HON. THOMAS B. REED.

THE GREAT MAINE STATESMAN TO BE IN SEATTLE TOMORROW.

Returning to His Home, After the Close of His Campaign Work in California, by the Canadian Pacific—There Will Probably Be a Public Reception at the Chamber of Commerce in the Afternoon and a Private Dinner at Night.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed, speaker of the national house of representatives, will arrive in Seattle tomorrow forenoon. He will remain in this city Wednesday, and possibly Thursday, the time of his departure not having been definitely decided upon. From Seattle Mr. Reed goes north, returning to his home over the Canadian Pacific. He arrived in Portland yesterday morning, saw as much of that city as possible, and was banqueted last evening. He will probably arrive in Tacoma today, and is scheduled to reach Seattle at 11:40 tomorrow morning.

Mr. Reed is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Kittie, and by Congressman J. Frank Aldrich, of Chicago, and Mrs. Aldrich. Dr. Lurry, of Chicago, who came to the Coast with the Reed party, left them at San Francisco.

Since the campaign closed in California, Mr. Reed has been taking things easily, and enjoying a much needed rest. He has been actively at work for the Republican cause almost continually since the middle of August, when the state campaign opened in Maine. He spoke in many of the Western states, and his reception in California is a matter of recent history.

The Reed party is traveling very quietly, and the chief person in it seems inclined to move along without any great ado. He has already received many invitations from different points on the coast to deliver addresses and accept of courtesies from the people who desire to do him honor. Invariably, however, he has begged leave to decline, preferring to take a look at the country, free from any public demonstrations. In some instances he has been obliged to yield to a popular demand and depart from the programme which he originally laid out for the return trip. The people of Tacoma were very anxious that the statesman from Maine should take part in a meeting called to celebrate the election of McKinley, but as to whether they have been successful, and can expect anything in the way of a public address, has not been learned.

Mr. Reed, upon his arrival in Seattle, will probably take lunch quietly at the hotel, after which it is likely that he will be shown the most interesting points of the city, provided the weather is favorable. It is not improbable that he will be asked to visit the Chamber of Commerce during the afternoon, where he will have an opportunity of meeting some of the citizens of Seattle. There will be a very general desire on the part of hundreds of people to greet the distinguished visitor, and possibly arrangements will be made for an hour's reception, if Mr. Reed and his party are not too much fatigued by travel. Wednesday evening Mr. Reed and Mr. Aldrich will be entertained privately at dinner. Mrs. Aldrich and Miss Reed will be two of a box party at the Seattle theater, Mr. Reed will probably join the party in the theater during the latter part of the performance.

This is Mr. Reed's second visit to the state of Washington. In 1887 he made a trip to Alaska, but saw Seattle only from the steamer. There is probably no man in the country who could be more cordially greeted than Mr. Reed will be when he reaches this city.

HON. THOMAS B. REED.

THE BEAR IN PORT.

From Her Annual Cruise in the Arctic Ocean.

United States revenue cutter Bear has returned here from her annual cruise to Point Barrow, in the Arctic ocean, after staying several days at Port Townsend. The commission of the Bear, which has in past seasons been a roving one as far as the Arctic ocean was concerned, had this year a special purpose. This purpose was the discontinuance of the relief station which has been long established at Point Barrow. The station has passed from the control of the United States government and is now owned by the Pacific Steam Whaling company, of San Francisco. The agent who has been in charge at Point Barrow for the government is now an employe of the whaling company. The object of abolishing the relief station is difficult to understand. Every year three or four vessels go to pieces in that vicinity. In 1889 there were over thirty wrecks.

The Bear left Unalaska July 1 and passed through the straits into the Arctic August 1. From there north the cutter's progress was obstructed by ice and it was over a week before Point Hope was reached. Living in tents manufactured from sails were seven men who had made up the crew of the wrecked whaler Hidalgo. They had been camping at Point Hope since some time in June. The Hidalgo was crunched between the ice and the shore, as told by the captain of the schooner Jesse on her arrival here several weeks ago. The stranded sailors were glad to board the Bear and were carried in her to Unalaska.

On the passage down the revenue cutter passed the whaler Belvidere, which left Unalaska October 29 for San Francisco. One of the boat steerers of the Belvidere, Capt. Warren, was killed in the Arctic ocean by a stroke from the tail of a whale. The body was being taken to San Francisco on the whaler.

The explorer and newspaper correspondent, De Windt, was also brought down from the north by the Bear. The story of his hardships on the uninhabitable coast of Siberia has already been told.

The Bear tied up at the buoy in this harbor late yesterday afternoon. She will probably remain for some time. The officers who are now on the Bear are: Capt. F. Tuttle; lieutenants, D. H. Jarvis, C. S. Cochran, W. E. W. Hall and H. G. Hamlet; chief engineer, Charles F. Coffin; assistant engineers, H. U. Butler and H. K. Spencer; surgeon, Dr. Lyall.

THAT WHEELBARROW BET.

Berman Schoenfeld Wheels D. Goldfarb Around Several Blocks.

One of the "funny" election bets was paid last evening, and there was quite a crowd in front of Cohen's cigar store to see it done. Precisely at 6 o'clock Berman Schoenfeld, of the Standard Furniture Company, made his appearance with a wheelbarrow, not any too clean, and in no way decorated, except with mud. Tailor D. Goldfarb was not long behind him, and was quite ready for his ride in honor of McKinley. He seated himself in the barrow and away they started up First avenue, followed by a crowd that grew larger as they proceeded. Schoenfeld made the best of his way up First to Seneca, down Second to Yesler way, and to the starting point. He tried to roll his burden in the mud once or twice, but failed.

Spring Chickens

CHEAP MEAT AS YOU CAN BUY.

20c, 25c, 30c Each.

SEATTLE TRADING CO.

GROCERS,

621½ SECOND AVENUE.

Salvationists' Self-Denial Week.

The Salvation Army is alive and actively engaged in preparing for its annual "Self-Denial Week," which is observed throughout the United States from November 16 to 22, inclusive. Large sums of money have been raised in past years, and it is a wonderful testimony to the Army's development and activity. Each member of the Army, as well as the many friends of its many social institutions, are asked to abstain from all luxuries, and in many cases officers and soldiers have actually determined to do without certain articles of food which are ordinarily considered necessary, in order that by their acts of self-denial they may add financial support to the Army and its many branches of work.

The social operations throughout America have been greatly developed during the past twelve months. New shelters have been opened in San Francisco, New York and Kansas City. As a natural consequence the demands upon the Army's funds have increased, and this will require still greater effort to raise a corresponding increased amount during this special self-denial week. The total aimed at is $40,000.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

To Single Taxers.

All persons desirous of aiding in single tax propaganda work are requested to meet at Western Central Labor Union hall, corner First avenue and Madison street, at 7:30 o'clock tonight for the purpose of forming a permanent organization, selecting a state organizer, treasurer, corresponding and financial secretaries, and to discuss and adopt methods of spreading the truths of the single tax in the state of Washington.

E. W. Way, Robert Bridges, R. T. Noyes, H. W. Stein, P. F. Morrow, Committee.

Salvage Stock From the Umatilla.

We will place on sale today 500 children's suits, slightly damaged in the wreck of steamer Umatilla; also men's pants, overcoats, mackintoshes and black clay worsted suits at enormously low prices. Mixed fancy striped underwear, 25c per garment. J. Berkman & Bro., corner Occidental avenue and Washington street.

The November Seattle Guide.

Ingraham & Coryell's Seattle Guide for November is out. It is full as always, with much useful information about the city, arranged in a way to be easily ascertained.

Auction Sale.

Damaged cargo from steamer Umatilla at Port Townsend, Thursday, November 12, commencing at 9 a. m., consisting of hats, caps, dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, rubber boots, carpets and a large assortment of canned goods.

R. B. HOOPER, Adjuster.

Ladies' Silk Waists.

On sale today a new line of the latest things in ladies' silk waists and silk underskirts. This being a special purchase, we have marked them very low. Call early. J. S. Graham, 718 Second avenue.

Miss Frances Wilzinski, Grad. Optician. Scientifically corrects defective eyesight. Consultation free. 801 First avenue, corner Columbia.

IT IS A GREAT SHOW

THE ARMORY CROWDED WITH OUR FOOD PRODUCTS.

The Cooking Lecture in the Afternoon Very Crowded—It Was "Retail Grocers Night" Last Evening, and the Trade of the City Was Strongly Represented, With Delegations From Ballard and Tacoma—The Women Showing Great Interest in the Exposition and Its Objects.

The Seattle food exposition opened at the Armory exactly at 2 o'clock yesterday without any fuss or formality whatever. Before that hour a number sufficient to crowd the entrance were waiting, and all afternoon, despite the rain, there were many arrivals, principally of women. From the very beginning there was a demand for season tickets, which could not be met because they were already sold out. This is one of the best possible indications of the success of the project. The great majority of those present during the afternoon were women, and most of them gave but a passing glance at the pretty booths, being in a hurry to obtain seats for the cooking lecture. It was well they did so, for the large hall at the end of the Armory was crowded before the lecturer made her appearance, and for the benefit of those too late to enter Manager Buckley threw open the doors. Then the doorway, and up to the edge of the lecturer's platform became packed. Langer & Lueben's orchestra played while the audience was settling down to learn the mysteries of making soup, and among the ladies present were:

Mrs. Ernest Price, Mrs. W. H. H. Green, Mrs. Mray M. Miller, Mrs. F. H. Osgood, Mrs. R. C. Stevens, Mrs. Winifred Smith, Mrs. Bonney, Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. O. A. Spencer, Mrs. W. H. Brinker, Mrs. M. A. Kellogg, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. J. W. Kahle, Mrs. John Leary, Mrs. E. F. Blaine, Mrs. Gilbert S. Meem, Mrs. Kelleher, Mrs. Henry Fuhrman, Mrs. George Riley, Mrs. Theodore Williams, Mrs. C. E. Bowman, Miss Compton, Miss Julia Hughes, Mrs. M. F. Backus, Mrs. Prosch, Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Blackmore, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Gay and many others.

In the evening there was a great crowd, and quite as many men as women. It was "Retail Grocers 'Night," and in addition to some 200 from this city, who were distinguished from the others by ribbon badges in their buttonholes, there were delegations of grocers and dealers from Tacoma and Ballard. There was a special programme for the evening, Miss Allen singing a solo and the Brothers Atwood a duet from the front of the pretty booth of St. Mark's church. There will be some special features every evening. Tomorrow night Master Aubrey Levy will by request repeat his original composition for the violin, "Princess Angeline Two-Step," accompanied by the orchestra.

The first day of the exposition was eminently a success so far as the attendance goes, despite the weather, and those who were there were thoroughly well satisfied with the display. Every inch of floor space is taken up, and some exhibits had to be placed in the gallery. One of the most distinguishing features, and one which visitors were most proud to note on every hand, was the vast variety of home products. There can be no question, too, that it will exert a great influence on the woman's movement for the support of home industries, now that they are so prominently drawn to the attention of the public and their use and qualities practically demonstrated, as they will be thoroughly during the course of this exposition.

This is one point of the exposition and it is a great one. Another is that the whole science of domestic economy is practically expounded to the men and women of all ages and conditions.

As you enter there are the florists on the left of you and the Palace of Sweets on the right. This is the first page, the introduction to the science of domestic economy, wherein no hint is given of the hard rules to be learned later on. This is where the young man and his best girl start. At the palace he sees the man making his own sweets, but he does not learn the lesson; he prefers to buy, and to buy liberally. At the flower booth on the other side they admire the bower-like appearance, its roof of boughs of autumn tints, topped by a huge Phoenix palm. And he buys a bunch of big chrysanthemums, some of them measuring ten inches across. Later, when they have gone through a part of life's exposition, they will go to the back of the pretty bower and buy seeds to grow the flowers for themselves.

Before they have learned this lesson of economy, however, they will drop a nickel in the X-ray slot and look through each other's hand at whatever is behind it; they will have their tintypes taken by Edison's new kinetograph, and then Mrs. Brien will catch them with the novelties in jewelry for which the California Home Product exposition gave her the blue ribbon.

Possibly they will pause before the beautiful electric star of five colors, blue, red, white, green and red, representing the five degrees of the Eastern Star auxiliary; and if they do they are sure to step into the pretty parlors with their dainty tables, and have some lunch—for the lessons in practical economy have not yet begun.

All this is the introduction to the practical. The latter begins with the exhibit of the Seattle Soap Company, where is a wide arch of washing powder, and a handsome fireplace whose mantel is a huge slab of mottled soap. On the other side is the Seattle Cracker Company, with pilasters resembling Everton taffy and barley sugar sticks, but backed by a variety of common sense biscuits or crackers of every kind.

The great square tower of large cans, whose battlemented turrets nearly touch the roof, a monument to the Frye-Bruhn Packing Company, is one of the first real lessons in domestic economy, and they meet with many others. At Webb & Co.'s booth they taste the home roasted coffee, and exchange wise glances over its aroma; they go over to the Puget Sound Flour Mills' exhibit and try a hot biscuit, and he is beginning to say: "My mother used to—," when she gives him a forceful look and he is silent. There, up in the southeast corner, is a dining room, furnished in solid oak by the Standard Furniture Company, with the table cloth laid, and a pretty service from the pretty collection of porcelains from the adjoining stand of Seller & Co., and there is a pretty drawing room in old mahogany, where she would like to stand surrounded by prettily gowned women and well groomed men, chatting gally, yet anxiously alert for the whispered announcement of their French butler, "Madame est servi."

From these dreams they wandered to the palace of truth of many colors, which they had often seen in Stewart & Holmes' window, and on to the cool grotto of the Lee pharmacy for a lemon soda. Then their thoughts having been turned in a distinctly domestic direction, they inspect baking powders, the Novelty Mill flour, the California Fruit Company's great display, the Crescent Manufacturing Company's stall, and are attracted by the prettiness of the mart of St. Mark's, all roofed with rugs, and there they buy a book called "Clever Cooking," a pencil and a pad each to take down notes of the lecture on cooking, and make for the lecture hall, pausing on the way to examine the cooking stoves of the Seattle Gas Company.

The Lecture.

Mrs. Camille L. Greene-Laughlan, the lecturer, carried forward this idea of the science of domestic economy in a marked degree yesterday afternoon. She hails from the Boston cooking school, but there is nothing of the New England woman in her appearance in fact, she is buxom and has dimples—nor in her manner or matter, both being marked with a vivacity and directness which is alien to the New England character. From her point of view success or non-success in life depends entirely upon the cook. She has probably never studied the esoteric doctrines of the Himalaya philosophers, yet, to hear her talk, one could not fail to be impressed with the idea that she had added to the thirty-nine articles, unconsciously or otherwise, and firmly believed that the seat of the soul was in the stomach. Her first Emersonian phrase showed this: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." This was her text, and while her finely shaped but large, sensible white hands were flitting about the skillets and the raw beef she went on to expound this, one rapidly pronounced sentence after another.

"No truer words were ever spoken," she said, "only it should have included women also. The subject of cooking is so old that most people do not stop to consider whether there is any art or science in it. In fact, many of our grandmothers used 'a pinch of this' and 'a little of that,' and 'make it about so stiff,' and there really was not much art about it.

"In the past few years the cooking schools have done much to encourage good, wholesome cooking, and one result that has been appreciated is that while it is necessary to use the best material, that will not make a single dish palatable unless it is prepared by a person of some skill and experience."

Then this charming cook, in her striped white print dress and dainty little lace cap, ventured to air her cooking science philosophically, and it seemed now and then, especially when she was slicing the onion to flavor the stock with, that she was going to demonstrate that the recent victory at the polls in this state was directly traceable to poor cooking. But this was her first lecture in Seattle, and she was only dimly hinting at the possibilities of her art. Also, she was dealing with soups as her subject. When she gets to the solids no doubt the only basis upon which a nation's prosperity can be built will receive incidental attention.

"Do you know," she said confidentially, placing her busy hands for a moment on her hips, "I feel that one of the great causes of our hard times is on account of the extravagancies we have enjoyed in the past. How many, many ladies know nothing whatever about their kitchens, or how to prepare their daily food. And then, when they feel ill at ease, discontented with everything and everybody, they wonder. It was all because their dinner was so unsatisfactory. There is no reason in the wide world why any person should not be despondent after taking illy-prepared food. As women, we have a great responsibility."

She solemnly placed the marrow bone to steep in cold water, and nearly every woman in the crowded room was taking full notes of this discourse, as well as of the cookery hints which were interwoven with it.

"Yes, we have indeed a grave responsibility. There are fathers, brothers, husbands, sons depending upon us for their disposition. They are all largely influenced by the food they eat. If he gets wholesome food, the man's mind and body are in a better condition to battle with the problems of life."

There was much more of this sound philosophy approaching to a direct doctrine that a man's views of life were colored by the food he eats, and that, inferentially, the politics, the religion, and all thought, noble or ignoble, of a whole nation of people were in the skillet of the cook, who, with more surety than the fabled alchemists, could turn out gold bugs or silverites just as she pleased. She closed with the following recipe for the making of a good cook:

"To be a success as a cook is to have rules, and to follow them explicitly. Do not think because you have made a dish from a recipe once or twice, that the third time you know it well enough to guess at it, then wonder why you failed. You must follow the rules explicitly always."

The lecture, on the whole, outside of the scattered philosophy quoted, was arranged on a plan of the greatest usefulness to the greatest number. Mrs. Laughlan says they will all be the same, dealing with such cookery as comes within the means of the humblest. Her lecture yesterday afternoon was on making white soup stock; to clear soups; mock bisque soup; lemon sherbet; coffee, both drip, boiled and egg; boiled coffee, and cold water, Vienna and black coffee. She was only to speak for an hour, but she got interested, and her audience was so interested, that she went on for two hours. Most of her audience had been to cooking lessons before, as was very evident, for they were not only armed with pad and pencil, but with tasting cups and spoons. And to see the serious, deeply solemn expression each one put on when doing the tasting act. It was a study. Smiling faces instantly became as serious as a tombstone. Evidently the lecturer had deeply impressed them with her idea of woman's awful responsibilities.

While Mrs. Laughlan talked she made the beef stock, explaining all the little details and the significance of her doings. She took seven pounds of meat and bone, cut the meat into small pieces, putting the bone in three quarts of cold water to soak for half an hour. She put half the meat into the kettle, adding a heaping tablespoon of salt and a salt spoon of thyme, summer savory and marjory. She took the marrow from the bone, added onions cut fine, put it all into the frying pan and fried it brown; then added the other half of the raw meat and browned it. This was, when browned, emptied into the kettle and allowed to simmer. Then Mrs. Laughlen strained it and said: "There is your stock, which you should always have on hand."

In making the various kinds of coffee, Mrs. Laughlan insisted on having the coffee finely ground. She first made the French drip coffee. She put in the coffee pot a heaping tablespoon of coffee, poured on a cup of boiling water, and placed it on the stove, where it would keep hot but not boil. For making coffee with cold water she took a level tablespoon of powdered coffee, put in a cup of cold water, allowed it to boil one minute, and then left it for ten minutes where it would keep hot, to settle.

The sherbet was made in this way: Take a tablespoon of gelatine and pour on a quarter cup of cold water; when the gelatine is soft pour on a quarter cup of boiling water. Strain through a sieve, add three cups of cold water, one pint of sugar, the juice of six lemons, and freeze, using three cups of ice to one of salt.

As the lecturer concluded, the ladies crowded around her with questions and suggestions. A great many requested lessons on the making of timbales, and these she promised to give. She also, on request, promised to show the various ways of cooking oysters, crabs and shrimps.

In the evening Mrs. Laughlan delivered a short lecture at the Seattle gas booth, and practically illustrated it by roasting a joint of beef with Yorkshire pudding.

Mrs. Green-Laughlan Telling the Ladies How to Make Soup.

Today's Programme.

The musical programme for today is as follows.

AFTERNOON—PART I.

March, "Home From Camp" ..... Catlin
Waltz, "On the Rhine" ..... Kela Bela
Overture, "Welcome" ..... Schacht
Duet for violin and flute, "I Would, My Love" ..... Mendelssohn

PART II.

Selection, Offenbach's operas ..... Moses
Waltz, "Love's Dream After the Ball" ..... Cibulka
"La Paloma" ..... Demores
Polka, "Pretty Lips" ..... Strauss

EVENING—PART I.

"King Cotton" ..... Sousa
Waltz, "Gipsy Baron" ..... Strauss
Romance, "Spring's Awakening" ..... Bach
Clarinet solo, "Old Folks at Home" ..... Mr. Bruce

PART II.

Overture, "Zampa" ..... Herold
Baritone solo, "The Old Brigade" ..... Mr. Charles Saunders
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana" ..... Mascagni
Amor Galop ..... Faust

The programme for the cooking lecture this afternoon is as follows:

Chicken croquettes; roast chicken; stuffing; giblet; waffles, with lemon syrup; caramel flavorings, colorings; caramel ice cream.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Grau Company's Success.

The Grau Opera Company commenced its return engagement of four nights at the Seattle theater last night in Millocker's tuneful "Black Hussar" to a large and appreciative audience. The favorable impression that the company made on the occasion of its previous visit was more than sustained in its rendition both of the music and the action of the work that was made famous ten years ago by Col. McCaul's big New York company. Had people who were lucky enough to have seen the New York production been disposed to compare the two, the rendition of last night would have suffered, but when the size of the company, the place in the business occupied by the principals, and most of all the scale of prices adopted by Mr. Grau, were taken into consideration, the work of the very clever people of the company now appearing at the Seattle theater would rank well with that of any traveling organization now before the public. The voices of the responsible people are all good, and further comment would be invidious. They are equal to the demands of the score, and the opportunities offered are all taken advantage of in the way of comedy work. Perhaps just a few liberties were taken that Millocker would not sanction, but in no manner are they made offensive. The conspicuous feature of Mr. Grau's productions is that quality that is most essential to smoothness and effect, although it usually comes in for less remark than any other particular portion of a performance, and that is the esprit du corps of the company and the blending of their efforts in making the entire performance go with a snap. In that quality Mr. Grau's company, principals, chorus and orchestra, combine, and the result is altogether satisfactory. Individually the best voice is that of Miss Alice Johnson, although Miss Carle Sings her part acceptably and acts well. Mr. Dunbar has a fine stage presence, and sang the part assigned to him last night spiritedly.

The "Black Hussar," from the large cast, gives individual effort a fine opportunity, which all took advantage of. The scene is laid on the border between Germany and Russia, and the time, 1812, deals with the war between France and Russia. Hackenback, a magistrate of Trautenfeld, has two beautiful daughters whom he is desirous of saving from the soldiers of all of the armies with which the neighborhood is infested. He disguises them hideously, and in his efforts in this direction, as in all others, he is aided and abetted by a servant, Barbara. Another member of the household is Piff Row, the factotum of Hackenback, who occupies all the odds and ends of office in the village. Trautenfeld has been compelled to entertain the officers of the armies of the contending powers, and his spirit is almost broken, as well as his pocketbook. In order to prove his loyalty to either side, Hackenback has painted a reversible picture, one side bearing the portrait of Napoleon and the other Alexander. By an exhibition of the wrong picture and the fact that he answers the description of a dangerous member of the Black Hussars, who is wanted by the French, he is arrested and thrown into prison. Before this calamity falls upon the Hackenback household, his daughters have cast off their masks and false hair and have fallen properly in love with the colonel of the hussars, who is wanted by the French, and who is disguised as an army chaplain, and another officer, Waldman, an adjutant, who is disguised as a student. There are not many complications, and the plot is gradually and gracefully developed.

Robert Dunbar was manly and romantic as Col. von Heibert, and Robert Lett made the most of the part of Waldman. Gilbert Clayton was entirely successful as Hackenback, and Eddie Smith was funny as Piff Row. Silvian Langlois' work as a captain in the French army, was very good. Among the ladies Misses Alice Johnson and Alice Carle were the most conspicuous, and Barbara, by Gertrude Lodge, was satisfactory. The chorus was good and its effective work contributed to an even and attractive performance.

Tonight Aubry's "Fra Diavalo" will be the bill.

Semon at the Third Avenue.

The Olympian has this to say of Zera Semon, who opens for three nights at the Third Avenue theater Thursday: The performance last evening at the theater by Zera Semon was superb. The Olympian fully indorses what the Standard says: "He is without doubt the best ventriloquist who has ever visited this city. His feats of magic are exceedingly clever, and his marionettes are simply wonderful. The complicated actions of the automata accompanied by the music and colloquy of a company of minstrels seem to be a task that would be impossible for the professor, his son and one assistant to manage at once, but they do it, and do it well, as the applause they nightly receive testifies.

"The Waifs of New York."

Katie Emmett and "The Waifs of New York" are coming to town. There will be thrilling escapes, sensational climaxes and scenery galore. The success of Miss Emmett's well known play is directly responsible for the number of dramas touring the country that deal with life in the great metropolis, but it is hard to conceive how the authors of these could hit upon anything new in the shape of sensation, for "The Waifs of New York" seems to have monopolized everything in that line. Miss Emmett will appear at the Seattle theater next Friday and Saturday.

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SENSIBLE MEN LISTEN TO THE SOLID TRUTH.

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That class of Clothing which is so persistently advertised by clothing houses never will find room

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In every conceivable pattern and style from

$3 Up.

Boys' Ulsters And Overcoats.

We do lots of things that seem impossible to others—for instance, our line of Ulsters from

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Such sacrifices surely sow seeds of satisfaction.

ALL-WOOL MELTON, KERSEY AND COVERT OVERCOATS FROM

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These marvelous values will draw Overcoat buyers to us.

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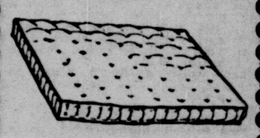
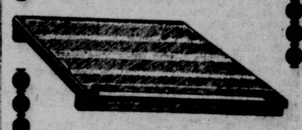
It pays to buy where the stock is complete and prices low.



$1.20.

Good Wool Top Mattress, $1.20; full size.



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Woven Wire Springs, any size, 90c each; when ordering state width wanted.

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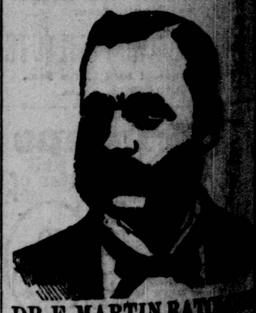

DR. E. MARTIN RATOLIFF

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