AUDITORIUM PIPE ORGAN WONDERFUL

Portland Musical People Are Highly Satisfied With New Instrument.

QUALITY IS UNSURPASSED

Key Desk May Be Moved at Will to Any Point Desired, and Is Connected by Electric Cable With Other Parts.

BY WILLIAM R. BOONE.

Portland organists and musical people are well pleased with the type of organ selected by the City Council for the Public Auditorium. It is agreed that it will be a wonderful instrument and a great asset to the city from many points of view. The people here may rest assured that it will compare favorably in every way with the best representative work in America or abroad.

A description of the organ may well begin in the basement of the Auditorium. Here, in a separate room, will be installed an "orgoblo"—a rotary fan revolving at great speed and supplying the wind for the organ on the floor above. The temperature of this room must be kept the same as the main auditorium, for organ pipes are susceptible to the least change and cold air blown through warm pipes, or the reverse, would cause the organ to sound badly out of tune. The wind pressures on which the pipes will sound vary from 6-inch to 25-inch, though the heavier wind pressure is not employed for the purpose of making the greatest possible noise. It has been found by competent builders that on a moderate wind pressure it is possible to obtain greater refinement of tone and quickness of speech than on a low pressure. Heavy pressure therefore is used to gain refinement, not noise. Three regulators will prohibit any sound of the blower passing into the wind trunks and from thence into the organ and elsewhere.

Organ Proper Is Divided.

The organ proper will be divided and will be placed on either side of the proscenium arch. A 50-foot electric cable will connect the organ to a movable console, or key desk, making it possible to move the console to any desired location. There will be four manuals, or keyboards, named from lowest to highest, choir, great, swell and solo. These manuals control separate and complete divisions of the organ. By means of a patent touch the action of the keys is reduced after the initial resistance of three and three-quarter ounces to one and three-quarter ounces—thus relieving the hands and fingers of all unnecessary strain in holding down sustained chords. The pedal board is played by the feet and controls another complete division of the organ.

The manuals may be connected by means of couplers in the form of tilting tablets placed over the highest manual. There will be 26 couplers, enabling the performer to connect the manuals at the unison, an octave higher and an octave lower. Beneath each manual will be placed the adjustable combination pistons, more than 40 in number, and visibly moving the registers. The performer sets in advance the desired combinations of stops on the necessary pistons, and brings them on at the proper time by a pressure on the necessary pistons, and brings them on at the proper time by a pressure from the thumb. These pistons will be augmented by nine, worked by a pressure from the foot. The stops will be arranged in distinctly separate groups, with solid ivory register heads, and at an angle of 45 degrees to the manuals.

The choir, swell and solo divisions will be inclosed in chests made of 2x4 studding, covered on both sides with metal lathing and cement. Balanced foot levers will operate the swell shades controlling the crescendi and diminuendi.

Pipe Length Gives Pitch.

The pitch of an organ stop is made known by stating the length of the longest pipe it contains. Stops of eight-foot length are of unison pitch; that is, of the same pitch as the piano. A pipe of four-foot sounds an octave higher than one of eight-foot; similarly, one of two-foot, two octaves above one of eight-foot, one of 16-foot an octave lower than one of eight-foot, and so on.

The pedal stops are uniformly one octave lower in pitch than the manual stops.

Organ color is divided into four groups—diapason, string, flute and reed. The diapason tone is peculiar to the organ, finding no counterpart in the orchestra and constituting the backbone or the organ. The huge rolling tones of the diapasons give to the organ its greatest dignity. The following table gives an outline of the diapason family as it will appear:

Great, 16-foot double open diapason; 8-foot open diapason, large scale; 8-foot open diapason, smaller scale; 4-foot octave; 2-foot fifteenth; 3 rank mixture, sounding three notes at once. Swell, 8-foot diapason; 4-foot octave; 2-foot flautino. Choir, 8-foot diapason. Solo, 8-foot stentorphone. Pedal, 32-foot open diapason; 16-foot open diapason; 8-foot octave; 4-foot super-octave.

The 32-foot pedal diapason is one of the richest stops on an organ, is 32 feet long at its longest pipe. No organ in the Northwest has this powerful adjunct.

String tone will be thus represented:

Swell, 8-foot salicional; 8-foot voix celestes; 2 rank mixture.

The voix celestes is purposely tuned slightly sharp to the pitch of the organ, so that when drawn with another stop a pleasant indulating of tone is secured.

Choir, 16-foot gamba; 8-foot dulcet. Solo, 8-foot gross gamba; 8-foot gamba celeste. Pedal, 16-foot violone; 16-foot gamba; 8-foot cello.

Flute color—Great, 8-foot claribel flute; 8-foot philomela; 4-foot flute. Swell, 16-foot bourdon; 8-foot clarabella; 8-foot gedeckt; 8-foot spitz floete; 8-foot flute celestes; 4-foot flute.

The 8-foot flute celestes is on the principle of the viox celestes, but of flute color.

Choir, 8-foot concert flute; 4-foot flute; 2-foot piccolo. Solo, 8-foot philomela. Pedal, 16-foot bourdon; 16-foot echo lieblich; 8-foot gedeckt; 8-foot still gedeckt.

Reed color—Great, 16-foot euphonium; 8-foot tuba; 4-foot clarion (interchangeable with solo.) Swell, 16-foot English horn, 8-foot cornopean; 8-foot flugel horn; 8-foot vox humana; 4-foot clarion. Choir, 8-foot clarinet. Solo, 8-foot orchestral oboe; 16-foot euphonium; 8-foot tuba; 4-foot clarion; 8-foot French horn; 8-foot tuba mirabilis.

The tuba mirabilis is the most powerful stop on the organ and speaks on a 25-inch wind pressure.

Pedal, 32-foot bombarde; 16-foot trombone; 16-foot English horn; 8-foot tromba; 8-foot tuba; 4-foot clarion.

Development Is Prominent.

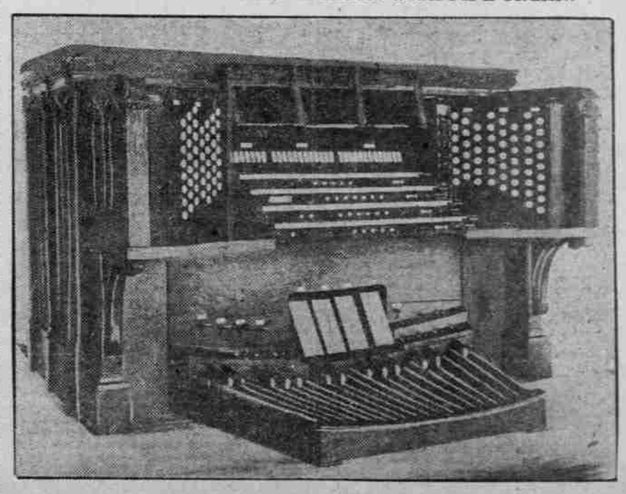
Stops of an unusual character are the swell 8-foot quintadena, the distinctive feature of which is that its harmonic 12th is prominently developed. The pipe thus has the effect of speaking two separate notes simultaneously.

The great 8-foot erzahler is an especial development, the distinctive feature of which is that its harmonic octave is prominently developed, though entirely different in effect and color from quintadena. The choir organ will contain a harp. The 32-foot bombarde, erzahler, tuba, English horn, dulcet, celesta (harp), orchestral oboe, French horn, still Gedeckt, are also especial and exclusive to this type of organ and have a large influence on the character of the instrument. The electro-pneumatic swell engine has contributed much in this direction.

The purely orchestral stops are imitative of their orchestral prototypes in the strictest sense of the word, and amount to something more than a mere name.

The instrument is to be installed by the Ernest M. Skinner Company, of Boston, a contract having been awarded to that company by the City Council on recommendation of Commissioner Baker, which recommendation was made after eight months of investigation.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MOVABLE CONSOLE TO BE INSTALLED IN PORTLAND'S PUBLIC AUDITORIUM WITH PIPE ORGAN.



KEY DESK, SHOWING THE FOUR MANUALS.

GIFTED DANCER AND PIANIST ASSIST AT GEORGE WRIGHT RELIEF CORPS ENTERTAINMENT WEDNESDAY.

—Grove Photo.

Clara Lois Myers and Elsie Carmen Platt.

Miss Clara Lois Myers danced attractively at the entertainment given on Wednesday by the George Wright Relief Corps in their headquarters in the Courthouse. Miss Elsie Platt, a gifted young pianist played delightfully. Miss Myers' dances were cleverly interpreted. The girls are students of Lincoln High School.

Ante-Election Quiet Noted Around Hotels.

Seventeen Whitman Players Going to and Returning From Corvallis Are Visitors.

THE ante-election quiet is noticed in all of Portland's hotels, most of the voters in the Northwest postponing business trips until after November 7. One of the important arrivals at the Imperial is Charles L. McNary, chairman of the Republican State Committee, who makes frequent trips to Portland in the interest of the campaign.

Joe Miller, who was registered at the Imperial from Woodburn yesterday disclaims descent from the man of his name, who, years and years ago, collected the jokes so often told at banquets and political meetings. Mr. Miller cares no more for these old jokes than the rest of us. He is tired of hearing the joke about his name.

G. W. Scranlein, of Macksburg, is one of the visitors in Portland who will hasten home in time for election. He is a merchant and farmer, and makes occasional business trips to Portland. While on his recent visit here he was registered at the Oregon.

Seventeen football players from Whitman College, who played against the Agricultural College team yesterday, had quarters at the Hotel Oregon coming and going.

DENTAL FRESHMEN ELECT

L. C. Hopper Chosen President at North Pacific College.

The dental and pharmacy students of the largest freshman class in the history of the North Pacific College elected class officers recently. From a field of 176, the following officers were chosen:

L. C. Hopper, of Spokane, president; J. T. Martin, of Vancouver, B. C., vice-president; Miss Reza Black, of Seattle, secretary; D. A. Spratley, of Bellingham, treasurer, Fred Johnston, of Colville, Wash., and Oscar S. Driskeel, of Portland, student body representatives.

MRS. HANLEY HOME

Babies Celebrate Return of Mother From Campaign.

STRAIN OF WORK TELLS

Devotion to Cause, Sacrifice for Her Principles and Able Presentation of Her Statistics Are Expected to Help Much.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

Right in front of me, on my desk, lies a little telegram which has severed for the time being, insofar as the outward signs of it are concerned, one of the most splendid friendships it has ever been my fortune to make.

The telegram reads:

"Arrived safely. My babies and husband very happy. All of us are celebrating. Things look awfully good for a Hughes victory here." And it is signed "Fondly yours, Mrs. E. B. Hanley."

She has gone back to her ranch, and wee 9-year-old Katherine and 12-year-old Junior, and big E. B., who is her pal and husband.

The golden voice I've so loved to hear in challenge to some Democrat to disprove her statistics is going to get again in harness and call the cows, and carol over the buttermaking.

Error Affords Amusement.

And that buttermaking line reminds me of a laugh she and I had together a few days ago. I wrote a line about Mrs. Hanley having "left her buttermaking, preserves," and by some mad manner it got into print that she "had left her butler making preserves."

Now, I ask of you, did you ever read a more idiotic line? She laughed hilariously over it, for never has she had a butler and she makes her own preserves.

Just before she set out on this crusade she made nearly a hundred glasses of red currant jell. If Hughes is elected she's going to send me some. If he isn't elected, she'll not send me some. The Hanley kiddies will need it, to put on their bread—if they have bread—for the next four years.

Of course, it won't really be a matter of actual bread—but that's figuratively speaking.

Mrs. Hanley is absolutely truthful when she says that they couldn't make things go on the ranch these last four years. Why on earth any Democratic soul should cavil at her assertion is beyond me. You've only to look about you at every sort of business knocked into a cocked hat. And ranching is just another business.

Trip to Alaska Taken.

The Hanleys couldn't make it go. Their expenses and what they had to put into its upkeep went staggering high in dollars. So Mrs. Hanley took it over, with the help of Junior and Mr. Hanley went to Alaska. Which is more or less ancient history now, but I've got a lot of things to say in this column and that's one of 'em.

Another is that I want you to know, honestly and truly, that Mrs. Hanley is not in this big work for any personal aggrandizement. She has a splendid white flame of sincerity in her lovely little woman's body. She has done much to kindle the fire of idealism—an idealism of the lasting result—showing sort—in Republicanism for the first time in years. She has a strong emotional conviction in its cause.

Home Left for Cause.

She left her home and her babies and let met tell you that her maternal love is a big, vibrant, beautiful and holy one—too sacred for tearing into print with its details.

Her voice has gone hoarse, her body has been racked with a deep cold, her nerve cells have been burned at a piteous rate, she has suffered physical discomforts that a traveling man never heard of, and she has not received one penny for it.

She has been carrying a banner. Hughes is writ on it. Mrs. Hanley has borne it aloft and you can't tell me that the splendid convictions she feels in her own course is not going to bear results.

And right here is where I want to tell you of how she happened to give herself to this great issue. She told about it at several of the places we visited—but it hurt her to tell it—gripped her heart and brought the tears into her throat.

Father, Who Inspired, Is Gone.

For the loved father, who taught her patriotism when she was a wee little girl, has gone away forever, and she probes deep into a big wound when the subject needs come up.

"He was a poor boy," she said to me in a hushed little voice. "He and mother came across the plains on their honeymoon—and all they had in the wide world was love and stout hearts and a big faith in this country.

"It was never given to my father to become anything but a good citizen, a taxpayer, and keeper of the laws. But he taught us children early to love the flag, to revere our country and if ever came to us a chance to do a bit for the wonderful country that had sheltered him and his, we must leave all else and go."

And that is the simple, little story, and the truth.

"The time when my father would have bade me go is now," says Mrs. Hanley. "When the world is being judged, when the nations are passing in review before the judgment seat, when our own Nation is facing a crisis I want to add my bit to help. And if I can have some part in helping to elect Charles Evans Hughes, even if it's only by telling my little pig story and having fun poked at my last year's dress, I'm glad to do it."

Witty Sally Enjoyed.

And one of the funny Hanleyisms that occurs to me right here is a remark she made when she read in a Democrat paper that her suit was "of handsome taupe cloth."

"Guess they must have sent the marine editor," she remarked. "Any woman can tell you in an instant that this suit is last year's style. But I'm not scorning it. I brush it and care for it. For if Wilson is elected I'll have to wear it four years more."

"Aggies" Taken to Junior.

And there's something else I must tell you. It's about the aggies and the buttons Mrs. Hanley took to Junior. The aggies, you must know, are just reg'ly agate marbles. Junior's mother is pretty close to that young man and she knows that a sack full of aggies is a fine treasure and sometimes more to be desired than great riches.

As for the buttons, they are flat round ones, bearing a more or less flattering likeness of Woodrow Wilson. It is the gospel truth I'm telling you, that scores of folk handed their Wilson buttons to Mrs. Hanley. She exchanged them for Hughes buttons and put the Wilson ones in a little sack to show to the kiddies—much as a warrior brings home the trophies of a fight.

I really think Mrs. Hanley liked this part of the demonstration most of all.

I want to tell you one other thing, and list a few Hanleyisms that I remember and then we will say Kismet—I and this marvelous girl-woman with the Madonna heart, the Celtic wit and the man's logic in a sweet, feminine head.

Mrs. Hanley Very Domestic.

Some one sent me a clipping from some Democratic paper in which this line is all I remember because of the great interest it tells:

"She is a woman of the type who craves constant excitement."

It is to laugh. It is a craving for constant excitement, I reckon, that would make any woman leave a perfectly nice home and babies and eat odds and ends of food in all sorts of way stations, to travel all over the state of Oregon in sweet, clean, easy-running day coaches, and stuffy sleepers up and down branch lines, to be rained on, and frozen and boiled in various climates, to talk till you're hoarse at night and do personal rescue work among Democrats until midnight—and grab 40 winks, eat breakfast out of a bag en route to catch a 6 o'clock boat or bus to Lord knows where.

Sick Baby Nursed.

I guess it was a craving for excitement that led her to stay up from midnight until 5 o'clock one morning with a little sick, croupy baby belonging to a woman who had a room near hers.

I guess it was a craving for excitement that made her chat for hours on trains with tired old ladies, and weary o'life old men. It was this craze for excitement that made her do her own laundry work after speaking hours, in her room, pinning hankies to the window, washing stockings and sewing on buttons, because we didn't have time to see a laundry, or a graduate button-sewer.

You can call that excitement if you want to, but I don't. And my idea of excitement is not in having one's perfectly nice nose sprayed, and one's best throat looked into by a specialist every time one hove in sight of a city.

Work Brings On Cold.

And I can think of a lot of things wilder than a sharp pain in a lung and a nervous chill on a cold stage just before one addresses a mob of folk who are waiting to be shown.

You never heard of Mrs. Hanley before this campaign, did you? Why hasn't she been out craving excitement before now? Well, then, why not accept her own, sincere, truthful reasons for going into it—that she wanted to do her bit—to help elect Mr. Hughes? She believes in him as a man, and has faith in his principles.

As for the Hanley isms, here they are—at least a few I remember.

"The Lord just don't seem to work with a Democratic Administration."

"They began it first. They make fun of Mr. Hughes' whiskers and say he is a Wall-street man. Well, I don't like Wilson's policies or his long jaw either."

Paper Famine Laid to Notes.

"It's no wonder paper is scarce. Wilson has used it all up writing notes."

"Edison is for Wilson. Edison is an electrician, and naturally he likes anything that switches on and off."

"Luther Burbank thought the salvation of the world depended upon his spineless cactus. And, of course, he'd like a spineless statesman."

"The Adamson law is a misuse of righteous public opinion."

Wilson never wanted to catch Villa. He's got a million soldiers on the border line, when Buffalo Vernon, of Pendleton, could have had him bog tied and branded in a week."

"Because a Republican is just like having religion—it's like gettin' the glory."

"Being a Republican is like belonging to a lodge—you've got the password when you say you're for Hughes.

"The Democrats claim everything from the discovery of the North Pole to what became of Charlie Ross. Pretty soon they'll be claiming that Jeff Davis wrote the Constitution. I bet they'll make out that Columbus was the original Democrat."

Boy Trained to Honor Woman.

"I am not raising my boy to be a soldier, but I am raising him to respect an American woman, whether she's making a Hughes speech on Alder street in Portland or if she's down on the border."

"I am not raising him to be a soldier but I am raising him to respect American rights, and to protect American citizens wherever they may be."

"I couldn't take a neutral attitude toward even the boiling of an egg."

"Scratch a non-partisan and you'll find a Democrat."

"I do not criticise Woodrow Wilson as a President—but as Candidate Wilson, opposed to Candidate Hughes. In the chair he is a sacred cow."

"Mr. Hughes is not being bound by a lot of election pledges that he cannot perform."

"A Democrat's idea of a woman is that she'll believe anything if you only repeat it often enough."

"The first Chinaman who started China on its downfall was one who was too proud to fight."

"You can't tell me W. J. B. didn't have a hunch about how Woody would treat him."

"Every day between now and election the railroad men are finding out more about the joker in the Adamson law."

"My babies' goodnight kiss means more to me than all the fame, all the notices and all the glory of this work."

And that, my friends, is the line that sticks in my memory of Mrs. E. B. Hanley—the line that is the keynote of her fine, splendid, unselfish, womanly life.

SPARROW IS CHAMPIONED

Speaker at Audubon Society Meeting Tells of Bird's Deeds.

One of the largest of recent Audubon Society meetings was held last night at the headquarters at the Y. M. C. A. Bruce Horsfal gave a lantern slide lecture on "Sparrows in Portland and Vicinity," showing colored pictures.

"The sparrow is a most useful creature, a friend of the farmers and gardeners. He destroys harmful insects and weed seeds and in many ways aids the farmer," said Mr. Horsfal. According to the speaker there are ten varieties of sparrows in Portland and vicinity, of whom the Rusty Song Sparrow is the most plentiful. The others are Chipping sparrow, Lark, White Crown, Savanna, Grasshopper, Vesper and the English sparrow.

About 50 attended the meeting. Mrs. Minnie Campbell, who was to have spoken, was ill.

American Steamer Sunk.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 4.—The American steamer Willapa, bound from Bluefield for New Orleans, sank Thursday night off the Nicaraguan coast, according to a cablegram received today by her agents. Captain Johnson and his crew of 22 men were rescued.

For reaching files on ceilings there has been invented a long-handled swatter, operated by a spring.

A Great Loss and a Greater Gain

This business has rounded out twenty-two months of existence by distributing to owners more than one hundred thousand cars.

Price-concessions on this car are rarely asked, and never given with Dodge Brothers consent or to their knowledge.

You can therefore figure accurately the amount invested by the public in Dodge Brothers cars, by multiplying the output by the retail selling price.

One hundred thousand cars at $785 per car means a sales-total in less than two years' time of $78,500,000—or, with freight-cost added, considerably more than $80,000,000.

There have been no bursts of speed in the up-building of this great business.

At no time has there been even an attempt at stimulation of sales or of production.

Never for a single day has production been speeded up for the sake of attaining a total.

On the contrary, it has been held down every day within the limits of close, careful, conscientious manufacturing.

Both production and sales have been stable, steady and spontaneous—scrupulous care in the one, producing huge volume in the other.

At this moment, as at every other period, although producing a large volume every day, Dodge Brothers are "losing business" by their policy of keeping production within the bounds of continuous betterment.

In that sense they have doubtless suffered a great loss in the past and will endure a great loss in the future.

But over against this great loss is an infinitely greater gain.

The people of the United States have implicit faith in the integrity of Dodge Brothers manufacturing methods.

One hundred thousand owners—or rather, one hundred thousand families—are practically of one mind concerning the car and the men who make it.

This business and its product are blessed with a friendship probably without parallel in the history of American manufacturing.

Fresh from the factory, or sold at second-hand, from one end of the nation to the other, the car has special value and a special reputation, because of the name it bears.

Because of the name it bears, you may be sure that the principle behind the car will never be changed a hair's breadth.

Dodge Brothers have only one idea in the upbuilding of their business.

That idea is to build so soundly and so well that the good will which they have won will grow and endure forever.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low.
The tire mileage is unusually high.

Covey Motor Car Co.
Washington at Twenty-first

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster, complete, is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster, complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 (f. o. b. Detroit)

CURED HIMSELF OF THE LIQUOR HABIT

A Missouri Man After Drinking for Thirty-five Years Banished His Craving for Liquor With a Simple Home Recipe.

Mr. Thos. J. D. O'Bannon, a well-known resident of Missouri, living at R. F. D. No. 3, Frederickstown, Mo., banished his craving for liquor with a simple recipe which he mixed at home.

Mr. O'Bannon recently made the following statement: "I am 51 years old and had drank for 35 years. My craving was so great I could not quit liquor. More than a year ago I had the following simple recipe filled and began taking it and it entirely banished my craving for liquor. To 2 ounces of water add 20 grains of muriate of ammonia, a small box of Varlex Compound and 10 grains of pepsin. Take a teaspoonful three times a day. Any druggist can mix it for you or supply the ingredients at very little cost. This recipe can be taken of your own accord or given to anyone secretly in coffee, tea, milk or in food as it has no taste, color or smell and is perfectly harmless. I believe any drunkard can cure himself with this simple recipe.—Adv.