THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

C. S. JACKSON.

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Proprietors.

Address
THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL,
289 Yamhill St., Between Fourth and Fifth
Portland, Oregon.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF OREGON.

Entered at the Postoffice of Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10, or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 2 cents; over 28 pages, 3 cents.

Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected communications will not be returned.

Telephones:
Business Office—Oregon, Main 500; Columbia, 705.
Editorial Rooms—Oregon, Main 500.
City Editor—Oregon, Main 250.

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CLEVELAND WAS RIGHT.

The Philadelphia Enquirer said recently:

"Mr. Cleveland is the most conspicuous friend of radical tariff revision in the country. It will be remembered that the Wilson bill was so weak in his own estimation that he permitted it to become a law without his signature. And yet that same Wilson bill plunged the country into disaster."

The activity of Mr. Cleveland in the recent elections brought his former career prominently again into light, and subjected him to various comments. This by the Enquirer is a sample of many that have been made.

Grover Cleveland was the embodiment of the tariff reform idea. He made his stand upon it. He stood or fell by it. He both stood and fell by it, stood at first, and fell later, when the circumstances combined to give the opposition the better of the argument, according to superficial considerations.

The illogical plea that was accepted by the people was, in effect—sequential existence argues relation by cause and effect; or, in other words, hard times coming after existence of the Wilson tariff law proved that hard times were caused by the tariff bill.

However, not to engage in discussion of that question, the fact remains that all of the arguments advanced by Cleveland on the subject of tariff have been proved to be true, by the logic of events. And now the Republicans are indulging in a fight among themselves with one powerful faction saying just what Cleveland said, and the other denying it.

The misery of the whole affair is, that the Republican party, if it take up the reform of the tariff, will be about 20 years behind the times, and it has been the very party that brought to pass the conditions deplored now by Babcock and his ilk.

It cannot too often be iterated and reiterated that the Republican party in its delayed tariff reform symptoms is in the case of a man who spreads contagion purposely and then poses as a hero when he strives to assist in eradicating the disease.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

There is a union printer in this city who has spent many years working at his trade, every branch of which he has learned thoroughly. He has kept abreast of his calling; when hand composition was superceded by the linotype he familiarized himself with the complications of that machine, and became an expert operator. He is a great reader and has a retentive memory, and as a consequence possesses a fund of information that is marvelous.

A friend asked him the other day what newspaper published in the United States is his favorite, and he unhesitatingly gave the name of an obscure weekly printed in a small Eastern town. "I have read it almost every since I can remember," said he, "and impatiently await its arrival each week. It is my favorite newspaper."

There are thousands of other people who view the matter in the same light as this printer. The newspaper published near the old homestead appeals to them more strongly than can that of any other publication. Each week it brings memories of happy boyhood days that were all but forgotten. "The past rises before us like a dream." The personal column is eagerly scanned for a familiar name. Cy Watkins is treating his house to a coat of paint may not be a sensational piece of intelligence, but his old schoolmate in the West reads it a dozen times, and wonders if he could trounce him now as he used to do. He sees that Sallie Brown is ill, and recalls with a smile the night that she gave him the marble heart when he asked to see her home from a spelling bee. The advertisements are even read in order to be sure that nothing escapes his observation. His former companions are the business men who are letting the public know what they have to sell. Everything is interesting—he reads it all.

The country newspaper will always be a welcome visitor to thousands of homes. It is performing a mission that is entirely separate and distinct from that of the great daily. Its gossipy paragraphs are like the pies our mothers used to make—they touch the right spot.

AN INFORMATION DISSEMINATOR

In his address before the annual meeting of the Manufacturers' Association about two weeks ago, President Morrow said that as the secretary, C. H. McIsaac is an encyclopedia of information about the manufacturing and other interests of Oregon, it would be a good idea to bind him and send him over the country to disseminate his information and to induce manufacturers to come here.

When Mr. Morrow gave utterance to these words, he did not realize their importance. Why should not Mr. McIsaac or any other man who is well informed about Oregon, be sent East to interview manufacturers and capitalists and induce them to invest in Oregon? This can be done. It is a well known fact that a personal description is far better than a printed one, and if such a person, provided he is a good talker, be sent East to tell the people there of the opportunities of investment in this far western state, there is no doubt that Oregon would become flooded with capital anxious to invest.

The cost of such a trip would be very little and the results of inestimable value. Some may question as to what the effect would be. First, by inducing new factories to be established here, there must be people to work them. It is a well known fact that Portland has very few unemployed workingmen, the natural consequence would be that the population will be increased by an influx of labor to man the factories. Another point: Some of the factories may be such as to convert the products of Oregon into manufactured articles. This will induce farmers to come to Oregon to raise products for these factories.

The direct result of all this will be that Oregon will become one of the leading manufacturing states of the Union, with a large settled population.

PORTLAND'S FACTORIES.

In a recent statement to The Journal, Mr. Fletcher Linn, manager of the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Company, said that people here are generally ignorant of the fact that Portland manufactures more furniture than any other Pacific Coast city, and as much as San Francisco, Seattle and Tacoma. It is a fact that will excite surprise in the vast majority. Indeed, it is to be doubted that there are any persons in the city, outside of those engaged in manufacture, who realize the extent of Portland's industries of this character. Not only of furniture, but also of dozens of other classes of products, Portland sends out immense quantities yearly.

In proof of the assertion, Mr. Linn cites another fact—Portland ships to the East about twice as much as she receives. This appears to be true, the figures being that of two cars coming into Portland from the East, in transcontinental business, on the average one is empty; and, of course, no one can fail to draw correct conclusion from this interesting and encouraging fact.

It has been customary for Portlanders and Oregonians to deplore the lack of enterprise by local capital upon the presumption that there is little disposition to invest in manufacturing concerns. In all probability, were the citizens more generally to visit the Portland factories, investigate the industries thoroughly, they would be astonished at the progress that has been made. Present growth, too, will undoubtedly keep Portland in the front rank, not only of furniture manufacturing, but ahead of all other cities in other lines.

PUBLISHING THE NEWS.

It is the function of a newspaper to give the news, not to suppress it. The adage that "the truth always hurts" should remind those whose toes are sometimes stepped upon, to be a little more careful in their method of conducting themselves. A newspaper cannot hold itself responsible for the shortcomings of a delinquent citizen, nor out of pure sentiment suppress intelligence that subscribers have a right to demand.

There is no greater coward on earth than the newspaper that is tied hand and foot by the enemies of Truth and Justice when a momentous occasion calls for its most telling blows in the interest of Right. Any newspaper that will at the wave of the hand of any man squelch a "story" that is of vital public importance is unworthy of the support of honest persons. The poor man's troubles should not be aired with any more flourish of type than those of the man of wealth. The newspaper that represents equality to all men is the publication that will meet with success and can come to you in good faith and ask you for your subscription.

"Tollable Well!"

Spite o' the tempests a-blowin',
Still had one story to tell:
Bright, sunny weather, or snowin',
Allus felt "tollable well."

Half o' the settlement sighin'—
Things gone to ruin, pell-mell
Never did hear him a-cryin'—
Allus felt "tollable well!"

'Course he had trouble an' sorrow
(Come to us all fer a spell),
But, seein' a brighter tomorrow
He allus felt "tollable well."

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Bishop Hall of Vermont has authorized a prayer for use in the churches, in behalf of the Legislature. This fills a long felt want; but another in behelf of the people during the session of the Legislature would be more in point.

The lake steamer James H. Hoyt established a record for quick loading recently, taking on her cargo of iron ore at the rate of 5,000 tons an hour. The only thing on earth to beat her in loading up, is a thirsty sheep herder.

Tacoma has no use for that part of the State of Washington bordering the Columbia. At least it objects to that part having a United States Senator, and it says so frankly.

"I see the cartoonists represent us as Goliath, and the trusts as David coming to do us battle, said the first trust magnate.

"Yes," laughed the second magnate, "but we fixed all that."

"How?"

"The Leather Trust won't sell David enough leather to make his sling."

Editor Dupuy has come over from Paris to compare American papers with the French. He won't find any comparison—only a contrast. Still, like their duels, the French papers are harmless.

Watterson is quiet concerning Cleveland, but then he is not in permanent eruption. Another explosion is about due, and the only ex-president should seek his cyclone cellar.

Thomas Dentworth Higginson thinks there is no cement like a cradle to hold married people together. We knew that out this way long ago. It's a regular Portland cement.

Seth Low says he is satisfied with one term as mayor of New York. And the citizens of that burg are also satisfied, for the simple reason that he has already had it.

Secretary Shaw wanted to take the trusts out of politics before election. He now has two years assisted by Teddy to show us how it is done.

A Frenchman has established the French record for pistol shooting. He stood inside of a building when he shot, and failed to miss it.

The reason so many politicians whip the d—l around the stump is that most of them are afraid to give him a chance to climb a tree.

Denmark is not saying much, but most of her people feel that they would rather have Uncle Sam's corn than those little islands.

Stradivarius died at 58, but he made, unaided, according to latest reports, 800 violins a day. Stad was industrious.

A young man in Kansas was arrested for walking in his sleep. He begged the blue coat not to lock him up, because he was a somnambulist. "It

don't make any difference what church you belong to," said the officer, "you can't walk the streets of the town in your shirt tail."

The closeness of the New York vote may cause both presidential candidates to be selected from that state in 1904.

Pennypacker carried Pennsylvania by 160,000 majority. He should now spell his name Penna-packer.

Spain is said to have another crisis on hand. Nobody knows what it is—and nobody cares.

Since Maud Lillian Berri swallowed her watch, she has had a good many uneasy moments.

St. Louis boasts of its small debt. May be the boodlers took most of it.

Portland is now up against the ultimatum, Bridge-it.

CLINGS TO HIS MISERY.

"Ah," he sighed, "I was happier when I was poor."

"Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again."

But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favorably.—Chicago Post.

USE FOR A BARREL.

Small German Boy—Please, mister, give me an empty barrel of flour?

Grocer—What do you want it for?

S. G. B.—I want to make a chicken coop for my dog, already.

THE STATE PRESS.

Not Badly Scared.

Gov. Geer is afraid to call an extra session of the Legislature for fear they might elect him United States Senator.—Spray Courier.

State Should Have It.

It is given out on the quiet that the Multnomah legislative delegation at a meeting a few nights ago tacitly agreed that they would not support W. C. Fulton for United States Senator. They did not decide upon a candidate to support, but it is rumored that ex-Senator Corbett and Sol Hirsch were both favorably considered. It looks as if Portland would like to hog everything in sight. With both Senators during the past several years it would seem that they might let the remainder of the state have a show this time.—Forest Grove Times.

Irrigation Meeting.

The gathering together of the business men of Oregon, in an irrigation convention, means that irrigation will be treated in a business way. Its romantic phase can be handled by the poet and the press writer, but the subject itself as it is connected with the vital interests of Oregon, will be handled with the unerring system and the plain rigidity of a business transaction.—La Grande Chronicle.

Were Grafters, Too.

The strangers from the East who complain of being "buncoed" by sharpers in the West, must remember that all the "lightning rod" devices and "wooden nutmegs" were originated in the East—way down East—and Westerners are putting some of their hard-earned and costly experience into practice, in getting even. A man who gets "buncoed" out of money, proves that he is over-anxious to get something for nothing in the flowery plans of the schemers who operated upon him.—East Oregonian.

A Democratic View.

The Democrats made great gains in New York, the Democratic nominee for governor receiving 93 votes for every 94 votes cast for the Republican nominee. As New York state has always decided the Presidential elections it looks well for Democracy in 1904.—Ontario Democrat.

A Republican Opinion.

A Democratic newspaper says: "Mr. Bryan's explanation of it will be awaited with interest"—meaning his explanation of the recent Democratic defeats. The Democratic newspaper is mistaken. Mr. Bryan is a back number. He is a last year's bird nest. The people of this country have ceased to be even interested in his opinions or explanations. They are too busy with the present to bother over the things that are past.—Salem Statesman.

Do Not Want Them.

A new census of China shows a population of 400,000,000 souls, an increase of human beings in the Celestial Empire of 46,000,000 in 20 years. It is well that the door of the United States is locked and barred to this constantly increasing horde of mongols.—Oregon City Courier.

The Woman Wins.

After all we shall have to score one for the woman in politics. There was a Republican landslide in the Colorado election, and only one Democrat was elected to a state office. That was Mrs. Helen Grenfell.—Eugene Register.

COLONIAL DAYS.

Along some ancestral line nearly every American woman can find some charming great grandmother, who wore paint and patches, who powdered her hair, used the spinning wheel, rode on a pillion and knitted with huge needles that were warranted to do as much execution with the hearts of admiring swains as with the worsted they fashioned into hosiery, gloves and head-wear.

It is this which makes the spinning wheel a joy forever, if not a thing of beauty. The humble invention is a stock ornament for a parlor or boudoir, an old-fashioned dining-room or even a kitchen. It comes into vogue every ten or fifteen years, and then is put away to await a return of the old romantic feeling.

In some parts of the country there are still spinning wheels in daily employment. A few must be a century old. It may be noticed that these staunch pieces of the carpenter's handicraft are strong, heavy and somewhat awkward. They have not the artistic finish of the neatly turned and carved wheels which are found in so many aesthetic parlors. Some of these artistic wheels are so delicate and dainty that they would break the moment they were set to work at making strong, thick thread.

This difference does not discourage the modern young woman who is confronted by a dire dilemma. She must have a spinning wheel because it is romantic and historic, and then the wheel must be an object of loveliness to match the furniture in the boudoir of her own style of comliness.—Kansas City Star.

SAVED B YTHE COOING OF DOVES.

John Castlau and his wife of 63 Dawson street, Newark, owe the fact that their home is standing today to the cooing of three pet doves. The doves were in a cage in a shed back of the house. Mrs. Castlau went to the yard to get some wood yesterday morning. The doves were cooing with a peculiar note, and she looked in the shed window to see what the matter was. The shed was in flames.

It was attached to the house and soon the main building would have been on fire. The Fire Department was summoned and the blaze was stopped just in time. The doves were dead, however, having been overcome by the smoke.—New York Sun.

"UP FROM GEORGIA!"

[In his new book of verses, "Up From Georgia" (D. Appleton & Co.), Mr. Stanton in many of his poems strikes an optimistic note that is very delightful. From this volume the following are quoted, showing this encouraging vein, and likewise emphasizing the portrayal of those Southern characteristics that have given Mr. Stanton a place among our foremost dialect poets.]

A Pretty Good World.

Pretty good world if you take it all around—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be on than under the ground—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be here where the skies are as blue
As the eyes of your sweetheart a-smilin' at you—
Better than lyin 'neath the daisies and dew—
Pretty good world, good people!

Pretty good world with its hopes and its fears—
Pretty good world, good people!
Sun twinkles through the rain of its tears—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be here, in the pathway you know—
Where the thorn's in the garden where sweet roses grow,
Than to rest where you feel not the fall o' the snow—
Pretty good world, good people!

Pretty good world! Let us sing it that way—
Pretty good world, good people!
Make up your mind that you're in it to stay—
At least for a season, good people!
Pretty good world, with its dark and its bright—
Pretty good world, with its love and its light;
Sing it that way till you whisper, "Good-night!"
Pretty good world, good people!

EAST OREGON MEN PREPARE FOR MEETING.

PENDLETON, Saturday, Nov. 15.—A meeting of the delegates appointed to attend the irrigation convention to be held at Portland next week, was held in the Commercial Association rooms Thursday evening to formulate plans of irrigation to put before that convention.

It was decided that a portion of the $1,000,000 set apart by the government should be secured for Umatilla County, and to this end the delegates attending the convention will work.

Judge G. A. Hartman was appointed chairman of the meeting and a committee consisting of Mayor T. G. Hailey, Leon Cohen and Jesse Failing was appointed to investigate the possibilities of irrigation in this county and report what they found at another meeting, which will be held Saturday evening.

The different possible ways of irrigating the arid lands of the county were discussed and many different methods were advanced, but the one which seemed to touch the most responsive chord was that of building reservoirs. D. C. Brownell, of Echo, was present and called the attention of the delegates to the possibilities of the reservoir system. Mr. Brownell knows whereof he speaks, as he is at the present time reclaiming about 700 acres of arid land near Echo under the Carey act. He states that north of the Umatilla River and along the head of Rutter Creek, were a number of good reservoir sites. He called the attention of those present to the fact that the waters of the John Day River could be turned into Butter Creek, which would bring a large amount of water into the arid portion of the country from that source.

Stephen A. Lowell then spoke of the land lying northwest of Pendleton, which is very dry, and which, by the addition of water, would be a veritable garden spot. He spoke of the old Umatilla ditch proposition and also advanced the idea that water could be brought from the Snake or Columbia Rivers for irrigating this land.

C. B. Wade spoke at length on the proposition of the Umatilla River ditch. He said that when the thing was first put before the people it was feasible, but now it is impracticable. At the time this ditch was proposed there was water in the Umatilla River for irrigating purposes, but now so much of the water has been otherwise appropriated that there is not enough left to make the plan worthy of consideration. Mr. Wade said that the only feasible scheme now open for the people of Umatilla County was the building of reservoirs to store water for irrigation during the winter months and let it out as needed during the summer months. That the only thing for the delegates to the irrigation convention to do is to go to Portland determined to secure some of the appropriation for this purpose and to figure in the meantime where would be the most feasible place for the reservoirs.

The delegates will leave here on the 17th instant, and remain in Portland until the close of the convention. G. A. Hartman was selected to secure quarters for the county's delegation while at the convention.

A TIP IN A SERMON.

On August 29, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, an ancient festival takes place in the outskirts of Vienna at Brunnlweeise, where St. Agnes is popularly believed to have appeared. Although the pilgrimages to these meadows are sternly forbidden by the clergy, the crowds increase every year. This year the Brunnl will draw still greater numbers, as the 28th is also the 150th anniversary of the Small Lottery, so dear to the hearts of the people and so bound up with superstition and family neglect. This lottery, with its 90 numbers, was the discovery of the famous mathematician, Lorenzo Tonti of Genoa, in the seventeenth century, and was first allowed in Austria by the Empress Maria Theresa, when, suffering from financial embarrassment, she received for the concession 200,000 florins, a large sum in those days. Only Austria and Italy now retain this so-called Lotto.

The women, seized with a passion for this speculation, wait hours daily in the street to see the numbers appear, or spend a great part of the day in the churches praying for success. The well-known Father Loritz preached in the sixties and seventies a violent crusade against such gambling and its attendant evils. An odd incident once occurred when he was preaching. He said: "If you women only hear such numbers as 28, 65, 92, you all leave to go and take them." To his astonishment, within five minutes his hearers had all vanished in order to obtain these supposed lucky numbers. Since the time of Father Loritz no active measures have been taken by the church.—London Telegraph.

MOSQUES OF MOSTAR.

The life and death of Mostar centers round its mosques, beside whose snowy minarets cypress trees, like somber twins, stretch up their sable forms.

In their shadows cemeteries, not remote like ours, nor saddened by uncertain thoughts, lift up their turbaned grave posts—vague shadows of the buried, rising from dank, tangled grasses and creeping vines.

No peal of church bell summons the "faithful" to prayer, but at daybreak, at noonday, at nightfall, the muezzin, an elder with long, white beard, climbs high on every minaret, and from its airy platform sends forth his plaintive call, echoed back and forth, until the very air vibrates with the trembling notes. Just as the last echoes are lulling at the mosque entrance, richly painted with arabesques, you will see rows and rows of shoes—for who would carry the dust of the streets upon the rugs that face toward Mecca! And I think of Bayazid, far off, in Constantinople, in the shadow of the mosque that bears his name, reposing in his tomb, covered with a carpet of gold and silver, with, under his head, a brick kneaded from the dust brushed from his shoes and garments. For there is in the Koran a verse to this purport: He who is dust soiled, walking in the paths of Allah, need not fear the fires of Hades.

The narrow ways of Mostar are a perfect "midway." Every turn is a picture, with color enough to make an impressionist go mad with joy.—Scribner's.

A STORY OF CERVANTES.

Cervantes once gave a proof that his generosity was fully equal to his genius. In the early part of his life he was for some time a slave in Algiers, and there he devised a plan to free himself and 12 of his fellow sufferers.

One of them traitorously revealed the design, and they were all brought before the Dey of Algiers, who promised them their lives on condition that they revealed the contriver of the plot.

"I was that person," at once cried Cervantes. "Save my companions and let me perish alone."

The Dey, struck by his intrepidity, spared his life, allowed him to be ransomed and permitted him to go home.—Chicago Journal.

BABY WANTED TEETH.

Dentist—Well, little girl, what can I do for you?

Little Girl (aged 4)—I want to get some teeth for our baby. He just came yesterday, and he ain't got any, so I want to get some like mamma got here, only smaller.

THEATRE No. 11

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—Haverly's Minstrels.

The Baker—"A Contented Woman."

Cordray's—"Pennsylvania."

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam—Haverly's Minstrels, Tuesday night. "Alphonse and Gaston," Wednesday night. "Belle of New York," Thursday, Friday and Saturday night and matinee.

The Baker—"A Contented Woman," for the week.

Cordray's—"Pennsylvania," Tuesday and Wednesday nights. "Huning for Hawkins," Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and matinee.

"A Contented Woman."

In Hoyt's very funny farce comedy, "A Contented Woman," at the Baker Theater Sunday afternoon and night, Cathrine Countiss as Grace Holme achieved a very brilliant success, every other member of the company without an exception also measuring up to an unusually high standard. The piece has this point of excellence—that it gives the leading part to the wife of the wealthy politician and yet affords every other member of the cast opportunity to win approval from the audience.

There was no doubt last night that Miss Countiss had succeeded really in creating a new Grace Holme, which was so well done previously by Caroline Miskell Hoyt and Belle Archer. Miss Countiss is to be commended for assuming a role so often enacted by her predecessors, and, while being faithful to the author's idea, adding to the conception so many original features.

Mr. Wyngate was good as Benton Holme, and Mr. Bernard in the character of Cutting Hintz was his usual polished, easy self.

Mina Gleason made a decided hit as Aunt Jim, as also did Mr. Mower as Uncle Todie.

Another especially well done part was that of Miss Esmond as Mrs. Ebbsmith. The same may be said of Miss Rhoads as Bella.

The trio of tough ward politicians—Brighton Betts by Mr. Morris, Phil Bowles by Mr. Russell and Boyle Dowel by Mr. Siddle—was one of the features of the performance.

Roy Bernard appeared to advantage as Mary Peet.

Mr. Southard was a very good colored servant.

Dot Bernard sweetly sang a specialty, Mr. Siddle showed a finely trained voice in specialty work and Miss Rhodes also won applause for her singing.

Sylvester and Jones, in their due specialty, won the house, and had to return several times. Their coon songs were very well done.

The piece is excellently staged and will tax the capacity of the house this week. If guesses may ever be made on coming events, it will be a decided hit. Sunday's performances were given to audiences that compelled to selling of standing room.

"Pennsylvania."

"Pennsylvania" is the bill at Cordray's and the theatre was filled at each performance on Sunday. It is a good production of the melodramatic playwright, being the work of Daniel Hart and C. E. Callahan.

"Pennsylvania" is laid in the coal mines of the state of that name, and deals with mining men.

Miss Josephine Fox, who is cast as Nellie Reid, has a very charming manner of acting, and undoubtedly divides the honors of the performance with William Marble, Jr., who appears as Charles Broadhead, owner of the Vulcan mine. His is the villain's part, and the audience paid him the tribute of hissing him several times, quite good proof that he had simulated a real villain.

The company is well balanced and the scenic effects are attractive. There is a moonlight scene that is quite realistic, and a scene in which a mine is exploded underground.

One of the most pleasing features was the singing of the male quartet that was called back numerous times for encore numbers.

The piece is calculated to draw good houses and is quite well worth witnessing.

Clara Mathes Company.

Clara Mathes and company were in Portland over Sunday enroute to The Dalles. They open there tonight for the week, going thence to Goldendale, Wash., for the following week, and returning to Oregon City to open for the week beginning December 1. The company have just finished a successful week at Vancouver, Wash. Before leaving that town Miss Mathes was elected to honorary membership in the Order of Eagles and presented with a beautiful pin emblematic of the order.

MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Haverly's Tonight.

Tonight at the Marquam Grand Theatre Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels will commence an engagement of two nights.

George Wilson, the king of minstrel comedians, is doing his original monologue, "Waltz Me Again, Please," and nothing more funny was ever conceived than this hit of Wilson's, which has stood the test of years. The famous Carl Dammann troupe of Arabian acrobats, seven in number, are among the company's specialties, also Garden and Sommers, novelty artists (Mr. Sommers being a Portland boy.)

"Belle of New York."

The advance sale of seats will be placed on sale tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock for "The Belle of New York."

The record of the famous "Belle of New York" company, which comes to the Marquam Grand Theatre next Thursday, Friday, Saturday matinee and night, is unique in its way. The company is the most successful organization ever sent from the popular Casino Theatre, New York. Its reputation is well known to all and covers both continents. After a successful run in American metropolises this merry musical comedy was taken to London, and there it established a record hitherto unprecedented abroad for an American comedy, of 975 performances.

"A Gold Mine."

The attraction at The Baker Theatre next week, starting with Sunday matinee, will be the great play, "A Gold Mine." This piece is one filled with scenes that are most beautifully pictured and the story is one of intensity. There is an abundant supply of comedy and the production which will be given it by the Neill Stock Company will be one of the most magnificent ever attempted by a stock company.

"Alphonse and Gaston."

Two of the most popular song writers of the day are Ben M. Jerome and Harry Von Tilzer. Most of the best songs that are heard in musical comedy have emanated from them and to them was entrusted the task of composing the music for the new musical farce by Frank Tannehill, called "Alphonse and Gaston."

Alphonse and Gaston have become almost national characters, inasmuch as the apologetic attitudes which they assumed in print have been adopted in facetious play among people generally. A representation upon the stage of that which the public is most thoroughly familiar, should create an additional interest and a desire to see emulated in farce, surrounded as it is by every action, mood and deed of the original happy personages which the great cartoonist, F. Opper, has sought to invest with his best humor.

"Alphonse and Gaston" is a refined musical comedy. It is played by a high class company of comedians assisted by a chorus of 30, all of them handsome girls, chosen as much for their good voices as for their beauty.

It will be found that "Alphonse and Gaston" has all the humor, fun, delightful music, rich costuming and staging which have made the fame of the Rogers Brothers and Weber and Fields, and this assertion is made advisedly without cant or exaggeration. "Alphonse and Gaston" will be produced at the Marquam Grand Theatre next Wednesday night, November 19. The advance sale of seats opened this morning.

"Hunting for Hawkins."

"Hunting for Hawkins" is a real comedy, full of real fun, interpreted by a company of real comedians who do not allow a second to pass without its happy laugh. It is seldom, indeed, that such an enjoyable attraction visits Portland, and it is but reasonable to believe that this season's presentation will receive liberal patronage, inasmuch as the comedy as it stands today, presented by the most capable corps of artists that ever graced a comedy production, is without a peer in the ranks of clean, clear-cut plays. "Hunting for Hawkins" will be the attraction at Cordray's Thursday, Friday and Saturday matinee and evening, November 20, 21 and 22.

ENGLAND'S EARLY COAL TRADE.

Though the records of the incipient coal trade are scanty, they show that a traffic in coal first sprang up between London and the Newcastle-on-Tyne coalfields. A lane in a suburb of the metropolis where the burning of lime appears to have been carried on was already known as "Sea Coals lane" in 1228. A particular notice also occurs of the arrival of shiploads of sea coal in London in 1257, and small purchases of it were made for forging iron at Westminster palace in 1258-59. It was usually sold by the quarter. At Billingsgate, in the time of Henry III., every two quarters of sea coal paid a duty of a farthing.

Sea coal was likewise bought at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1265, so that by the middle of the thirteenth century a small trade in coal was evidently being carried on along a large stretch of the eastern seaboard. The growth of the trade is reflected in the increasing revenue of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which, from being £100 a year in 1213, had risen to £200 in 1281 owing to the coal trade of the port.

From smiths and lime burners the use of coal extended to artisans who used furnaces in their trade. In Nottingham, situated on the confines of a great coalfield, this movement appears to have commenced early. Queen Eleanor was unable to stay there in 1257 on account of the smoke of the sea coal.—Trade Journal.

SHE CARRIED THIRTY-TWO HATS.

A lady traveling by the Ostend express train de luxe arrived recently at the customs station at Passau and attracted the special attention of the customs officer by the enormous number of her trunks and boxes. She is a Viennese dame, living in London. The official had passed almost everything when he perceived a long box, and asked what was in it. "Only hats, but nothing liable to duty!" "What! only hats?" said the officer, astounded that so large a case could be used for a lady for nothing but headgear. "Yes, there are 32 of them!" The official was still more astounded. "Thirty-two hats! That is incredible. I must see for myself; please open the case." The lady became excited and retorted. "Do you think I can get along with only two hats? Why, I have twelve more at home!" The box had to be opened, all the same; and, lo and behold! It turned out to be quite true. There were actually 32 hats, of different kinds, which the elegant and pretty passenger was taking with her for use on her journey. The officer bowed, and asked pardon for the trouble he had caused her.

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.

The usual preservative employed by cider makers is salicylic acid, about three to four ounces to the cask, thoroughly dissolved and mixed. We can't say that we approve of the use of such antiseptics, as whatever will stop fermentation in the cider will, if taken in sufficient quantities, stop digestion (which is a kind of fermentation) in the stomach. Probably, if one drinks only a little, the effect is not markedly deleterious. The later in the fall the cider is made the better it will keep. For our own use we should be inclined to prefer the following method employed successfully by one of our correspondents, though in this case the cider contains alcohol: "Let the cider ferment until sufficiently acid to suit the taste; then bottle in champagne bottles of one quart each, putting one raisin and one clove in each bottle; cork tight, wire securely, keep in cool cellar and in three months it will be fit for use. Care must be exercised when opening to let the gas escape gradually, or your bottle will be emptied all over the room. It makes a drink superior to champagne, and does not make the hair pull after using. More than one raisin put in will burst any bottle made."—Country Gentleman.

HELD IN RESERVE.

The thriftiness of a London shopkeeper is illustrated in a story told of a dry goods dealer. The merchant in question possessed a very excitable temperament, and on hearing his assistant say to a lady customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," unable to countenance such an admission he turned to the lady, fixed his eyes on his assistant, and said: "We have plenty in reserve, madam—plenty upstairs." The lady looked thunderstruck, and then the assistant informed his master that his reply was to her remark: "We have not had any rain lately."—Detroit Free Press.

WHERE ROBBERIES OCCUR.

"I'll bet lots of people who closed up their houses and went away to the seashore have been robbed."

"That's right. These seashore hotel proprietors are becoming bolder every year."—Philadelphia Press.

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