

CITY AND COUNTY

SATURDAY DECEMBER 1

GEORGE NOLAND ON THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

George Noland was born and grew to manhood in Lane county. Served the people of Lane county as surveyor several terms; graduated in the first class of the State University; studied law, was admitted to the bar, then located at Astoria for the practice of his profession. He needs no introduction to the people of Lane county.

A short time ago the Oregonian concedingly proffered space in its columns for Democrats who might see fit to discuss the future of the Democratic party, and the advisability of reorganization thereof. The answer from George Noland sounds exactly like he talks—open and aggressive. Here is the letter:

"ASTORIA, Or., Nov. 19.—(To the Editor.)—The Democratic party needs no reorganization. It is already well organized. The old-time Democracy is making a determined stand against centralization which is now manifesting itself in the virulent forms of plutocracy, trusts and imperialism. The Philadelphia platform of the Republican party is revolutionary. The principal features of the Kansas City platform will stand for the sober second thought of the American people.

"The Democratic party is in need of neither the advice nor the presence of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Whitney, or men of their type. They chose to fiddle while Rome burned. The Democratic party has twice been forced to shoulder the odium of Mr. Cleveland's administration and at the same time fight him. All Democrats who are worthy of the name of the party which Jefferson founded have returned to the fold. Let the Republicans who claim to be Democrats remain where they are.

"As to the future course of the Democratic party, it will go on fighting the battles of the people until their rights are obtained. The course of the trusts since the election is enough, in itself, to show what they expect at the hands of the present administration. It is their administration. It they will use. As to imperialism, the supreme court alone can now save the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution from further desecration. Democracy hopes for the best.

"The Democratic party has a history of 100 years. It does not have to trace its existence through a caldron of record of abandoned principles and dead parties. It does not have to apologise for its founder, Jefferson, the Democrat, as the Republican party does for its founder, Hamilton, the aristocrat. The Democratic party has not always been right on all things, but it has always stood out the bold champion of 'equality before the law.'

"Before the Republican party came upon the stage, the Democratic party was here, upholding the Declaration and the Constitution. It will be here when the Republican party, as does its predecessors, molds in the dusts of time.

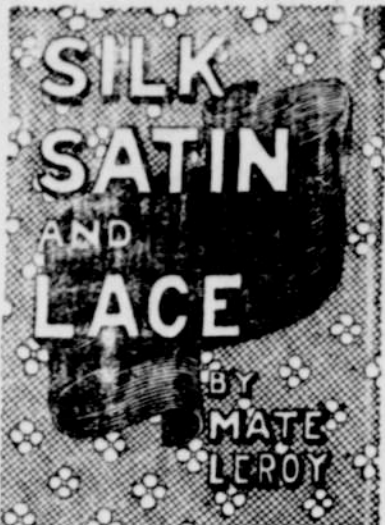
INAUGURATION PLANS.

Plans are on foot to give President McKinley on March 4th, next, the most splendid inauguration in the history of the nation.

It is proposed that the parade shall be the longest seen in the United States since the final review of the Army of the Potomac in Washington at the close of the civil war.

Legions will be in line from all the colonies of the United States, and the railroad magnates will see that the lowest fares on record are made in order that the greatest number of people possible may come to witness the spectacle.

Northwest farmers and millers are promised a taste of the medicine this country administers to foreigners through high tariff exactions. A considerable flour trade has been built up with Vladivostok, Siberia, Portland mills especially having shipped large quantities of their products. After January 1st, 1901, there will be no more trade in that direction for the millers as Russia has placed an 80 cent a barrel import duty to take effect on that date.



So far this season wool goods have had the preference, but now as the festive season approaches the demand for silks for dresses grows larger. There is and can be nothing very novel in silks, for everything that has been and will be again, but naturally the weavers and designers have striven to get some new arrangement of color or twill or other



BOLERO GOWN.

trifling difference. For instance, there is the satin regence, which is 22 inches wide, and this has a surface of extreme solidity and richness with the back of the fabric quite as handsome as the face. This is all in black, and yet it will not be confined to the needs of the middle aged, for quite young girls will wear it, the only thing being that for the young it will be for day wear, while for the older ones it is considered better form for evening attire, and indeed when it is made up in all the magnificence of the present day, with pounds of fine cut beads and yards of tulle lace and many other things too numerous to mention, it is a magnificent affair. The younger woman has her skirt made plain and exceedingly stylish, and with it she wears a separate waist of some kind, generally of thin tulle, with lots of work to make it costly; then a belt of some sort of metal or perhaps a ribbon twisted along the lower part. This for finish. The figure is seen on these so often that one forgets to mention it unless it is in some way remarkable.

For the younger lady no trimming is considered suitable, but the greatest care is expended in having it so perfect that it might have grown so. I said that the black silk skirts for young women are only for day wear, but I forgot that many of them have been planned for theater and opera, and such have low or half low evening waists to wear with them, and these are so dainty that they need no other explanation. Only many



BRIDAL DRESSES.

of them are of spangled lace and thin silks and panne velvets—anything that is dressy in itself. For these waists there are some specially designed silks, such as embroidered, printed warp and braided tulle, all in exquisite colors. Pure white tulle is made with a very high luster, and there is no kind of fancy that cannot be wrought with it and its natural aids in the way of trimming.

Velvets are so numerous in all the ramifications that it would be impossible to do them justice when one remembers that there are over 100 different shades and weights in the panne velours alone. Colored silk velvet in all the season's best shades and black are the best, but the panne velours, the velours d'ecrue, printed panne and the velours d'ecrue and the velours du nord are all in vogue and much liked by those who prefer novelty to durability. Many of these last mentioned goods are used to make blouse waists. These are as blousy as those worn by Mrs. Cleveland while she was the lady of the White House, and were described as the blousiest blouses that ever were made. Velvets come in for popularity and make a better appearance than any of the half silk varieties.

For general wear the mercerized silks are very fashionable and quite as useful. The mercerization of so many cotton goods so that they look every whit as well as silk and wear better than silk for everyday has revolutionized the skirt trade, and now no one wears a silk skirt except with a very fine dress where the wearer expects to see her dearest enemy.

The mercerized cottons are produced in all the designs and colors of plain silks, and they are made up with dounces and dounces and tucks, just like the finest silk skirts. The short walking skirt has brought out an undershirt just 35 inches long, and where it is wished to give a rich effect at low cost a skirt is made with the upper part of some one of the bottom stuffs, and at the bottom there are placed two or even three dounces of silk. These should be set at the edge of the hem to the cotton. For just such uses as skirts the silk is now waterproofed, and almost covers the whole list of materials made waterproof by the cravenetizing process. The only thing I can find fault about in regard to this waterproofing of fabrics is that it does not seem to have been thought of as a distinct blessing to men.

The bolero or figaro—for it is hard to tell which some of them are—seems to be ubiquitous, and every one is different from all the rest while still being one of the other. An elegant dinner gown for some one of our millionaires is made all of white crepe lisse as to skirt, with the exception of a shaped back breadth of golden brown velvet, which hangs down in the back, as can better be seen in the picture than described. The figaro is of the same velvet, and in front there is a full blouse effect of the same. Over the crepe lisse is set a deep flounce of fine white lace, and that has a full ruffle of chiffon at the very edge. Along the sides and reaching up over the velvet and the front of the skirt is a dainty applique of detached design. The bolero also has this same kind of trimming all round it and on the sleeves, which reach but to the elbow. The neck is finished with a ruffle of white lisse, and this can be left off if it is desired to have a more dressy effect.

As this is now the time when dinners and other social functions are in order, I will tell of another superb evening gown for such occasions as do not require full dress. This is of tulle in the dainty coral pink, and the whole overdress is of cream fish lace. This is made exactly like any skirt in form and fits over the hips like another. There is a demitrain. The waist is in form of another variety of figaro, with a full vest front of coral crepe lisse. The high stock is of the same. At the waist there is a wide cincture of moss green velvet fastened with three very fine buttons. Some of the new buttons are as pretty as jewels. The sleeves are long and so arranged that they can be worn with a lining or not. This is handsome enough for a wedding, with the wearer as the chief mourner.



LACE EVENING TOILET.

Speaking of weddings makes me think of two new brides to be and what they are to wear, and as misery loves company perhaps some other girl may find a hint in one or the other. One is an innovation anyhow, being of white cashmere, with the cincture belt, the deep cuffs and the yoke all smoked closely, so as to fit the different parts to the figure. Simplicity is the keynote in this dainty bridal dress. The cashmere is so soft and snowlike that it becomes one of the prettiest things imaginable for the purpose. The dress was not so long as most wedding gowns are, but around the bottom was a six inch flounce headed by two inches of smoking. The tiny bunch of orange blossoms and the veil make this meet for its purpose. It would make any bride look sweet and girlish.

The other dress received its chief beauty from the way in which the waist was made. To make one like it needs a skillful dressmaker, and even then she may make a mistake, and that is fatal. The folds are so placed that they form points at the bottom, and the waist is pointed, both back and front. The material in this is of tulle in mat white, and around the bottom are six rows of white silk featherbone cording, the same as that put around the bottom of the waist. This dress is made with a very short train. The present fancy is to have the veil fall back from the face. But the majority of brides prefer that it shall fall over the face, and so each one exercises her prerogative of American citizenship and declares her right to pursue her happiness in her own way, and that is to have the filmy veil down. Bouquets are largely a matter of choice, and all white flowers and orchids in their curious tints and shapes are really the preferred flowers, but unless one has the purse of Fortunatus it is just as well to decide that roses, stephanotis and white carnations or violets are best.



DAINTY ENGAGEMENT.

Removed From Evil Example. "Bobby, you must go to bed now." "But, ma, it isn't time." "Yes, it is. Your Uncle Robert and your father are going to tell what bad boys they used to be at school."—Chicago Record.

THE INFANT DAMOSEL ABROAD.

By Helen Follett.

With a confident chug-chug and a spirited snort the Duluth express drove out of the depot, taking with it Wah and the baby, together with innumerable valises, umbrellas, small parcels and a box of crackerjack. Wah is baby's great-aunt, her sweet given name Mary being thus comforted by the blessed spalpeen.

It was close to 10 o'clock, two big full hours after the time that Mr. Sandman usually knocks at the kitchen door and asks if baby is asleep. All the way to the train the soft turquoise eyes had been hiding behind their trembling, drooping little shutters, but when we climbed into the sleeper drowsiness flew like birds before an army of boys. A kiss or two for "fodder," a promise to "mind mudder and be a good durl," and our household image of joy and sweet peace began her round of investigation and inspection.

She climbed into the berth and looked about her.

"What do they put ceilings on their beds for?" she asked.

"That ceiling is another bed," I answered. "Just about the time we are going to sleep a big fat man will climb up there to roost and roost for the night."

"Oh!"

"And after we go to sleep his shoes will fall down and awaken us and scare us out of our seven senses. And in the middle of the night he will snore and snore and snore."

"That will he do that for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," confessed I. "Except that it is the accepted manner of fat men."

"What makes him fat?"

"That's more than I know, my darling."

"Maybe the sandman gets after him and makes him go to sleep early. And maybe he drinks lots of milk. If I drink milk, will I snore, mudder?"

"Um—"

"Mudder, I want a drink."

"Yes, dear."

"What did you push that button for?"

"To tell the porter to get you a drink."

"Oh! But where will he get it?"

"Out of a tank."

"A tank on the roof like we have at home that leaks down through the kitchen and has to be mended?"

"I guess so."

"Mudder, what makes the cars go?"

"The engine. Don't you think you'd better go to sleep?"

"No, I'd rather stay up and look out the window. Mudder, why is it that now you see a tree and a house and then you don't see them and see something else?"

"Oh, hush! I'm tired. Go to sleep like a good girl."

"Well, mudder, the sandman can't catch me here, can he? We're going to bed, aren't we?"

"I don't know."

"Mudder, can't I go and sleep with Wah?"

"No, of course not. Wah is asleep."

"Mudder, where did you put my doll?"

"Oh! Broom-corn. Broom-corn-oh!"

"What's the matter now?"

"She won't have any fresh air! Where—where's my little woody dog?"

"He's with the dolly."

Soft mutterings from other berths. A clear strong tenor remark about idioty who travel with children.

"Mudder, I don't like this bed. It's a bad bed. It hurts my feet."

Silence on my part.

"Mudder!"

"Yes-s-s," very sleepily.

"I'd like to see Thora and the little baby bird."

WEATHER PROPHECY

STRIKING FORECASTS BY ANDREW JACKSON DEVOE.

The Galveston Disaster Foretold Ten Months Before Its Occurrence. A Prophet Honored In His Own Country.

Weather prophecies have long been the butt of popular jests and in most cases with justice, for such guesses have usually been wide of the mark. When, however, a weather prophet, and a self constituted one at that, predicts within one day the date of so terrific a cyclone as that which devastated Galveston his future opinions should be regarded with considerable respect. Ten months before the Galveston visitation Andrew Jackson Devoe, weather prophet, of Hackensack, N. J., predicted it.

His forecast was printed on the September page of an almanac and read as follows: "On the 9th a great cyclone will form over the Gulf of Mexico and move up the Atlantic coast, causing very heavy rains from Florida to Maine from the 10th to the 12th." It is positively proved that this prediction was sent out toward the end of last year. Scoffers may say that it was only a lucky guess, but they cannot impugn its authenticity or accuracy. Besides this, Professor Devoe predicted within two days the floods that wrought such destruction at Austin, Tex., in April. Readers may have an opportunity to judge for themselves the truth of his predictions. For the end of October he foretells great storms on the English coast.

Andrew Jackson Devoe, meteorologist, as he styles himself, has been for years before the public as a weather prophet. He has been scoffed at and derided, and the government has consistently refused to recognize him, but withal he has gone



From a recent photo.

on prophesying. The light seems to be breaking for him, and the remarkable accuracy of many of his predictions seems about to be universally acknowledged, although many persons have believed in him for years. He is a resident of Hackensack, N. J., and a member of the school board of his town. He is also engaged in business there, for in weather prophecies the financial returns are very slim.

Professor Devoe is about 40 years of age, married and has several children. He is not without honor in his own country, for he is well thought of by his townsmen. He explains his theory of the weather thus: "After many years of careful investigation I have discovered the law which causes storms to form and draws them in their course as they travel over our earth's surface. It is a difficult law to explain, but I would call it electrical magnetism, and the force and power of its energy are decreased or increased just in proportion as certain astronomical conditions approach or recede from our earth. When the great Creator created our earth and the heavens above it, he established a law, and by that law everything on and above our earth is perpetually balanced. Therefore, when one great storm belt forms over the United States it must have its counterpart in Asia. I have learned by observation that the surface of our earth is divided into wet and dry belts, and that these wet and dry belts are controlled by astronomical law; that they can be located years in advance; that although they may change their positions on our earth's surface every two or three months, yet they move by law, and their future positions can be determined by applying that law."

SONGSTRESS AND ACTRESS.

A Rare Combination Found In Miss Kate Condon.

Miss Kate Condon is one of the most beautiful of the many talented young women who have succeeded in winning popularity for the Metropolitan English Grand Opera company, which, after its present season in New York, will make



Photo by Gilman, Boston.

a tour of the principal cities of the United States. Miss Condon is an American girl whose admirers, and their name is legion, predict that she will some day become one of the world's notable grand opera stars. Her stage presence is excellent, and she can act as well as sing, a combination of attainments which is not at all common on the operatic stage.

AUTHOR OF "EBEN HOLDEN"

Irving Bacheller and His Character and Career.

A many-sided man is Irving Bacheller, author of "Eben Holden," one of the most successful books of the season. It is a story of the north country, known to tourists as the Adirondack region, and the delightful portrayal of unique characters is due to Mr. Bacheller's keen observation, superior sense of humor and a business career in the metropolitan area. "The characters," says the author, "were mostly men and women I have known and who left with me a long



Photo by Edsall, New York.

of my kind that even a wide experience with knavery and misfortune has never dissipated."

Mr. Bacheller was for years the head of a syndicate which supplied literature to newspapers, and some of the best stories and special articles ever published in the daily papers of America were among the wares thus dispensed. Sunday editions of the better class thrived on Bacheller literature. To his friends, however—and they are legion—it was always apparent that he worshipped at the shrine of the muse rather than the altar of Mammon. While "Eben Holden" is Mr. Bacheller's most conspicuous success and places him in the front rank of American authors, he is not a single story writer, a "Master of Silence" and "The Uninvited Guest," two novels of note, were received with more than ordinary favor.

BIG JOBS FOR ONE DAY ONLY

Strange Cases of Judge Powers and Senator Atchison.

To become a United States senator is an aspiration known to many men, few of whom succeed in gaining the office or after years of striving. Few, however, of these would think the game worth the candle or would want the office if they knew that they could hold it for only one day.

Judge O. W. Powers of Utah is a unique case, of the office seeking the man and finding him, for he is probably the only man in the United States who was senator for one day. In this connection it may be noted that we once had a president who held the office for one day.

David R. Atchison, senator from Missouri, was president pro tem of the senate at the time when President Polk's



Photo by Johnson, Salt Lake City.

JUDGE O. W. POWERS.

term expired at noon of March 4, 1849. This day chanced to be Sunday, and Zachary Taylor, the president elect, refused to take the oath of office on the Sabbath. As Polk's term had legally expired and with it that of his vice president, George M. Dallas, and as Taylor could not legally take his seat until he had taken the oath of office, Atchison was the legal president of the United States for one day.

In the case of Judge Powers, the governor of Utah, Heber M. Wells, left the state on a pleasure trip. While he was gone the acting governor appointed Judge Powers to the vacant seat in the senate without the knowledge or consent of the governor, who discovered the appointment on the following day. The whole affair was perhaps intended as a joke, for, owing to recent decisions by the senate, the quasi senator could under no circumstances have taken his seat by virtue of such appointment.

By the United States constitution each branch of our national legislature is made the judge of the qualifications of its own members. Judge Powers has made no claim to his seat in the senate, but if he should do so in the future a certain argument used against the seating of Senator Quay of Pennsylvania would undoubtedly be used against him. It was held that the appointment of a senator by the governor or his representative, in the absence of the state legislature, could be held to be valid only when the vacancy in the office could be regarded as unexpected. As the vacancy to which Judge Powers owed his honor thrust upon him could be regarded as unexpected, it follows that Judge Powers, if he wishes to assume the senatorial toga, must gain it in the time honored way.