

NOBILITY THINKS THESE LADIES REALLY BEAUTIFUL

Europe's Latest Fad Is a Contest of Titled Ones

The real thing in beauty contests is happening among the nobility of Europe. The lords and dukes think the women of the aristocracy are more beautiful than any in the world. The nobility has not visited Oregon and seen the Oregon beauties, nor has it cast too long a glance upon the fair maids of the Atlantic. We of America think there is none prettier than the maids among whom.



The Journal submits the exclusive photographs of two noble women of Europe, the Crown Princess Maria of Roumania—upper picture— and Miss Fitzgeraid, a daughter of Sir Gerald Fitzgeraid, K. C. M. G. These ladies are considered, in Europe, as the prettiest women of the old world. What do you think?

MINIATURE FOREST FOR SISK EMPEROR

Brine-Laden Vapors Also Wafted Through Francis Joseph's Rooms.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Vienna, Oct. 25.—Everything possible is being done to supply the Emperor Francis Joseph with as good and as fresh air for his sickroom as can be obtained under the circumstances. To this end a miniature garden, composed of small pine trees from the imperial conservatories, has been improvised in the imperial bedroom. The ozone qualities of the pine are said to be most beneficial. An evaporator has been set up in a room adjoining that occupied by the emperor, and brine-laden vapors are wafted into the sickroom.

VISIT ST. HELENS THEN FOR EUROPE

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) St. Helens, Or., Oct. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wellington are visiting relatives in St. Helens this week before leaving for a six months' trip to Europe. They will start from Portland Tuesday, sailing from New York November 9 on the Lucania. They will go direct to Manchester, England, Mr. Wellington's former home, and after visiting relatives there will tour the continent. On their return they will make Portland their home.

FASHIONABLE JEWELRY for the HORSE SHOW

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IRISH FARMERS UNDER THE GOBBEN MAN

Credit Trader Squeezes Last Penny Out of Small Tenant Toiler—Men on Bench Who Dispense Justice to Suit Themselves.

(From a Staff Correspondent.) Dublin, Oct. 12.—A very gloomy picture of the condition of the small farmers in the congested districts in the west of Ireland was drawn the other day by the Rev. Father Flattery of Clare Island in evidence which he gave at Lennane before the royal commission on congestion. Father Flattery's evidence was a terrible indictment of the "gobbeen man"—that parasite who has to a large extent taken the place of the rack-renting landlord, in bleeding the last penny out of the Irish peasant. The gobbeen man is the credit trader of the country districts. He sells everything that the farmer may require, from food and clothing to agricultural implements and seeds and he buys everything that the farmer produces. He sells on long credit at extortionate prices and the result is that when the time comes for the farmer to sell his cattle or his crops he is forced to take what the gobbeen offers, which is always much less than the true value. Many of the small farmers now have no money to buy. The gobbeen man sells them their supplies on credit at exorbitant prices and takes the produce in payment at his own price.

Abuse Position.

Worse than that, Father Flattery declares, the gobbeen man, by fawning on the castle authorities and extravagant professions of "loyalty," has managed to get himself appointed a magistrate in his district and he declared that they abused their position most shamefully and used it for the benefit of their business. The gobbeen men were favored in all cases that came before them and cases had been known in which they compelled drunken and impecunious doctors who were in their power to minimize the seriousness of assault cases which came before them. The priest also mentioned cases in which gobbeen magistrates appeared on the bench in a drunken condition and were quite unable to understand what all the proceedings were about. This testimony was given by a priest with 27 years' experience in the district and he concluded by declaring that he had no hesitation in saying that the "gobbeen man" was a worse curse to the west of Ireland than the worst type of landlord has ever been.

Another phase of life in the congested districts of the west was described by the Rev. Michael McHugh of Carra, who declared that not more than 10 per cent of the holdings in his district were of economic size. He was asked how the peasants managed to get on with such miserable holdings and he replied that during the last 12 months \$125,000 had been received in his parish alone from America and he estimated that every penny of it went to the landlords. He also pointed out that while hundreds of people were living on plots of ground which were not large enough to earn the rent there were 8,000 acres in the parish given up to unproductive grazing.

Stolen Crown Jewels.

Rumors continue to fly thick and fast concerning the crown jewels which were "stolen" from Dublin castle just before the king's recent visit to Ireland. The latest story about the jewels having been taken to Canada is discredited and I am informed on reliable authority that the "stolen" jewels have been redeemed from the London pawnbroker who had them in his keeping as security for a loan to the castle officials and that they are now being reposed safely in their accustomed place in the castle strong room, waiting for a favorable opportunity to be "found." It is said that when they are "found" it will be explained that they were never lost at all, but merely "mislaid."

MAN OF ST. HELENS WEDS DALLAS BRIDE

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) St. Helens, Or., Oct. 26.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan F. Stouffer of Dallas, Texas, the wedding of Miss Lora, who was married last Sunday at 2 p. m. to James Warren Quick, Miss Frances Hyster played the wedding march from Lohengrin as the bride entered the parlor on the arm of her father, Rev. M. P. Dixon of the Methodist Episcopal church of Dallas united the couple, using the ring ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Quick started immediately for their new home in St. Helens, followed by the good wishes of their many friends.

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Serve them hot, seasoned with butter, pepper, salt, a bit of cream and a couple of teaspoons of beef extract, or two tablespoons of beef or veal juice, from roaster or frying pan.

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very gently. Then Thackeray returned and said "I admire Dickens so much that I could not let our old friendship be broken."

Dickens and Thackeray.

The next time Sir Theodore saw Dickens was at Thackeray's funeral. He took part only a few weeks after their reconciliation. Their estrangement, he says, must have been very painful to both of them, and he estimated the loss of Dickens, and wrote the most laudatory things about him that were ever written.

Thackeray was a frequent guest at Sir Theodore's dinner parties, and at his home almost every Sunday morning.

He was not a brilliant talker at the dinner table," he says, but on the contrary, was singularly tactful in general society, and he never let any of his in the morning, he was like a great large hearted school boy, but at a dinner party in the evening he would pour out only a few sentences.

Rosaline Masson, one of the few individuals who was "persona grata" with Herbert Spencer when a martyr to nervousness and infirmity he lived in retirement at Brighton, has given some interesting reminiscences of the great philosopher.

Spencer is unable to receive visitors," the emissary was heard explaining. "But I have come all the way from

New York on purpose, sir! I assure you that with us the name of Herbert Spencer—"

"Mr. Spencer will very much regret it, but his health precludes—"

"I could merely be allowed to hold his hand and tell him—"

But this proved too much. The agonized philosopher raised himself on his sofa. "Send him away! Send him away! Don't let him come in!" he called out. "A pause—everybody's breath held—and then, in the hall, in awe-stricken tones: "I have heard the voice of Herbert Spencer! I can now return to New York satisfied!"

But he met with a better reception than another American who once crossed the Atlantic to see Thomas Carlyle. He caught the sage as he was entering his house in Chelsea, and explained that he wanted him about a living man.

"Why, sir," he said, "I've lectured about you in America scores of times. 'You have, have you?' said Carlyle. "Damn your impudence," and slammed the door in his face.

Old Woman Knew.

An English journalist who has just returned from Yorkshire, where he has been spending his holidays, tells us of an experience of his there which illustrates the different estimates that different people put on fame. He learned that in a farm on one of the Yorkshire moors was an old woman, who many years ago had been a servant in a family where Charlotte Brontë was a governess. Scouting some good "copy," he hired a conveyance and drove several miles to see the old woman.

She told the scribbler in response to his first query that she remembered Miss Brontë very well. "But she was nobler the governess," she added, "now Miss—"

—she said "I must go now," he persisted, her questioner. "She wrote some famous books," he never heard of them," replied the ancient dame. "An' what if she did? She was nobler a governess, I'm telling 'e. Nobody never paid no attention to her. She never done owt to make folk talk. But Miss B—"

—now, I can tell 'e a lot about 'er. She—"

The newspaper man gave her up in despair.

That sprightly nonagenarian, Sir Theodore Martin, has been indulging recently in some interesting reminiscences of his long life. He was present at the reconciliation between Dickens and Thackeray after their quarrel over Edmund Yates and the Garrick club. This is how he relates it.

"One day I was talking to Thackeray in the hall of the Athenaeum club, when Dickens came out of the reading room and passed us without taking any notice. Thackeray exclaimed, 'This can't be allowed to go on. I must go and speak to him.' He caught up Dickens at the bottom of the stairs and said, 'Now, Dickens, this sort of thing can't go on all of 'em, 'e spite of the ancient dame. 'An' what if she did? She was nobler a governess, I'm telling 'e. Nobody never paid no attention to her. She never done owt to make folk talk. But Miss B—"

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