HIS MISSION SEEMS A MYSTERIOUS ONE

E. H. WEJMAN OF SPOKANE SAID TO BE EMPLOYING MEN TO BREAK ENGINEERS' STRIKE—LOCAL UNION MEN SAY THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE.

E. H. Wejman, who claims to be from Spokane, is in the city endeavoring to employ marine engineers. Just where he intends to put them to work he declines to state.

"I do not want to send them to San Francisco," said Mr. Wejman. "In fact, I did not know that the engineers in that city were on a strike until I was so informed today. Since coming here I have received applications for positions, but nearly all of them were from river engineers. I want deep-water men—those who hold ocean licenses. My partner will be here in a few days and then it is quite probable that we will let you know all about our plans."

Local engineers state that it will be impossible for Mr. Wejman to get men at Portland to send to San Francisco. They state that there are no strike-breakers in the union, and but few, if any, outside of the organization who would be willing to take the risk of taking the striking engineers' places in the bay city.

BAD WEATHER STOPS 'FRISCO BALL GAME

Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to The Journal.

San Francisco, March 19.—Manager Frank G. Selee and 19 ballplayers of the Chicago National league team arrived in this city at 8:30 this morning. The Chicagoans were scheduled to play Harris' San Francisco team this afternoon but the weather put the game on the blink. Tomorrow, if the skies quit leaking, a game will be played with the Los Angeles team; on Monday the game which was to have been pulled off this afternoon will be settled. The Chicago ball party will remain in San Francisco until Tuesday night, when it leaves for Sacramento, where the boys play the Seattle team Wednesday afternoon. From there they start on the trip east.

WATER POWER ON THE M'KENZIE.

From the Salem Journal.

Professor McAlister of the department of engineering, and Profesor Sweetzer of the department of biology, have issued a pamphlet setting forth the water power and natural history of the McKenzie river. The water power that is going to waste on such a stream is almost incalculable, and would furnish electric power to run all the motor lines in the valley. The value of this work cannot be overestimated in the history of the development of the state, as the time will come when all the passenger traffic of this western country will be carried on electric-power driven cars. The university is doing practical work in this line of investigation, and should not confine its efforts at disseminating information to Lane county streams. Doubtless other streams will be taken up and surveyed.

NO CHARGE

For removing wrinkles, filling out sunken places in the face occasioned by decaying muscles, obliterating smallpox pittings, freckles, scars, powder burns, "crow's feet," running out in all directions from the outer corners of the eyes, or any other disfigurement of the human face, if the work is not COMPLETELY, PERFECTLY, SCIENTIFICALLY and THOROUGHLY PEFORMED.

There is but one SAXE INSTITUTE method of treating the human face and that ONE method is mine—THE ACME OF PERFECTION.

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That can be brought to my Institute, and WITHOUT delay. I have had phenomenal success in this practice. I have NEVER had a failure. I never expect to have one.

THE SECRET OF MY TREATMENT IS KNOWN TO NO ONE IN OREGON BUT MYSELF.

I GUARANTEE EVERYTHING I DO.

Madame Gertrude Saxe

Charges Very Reasonable.

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AN OLDS, WORTMAN & KING OPENING FEATURE

SUPERB STYLE CREATION EXCLUSIVE WITH PORTLAND'S GREAT STYLE STORE.

Combination Set—Hat, Parasol and Muff—Valued at $150.

This magnificent outfit is entirely in pure white with just a touch of color here and there, in dainty pink, blue and green on each piece. The combination is the work of the firm's designer from a Parisian model, is the work of weeks. The large picture hat is of rich Chantilly lace, faced with Tulle daintily plaited and surmounted with a handsome, superb snake plume of white ostrich feathers around the crown, falling gracefully down the back. A tiny wreath of blue forget-me-nots and pink rosebuds on crown and under brim complete the effect. The Parasol is of a superb white Silk Taffeta with two-inch hemstitch all around edge and hand-painted garlands of forget-me-nots to match hat. The handle is ornamented with a huge bow of ambre blue ribbon.

The Muff is of plaited Tulle showered all over with blue forget-me-nots, pink rosebuds and dainty foliage.

PIANIST BAUER CHARMS PORTLAND

Musical people of Portland and surrounding cities gathered last evening at the Marquam Grand theatre to hear the piano virtuoso, Harold Bauer.

Nothing that the critics in other cities have said about the wonderful skill of this great musician has been overdrawn. In tone production, in delicacy of interpretation, in the breadth of his musical conceptions, Bauer is an artist of the first rank. His method is unique—he does some things in a startling manner, yet there is nothing affected—nothing sensational, and one feels always perfect assurance in the reserve which good taste demands.

Portland has certainly never heard Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata played before in such magnificent style. The dignified and beautiful andante and the grand climax in the last movement were played with remarkable power.

In the Schumann "Kreisleriana," Bauer played the whole gamut of human emotions, nothing seemed left out—the grave, the gay, the pathetic, the bizarre appeared at intervals woven in the wonderful harmonies.

In response to the storm of applause he gave the familiar Novelette No. 7 (Schumann).

The quiet and sustained tones in the Brahms "Intermezzo" were wonderful.

The "Capriccio" (Mendelssohn) was in some ways the most beautiful of the evening. The crispness and daintiness of the execution was a revelation.

The Chopin numbers were not as "Chopinesque" as some of his heavier compositions, which would have been ideal in Bauer's hands. The "Prelude," however, with its bell-like low A flat, ringing an accompaniment to the rich chords of the treble, was a very good substitute for the "Scherzo" or the "Polonaise."

As an encore, Bauer played with infectious dash Chopin's A flat "Valse," opus 42. In this as in the Capriccio, he carried the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

The Liszt Etude with its rolling arpeggios was a pleasing number.

It was in the glorious sweep of the "Ride of the Valkyries," however, that Bauer was discovered by the audience in the full force of his power. His octave work in this stupendous composition was wonderful, and the effects he drew from the piano were orchestral in their effect.

In answer to the wild bursts of applause, Bauer came back after the last number and played the wonderful "Fire Dance," from the "Gotterdammerung."

POLITICAL DODGER HAS CLEVER PLAN

For many years Boss Tweed of the Atlantic and Boss Buckley on the Pacific coast enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest two political factors in the country. Both have been dethroned but their memories as political monarchs are still green in the hearts of their allies and henchmen, who look on their successors as the "worst that ever happened" in comparison. But the signs of the times point to a day when the luster of their names will be as dim as the window panes on a waterfront grogshop, for behold one in whom are the manifestations of a greater and more trenchant genius has arisen, and his name is Dudley of the tribe of Evans.

"Dud" shines as the county health officer, formaldehyde expert, and bailiff plenipotentiary at the county court. But the last primary campaign has made of him a politician, and he has patented a wrinkle that is an earnest of what he will accomplish when the day comes for him to sally into the political arena and shake his mitt at the opposing forces lined up against him. In brief, he refuses to spend any money outside his own precinct for "treats."

"Say Dud, I'm feelin' pretty dry," remarked a court house attache yesterday.

"Sorry, old man, but I can't help you any at this stage."

"Not spending any money these days, eh?"

"Cert. But I'm spending it all in my own precinct. Let me tell you something."—slapping his interrogator on the shoulder and lowering his voice to a mysterious cadence—"I've got the greatest plan ever invented. I refuse to spend any money outside of my district. Look at the result: Where the Mitchell men got only 80 odd votes at the last election I pulled them out with almost 300 this time. We won in a walk. They all stuck with me because I worked for their interests out there. And lots of Simonites came out there and put in a few special efforts, too."

"Gosh, Dud!" ejaculated his friend, admiringly, "when you get the whole city as your district you'll be able to spend money all over Portland; when you take in the state you can travel for miles and spend it in your political territory, and when you reach out and usurp political control of the whole works the country will be yours."

"Say," declared Dud, warmly, "this is no Reuben and Cynthia gag I'm giving you. If—if, and when—when! All I'm talking about is my precinct, and—well, you don't get any drinks on me until you come out there, that's all."

THE ATHLETIC JAPANESE.

T. Philip Terry in March Outing.

In a Japanese town one cannot walk far without being confronted by athletics in one form or another. In the streets you can rarely escape the painted and gaudily dressed tots, who turn baby handsprings, execute somersaults and do other infantile stunts in a wheedling effort to secure the "hairy foreigner's" wealth. A Japanese matsuri were not the fair it purports without the bespangled tight-rope performer, the bamboo ladder climbing youngsters, the wrestlers, tumblers, spearsmen or fencers.

So deeply rooted is the native love for the strenuous life that the national sports of other lands have been tried in Japan. The mikado, with many of the imperial family, attends the annual spring races in Yokohama; but nothing in the line of imported sports so appeals to the Japanese as cycling and baseball. Cycling clubs are scattered all over the empire, thousands of American bicycles spin across the island and the foreigners experience difficulty in keeping even a few of the records and trophies out of native hands.

The Tokio baseball team is an efficient organization, and it frequently drubs the teams from other ports and cities. At the Yokohama cricket grounds excellent and sharply-contested games may be witnessed occasionally between the Tokio native team and the Yokohama foreign organization.

Usurping Her Prerogative.

From the Chicago News.

"Will you marry me, darling?" asked the young man in the parlor scene.

"Sir," rejoined his fair companion, "this is leap year and you should know that in matters of this kind a gentleman should wait until he is asked."

SEVEN FAIR BIDS ARE THROWN OUT

COMMISSION REJECTS MAJORITY OF TENDERS RECEIVED, BEING IN EXCESS OF AMOUNT APPROPRIATED — THREE HAVE A CHANCE YET.

Bids for the buildings to be erected by the state commission of the Lewis and Clark fair were opened yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Prior to a lengthy consideration of higher mathematics, J. W. Alberts, chairman of the building committee, briefly discussed the bids in general. He explained several minor points and then touched up the master builders and their woes.

"The master builders," he said, "presented a complaint touching the regulations adopted concerning the bids and construction work. The committee of the builders visited the board and left apparently well satisfied with the explanations given them. Afterwards they, or certain members of their body, saw fit to personally attack the integrity of the commissioners. Whether those who so attacked the commissioners have offered bids' I do not know, but it will make no difference; they will be accorded the same treatment as that given all other bidders. To this personal attack the board has nothing to say except to remind the builders of the dog who bit the man; the dog died, but the man recovered."

This auspicious opening was received by the builders and contractors present silently, though the representatives of outside firms may have smiled slightly.

It was found that the bidders had misunderstood the specifications regarding the bridge, some of them submitting estimates upon the superstructure and others not doing so. One contractor stated that he had sent in his bid without this item and then had been told by an officer of the building department to incorporate the bid on the bridge. The cost of electric wiring was also left out of the bids.

Bids were submitted by the following: J. E. Bennett, Goldie Construction company, W. R. Griffith, J. O. Wrenn, E. A. Lynds, Robert Wakefield, J. D. Tillotson, Welch & Mourer, W. J. Blagin and the Burrell Construction company. Foreign bidders were the Burrell company of Seattle, the Goldie company of St. Louis and Welch & Mourer of Salem.

A tabulated list of the various bids follows:

	States	Lib. Arts	Forestry	Admin.	Bridge	Lump Bid	Festival
J. Bennett	$ 74,995	$65,500	$20,000	$26,000	.....	.....	.....
Goldie Co.	94,740	65,784	25,960	34,970	36,940	314,940	58,990
W. Griffith	78,631	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	7,220
J. Wrenn	.....	.....	30,000	.....	.....	.....	.....
E. Lynds	100,517	69,141	35,807	46,872	50,550	.....	69,111
Wakefield	93,000	64,500	.....	.....	.....	.....	69,000
Tillotson	.....	.....	25,354	.....	.....	.....	.....
Welch	110,000	83,000	30,000	.....	47,540	368,105	73,000
Blagin	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	*370,000	.....
Burrell	77,690	64,971	17,452	34,254	54,900	299,000	63,746

*If the company secures salvage.

Besides these offerings the Goldie company offered to cut the price on the states and liberal arts building $1,000 if they secured salvage, their remaining estimates would be cut the odd hundreds on the salvage basis and the bid of E. A. Lynds was cut $8,342 on the administrative building, this amount being deducted by the bidder, as he had included an estimate for the electric wiring. The Goldie company also offered a bid for the entire list of buildings with a salvage of $310,900; Welch & Mourer offered a lump bid of $358,105 if they received a salvage; the Burrell company agreed to cut the estimate on the state, liberal arts and festival hall buildings $1,000 each if they received salvage and to cut their other estimates the odd hundreds, their lump bid with salvage being $297,000.

After the bids had been tabulated the commission resumed a consideration of their merits. The commission found that by taking the lowest bid offered on each building the total could be kept in the appropriation, $275,000. It developed, however, that the Goldie company had two low bids, but refused to take a contract for less than four buildings, and as they did not offer the lowest bids on four buildings their entire offering was thrown out. This was the first winnowing of the bids, and was followed by a prolonged discussion concerning the other bids. Leaving out of the question the Goldie bids the totals could not be made to jibe with the amount available, but a closer insight revealed the fact that the bridge bid was the trouble. It was stated by the superintendent of buildings that the bridge bid was entirely too high, and this was eliminated and bids for the bridge will be re-advertised for. Soon after it was moved that the certified checks of Mr. Wrenn, Lynds, Tillotson, Blagin and Griffith be returned, as their bids were evidently too high. The motion passed and soon after it was practically decided to consider only the bids of Mr. Bennett for the states and administration buildings, that of the Burrell Construction company for the forestry and festival hall, and of Mr. Wakefield for the liberal arts building.

The commission dropped further consideration of bids without actually accepting any and asked the superintendent to compare the lowest bids with his estimates and report at the adjourned meeting, which will be held Wednesday night for final action.

The commission set June 15 as the date of the dedication of the Oregon building at St. Louis. This date is Oregon day at the St. Louis fair, and Governor Chamberlain and other representative citizens will be present. The governor will conduct the ceremonies. The commission then adjourned until Wednesday night.

Identification Clouded.

From the Baltimore News.

"Who is that man yelling so vociferously in the unknown language?"

"There seems to be a difference of opinion. Some people say he is Stick-in-the-mud, the Choctaw terror; others believe him to be Reginald Van Ransellean, the Yarvard halfback."

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THE CAT GOT AWAY.

From the New York World.

The well-meaning tramp cat that paid a visit to the family of James McDonough at No. 444 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street last evening has more than its allotted number of lives. "Tom" entered as the family were at dinner. Now Mrs. McDonough has an aversion to cats. That started the trouble. McDonough took his place as head of the family and said "shoo." The cat didn't "shoo" and McDonough seized a poker. Round and round the dining table they raced, until McDonough got dizzy; his wife hysterical and the cat wild-eyed.

"It's mad, I'm sure," screamed Mrs. McDonough. Her husband seized a chair. The cat wasn't there when the chair struck the spot it ought to have been in, and the chair splintered. His trusty wife was by his side with another chair. Again the cat wasn't there. Again the chair splintered.

"Two of mahogany. That's twenty dollars," wailed the husband.

"Never mind the chairs, James. Kill the cat before it kills me."

The cat crawled under the ice chest. The ice chest weighs 200 pounds and the ice weighed 50. McDonough moved the ice chest, while his wife, with a stove poker on a chair that she propelled dexterously, followed the ice chest, waiting for the cat to appear. It didn't appear until the ice chest reached the hall. Then it darted through the chair legs in a manner that nearly undid Mrs. McDonough. It ran into the bedroom.

McDonough, somewhat excited, took the poker and went at it again. It got under the bed clothes. The poker ripped the bed clothes to shreds but not the cat. McDonough took apart the bed. His wife, from a chair, used one slat, he another. Then one by one the nine lives of poor Tom went out.

"Thank heaven, James, I'm saved," cried Mrs. McDonough.

But not yet. That marvelous cat opened one eye, then another. Then it slid between the feet of the unprepared Mrs. McDonough. With a shriek she ran from the flat. The cat looked wild-eyed at James. Then James beat an inglorious retreat. He ran as fast as he could to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station.

"Come quick, with the reserves," he cried.

Policeman Heidelberg followed McDonough to the scene. The cat had disappeared.

George Fred Williams of Massachusetts has declared for Hearst. That settles Hearst.

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Quiet, Clean and Comfortable Rooms.

$1.00 per day and upward

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18x42 inches, heavy huck, colored border, regular 15c value.

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