

MONTESANO THE WASHINGTON TOWN CLAIMS RECORD UNIQUE IN NATION

Montesano Boasts of More Paved Streets Area Than Any City of Similar Size in United States and Springs Surprise on Members of Southwest Washington Development Association—Progress Evident.

BY A. C. GIRARD.

MONTESANO, Sept. 23.—(Special.)—One of the best object lessons cleaned by the delegates and visitors to the 18th quarterly congress of the Southwest Washington Development Association, which last week held a two days' session here on "highway legislation," was the fact that Montesano boasts of more paved streets than any city of its size in the nation. The miles of paving, stretching out over this hustling little city proved a great surprise to the visitors, but after they had an opportunity to view the prosperity on every hand, they saw a reason for the progressiveness of the little country city.

In the passing around of prosperity during the past two years, Montesano has shared exceedingly well.

Two years ago the erection of a County Courthouse and Jail, one of the finest public buildings of this nature in the state, was begun. The building has cost approximately \$300,000 and is an imposing structure.

Schools Keep Pace.
In keeping stride with the growth of the community, the school district has under course of construction at this time a high school building which will cost approximately \$85,000.

A number of fine residences are now nearing completion, being built by W. H. France, whose \$10,000 home is the best in the city. Concrete homes by William Geisler and W. A. Barrows, at a cost of \$6000 each, are nearing completion, while Alex Polson, millionaire logger of Hoquiam, has just finished a country home one mile east of this city, which cost \$15,000.

Polson has a farm comprising 400 acres of fine bottom and beach land and he intends to make this farm one of the most modern in the state. High-grade cattle will be bred and this work will be under the supervision of a brother, who recently arrived from Nova Scotia.

Public Improvements Made.
The city has already expended in public improvements approximately \$144,269 for streets, sewers and alleys. This comprises more than a mile and a half of paved streets, four and one-half miles of sewers and four miles of cement sidewalks.

The Wynocchie Shingle Company, recently lost its mill and is now erecting a modern plant with a capacity of 350,000 shingles a day. The company has finished a steel bridge across the Chehalis River, at a cost of \$55,000, this structure opening up a fine agricultural district.

Citizens are now planning a fill for a roadway from the city to the river, the entire expense to be taxed against the property within the city limits, this all being included in the improvement district. The estimated cost will reach \$50,000.

Railroad Gives Impetus.
What is expected to give Montesano its greatest impetus is the extension of the joint line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Oregon-Washington, which are constructing a line from the main line south of the Chehalis River into the heart of the town.

The improvement will mean an outlay of \$175,000 to the railway companies. For more than three months the Twohy Brothers Construction Company has been making a fill of more than a mile for the railroad grade. A temporary bridge constructed across the Chehalis River, for the purpose of allowing gravel trains to pass, has been torn up and the work of constructing a permanent steel structure is now under way. Owing to the high water in the river now, caused by heavy rains work is slow on the erection of the bridge.

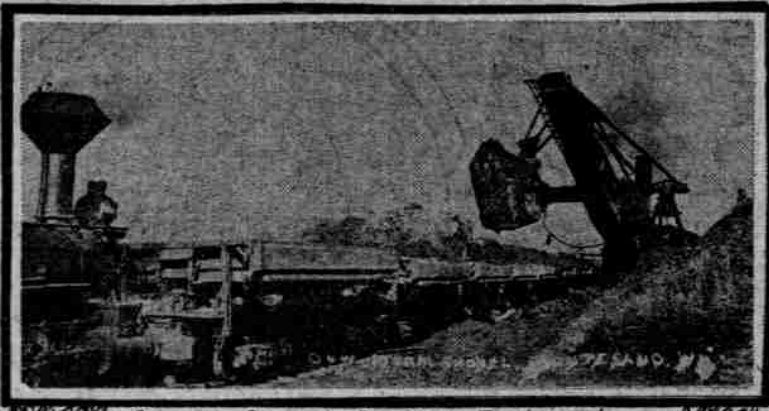
On the completion of this road, which will be about January 1, Montesano citizens are planning a big barbecue. The company will erect a joint hotel within one block of the present Northern Pacific depot and at the foot of Main street.

It is a current rumor that the new lines will take over the logging road of the Chehalis County Timber & Logging Company and extend it into the country north of Montesano which is said to be the heaviest timbered section in this country. If this is done, it will open up the Wynocchie and Satsop valleys for many miles, giving to Montesano thousands of acres of tillable, rich, productive soil.

Montesano is not anticipating becoming a Portland or San Francisco, yet its citizens are making every effort to build up an educational center rather than a shipping point. By reason of its location, Montesano will always be a distributing point for the entire region, including the Chehalis River valleys. All three streams bound the city and the rich soils in the valleys give forth each year a rich harvest of grain, vegetables and fruit.

The growth of the city has been steady and consistent and at this time there is no boom in city property, but a quiet, unobtrusive advance in the demand warrants.

From every indication, Montesano will be one of the foremost agricultural centers of the Northwest and at present the gateway to the great Grays Harbor country.



Steam Shovel On New Railroad Extension



1500 feet of Trestle Being Built Over River



Alex Polson's New \$15,000 Country Home



Work On New \$85,000 School House

Paul Hervey and Jean Briquet, author and composer of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" was given its first performance in Adolf Philipp's new German-American playhouse in East Fifty-seventh street. Mr. Philipp himself is the leading role.

"The Whip" has a long cast of English players, headed by Marie Liljeström, and it is one of the most picturesque plays, with its hounds and red-coated huntmen, and its great racing scene that has been heard in New York since the old days of melodrama. The greatest scene, however, is a railroad collision, which in its realism on the opening night, struck Morris Gest, one of the managers of the Manhattan Opera House, and hurt him seriously. The Manhattan has never held an audience of such brilliancy since the Hammerstein days.

After the great success made by Henry W. Savage's "Excuse Me" company, it was natural that he should be attracted to another by the same name, and it is believed by the cognoscenti that "What Ails You?" now running at the Criterion, will meet with the same experience. The play deals with hygiene and callisthenics, and is a genuine farce. The first act takes place in a New York restaurant, the second in the gymnasium of a health resort, known from coast to coast as the original Muldoon's, in which much comedy was supplied by a fat man who could not bend over, as well as the thin woman, whose troubles are familiar to those similarly afflicted.

The Alimony Club secured the consent of the Manhattan Opera House to present a play at Ludlow-street hall on Sunday afternoon. The play selected for this occasion is "Our Wives," by Frank Mander, the young Californian who has two successes on the stage now. "Our Wives" was compelled to move from Wallack's Theater to make room for Madame Simon, and will be transferred to the Gaiety Theater, "Miss Princess," with Lina Abarbanel in the leading role, has also met with unexpected and unusual audiences in Chicago.

Edith Wynne Matthison has been engaged for the principal role in Charles Frohman's production of "The French Kiss," translated from the French Kissmeister's "La Flambee," which will have its first production in Atlantic City and come to New York about the first of the year.

Mrs. Frank King Clark, who came from Berlin to fulfill a number of engagements in song recital, was compelled to cancel her tour, and she is expected to return to the United States. She is a singer of great power and her stage career has been extensive. Most of her time has been spent assisting her husband in his teaching, but her own voice is of great power and her stage career has been extensive. Most of her time has been spent assisting her husband in his teaching, but her own voice is of great power and her stage career has been extensive.

IRISH CHURCHMEN FIRM

Synod by Unanimous Vote Approves Terms of Ulster Covenant.

DUBLIN, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—Bishop Darcy, in the course of his address at the Church of Ireland Synod in Belfast, said that the United dioceses over which he had the honor to preside constituted the weightier part of that Ulster whose name was now spoken throughout the world as a people bravely and nobly defended its mind and will of their own. He did not think they had enjoyed the flood of falsehood and misrepresentation which had been thrown upon them. One thing, however, he did know—it had hardened them in their determination. Proceeding the Bishop quoted statistics regarding illiteracy and lunacy, which showed Belfast and Ulster in a favorable position when compared with other parts of Ireland. It might be said that the comparison was unfair, but he would make no such comparison, but when they in Ulster were so brave and so determined, they pointed in all reason and justice to those figures to expose the false statements of their critics. They had seen that their people were not only the most industrious, but also the best educated, the most civilized, and the sanest in the island; and yet they were held up to odium as unworthy of human consideration.

On the motion of Lord Dunlath, seconded by the Rev. R. W. Brownrigg, the Synod unanimously adopted a resolution to the effect that the home rule bill, approving of the terms of the Ulster Covenant, and declaring the intention of the members to stand by the Ulster Covenant, and to maintain their civil and religious liberties.

TWO VISIONS OF COMING OF WHITE MAN SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYE

Past and Present, Pioneer and Immigrant, Pictured in Fancy—Menace to Country Noted in Ceaseless Influx of Class of Europeans Whose Ideas Are Alien to America.

BY ANNIE LAURA MILLER.

IT WAS one of those dull November days when the wind blows a gray fog over the city, and no snow peaks on the horizon. I wandered in the park and came to the place where the old bronze Indian and his companion guard a hilltop overlooking the town. It was very quiet, nothing stirred but a little brown pine squirrel that flicked about the trees and the rustle of autumn leaves. Over a gorgeous mass of foliage I looked down into the city, where the old and new bridges loomed in the distance, some spires and buildings stood, nearer a line of yellow poplars stood like soldiers, and long white streamers of smoke curled from the chimneys and went westward. The great humming of a busy city rose to one; the hoot-hoot of steamers, the clanging of train bells, the buzz of the air, the sound of hundreds of vehicles and of thousands of people traversing the streets, and the continuous pounding of hammers making still more and higher buildings.

And then, looking down on the noisy activity of white man's civilization, stood the two bronze Indians.

Indian Statues Typical.
They make an interesting group. The young man, with his bow drawn, looks at the stranger; his face bears a look of blank amazement; he lacks the strength of mind and of body to resist the new world, the type of the white race destined to yield to the white man's ways and ideas. The old, weary warrior has outstripped him and the land. Such a vision came to me as I stood in this proud presence and looked down into the city as one looks into a fire and sees pictures in the coals.

West Draws All Types.
First through the city, darkness came, a black, blinding, blinding darkness, urged on by a love of high adventure rather than by the desire for money; dark Frenchmen, paddling native canoes, and with them Indian wives and dusky half-breed children, who talked a strange jargon. French fathers came, exploring in the cause of science and religion; the Americans, Lewis and Clark, pressed on, following the tracks of the Indians, in an endeavor to extend the possessions and commerce of their country; traders came, men who sought to enrich themselves by the exchange of merchandise for furs, valuable furs; missionaries, who hoped to make converts; then a great company of red-shirted miners, with pick, shovel and pan, caught in the mad scramble for gold.

When these forerunners had made a passable road along the waterways and over the Rocky Mountains to the West—men of the continent, our fathers came to build homes and cultivate the fertile soil. Hardy, self-confident, liberty-loving men they were, of Irish, German, English and Scotch ancestry, already Americans to the backbone; and the women were their worthy mates and comrades. They came in trains of prairie schooners, moving always farther and farther west.

Trail Strews With Graves.
Men, women and helpless children died of exposure, of hunger for whole days, of smallpox and other epidemics that spread in the little companies; many died fighting the Indians, only the stoutest survived; the way was strewn with graves dug hurriedly and concealed as well as might be from wolves and the hostile redmen. At night a circle was made of the wagons for protection, and pickets were placed on guard in the darkness they traveled with what little speed they could, scorched by heat and whipped by wind and rain, over plains and mountains and through treacherous rivers, never away from their oxen and horses and household goods.

It is the great, unwritten epic of the West, the story of that long procession moving onward steadily, never swerving, undeterred by trials and privations, that is matched in the history of human progress.

RAGTIME MELODY INVADES THE AIR AS "HUNGRY SEVEN" START TOOTING

Cakes are Stirred, Kitchens Swept and Parlors Dusted to Syncopated Strains When Portland's Now Famous German Band Begins Its Marathon Musicals Under Some Apartment-House Window.

BY LOUISE BOULAN.

THE German band! "Ach du lieber Augustin!" What is it? Fifty-seven varieties of sound fill the air. Seven gallants attired in blue uniforms with caps adorned with heavenly harps, seven assorted musicians from the land that recalls tender memories of the Fatherland, stand beneath an apartment-house window. They are pouring out their heart, soul, and lungs into one of the popular shoulder-raising classics of the day, which ends in a perfect frenzy of toots and causes chance pedestrians to walk with an odd, swaying motion.

Who are they? Why, the little German band, of course, more familiarly known as the "Hungry Seven," which is fast becoming as time-honored an institution of Portland as the holes in the pavement on Fifth and Alder. These music dispensers are called the "Hungry Seven" because—well, or because they get hungry three times a day and because sometimes they get hungry between meals and because when they feel hungry they generally look hungry and because when they feel and look hungry they attack their food with hungry appetites. After mature deliberation they will undoubtedly agree with the author that this is the only logical explanation of the title.

They are playing that soulful ditty, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," with all the passionate abandon of a Spanish cavalier serenading his heart's beloved. They play with one eye fastened upon the apartment-house windows and the other glued to the notes (just how they manage to get them back into their sockets again is a mysterious proceeding which I shall not divulge), and they play as no other band in Portland can play—especially when you consider the cruel plight of their eyes. In the exquisite rendering of that classic they occasionally swallow a note, do not grow alarmed, a dispenser of sorts down to the street, they could easily dispose of a whole bar—and besides, when they are so much up against it that they have a desperate need of a drink, they are living up to their nickname of "The Hungry Seven."

Repertoire Is Reminiscent.
Although their faces wear an expression of honest good nature, you never can tell about the temperament of musicians. I have seen the whole band take a grudge against one poor little note and jump on it like one man, whenever it came. They are up until, at last, worn out by this building and buffeting, the poor little note lost all the soft roundness of its youth, grew flat and thin, and finally expired. Then, the purpose of burying it, the heartless murderers took up a collection.

The chief charm of their repertoire is in the recollections it evokes. They have one distressing little selection which sends our mind rushing back to the sad time when father and mother, mother and father, and finally the children, tried to educate the cook how to run her domain on scientific principles and was able, as a consequence, to draw on his accident fund. Another piece, another placid, peaceful little piece reminds us of the first convention of this season, where Terrible Teddy played leading man in the only Peppercorn. Another piece, their piece de resistance is their "Marathon specialty." It is the only thing of its kind in captivity and is a sure cure for heartache.

At the beginning each contestant stands, instrument in mouth and a just-break-the-news-to-mother look on the edge of his face, and a signal from the leader they're off, running pretty evenly at first. But this uniformity cannot last—it wouldn't be a Marathon if it did. One by one they break away and soon we have one gaining on the other, some dropping weakly behind, one or two running neck to neck. The suspense is supreme, intense, the suspense maddening. All the mad fever of the old days of horse-racing surges through our veins and we find our senses ready to re-appear of recently-acquired lot in Lemmer Park that the healthy-looking specimen of German



The Little German Band

manhood over there in the middle will be the first to reach the goal when—crash! bang! boom! the piece is finished with one loud chord or two and all are smiling with a look of equal triumph. They appear pleased that all is over—and so are we—but nevertheless, we are left to struggle over the problem of who won in this mad scrapping and by which new system of broad jumps they all managed to arrive at that final simultaneous toot. Notes may go aeroplaning up to the clouds, or tumbling down below the depths, they may break every speed record, or by contrast make the snail appear to be a pretty swift proposition. Mistakes may rain in on us everywhere and chaos may reign everywhere, but you can trust these dependable Germans to bring all things back to their natural order. By the final simultaneous toot is as reliable and inevitable as undertakers, but it convinces us that all's well that ends well—just so long as it will only end at all.

Children Are Mesmerized.

The children are in paradise when these syncopating strains appear. With eyes and mouths opened to their fullest extent, they stand around as if mesmerized. In awed admiration they watch how music hath charms to swell the Seven's chests and how the big fellows' eyes and cheeks bulge to accommodate the music. When the collection passages, and with secret curiosity and desire they wait to see if possibly he won't burst some time, like the old fable in their readers at school, where the frog tried to swell himself to the dimensions of the ox. They crowd around as close as they can squeeze together, and when the music comes to a halt, they are not afraid of missing the sound from all the others. Perfectly happy and thrilled by their little solos, they stand until the band strikes up into one of those booming ones, one, two, three polkas—the 1912 model of one of those little symphonies that dwellers used to render in the preliminary spasms of her musical education—when father had folding doors put in the archedway between the front and back parlors. This piece of music is a real "place" to little mesmerized folk. With the unconscious grace of childhood, the little girls start swaying and dancing, and the little boys express their enjoyment by punching and walloping the fellows they like best. You see, the more a fellow likes a fellow the more he likes to see him dance. The black and blue they both become.

Over on the streetcorner two perfectly correct young men are waiting for their friends. When the collection is gathered in they take quite a business-like interest in following the musicians about, noting how much is received and how much is given. They are as "stiff" or "bricks." The "stiffs" are the low-browed, villainous-looking loungers who pretend they don't hear the request or money, but the "bricks" are the good-looking, generous chaps who dive down into their pockets and produce a coin or so. The musicians are generous in sympathy, if not in classification, the by-standers are as "stiff" or "bricks." The "stiffs" are the low-browed, villainous-looking loungers who pretend they don't hear the request or money, but the "bricks" are the good-looking, generous chaps who dive down into their pockets and produce a coin or so. The musicians are generous in sympathy, if not in classification, the by-standers are as "stiff" or "bricks."

Cakes Stirred to Ragtime.
Even the busy housewife feels the effect of the swinging strains. When they are against her will she finds herself sweeping the floor, stirring her cake or spanking little Willie to the tune of "Everybody's Doing It." After a while, when the bell rings, she finds herself waiting to the front door and giving a dime to the smiling blue-coated stranger, and afterward she sits down to eat. When the collection is gathered in they take quite a business-like interest in following the musicians about, noting how much is received and how much is given. They are as "stiff" or "bricks." The "stiffs" are the low-browed, villainous-looking loungers who pretend they don't hear the request or money, but the "bricks" are the good-looking, generous chaps who dive down into their pockets and produce a coin or so. The musicians are generous in sympathy, if not in classification, the by-standers are as "stiff" or "bricks."

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We, the youthful snowy races, all the rest on us depend.

We take up the task eternal and the burden, and the lesson.

There are some girls who do not have to be taught to sing; they only have to be taught to stop.



Children Dancing to the Music

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METROPOLITAN OPERA SEASON IN NEW YORK OPENS SUCCESSFULLY

Titto Ruffo, Italian Baritone, Proves Sensation in Thomas' "Hamlet"—Notable Productions in Dramatic Houses Arouse Blase Gothamites—"The Whip" Is Marvelous Example of Stagecraft.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—(Special.)—The second week of opera proved as attractive in the offerings as the first, and also demonstrated the fact that the house is sold out by subscriptions and there seems to be no longer the hope of picking up tickets outside of the doors, as there have been in the past.

The desire to present Titto Ruffo, the newly-heralded Italian baritone, in New York before taking the company to Chicago, decided Mr. Dippel to select the first of the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday night, and the others will follow in February, when the company will return to Philadelphia. "Hamlet" was selected as the medium for this new star. This opera by Ambrose Thomas, better known in this country through his "Mignon," is given frequently in Paris, where Ruffo has demonstrated early that he is not to be classed among baritones, and they are not to be measured by his achievements. He is entirely in the class of his own, and it may be said that had his voice been properly trained he would never have been a baritone but a very rare and wonderful tenor, as it is in this range that his voice is the most sonorous, opulent and astonishing.

Ruffo's Voice Wonderful.

That such a voice should sweep everything before it is a fact of great conclusion, because it has the quality and an extraordinary range, as well as the Italian fervor which fits him for the theater, as many Italian who have the genuine dramatic fire. Ruffo has not the subtlety or the highly polished technical training for the stage as in the cases of Scotti, Renaud, Puccini, Clement and a few others of that school. Yet, history has proven that the popular appeal counts heavily in favor of an artist, and Ruffo brought his audience into a true state of frenzy. He was called before the curtain countless times. It was a delight to hear Campanini again, and when this great conductor was induced to take a curtain call, the audience made it very obvious that he is still one of the greatest favorites.

The part of Ophelia was sung by Alice Zappelli; Madame de Clancieux was sung by the Queen and the song with superb brilliancy; Huberdeau was most satisfactory as the King, and the Ghost was done by Henri Scotti, one of the American baritone whose very beautiful voice counted for much in his impressive delivery.

Stage Settings Beautiful.

The interpreters are Madame Deslin, Slezak, Otto Goritz, Putnam Grissold, Albert Relas, Bella Alten, and a young American singer, Edward Lantz, who has been with the company, engaged on account of the extraordinary bass quality of his voice. This sort of a basso is as rare nowadays as a tenor and is much in demand. There are a great number of minor roles, all in excellent hands, and the staging is indescribably beautiful. The role to

have been sung by Madame Hempel was filled by Edna Parks, an American girl who has sung in the Italian and German opera houses for a number of years.

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day was the return of Ysaye after an absence of eight years, during which time a new phase has come upon the world, inasmuch as extraordinary violin playing has been heard from players who have demonstrated at what a very early age significant musical talent can be achieved. Carnegie Hall was filled to its capacity and Ysaye was greeted with a cordiality that amounted to a demonstration of affection.

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BEAUTY OF Skin and Hair



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