



HENRY WOODRUFF IN "THE PRINCE OF TONIGHT" at HEILIG
The favorite actor, Henry Woodruff, will present his latest musical fantasy, "The Prince of Tonight," at the Heilig Theatre, 7th and Taylor Sts., for four nights, beginning Sunday, March 3. Special-price matinee Wednesday.

"THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S"
Famous French Farce to be Seen at Baker Theater Next Week.

It does not offend Paul M. Potter, author of "The Girl From Rector's," to speak of his plays as "risky." He has in the past twenty years written all kinds of plays, such as "Sheridan," "The City Directory," "Trilby," "The Conquerors," "Under Two Flags," "Queen of the Moulin Rouge" and "Half-Way to Paris." His one endeavor has been to comply with the changing dramatic taste of the seasons. The theatre-going public of ten years ago seemed to demand sweet, homely, sentimental plots, chockful of love, while the public of today clamors for broader situations. Writing plays is only a business after all, and like any other business to be successful it must satisfy a popular demand. The morality or immorality of a drama should not affect the author one way or the other. He should bring absolutely no bias to the work. A criminal lawyer engaged to defend a murderer doesn't care a rap whether the man is guilty or innocent. He makes his plea just the same. He takes his fee, even if the man is the greatest criminal unhung. A newspaper reporter is not influenced by the morality of a crime he is paid to describe. An artist will paint the portrait of a nude woman or a railroad president. Then why shouldn't a playwright work at his business and provide the plays the public most desire, and is most willing to pay for?

In writing a play which the pruders call "risky" you devise or pick up genuine amusing complications. One of the funniest scenes and one which has been most harshly criticised, is the last act of "The Girl From Rector's," yet during the entire climax of this act there is not a word spoken on the stage. The audience enjoys it better than the subtlest wit! Played by expert and competent comedians it is ridiculously funny.

PERILOUS BOATING

A New Zealand Stream That Yields a Series of Thrills.

RUNNING THE RIVER RAPIDS.

The Journey Down the Wanganui Is Highly Exciting in Spots, Where the Swaying Steamer Plunges Through the Lines of Boiling Breakers.

Stemboating in New Zealand, to judge by Charles Edward Russell's account of it in the Twentieth Century Magazine, has in it more excitement than relaxation. It is a more or less nerve racking experience, not only for the anxious passengers, but for the seasoned steamboat men as well.

The swift water courses that come down from the lofty backbone of the islands are full of rapids that can keep the most skillful pilot on the anxious seat until they have been successfully "run." This is the story of such an achievement somewhere on the Wanganui river:

The captain, a sunburned and active young Scot, stands at the great wheel forward on the upper deck, whence he can see bow and stern. Two stout Maori youths sit on the forecastle; two hover above the rudder; all are armed with long, iron shod poles that are to

be objects of your anxious concern before the voyage is done.

The boat is slipping smoothly along the unruffled reach. You look up of a sudden and catch your breath. The rapid is directly in front of you, the steamer is tearing into it, and how can any vessel get through such a place? Here goes the narrow stream, roaring and singing past the rocks. You can see the bottom everywhere. It looks only an inch or two from the surface.

The whole thing pitches visibly downward. Beyond at a lower level shines the smooth, dark green surface of the next reach. The green and the silver are beautiful. The singing of the water is music, but for these you care not, for you see plainly that in another moment the boat, even now lurching suggestively, will be rolled over like a log, and you will be grasping at some bowlder in the flood.

Meanwhile the captain spins the wheel back and forth like a squirrel's cage, with his gaze fixed intently upon the water just ahead, as if he read through it and scanned the stones beneath. The brown Maoris stand forward and aft, with their poles in their hands.

As the boat plunges into the first line of boiling breakers the bow sinks under you, the swift current catches the stern and slings it sidewise. A tremendous clatter arises, the boat careens and shakes as if she were falling apart, and you, standing on the upper deck and nervously holding the hand rail, give yourself up for lost, for the keel is already traveling on the rocks and gravel of the bottom.

"Now, then! Now, then!" yells the captain. The Maoris put their strength upon the poles. Just as the craft seems sliding sidewise into the bowlders that line her path she slips out through the passage into the placid green and silver of the next reach, and the captain, sounding the jingle bell, settles down to a cup of tea, holding the wheel with one hand. You could not touch bottom here with the statue of Liberty.

If I can read men better than rapids the Scot himself is not always sure how he is coming out of these tangles. Sometimes his quick, rasping orders to the Maoris have the ragged edge of anxiety, and his manner of tearing with hands and feet at the wheel indicates a considerable concern. Once I heard him mutter under his breath the national slogan: "I hae ma doots! I hae ma doots!" as we shot into a particularly abominable piece of water.

The channel, no more than wide enough for the little hull, turned sharply at the bottom of the slide, and I had something rather worse than doubts as the boat went sidewise down, seeing what was ahead for her. If in an instant she can gather full speed ahead she can slip through; otherwise plainly she will strike her side against the reef and capsize.

"Now, then, Jumbo," shouts the captain as he paws with one hand for the engine bell, "give it to her!" The propeller buzzes. The Maoris, with feet braced, tug at the poles. They seem to be too late. With a bang the boat hits the bank, careens far over and amid the startled screams of the passengers slides off into the deep water and goes safely on her way.

I conclude that that pilot must be a master of his craft. Of a score of places he is able to hit the bank at the single spot that is safe.

The Advance of Science.

We used to think that the smartest man ever born was the Connecticut Yankee who grafted white birch on red maples and grew barber poles. Now we rank that gentleman second. First place goes to an experimenter attached to the Berlin war office who has crossed carrier pigeons with parrots, so that Wilhelmstrasse can now get verbal messages through the enemy's lines.—Lippincott's.

Willing to Help.

Mr. Bacon—It is said it would take a man working eight hours a day over ninety years to count and stack a billion dollars at the rate of a dollar a second. Mrs. Bacon—Don't worry about it, dear. If you ever get it I'll promise to help you count it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—Young.

A Great Blow.

A western financier was talking to a Washington reporter about a financial deal that had ended disastrously. "It was too bad," said the reporter. "Too bad?" said the financier, with a grim smile. "Oh, 'too bad' is not strong enough to fit the case. 'Too bad' is ludicrous. It suggests the farmer who when his wife and family were killed by a cyclone said it was 'a great blow' to him."—Exchange.

No Emancipation.

"And so you are an ex-slave," said the traveler in the south. "How interesting! But when the war was ended you got your freedom." "No, sub," replied Uncle Rastus. "Ah didn't git no freedom. Ah was married."—New York Times.

An Improvement.

Mrs. Winks—So you have taken another companion for better or worse, eh? Mrs. Second Trip—One for better, my dear. He can't possibly be worse than the other one was.

Not Envious.

Mrs. Kicker—The Filigrees have a Corot in the dining room. Mr. Kicker—That's nothing. We have a whistler in the kitchen.—Satire.

The real man is the one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE.

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Disguised as a Workman He Fooled the Ham Fortress Guard.

From the researches made by M. Thierria come some interesting details of the escape of Louis Napoleon from the fortress of Ham, in northern France, on May 25, 1846.

It seems that the sole credit for the escape must lie with Louis Napoleon himself. He made his valet, Thelin, buy a black wig, some rouge, a cap which was scrubbed with pumice stone and a pair of sabots. Then he cut off his mustache, put on a blue apron, a blue pair of trousers and a close fitting shirt of coarse stuff.

Some workmen were carrying out some repairs to that part of the fortress where the prince lodged, and this gave color to his disguise, so much so that the two watchmen entertained no suspicions regarding the man who walked past them and out at the great gate, a pipe in his mouth and a plank on his shoulder. The sergeant on duty at the drawbridge was reading a letter as he passed and took no notice of him. It was then 5 o'clock in the morning.

Four times that day, the last time at 5 in the afternoon, did the governor, Demario, send for the prince. Each time Dr. Conneau replied that the prisoner could not see anybody because he had taken medicine. When at last the governor lost patience and went himself to the prince's room and walked up to the bed on which the supposed invalid was lying he discovered that a very presentable dummy had taken the place of Louis Napoleon. The discovery was made too late. By that time the fugitive was over the Belgian frontier.—Paris Journal des Debates.

A REAL MAGIC CAP.

Curious Experience of a German Organist in St. Petersburg.

Not very long ago a German organist who went to St. Petersburg to live had there an experience with a new cap that for a time almost made him believe in the magic of the Teutonic fairy tales.

The organist bought the cap during his first day at the Russian capital and wore it the next day when he went out for a walk. On his return to his lodgings he was amazed to find two gold purses in his pocket, one of which contained a sum equivalent to \$50.

The next day, after his usual walk, he found four purses in his outside pocket, a find that caused him to doubt his senses. A third day, with a similar profitable result, sent him to the chief of police to tell his story.

The authorities detailed a detective to go with the German to the tailor who made the cap. Investigation disclosed the fact that it had been constructed of an odd piece of English cloth brought in by a stranger. From it the tailor had made fifteen identical caps to order. Having a bit left, he had constructed a sixteenth cap, which was the one sold to the organist.

The detective then followed the organist through the streets of the city, when the mystery was solved. The cap, it appears, was the emblem of a gang of pickpockets working co-operatively. The one who secured a purse dropped it into the pocket of the first confederate he saw. The cap had identified the German, and he had reaped the reward.

With this clue it was an easy matter for the Russian authorities to catch the whole gang.—Youth's Companion.

The Port of Workless Men.

One morning we passed through a square in Moscow containing nothing but men—wild eyed, long haired, long bearded men—men in rags, most of them, and all of them compelled to come there and wait to be hired to work. To that square must all workmen go who seek work. The city feeds them while they wait a single small piece of black bread each day. Some never leave that square, but wait there their lifetime through. They gazed upon our handsome landau with hungry and wolfish eyes. I never before beheld so frightful, unkempt a company of hopeless, hapless, hungry human slaves as these Russian workmen who waited for a job.—William Seymour Edwards in "Through Scandinavia to Moscow."

Wrong, but True.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher after she had explained the meaning of the word, "I wish you would write a sentence containing 'defeat'."

After a struggle which lasted for about twenty minutes Johnny announced that he was ready to be heard. "Please read your composition," the teacher directed.

"When you git shoes dat's too tite," Johnny read. "It's hard on de feet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Undecided.

"What struck you most forcibly during your visit to the city, Uncle Hiram?" asked the village oracle. "Waal," ruminated Uncle Hiram, "when I cum to in the hospital I'll be gosh dinged if I could recollect whether it was a trolley car or one o' them derned ottomobiles."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Strikes.

Mr. Benedict—Do you know, my dear, I think we have a pretty good cook. How does she strike you? Mrs. Benedict—For more wages about once a week.—Illustrated Bits.

Showed It.

Dora—Do you think it would be conceited of me to say I made this dress myself? Grace (sweetly)—Not conceited, dear; only superfluous.—London Watch Dog.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN DRAMA, "TWO WOMEN," at HEILIG.
America's famous actress, Mrs. Leslie Carter, will present Rupper-Hughes' play-success, "Two Women," at the Heilig Theatre, 7th and Taylor Sts., for three nights, beginning Thursday, March 7. Special-price matinee Saturday.



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