

WORKING FOR THE CRAFTERS

Expose of the Oregonian's Action in Slandering the Columbia River Bar.

AN IMMENSE SUM INVOLVED

If Present Status Can Be Continued, Wheat Pool Will Benefit to Extent of \$15,000,000.

In the agitation now being conducted in Portland for improvement of the Columbia river bar well-voiced men think they discern an effort on the part of the Oregonian and the wheat and railroad pools represented by that journal to hold down Oregon and the Columbia basin for another six or seven years.

For some weeks past the Oregonian, which had theretofore forcibly resented any reference to lack of water on the Columbia bar, has been parading the river's deficiencies to the world. It has persistently pointed out that greater depth at the river's mouth is necessary if the commerce of this basin is to be properly handled, and in its frantic efforts to show up the bar in the worst possible light and in its frantic efforts to bring about a delay in shipping occurs not between Portland and Astoria, but between Astoria and the sea.

For the first time, the Oregonian has slandered the waterway of which it was once so proud, holding it up to the world as totally inadequate for the needs of commerce. This action on the part of the paper responsible for the Oregon blight is not difficult to understand. Fearful that the Astoria road is about to be acquired either by the Hill-Morgan interests or the Harriman-Vanderbilt syndicate, the Oregonian seeks to prevent consummation of the deal by staving off decisive action "until the bar may be improved."

"I am satisfied that the Oregonian's scheme is as here outlined. Notwithstanding the denials made at the time of the publication in the Astorian of the offer of the Northern Pacific for the A. & C. I have it on good authority that negotiations for sale of the road have been on for some time. If my information is correct, the deal was to have been closed last Thursday, when it all went well, the local railroad was to have changed hands. There was a hitch in the negotiations, however, and sale has been deferred.

"Doubtless the Hill-Pacific interests are thoroughly acquainted with the situation. If the Oregonian succeeds in creating the belief that the Columbia bar is unfit for navigation purposes, and that it will remain so until the general government makes an improvement, purchase of the local road and consequent utilization of the ocean bar will be delayed. The railroad-wheat pool, together with its ocean stands to make about \$25,000,000 yearly out of the present situation, and the attempted hold-up is well worth the trouble. But the railroad people doubtless know their business and I have an idea the scheme of the organ of the pool will fail fast.

"Everyone will admit that improvement of the bar is essential, but the condition has been misrepresented by the Portland mouthpiece of the crafters' ring. Ships go and come with as little difficulty as was experienced last year, and the bar will accommodate all the shipping that comes this way at present. The Chamber of Commerce of this city will probably take up this matter and see to it that the Oregonian's effort at misrepresentation is not successful.

Gatzert was late in arriving yesterday, as she did not get away from Portland on time, owing to rush of business. She carried back a large number of passengers last evening.

An amusing incident occurred on a street-car yesterday afternoon. The fly member of the Hunting for Haakins company boarded the car in company with a friend, and taking a seat well toward the front end of the car, began to point out the different places of interest about town. The conductor standing near became interested in the conversation. Evidently the actor's friend was a total stranger, and the fly guy had no difficulty in stringing him out. "This building," said the P. G., indicating the structure in question, "is Old Follows hall. It cost originally \$50,000. Now it belongs to me. What? Oh, yes, I own lots of realty in Astoria! Here's another of my buildings—the Kinney block. And this is the Page building, which also belongs to me," continued the P. G., with a wave of his hand. Just then the conductor reached over and tapped the P. G. on the shoulder. "Smoking only on the three rear seats, sir," said he, and the P. G.'s pipe went out.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Will Madison is now almost well. Harry L. Hamblet was downtown yesterday.

C. L. Parker returned yesterday from the metropolis.

County Judge Gray was in Portland yesterday, on business.

Henry Lang, a Portland traveling man, was in town yesterday.

Y. B. McDonald, a Skam-skawa millman, was in the city yesterday.

F. R. Gorman, of Roseburg, was among yesterday's arrivals at the Occident.

E. B. Cox went over to Ilwaco yesterday to gather statistics for the Astoria directory, a portion of which will be devoted to the north shore towns.

Mrs. M. J. Fox expects to leave on the 15th inst. for an extended visit with her son in California. Her friends are invited by the ladies of the W. F. M. Society to attend a tea to be given in her honor on Friday, Nov. 15, from 2 to 5 o'clock, at the Methodist parsonage, corner Ninth and Duane streets.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

James Finlayson and wife to John Chitwood—lot 2, block 34, McClure's; \$500.

United States to John Rian—143.69 acres in section 4, T 6 N, R 5 W; patent.

John Rian and wife to John Johnson—same property; \$1000.

Columbia Harbor Land Co. to Nellie Firth—lots 1 and 2, block 39; lots 1 to 4, block 40, Warrenton Park; \$1500.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Woman's Relief Corps desires to thank all those who assisted in making their recent dinner a success.

UP TO DATE STORIES.

She was richly but inconspicuously dressed, and would have attracted no particular attention, as she stood on the corner of Tremont and Wayne streets a few days ago, had not her face, under a white veil, been withering in a series of remarkable contractions. Several persons paused to watch her "make faces," and then came a feminine acquaintance.

"Why," exclaimed the newcomer, "what upon earth is the matter?" The facial contractions ceased and were replaced by a smile.

"With me? Nothing." "But you looked as if you were suffering terribly." "Never felt better." "But your face—you were twisting it into all sorts of shapes." The lady standing at the corner laughed and held out her hands in each of which was a parcel.

"If I was only trying," she said, "to work the edge of my veil down under my chin."

A nice little boy from Philadelphia, who was in Washington a few days ago, working some of the sights under the guidance of his uncle, made an inquiry that may have revealed the impression entertained by a large number of American boys of his age—about 10. He had been through the great building to the west of the White House, according to the New York Times, had seen the state department library, the models of soldiers in the war department, and the three or four models left of the navy department's big fleet of iron models. As he was leaving the building he turned with a very anxious look in the eyes of his uncle.

"Say, uncle," he said, "you haven't shown me where they keep Rear-Admiral Schley locked up?" The boy evidently imagined that Schley is a prisoner, brought out each day to be carried to court. The uncle pointed to the Arlington hotel as he walked along Pennsylvania avenue, and explained that Schley for the present lives there, and that he was not likely to go to prison as the result of the investigation which he is undergoing. But the inquiry suggested wonder as to whether there are other boys who imagine that the man who was at Santiago is living behind bars and bars.

TO EXPLORE ALASKA.

Extensive explorations are about to be undertaken between the Arctic Circle and the shores of the Arctic ocean in Alaska. The exploring party will start from Bergman, nearly one thousand miles from Sitka. Alaska is about as little known as the interior of Africa was a few years ago. A specific remedy for the cure of common ills was unknown until Hottelers' Stomach Bitters was first discovered. For fifty years it has cured all stomach and bowel complaints, and today is the most celebrated medicine in the world. The Bitters will cure indigestion, headache, fever and kidney troubles, malaria, liver and ague. Take no substitute. The genuine must have our Private Die Stamp over the neck of the bottle.

A BOGUS BARON.

Penn Steele writes very entertainingly in the November Kiva in answer to the question: "Who was Baron Munchausen?" Of a fable which had been personified in Halberstadt in the year 1702.

He gave out that he was Baron Karl Friedrich Munchausen of that branch of the family which was settled in Guxland. His mission in Halberstadt was to look after certain properties that formed part of the estate of his lately deceased father. Incidentally, he married there a lady of mature age and of some fortune named Margarete Heintz. She was dazzled not only by his title, and by the fine ribbon of the empire and other decorations, given him, as he averred, by signing a decree, but by his own story of fabulous wealth that was occasionally to be his. Meanwhile he persuaded her to sell off a lot of her houses to defray running expenses. The couple then made a trip to the North Pole, where the high sheriff was a Munchausen. They called upon the latter magistrate and the baron easily persuaded him of his relations to a distant one. The sheriff introduced the strangers to the best doctor in the place. Unfortunately the baron one day told the sheriff's wife that his first consort had been a daughter of Major General von Warden and had died in childbirth. Now the sheriff's wife knew the von Warden and knew also that there was only one daughter married to a Saxon gentleman named Hasser. She challenged the baron's story. He blushed furiously, and finally admitted he had been lying. Even yet, however, he was suspected only of bragadoos and prevarication.

STORY OF CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

Dr. Quinn, the well-known antiquarian in Hesperia, for November, has a charming legend of the origin of the design of the capital which characterizes the Corinthian pillar.

"In the winter a young girl had died in Corinth," he says, "and her parents were sad and gathered together various trinkets and playthings which the girl had loved and brought them to the girl's grave. There she placed them in a basket near the monument, and closed in the air until he had been turned to. It happened that under the basket was a root of an acanthus plant. When spring came the acanthus sprouted, but its shoots were not able to pierce the basket, and accordingly they grew around it, having the basket in their midst. Such of the long leaves as grew up against the four protruding corners of the top of the basket, curled around under these corners and formed pretty volutes. Kallimachos, the sculptor, walking that way one day, saw this and immediately conceived the notion that the form of the basket with the acanthus top of it, and surrounded by the leaves and stalks of acanthus, would be a comely heading for columns in architecture. He from this idea, formed the beautiful Corinthian style of capital. Such, at least, is the story as the Architect Vitruvius told it a nineteen hundred years ago."

Detroit Free Press: There was once a man who got into a poker game to protect a "friend" whom he thought a novice and a guileless lamb. In a brief space of time this man had been "whipped, lotted, double-crossed and rooked in the air" until he had barely enough left with which to make a respectable appearance on the street after dark. The story is suggested by the committee of five who are to protect the common cause against the machinations of the franchise grabbers.

DOING FIVE MEN'S WORK.

The Heroism of a Handsome, Talented Woman in Hills of Oregon.

Hidden away among the timbered hills of Oregon is a brave woman, working out the best of her strength and skill, and braving the scorch of the world's applause or criticism, being the task of five men and baffling in it. She is truly the most extraordinary woman in the West, and a credit to her country. Her name is Mrs. Rose Basher. She is not a dandy, nor a sullen, plodding peasant, but an erect, handsome woman of 22, a college graduate, a musician of rare feeling and in every respect a woman of the highest culture and refinement.

In her day's work, which begins at 4:30 and does not end until the late hours of the night, she is a stationary engineer, a chess player, a barter, manufacturer, a stock clerk, a bookkeeper and accountant, a man-of-all-work around the factory, a housekeeper and cook and mother unswerving in her devotion to her father, and her education she teaches music, sewing and runs an evening school for her children. The solitary, scattered ranches of Southern Utah county worship her, and no wonder.

Fifteen years ago, Ross Whittier was a student of the state university of Nebraska. Her parents were wealthy and she had no cares but to live from day to day. The life of the young woman, who had been brought up in the city, was a life of ease and comfort, and her nature was one of indomitable energy and application.

She was married at 17, and before she was 19 had to face, with her husband, the wild, rugged life of the West—had to struggle with nature to wrest a living for the children who had already come to them. Half an hour before the sun glis the crest of the hills that lie behind her home in the hamlet, Albia, she has arisen. At 4:30 she is in the cheese factory and creamery, founded by her own exertions, receiving the milk of six cows and serving it by the neighboring ranches.

She employs the latest scientific improvements, but attends to every detail herself. She separates the cream, and every day turns out from 150 to 200 pounds of butter. She fires the engine, starts it up, keeps steam on, cleans and oils it. She cuts and carries her own furnace wood, and none but her own hands clean the vats and churns. The cheeses have to be greased and the factory put in order for the day.

Her labors in the factory over she goes to her husband's sawmill and general store. There she is the bookkeeper, book-keeper and accountant. All business is checked up on the books. She pays the sawmill and ranch hands, draws orders, does business with the drummers and serves at the counter.

Between times and often by doing two things at once she cooks for her family of eight, attends to the house-keeping and does the repairing and making of clothes for her children. In the evening she teaches music to the oldest of her little ones and goes over their school lessons with them. When the lights are lit there are singing and music lessons and Mrs. Basher

plays some simple melodies on the violin. When this brave woman has a clear bright space she sits down to one of her books of her college days. In all the vicissitudes of her remarkable life she never lost her little library of the classics, and in them now she finds mental recreation for her active brain.

Mother love is the secret spring of her ambition. She has planned noble careers for her children. She will bring them to the East and there give to them the best education America affords. Last year her income was more than \$5000. This year it will be even more. Her ambitions are being realized and she is happy.

RAILROADS AND GOOD WAGON ROADS.

The Iowa railroad boys have asked by the railroad commission of that state that they be allowed to use gravel to be used in constructing and improving the country roads in Iowa. This is a request that should receive the utmost attention from the railroad boys. It is a request that is likely to present itself for their consideration. The improvement of the roads means the distribution of tonnage just throughout the year instead of its congestion into the periods when the wagon roads are in the most favorable condition. It may be doubted if the railroads would not find it a good investment to haul without charge some gravel as might be needed to surface the roads leading to a distance of five or ten miles. It is, of course, not expected that they will be called on for any such service, but the benefits of such an improvement to the railroad boys are so many that it would be well to make of one of the conditions of their lease for a distance of five or ten miles. It is, of course, not expected that they will be called on for any such service, but the benefits of such an improvement to the railroad boys are so many that it would be well to make of one of the conditions of their lease for a distance of five or ten miles. It is, of course, not expected that they will be called on for any such service, but the benefits of such an improvement to the railroad boys are so many that it would be well to make of one of the conditions of their lease for a distance of five or ten miles.

WHEAT MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12—Wheat, cash, 100. CHICAGO, Nov. 12—Wheat, December, opened, 72 1/2, closed, 73 1/2. TACOMA, Nov. 12—Wheat, bluestem, 57 1/2, club 66 1/2. PORTLAND, Nov. 12—Wheat, Walla Walla, 37, bluestem, 58.

PRICE OF SILVER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12—Silver, 57 1/2.

SHE KEPT THE COAL.

"Madden do you need any coal?" he asked of the lady who had just stepped out of a shabby man, with an overhanging red mustache, and his weather-beaten self had a red-tinted, weary face.

"The door which opened was the kitchen door of one of the houses that backed up against railroad tracks. "What kind of coal are you selling?" she asked.

"A very good quality of black coal, madam. We have it right out here on a very. We ordered this coal for one of our customers but when it came he changed his mind and couldn't take it. We have it at our hands and must get rid of it at once, and so we have decided to sell it out at ten cents a bushel to whoever wants it. Now, I have a man here to help me, and if you would like a few bushels of it, madam, we could deliver it to you at once."

"Is it a big basket?" "Show the lady the basket," said the salesman, turning to his partner, whose red face and wild yachting cap showed over the back fence. The partner hoisted to the top of the fence a huge basket and volunteered the automatic information that it would "hold a lot of coal."

"Now, madam," said the salesman, "what do you say to six bushels for 50 cents? We want to get rid of it as soon as possible."

"I'll take 50 cents' worth," she replied, and she knew it was a bargain. The salesman and his partner, who were short of coal, had carried three bushels into the shed and were loading from the shed for the fourth time, when the woman who stood on the back street to step into the tracks of the first passenger to the north.

Fortunately the salesman and his partner saw the woman's eye on "black" coal, and they were quick to get down the tracks to the back street to step into the tracks of the first passenger to the north.

"That's all right," said the woman, "I'll take 50 cents' worth." The salesman and his partner, who were short of coal, had carried three bushels into the shed and were loading from the shed for the fourth time, when the woman who stood on the back street to step into the tracks of the first passenger to the north.

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Until the last minute to buy your winter shoes? Did you ever think how much longer a pair of heavy winter shoes would last if you bought them and wore them a few times—just to break them in—before the real wet and slushy weather begins?

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Overcoats That Satisfy

Overcoats That Satisfy. P. A. Stokes, Clothier. Pleasing the Ladies.

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FOR HIS SON'S NAME.

FOR HIS SON'S NAME. General E. L. Malheur Will Spend His All in Defense of His Boy.

FOR HIS SON'S NAME. General E. L. Malheur Will Spend His All in Defense of His Boy. NEW YORK, Nov. 12—When financial assistance was indirectly offered to General E. L. Malheur for the conduct of the second trial of his son, Roland R. Malheur at a meeting of his comrades in the Veteran Association of the 159th New York Volunteers last night in the Broadway Borough Hall, he responded that he much appreciated the kindly feelings of his comrades, but could not accept their material aid. Before he would accept such aid he would spend the last cent he had in the world, then he would sell every one of his possessions. After that, if his son's name had not been cleared, he said he would come before the public like a man and ask for what assistance might be necessary. The record of the Malheur family was the theme of his remarks. Three words had been used by him in his military career. One he had given to his son, Cecil, another to his son, "Ned," and the third, he said was for his son, Roland, who he confidently believed, would "wear it with honor yet." General Malheur also spoke of having received some 3500 letters of sympathy from all parts of the country and all classes of people.

SEELAYA RE-ELECTED.

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