

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Sunday morning at the City Park in winter time; that's an experience a friend and I had yesterday. With the superintendent as cicerone we learned that the liquid nitrogen does in a month of Sunday. Everything is in a well-kept look. From the Washington-street entrance to the lodge there isn't a leaf or twig—just the great bare limbs of the trees standing shivering and swaying in the wind. The leaves of their nice green coats. Higher up the rows of salvia, so glorious last week, are a frost-nipped wreck. Every leaf of the box hedges showed circles of white. "The box hedges," Groumet made one instance of the shivering. We have never seen that lively shiver before, when my employment wasn't punctuated by the creak, creak of the swings. The few plants that are housed for the winter have been put out, and in another week the last of the flower beds will be seeded under.

We went out yesterday hoping to see the animals at breakfast, but it seems they follow sanitarium rules—a 4 o'clock dinner. Better still, we were there when the keeper went his rounds, replenishing the troughs and spreading their straw dust carpet that keeps them warm. The monkeys are the only ones in the row who have actually gone into winter quarters, for of course the others could not live in artificial heat. The suggestions of change in the rest are their new coats and an inclination to hug their shelters a little more closely. The hollow tree in the center of the first raccoon and badger cages has been a

THE WILD CATS.

When we came up the keener was in with the wild cats. There they were on top of their shelter, peeping distrustfully over. He works rapidly here. They may spring at any minute. The horse he had with him is his best protection; they dislike water as much as our tame cats.

There was a very different reception next door. The Alaskan dogs were all over him in their joy. They are lamer than ever to run at a large in they weren't hurt by the gun and didn't hurt.

ough in all directions. When one starts  
ou can never tell where he means to  
one up. It was a relief to have the  
oyotes stop their ceaseless jumpings.  
papa and mama hurried into their shil-  
er, but next door the young people felt  
safer on their roof. They crouched down  
one corner with their heads in a corner.  
ot a muscle moving, but the second the  
eers came they felt they were at their rear-  
ess trotting again.

The blind lions knew the moment the  
eep started toward their cage. They  
ose majestically and disappeared into  
their holes, the cutest little mischief

the row is Master Red Fox. He shares the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grey Fox. They find him a pretty good fellow. Fortunately these cold nights he has learned the art of shutting the sliding doors of his shelter. He is also harboring a plan of escape. He sits for hours licking one of the iron bars. Always the same one, mind you, and oddly enough he has picked out the one holding the gate. He has worn one side perfectly smooth. He looks bright enough to plan a whole Libby-trition escape. The others snapped and howled at the keeper, he didn't. Just bowed knowingly out from his hole with

THEY DO LOOK FOOLISH. Did you ever see a badger really happy? The badger is a very ~~happy~~ <sup>happy</sup> animal and ~~often~~ <sup>often</sup> ~~acted~~ <sup>acted</sup> ~~as if~~ <sup>as if</sup> he were a dog when the keeper stroked and talked to him. He looked more like a mufﬂ than most things, skipping over the floor.

Down at the bear pit Old Peter showed is head, but the others pretended to be ~~ignoring~~ <sup>ignoring</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup>. All the keeper's wives couldn't tempt old grizzly out. The elk are as "smart as a bug." Their quarters were ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~others~~ <sup>others</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~front~~ <sup>front</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~others~~ <sup>others</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~others~~ <sup>others</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~others~~ <sup>others</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~in~~ 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rought them back and before we left they were demurely willing to be stroked.

WITH THE BIRDS.

The birds seem to find the artificial eat in their glass house as pleasant as the warmest sunshine. Indigo, Nonpareil, white and crimson-flecked rice birds made vivid touches of color among the canaries. They were so tame they hardly noticed us when we went into their midst to get a closer view of the faint strawberry closers. We stopped to shake hands with the conversational parrot, and to stroke the little parakeet, who followed us around.

The wire cettings inclosing the eagle and squirrel cages were hidden by thick boughs. The doors are uncovered, of course, and we caught glimpses of the national birds, but Mr. Squirrel was up in his tree and wouldn't come down for all our coaxing. Nut shells did. The little pennies on the ground were worth a month for his rations.

- OWIS -

The owl castle has its storm shutters closed and the guinea fowls are generally hoarded up on the south and protected by boughs all the way around. When the superintendent slipped the covering

On one side they began their peculiar chorus.

We stopped for an age trying to coax a prairie dog. Not a nose came in sight. The bunnies slipped in and out of their burrows or stopped to take a drink. The Japanese deer, in the same inclosure, preferred a sunny corner in the opening to their shelter. "Men are deceivers," said a deer, it seems. Two milder hannered scamps you never saw, yet their fences have to be almost riveted to keep them in. The superintendent spoke joyfully of the hours the whole park once have spent trying to bring them

The animals seem to be happy enough with the possible exception of the lions and coyotes. No matter how cold it gets this winter one can feel they are comfortably housed, more so than if they were out in the forest and had to hunt for their food.

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**MACVEAGH AND THE ARCHBISHOP.**  
(Baltimore Sun.)

The prominent part which Wayne Macveagh is taking in the coal strike investigation is causing a number of anecdotes about him to be revived. One of

"Some years ago," said Judge Leaser, the late George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, gave a dinner party at his home near Philadelphia, at which the guests included Archbishop Ryan and Judge MacVeagh, then solicitor for the railroad.

"Things were going very pleasantly when Mr. MacVeagh turned to the archbishop and said: 'Mr. Roberts has given us all a free pass out here; can't you turn the favor by giving him a free

"There's one thing in the way," retorted the archbishop, thoughtfully: "I'm afraid it might separate him from his solicitor."

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**SURE TO EXHIBIT.**

Rodrick—No, women would never make good soldiers. They would show their heels on the battlefield.

Van Albert—Yes, if they happened to hear that fancy French kind.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

er, preventers of train robberies and generally excellent people. "This is another critic said of the play, the people knew just what they were getting when they bought tickets, and therefore no one may complain. Of its kind, it is a very well put up piece, and is more melodramatic interest than half dozen ordinary melodramas boiled down into one. The house was crowded each performance.

**MANAGER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

**Dockstader and the Typewriter.**  
Of the few genuinely good comedians  
now before the public, Lew Dockstader,

Primrose & Dockstader's Big Min-  
nells, which plays at the Marquand  
and Theatre tonight and tomorrow  
night, is looked upon as an unrivalled  
monologist. The peculiar intonation of  
his voice when delivering one of his  
 quaint speeches is so very droll that he

er fails to stir the risibilities of his sitors. The other afternoon, Mr. Ekstadter was found at leisure, and on quest narrated the following anecdote, and as it is one of the many experiences in his rather eventful career, may be of interest to our readers.

"I think I'll tell you a story about a new writer," said Mr. Dockstader, holding up an envelope whose typewritten words had evidently inspired his thought, as was evidenced by the humorous smile which stole up his face.

during our late engagement at the Victoria Theatre, Broadway, New York City, which happened during Prince Harry's visit to the United States. I saw the public visiting our entertainment would expect me to review that actor, and, happening to strike a

By train of thought one evening on my way uptown, I decided to drop in where a typelist keeps public office and see my story on paper, lest it escaped memory before I could review it. Glancing at my watch, I discovered it be 6:25 p. m., and I feared the typelist

uld be gone, but it was chance or  
thing. As elevators in some buildings  
continue service after 6, I had to as-  
cend several flights of stairs. Just as I  
mounted the last flight and paused  
the landing to gather breath, I heard  
confirmed, once again.

"Oh, save me! save me!" gasped the man.

receiving that it was the typewriter.  
'Snakes! Ugh—the horrid things!  
re's one in my room. It came in the  
dow' and she turned and flourished  
broom she was holding, as if to shew  
some very glaring reptile, and then she  
began to wonder if the lady were an

"Tell me what you mean," I said, "that  
 I may assist you."

see the artist in a rear building has  
t ugly cobras in his studio. He's  
ting them in a picture, and 'tis said

sometimes get out of their box and tell him about the room. Oh—the awful nasty! cold! slimy things!—Ugh! each word full of loathing. But what causes you to think there are in your room?' I questioned as she tried to shudder.

Well, I was sweeping my office just when something black came through the window and dropped to the floor, and—there's a fire-escape up the window, and—and I know a snake crawled up into my room. Oh! I never shall see it.

"Oh-h-h! It's only the office cat!"  
 claimed the typewriter, in greatly re-

It is needless to say that a more usually quiet operator clicked the during the next 20 minutes of my . I presume she was thinking

**"Friends" at the Marquam.**  
On Wednesday, December 17, at the Marquam, there will be presented Edwin Royle's comedy drama "Friends." The company is certainly a strong one,

one well calculated to bring out the wit and epigrammatic bits that find. The story is a simple one. A student and a musician, young men with a dress suit between them and two well-sized hearts, live together and hunt for fame. Even when the woman

As the friendship stays and Jack  
Adrian through the difficulties that  
Marguerite about. She is a singer  
oble birth, but she doesn't know it.  
rector of the opera house does and  
this knowledge to further his own  
The interest of the story is ad-

truly sustained throughout, the plot consistent, the incidents are crisp and dialogue is forcible, witty and appropriate. With a desire to render the play in a truly artistic and worthy manner, manager Ren Stern has secured the fol-

g well known people: Mrs. Satter Royal, Miss Mabel Dixey, Irene Gray, Mr. E. Milton Royal, Emmet Shackelford, Mr. H. B. Wiley and Mr. Wright Cramer.

the sentiments and impressions  
the play created on its former pre-  
tation. The sale of seats opened  
morning.

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**"Toxy Quiller."**

the advance sale of seats will be

advance sale of seats will be held on sale tomorrow (Tuesday) beginning at 10 o'clock, for "Foxy Quiller," which comes to the Marquam Grand later next Thursday, Friday, Saturday and night. The story of "Foxy Quiller," the de Koven and Smith Comed

is the most original in plot ever  
ed to patrons of the lighter form of  
atic entertainment.

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**REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.**  
(New York Press.)

de goeth before us all.  
 everybody is a bore to somebody.  
 is a generous woman expecting the  
 al of a baby who does not lord it,  
 one who can't get one.  
 rolley car is good enough for a multi-  
 onaire; he doesn't have to put up any

mobile bluff.  
is the girl who uses "patches" on her  
k whose clothes don't always tell the  
about her shape.  
e way to succeed is not to fail.  
ne men seem to forget that their  
e walk on the same things as other

er a girl begins to know things she  
t not to she begins to want some-  
else to know that she knows.  
woman can forgive the woman she  
her best friend most anything ex-

she begins to dress better than she  
woman feels quite as important when  
is going shopping as a man when he  
ing to a board of directors' meeting.

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**HIS VIEW OF IT**

"You are not calling on the Colonel's  
after now. I understand," said  
her to Spatts.  
"O."  
"Did she dismiss you?"  
"Oh, no. I received an honorable dis-

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