Gevurtz' Great Removal Sale Offers You the Lowest Prices of Any Housefurnishing House in the City

Fine Enameled Iron Beds Only $4.50

Made like the above cut, and constructed of the best malleable iron; enameling of the very best quality; colors, green, blue, white and Vernis Martin or bronze; full size; beds worth every cent of $7.00; Removal Sale Price.....**$4.50**

Victor Vapor Gas Heaters Are Superior

Owing to a vapor coming in contact with the gas flame, which produces perfect combustion and intensifies the heat, making it absolutely odorless (vapor never rising above the heater), eliminating the dry, husky atmosphere which is generally produced by using gas for heating. It is a great boon to those suffering from throat or pulmonary troubles. Indorsed by physicians and all those using them.

No. 3

SAVES 50 PER CENT ON GAS BILL

No. 3 Will Heat Large Room—Price, Only $4

Quick Heat, Pleasant Atmosphere, No Smut, Economical, Healthy, Clean and Durable.

$25 Solid Brass Bed Now Only $11.75

Simmons' Best Brass Beds

We offer this week a few magnificent specimens at an extremely low price. These brass beds are the product of the celebrated Simmons Bed Company, the largest and best builders of brass beds in the world. Their beds are the standard by which others are gauged. Inspect our superb display. Note the extremely low prices we are making.

No. 6053—The popular Empire Brass Bed, having two-inch posts capped with three-inch knobs; satin or polish finish; from the factory of the Simmons Bed Company, produced by their secret electrical process, a patent that enables them to turn out beds of the highest known quality. This bed is worth regularly $25, but will be sold for three days at **$11.75**

Order Your Heating Stove Now

You will soon need that heater. Order now while our sale prices are in force, save money and save time. Avoid the rush later when the cold snap comes. Delivered and set up free of charge. All prices from $1.50 up.

"Eclipse" Heaters

are the best on the market, because they are made correctly. The body of the "Prize" is built of heavy cold-rolled sheet steel; the front, bottom and ornamental top are of best cast-iron, that is capable of resisting the action of heat—will last for years. They are good for eight or ten years with ordinary usage. All stoves are fitted with a lid in the top, large doors and a smoke curtain, and are neatly ornamented with nickel trimmings.

The Satisfactory Sewing Machine

It's the "Gevurtz Special"

This Sewing Machine positively has no equal at the price we offer it to you. It has stood the test of many years right here in Portland. It is self-advertising, for one purchaser tells her neighbor of its excellent qualities and low price and the easy terms upon which it is sold. We have but one

Price $25

Sold on terms better than renting. Come in and inspect these machines and you will surely order one sent home. **Easy Terms. Ten Per Cent Off for Cash.**

GEVURTZ

FIRST AND YAMHILL STREETS

Axminster Rugs Going at Only $14.50

Removal Sale Prices

Small Rugs Room-Size Rugs

Great Rug and Carpet Bargains

Don't fail to see the great Rug and Carpet Bargains that our Removal Sale offers. You can't afford to overlook the money-saving opportunities here. For instance—We have on sale tomorrow, fine Axminster Rugs that sell regularly for $25, now reduced to **$14.50.** These are 8.3 by 10.6 in size in beautiful Oriental and floral patterns. Many 9x12 Rugs of all grades likewise reduced.

Buy Your Furniture Now at These Great Removal Sale Prices

A High Back Oak Rocker

$9.45

This is a Solid Oak Rocker, wax finish, beautifully quarter-sawed, three panels in back, 4-inch arms, made like the cut, with auto (removable) seat; made of oil-tempered steel frame and spiral springs, covered with heavy genuine leather; regular $17 val. for **$9.45**

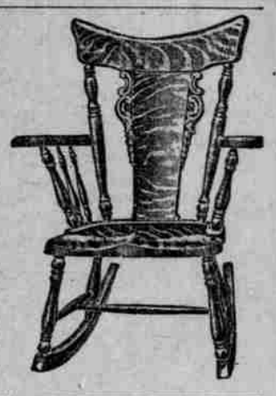
Quartered Oak Rockers

$7 Values

Removal Sale Price

$3.75

Many styles from which to make selections; some with fancy panels, others quite plain; all made of the finest Eastern oak, quarter sawed and polished.



Cellarettes For the Den

We are closing out a line of oak Cellarettes, especially designed for the den, library or living-room. They are made of finest guaranteed oak in the early English finish. Several sizes, and prices range from $15 up.

"Eclipse" Steel Ranges Are the Best

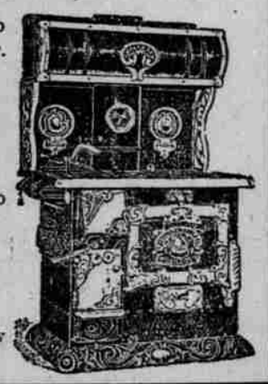
This splendid all-steel range has no equal as a quick and perfect baker. Prices range from

$40 to $55

Sold on your own terms. Delivered to your home free of charge.

Easy Terms

We have other ranges priced as low at **$26.85.**



NEWSPAPER MEN OF EAST AND WEST MEET AT GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

this time we had a glacial song, as follows:

(Tune, "A Hot Time.")
Glide! Glide! Glide!
Along the Great Divide!
Slide! Slide! Slide!
Along the mountain side!
Slip! Slip! Slip!
There's a hot time every trip
When the Glacials do
Their Glide! Slide! Slip!
And also a glacial yell:
Glide! Glide! Glacials!
Slide! Slide! Glacials!
Glide! Slide! Slip! Glacials!

LAKE M'DERMOTT, Sept. 25.—The past three days have been a joyous combination of good fellowship and magnificent scenery. When we awoke Monday we saw the mountains clothed in snow and the snow still falling. After our hard rides of the past few days we were glad to stay in camp around the big, blazing fireplaces. As we sat there smoking our corncob pipes, some wag electrified everybody by shouting "Copy." Something had started.

In a minute the staff of the McDermott Blizzard had been formed, with Barber as managing editor, Mattison as city editor, Leiter as society editor, Strandborg as office boy, Burgoyne and Mallory as copy readers, McLellan as editorial writer, Noble as business manager, Dickson and Chapin as artists, Wallin as poet, Birchall as cub reporter and Norcross as foreman. The hour of going to press was set as 3 P. M. The reporters got their assignments (they were not all editors on this paper), and at 2:30 P. M. they showed up with their copy.

The breeziest scene ever enacted in a newspaper office was presented to the amusement of all the McDermott residents who were invited to be present. Strandborg as the officeboy was the life of the act, and no one will ever forget the way he bawled out the city editor when turned down for theater tickets, his redhot tip on a murder story, his persiflage in butting into a conference between the managing editor and city editor. Nor will they forget the way Barber called down Business Manager Noble for not producing the wages of the reporters or the airy way in which he killed full-page ads to make room for news, or the cowed manner of Birchall playing the part of the cub reporter, or Norcross as foreman when he expressed his opinion of the editorial conduct of the newspaper and his pessimism as to whether, with such a force, "the paper would ever go to press."

But let Burgoyne, noble bard that he is, tell the story in his own way:

THE BIRTH OF THE BLIZZARD.

BY A. G. BURGOYNE.

Come listen all ye people,
While the story I relate
Of a journalistic stunt, I'll tell ye true,
How the new McDermott Blizzard, up to snuff and up to date,
Was born and bred within an hour or two!
A bunch of boys from east and west,
The very brightest and the best
That ever rustled copy night and day,
Met up in Glacier Park and got
To work, and in that classic spot
Got out the sheet without a cent of pay!

With a bearing duly insolent,
One Barber took the management,
And Mattison the city desk held down.
They cussed and fought about the news
And then went out to take a booze,
A system used in every decent town.
Bill Ross was added to the staff
To monkey with the telegraph,
And Sommers to the drama was assigned.
And as each man got on the job,
Says Barber with a husky sob,
"I see we'll simply have to go it blind!"

McLellan took the writing
Of the editorial guff,
And sports were gamely done by Dr. James.
The social slush was Leiter's,
And he turned out classy stuff
Concerning Glacier's noble squires and dames.
Burgoyne and Mallory, those two—
As copy readers always do—
Read copy in a feeble-minded way.
Genung became the make-up man;
The Art Department also ran, with "Dick"
And "Chafe" a-sogering fer pay.

The special work of Howe and Kihm
And Gortatowsky was a crime.
And Wallin in the Poet's Corner sat,
Along with Colburn. Nothing worse
Is known of in the line of verse
Than what this pair of Tennysons begat.
What Graham did, and Birchall, too,
And Wilson's Dawson interview
Sufficed to stand the office on its head,
And Noble on the business end,
When there was need of coin to spend.
Swore up and down he didn't have a red!

Bill Strandborg was the office boy,
A sort of yaller kid,
That bossed the boys and seemed to own the shop.
Upstairs was Foreman Norcross,
And the Saints above forbid
That a hint of how he swore, should be let drop.
Big ads that came like saving grace
Pushed local scareheads out of place.
Sweet Alice kept stenogging all the time!
Instead of going all to smash
And ending in a hopeless crash,
The finish proved success fully sublime.

The copy all was handed in.
The presses with a fearful din
Cut loose (somebody worked 'em with his feet!)
Five little minutes did the trick.
An extra on the double quick
Came out and sold like hot cakes on the street!
Ah, that was one triumphal sweep.
McDermott's bears and goats and sheep
And wimpusses joined in a big hooray!
They have a family paper now,
Worth taking home and that is how
McDermott's Blizzard saw the light of day!

Tuesday and Wednesday we spent on side trips to Cracker Lake and Iceberg Lake, both glistening in their mountain settings. At Iceberg Lake we saw probably the most magnificent scenery of the whole trip, castles and towers rising to great heights from the edge of the lake. Emptying into the lake is a beautiful glacier, from whose sides icebergs had fallen and were floating in the water, as they do, Summer and Winter. "Our austere mother," as Dickson called the glacier, was given our hearty admiration.

At night we had two lively sessions, at one of which court was convened to try J. Arthur Colburn, of Boston, for being an "alpine squire of dames" and not a newspaper man. The trial was entirely impromptu, but Strandborg, attorney for the defense, will be remembered for his witty citation of the case of Sauer-Kraut vs. Dill-Pickles, Howe's battle for the prisoner's rights, Barber's skill in entangling witnesses, Judge Norcross' legal lore, Chapin's appearance in costume as Madame Chapinowski, the celebrated Russian danseuse; Dickson's impersonation of a deaf witness and Miss Alice Mettler's decisive testimony that the defendant was not a ladies' man. He was found guilty by the jury, with Tom Dawson as foreman.

At another session of songs and story-telling, Barber introduced a song that was at once adopted—"Abdul de Bulbul Ameer"—and it was heard thereafter along the mountain sides. It runs this way:

ABDUL DE BULBUL AMEER.

The sons of the Prophet are hardy and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
And the bravest of all in those legions enrolled
Was Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

Chorus—Was Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

If you wanted a man to encourage the van
Or to harass the foe in the rear,
Or to take the redoubt, you'd be sure to cry out
For Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

Chorus—For Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

There are many brave warriors known unto fame
In the army that's ruled by the Czar,
And the bravest of all was a chap by the name
Of Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

Chorus—Count Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes by cards,
Or play on the Spanish guitar,
In fact quite the cream of the Muskovite guards
Was Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

Chorus—Great Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

One morning the Muskovite shouldered his gun
And sharpened his truculent spear,
And going down town he happened to run
Against Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

Chorus—Against Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

Quoth the haughty Bulbul, "Do you find life so dull
That you're seeking to end your career?
For, Infidel, know thou hast trod on the toe
Of Abdul de Bulbul Ameer."

Chorus—Great Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

Then the brave Mameluke drew his trusty Chibouque
And shouted "Al, Allah, Akbar!"
And being intent upon slaughter, he went
After Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

Chorus—After Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

But just as the knife was extracting his life,
In fact he had shouted "Huzza."
He felt himself stuck by that wily Calmuck,
Count Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

Chorus—Count Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

The Muscovite maiden her vigils will keep
By the light of the true lover's star,
And the name that she murmurs so soft in her sleep
Is "Ivan Skedewsky Skedar."

Chorus—Dear Ivan Skedewsky Skedar.

There's a grave where the waves of the blue Danube roll,
And written in characters clear
Is "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul
Of Abdul de Bulbul Ameer."

Chorus—Poor Abdul de Bulbul Ameer.

BELTON, Mont., Sept. 30.—We are back at the railroad. From McDermott we rode back to St. Mary's, spent a day at the Narrows, another gem, and pulled off a minstrel show, the features of which were the blackface female impersonations of Chapin and Sommers. And the best hit of all was Burgoyne's rendition of that beauteous ballad, which we are all now humming:

THE BEAUTEOUS YOUNG MAIDEN.

'Tis a long time ago, I remember it well,
In a beautiful village a damsel did dwell.
Along with her parents she lived quite serene;
Her age it was red and her hair was nineteen.

Chorus.

For she was called the beauteous young maiden
With teeth like the rose,
A Roman-shaped eye and a cast in her nose,
A Roman-shaped eye and a cast in her nose.

This maid had a lover in the village did dwell.
A bandy-backed rustic and hump-legged as well,
Says he: "Fly with me, by the light of yon star,
For you are the eye of my apple, you are."

Chorus.

Then said the fair maiden so gently: "Be wise.
My father would scratch out my nails with his eyes.
If you love me, you will not bring me to disgrace."
So saying, she buried her hands in her face.

Chorus.

Now, as she refused him, he knocked down the maid.
And silently opened the knife of his blade.
He then cut the throat of this maiden so fair,
And dragged her about by the head of her hair.

Chorus.

Just then the old father came out, it appears,
And looked on the sad scene with eyes in his tears.
He came to his daughter, the cold lips he kissed,
Then rushed with his nose at the murderer's fist.

Chorus.

He came to the murderer and end to him put,
Then he spurned with his body the murderer's foot.
To commit suicide, then, his steps he did bend.
And that is the tale of a sorrowful end.

From St. Mary's we took a 32-mile horseback ride to Glacier Park station, the scene of the Great Northern's new $150,000 hotel. At Glacier Park we had a jolly farewell party at Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dawson's, and went thence by train to Belton and by coach and launch to Lake McDonald, where we spent a delightful day at Glacier Hotel, where we were royally entertained by John Lewis, proprietor.

Our songs commenced to hint at parting:

One more day on the good old trail,
Then we hit the shining rail;
One more day on the good old trail,
For we're going away back home.

Listen to this:

We were strolling along on Glacier Way,
You could hear the voices singing—
They seemed to say:
"You have stolen my heart;
Now don't go 'way."
As we sang our farewell song
On Glacier Way.

"With the pallor of parting" in our faces, we say good-by at Belton and in a general lovefeast bid our comrades of the East "au revoir." As their car pulls out, we wave our hats, and as a climax Bill Strandborg lies down on the track, with his head on the rail, and sheds real tears. Parting with the finest crowd of fellows in the land is more than sweet sorrow. It's real.

Back again on car 7 we see our good old friend Lee, eat his good cooking, and initiate Chief Engineer Hogeland into the Glacials. Jolly as we may be, thoughts of parting are uppermost. Newspapers arrive in the car in bundles. Femininity is no longer absent at stations and in observation cars. As the Duke expressed it: "A gleam of lace, the swish of a silken skirt, and all our brave companionship is o'er." We are back in civilization and wearing boiled collars.

At Spokane we lost Chapin and Sommers. Wallin had started home before. At Seattle we part with Norcross, Mattison, Dickson and two of our good railroad friends, Ross and Graham. So Strandborg and I, the last of the old guard, started for home with these words humming in our ears:

Sharpen up! Sharpen up!
Hit the game again!
Time to write it!
Don't you dare to pike it!
Doggone! But you'd better begin
Grinding out the copy
To save your own thick skin!
Shoot it up! Shoot it up!
Buck the game again!
Write that headline!
Don't forget that by-line!
Hus—Hus—Hus—Hust
Hustle for a rustle
To make your old sheet win!

For the old times' sake and the memory of many pleasant hours, I give herewith the complete roster of the Elevated Order of Glacials:

Guardian of the glaciers—Louis W. Hill, chairman board of directors Great Northern, St. Paul.

Lord high avalanche—J. Edward Norcross, managing editor Vancouver, B. C., World.

Chief terminal moraine—O. C. Leiter, city editor Oregonian.

Worshipful deep crevasse—Frederick C. Barber, city editor New York Press.

Chief quivering quili—Robert H. Mattison, Seattle Times.

Grand keeper of the legends—A. L. Sommers, editor See America First Magazine, of Tacoma.

Grand glacial bard—A. G. Burgoyne, editorial writer Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

First noble high alpenstock—W. A. Ross, assistant general passenger agent, Great Northern, Seattle.

Second noble high alpenstock—W. P. Strandborg, Evening Telegram, Portland, Or.

Chief pathfinder—J. L. Wallin, Oregon Journal, Portland, Or.

Grand keeper of the missing purse—Frederick T. Birchall, assistant managing editor New York Times.

Speaker to the trout—Dr. B. B. James, chief editorial writer Baltimore American.

Exalted illuminator—B. L. Brown, of St. Paul.

Grand exalted hospitaler—Howard A. Noble, general passenger agent, Great Northern, St. Paul.

Grand eagle eye of the trail—Albert H. Hogeland, chief engineer, Great Northern, St. Paul.

Chief equine conserver—Fred W. Graham, Western industrial and immigration agent, Seattle.

Chief illustrator—C. H. Dickson, artist and writer, Post-Intelligencer, Seattle.

Principal pigmentarian—H. R. Chapin, artist, Spokesman-Review, Spokane.

Master mountaineer—Charles E. Howe, financial editor Washington Post.

Warden of the forest—F. Kihm, telegraph editor Brooklyn Eagle.

Chief surveyor of trails—Archibald McLellan, editor-in-chief Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Mass.

Chief blazer of trails—Harry Wilson, city editor Philadelphia Record.

Big medicine man—A. S. Genung, night editor Philadelphia North American.

High wielder of the gad—F. A. Mallory, news editor New York Evening Journal.

Watcher of the waterfalls—J. T Hudson, associate editor Pittsburg Dispatch.

Big smoke of the campfires—J. D Gortatowsky, managing editor the Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

Grand glacial cirque—J. Arthur Colburn, assistant Sunday editor Boston American.

Walloper of the wimpuss—Hoke Smith, publicity representative Great Northern, St. Paul.

Stalker of game—Robert Mills, advertising agent Great Northern, St. Paul.

Very virtuous victualer—J. M. Cathcart, manager of camps, Great Northern, Glacier Park.

Grand leader of the rear guard—Edward F. Allen, managing editor Travel Magazine, New York City.

Grand builder of bridges and boulevards—Oscar W. Bowen, resident engineer Great Northern, Spokane.

Grand keeper of the cave—John Lewis, Glacier Hotel, Montana.

Grand interpreter—C. C. Morrison, traveling passenger and immigration agent, Great Northern, Chicago.

Grand samaritans of the trail—Tom Dawson, James Selvage, Karl Green, George Jennings, Donald Monroe, Louis Bullpacker.

Members of the Auxiliary of Grand Glacial Dames are:

Queen mother of the glacials—Mrs. Tom Dawson, Midvale, Montana.

Princess of the pinnacles—Miss Alice Mettler, Midvale, Montana.

Lady of the snows—Miss E. H. Talcott, New Hartford, Conn.

Grand duchess of Iceberg Lake—Mrs. John Henry Monteath, of Tonopah, Nevada.

CRIME SHOWS INCREASE

Juvenile Offenders in France Are Multiplying Too Rapidly.

PARIS, Oct. 12.—(Special.)—The report addressed to the President of the republic on the administration of criminal justice for the year 1910 has just appeared. While crimes against property show a slight decrease, crimes of violence are steadily increasing; but the most disquieting feature is the extraordinary increase in juvenile crime. This increase one had already gathered from the police court reports appearing in the newspapers, but here it is in cold figures. In 1910 36 per cent of all the accused who appeared before a jury were minors—that is, under 21 years of age. In police court cases the figure is even more formidable. Here is the official table:

Criminals under 13	457
From 13 to 16	2,904
From 16 to 18	7,300
From 18 to 21	21,495
Total	33,136

"In fact," the report concludes, "the maximum of criminality, both for males and females, was found among the prisoners from 18 to 21 years of age, though the figures of feminine crime are proportionately much smaller. Among men of from 18 to 21 there are 301 prisoners for every 10,000 inhabitants of the same age and sex. This ratio is three times greater than that established among those who have reached their majority."

TICKETS TO GO BY LOT

Everybody in Berlin Apparently Wants to Hear Caruso.

BERLIN, Oct. 12.—(Special.)—The seats for the first Caruso performance at the Royal Opera House have already been applied for more than ten times over. No fewer than 60,000 people have sent in their names as willing to pay the special performance prices, and the management of the opera is in doubt as to how to act, it being possible that the tickets will have to be distributed by lot. The Caruso mania is the more remarkable as the performances have not been advertised, and, indeed, have barely been mentioned in the newspapers.

The Berlin students, who are always to the fore when it comes to lionizing a famous visitor, are no less eager to hear Caruso than anyone else. By custom the Royal Opera management allocates twenty-five tickets to the students at such performances. On Wednesday morning there were scenes of wild excitement in Unter den Linden, when a couple of hundred of them raced from one office to another hoping to secure one of these coveted tickets. Some of them passed the night on the steps of the opera house, but through some misunderstanding the tickets were not there.

After invading the university library and the court secretary's office in turn, their names were taken down, and they were informed that tickets will be allotted in due course—probably by ballot.

ACCIDENT IS PECULIAR

Baggage Spill Causes Death of One and Injury to Others.

PARIS, Oct. 12.—(Special.)—An accident without parallel occurred yesterday at the Austerlitz station of the Orleans line, in the heart of Paris. Two trains were due almost at the same moment, the first being a local train from Juvisy, driven by electric power. The platform was filled with a dozen hand trucks, piled with heavy luggage, known by the name of "devils." One was top-heavy, and on being shaken by the vibration of the incoming train it spontaneously rolled over the edge, just in front of the engine, which sent it flying, like a projectile, with terrific force, into the middle of the other trucks, round which had gathered a group of porters.

The various articles were sent flying in all directions, and the men, seized with panic, dashed into the six-foot way on the opposite side of the platform, without noticing the Toulouse express coming in. The engine caught one man and cut him completely in two, and injured seven others more or less severely. Fortunately speed had been much reduced, though trains are accustomed to arrive at this station at a considerable pace, only stopping briefly before proceeding to the terminus a few minutes farther on.

FRANCE TO FIGHT PEST

Rats Devastate Departments on Eastern Frontier.

PARIS, Oct. 12. — (Special.) — A plague of rats has of late been devastating the departments upon the eastern frontier of France from Doubs to the Cote d'Or. The farmers have been forced to appeal to the government for aid to combat the pest, which threatens to destroy all the harvests. The government has responded with a special grant of $40,000 and the vermin are to be exterminated within the next few days by inoculation. The curious element in the whole situation is that the pestilence is due to the inadequate drafting of the law of 1898, by which the local police are ordered to secure the destruction of "insects and other organisms harmful to agriculture." The rat not being an insect, and it being found possible to interpret the statute as referring to insects alone, no initial steps were taken to destroy the vermin. The stabledoor will, however, be shut by a revised drafting of the law.

The Eternal Impulse.

Judge.

Fair suffragette—And now, if any one who has heard my speech wishes to ask a question, I shall be happy to answer.

Masculine voice (from rear of hall)—If you haven't any other company, may I see you home this evening?