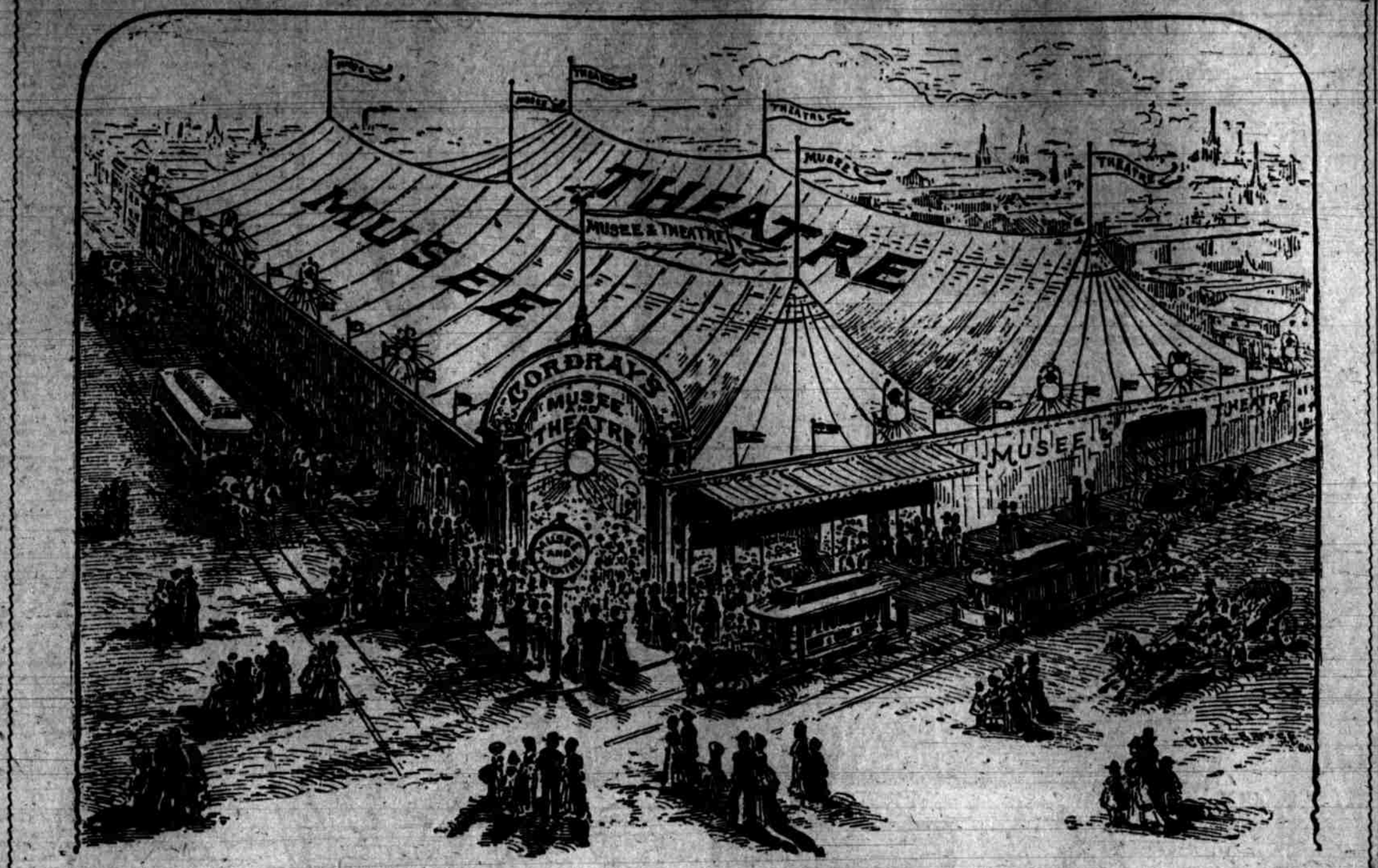
JUST HOW JOHN F. CORDRAY RAN MECHANICAL CLOCK INTO THEATRE THAT SOLD FOR $50,000



CORDRAY'S MUSEE AND THEATRE, THE FIRST 10-CENT AMUSEMENT HOUSE CONDUCTED IN PORTLAND. THE ABOVE ENGRAVING WAS MADE IN 1889, SHORTLY AFTER THE PLAY-HOUSE, OR PLAY-TENT, WAS OPENED.

When you pick up the paper this morning hide this page from the children. They will think Ringlings' shows have returned, and they haven't. This is merely a picture of the original Cordray theatre in Portland, where now stands the Baker, on Third and Yamhill. If the illustration awakens fond memories for The Journal's readers it will have served its purpose.

The sale of Cordray's theatre the other day prompted a talk with the man who owned it, on his career in the theatrical business—a career that began when he took a clock on a starring tour and which will reach its climax perhaps in the proprietorship of a great big first class theatre here on the banks of the Willamette.

It is a very interesting story—the life of John F. Cordray, and such a one as few men may boast of, when it comes to "building a tagnery out of a shoestring."

The Cordray family lived in Ohio, in the town of Lancaster, and when their first son was born, lo! they called him John. The youngster had an amazing desire for mechanical science. He used to build miniature railroad trains and passenger elevators. He operated them between the barn and the house and the loft and the basement, respectively. The only time he could get to work on his ingenious contrivances was after working hours, for he had taken the position of office boy with Theodore Morris, a theatrical manager, to earn money with which to buy juvenile machinery.

Appreciating the lad's penchant, his father sent John to Columbus to learn jewelry and watch-making and he was eminently successful in that line. One day he caught sight of a Straussberg clock that had been imported from Europe by a jeweler. He studied it carefully and concluded that he could improve upon it by the use of electricity and toys. He went to work on it and the famous electric novelty clock, which has been exhibited in nearly every town in the United States, was the result.

All this by way of introduction.

"How did you happen to go into the show business?" I asked Mr. Cordray.

"It was the clock," he replied. "You see, I had put the thing together solely for the purpose of placing it in the back of the jewelry shop where customers could look at it. Well, it was a sensation. The newspapers devoted columns of space to descriptions of the work and the first thing I knew the whole town was flocking in to see.

"This was too much of a good thing. I mistook myself for the inventor of wireless telegraphy or something and swelled around there like dried apples. When I saw the crowds coming and coming to get a look at the clock I turned its face to the wall, put on my hat and rushed down the street looking for a vacant hall. I found one finally, moved the show into it and set up in business at 10 cents per look. It was successful. The first day I took in about $10 and that continued until everybody in Columbus had seen the thing. Then some one told me to take the clock on a tour—and there you are. I mean that that is the way I got into the show business. Isn't that what you asked?"

True, it was what had been asked. But did Mr. Cordray consider the exhibition of a clock for 10 cents "show business?" Could he not continue?

"Oh, I traveled around from town to town, showing the clock in the summer season and working around theatres in the winter. A big fair was coming off in New Orleans and I had in the meantime accumulated some optical illusions, which I combined with the clock, and went down there. I had experience by this time and made a bushel of money in New Orleans. Then I started west and at Denver fell in with Keeler and Kellogg, who made me manager of the Denver Museum theatre—including the clock. Dick French, by the way, well known in Portland, was one of the actors. Things didn't go on very well after a while and me for the clock again. I made a western tour with it, coming through Salt Lake, and in the summer of 1889 landed here in Portland."

Mr. Cordray paused long enough to look at that $50,000 check and ask Rastus where his hat was. Rastus is the house mascot, no larger than a small kitten and black as the ace of spades. Rastus didn't know about the hat. I was glad of that, for Cordray was trying his hardest to get away. Theatrical managers are so reticent! They all have that "don't mention my name, here's my picture" attitude just now, and especially Manager Cordray, since everybody wants to know what he's going to do with the Stair and Havlin shows.

The hat being mislaid, escape was hopeless. Mr. Cordray glanced at his $50,000 check, and resumed: "I put up the clock in a little place on First street and for a year business was good. Do you remember the clock? It's out in my barn now, but I have a picture of it," with which the manager went to a closet and produced a four-sheet lithograph of the treasured nucleus of his fortune, and spread it out on the floor, while Rastus found a six-foot curtain pole and with a grave salaam handed it to the boss, and cleared the office for action.

"Here," said Mr. Cordray, adjusting his glasses and indicating with the curtain pole—"here, around the edges, all was gold and marble. This dial told the time of day where the clock was. This one gave the hour in London and this one —, ah, but let us pass on, ladies and ge— I beg pardon. What I mean is that the interesting feature of all is these appliances that were worked by electricity. The wires ran out into the audience and anybody out there might start or stop the little contrivances by pressing a button. This was proof that the clock was operated by electricity. And here we have the moon dial," he went on, indicating something that resembled a sailor's compass. "If some lady or gentleman will kindly step to the platform—confound it, what am I thinking of? You see, when the first quarter of the hour struck, this little electric train would move slowly by and pass all the way around the clock"—trying vainly to walk around to the back of the clock—"and on the second quarter, the Twelve Apostles, shown here, would come out of these doors, all except Peter, who enters from this door, with the Master. If you will notice carefuly, you will see the Savior bend his head in recognition."

At this unfortunate moment, Rastus detected the sound of a quartet on the stage and in making his spectacular exit managed to place his foot in Peter's face, at which Manager Cordray held his breath and counted ten. He went on.

"To me the little train of cars here was most interesting. I used to tell my audiences that some day we would be able to ride on electric cars, moving on the same principle as that miniature train, and they laughed at me. I didn't think so myself, but it had to be in the lecture."

Having now heard the story of "John and His Wonderful Clock," I asked Mr. Cordray to return to his theatrical experience. He said he had early discovered that Portland needed a dime museum and theatre. He met C. A. Wass and talked it over, both agreeing to take a chance on such a proposition.

"We each put up $1,000 and kissed it good-bye, realizing we were taking an awful chance. We secured the corner at Third and Yamhill and put up a large tent. In one side we had a museum and vaudeville and in the other a theatre, which you entered from the musee, but did not necessarily have to buy admission to both. We were making plenty of money and grew ambitious. I wanted to put up a permanent structure at once, the cold weather being near at hand, but we could not stop the shows long enough for that. Money was coming too easily. So we had forces of men working all night, night after night, gradually building walls of corrugated iron and wood around the inside edges of the tent. It grew and grew, and nobody knew it until one Saturday night, after the show, we tore down the tent and when the people came down town Sunday morning they didn't know the corner. Afterwards we put in the roof. And say, maybe the authorities were not crazy over that! It was in the fire limits and they had refused to give their consent to a frame building. The police department never did get over it, but they couldn't molest us, once it was up. It is the only theatre ever built without losing a single performance.

"It was July 1, 1889, that we first opened, the attraction being the Russell and Jewell company, with Essie Tittell, in 'Lynwood.'"

From that day to this the present Baker has not lost money. Mr. Cordray some time later went to Seattle and built the Third avenue theatre, now owned by W. M. Russell. Later Cordray and Russell formed their partnership. He was almost ruined by the breaking up of banks in the panic of 1893, but still persevered. In 1897, after varying experiences, he had enough money to acquire the present Cordray's theatre. It was formerly known as the New Park theatre, managed by John P. Howe. For seven and one half years after Howe released this playhouse it had been an absolute failure. One man lost $20,000 trying to make it go and counting losses by others, the amount it had cost was enormous. When Cordray went into it, his friends wept for him. Everywhere the place was known as a hoo-doo. When he tried to book in shows, the managers would give him a wide berth. Telegrams were pouring in all the time from attractions, saying "please cancel our contract." These were not the most encouraging conditions to work under, but Cordray would stake his life on his judgment in those days, and he remodeled the place and advertised it as few houses have ever been advertised. The first two attractions that played at Cordray's—"A Prodigal Father," and "The Heart of Chicago"—had to be guaranteed.

"But we opened up to standing room only," declares the manager, "and we have not lost money on any season. We had no desire to sell out, but we were asked to place a figure on the property and we fixed what we thought was prohibitive, but what turned out to be satisfactory."

And now Portland witnesses the founder of the dime shows in this city retiring from ownership in favor of that same system—today a craze.

RACE WHITNEY.

"Killings" in Pool Rooms

From the New York Sun.

"A FRIEND of mine who writes plays came to me the other day and told me that he wanted me to do a little collaborating with him," said an experienced racing man.

"When he unreeled what he wanted of me, I got in willingly enough, for it looked kind of interesting.

"He's writing a horseracing play and he's making the big feature a poolroom scene. What he wanted of me was to get the poolroom color.

"The work got me into a smoke dream over some kinky call-offs that I've listened to in poolrooms the country over since I first found out what past performances meant.

"The biggest dump that I ever saw a whole roomful of men stand for happened in a poolroom in Sausalito, across the bay from San Francisco, seven or eight years ago. It wasn't the biggest in the bundle that all hands dropped—though that was a heap item, too—but in the ornery way that the skids were pulled from beneath the bunch.

"There was a race at Louisville in which the afterward famous Banastar, then a two-year-old, was booked to go for the first time. The tip on Banastar was all over the country, and particularly strong on the coast.

"There were about 800 men in the room when the first line came in on that race, and when Banastar was chalked up at 5 to 1, they buffaloed each other to make the ticket-writing counters. The favorite in the race was a tried trick named Banished, that, later on, couldn't beat a hair in Banastar's hide. Banished was a 4 to 5 thing. But the crowd was all for the Banastar soft money at 5 to 1.

"I don't believe the room took in a $5 note on the favorite. But when post time came around the room stood to disconnect the wires, turn of the electric fans, slap up the shutters, and go right into sudden and eternal liquidation in case Banastar copped.

"And that's the way it was rigged when the key trouncer, a big man with a more leathery throat than Jack Alder owns, gave the 'They're off at Louisville' bawl.

"Banastar was leading all the way by four lengths, and when he was still four lengths in the stretch the proprietor of the room petulantly tossed a paperweight through the glass door of his private office, and growled at his manager that he could be hunting for motorman's work on the morrow.

"The 800 chaps who had gone to the Banastar twist-up with all the rags and old iron and bottles coin they could dig were just rolling on the floor, a lot of them, with the pure ecstacy of the situation. The cautious ones who had to be shown were watching the mouth of the singer-out as if he'd been a judge about to dish them out their sentences.

"After Banastar led into the stretch by four lengths, the key stopped working for a few seconds. Then the operator got to trilling again.

"'Winner, Banastar!' yelled the operator.

"About half of the 800 started to box and wrestle and jump on each other's hats over the success of the great thing. But in the middle of all this they heard the bull voice of the operator, who stood up on his platform to give his lungs full play:

"'Banished gets it by a lip!' he shouted. 'Banastar second!'

"I've seen 'em rolling out of the gate and toward home with a lot of the baby blue tint on their maps in my time, but I never saw 800 men curl up like caterpillars before a grate fire like those 800 did. It was the quickest transformation from rapture to gloom that ever came under my notice, and there's good reason why the recollection of it should stick along with me, for I had gone to the Banastar tip with the kitchen stove and the bathroom oilcloth.

"I went over from Cincinnati to Covington once to get a bet down on Bill Olive's horse, Warrenton. It was a long distance race on one of the New York tracks.

"Warrenton didn't look the winner on paper figures, but I had heard something, and I decided to go to it with all the loose junk then on me. When I made the Covington room I found that the whole push had the Warrenton steer, but that didn't make it look any the worse, although it put a crimp in the price.

"Warrenton was a 10 to 1 whiz at the track, but the best the Covington people would scrape on the board, in view of the all-hands-around tip, was 6 to 1. I took that with all the change I knew, and figured to put the room $3,600 to the worse on my own little ticket if Warrenton should connect.

"The room shut down on Warrenton bets when the sheet writers had written $60,000 worth of the thing. The Covington room was then one of the biggest in the country, but they knew when they had enough of a good thing.

"The operator hurled it at us that they were off when the key began to fuss, and named us the three cockroaches that had sailed out to do the landing. Those three were still juggling for the front at the quarter, when, after calling off their names, the operator made a morgue of the room and a slab-stiff of me particularly, by howling:

"'Warrenton was left at the post!'

"The keno cracks that those Porkopolis players let out of their systems over that announcement didn't serve to get me out of my stun. I was walking toward the poolroom door, babbling to myself about shoemaker starters and barrier bulldozers and things like that, when, with my hand on the knob to go out, I decided that I might as well wait a few seconds to find out the name of the winner, anyway.

"I'll let you fix up your own mental pastel of the kind of a mob there was in that Covington room when the operator with a look of astonishment on his face and a mouth all drawn sideways, called out:

"'Warrenton wins, eazy, by four lengths!'

"It was the high kite, instantly, for every man in the room, but yet it seemed unbelievable. The operator himself didn't look as if he believed it.

"'Get that again!' the proprietor of the room bellowed at the operator. 'Cut out the dossing and get it right!'

"The operator began to hammer his key, and in a minute he had the reply.

"'It's all right,' he sung out. 'Warrenton wins. He was left at the post at that and standing still turned the wrong way, but he snags by the four lengths.'

"Nobody going out of the Covington room that afternoon looked as if he had been made the Patsy except the proprietor of the plant.

"In a South Chicago poolroom five or six years ago I saw a red-headed natural born financier take a chance and stand to haul down a large thing or to accept a deep dent on a twist that was going on several hundred miles away at the old fair grounds track in St. Louis.

"The town had been rocking with one of those go-to-it-the-first-time-out tips on Tula Fonso, a mare that spent her days jogging around the St. Louis tracks and such a crazy actor that during a good part of her career she was barred in the betting.

"There were about 1,500 men packed in the huge South Chicago room on the day the Tulla Fonso mare went after a long retirement, and when the chalk showed her to be a 50 to 1 grab they all loped for the price until the book was filled to the gun's and the room refused to take any more of it. When the shutdown came around, the room stood to get at least a $75,000 gouge should the crazy mare connect first with the tape line.

"She connected, all right, but immediately after the announcement of the result the operator gave the screech:

"'There's a kick on that St. Loo race, foul claimed against Tulla Fonso.'

"The red-topped financier hadn't bet a dollar on the race. He was a noted hand-book man, and still is, out in the big mud-mug town, and a chance taker from away back in the deep embowered.

"He saw the Tulla Fonso people shrivelling under the announcement of the kick against her at the track, and he saw some business.

"'They'll hand it to Tulla where she wears the throat-latch,' the bunch were saying to each other. 'She's a bum and a bug at the post and in a race, and probably she's knocked eight or ten horses down. Tulla's name is glue.'

"It sure looked that way, at that. There was no reason for anybody familiar with the character and conduct of Tulla to suppose that if there had been any kind of offence in a race Tulla hadn't been the offender. But the red-headed hand-book man was born with cowlicks, and he was stubborn. He got up on a chair.

"'All of you fat-heads and quit-easy gums that've got Tulla Fonso tickets that you're a-skeart of, listen to me. I'll give you half of what your pasteboards stand for, on the face of them, and stand for the knockout myself if Tulla is set back. Get busy.'

"He was well known to every man in the room as a fellow whose word was as good as his certified John Hancock, and they trampled on each other in rushing to where he stood on his chair. They passed their tickets up to him in bunches, and he was still recording their names and the size of their tickets in his book and that moment standing to take down or lose about $20,000 on the split when the operator let out these chest notes:

"'Foul not allowed; Tulla Fonso is the one.'

"Three or four years ago a rule that was new on the California turf and that isn't allowed anywhere else in the world all but cleaned out a number of the biggest poolrooms in Hot Springs.

"A number of the no limit plungers down at the springs had received individual tips on the old coast sprinter Yellow Tail. All the wires that reached the Hot Springs high money players instructed them not to go on Yellow Tail straight or place, but to unlimber on the thing for the limb position.

"Yellow Tail was a 10, 4 and 3 skidder when the betting came along, and tens of thousands went down in the Hot Springs rooms for the horse to show.

"'Yellow Tail wins!' sung out all the room operators at the finish of the race, and then the big players were knocking their heads against the walls because they had been advised to play the horse only on the branch or to connect with the third position duff.

"'Kick at Ingleside,' called out the operator a moment later, 'and it's against Yellow Tail.'

"Then the plungers who had gone to the Dr. Rowell horse did the fin shake with themselves over the fact that they hadn't bet even more money on Yellow Tail. It looked all off with the old sprinter.

"'Yellow Tail is disqualified,' chirruped the operator a little while later, and then the room proprietors and managers stood up on the counters and gave the glad yell—they stood to be mangled a lot on the Yellow Tail horse to show, and they couldn't hold themselves in.

"'Yellow Tail is disqualified,' repeated the operator, 'and is placed third.'

"And that's the way it had happened. It was the new California disqualification rule put into operation for the first time. Yellow Tail had only interfered with the two other placed horses, and so he was only placed behind those two, which made him third, instead of being punched down to the bottom of the field."

SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

be united in marriage to Miss Clementine Hahn on November 13. He is accompanied by his sister, Mrs. D. P. Lewis, her daughter, Ruth, and his brother, Albert A. Stenger.

★ ★

The engagement of Dr. Albert Cohen to Miss Carolyn Baruch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Baruch of San Francisco, is announced.

★ ★

Invitations are out for the marriage of C. Hunt Lewis and Miss Gertrude McClintock Wednesday, November 16. Miss McClintock returned yesterday from the east and is now with her sister, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, at 657 Everett street.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Pleasant Afternoon club of Central Baptist church had a very successful meeting with Mrs. Emery Oliver last Wednesday afternoon.

★ ★

The annual birthday social of the Foreign Missionary society of the Second Baptist church was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. D. Chambers, 756 East Burnside street. The parlors were filled with the members of the society and their friends. Vocal solos were rendered by Miss Mary Chambers and Miss Knapp. Mrs. Chambers furnished instrumental music. Short addresses were given by Mrs. Alyesworth, president of the society, and Mrs. Driggs, state president for the past 20 years. Dainty refreshments were served. The offerings amounted to a goodly sum.

★ ★

The Ladies' Aid society and the Woman's Missionary society of Mizpah Presbyterian church met in joint session last Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. W. H. Eastman in Brooklyn. Korea was the subject for discussion. The time was spent in sewing and making preparations for the bazaar in December. There was a very large attendance. Refreshments were served.

★ ★

Rev. Earl M. Wilbur of Oakland, Cal., formerly pastor of the First Unitarian church of Portland, is lecturing in Oregon towns in the interests of a new school of liberal theology to be established somewhere in California.

STRAY BITS.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rosenblatt, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Blumauer and Mrs. Frank Rothschild were among the St. Louis visitors this week. Mrs. Blumauer attended the national convention of the Council of Jewish women.

★ ★

Miss Bessie Merrill, of Albany, gave a tea last Tuesday afternoon in honor of her cousin, Miss Katherine Failing, of Portland.

★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jacks and their little son, of Portland, have gone to Brownsville to visit Mr. Jacks' parents. His father is ex-County Treasurer F. M. Jacks, of Linn county. During their stay they helped celebrate the old people's twenty-eighth wedding anniversary. Mr. Jacks, Jr., is now in the department of commerce and labor, associated with J. P. Galbraith, in Portland.

★ ★

Hon. and Mrs. John T. Long, of Roseburg, who were married last Wednesday, are spending their honeymoon in Portland. Mr. Long is justice of the peace at Roseburg.

★ ★

Mrs. Ida P. Grayson of New York, who, with her little daughter, has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Panton on Portland heights, will leave the end of the month for a visit to New York and will sail with her mother in early spring for Europe, to remain a year.

Miss Bryant, the niece of Wirt Minor of Teal & Minor law firm, has arrived from Virginia to visit for some time with friends.

★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Love, who were married in Chehalis, Wash., last Saturday, are spending their honeymoon in Portland. The bride was Miss Ethel Griffin of Centralia.

★ ★

Mrs. Bertha Myers of this city, who has been visiting in California with her daughter, was at home Monday afternoon from 2 until 5 o'clock in San Francisco, at 1122 Taylor street. A large number of friends called during the receiving hour.

★ ★

Miss Anna Epstein passed a day or two with her aunt, Mrs. R. Abrahamson, in Portland during the week. She is just returning from a visit with her brother in Oakland, Cal., and is on her way to visit her sister, Mrs. Schoen, in Seattle, whence she goes east to her home.

★ ★

Mrs. Hayes and her daughter, Miss Elbryanna, of Pendleton, are here for a few days visiting Mrs. Hayes' daughters, Mrs. C. H. Lewis and Miss Frances Hayes. Miss Elbryanna will leave Wednesday to spend the winter in Arizona for her health.

★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry C. Bronaugh have given up housekeeping and have taken rooms at the Sterling, 535 Couch street, corner of Sixteenth.

★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe R. Giltner and Miss Nellie Hemenway spent last Sunday at Fir Glen cottage at Columbia, the Giltner's summer home.

★ ★

Mrs. H. M. Walthew of Seattle arrived Monday to visit her mother, Mrs. James Steet, at the Guillaume. Mr. Walthew arrived yesterday for a short stay and they will both return home next Wednesday.

★ ★

Miss Strowbridge of Portland, who is visiting Albany friends, spent a few days at Newport beach with a party including Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stone, Mrs. E. Back, and Miss Anna Flinn.

★ ★

The Corvallis Gazette speaks highly of Mrs. Chester V. Dolph, in the following terms: "Mrs. Chester V. Dolph, who has occupied the Snell cottage during the past summer, has fitted up one of the Dolph cottages on College street at Portland, and left for that city on Monday's train. She will remain in Portland until the close of the Lewis and Clark fair, when she will travel abroad for two or three years. During her long residence here she and her interesting family have made hosts of devoted friends who regret that they cannot remain here longer."

★ ★

Mrs. Carrie Goudy and mother, who came here from Corvallis en route to their home in Bedford, Ia., left Thursday. They are much pleased with Oregon and anticipate visiting Oregon again during the Lewis and Clark fair.

★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Upham of Albany attended the wedding last week of Miss Ida Simmons to D. C. Day, a brother of Mrs. Upham. They returned to Albany Monday.

★ ★

Last week Miss Edna Irvine of Corvallis was in the city taking a Shakespeare lesson. Miss Emma Sox, a prominent young pianist of Albany, returned home with her, after a visit in Portland.

PERSONAL.

Miss Harriette Thompson of Pendleton, is the guest of Miss Frances Hayes at 586 Hoyt street.

Mrs. S. Heckman of Salem was in Portland last week on an over-Sunday visit.

Mrs. H. K. McCully is visiting Mrs. E. E. Waters of Salem.

Miss Alice Bretherton and Miss Ella Doble, juniors at the University of Oregon, spent last Sunday at their Portland homes.

Mrs. F. R. Mitchell has returned from Salem, after a visit with Mrs. J. W. Durette.

Mrs. Minnie L. Washburne, one of the leaders of Eugene society, is visiting Portland friends.

Miss Anna Clarke of Salem is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. Belding of Portland.

Mrs. L. A. Whittlesey of 778 Northrup street is visiting her son Walter in Eugene, where he is assistant instructor in the department of economics and sociology in the University of Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McIlwain of Salem have just arrived in Portland to make their permanent home.

Miss Mary Rader, a Willamette University student, visited at her Portland home over Sunday.

Miss May Trimble is visiting her brother, Dr. W. A. Trimble of Albany.

Miss Henrietta Savage of Salem is a guest in the city.

Hon. George T. Myers has gone to California for a short stay.

Mrs. George A. Waggoner returned to Corvallis last week, after attending the Shearer-Houck wedding in Portland.

Miss Ina McClung has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles Fridel, in Eugene. Dr. Fridel is head of the physics department of the University of Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bronson and their two sons are visiting in Albany with Mr. Graham, the children's grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Simon have left for a visit to St. Louis, going later to Mrs. Simon's former home, Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Mark L. Cohn and her daughter of San Francisco have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Reinstein, 811 Overton street.

Miss Dora E. Smock and her little niece, Ivy Morback, of Sherwood, returned Thursday from a two months' visit to the world's fair and other eastern points.

Mrs. I. Frohman, who has been visiting the St. Louis exposition and other eastern points for the past month, returned to Portland Tuesday.

Hon. and Mrs. S. H. Friendly arrived from Eugene Monday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Florence Minot returned Friday from an extended eastern trip.

H. A. Holmes of Portland is the guest of Senator and Mrs. Welty of Chehalis, Wash.

On Wednesday C. N. Nottingham and his son, Harry, left for a trip to St. Louis, Chicago and Mr. Nottingham's old home, near Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. J. V. Stoddard is visiting friends for a few days in Salem before going to California, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Lucy Chamberlain is the guest of Mrs. C. E. Fuller of Salem.

Mrs. D. G. Clark is the guest of her cousin, Miss Knight of Salem.

Rev. W. S. Gilbert and Rev. W. H. Holt attended the installation last week of Rev. H. N. Mount as pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Eugene.

Dr. R. E. Loveridge of Eugene is visiting his daughters, Miss Loveridge, at the Good Samaritan hospital, and Miss Myra at St. Helen's hall.

Miss Maude Shelley has gone to Eugene to visit her father.

NOT EXACTLY CRAZY.

Iowa City, Ia.—Professor Wilcox, dean of the department of history in the State university, might have said that the people of western Kansas were crazy more than half the time, but he didn't. What he did tell his class was that environment, particularly geographical and climatic environment, had a pronounced effect on the thoughts, ambitions and activities of a people.

In explaining his attitude Professor Wilcox said:

"In our state of Iowa the stability of the public sentiment, the large sums of money expended for education and the uniform prosperity of the people are in large part the result of geographical conditions. In Western Kansas, by way of contrast, droughts have occurred from time to time to impoverish and discourage the people. The normal rainfall is below the average and in many years land values have fallen and farms have been abandoned.

"In other words, purely material conditions in the western portion of Kansas will explain why discontent has at times been uppermost. The tendency to espouse unsound schemes, to advocate unwise remedies, like the free coinage of silver and the hostility to mortgages, can be traced in large measure to the physical environment of the people. The people of western Kansas would probably be as stable in their opinions and as orthodox members of the Republican party as the majority are in Iowa if their material environment were the same.

"Mrs. Nation, Mrs. Lease, Jerry Simpson and other prominent persons in Kansas who have seemed to outsiders to advocate unwise measures have done so, to a large extent, simply because they have at times represented constituencies which have been made discontented by mere physical facts, like lack of rainfall, inferior soil, failure of crops or insufficient food supply.

"Some people have the idea that the moment a man goes to western Kansas he becomes crazy, just as if there were something in the situation to unbalance his mind. The fact, however, that he may become so discouraged from failure of crops that he is willing to advocate any new idea which seems to offer a remedy.

"The rivers, the mountains, the rainfall and other physical conditions have rendered inevitable certain results. A state with deep, rich soil, another with lack of rain, or still a third with large mining interests will differ from one another in social life because of these physical facts."