

POVERTY MADE —HER SING—

As a Child Patti Prevented
Her Family's Starvation
—When 7 Years Old the
Great Diva Stood on a
Hall Table and Sang—
Her Great Wealth and
How Earned....



ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI-CEDERSTROM.



BARON CEDERSTROM.

THE promise of \$5,000 per night has proven sufficient temptation to cause Mme. Adelina Patti, Baroness of Cederstrom, to agree to leave her home in Sweden and her castle of Craig-y-nos in Wales, in the near future and revisit this country. During the few months she will be in America it is estimated that the great diva will increase a fortune already amounting to several millions by at least half a million more.

For over forty years Patti's marvelous voice has thrilled hundreds of audiences and she has passed from one triumph to another, adding, year by year, to the fortune which she started to lay by in the earlier days of her career. And what could be more striking than the contrast between the picture of the Patti of to-day—scoring a last triumphal tour at 60—and the picture of the little girl who, at the age of 7 years, stood on a table in a concert hall and sang trashy songs to a commonplace audience? Little did the parents of the child Patti dream, when her first earnings in this way actually saved the family from starvation, that the cultivation of her marvelous voice would in after years be the means of earning vast fortunes. And now, with all her sixty years upon her, it is said that the voice of the diva retains most, if not all, of its original melody, and even at this late day has the power to earn about half a million dollars within the short limits of a six months' engagement.

The contract under which Patti comes to this country is an ironclad one. She is to sing at sixty concerts; is not to appear more than ten times in any one month. At the conclusion of each concert she is to receive \$5,000. She is to get, in addition, 50 per cent of the box office money in excess of \$7,500. A conservative estimate places the average receipts at \$10,000 a performance; therefore, Patti's total income for each concert will, in round numbers, amount to about \$6,200 and her gross receipts for the entire tour will mount up to \$375,000. The balance of the box office receipts will reach another \$100,000, so that it is no exaggeration to place the earning capacity of Patti's voice during her forthcoming tour at the half-million mark. During the two hours of the performance the divine Adelina will be upon the stage from a half to three-quarters of an hour—possibly an average of thirty-five minutes. This means that, all told, she will sing for just thirty-five hours, or at the rate of \$10,000 an hour.

Patti, the child of Italian parents, was born in Spain, in 1843. Her first appearance before an English audience took place when she was 18 years old, at the Italian Theater, in Covent Garden, in "La Sonnambula." For twenty years she toured Europe and then, in 1881, came to America. For three years she traveled from city to city, in a triumphal tour. During this and subsequent tours Patti received \$5,000 a night. A tour made to South America in 1889 was conducted on the same basis, with the additional agreement to a share of the gross receipts when they amounted to over \$10,000. When the great Auditorium at Chicago was formally opened in 1889 Patti received \$4,000 for singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Patti married the Marquis de Caux, a French nobleman, in 1868, but the matrimonial venture was an unhappy one and divorce followed in a few years. Her second husband was Signor Nicolini, the tenor. More recently Patti married the Baron Cederstrom, a member of the Swedish nobility, several years her junior. The union is said to be a happy one.

OIL KING'S BENEFACTIONS.

Henry H. Rogers Showering Gifts Up
on His Native Town.

As the culmination of a long system of benefactions in his native town, Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil multimillionaire, is erecting in Fairhaven, Mass., a memorial church which, when completed, will be the most magnificent edifice of its size in the United



HENRY H. ROGERS.

States, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Architects, sculptors and contractors have been given orders to spare no expense, and the cost is placed anywhere from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. Fairhaven is a quaint and quiet town located on an arm of Buzzard's bay, and, like the neighboring city of New Bedford, was once a whaling port of respectable dimensions. Curiously enough, through the medium of the very discovery that destroyed the old-time industry of the place, Mr. Rogers has been enabled to lavish gifts upon it with a prodigal hand, until Fairhaven has completely forgotten the days of whale oil, and sings only the praises of Standard Oil. The church now in pro-

cess of construction is a gift to the Unitarian parish and is to form a beautiful memorial to Mr. Rogers' mother.

Mr. Rogers' gifts to Fairhaven began some eighteen years ago with the presentation of a well-equipped brick schoolhouse to the town. Next came the Millicent Library, a memorial to a dead daughter. The building is fittingly described as an architectural gem. It contains 15,000 volumes and has accommodations for 50,000.

Another gift to the place is the Town Hall, a French Gothic structure, with a tower 150 feet high. It contains everything, from a postoffice to a police station, to meet municipal needs. The town fathers transact their business in luxurious offices with big fire places of marble.

These are not all of Mr. Rogers' gifts to Fairhaven. Within a year or two a business block of granite and brick, containing a Masonic hall, was built and presented to the local lodge of Free Masons. For its public water supply, its sewerage system and its fine streets, Fairhaven is also indebted to Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers was born in 1840, and after graduating from the Fairhaven High School became a clerk in his father's store. Later he tried railroading, and in 1861 became connected with the oil industry in Pennsylvania. When the Standard Oil trust was formed he became the chairman of its manufacturing committee. In a short time he was made a trustee, and for a number of years has been a well known and prominent factor in the affairs of the Standard Oil trust.

Met the Usual Fate.

"I hear that he married an actress."
"All men do."—Detroit Free Press.

Progressing: Uncle John—"Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucumber vine! What progress are you making toward matrimony?" Clara—"Well, uncle, I'm on the fifth lap."—Tit-Bits.

WAS A NOTED WOMAN.

The Late Mrs. Roebling Helped to
Build the Brooklyn Bridge.

Mrs. Washington A. Roebling, who died at Trenton, N. J., recently, gained her first and greatest prominence through the part she took in directing the details of the construction of the Brooklyn bridge, across the East River, New York, after her husband, Colonel Roebling, had been incapacitated by calisson fever. Colonel Roebling assisted his father, John A. Roebling, in preparing the plans for the bridge, and on the death of the latter, who was killed in 1869 while making the first survey for the bridge, Colonel Roebling took charge.

Colonel Roebling was stricken with calisson fever while superintending the sinking of the foundation for the bridge, and in 1872 became an invalid.



MRS. WASHINGTON A. ROEBLING.

That he might watch the completion of the work he lived on Brooklyn Heights, and with the aid of field glasses directed the construction from his sick room. Mrs. Roebling gained fame at that time by her direction, under Colonel Roebling's supervision, of the work. The bridge was completed on May 27, 1883, and Mrs. Roebling was the first woman to cross it.

Mrs. Roebling was born in Cold Springs, N. Y., the daughter of Gen. Sylvanus Warren, and married Colonel Roebling in 1865. She was a member of several women's clubs and patriotic societies and latterly devoted much of her time to literary work. She also a couple of years ago studied law at the University of New York as an aid to her in her business transactions, and it is from a photograph made at that time that our illustration is taken.

DANIEL D. EMMETT, COMPOSER OF "DIXIE," LIVES IN SOLITUDE.

Daniel Decatur Emmett, known as the father of burnt-cork minstrelsy and composer of "Way Down South in Dixie," a song that has stirred the patriotism of every Southerner in America, is still living in a little hermitage near Mount Vernon, Ohio. Dan still possesses the old violin on which he first played the well-known melody. At the time he was playing in Bryant's theater in New York Mr. Bryant asked him to write up something lively for a walk-around. The next day was Sunday, and, looking out of the window of his room, Mr. Emmett saw the rain



DAN EMMETT'S HERMITAGE.

beating down and wished he was back in the South. Then he remembered the negroes' expression: "I wish I were in Dixie land." That was enough. He says in twenty minutes afterward the words and music were complete.

Before this "Uncle Dan" had earned the title as father of negro minstrelsy by imitating the genuine Africans in manners, color and singing. His performances became known all through the country.

The old minstrel is now 87 years of age. His parents were Virginians. At present the old man is under the care of the Actors' Relief Association, and will pass his remaining days in comfort, although he has seen hard times in his career.

Theatre story: A man called at the box office, and asked for two seats. "Can't give you seats," said the man behind the window; "we've got standing room only." "Well, then," said the other man, pulling out his purse, "give me two 'standing rooms' as close together as possible."

It's a cold day for the plumber when the mercury refuses to take the thirty-second degree.

The sailor is always glad to see a lighthouse, but it's different with the actor.

St. Jacobs Oil

Is the greatest remedy in the world for all bodily

Aches and Pains

for which an external remedy may be used.

Price, 25c. and 50c.



KRAUSE & PRINCE, Wholesalers, 87-89 First St., Portland, Or.

Didn't Understand.

Mrs. Swaggerton—My daughter hasn't come out yet, you know.
Mrs. Homeleigh—Indeed! What was she sent to prison for?—Ally Sloper.

A Reminder.

Dearborn—What have you got that string tied about your finger for?
Wabash—Oh, I've been getting married, and my wife doesn't want me to forget it.

An Explanation.

"What kept you so late?" asked the physician's wife.

"Coming down on the elevated road my professional services were very much in demand," replied the belated M. D. "Man in first car was overcome by the heat and by the time I got him straightened out another man was discovered in the rear car almost frozen to death."

Must Have Been.

First Chapple—I wonder now, Chollie, how the donkey ever came to be used as the—er—emblem of stupidity?
Second Chapple (with a yawn)—Don't know, I'm sure, dear boy; must have been before our day.

It Certainly Would.

She—What a happy world this would be if—
He—if what?
She—if men, could only believe all they say.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Reason for Suicide.

A New York man wrote as his reason for attempting suicide that he had consulted 25 doctors, but none was able to cure him of asthma.

Information Wanted.

Brown—What do you know about Blank?
Green—Why, he's as honest as the day is long.
Brown—Yes; but what's his record at night?

Idolators.

We are surrounded with idolators—men and women who have gods many and lords many. Their affections are centered on things of the earth, perishable and unsatisfying. Man's duty is the worship of the one true God.—Rev. George Adams.

Boys' and Youths'

Jack Knife Shoes

Ask your dealer for the Jack Knife Shoe. Every boy gets a pocket knife with his pair of shoes. Best wearing shoes. Razor steel knives.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."—CHAS. STREFFORD.



Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

REIERSON MACHINERY CO.
Successors to John Poole.
Foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.
South Bend Steel Plows, 14 in. No. 254, \$11.40;
South Bend Chilled Plows, 14 in. 10A, \$7.70;
Double Shovel Cultivators, \$1.90; Newton wagon gear, complete, all clipped, wide track, \$60.00; top buggies, Jackson side springs, regular \$85.00, now \$78.50.

Practical Admonition.

Old Dr. Grimshaw (to medical student)—And now, remember that to a physician humanity is divided into two classes.
Student—And what are they, doctor?
Old Dr. Grimshaw—The poor whom he cures and the rich whom he doctors.—Tit-Bits.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

His Style.

Jeweler—Diamond shirt studs? Yes, sir; here's a set, neat little stones, for \$125.
Customer—Huh! Out home in Chicago I can get—
Jeweler—Ah! yes, pardon me. Here you are. Just look at these big flashes—three karats each! Sell you the set for \$3.50.—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Beginning

If the blood is in good condition at the beginning of the warm season, you are prepared to resist disease and are not apt to be troubled with boils, pimples, blackheads and blotches, or the itching and burning skin eruptions that make one's life a veritable torment and misery.

Now is the time to begin the work of cleansing and building up the blood and strengthening the weak places in your constitution. During the cold winter months we are compelled to live indoors and breathe the impure air of badly ventilated rooms and offices. We over-work and over-eat, and get too little out-door exercise, and our systems become clogged with impurities and the blood a hot-bed of germs and humors of every kind, and warm weather is sure to bring a reaction, and the poisonous matter in the blood and system will break out in boils and pustules or scaly eruptions and red, disfiguring bumps and pimples. Make a good beginning this season by taking a course of S. S. S. in time; it will not only purify your blood and destroy the germs and poisons, but promote healthy action of the Liver and Kidneys and give you a good appetite at a time when you need it most.

S. S. S. improves the digestion and tones up the Stomach, and you are not continually haunted by the fear of indigestion every time you eat, or troubled with dizziness, nervousness and sleeplessness. There is no reason to dread the coming of warm weather if you have your system well fortified and the blood in a normal, healthy condition. It is the polluted, sluggish blood that invites disease germs, microbes and poisons of every kind and bring on a long train of spring and summer ailments, break down the constitution, and produce weakness, lassitude, and other debilitating disorders. Eczema, Acne, Nettle-rash, Poison Oak and Ivy, and other irritating skin troubles are sure to make their appearance unless the humors and poisons are antidoted and the thin, acid blood made rich and strong before the coming of warm weather.

A course of S. S. S. now would be a safe precaution and a good beginning and enable you to pass in comfort through the hot, sultry months and escape the diseases common to spring and summer. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and is recognized as the best blood purifier and the most invigorating and pleasant of all tonics. Write for our book on "The Blood and Its Diseases."

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

HORRIBLY AFFLICTED WITH BOILS.

I had a horrible attack of boils that broke out all over my body and from which I could get no possible relief until I began taking your medicine, and from my experience I can safely say S. S. S. is the best blood purifier in the world.
Mrs. M. P. SMYTHERS,
Wytheville, Va.

THE BEST TONIC AND APPETIZER.

While living in Sherman, Tex., I became a victim of impure, watery blood. I ran down in appetite and energy; was scarcely able to get about and had to stop off and rest occasionally. I took S. S. S. and began to improve at once, and after a thorough course became strong and well.

I think S. S. S. the best medicine I ever used as an appetizer and general tonic.
J. G. SCOTT,
811 Railroad street, Rome, Ga.

While living in Sherman, Tex., I became a victim of impure, watery blood. I ran down in appetite and energy; was scarcely able to get about and had to stop off and rest occasionally. I took S. S. S. and began to improve at once, and after a thorough course became strong and well.

I think S. S. S. the best medicine I ever used as an appetizer and general tonic.
J. G. SCOTT,
811 Railroad street, Rome, Ga.

While living in Sherman, Tex., I became a victim of impure, watery blood. I ran down in appetite and energy; was scarcely able to get about and had to stop off and rest occasionally. I took S. S. S. and began to improve at once, and after a thorough course became strong and well.

I think S. S. S. the best medicine I ever used as an appetizer and general tonic.
J. G. SCOTT,
811 Railroad street, Rome, Ga.