

QUEER GONERS HENRY

(United Press Leased Wire.)
San Francisco, Nov. 14.—"Give us Hans and we'll fix him!"
"Give us Ruf and we'll attend to the prosecution!"
Those shouts marked the great overflow meetings which filled the streets tonight about Dreamland rink, which was crowded to the doors with people attending the Henry mass meeting.

The speakers went from one meeting to another. All eulogized Henry, whose name set the crowd wild, no matter how often repeated. All prayed for his recovery.
The crowds showed great enthusiasm in support of the graft prosecution. The speakers all urged the timeliness of a moment to prove that the sentiment of the public was behind the prosecutions in solid support of Henry or his successors.

GIRL'S MOTHER WILL NOT TALK

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Miss Mae Otis, accused of conspiring to procure the murder of her mother, was released from the Harrison street annex today on \$2,500 bail, supplied by Hattie Rowe and Elmer E. Watson.
Frank L. Wood, attorney for the young woman, hunted them up and took them around to the home of Municipal Judge Cleland, who signed the bonds. "I do not approve of letting Miss Otis go," said Captain of Detectives O'Brien, "but under the law we are obliged to release her on bail if her bondsmen are satisfactory. They qualified in every particular, and I have warned them that I will hold them responsible for any rash move Miss Otis may commit while she is at liberty."
The mother of Miss Otis, who the detectives say, was to have been killed at her behest tonight, upon a preliminary payment of \$100 and the delivery of a promissory note for \$2,400 which was to have been redeemed "when the funeral was over and the estate collected," visited her daughter in the annex today. They embraced and wept for a moment or two without speaking. Then Miss Otis put her hands on her mother's shoulders and said tenderly:
"You will stand by me—won't you, mother? If you desert me I haven't anyone else."
And the mother, who it is alleged was to have been beaten to death for \$3,000, did what most good mothers would have done under the circumstances. She replied:
"Certainly I'll stand by you, Mae."
"But I want you to tell them that you don't believe this awful thing—that you have faith in me—that you love me and that you know I love you and couldn't even think of such a horrible thing as this plot they have charged against me."
The mother turned away and looked out of the window.
"Why don't you speak?" demanded the girl. "Why don't you tell them that you don't believe it?"
"Well, well, let's don't talk about that now," was the soothing reply. "What we want to be thinking about and talking about now is how to get you out of this prison."
Immediately upon her release Miss Otis returned to her boarding-house. Monday she will have a hearing.

QUERY: WHEN IS A PRIZE FIGHT?

By Jeff Thompson.
New York, Nov. 14.—The New York courts are still struggling with the problem as to when a prize fight is a prize fight, and upon the decision rests the future of boxing in New York.
There is always the probability, however, that even if the courts should decide that a six-round fight is not a fight within the meaning of the law, that Governor Hughes will act after the fighters as he did after the bookmakers and with the same result.
In the meantime some of the New York clubs have arranged for a fight of minor character. It is altogether improbable however, that any real important scraps will be pulled off in New York in the near future. An attempt to have Nelson and McFarland meet here for example would be more than apt to result in a movement which would shut New York to the fighters lighter than it was even after the repeal of the Horton law.
The question as to whether or not Bat Nelson is a normal human being continues to cause discussion. A New York doctor recently examined the Battler and finds three points in the physical makeup of the lightweight champion.
"He has a heart that is abnormally slow and extraordinarily strong."
"Nelson's heart ordinarily works at the rate of 56 beats to the minute. The normal human heart beats from 72 to 78."
"After violent exercise Nelson's heart beats 98 to 100 strokes a minute."
"In 40 seconds after he stopped exercising, the pulse dropped from 98 to 70, showing that his heart can resume its normal function in less than the one minute of time between rounds in a fight."
"Nelson has a lung expansion of 7 1/2 inches. That is great enough for a heavyweight."
"His hips and stomach are abnormally small in proportion to his chest development."
"If his hips, stomach and legs were in proportion to his chest he would be a waterweight."
"He has all the strength of the welterweight (142 pounds) without having to carry more weight than a lightweight (132 pounds)."
No wonder he is a champion.
Nelson is writing an autobiography with a technical description of his bat-

AROUND THE CORNER LAND SQUARES

By Jim Ewins.
So much has been said and written about the new hats the women are wearing, which have increased so rapidly in size from the beginning of the craze, that it may be of interest to many to learn that such headgear is now measured according to its circumference. For instance, the very latest in design measures six feet around the rim. The Merry Widow, which attracted some attention during the summer, has been backed clear off the board.
The new hat, though the largest on record, is the lightest in weight. This is one of the tricks of the trade. You can't judge the weight of a woman's hat, say the milliners, by its size. Furthermore, the designers assert that the big hats are for theatre wear. One Portland milliner is said to be working on a design which, if perfected, will bring her fame and fortune. It is of the folding variety, light and as big as the biggest. Taken to the theatre, or when entering a streetcar or a house, the hat may be folded and carefully arranged so that it will not occupy any more space than is taken up by an ordinary walking hat. The folding hat promises great revelations for the future.



The Newest Creation, a Folding Hat

The designers of the new hats—not the folding kind—say they will be in vogue this winter in short order. These are the designer's own words. The hat destined to be most popular is of gathered mauve tulle, whatever that is, and has two large pompons—of course you know what they are—of ostrich feathers. These pompons—be sure you pronounce it correctly—resemble in shape the head ornaments of the grenadiers, and each is to be a foot high, or as many feet as the very least the pompons must be a foot. Otherwise, you would not be following the style to the letter.
One pompon must be the same color as the mauve of the hat. The other pompon—you can have as many as you like—to get the right effect, must be of a contrasting shade of blue. That is if you are partial to blue. If you insist, one of the pompons might be of red, a bright or a dark shade, according to the taste. But red pompons are not to be particularly popular, it must be admitted, for—well, because the designers say not.
A spray or sprinkle of pink roses complete the most audacious hat of the year, say the milliners—also the most expensive. But the designers say nothing about the cost—that is unless you ask.
When old Uncle Sam made an annual allowance of \$24 for five cats for the Portland postoffice some time ago he didn't realize what troubles for the future he was a-courting. Five more—not cats, but kittens—arrived yesterday. But all old Uncle Sam can do is to grit his teeth, smile and bear the burden to come in fives. Three of the first youngsters survived, and have been making things lively for the rats and mice about the building.
Originally there were but five cats at the postoffice. Then five little ones were added to the happy family. They seem to come in fives. Three of the first youngsters survived, and have been making things lively for the rats and mice about the building.
Young Corbett is going to try it again. He is up at Johnson's roadhouse working like a blacksmith. He has been hard at it now for three weeks, which is conclusive proof that he means it. As a matter of fact, no matter what faults Corbett had, he never did shirk in training. Any time he started to make ready he did his level best. And no man can do more. He is a little fat, but he's got the bay window on the grindstone and he's turning the crank for all he's worth.
"It's giving me a battle," he declared, putting his hands about his waistline, "but I'm going to beat it."
He has been matched with Freddie Corbett, of Philadelphia, before Jack McGuigan's club. This namesake of Rothwell's is a tough little Italian. He has about as much boxing skill as a Chinaman, but he's as strong as a horse.
All arrangements have been completed for the six-round bout between Tommy Murphy and Fackey McFarland at the National Athletic club of Philadelphia, November 18. Harry Edwards, manager of the National club, has made the managers of both boxers post \$750, of which \$50 is put up as a guarantee of appearance. The balance goes as a forfeit to make the weight, which must be 133 pounds at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the contest.
This is the chance of Murphy's lifetime in the pugilistic game. The majority seem to think that Tommy does not class with the shifty lad from Chicago, but there are others who are of the opinion that Thomas will give McFarland a good fight. It means a great deal to Murphy. If he can come out a winner he has a chance to meet Battling Nelson and get some big money.
Then, again, McFarland will fade from the limelight if he is defeated. Murphy has engaged in some important battles, and a trainload of New Yorkers will make the trip to see the fight.

Eye glasses, \$1 at Metzger's.

EXPANSION EVERYTHING POINTS TO IT

If you know anything about Portland, you know that the city is on the eve of an era of remarkable prosperity, and that realty values will greatly increase during the next few years. You also know that acreage that could have been bought in the vicinity of Portland two years ago for as low as \$50 is now selling for \$200 to \$300, and it is scarce at these prices, as owners realize that values will double in a short time.

DO YOU THINK IT WISE?

To be indifferent in the face of the big things that are bound to develop Portland and surroundings? With the North Bank road now in operation, and the proposed new railroads and trolley systems that are going to open up the whole state and populate heretofore inaccessible districts, all available land will be bought up, and unless you get in now and buy you will lose YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

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Afford an excellent chance for you to double your money if you buy NOW. This land is unequalled for the cultivation of fruit, berries and nuts, and is situated on the Salem line, only 30 minutes' ride from the Jefferson street depot. As close in, measured by time, as city additions—and just think of a whole acre for as low as \$200. Investigate today. Take car Front and Jefferson sts.; all cars stop at Metzger Station. Agents on grounds all day.

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DEVELOPERS AT WHITE SALMON

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
White Salmon, Wash., Nov. 14.—The greatest meeting that White Salmon has ever known took place today when people from all parts of this section gathered at the opera-house to further the interests of White Salmon valley. The White Salmon band played a conspicuous part at the meeting.
Mayor J. C. McInnis introduced Rev. Tate, who, after making some humorous remarks, urged the people to move forward with a united front, reminding them that only by union comes success.
F. M. Frazer, president of the Klickitat Development league, made a few very timely remarks on the union of the entire county and pledged its cooperation in any movement for the advancement of this section.
D. W. Dexter, formerly of New York, who has lately located in this valley, gave the impressions of an easterner when coming into this country. After reviewing the scenes along the Rhine and the peaks of the Alps, he said that the scenery here surpassed them all; that the valley affords the finest climate and more advantages than any other section he has ever visited.
E. B. Smith of the O. R. T. company praised the work that is now being done and pledged himself and the services of the company which he represents to the support of any movement to help develop this section.
H. M. Adams, general freight and passenger agent of the North Bank railroad, placed before the people the great possibilities of this valley, as everything here contributes to the best interests of a fruit growing section. He declared that the transportation facilities are now better than ever and every inducement possible will be offered the people of this valley. He said that the low rates will continue from the east, and this county should get its share of the newcomers. He advocated a fruit-growers' union and urged that the label "White Salmon" be placed on every box of fruit grown in this valley.
C. C. Chapman, an advertising expert from Portland, discussed the best ways of advertising. He was followed by Tom Richardson of the Portland Commercial club, who praised the scenery and prospects of this valley. He predicted that the land would bring \$4,000 per acre in a very few years. Twenty-five hundred dollars was raised by subscriptions.

Metzger fits your eyes for \$1.

In the Want Ad Section of Today's Journal

- 50 Advertise for male help
- 40 Advertise for female help
- 128 Advertise furnished rooms for rent
- 300 Advertise real estate for sale
- 120 Advertise business chances
- 71 Advertise houses for rent
- 42 Advertise flats for rent
- 63 Advertise housekeeping rooms

Hundreds of new ads in the classified section of this paper every day. If you do not find what you want today

Read the Classified Section of Tomorrow's Journal

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For Our Profits

We rely on the man who comes back each season and buys from us his clothes and his fixings because he found out that we told him the truth about them. A lot of men buy from us for that reason. It never occurred to them, but it's the truth. We believe in Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes, and we have brought a lot of men in this town to believe in them. We told the truth about those clothes, and they backed us up by fitting and wearing and looking stylish, when other clothes failed to make good.

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