

PORTLAND'S MILLION DOLLAR HOTEL OPEN TO PUBLIC

Another Milestone in the Progress of Oregon Marked by Today's Opening of the Magnificent Caravansary in the City of Portland.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 16.—(Special)—The formal opening of the New Imperial Hotel which took place today marks another milestone in the gigantic strides of progress of Portland and Oregon. This magnificent caravansary rises to a height of nine stories, contains 350 rooms, elegantly furnished and is the finest in the Oregon country.

The New Imperial as it stands today is the happy realization of an ideal which Messrs. Phil Metschan & Sons, the proprietors, and Mr. Theodore B. Wilcox, the builder, have for years striven for. The hotel represents a combined investment with Mr. Wilcox of a round million dollars. At first thought this seems like a large sum to invest in a hotel, but the promoters have the soundest faith in Oregon's continued growth.

tired millionaire who recently visited the Pantheon and the Acropolis, the old Roman Forum and other familiar scenes of Mark Anthony and Julius Caesar, in search of designs for decorative purposes. These decorations are sold on condition that workmen skilled in placing them shall be employed. This was done by Messrs. Metschan & Sons, and here are to be found inscriptions from the obelisks of Roman and Egyptian civilization which has long since disappeared from the current history of the world. The elevator service comprises two large cars of the latest models with special detail to safety of guests. The mechanical principle upon which these elevators are constructed and operated make accidents absolutely impossible. The ladies' reception room was the



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and for years Portland has greatly needed a hotel such as the New Imperial. Twelve years ago Mr. Metschan engaged in the hotel business in Portland and the New Imperial stands today is the goal toward which he has been conscientiously striving. That his efforts have been crowned with the highest measure of success is the unanimous verdict of all who have inspected the new hotel. The New Imperial is now the largest and most modern equipped hostelry in the northwest. It represents the expenditure of a million dollars and the best architectural and technical skill in the science of modern hotel construction and furnishing. The main entrance is on Seventh street, with entrances also on Washington and Stark, thus occupying the entire corner of Seventh, Stark and Washington, with an arcade extending from the Washington street entrance to Stark street entrance. The building material is of the finest concrete and every room is an outside room, thus providing ample ventilation and sunshine. Messrs. Whidden & Lewis are the architects. Before the final plan of construction and arrangement was decided upon, Mr. Phil Metschan, Sr., made a trip to Europe for the special purpose of gathering data from the leading hosteleries of the old world. The information and the new ideas obtained have been embodied in the New Imperial, and it represents the most up-to-date ideas to be found in the greatest hotel in the world. Not satisfied with the old order of things in Portland hoteldom the best experts to be obtained in America were imported to carry out these new ideas, and the Imperial stands today as one of the most modern, complete and up-to-date hotels on the American continent.

The lobby is 60x100 feet, with a terrace and marble floor and interior furnishings in mahogany. The impression one gains on entering the new lobby is one of delight and comfort. It is decorated in artistic colors that harmonize with the fine leather furniture. The frieze is decorated in an imperial crown and the arched caps of the massive Skagnolia columns are done in Dutch metal, while the spaces above all the columns are laid in delightful design. The ceiling panels are oriental plaster and are painted and decorated in an artistic manner to lead in complete harmony with the luxurious furnishings. To the left of the lobby from the main entrance a magnificent marble stairway leads to the barber shop, turkish baths and other accessories in the basement. To the right of the main entrance is the buffet, conceded to be the finest in the west, the interior decorations are in mahogany and historic designs from the ruins of Rome and Egypt. These designs are used by special arrangement with a well known re-

object of special skill on the part of the artist. The walls are covered with gold damask and the furniture is in mulberry damask and Henry II mohair velvet. The carpets are wrought in an artistic combination of color including mulberry, blue and gold. The ceilings are painted in oil colors harmonizing with the draperies made of gold velvet, embroidered with silk. The grill and dining room has a capacity of 250 guests, is paneled in leather with a motif in colors of gold and green and purple. A visitor or guest looking over the Imperial finds the rooms large, well ventilated and well lighted. Besides having the advantage of sunlight during the day, each room is equipped with an electric fan of artistic design. The floors are covered with the finest Wilton velvet carpets, there is hot and cold water in every room and local and long distance telephones. The beds are the best money can buy and the famous Baker mattresses, with which they are supplied, insures each guest the maximum of comfort. There are 104 suites with private baths. A pretty innovation is the full length mirrors attached to each bath room door. In equipment and design the rooms afford the greatest comfort and convenience that modern hotel science can command.

The Imperial will continue under the old managers, Phil Metschan & Sons, who for the past twelve years have had as their guests the leading people of Oregon. The Imperial is an Oregon product and is designed for the entertainment and comfort of Oregon people. For many years it has been the headquarters for leading citizens and business men of the state while transacting business in Portland, and will continue to especially cater to its old friends and their friends. Its managers are delighted to be able to receive the old patrons under such delightfully improved conditions. The Imperial has an individuality of its own, and its great and growing popularity was the dominant force that evolved the New Hotel and placed it at the service of Oregon's citizens. The old popular prices will prevail.

Mr. Phil Metschan, Sr., is president of the company and associated with him are his three sons, Phil Metschan, Jr., manager; Otto W. Metschan, secretary; and H. A. Metschan, treasurer. For the past ten years, Mr. H. A. Metschan has been connected with the United States National Bank of Portland. The office force consists of Mr. Harry Hamilton, chief clerk; Mr. Ben Estes and Mr. Fred Herman. Equipped with every modern accessory and embodying the most modern accessory and modern principles of construction and arrangement, the New Imperial represents the highest achievement in hotel science.

The Riverman

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By Stewart Edward White

Chapter 28

Orde said nothing to Newmark concerning this proposed new investment.

"It is for Bobby," he told himself, "and I want Bobby and no one else to run it. Joe would want to take charge naturally."

He walked downtown next morning, busy formulating his scheme.

"Joe," said Orde, "just how do we stand on that upper peninsula stampage?"

"We've made two payments of \$17,000 each and have still two to make of the same amount."

"What could we borrow on it?"

"Fifty or seventy-five thousand."

"Joe," said Orde, "I want to raise about \$75,000 on my share in this concern."

Newmark said nothing, but for some time thought busily. His light blue eyes narrowed to a slit.

"I'll have to figure on it awhile," said he at last and turned back to his mail. All day he worked hard. At 6 o'clock he walked to his home. Here he turned into a study, quietly and richly furnished ten years in advance of the taste then prevalent in Montana where he sank into a deep cushioned chair and lit the much chewed cigar. He looked with approval on the dark walnut bookcases, the framed

prints and etchings, the bronzed student's lamp on the square table desk and the rugs on the polished floor.

"Mr. Newmark, sir," came a respectful voice. "It is just short of 7."

"Very well," replied Newmark. Newmark yawned, threw aside the cigar, of which he had smoked but an inch, and passed from his study into his bedroom across the hall. He bathed in the adjoining bathroom, shaved carefully between the two wax lights which were his whim and dressed in what were then known as swallowtail clothes. Then, with all the deliberation of one under fire of a hundred eyes, he proceeded to the dining room. His butler, Mallock, too, wore the swallowtail, but its buttons were of gilt.

Newmark seated himself in a leather upholstered mahogany chair before a small round mahogany table. The room was illuminated only by four wax candles with red shades.

He ate deliberately and with enjoyment the meal, exquisitely prepared and exquisitely presented to him. Afterward he returned to the study for his coffee. He opened a drawer in his desk, extracting therefrom some bank books and small personal account books. From these he figured all the evening. When he had finished his cold eye exhibited a gleam of satisfaction. He had resolved on a course of action.

"Orde," said Newmark next morning as the former entered the office, "I think I can arrange this matter."

Orde drew up a chair. "I talked last evening with a man from Detroit named Thayer, who thinks he may advance \$75,000 on a mortgage on our northern peninsula stampage. For that, of course, we will give the firm's note with interest at 10 per cent. I will turn this over to you."

"That," began Orde. "Hold on," interrupted Newmark. "As collateral security you will deposit for me your stock in the Boom company, indorsed in blank. If you do not pay the full amount of the firm's note to Thayer, then the stock will be turned in to me."

"I see," said Orde. "Now, don't misunderstand me," said Newmark dryly. "This is your own affair, and I do not urge it on you. If we raise as much as \$75,000 on that upper peninsula stampage it will be all it can stand, for next year we must make a third payment on it. If you take that money it is of course proper that you pay the interest on it. And if there's any possibility of the foreclosure of the mortgage it is only right that you run all the risk of loss—not myself."

"Certainly," said Orde. "From another point of view," went on Newmark, "you are practically mortgaging your interest in the Boom company for \$75,000. That would make, on the usual basis of a mortgage, your share worth above \$200,000, and \$400,000 is a high valuation of our property."

"That looks more than decent on your part," said Orde. "Of course it's none of my business what you intend to do with this," went on Newmark, "but unless you're sure you can meet these notes I should strongly advise against it."

"For how long a time could I get this?" asked Orde at length. "I couldn't promise it for longer than five years," replied Newmark. "That would make about \$15,000 a year and interest. Well, I don't see why I can't carry that easily on our present showing and prospects."

"If nothing untoward happens," insisted Newmark. "It's not much risk," said Orde hopefully. "There's nothing surer than lumber. What do our earnings figure any way?"

"We're driving 150,000,000 at a profit of about 60 cents a thousand. That's \$90,000 in five years \$450,000. We ought to clean up \$5 a thousand on our mill. That's about a hundred thousand on what we've got left."

"And that little barge business nets us about twelve or fifteen thousand a year."

"For the five years about \$90,000 more. Let's see—that's a total of, say, \$900,000 in five years."

"We will have to take up in that time," said Newmark, "two payments on timber, the note on the First National, the Commercial note, the liabilities on the Boom company—\$300,000 all told."

"Correct," said Orde. "Good enough. I ought to get along on a margin like that."

He set to figuring. The results he eyed doubtfully. Each year he must pay in interest the sum of \$7,500. Each year he would have to count on a proportionate saving of \$15,000 toward payment of the notes. In addition, he must live.

But Orde was fond of risks. "Never mind. It's for Bobby," said he to himself. "And maybe the rate of interest will go down, and I'll be able to borrow on the California tract if anything does go wrong."

He stepped across the hall into Taylor's office.

"Frank," began Orde immediately. "I came to see you about that California timber matter. Now, what I want is this"—He proceeded to outline carefully the agreement between himself and Newmark, while the lawyer took notes and occasionally interjected a question.

"All right," said the latter when the details had been mastered. "I'll draw the necessary notes and papers."

"Now," went on Orde, producing the bundle of papers from his pocket, "here's the abstract of title. I wish you'd look it over. It's a long one, but not complicated, as near as I can make out. Trace seems to have acquired this tract mostly from the original homesteaders and the like, who, of course, take title direct from the government. I want you to look it over, to be sure everything's shipshape."

"One other thing," concluded Orde. "I want this investment to get no farther than the office door. You see, this is for Bobby, and nothing spoils a man sooner than to imagine the thing's all cut and dried for him, and nothing keeps him going like the thought that he's got to rustle his own opportunities. Bobby's going to have the best education possible. He's 'How does Orde & Son sound to you?'"

He was a lumberman by practical experience, and that practical experience he'll get with other people. No working for his dad in Bobby's, I can tell you. Then, when he's worked into the harness a little, the old man will take him out and show him the fine big sugar pine and say to him: 'There, my boy; there's your opportunity, and you've earned it. How does Orde & Son sound to you?'"

Taylor nodded several times. "I believe you're on the right track. Count on me."

As Orde walked home that evening after a hot day his mind was full of speculation as to the immediate future. He had a local reputation for wealth, and no one knew better than himself how important it is for a man in debt to keep up appearances. Nevertheless decided retrenchment would be necessary.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWMARK marched precisely down the street to Heinzman's office. He found the little German in. Newmark demanded a private interview and without preliminary plunged into the business that had brought him.

"Heinzman," said he abruptly, "my partner wants to raise \$75,000 for his personal use. I have agreed to get him that money from the firm."

"Proceed," said Heinzman shrilly. "As security in case he cannot pay the notes the firm will have to give he has signed an agreement to turn over to me his undivided one-half interest in our enterprise."

"Well? You want to borrow dot money of me?" asked Heinzman. "I could not raise it."

"I know that perfectly well," replied Newmark coolly. "You are going to have difficulty meeting your July notes as it is."

Heinzman hardly seemed to breathe, but red blazed in his eye. "I intend," went on Newmark, "to furnish this money myself. It must, however, seem to be loaned by another. I want you to lend this money on mortgage."

"What for?" asked Heinzman. "For a one-tenth of Orde's share in case he does not meet these notes."

"But he'll meet the notes," objected Heinzman. "You are a prosperous concern. I know some things of your business also."

"He thinks he will," rejoined Newmark grimly. "I will merely point out to you that his entire income is from the firm and that from this income he must save twenty odd thousand a year."

"If the firm has hard luck"—said Heinzman. "Exactly," finished Newmark. "Vy you come to me?" demanded Heinzman at length.

"Well, I'm offering you a chance to get even with Orde. I don't imagine you love him."

"Vat's de matter mit my gettin' even with you, too?" cried Heinzman. "Ain't you beat me out at Lansing?"

Newmark smiled coldly under his clipped mustache. "I'm offering you the chance of making anywhere from thirty to fifty thousand dollars."

"Perhaps. And suppose this little scheme don't work out?"

"And," pursued Newmark calmly, "I'll carry you over in your present obligations." He suddenly hit the arm of his chair with his clenched fist. "Heinzman, if you don't make those July payments what's to become of you? Where's your timber and your mills and your new house and that pretty daughter of yours?"

Heinzman winced visibly. "I will get an extension of time," said he feebly.

"Will you?" countermarked Newmark. "Well, maybe," laughed Heinzman unwearily. "It looks to me like a winner."

"All right, then," said Newmark briskly. "I'll make out a mortgage at 10 per cent for you, and you'll lend the money on it. At the proper time, if things happen that way, you will foreclose. That's all you have to do with it. Then when the timberland comes to you under foreclosure you will convey an undivided nine-tenths interest—for proper consideration, of course, and without recording the deed."

Heinzman laughed with assumed lightness. "Suppose I fool you," said he. "I guess I jostled keep it for myself."

Newmark looked at him coldly. "I wouldn't," he advised. "You may remember the member from Lapeer county in that charter fight and the \$500 for his vote. Try it on and see how much evidence I can bring up. It's called bribery in this state and means penitentiary usually."

"You don't take a joke," complained Heinzman. "Newmark arose. 'It's understood, then?' he asked. 'How so I know you play fair?' asked the German. 'You don't. It's a case where we have to depend more or less on each other. But I don't see what you stand to lose, and anyway you'll get carried over those July payments,' Newmark reminded him.

Heinzman was plainly uneasy. "If you reduce the firm's profits he is going to suspect," he admonished. "Who said anything about reducing the firm's profits?" said Newmark impatiently. "If it does work out that way we'll win a big thing. If it does not we'll lose nothing."

He nodded to Heinzman and left the office. As he entered the office of his own firm his eye fell on Orde's bulky form. He paused involuntarily, and a slight shiver shook his frame—the dainty, instinctive populsion of a cat for a large, robust dog. Controlling himself, he stepped forward. "I've made the loan," he announced. "The banks wouldn't touch northern peninsula, so I had to go to private individuals."

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