

THE UNKNOWN NUMBER FORMED

BY A COMMITTEE OF SALEM GENTLEMEN WHO SIGN A CERTIFICATE

Large Number of Guesses May Bring the Contest to a Close Sooner Than Was Planned at the Start

"It's the real thing. It's a fair way of awarding it." These and similar comments were made by the crowds in front of the C. H. Hinges jewelry store show window when The Journal's \$150 diamond Tiffany gold ring was put on exhibition Saturday, and it is an unmistakable fact that it is a diamond of the purest water, and a dazzling white stone of the kind now most fashionable, that sells at retail in the best jewelry stores at \$150, and all who see it will say so. The setting will be completed in a few days, and then you can go in and put it on your lady's finger, and tell her you have made the guess of your life in her behalf, and, this being leap year, she may say the words that will make you happy.

Many Guesses Saturday. There was a constant stream of subscribers Saturday taking the numbered receipts, and writing their guesses on them and depositing them in the soldered tin box at The Journal office. There were ladies and gentlemen, state and city officials, business men and some of the sporting sort who were taken by the opportunity to participate in a "perfectly harmless and amusing guessing contest," but all lured on by the free gift to guess a \$150 diamond ring onto their finger. Hon. D. H. Looney, of Jefferson, ex-president of the state board of agriculture, paid a year in advance and got four guesses, and

says Mrs. Looney may as well prepare to wear the diamond ring, as he was a long time figuring out the number most likely to get the diamond.

If the guesses keep coming in personally and by mail as fast as they have the 975 receipts will be exhausted before the month is up. But as soon as taken the diamond will be awarded.

The Number to Be Guessed At. There it is, sealed up in an envelope in the window with the diamond, and there it will remain until the diamond is given away to the lucky guesser. Written across the face of a large, white envelope are the words: "This envelope contains the unknown number in The Capital Journal Diamond Guessing Contest." This number was formed in exact pursuance of the plan advertised in The Journal, by a committee of business men and Journal subscribers, who came into the office Monday morning. Following is their signed statement on exhibition at Mr. Hinges' show window:

The Unknown Number. We, the undersigned, were present at The Journal office January 11th, and assisted in the forming of the unknown number, according to the plan published to be used in the Capital Journal Diamond Guessing Contest. Under the rules of forming the number, it is impossible for anyone, not even the members of this committee, the publishers of The Journal, nor the jeweler who furnished the ring, to

GEO. C. WILL,
HAL D. PATTON,
CHAS. H. HINGES,
FRANK C. FERGUSON.

The above named gentlemen were know what the number is. (Signed).
N. J. JUDAH,
J. G. GRAHAM,
the committee. Constable John H. Lewis and J. M. Lawrence were on the committee, but arrived too late to participate.

Uniform Divorce Laws.

The Chicago News calls attention to the possibility that the recent action of New York churches with regard to the remarriage of divorcees may bring about federal divorce law sentiment that will prove beneficial. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. There is scarcely any federal legislation that would result in greater good to the social welfare of the people of this country generally than a uniform divorce law. It would seem, if one were to consider the high interests of American society, that it would be as easy and certainly as logical an undertaking to bring about legal conditions which tend to protect the purity of the family as to pass a law which has uniform operation in defense of creditors' right against insolvent debtors. To deny this is frankly to admit that the dollar is the true god after all. The enactment of a uniform federal divorce law is desirable from every point of view. It has been recommended that a conference between the governors of the several states be held for the purpose of outlining a general plan for legislation which will secure practically the same result. A moment's reflection should convince any person that such a plan would prove ineffective, and at best be far less feasible than a persistent attempt to have the matter taken up by congress. In the one case there would be forty-five law-making bodies to deal with, and the supposition that these would act in union on any single proposition approaches the border line of the absurd. If the churches of the country desire to engage in a crusade of practical moment, here is the opportunity. The importance of the subject warrants any labor and expense that may be involved in thorough organization, and aside from this, the movement would have the unqualified support of an overwhelming majority of citizens.

PATTI VISITS 'FRISCO

Fourteen Years Since She Sang au Revoir but Not Goodby

Sings for a Reporter for Nothing, but Taxes the City \$25,000 to Hear Her

Quite her charming self, as vivacious, as frankly enthusiastic and as buoyant as ever, Mme. Adelina Patti, Baroness Cederstrom, is in San Francisco again for the first time in fourteen years. She and her husband arrived late yesterday afternoon, and went direct to their rooms at the Palace—rooms filled with flowers from her friends. Tonight she will face again a San Francisco audience in that same theatre where befell one of the most thrilling experiences in all her career.

Notwithstanding the fact that for weeks she has been singing every other night and living almost continuously in her car, the Craighy-nos, Mme. Patti is as well and cheerful as if she were at home in her own beautiful Welsh castle.

It was difficult to believe last evening that Mme. Patti was just in from a trip that would have tried the strength of the most robust. Her good nature and fine spirits were infectious. Told with her sense of ridiculous, it did not even seem so great a hardship that she had had little more than "forty winks" on Tuesday night. Something had gone wrong with the coupling of the steam pipes, and the palatial private car was about as cold as a patent refrigerator all night. Mme. Patti laughed at the picture she made with her head bundled up like that of a bit of baby in savage cold weather.

"Why, I could hardly breathe," she said, "but it was that or a cold, and I simply must keep well, for there is no one to take my place. It is not like an opera company, where there is an understudy to come forward in an emergency."

Father time has not had the heart to mark the passing of the years for the most gracious as well as the most wonderful singer the world has known. Without flattery and from the closest observation, Mme. Patti does not look a day past forty years. Quite willingly she subjected her smooth, plump cheek to the scrutiny of a searching light and her newspaper visitor when the subject of her age came under discussion.

Candid and Charming as Ever. "Some of the good people have said that I am 65," she said with a laugh. "Others have declared that I have passed 63. Well, I could not be either of those ages, as I was born in 1843. There are some people not so interested in my age as they are in my smooth skin, and they insist upon knowing what kind of face cream I use. The fact is that I don't use any, and I tell them so. They want to know if I wash my face, just fancy! Of course, I do; but in can de cologne. It smarts a little, but it is good for the skin, keeps it firm. For the further knowledge of these inquiring friends who really want to know any secrets I have to tell them I always add 'And I do not use cosmetics.'"

This last fact was quick to be proved. A finger's pressure on the singer's rosy cheek brought the white mark to show beyond cavil that the color was under and not outside of her skin.

Diva Tells a Secret. "The secret of no wrinkles," she went on, "is no worry. That's one thing I will not do. Above all, I do not read unpleasant things. The papers I do not read. In a general way, I know that many of the critics have been very severe. They contend that because I have been singing for fifty years the volume is closed. The people who say this do not understand me. Mark this—when you hear me to-morrow evening you will not hear a vibration in my voice; you will understand every word I say—a detail not observed by the later singers, and you will hear that the quality of my tones remains unchanged. I would like to know who else at 60 can do that; surely not any of the unfriendly critics."

A Phrase From "Faust." Reference to her last visit to San Francisco fourteen years ago brought the remark that one of the haunting bits she sang then was the local flight from the highest to the lowest melodic depths, a wonderfully beautiful phrase in the prison scene of "Faust."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, and then,

with an unaffected "this is it," she sang the phrase with all the rippling grace and warmth of tone that made it remembered above wondrous trills and sparkling coloratura. And all this for even for the asking. The bird in Mme. Patti's throat could not remain silent at the mention of a well-loved bit from the best-loved opera.

It was Mme. Patti's regret that her husband was not at hand to be presented. Of him she said, with a sparkle in her expressive eyes:

"He is a noble Swedish gentleman—the very soul of honor. The public concerns itself with my age and his—quite naturally. Well, we are not absurd together, I can tell you. He is 33, but truth to tell, I am younger than he is. For a fact, I can outwalk him now."

And the mention of a walk brought this little lament:

"Oh, how I would like to go out to-morrow for a walk on Market street. My husband wants to take me, but I do not dare. I owe it to my management to run no risks. When I talk too much I get hoarse." At which she laughed heartily, remembering that she had been chatting merrily for some time.

The sale of seats yesterday for Mme. Patti's two concerts netted another \$2000, making the total to date of \$21,000. There are still good seats to be had for the Monday matinee.

Only Crime at a Distance.

New York—If a crime becomes a crime in a certain state only after a man has left that state, has that state a right to demand his extradition, since that crime necessarily was not committed when he was in that state?

It sounds much like a delicate question raised by the low comedian in one of Gilbert's topsy-turvy comic operas; nevertheless, it was the point raised by a lawyer, and what is more he won the point. It was a brand new question in New York, but decision had been made in a similar case in Iowa, and Justice Scott was guided by the Western precedent.

Jacob Zipf a couple of months ago left his wife and child in Newark and came to this city. His wife, in a Newark court, made charges of desertion and failure to support. He was arrested here on December 7, and since has been in the Tombs, pending the obtaining of extradition papers. House, Grossman & Vorhaus instituted habeas corpus proceedings in his behalf, and yesterday he was before Judge Scott. Mr. Goldzer of the law firm said:

"The law of New Jersey is peculiar in that it does not make desertion alone a crime, but says that when a man fails to support his wife and family and leaves the state he is guilty

of crime. Therefore, he could not have been guilty while within the jurisdiction of the governor of New Jersey. The governor of Iowa has agreed to a similar point."

"That's to the governor's credit," said Justice Scott.

The lawyer asked for Zipf's discharge. Assistant District Attorney Gray admitted Zipf's was not a proper case for extradition.

"This is a point upon which three great minds agree," said the justice, and he ordered the prisoner released.

Revised Proverbs.

(Columbia Jester.)
It is never too late to spend.
Money makes the mayor go.
A slipped foot gathers no tacks.
You can drive a man to drink, but you can't make him pay.
It's a long course that has no lectures.

A subscriber and his money are hard to part.

Never Preached.

"I seen you kissin' Mame," said her little brother.

"Well, here," said the dear girl's accepted lover, "if I give you a dime can I trust you to say nothing about it?"

"Sure! I never peached on any of the other fellows when they gave me money."

Selling Out At Cost

Beginning Monday, January 4, 1904, I will sell my entire stock of groceries at cost. I have as fine a line of canned goods as any store in town. Call early and take advantage of this opportunity.

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A remarkable story of the killing of a Majestic Bull Moose, written by the naturalist-author, Charles G. D. Roberts.

A tale that will appeal to lovers of the dumb inhabitants of the forest, as well as to those who follow them with a gun.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

for January

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- "The Christmas Peace," by THOMAS NELSON PAGE.
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