon hour in search of captured game, and the countless numbers of squirrels which had to be strangled against can be best understood when it is related that upon one occasion I found eight dead ones in one trap—an ordinary trap not more than four inches across and consisting of a dozen, would emerge through the water, only to be killed with the hoe, as one by one they would frantically seek an escape from their unexpected bath.

New Spring Woollens 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.



Victrol the Sailor

108 Third Street

fullest measure from the paternal side of the street. Great interest is being shown throughout the East, and it is predicted by railroad men familiar with the traffic situation in the East and Middle West that thousands of families will locate in Oregon during the coming Spring and Summer.

EULOGIZE MRS. STANFORD.

Equal Suffrage Association Passes Resolutions in Memoriam.

Many members of the Oregon Equal Suffrage Association, including ladies from the subject of the meeting yesterday at the Lewis and Clark State Commission rooms. Several new members were admitted. A report was given of Miss Anthony's birthday celebration, at which a mahogany chair was given her. Miss Anthony notified the association that she would have the pleasure of visiting the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

A letter was read from Miss Gordon relative to the programme of the National convention to be held here in June. Miss Chase had visited several places and aroused great interest in the coming convention. Miss Evans arranged with some of the members to present the story of Sacajawea at the public schools of the city and to announce the fact that the Lewis and Clark Fair Corporation had agreed to allow every child under 15 years of age wearing a Sacajawea button to go in the grounds free on Sacajawea day.

The honorary president, Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunaway, gave an interesting account of her acquaintance with the late Senator Leonard Stanford and his wife, Jane Lathrop Stanford, whose acquaintance she made in 1872, which continued until the tragic death of her 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 Jane Lathrop Stanford the women of the Pacific Coast and of the National American Equal Suffrage Association have lost a life-long friend and sincere co-worker, whose death we mourn as irremediable.

Resolved, That grand and useful as was the work of herself and husband in founding the great university that bears their name and that of her beloved son, their lifelong advocacy of equal rights before the law for the women of men is destined to be even more far-reaching and enduring in its results.

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

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

After a residence of 62 years in the State of Oregon, during which he witnessed many of the most important events that have helped to build this great commonwealth to the splendid state of today, Stephen Bean died at his home near Bend, Or., February 22, at the age of 76 years.

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. TUESDAY ONLY. BUFFETS. Solid quartered oak with French mirror, value \$25, for... \$18.00. WEDNESDAY ONLY. IRON BEDS. Colonial Style in various colors, high posts, oval pattern ends, \$11.00 kinds for... \$7.85. THURSDAY ONLY. PARLOR TABLES. Golden oak, quarter-sawn and polished, \$3.75 and \$4.00 kind, this day \$2.55. FRIDAY ONLY. COMFORTERS. Cotton-filled Comforters for double bed, light and warm, regular \$1.50 kind \$1.00. SATURDAY ONLY. PORTIERS. Mercered plain Portiers, red or green, full size, new goods, worth \$6.00, special... \$3.95.

GET THE BOOK FREE HINTS TO RANGE BUYERS HOW TO CUT KITCHEN WORK IN TWO



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; IT'S FREE if you intend to buy, and we will send also a set of Measuring Spoon postpaid. Address: Edible Salt from Storage Co., Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL A MONARCH MALLEABLE RANGE WE WILL GIVE FOR IT \$30

All sizes, different arrangements for city or country homes, also for hotels and public institutions. 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 Douglas County, but in 1901 he removed to Coos County, where he resided until the time of his death. He was a member of the Baptist Church, in which he took an active interest.

He was married at Oakland, Douglas County, Oregon, to Martha Ann Allen, August 12, 1854. He was the father of 11 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, Drain, Or.; Mrs. Clara Burns, The Dalles, Or.; Mrs. Anne Timon, Lampa Creek, Or.; Mrs. Myrtle Leland, Tacoma, Wash.

For four months he was prostrated by illness, but he bore his suffering with Christian resignation and patience. His devoted and loving nurses were his wife, J. L. Bean, E. M. Bean and Mrs. Anne Timon, all of whom were

with him during his late illness and death. His remains were laid to rest in the Masonic Cemetery at Coquille, Or.

TAKES PICTURES OF INDIANS 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 has devoted a great deal of his life in Alaska, where he has been almost constantly engaged in taking photographs. His pictures of the Alaskan Indians and of the great mines and beautiful scenery of that territory have gone all over America, establishing for Mr. Nowell an enviable reputation as an artist.

"I have been making trips to Alaska for 14 years," said Mr. Nowell. "As a result, I have accumulated one of the most complete sets of pictures of that interesting country in existence. I have in my possession over 200 negatives of Alaskan views. From these negatives I sell about

80,000 photographs each year. It cost me about \$10,000 to secure the collection. A great many of my pictures have been taken before real life among the Indians. "When I first started in, I had considerable difficulty in photographing the natives. They would refuse to stand still even for a few seconds, and I was at a loss how to proceed. I commenced paying the Indians for allowing me to take their pictures, and after that had no difficulty."

Some of Mr. Nowell's pictures are truly wonderful. He has a picture of an Indian belle that attracts a great deal of attention because of her beauty. This girl is really pretty, which is a rare exception among the Alaskan 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 Drs. Hickey and Hickey, dentists, to recover \$59 wages, Judge Sears yesterday decided in favor of defendant. The question involved was if Canane's salary was \$150 a month or \$10 a week.

ALL THIS WEEK AT COVELL'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—

\$3.95

CASH OR CREDIT

You can buy what you want and pay as you please. See ads. In daily Journal.

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR FURNITURE 184 & 186 FIRST ST. FORMERLY NEW YORK FURNITURE CO. PHONE MAIN 1234