HOUSE MADE FAMOUS IN REVOLUTION TIMES

Old Dickinson Mansion at Trenton, New Jersey, Once the Stopping Place of John Adams, Has Very Romantic History.

To the lover of historic old houses the ancient Dickinson mansion in Trenton, New Jersey, possesses many attractions. "The Hermitage," as it is called, was built by the Rutherford family some years previous to the Revolution. General Philemon Dickinson, a member of a distinguished family, and one of the bravest soldiers in the struggle for independence, purchased the Rutherford mansion in the July between the Declaration of Independence and the battle of Trenton. At this time there was almost no market for property, owing to the uncertainty of the government.

General Dickinson was a man of wealth for the period in which he lived. His father had left an estate of over 10,000 acres on his decease in 1760, and a large share of it fell to him. His wife, Mary Cadwalder, also brought him a considerable fortune, and as soon as "The Hermitage" came into their possession they commenced to improve it. It was said to have excelled most of the residences of Trenton in having a blue drawing room with imported furniture, a great dining room, a conservatory and a whispering room. The last quaintly named room must have been a great delight to the young people of Trenton. Mrs. Dickinson's youngest sisters, Rebecca and Elizabeth Cadwalder, and later her daughter, Mary Dickinson, were no doubt among the most envied of all the girls of the gay state capital.

A quaint record has been preserved in which a partial list of the celebrities entertained at the Hermitage was compiled some years ago by a member of the Dickinson family, and only a few of these names would be sufficient to show the prominence of the owners of this most famous mansion in New Jersey's capital city in those early days.

List of Visitors.

The list includes the names of Washington, Adams (John), Jefferson, Livingston, Franklin, Morris (Robert and Gouverneur), Clymer, Witherspoon, Rutlege, Pinckney, Middleton, Carroll, Lafayette, Steuben, Rochambeau, Greene, Putnam, Stirling, Wayne, Knox, Lincoln and kings, viz: Louis Philippe and Joseph Bonaparte. General Dickinson had two children—Mary Dickinson, who became the wife of George Fox, Esq., of Champlast, and Samuel, who married a daughter of Samuel Meredith, first treasurer of the United States.

John Adams, a personal friend of the general, often stopped there in the perilous year of 1777, before the close proximity of the British drove congress from Philadelphia. Later, as president, during the cholera scare in that city in 1798, he spent with the Dickinson family much of the time passed in Trenton, although quartered with his secretary and domestics at the old Phoenix hotel. This ancient building stood, until some years after the civil war, at the corner of West Hanover and Waren streets.

Adams must have enjoyed his jaunts to Trenton and its environs in the memorable spring of 1777 to meet Jersey friends and seek relaxation from state cares. In March of that year he wrote in disgust from Philadelphia to his faithful Abigail:

"This city is a dull place, compared to what it was. More than one half of the inhabitants have removed into the country, as it was their wisdom to do. The remainder are chifely Quakers, as dull as beetles."

From his diary we learn that he breakfasted and supped with the Jacksons, Smiths, Spencers and others. Now and then he stopped at the Sign of the Green Tree, the tavern that gained his attention when he first visited Trenton in 1774, owing to the four immense walnut trees shading it. This old-time hostelry, conducted by the Williams family, attracted many travelers, notably the Marquis de Chastellux, in 1780.

Although Adams enjoyed Trenton, the town, in 1777, it was a very different place from the brilliant city he found there 21 years later. The close of the eighteenth century was one of the notable periods in its history, especially its social history. Among the families the most prominent were the Howells, Brearleys, Furmans, Morrises, Clymers, Cadwaladers, Merediths, Covennovens, Rutherfords, Dagworthys, Spencers, Bainbridges, Greens, Beattys, De Klyns, Wilcoxes, Erskine and Reeds. In the fall of 1798 when the yellow fever was most virulent in the capital nearby, all the government officials removed to Trenton with their families. The city soon became overcrowded, and it was almost impossible to obtain any kind of lodging. President Adams arrived October 10, and was greeted on State street with fireworks and cheers, and an old chronicler informs us that later a round of elegant and fashionable entertainments was planned in his honor.

October days of 1798 were bright ones for Trenton, and the rooms of "The Hermitage" were always taxed with large gatherings of the first company of the republic. Lucy Pintard, a member of the famous Pintard family of New York city, and later of the Jerseys, spent that month and the preceding ones in Trenton. One of her letters, written from London in the following year, and still preserved by her descendants, contains a pleasing reference to the fashionables of the former place. She writes:

Sprigs of Peerages.

"The sprigs of the peerage I have met with so far at Mrs. Rive's do not equal in their fineness of attire our own ladies and gentlemen of New Jersey, to be found in the capital city. Ours have the innocence of a new formed society and government. Gaming is all the rage here, and they keep it up at every house. * * * 'Tis said a woman of quality has got herself into serious trouble by her gaming table, and is threatened with the pillory."

One is glad to learn that Trenton society was "innocent" of some of the corruptions of English high life, for its members aped their English and French cousins as far as possible in their manner of living. When the London world was enjoying the rage for "picnicking parties" in the late nineties Trenton, as well as Philadelphia gentry, began repairing to the rural shades along the Delaware for like diversions. The Fish house, eight miles above Camden, became the scene of large gatherings. A portion of this old building, with modern additions, is in existence today. There the belles and beaux sipped the famous "Fish house punch," concocted of champagne, tea, sugar, Santa Cruz rum and apple whisky, and if we can believe the tales of yesterday, its sparkling nectar helped loosen the tongue of many a backward swain. The well-to-do gallants of Trenton copied Prince Florizel, a fashionplate of Europe, in their clothes, modified editions of his wonderful coats and breeches were always to be found at the tailors' in Philadelphia three months after they had startled "Brooke's" or "Riggett's" or the inmates of the drawing room. Poor Florizel was well on his walk over the bridge of years in 1799, and the adjective "fat" applied to him by pert little Beau Brummel was no misnomer. He still was the arbitrator of styles, though, and introduced new fancies in raiment with all the ardor of his early Carlton palace days.

English Carriages.

English carriages became quite the rage in the city about this time, and the Hermitage stable possessed a beautiful and expensive example used by the second Mrs. Dickinson, pretty Rebecca Cadwalader, a sister of the general's first wife.

The whispering room of the Hermitage is one of the most famous rooms in the social history of New Jersey. There Madam Moreau, "the beautiful Parisian," displayed her wonderful pearls and played on the harp for select audiences. In its dim recesses Louis Phillippe, a future king, paid graceful compliments to the ladies of the Dickinson household. When Alexander Hamilton journeyed to Philadelphia, on government business, with his fair daughter Angelica for a companion, they stopped in Trenton and visited General Dickinson. Perhaps that fair girl's tender heart, so soon to be stilled forever, beat faster in the whispering room for there was a handsome young Joseph Dickinson by her side, and no doubt he was an adept in the art of whispering the sweet nothings of that sentimental age. Many a tale could most likely be told of the old room as fascinating as the romantic Trenton tavern elopement of Frances Rutherford and Colonel Fortesque, of the British army, but its eighteenth century frequenters are all sleeping, a number of its most devoted ones in the Friends' burial ground, about their genial host of the long ago.

During recent years the rambling old Hermitage, still beautiful and stately, though shorn of its former glory, has stood neglected and it had been feared that it must be effaced to make way for municipal improvements; but it now promises to stand for a time, at least, as a new lease of life has been granted it as an apartment house, and there is no longer any controversy concerning its preservation. Although it stands directly in the line of extensive improvements, and new dwellings are springing up all about it, with modern street improvements, the stately old landmark now remains untouched, with the exterior unaltered and only the necessary changes to the interior to make it habitable as an apartment house. It could be still further divided, if desired, as the rambling old mansion is one of the roomiest of Trenton's old landmarks. The broad, stately hallway, leading directly through the mansion, speaks eloquently of the commodious building of the early days of old Trent's town.

Decidedly the most interesting portion of the old mansion is not included in any of the home suites, but it stands deserted and in a dilapidated condition. This little low building consists of the ancient kitchen and servants' quarters; in it are found the big old-time fireplace, and the immense bake oven of olden days, built of brick. The restoration of this old kitchen has been considered of late by one of the tenants of the historic mansion. And there is still hope that the entire dwelling may be allowed to stand, and be restored to its former beauty, although rows of modern houses may crowd close up over its extensive lawn.

OBITER SCRIPTA.

American Slang Is Not Always What It Appears to Be.

From the London Standard.

Many words and phrases which we stigmatize as unlovely Americanisms prove, upon examination, to be of the phraseology which Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare employed. The same may be said, of course, of some words which the dictionary now informs us are obsolete—obsolete as the barbarous customs and superstitions with which they were contemporary. Still, the modern Americanism which proves to have been of classical lineage commands respect and sympathy. Like consideration cannot be extended to barbarisms such as "graft" and "hoodlums." The former, honest English slang for hard work, has been twisted, across the waters, into a synonym for dishonesty and corruption. "Hoodlum" the Times now employs to describe the roughs who have been creating the anti-Asiatic riots in the west. That is not a classic; it is a California creation of latter days. It is the western equivalent of the Lambs of Nottingham; of the High Rip gang, of the Hooligans, and other disreputable forms of ruffianism with whose exploits we have been unpleasantly familiar.

America is the great mint in which modern slang is coined. A word of a phrase gets into the papers, and is at once current. The representative of an English paper adopts the new term, and introduces it into an article, at first in inverted commas, afterward without them. "Hoodlums" was thus distinguished in yesterday's Times; soon it will be used in the same august columns without quotes. Then it will be ready for common employment in England. "Strap hanger" came to us in the same way. "Chauffeur" was first a term of opprobrium. It came to us from France, where, during the reign of terror, brigands, whose pleasant fancy it was to burn the feet of their victims to make them reveal their treasure, were so called. "Chauvinism," which had an enormous vogue during the Russo-Japanese war, came from the same land, taken from a French play of 70 years ago, to anticipate the immense favor which "jingo" was later to enjoy in England. The first Tories were robbers, just as the first Hoosiers, the name given to the citizens of the state of Indiana, were "hushers," whose method of putting out of the fight those whom they intended to rob the latter term unpleasantly suggests.

Buttons for the Offertory.

From the London Standard.

A Sussex vicar complains that buttons find their way into his collecting-bags. Prebendary Carlile, of the church army, supplies buttons at St. Mary-at-Hill for that very purpose. "My poor people," he says, "with hardly a rag to wear and nothing to eat, haven't even a button to spare, yet pride keeps them out if they cannot give to the offertory. So we go round the streets with our buttons before service, and a friend of the church army redeems them at so much a dozen."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CUSTER MASSACRE IS ENACTED SECOND TIME

Sioux Indians Reproduce Famous Tragedy of the Black Hills During Summer Festival at Pine Ridge, S. D.—Red Cloud Participates in Celebration.

By Edmond S. Meany.

The great summer festival of the Ogallalla Sioux Indians, one of the chief features of which is a realistic reproduction of the Custer massacre, has just taken place at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The statement that Red Cloud, the most famous of the Ogallalla Sioux chiefs, is dead, has often been printed, but the aged warrior was there in the flesh participating in the celebrating of his people, which has now been conventionalized as a sort of Fourth of July.

Old Red Cloud is totally blind and very feeble, and his mind is wavering, but his people carried him reverently to the camp ground about three miles from the Pine Ride agency, and paid him all the deference that he has earned by many years of wise counsel and courageous leadership. His son, Jack Red Cloud, acted as herald for the numerous functions.

On the breast of the young man were two huge silver medals fully five inches in diameter. One of them had been given to his father and the other to his uncle, and he wore them proudly with his war bonnet of eagle feathers and his clothing of heavily-beaded buckskin. The medals were dated 1871 and bore the portrait of General Grant, and his famous saying: "Let there be peace."

During his son's loud oratory and the throbbing of the tom-toms and the rhythmic yelping of the war dance, the worn-out old veteran Red Cloud lay under a leafy shelter. But his gleaming eyes and muttering lips showed plainly that he was recalling the events of his own life whose record means so much to the history of his people.

No matter how much culture had been acquired by the individual members of the tribe, or how much they had assimilated of the white man's ways, the old Indian ceremonies brought forth the Indian love of his own people. Every Indian's love of his own people. Every full-blood entered into the ceremonies with complete abandon. Dr. Charles A. Eastman is a graduate of Beloit, Knox and Amherst. He is one of the best educated Indians in history. He has traveled about the world and addressed many audiences, always appearing in dress and manner exactly as any other cultured gentleman. His Yankee wife and his six children were at their home in Amherst, while Dr. Eastman was at Pine Ridge among his people.

It was with evident pride that the distinguished scholar donned the eagle feathers and took the most prominent part, that of Chief Crazy Horse, in the realistic reproduction of the great Custer battle. To see him with his erect bearing, his towering head dress, and his flashing eyes, one would scarcely imagine that this was a man accustomed to addressing metropolitan audiences in polished accents.

There were others, too, who had been away in school, at Carlisle, who laid aside their acquired culture, forgot for the moment the white man's ethical theorizing, and threw themselves heart and soul into the spirit of the festival, even including the feast of dog flesh.

Beside Dr. Eastman playing the part of Chief Crazy Horse there was also the famous warrior No Flesh going through the same part that he took in the actual conflict over 30 years ago. It was he who killed in the real warfare the color-bearer of Custer's command and captured the flag. His old eyes kindled and his seamed and aged fatures glowed as he reenacted the events of his youthful days.

Old Chief Blue Horse was among his people, but evoked less attention than Red Cloud for the reason that probably Blue Horse always preached peace and took great pride in the statement that he had never fought the whites. He had attained high rank as a fighter of Indian enemies, but would not fight against the white men, believing that peace was the only salvation of the Indians, as after-events have proved.

His son, who served as a scout under Generals Crook, McKenzie, Sheridan and Miles, was also present at the ceremony. His name is Standing Soldier, Stands First was another brave and ancient warrior who rejoiced in the festival and renewed his youth. Tall, straight and dignified he is a typical Sioux brave.

Other prominent Sioux who were participants were Red Bear and Afraid of Bear; Little Crow, who was a scout for Custer, but who was at camp the day of the big fight, and Clowns Horse, a member of American Horse's band.

E. S. Curtis took advantage of this opportunity to collect materials for his work on the North American Indian, the first two volumes of which appear in January. Curtis and his seven assistants with the cooperation of the leaders among the Indians have succeeded in obtaining stories and pictures from the old and best informed members of the tribe. The difficulty of obtaining the data and photographs for this great ethnological and historical record is almost beyond belief. Five more years will be consumed in completing it.

The evening of the big sham battle the camp was overwhelmed by a terrific thunder-storm. In an instant the white men's tents were flat on the ground, and many of the Indian tepees had collapsed. Two Indian ponies were killed by the lightning, the wagons and buggies were hurtled across the prairie by the force of the wind. The photographic paraphernalia was drenched and hours were consumed in drying out the sodden material. This was but one of the many obstacles encountered by Mr. Curtis in his gigantic task of saving a record of the vanishing race.

MYSTERIOUS BOX AT POLICE STATION BRINGS JOY TO CHIEF

A mysterious looking box arrived at the police station this morning. It was large and heavy and without label. Two burly expressmen staggered under the weight of the charge and delivered it into the private office of the chief of police.

Naturally, the curiosity of the office force, the police court officials, the policemen off their beats and the reporters, and in fact everyone around the building was aroused. Some one suggested that an admiring friend had sent the chief an unlabeled box of bottled rye. Or possibly, said the curious ones, there was a dozen quarts of Bourbon.

Chief Gritzmacher looked the new box over as carefully as he eyes a suspect brought in by one of the subordinates. There was a smile on his face indicating that the head of the department was absolutely happy—oblivious of the past and looking into the future with much anticipation.

Eventually the chief seized a "jimmy." He made for his office and the box. As he broke into the wooden encasement he smiled more than ever and then broke into a hearty laugh. A tangled mass of excelsior greeted the eyes of the guardian of the law. He placed his hands underneath, carefully, almost gently. Though no one else knew what was there, the chief did, most assuredly.

The box contained buttons—shiny brass buttons to the number of 18 gross—for the semi-annual inspection which is to be held at the Armory next Saturday, sure.

POLICE WOULD LIKE TO FIND THIS MAN AND CONDUCTOR WOULD, TOO

PERSONAL.

Wanted—The young lady who was on a "U" car Saturday night in company with a young man in a light suit of clothes and who got off the car at Beech street with more than he took aboard, to apply at the police station. As many questions as can be thought of will be asked.

The police are searching for a pretty, small, sort of an etherel girl who got on a "U" car Saturday evening and whose escort was tall, good looking and who wore a light suit of clothes. But there is no warrant out for the young woman—her companion, it is believed, simply made away with a cravenette belonging to Charles Burgy, 1247 Albina avenue, the conductor.

If they find the girl the police are of the opinion that the young man sought will be hanging around somewhere. The two got on the car at Second and Washington streets. Reaching the end of the line Burgy reached for his overcoat—the night was cold and chilly—but it was not in its usual place. And the tall, handsome chap was also missing. And so was the girl. Then Conductor Burgy remembered that they had left his car at Beech street.

Burgy had noticed the girl particularly—not that he is a flirt but simply because—because, well because she was so pretty. And he didn't see anyone make away with the coat.

Burgy remembers the girl's description, naturally, more accurately than that of the man. He describes her as being pretty, exceeding so, with a dark complexion, and was neatly dressed. And now the police are looking for a girl, man and overcoat.

A CLEVER DOG.

A Collie Which Called Daily at a Surgery for Treatment.

From the London Leader.

The old problem, "Can dogs reason?" is revived by a remarkable story which comes from Holloway.

A fine Japanese collie, owned by a gentleman living near Camden road, has earned distinction for itself by its habit of trotting round daily to a veterinary surgeon to be doctored. Suffering from painful ulceration in the ears, it was taken to the surgery of Marcus Stevenson, the veterinary surgeon of Camden road, Holloway, for treatment about five weks ago. Each evening for three or four days "Roy" was taken here by his master.

Then Roy decided that in future he would not wait for his master to take him to the surgery. One evening, directly the door of his home was opened, Roy dashed out alone. In a few minutes he bounded, all alone, into Mr. Stevenson's surgery half a mile away.

"No one was more surprised than I was," said Mr. Stevenson to a Morning Leader representative, "to see the dog rush through the doorway, jump calmly on the operating table, and wait for me to attend to him. I expected to see his master follow him into the surgery, but no—Master Roy had come alone!

No one, least of all a sympathetic veterinary surgeon, could resist this mute appeal, and without waiting for further developments Mr. Stevenson picked up a bottle of the curative lotion.

"At once, without having to be prompted, he turned his head so that I should commence with the right ear," continued Mr. Stevenson, "and after the mixture had eased his right ear he at once bent forward and turned the left ear for the same treatment. Then, with a gratified bark, the dog raced off home.

"I suspected his ears had pained him, and his instinct had told him where he could find relief," commented Mr. Stevenson; "but you can judge my surprise when he came in just the same fashion, quite unaccompanied, the next evening, promptly jumped on the operating table as before, waited till he'd received treatment, and then dashed off home again."

And so ever since the dog has run round to the surgery practically every day and demanded treatment. "It's quite unique, in all my experience," said Mr. Stevenson. "I could understand a dog coming of his own accord for a pleasant syrup or some palatable or pleasant doctoring; but the treatment of canker is necessarily painful, and practically every dog who is treated for it has to be carried or dragged into the place after his experience of it."

While Mr. Stevenson was speaking, a shrill bark and a great canine commotion at the door announced the unexpected arrival of Roy—for one more operation. Directly the door was flung open, the sagacious animal sprang upon the operating table, and looking up into the veterinary surgeon's face, whined eagerly.

Mr. Stevenson stroked Roy's head, but Roy whined all the more eagerly and impatiently till his left hand touched the familiar bottle of ear lotion. And then a succession of short, sharp barks plainly indicated that that was the object of his visit.

Raising first his right ear and then his left, the faithful creature sat still as a rock while the mixture was poured into each, and then, barking with delight, he made a bolt for the door.

Find Lost Articles.

List of articles found on streetcars October 19 and 20, 1907: 15 umbrellas, 3 miscellaneous packages, 3 purses, 1 telescope, 1 handbag, 1 book, 1 baby shoe, 1 basket, 1 pair shoes, 1 gold watch, 1 roll leather.

Call room 4, O. W. P. building, First and Alder streets.

Lightning as She Saw It.

While little Gertrude was looking out of a window during a thunder storm she saw a flash of lightning play along a telegraph wire.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "I just saw a piece of the sun fall down from the sky!"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

GERMAN EMPEROR TO VISIT EDWARD

Date of Departure for England Fixed for November 11 From Elbe.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Berlin, Oct. 21.—The arrival of the German emperor and empress in England has been definitely fixed for November 11, the visit lasting until November 18. Their majesties will probably leave the mouth of the Elbe on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern on November 9, although definite arrangements for the departure have not yet been made.

It is stated, apparently with authority, that it has been decided "in principle" that the imperial couple will be accompanied by Chancellor von Buelow.

This announcement is somewhat indefinite, but it is taken to mean that the chancellor may yet be prevented from carrying out his intentions by the demands of internal politics.

Prince Buelow has worked hard to secure the good will of the present coalition in the Reichstag towards measures for strengthening military and especially naval equipment that are to be introduced at an early stage of the coming session. To judge from statements made by leaders of various political parties, those efforts promise to be successful. Liberals and Radicals have been secured by appeals to their patriotism, and presumably trust by their present compliance to increase their claim to gratitude in the future, and the Clericals have declared that they admit the expediency of the government's plans.

The paths are thus clear, and it is evident that the chancellor is anxious that no obstacle shall arise at the last moment, when he is not at hand to remove it. He desires, therefore, to be in Berlin at the opening of the session, and should changes in the imperial program make the visit of their majesties to England coincide with the opening of the Reichstag, the chancellor will consider that the more important duty is to remain in Berlin.

The reassembling of the Reichstag was originally fixed for Friday, November 15, but, according to persistent rumors, it is to be postponed until November 21. The reason for this change may be that owing to the circumstances that November 20 is "Bustag" in Prussia, a day dedicated to repentance and prayer, it is considered advisable to resume the sittings when they can proceed without interruption.

It is noteworthy that although reports that the chancellor proposes to visit England have been in circulation for several days, not a single newspaper of importance has ventured a word of comment on the project.

MORE ROSES NEEDED.

Dr. Brougher Urges Cultivation of Love for the Beautiful.

Last night in connection with his sermon on "The Love of Animals" Dr. Brougher took occasion to say to the great audience at the White Temple:

"We need to cultivate most assiduously our esthetic natures. Both old and young need the refining influence of all that is pure and beautiful. I am glad that some of the citizens of Portland have organized a company and planned for a rose festival next June. There is no city in America where the roses are so beautiful and fragrant as they are in our city.

"People from every part of our country during the Lewis and Clark exposition declared that Portland surely led the world for roses. They specially admired the rose hedges along the sidewalks and in front of the lawns. It has been suggested that these hedges should be planted on Park and West Park streets, lining the park on each side between the two streets. I trust it will be done. Every man and woman, boy and girl in the city ought to be ready to do his or her part to fill our city with the most beautiful roses in the world.

"Every one of us ought to be interested in making the rose festival the greatest exhibition of its kind in the world. Let us cultivate a love for the beautiful and bring into our lives every influence that will tend to refine and uplift. Train the children to love flowers and cultivate in them the habit of gentleness and kindness toward the animal creation and thoughtfulness and consideration for their fellow-men."

LIKE OTHER AMUSEMENTS.

Dr. Morrison Deplores Tendency to Go Elsewhere Than to Church.

There was no sermon at Trinity church last night, but at the close of the song service the rector, Rev. A. A. Morrison, made some very pertinent remarks about the disinclination of people to attend church, especially Sunday evenings, and described some of the great song services that he had conducted in New York city, 20 years ago, in which between two and three thousand people would congregate and sing the old, rousing hymns, and the effect upon even the most dilapidated persons who had been attracted by the singing.

Dr. Morrison deplored the fact that out here in the west at the present time, people were to be found at baseball games and vaudeville houses, rather than at church, and requested the cooperation and assistance of his parishioners in dissipating the idea which prevails to so great an extent, that the Episcopal church is cold and formal.

It is the intention of Mr. Morrison to continue the Sunday evening song services, and he hopes to have a good attendance.

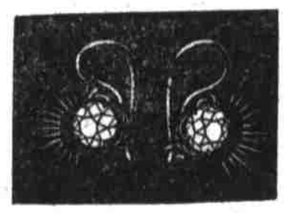
PERSONAL.

A. C. Little, fish commissioner of the state of Washington under the late Governor John R. Rogers, and now principal owner and manager of the Raymond Land & Improvement company of Raymond, Washington, is in Portland. Mr. Little is enthusiastic over the prosperity and prospects of the new town of Raymond, which is located in the northern part of Pacific county, Washington. He says that eight sawmills and three shingle mills have been established there this year, that the town has a population of 3,000 and is growing more rapidly than any of the smaller places in the state.

Diamonds

—ON—

Easy Payments



I. GEVURTZ & SONS

Be a Perfect Man

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that you are not as good a man as you used to be; physically, mentally and otherwise? Do you know why? Failing power, loss of vitality and drains are the most frequent cause. It stands you in hand to stop those drains on your very vital force itself. Go to a specialist who can cure these ailments, quickly and surely. Come to us.

SEEK HELP WHERE IT IS CERTAIN TO BE FOUND.

This institution has built up its splendid practice more by the free advertising given it by its PERFECTLY SATISFIED PATIENTS, who have received the benefit of its modern, scientific and legitimate methods, than in any other way. If you are not a perfect man—come to us. Isn't it worth the little time it will take when you are CERTAIN that you will have the benefit of HONEST, SINCERE physicians who never attempt to deceive you in any way? A consultation costs you nothing EXCEPT your own time.

27 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

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Established 27 Years in Portland.

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We Will Treat Any Single Uncomplicated Ailment for $10.00.

Absolute Guarantee No Pay Unless Cured

We cure safely and promptly Weakness, Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhoea, Specific Blood Poison in all stages, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, or any of the diseases common to men. Personal attention given all patients.

In selecting a physician or specialist, when in need of one, some consideration and thought should be given to the qualifications, experience and length of time an institute or medical man has been located in the city. It stands to reason that an institution that has stood the test of time and numbers its cures by the thousands is far superior to mushroom institutions that spring up in a night, last a few months and are gone. We have been curing men 27 years and are the oldest specialists curing men in Portland.

We invite those who have deep-seated and chronic disorders to call and be examined. Consultation and examination is free, and carries with it no obligation to engage our services.

Our offices are equipped with the most modern and scientific mechanical devices for the treatment of chronic diseases. Our charges are reasonable and in reach of any workingman.

Write if you cannot call. Our system of home treatment is always CERTAIN and most successful. All correspondence sacredly confidential.

HOURS—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Evenings, 7 to 8:30; Sundays, 9 a. m. to 12 noon.

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THE ACME QUALITY KIND PAINTS ENAMELS STAINS VARNISHES

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