

Five Hundred Dollars

"Would not buy the glasses you fitted for me. If I could not get another pair from you I would travel five hundred miles to have you test my eyes if I were to lose my glasses. I have spent lots of money and lots of time trying to get glasses that I could get some comfort out of, but failed until you fitted me. This is what W. T. Thomas of Astoria, Ore. has to say of our optical work. Oculists' prescriptions filed.

A. & C. Feldenheimer. Manufacturing Jewelers and Opticians, Corner Third and Washington Streets.

Willamette Iron & Steel Works. 34 and Gilsan Sts., Portland, Or.

ALL WOOL AND A YARD WIDE

We make logging engines upon honor—no skimping of material or labor—all engines made after the same design, no matter what the size. When cloth is made that way they call it "All wool and a yard wide." That's what all our engines are, irrespective of size, all genuine and up to the standard. Don't forget that.

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RAISED A ROW

The Students Objected to Studying Friend's Heart.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 9.—Prof. Halbert L. Steensland of the Medical College of Syracuse University, has aroused a storm of indignation among the students by exhibiting at a clinic the heart and internal organs of Walter L. Wallace, medical student, who died on Sunday. Mr. Wallace was one of the most popular members of the second year class at the college, and when the students became aware that they were looking at the viscera of their classmate, it caused a great sensation. Several of the young women members of the class broke into sobs and tears and Wallace's former chum fainted away. Wallace died of internal hemorrhages resulting from malignant scarlet fever. Prof. Steensland performed an autopsy. The professor is lecturer on pathology and bacteriology. On the day of the burial Prof. Steensland informed some of his class that he wanted to demonstrate the action of bacteria on the blood by means of Wallace's organs. The class, however, adjourned out of respect to their dead classmate. Yesterday, when the second year class met, Prof. Steensland said he wanted to show a heart, lungs, liver, spleen and kidneys where death had occurred from internal hemorrhages. As word ran around the room that he was showing Wallace's organs, a storm of protest arose and the room was filled with sobs, the excitement being increased by one man fainting. The students intend to meet and adopt a formal protest. Prof. Steensland is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University and has achieved distinction in his line. His friends excuse him by declaring that he is wrapped up in his studies. He admits that he used Wallace's viscera at the clinic, but will make no further comment.

RAPHAELS MAY COME

Efforts Being Made to Secure Famous Cartoons.

(Journal Special Service.) LONDON, Feb. 9.—Many will remember the seven Raphael cartoons which were exhibited in New York in 1900, and will be glad to know that an effort is being made to have those art treasures become the property of an American museum of art. At present they belong to Mme. Dobryzhine of Russia, who received them as an inheritance from her great grandfather, a Moscow antiquarian named Loukmanoff, and it is by his name that they are known. In 1725 Jagozinsky, the Russian Minister at Vienna, bought in Italy the cartoons of Raphael, which he conveyed to Russia. As Italy was divided into small states, among which wars were being continuously waged, the cartoons in Italy itself did not attract any particular attention. Such indifference finds its explanation in the fact that it was a time of decadence in the arts and Raphael was not then held in esteem. From Jagozinsky the cartoons passed to his wife, who for 40 years kept them in a barn and then sold them to Loukmanoff, who had an antiquary shop at Moscow. The first representative of the scientific world to direct attention to them was Professor Scheyewitz of the Moscow University, who delivered a series of lectures upon them in that city and wrote a historical note upon the same subject. The subjects of the cartoons are: "Feed My Sheep," "St. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra," "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," "The Death of Ananias," "The Blinding of the Sorcerer," and "The Healing of the Lame Man."

WITCH KILLED CHILDREN

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—"This woman cast her spell upon my three children and they all died. Now she is casting it upon me and I fear that I, too, will go." This startling declaration was made in the Passaic Police Court yesterday by Mrs. Julia Struble of Park Place, Passaic, N. J. She alleges that she is under a magnetic spell cast upon her by a woman who lives a few doors from her.

ICICLE KILLS A POLICEMAN

CASSOPOLIS, Mich., Feb. 9.—Charles Daniels, a Philippine volunteer during the Spanish War, and since that time a policeman here, was killed Monday night by a huge icicle, which fell upon him as he was making his rounds, and cut off the top of his head.



The BEST \$3.00 HAT IN THE WORLD. FOR SALE ONLY BY BEN SELLING LEADING CLOTHING FOURTH AND MORRISON STREETS.

L. Shanahan 144-146 Third Street

THE "GENUINE BARGAIN SALE" IS STILL ON

Perhaps you have already visited our Cloak Department and secured a GENUINE BARGAIN. If you were even in the vicinity you could not but have noticed the extraordinary activity in our store. The prices are the magnets that draw the crowds, and the outpouring is a grand demonstration of the confidence women feel in our unmatched money-saving offers. Something here to interest everybody.

Table listing clothing items and prices: LADIES' \$20 COATS, \$8.87; LADIES' \$4.50 and \$5 JACKETS, 2.27; LADIES' and MISSES' \$7.50 to \$10.50 JACKETS, 3.98; MISSES' \$10.50 to \$16.50 COATS, 4.98; LADIES' \$2.25 CAPES, 1.47; CHILDREN'S \$5.00 COATS, 2.69; CHILDREN'S \$2.25 REEFERS, 1.29; CHILDREN'S \$1.25 REEFERS, 63c; LADIES' \$3.00 RAINY DAY SKIRTS, 1.87; LADIES' \$2.50 RAINY DAY SKIRTS, 98c; LADIES' \$5.00 MOIRE SILK WAISTS, 2.39; LADIES' \$1.50 and 1.75 WAISTS, 89c; LADIES' \$1.00 and 1.25 WAISTS, 49c; LADIES' \$1.00 WRAPPERS, 59c; LADIES' 50c KIMONOS, 29c.

MUSICAL DOG

Queer Canine Causes a Great Deal of Trouble.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak. —The Mourning Bride. But not the breast of Mrs. Bugge, made savage by his strains, nay, nor the knotted oak she found all too thin a separation from her neighbors. It is a tragedy of the tenements, and came to light last week in Yorkville Police Court, before Magistrate Pool. "I had her arrested, Judge," began Mrs. Ade, of No. 223 East Thirty-fifth street, pointing out Mrs. Bugge, of the same address. "Isn't it a free country until 10 o'clock, and can't we make a little music in our own house without having rocks thrown against the wall and being called names? I think so." Mrs. Bugge opened her case in a shrill crescendo: "She called me 'bug-house' and I ain't. Then, when I said I was a lady and she wasn't," she said. "Lady—bug, lady—bug, fly away home!" "Come, now," protested the Magistrate, "get down to business." "Well, then," the woman broke in at once, but Mrs. Ade won the get-away and continued: "My husband, Adolf, peddles coal for a living and it's a hard life. When he comes home at night he needs a good time to make him forget. We are educated, on our side of the hall. We all love music." "Music!" ejaculated Mrs. Bugge, with a suggestive sniff. "Mrs. Ade did not deign to notice the interruption. "My husband plays the zither and we sing, but at 10 o'clock we stop." "How often do you hold these musicals?" asked the Magistrate. "Well, sometimes every night," admitted Mrs. Ade, cautiously. "And sometimes oftener," put in the irate Mrs. Bugge. "They foot and plunk and bang on things and scream their 'Hi-lo, hi-lo' from breakfast to bedtime and after. And Sunday, too," she added as an afterthought. "What musical instruments have you besides the zither?" asked Magistrate Pool. "Little Hugo plays the violin," admitted Mrs. Ade. "Anything else?" "Sometimes Hans Humperbecker comes in from the brewery," she confessed, "and brings his mouth-organ. He calls it a 'harmonicker.' It's a big one with four rows of holes and two bells on top. He plays 'Ring the Bells of Heaven,' with a chorus, and we all come in on the chorus. Oh, it's grand." "What do you play, yourself?" asked his honor, wearily. "Oh, I try to help out on the accordion. We've got a big bass one. But then I sing. I've got a voice, why, before I was married—" "Never mind that," put in the Magistrate. "That's ancient history." "And then they've got a musical dog," said Mrs. Bugge. "Siegfried," nodded Mrs. Ade. "And when they are all playing and singing like a house afire he yelps to make matters worse. Well, we stood it for a while and then I knocked on the wall. They had the nerve to come to my door and ask what was the matter, looking as innocent as new-born babes—and then I told 'em what I thought of 'em. They called me 'bug-house' and 'lady-bug'—and I said 'Lemon-Ade! Lemon-Ade!' and 'First Ade to the injured!' and then they went out and got a cop just because I was smarter than the 'barnacles'." Magistrate Pool decided that the Ade had a right to continue their musicals until 10 o'clock, when their neighbors were in good health, and discharged Mrs. Bugge.

ELOPING HEIRESS REPENTED

(Journal Special Service.) CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—Mrs. Bessy Toone Willard, niece of W. H. Newman, president of the New York Central, has returned to her home in Marshall, Tex. She will not go on the stage. Her mother has asked her to try to forget her sad matrimonial experience. Her young brother accompanied her home. She will probably sue for a divorce from Actor Joe Willard later.

OFFICERS DID BURGLAR STUNT

New York Detectives in Queer Roles.

Acted as Sneak Thieves in Millionaire's Houses as an Object Lesson. NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Police Captain Lantry of the East Fifty-first street station sent out his entire force of detectives yesterday to act as sneak thieves do when they get into houses, all except the stealing part of it. According to a formal report which the eight have been submitting about the station, these men of W. K. Vanderbilt and Columbus O'Donnell Iselin. Capt. Lantry says he did it to show the householders of his precinct that the police were not responsible for sneak thieves, but that recent robberies in the Fifth Avenue section of town were due to careless servants who leave doors unlocked. Lantry says that he was led to adopt this plan because of a talk which he had with Charles Beckitt, the sneak thief, who got into the house of E. Parmelee Prentice, J. D. Rockefeller's son-in-law, on Thursday. "I asked Beckitt how he broke in," said Lantry, "and he replied: 'Break in, nothing. I just walked in. It was a pipe.' Then I made up my mind I'd show the people of this precinct who have been complaining about sneak thieves that their servants were responsible." The detectives, according to their own story, had all sorts of trouble after they got into the houses. Detective Byrnes, according to his report, was the one who got into W. K. Vanderbilt's house. He says he got in through the areaway and the basement door, which was unguarded, and then walked unobserved up to the ground floor and stood in the hall a while. "I could have carried off all the silver in the house," said Byrnes later. After cogitating in the hall, Byrnes says he walked down again and went out to the basement door and rang the bell. Byrnes says the bell appeared. "I told him," added Byrnes, "that I'd been up to the first floor and that if I had been a thief instead of a detective I could have carried off anything I wanted. He told me I had no business there. I said police business was good enough. Then I got out and helped my partners do some more." In many of the 46 successful entries into the slum houses they got as far as the second floors before they were detected. When they were discovered or announced their presence, they say they simply showed their badges and told their mission. "The people didn't seem to realize that we were doing this for their own good," said one of the sleuths. "The butlers in many instances were not only discourteous but even told us that we had no business in their houses." "Why, of course, we have a right to enter houses when we find doors open," said Capt. Lantry. "It makes no difference whether it is in the day or the night. Isn't it a policeman's duty to go in a house and see that everything is all right when he finds a door open? Why, we have every right in the world." "I'm sick and tired of hearing these kicks about robberies in houses of this precinct. It's up to the servants. Why in many instances my men were in these houses 30 minutes and nobody caught 'em. Why, they could have lugged away the houses. But just think of it, we weren't thanked in a single case." The captain thought his experiment a great success.

DEAD MEN VOTED

Spectacular Elections on the Rio Grande.

(Journal Special Service.) GALVESTON, Tex., Feb. 9.—While in conversation with a knight of the road whose business interests and route of travel frequently take him among the scattered population of the irrepresible and untrifled "fiftenth," an interesting account of the election ball was given. Said he: "Both parties, by common consent and mutual understanding, use the 'billy' there known as a place of confinement for Mexican voters for an American Congressman. In that land of independence and freedom it is said that a male Mexican begins to exercise the right of suffrage before he attains the age of majority, and never relinquishes it or ceases to exercise that privilege until many, many years after his immortal spirit has gone to that realm where 'the rainbow never fades.' In fact, it is said that the climate of the Brownsville region produces an inborn desire in a Mexican to vote, and he never knows or cares for what or for whom he is voting, provided he gets in the 'billy' and the 'billy' head man places the ballot between his cigarette stained fingers. "Two or three days before the election the candidates as well as the unstarred citizens from the Rio Grande are rounded up and run into the balle like sheep or cattle through a chute. When once penned there he remains until he discharges the high and responsible function of citizenship, for the discharge of which duty he is prepared through 'billy' training. During his confinement in the 'billy' for purely patriotic purposes he is furnished with all of the whisky, tobacco, cigarette papers, grub and music necessary for his comfort and enjoyment. "On the night previous to the election the women and children are admitted into the 'billy,' and then begins a revelry and carousal calculated to arouse and startle Bacchus and his devotees from their slumbers in that torrid land where water freezes and snow never falls. On the morning of the election these copper-colored gentlemen are taken from the 'billy' and carried in carriages to the polls, where they vote the ballots prepared for them by the proprietor of the 'billy.' Their voting privileges having been exercised, they become useless pieces of living clay, and are turned loose upon the range until the next election comes and they become available for political purposes again. The results of elections in this free and independent territory depend largely upon the question of 'bills.' Whoever is most energetic and corals the greatest number of Mexicans within the day. As this class of voters never or seldom gets a square meal until the 'billy' jubilee comes, we can readily imagine why they are inoculated with a burning desire to elect to come often. Since the adoption of the poll tax amendment I am puzzled to know how the dead Mexicans will get their polls paid for and continue to vote, a privilege they have so long exercised, both as living and dead citizens."

COSTLY PANCAKES.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—For \$1 any one may enter the parlors of the Auditorium and see Chicago's fair women acting as barmaids, waitresses, peasant girls and cigarette girls, but it will cost more than \$1 to get out. No charge is the slogan of the fair. Twenty thousand dollars worth of food is already in the two days of the fête of all nations. Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., is a waitress in her German garden and serves beer in a peasant costume. Mrs. P. A. Valentine conducts a Japanese tea house and serves tea in a kimono. Mrs. Harold McCormick (who was Miss Rockefeller) has charge of the Dutch booth and sell knutten and Huisman again. Mrs. Caton spent \$8,000 on her Russian booth and sells fiery Russian liquors and curries. Mrs. Frank O. Lowden (who was Miss Pullman) bakes pancakes in the American booth and serves them at \$1 a plate. Mrs. Carter Harrison, Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, Mrs. Pullman and others conduct booths representing Cuba, the Philippines, France, Spain, Italy, Turkey, India, England and China.

YIDDISH DIVORCES

Are Boldly Advertised For in London.

Matrimonial advertisements are nothing new either in this country or abroad. But there will probably be something novel to most people in the idea of married folk advertising for a divorce in the same public and businesslike fashion as the London Standard. Rather an uncommon proceeding anywhere, many readers will, I imagine, be inclined to remark. Far from it, though! It is quite an ordinary thing among the mixed and motley foreign multitude quartered in the ghettos of East London. Here, in the very first of a batch of Yiddish journals on which I chanced to lay hands in the East End, I come across one of these singular advertisements in a typical of its kind, and is inserted by a woman residing in the Aldgate district, who requests her absent husband to oblige and send her a divorce, much in the same way as a dealer would ask a customer to favor him with a remittance in the ordinary course of trade. The notice is headed, in Yiddish, of course: "Ikh zikh minn mann," that is, "I am looking for my husband." It sets forth that the said "mann" has left his wife and children for some time. The wife has, however, managed to build up a "gute biznes," which is too much for her to carry on alone, so he may return and help. If not, the advertisement concludes, "swill he at once send her a divorce, and she will go back 'derheim' to Russia to her parents." There is, I may add, nothing anonymous about the notice, no suppression, no attempt to conceal the identity of the parties concerned. The names are given in full, as well as the address to which the desired document is to be transmitted. All, in fact, is plain, direct and straightforward, suggesting at once that the giving of such divorces must be quite an ordinary proceeding among the foreign Jews over here. And so, indeed, it is. It is really reduced to a business—a business which, in its details and circumstances, throws an instructive light on some of the singular actualities of Yiddish life in East London. The divorce here referred to, and customary among the Jewish East Enders, is not, of course, a divorce according to the law of the land. It is the so-called rabbinical "ghet," the modern equivalent of the biblical "bill of divorcement" which a husband under the Mosal dispensation could hand to his wife, and so get rid of her. But, for all practical purposes, so far as the Yiddish residents here are concerned, this "ghet" is as effective as though it were granted by the highest tribunal of the empire. If, as in the case of the advertisement above quoted, the woman chooses to return to Russia, the divorce is valid according to Muscovite law. The Jews throughout the Czar's dominions have the privilege of their own marriage code, and a divorce under the rabbinical prescription is a divorce in Russia. The woman can marry again there and return here, when her second union, being valid in Russia, will be deemed valid here. And if the woman should elect to remain in this country there are scores of East End rabbis who, for a consideration, will undertake to remarry either of the sundered parties according to Yiddish custom, in what is known throughout East London as a "Shittile Hupa," sometimes a "Shittile night marriage," of which more presently.

THE EVERYDAY FELLOW.

The happiest man in the world, says an exchange, is the common, every day chap, who makes his own living, pays his own board and has the respect of his neighbors. He saves a little money as he goes along, but he doesn't try to get a corner on the market, as he is a slave to neither ambition nor society. He never expects to wear out the seat of his pants in the Senate, and when he slides into his clothes in the morning he never wastes any time trying to pick out the right tint of socks, suspenders and neckties that will blend with the general effect. He wears a "billed shirt when he feels like it, and when his pet corn begins to jump, he whips out his jack-knife and cuts a four-inch gash in the side of his boot, and nothing is said about it in the papers. He has an appetite like a cyclone, and never has to sit up nights and poitice his conscience. He believes in the doctrine of live and let live. When he encounters one of the needy he doesn't stuffer with his pocketbook. The plain plugg of a man is happy because he is satisfied and doesn't spend the better part of life in yearning for something about four sizes too big for him.

Going to St. Louis?

If so, learn about the new tourist service inaugurated by the Denver, Denver and Kansas City. City ticket office, Third and Washington.

THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

Of Portland, Oregon. At the Close of Business, Feb. 6, 1903.

Table showing assets and liabilities of The United States National Bank. Assets: Loans and discounts, 1,045,738.48; U.S. bonds to secure circulation, 100,000.00; U.S. and other bonds, 174,956.87; Real estate, 35,289.14; Office furniture and fixtures, 6,500.00; Bank building, 125,000.00; Cash in vaults, \$45,711.26; Due from banks, 623,632.13; 969,393.29. Liabilities: Capital, \$300,000.00; Surplus and undivided profits, 55,330.22; Circulation, 100,000.00; Dividends unpaid, 261.00; Individual deposits, \$1,542,635.64; Due to banks, 463,621.09; 2,006,256.64. Total: \$2,461,907.86.

Raw Furs Have Advanced!

AS THE LARGEST AND LEADING FUR MANUFACTURERS IN THE WEST, WE ARE IN A POSITION TO PAY THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR YOUR FURS. TRY US JUST ONCE. The Silverfield Fur Mfg. Co. 283-285 Morrison St., Portland, Or.

That Aching Tooth

Should be looked after at once. If you attend to it, it may be saved, otherwise your troubles will increase and the teeth may have to be extracted. We charge nothing for examinations. All our work guaranteed. Dr. W.A. Wise. Dr. T.P. Wise. WISE BROS., Dentists. 208, 209, 210, 212, 215 Fifth St. Phone: Or. South 2291; Col. 369. Open evenings till 9; Sun. 9 to 12.