

At the Portland Theaters

Last Car Leaves For Oregon City at Midnight



"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL" AT HEILIG THEATRE, NOVEMBER 14, 15, 16. The famous English Drama, "A Butterfly on the Wheel", will be the attraction at the Heilig Theatre, 7 and Taylor Streets, for 3 nights, beginning Thursday, November 14. Special price matinee Saturday.

"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

"A Butterfly on the Wheel," which the Messrs. Shubert and Lewis Waller will offer at the Heilig Theatre for three nights and special priced matinee, beginning Thursday, November 14th, is the joint work of Edwards H. Hammerde, a king's counsel and member of the British Parliament, and Francis Neilson, M. P.

It may be due to the legal talent in this combined authorship that the climax of the drama is reached in a divorce trial in a court room scene, which a dozen lawyers, present at New York's first night of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," pronounced as the best representation of its kind they had seen on a New York stage. Step by step the interest in the proceedings progresses until Peggy Adamson, the defendant, goaded to desperation by accusations, at first subtly insinuated, then openly thrust at her husband's counsel, bursts into a half hysterical, half impassioned defense of her character, culminating in her ut-

ter collapse on the witness stand. The role of leading counsel for Peggy's husband—a combination of courtesy, shrewdness and remorseless probing—contributes much to the success of this scene. This role is in the hands of Stanley J. Warmington, who was educated and graduated as an English barrister, and who later, following in the footsteps of his ancestors, adopted the stage as a profession.

Another clever piece of acting, which supplies the relief of humor in this play of high tension, is furnished in the character of Lord Ellerdine, a quiet, self-confessed dilldard, who "requires time" to understand anything; yet in the end supplies the clue that proves Peggy innocent. This role is in the hands of the English actor, Mr. Hamilton Deane.

The role of Peggy is that of a gay, thoughtless and most incautious wife whose follies, although really innocent, results in placing her in such a compromising situation, that her husband brings an action for divorce. His case seems sustained by the evidence, but he believes his wife's pro-

testations of innocence on the witness stand, and in an effecting scene in the fourth act, they are reunited. Miss Dorothy Lane and Mr. Vincent Stern, well known with the Sir Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield companies, interpret these roles.

The production on tour, as in the New York presentation, has had the personal supervision of Mr. Lewis Waller, and, as in New York, is interpreted by the all-English company, selected by Mr. Waller, which, in addition to those heretofore mentioned, includes Miss Florence Leciercq, seen here the past season with Mr. Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Mr. J. Malcom Dunn, who toured this country with Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Henry Darnott, Elwyn Eaton, Arthur Benon, Kevitt-Manton, John Winstantley, Alys Rees and others. "A Butterfly on the Wheel" comes direct from a run of an entire year at the Thirtieth street theatre in New York, which followed a similar season of prosperity in London.

Seat sale opens Tuesday, November 12th, at 10 A. M.



DUSTIN FARNUM AT THE HEILIG THEATRE NOVEMBER 10, 11, 12. The favorite and startling actor, Dustin Farnum, and a big company of 100 people will present the gripping play of the Civil War, "The Little Rebel," at the Heilig Theatre, 7 and Taylor Streets, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday nights, November 10, 11, 12. Popular Price Matinee Tuesday.

HEILIG THEATRE

The big scene in "The Little Rebel," the Dustin Farnum success, which comes to the Heilig Theatre, 7th and Taylor, today, Sunday, November 10th, for three nights, and popular priced matinee Tuesday, has to do with the visit of Captain Cary, the Confederate soldier to his Virginia home. His once stately mansion is in ashes, his wife is dead, the one remaining servant is missing, and his little daughter, the little rebel, is keeping a weary vigil for her parent, who crawls through the Union lines occasionally to bring her food. When he arrives in a sad plight, finds the little one with her doll and taking her on his knee teaches her to tell her first lie.

"Would General Lee want me to tell a lie?" she asks innocently.

"Yes, just this once. Sometime he will tell you so himself," replies her father, and she learns that she is to tell the Union officer who will enter the house shortly, that her father was

not there, but has left by the road that goes past the blackberry bushes and the well. This she does when Colonel Morrison appears on the scene and orders her to open the door. Her father, in the meantime, has crawled into the loft of the shed that is the habitat of his daughter, Dustin Farnum as the Northern officer is the most talked of actor on the American stage, and as Colonel Morrison he is picturesque, sympathetic and forceful. Diminutive Mary Miles Minter who has created a sensation as Virgie, the little rebel, will linger long in the memory of the theatregoers, especially the ladies and children. She is a well drilled, and a precocious juvenile actress and exhibits a certain natural capacity for acting. "The Little Rebel" is heartily recommended as one of the best and most convincing war plays that was ever written. Three characters figure conspicuously in the story, Colonel Morrison of the United States Cavalry, Cary a Confederate soldier and his little daughter, Virgie. The next important is General Grant, who dominates the last act.

Falling From the Sun to the Earth.

The philosophers have figured out some queer problems since the time of Horatio, but none of them is more curious than that relating to the amount of time it would take for an object to fall from the sun or moon to our earth. It has been decided, after an immense amount of figuring, that if a bowlder weighing a ton should fall from the sun it would take ninety-nine years, nine months and two hours to reach the earth. The same bowlder could make the trip from the moon to the earth in four and one-half days.

A WISE MAN.

Once upon a time a wise man penned a letter full of confidential statements, and at the end he wrote this line, heavily underscored, "Beware of this letter." Then, being a wise man, he sent his own advice and burned the letter himself. —L. G. S.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

The Mystery of Mark Island

A TRUE STORY

By F. A. MITCHEL

There is no more attractive region on the Atlantic coast for summer outings than Casco bay, Maine, and the many islands it contains. There the hot waves of July and August are dissipated. It is seldom that there is not a breeze there.

In winter the inhabitants of the islands fish, mostly with huge nets. In summer those owning boats turn an honest penny by taking visitors out upon the glorious waters. At almost any time one may see the sail of a pleasure boat bending to the breeze, and the engines of motorboats are at work throbbing like a rapid drumbeat.

Not far from Orr's island, where Harriet Beecher Stowe laid the scene of one of her stories, and to the eastward is Mark Island. It contains possibly half a dozen acres and is densely wooded. It stands alone, there being no other land within several miles of it. Its shores are rocky, and the waves curling up on them even in fair weather warn skippers to keep off, while during storms they send watery plumes high into the air.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century Mark Island was purchased by a man living in Portland, some dozen miles distant, who made a summer residence of it. In the early summer he would go there in his yacht, remain during July and August, and when the heats of summer boarded to the city came around, the 1st of September, he would lock, bar and bolt his house and sail away by the same conveyance.

Who was the owner of Mark Island the people living on the neighboring land did not know. Orr's and Bailey's islands, well stocked with summer cottagers and boarders, lie to the westward, while Sebaco is not far to the eastward. No one at any of these places ever made the acquaintance of the owner of Mark Island. He neither visited any other locality nor invited his neighbors to visit him. Indeed, no boat was allowed to make a landing upon his shores. Several persons at

A deathknell had been sounded for the secret of Mark Island. Had the man permitted the landing party would not have remained long on the island and might not have gone 100 yards from their boat, for the fog soon lifted, and they got safely back to their destination with the story of their inhuman treatment.

But why had they been thus treated? The reply was that something was going on at Mark Island and that the perpetrators were unwilling to have the story and this supposed reason for the party having been refused a landing at the point of a pistol passed from mouth to mouth. It was suggested that the desolate lady was kept there a prisoner. But if this were so why had she not asked to be taken away by those on some of the passing boats? Others thought that some other person was held there and the desolate lady was a party to the outrage; but, though they differed as to the crime, they all agreed that Mark Island was used for a criminal purpose.

Meanwhile Mark Island remained an unknown place. All were curious to know what was going on there, but there was no one's business to find out, especially since this could not be done except at the risk of getting shot. More boats sailed about it than before, and on every boat persons stared at it wonderingly. All had heard of the desolate lady and expected to see her sitting on a rock, like a mermaid, combing her hair. But the lady did not appear. Indeed, no one was to be seen on the island. Yet the house was located in its center and so surrounded by trees as to be invisible.



THEY BEGAN A SEARCH OF THE PREMISES.

different times approached with the view of going ashore, but they were always warned off.

The denizens of Mark Island, so far as those who were used to sailing by it noticed, were two white men and a colored man who acted as a servant. Besides, there was a white woman who was occasionally seen sitting in a leafy bower above a rock against which the waters swished. Sometimes she would be reading and as boats sailed by would look up at those aboard. But usually she sat idly gazing upon the beautiful bay and the islands lying tranquilly upon its bosom. Yet, whether reading or dreaming, there was always a sad look on her face.

No one could be better situated to keep a secret than on Mark Island for the reason that there was no liability to suspicion of having a secret to keep. The only neighbors are those passing in boats. Each island in Casco bay is a locality of itself. Within sight of Orr's and Bailey's islands are a number of these small oases of the waters, on some of which are one or more houses, while others have no inhabitants whatever. Some are wooded, some barren rocks. Few persons know to whom they belong, and no one cares. Some are occupied by the same persons year after year, some change hands often, while the barren rocks are always desolate.

The only excitant of curiosity at Mark Island was the desolate lady. Had she been constantly in sight of the same persons some of them would doubtless have been sufficiently curious to make an attempt to discover the cause of her sorrow. But the yachts and the other different kinds of boats that sailed by never contained the same persons, and the vision they saw lasted but a few moments.

For several years Mark Island was occupied by the same persons. The desolate lady sat in her bower, and landing there was prohibited. Possibly the secret attached to it might have been kept forever had it not been for a mistake of judgment made by one of its denizens.

ADVERTISING TALKS No. 2

(By Ralph Kaye.)

Are you getting the BEST results from your advertising? If not there is something wrong—provided of course what you offer has MERIT.

Advertising is a matter of DOLLARS and SENSE applied to the proper market.

To create business you must create a DESIRE for your goods.

Good advertising is not merely telling people you have certain goods to sell at certain prices—in order to arouse interest in your goods you must show the PERSONAL POSSIBILITIES your goods possess. PEOPLE want REASONS before buying.

For instance—if you are in the confectionery business. Do people know your candy is PURE and is WHOLESOME as a result? Do they know that a certain amount of candy is GOOD FOR THEM—that it has a tendency to make people FAT? Do they know the DELICIOUS FLAVOR of your candy—the kind of flavor they DREAM about? And how about your fruit candies? Do people know you use REAL FRUIT? And so on. Such methods may take a little time, but you will find it the ONLY way to get results. All good things are worth waiting for—especially when BETTER advertising means more business.

Hobson's Choice.

An eastern man who was on a business trip through the west stopped at the small hotel in a country town one day. He entered the dining room and was shown to a table by a waiter.

"Will you have some pork and beans, sir?" asked the waiter as he brought the customary glass of water.

"No, I don't care for them," answered the man. "I never eat pork and beans."

"Dinner is over, then, sir," said the waiter as he moved away.—Youth's Companion.

Wit in the Workbasket.

"What's the old lady doing now?" asked the stocking.

"Getting a needle and wool," replied the thimble.

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated the stocking fiercely.

YOUNG MEN

For Gonorrhoea and Gleet get Pabst's Okay Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known it has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture and can be taken without inconvenience. PRICE \$3.00

For Sale by JONES DRUG COMPANY

The northeast Atlantic coast is subject to fogs. One summer a low, almost invisible line appeared on the horizon from Mark Island. It broadened until it became a bank of fog which spread itself over the whole bay. We all know what a fog is to those who traverse the waters, both ships out at sea and small boats near the land. It happened that a boat load of pleasure seekers from Bailey's island were caught out in this fog. For hours they drifted, not knowing whether they were going out to sea or toward the land. The bay is full of reefs, and no one is fitted for a skipper on its waters except one who knows every reef. The occupants of the befogged boat did not know what moment it might strike one of these reefs, a hole be made in its bottom and they would all perish.

Suddenly they discovered within a dozen yards of them a shore in one part of which was a narrow indentation in the rocks by which they might make a landing. They were so relieved that all raised their voices in happy exclamations. As they were making their way to the landing place the dim figure of a man appeared on the shore and shouted:

"Keep off. You can't land here!"

"We will land here," replied the skipper, "and we'll stay here till the fog lifts."

"You won't land here," said the other doggedly.

As the nose of the boat scraped the shore of Mark Island the man who prohibited the landing pushed her away. A man on the boat seized an oar and was about to bring it down on the other's head when he stepped back and, drawing a revolver, threatened to shoot the first man who attempted to come ashore.

There was a violent protest on the part of the occupants of the boat against being turned back in the fog, possibly to their death. There were women aboard, and they begged the men to leave the inhospitable place and finally prevailed upon them to do so. They drifted away, muttering curses upon the man who had refused them a landing.

M'CARTY'S RING STOCK BOUNDS

Missouri Heavy Looks Like Real White Hope.

ON PALZER'S LEVEL NOW.

Young Husky's Last Three Bouts Prove He Is Learning Fast—He Will Meet Jim Flynn—Luther Recently Hated Kaufman a Nice Trimming.

The stock of Luther McCarty rose many points in the white hope market by his defeat of Al Kaufman in two rounds of their scheduled twenty round bout at San Francisco recently. It is generally conceded that McCarty was second only to Al Palzer among the big fellows who seek to bring back the heavyweight title to the white race. As Palzer won his position chiefly by his victory over Kaufman in five rounds, McCarty's winning in two at least places him on a level with his rival. McCarty can also point to the fact that he made Palzer hunt an excuse when they were matched in New York some months ago. At that time Palzer demanded more money than the promoters could afford to offer, and so the match was declared off.

Both of these young giants are too green at present for a championship match. The fight going public would not care to see either offered up as a sacrifice to the present champion. But their future prospects look at least brighter than those of any other white heavy in the ring today. Although both have been outpointed by men of greater experience—and may be again—this does not prove that they are not the real thing and may yet make good. At present, owing to troubles with his manager, Palzer is in retirement for a time, and meanwhile his rival will be gathering the much needed experience and will probably forge ahead.

McCarty's next important engagement will be with that destroyer of white hopes, Jim Flynn. Followers of pugilism see no hope in Flynn, because he is too old to improve. But the Pueblo fireman is still strong and, having plenty of experience, will be a dangerous obstacle in McCarty's path. Judging by the result of his last three bouts McCarty has shown much of the improvement that was predicted for him when he was beaten recently by Jim Stewart. In that contest McCarty proved that he was game, aggressive and that his fine physique was equipped with quick acting muscles. All his faults were of the kind that proper schooling can remove. He had speed, the one essential quality and one that is so frequently absent in big, heavy muscled men. McCarty's awkward manner of hitting robbed his blows of their effectiveness and made him look the novice he still is. But there is no reason apparent why, with proper instruction and constant practice, he should not correct this defect and also polish up his boxing. With greater skill will come the ability to keep cool and plan his battle. Ring generalship only comes after long experience, no matter how pliantly a boxer's disposition may be.

In meeting Flynn, McCarty will have need of good generalship, for the older man has the cunning gained by years in the ring. In other respects McCarty will have the advantage, and should be able to win another big championship battle will not be so far off.

Origin of Tapestry.

It is said that the art of weaving tapestry was borrowed from the Saracens, although it is claimed that the invention of tapestry hangings belongs to the Netherlands. They were made in France under Henry IV, by artists imported from Flanders. The art was brought into England by Sheldon, the first establishment for its manufacture being at Mortlake, 1606. Under Louis XIV. the art was greatly improved in France. Very early instances of tapestry making are mentioned by the ancients; hence the Saracens could only have revived the art in what may be called modern times.—New York American.

Want Him One Better.

Lawrence, twelve years old, was told to go out and cut wood, and Marshall, ten years old, was told to go and help. Both boys found the bait ground to stand of the wood pile.

In the evening when Lawrence came home his mother said, "Well, son, how much have you done today?" He very meekly replied, "I have done nothing."

Then in came Marshall, and mother asked him the same question.

"I've been piling it up," he replied promptly.—Everybody's.

Truth and Error.

Those are wise who through error pass on to truth; those are fools who hold fast to error.—Ruckert.

The East Side.

"A city's slums," said a globe trotter, "are always in its eastern quarter. I wonder why? Take New York. Its east side is its slum side. So it is with London—the east end is the slum end. Of Philadelphia, Chicago, Canton and Madrid the same thing holds good, as I know from personal experience. The only possible ground I can give for a city's slums being invariably in its eastern quarter is that this quarter is the one that is exposed to the harsh and unpleasant rigors of the east wind."

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Go en do it

"Say, Bill, if that's goin' to be 'Go en do it' when it's finished, you've got the d before the o in 'do'."

"How can you be a bilposter unless you know how to spell?"

"What does 'Go en do it' mean anyhow; there aint no sense to that."

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