

OCEAN TRAVELERS ARE NUMEROUS

AN AVERAGE OF TWO PERSONS A MINUTE SAIL FROM NEW YORK'S PIERS.

New York, Feb. 6.—The army of transatlantic travelers who arrive in and leave New York every year is greater than the standing military force of any country on earth. It is larger indeed than the population of any city in this country with two exceptions, totaling over 2,500,000 every year. Last year showed a falling off of transatlantic travel at this port of nearly a million from the average, but even so its proportions were tremendous. Every day 1,870 ocean travelers arrived and 2,400 departed. In other words a transatlantic arrival took place every fifty seconds, while some one sailed away every forty seconds. In all 670,680 persons came into the country through this port and 859,841 left it, the eastward travel being in excess by 178,801. To handle this travel an equipment of one steamer of the largest type now in existence sailing each day is necessary. The greater part of the travel both east and west bound as might be expected, is made up of steerage passengers. During 1908 this class constituted nearly two-thirds of the incoming total, amounting to 402,000 or more than one-half of the country's immigrants arriving at all ports, which amounted to 782,870. Each of these newcomers brought in on the average, in real money \$23. Of those admitted, 172,232 could neither read nor write, and 10,902 immigrants were rejected, on account of mental, moral and physical defects. That there is little cause to worry over a possible depopulation of the United States because of the excess travel to Europe is shown by the fact that even under last year's abnormal rate, it would take more than 500 years to get rid of the present population without allowing for the natural increase within the country's borders.

New York has a brand new sport known as "pigeon flatting" which is another way of saying pigeon stealing, among the owners of the 100,000 birds which are kept in this city. Although there is a reward of twenty-five cents for every pigeon stolen, the act is not an illegitimate one, but simply the expression of the newest pastime here. For many years the breeding of carrier pigeons has been a large industry conducted on the roofs of apartment houses in the uptown districts. From a single roof in this quarter the homes of more than ten thousand of these birds are within almost a stone's throw, and on Sundays, the day on which they get most of the flying exercise which they must have, the air is full of them. As a result of this condition the new game of pigeon flatting has sprung up. The breeders have formed an association and conduct this sport every seventh day. At all the birds are what are known as "homers"—that is those which return to their own lofts—the novel idea of inducing them not to do so has been introduced. Each fancier trains especially intelligent birds to flutter those belonging to the rival fancier's roof. Every pigeon thus captured is of course returned, but its owner has to pay a fine of twenty-five cents for each one or give it up. There is a regular set of rules governing this unique sport, and the most successful breeders who sometimes capture as many as 200 birds in an afternoon make a very fair Sunday income in this way. Every bird owner has a few pigeons that are especially good "mixers." These birds have the hospitable qualities that make a strange bird feel at home. They are sent up so often that they seem to know they are expected to fly around with the new bird until it decides to descend to the roof, there to be held for the twenty-five cent ransom.

While other crazes come and go, the craze for bridge and bids fair to go on forever. Not only does "bridge" far exceed all other games played in the card-rooms of the fashionable clubs, in private houses after dinner and at week-end gatherings in country homes, but it is said on good authority that there are no less than four thousand clubs, composed chiefly of women, which have bridge as their sole object of existence. Even the servants have taken up the all-prevailing fad. As illustrating this state of affairs Frank Crowninshield tells a story in his pungent little book "Manners of the Metropolis" in which he satirizes the ways of fashionable society. According to this voracious narrative a woman who lived in the suburbs was engineering a servant and had completed all the

IN THE THEATERS

The Cohan & Harris comedians, headed by Robert Oeder, will present the great international comedy success, "Brewster's Millions," at the opening night of the new Harnols theater, Thursday, February 25. This comedy has been described as a jewel in theatrical entertainment and has met with tremendous success in New York, Chicago and London. It has plenty of comedy, rich and laughable line, excellent dramatic situations and thrilling and captivating climaxes.

Brewster is left a million by his Grandfather. His mother's brother, a

"Auction" pictures until they know their fate is settled. This year's edition, the twenty-eighth, as in every succeeding season, new costumes, scenery and the latest novelties are conspicuous in this production. Miss Emma Prager, a very handsome and clever exponent of ingenue, has been engaged by Manager Charles H. Yale to play the part of the heroine, Madeline, in the twenty-eighth edition of the "Everlasting Devil's Auction."



EMMA PRAGER IN "THE DEVIL'S AUCTION."

wealthy miner, dies and leaves his \$7,000,000 to Brewster upon condition that he legitimately spend the million his grandfather willed him within a year. He must tell no one what he is doing, but must dispose of its logical, without unnecessary waste, giving libraries, building churches or anything of the sort. The watchword is "spend." He enlists a bunch of friends into a partnership to assist him in the "business" of getting rid of money, and his enforced secrecy makes many a laughable situation. He wastes some, such as sending telegrams to his clerks instead of talking to them, but in being ael to theatrical enterprises, betting on losing horses (which sometimes win, much to his consternation), playing Monte Carlo (and nearly setting himself crazy by breaking the bank and adding some \$250,000 to his already difficult task of spending some \$2,000 a day), and paying salvage to the rescuers of his yacht on the Mediterranean, he finally succeeds in clearing his financial house, takes receipts for every cent, and wins the uncle's legacy of \$7,000,000.

"Devil's Auction." Charles H. Yale's "Everlasting Devil's Auction," which by virtue of its capacity to keep abreast of the times has earned the sobriquet preceding its title, is now playing on tour to audiences that have history to consider in viewing the production that has outlived almost everything else except Shakespeare.

Twenty-eight years ago, when James S. Moffitt and his partner, Bartholomew, were involved in the telling of the story, they ran the show with gas light and tallow dips and flash boxes, and when electricity began to be used the scheme of giving the show was changed to keep abreast of the times and newer conditions. The title underwent a change in the same manner until there was nothing left but "everlasting" to describe its quality.

In all these years the "Devil's Auction" has gone ahead supplying the amusement public with a couple of hours of anticipated pleasure, until its announcements have gained a sort of prominence until events are dated from its coming and going, and a reward for good behavior held out to young folks "that they will be taken to see the 'Everlasting Devil's Auction' if they are good." If they are not well, they don't go, and many a youngster is on the qui vive from the day the town walls are adorned with preliminary arrangements when suddenly the girl inquired how many there were in the family. "Only my husband and myself," replied the woman. "Oh, that never would do at all," said the prospective maid-of-all-work. "I never would think of going to a family in which there were not three persons so that we could make up a four for bridge in the evening." Just how far the craze for this card game has gone in society here is indicated by the fact that one woman recently lost \$11,250 at a friendly game, and that husbands suing for divorce on the ground of extravagance name it in seven cases out of ten as the cause of their complaint. Ten dollars a point is not an uncommon stake, and it is reported that a well-known woman recently won \$12,000 in a single hand.

Even suicide would seem to have its varying fashions from year to year in this city, and the data covering the voluntary shuffling off by the 55 persons who did so during the past twelve months shows some interesting, if gruesome, light on the proper manner of exchanging this life for another, so far as the metropolis sets the fashions in most things, is concerned. According to the statistics the most proper and popular way to get rid of one's self would seem to be by shooting. At any rate 174 persons expressed their belief in this judgment last year by adopting the method in question. The more ethically inclined among the suicide set, however, holding this method to be messy and disfiguring, have made asphyxiation by gas almost equally

the newest in point of novelty, can well be substantiated in this the twenty-eighth edition of this famous spectacle, as everything is new from the time the curtain rises on the first act until it is rung down on the beautiful "Transformation Scene," "Amor" (love), at the close of the performance. Every act, novelty and feature is new, as well as the scenery and properties, etc. In fact, not one old feature is retained, and the theater-going public of Missoula have a treat in store for them on Wednesday, Feb. 10, at the Union theater.

THEIR REAL NAMES

- Miss Lotta Faust of Joe Weber's company is Mrs. Richie Ling.
- Miss Flora Zabelle of Joe Weber's company is Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock.
- Miss Nola Bergen of "The Free Lance" is Mrs. De Wolf Hopper.
- Miss Gertrude Coghlan of "The Lion and the Mouse" is Mrs. Augustus Pittou, Jr.
- Miss Odette Tyler of "The Love Route" is Mrs. R. D. McLean.
- Mary Manning is Mrs. James K. Hackett.
- Maxine Elliott is Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin.
- Clara Lipman is Mrs. Louis Mann.
- Gertrude Elliott is Mrs. Forbes Robertson.
- Grace George is Mrs. William A. Brady.
- Phoebe Davis is Mrs. Joseph R. Grismer.
- Helen Bertram is Mrs. E. J. Morgan.
- Effie Shannon is Mrs. Herbert Kelley.
- Beatrice Cameron is Mrs. Richard Mansfield.
- Blanche Ring is Mrs. Frederick E. McKay.
- Hope Booth is Mrs. Rennold Wolf.
- Margaret Billington is Mrs. Daniel Frohman.
- Maude Durbin is Mrs. Otis Skinner.
- Julia Arthur is Mrs. Cheney.
- Georgia Drew is Mrs. Maurice Barrymore.
- Amelia Bingham is Mrs. Lloyd Bingham.
- Virginia Harned is Mrs. E. S. Sotherton.
- Mme. Mojeska is the Countess Bontona.
- Ethel Jackson is Mrs. William Favensham.
- Henrietta Crossman is Mrs. Maurice Campbell.

popular, and a close second to the gun method. No less than 160 persons ended their existence last year by gas for which they will never receive a rebate. Had they waited, the act would have cost them, or their heirs 20 per cent less. These two methods of suicide seem to be the only fashionable ones judged by the extent to which they are patronized. Of course not every suicide takes what is known by the police as the O and G route—the letters stand for gun and gas—but considerably more than half of them do. Among those classes which do not make fashionable even in suicide—various other methods are popular, the poison

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At the BIJOU

Monday and Tuesday
February 8 and 9

The Gambler and the Devil

In a room of an Irish hostelry a century ago, Barry Kilgowan, a young "Squire," is seated at a table with several companions, drinking, smoking and playing cards. The game goes on. The golden notes, which are piled before each player, frequently change hands. Of a sudden the door is opened and Terry O'Neill, a friend of Barry, enters hurriedly. He is greeted pleasantly by the men; he nods, goes over to Barry and engages in earnest conversation. Barry seems startled at first, bids his friend wait a moment and after drinks are served, the Squire sweeps his winnings into his pockets and the winner and his friend depart.

At the little parish church a group of peasants are standing about the entrance gossiping, when a coach draws up and Barry's fiancée, Moira Kavanagh, and her father, alight and enter the edifice. The peasants cheer them, look anxiously up and down the street for the groom. Shortly the sound of hoofbeats is heard and Barry and O'Neill dash up at breakneck speed and enter the church. A few minutes later the bridal procession emerges, get into the coaches and amid the cheers and congratulations of the guests and peasants, drive off.

TWO YEARS LATER—Barry, whose craving for gambling has increased, has now become a confirmed gambler. The house is scantily furnished, but here and there are pictures and bric-a-brac, relics of better days. At the table the young Squire, his face pale and haggard, is playing cards with two other men. They take Barry's last dollar, he follows them to the door, bows them out, then falls in the chair in despair. Moira enters, tries to console him, but to no avail. He goes to the library, begins writing and figuring. Every moment his face becomes darker and more unhappy. Finally he opens the table drawer, takes out a pistol and puts it to his forehead. At that moment there is a puff of smoke from the fireplace and a devil appears. He talks to Barry, gesticulating and smiling in a suave manner; then from his coat pulls a bag and pours coins and banknotes on the table. The gambler gazes upon the money greedily, attempt to grasp some, whereupon Satan takes out a legal looking document, which he passes to the victim. Barry looks at it in horror, but his greed for money gains control over him and he signs the compact agreeing, in consideration of the wealth loaned, that in a year and a day he will play a game of chance with the evil one, the stake being Barry's wife. The allotted year and a day expires. Barry's home is now elaborately furnished and wealth is evidenced if every quarter. Barry has a haunted look; as the clock strikes the hour of midnight a servant hands the host a note. He takes it, reads the contents and staggers from the room. In the library he finds the devil seated at the table smiling wickedly. Satan takes the dice from his pocket and places the non the table. Barry pleads for release from his agreement, but the devil turns aside. Barry throws, then Satan, and the latter wins. Barry calls his wife; she enters, looks in astonishment at the devil, and asks Barry for an explanation. The husband sinks in the chair absolutely helpless. Satan springs toward Moira, but she eludes him, draws a rosary from her dress and holds up a cross before him. The devil covers his eyes with his hands; there is a puff of smoke and he disappears. Moira hands the cross to Barry, who falls on his knees and, with uplifted hands, registers a solemn vow to renounce gambling.

Spooks do Moving

Dream of a Rarebit Fiend

Romance of the Alps

Illustrated Song By
ED. LEVASSEUR

At the

LYRIC

Monday and Tuesday
Evenings, Feb. 8 and 9
GREAT HISTORICAL DRAMA

Further Announcement Tomorrow

route getting 63 members last year. After it in point of popularity comes the jumping from the roof method, which had 35 devotees last year and the rope cravat or hanging style which claimed 34 in the greater city. Other styles which have some adherents are poison with 63, jumping in front of trains, 10, and drowning 23. In these various manners and proportions do New Yorkers commit suicide each year.

As a result of seeing a purple rat, various New Yorkers have of late climbed into permanent seats on the water wagon, after having taken the pledge. In this case, however, the animal in question is not a figment of the imagination, but a real purple rat, the first and only one of its kind, which is now on exhibition at the Zoo. It is the result of years of breeding, which were not, however, conducted on behalf of the temperance movement. Nevertheless various casual mal's visitors who have chanced upon this unique animal have abjured strong drink forever more. The world's first purple rat is as might be expected, a freak. Years ago a foreigner began experiments in crossing black, white, gray, brown and all other colored rats in an attempt to produce a tortoise-shell rat. Just what he expected to do with such

an animal is unknown, unless indeed he intended it as a diet for tortoiseshell cats, after which it was to be patterned. The tortoise-shell rat, however, has not been achieved up to the present date but one of the curious and unexpected results of the breeding experiments looking toward its creation was the purple rat now on exhibition here.

"IT'S A LIE," SAYS HEPBURN.

Washington, Feb. 5.—"It's a lie and therefore I don't care to say anything about it," replied Representative Hepburn of Iowa, when the report that he had abandoned his contest with W. D. Jamison, a democrat, for the seat in congress from the Eighth Iowa district was brought to his attention.

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DO YOU POSSESS THE KEY to success in love or business, or the power to control others? It is the secret power of fascination and influence, and if you do not possess it, Prof. Walton will develop it within you and give you the secret of success in all affairs.

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MATTERS OF BUSINESS OR INVESTMENTS

often perplex the shrewdest business man or woman. Prof. Walton draws aside the veil of the future, and the outcome is plainly visible to his eyes. Seek his advice and follow it, for many times it has saved men and women when they were on the verge of disaster and financial ruin.

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