VERY SORE ABOUT LOSING PORTLAND

Northwestern League Has Not Got Over Sting of Rejection.

VANCOUVER IS DOUBTFUL

Opposition to Baseball Interests Arises From Lacrosse Players—If Club Is Lost There Will Not Be a Four-Club League.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 19.—(Special.)—W. H. Lucas, president of the Northwestern League, and Bob Brown, manager of the Aberdeen Club, have returned from Vancouver, B. C. They did not succeed in straightening out the tangle over the franchise; in fact they ran into a snag in the shape of a strong opposition to professional baseball for the coming season. Lacrosse interests would like to see the Northwestern League barred from the British Columbia metropolis. Opposed to this faction is another, strong in itself yet divided as to the general plan of operation, which is anxious to have baseball and willing to support it.

The anouncement sent out from Vancouver late Thursday night that there would not be a Northwestern team in that city for the coming season was premature, although apparently founded on fact. It is a long time before the season will open and during that period many changes may take place. The circuit committee of the Northwestern League is not anxious to take final action, because there is no real necessity for it at the present time. A meeting will probably be held within two weeks, when something definite will be announced.

Four-Club League Impossible.

It can be stated as a fact, however, that the directors of the league have not even considered the proposition of reducing the circuit to four clubs. They have not thought of cutting off Butte and the report of treachery to Aberdeen is resented by them, with possibly one exception. Tacoma may pretend to like the Grays Harbor city, but the fans of that section are not deluded.

In going to Vancouver to talk baseball, Manager Brown, of Aberdeen, was acting on the idea that he saw what he believed was a good chance to better himself financially. He believes that the city across the border should be one of the strongest members of the Northwestern circuit, and that if he could secure the control of the club, with the right arrangements as to the grounds, he might make more money than he could by remaining in Aberdeen. If his proposition had been accepted it did not mean that Aberdeen would not have a club in the Northwestern League.

"There are just as good managers in Aberdeen as I," said Brown, "and my absence would not interfere with the conduct of baseball."

Don't Want Vancouver Dropped.

At the moment it looks as if the negotiations between Vancouver and Brown are at an end, but things switch around in Vancouver with such amazing rapidity that one does not feel like predicting what will take place within a week.

The Northwestern League is not anxious to drop Vancouver. Manager Dugdale, of Seattle, and Manager Hall, of Butte, unite in saying that the fans of that city took a great deal last year in the way of bad management, and yet did not lose interest in the sport.

"Not many cities in the United States," said Manager Brown, "would have supported a losing team as they did."

It is not time to say what the lineup will be in case it becomes necessary to drop Vancouver, but the situation may be expressed briefly in Manager Dugdale's own words. He said:

"We do not want to cut out Vancouver, but if it comes to that we can get along without her and will do so. We got along last year without Portland."

Sore Over Losing Portland.

Speaking of Portland, that is not a pleasant proposition to the Northwestern League magnates. They undoubtedly had their hearts set on grabbing Judge McCredie's territory from the Coast League, and when they were turned down good and hard the sting went home. Manager Dugdale feels that Judge McCredie did not do the right thing in making public his telegram, offering to purchase the territory. It was supposed to be one of those secret messages which would pave the way for a coup in baseball that would make the Pacific Northwest sit up and take notice. But there is no use crying over spilt milk. The refusal of the Coast League and McCredie to entertain the proposition left only one course open, in case the Northwestern League was determined to enter the big city of Oregon. That was to cut in irrespective of the Coast League and the provisions of the National Association.

Portland does not appear to be disturbed over the rumor that the Northwestern magnates have been looking at a waterfront lot. The McCredies are still signing players for their Portland team, and unless an angel is found with a bank account which has not been dented by the financial rough weather, nothing more will be heard, for a while at least, about a Northwest League team in Portland.

TUG SERVICE IN STRAITS

Danish Company Promoting Enterprise for Magellan.

BERLIN, Jan. 19.—The impending passage of the American battleship fleet through the Straits of Magellan and the widespread discussion among navigators regarding the dangers of that passage lend unusual interest to the announcement that a company is being organized in Denmark to establish a complete towing service in those waters. According to a dispatch to the Vossische Zeitung from Copenhagen, the scheme originates with the well-known Danish writer, Otto Larssen, who was himself for many years a sailor and often made the voyage around the Horn.

The number of sailing vessels from English, German, Dutch and Scandinavian ports passing around from the Atlantic into the Pacific is estimated at about 3000 yearly. As is well known, this is one of the most dangerous points in the oceans of the world. Larssen estimates that an average of ten vessels with 200 men are lost there every year.

The vessels that round the cape are mostly on their way to Chilean ports for the purpose of taking on cargoes of nitrate of soda for European markets, and as most of them make the outward voyage under ballast, owing to the difficulty of finding outward cargo, their passage around the Horn is attended with special danger. Vessels must waste much time in buffeting with wind and wave, and even after rounding the cape they often need repairs owing to the strain that they have undergone. It takes sailing vessels four to six weeks to round it, while they could be tugged through the Straits in 36 hours. As the rate of insurance for vessels rounding the cape is very high, owners would get much lower rates by sending their vessels through the Straits; hence the promoters of the new scheme assume that all owners of 2000-ton vessels and larger will be willing to pay liberally to have their vessels tugged through the Straits.

The new company proposes to begin business with a capital of about $800,000; and if this money is not all forthcoming in Denmark, other countries will be asked to help. A fleet of ten powerful tugs will then be sent out and will make its station at Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan.

ROBBERIES ARE FREQUENT

FIVE REPORTED IN THE EARLY HOURS OF LAST NIGHT.

With Large Force of Men on Duty, Police Are Unable to Cope With the Lawless Element.

Five robberies occurred between 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon and midnight. The location of the robberies was unobtainable, because of the strict censorship at police headquarters.

One of last night's raids occurred at the storage warehouse of Boman & Company, 42 Front street. This place was entered between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock, but the exact loss of property was not learned.

Another reported robbery, which, however, could not be authentically confirmed, because of police censorship, was the robbery of the home of Mrs. C. H. Lewis at Ninteenth and Flanders streets. The rumored robbery at the Lewis home is reported to have occurred while the family was away. Two officers were detailed to investigate the affair.

The three other robberies, one of which was the ransacking of a dwelling in North Portland, were strictly censored by Captains Bruin and Slover and nothing was allowed to issue from without the shells in which the police have encased themselves on sight of a reporter.

During the early part of the evening, the time the majority of the robberies have been pulled off, there are 75 policemen, including eight specials, on duty. Captain Slover, in command of the first night relief, has 42 regular patrolmen under his command, and in addition has direct supervision over ten of the new men who were appointed last week, and who are working in plain clothes until they are able to secure uniforms. In addition to these men, there are 15 members of the plain clothes, or acting detective squad who are under the supervision of Captain Bruin, and whose duties require them to work well into the night, some of them seldom going off duty until midnight.

JACK-POT IS A DELUSION

Says Eminent Authority: "A Vessel Where Suckers Are Stewed."

NECANICUM, Or., Jan. 19.—(To the Editor.)—I have been somewhat amused, and very much interested, over the newspapers' accounts of the efforts to find the source from which the word "jackpot" sprang. The appeal to the lawyers of Eastern Oregon for information seems to be futile. To me there appears to be a good deal of hedging and evasion is also in evidence. Naturally one asks, "Why?"

If one has been tangled up in a "jackpot" and lost, why not admit it? All can't win. If seven players are in the game when a "jackpot" manifests itself, only one can win. All may "stay," but the opener—that is, he who holds a pair of jacks or better—may not, often does not, win. Some fellow with a "hunch" draws out on him. This fellow is known as a "sucker," but he gets the coin.

Now, why do men lay the blame on a poor, old, measly jackrabbit and the pot in which he is boiled? These men know that the jackrabbit has nothing to do with a "jackpot." The "jackpot" is the invention of man. It is the most peculiar "pot" known. It is hard to open. After some man opens it, and he may be the only one of the seven to encircle it, who can open it, the contents often get away from him.

Old and experienced "jackpotters" will say that it is all in the draw." "Draw your head off" is one of their favorite expressions. It is a drawing game. First they draw one on to play, next draw one into the "jackpot," and then draw one out when one opens the "jackpot." The latter is a delusion and a snare. It is a "pot" in which "suckers," not rabbits, are stewed. Unlike rabbits, men rush headlong to get into a "jackpot." Each one thinks he will avoid stewing, and bag the stew. This is where the delusion comes into the play.

With, or near, the "jackpot," as in all rabbits-infested countries, a "kitty" is found. Observation and experience show that the "kitty," finally, gets the contents of all the "jackpots." She is a busy little scul and always has her paw extended. It rarely comes empty away.

Without betraying too much information, technical and otherwise, on this subject, I have tried to throw a sidelight on it and thus let my legal friends from Eastern Oregon out of a close place. If they do not manifest their gratitude by sending me the contents of the first seven-handed "jackpot" they fall into, I shall leave them to the fate which overtakes all wrongdoers. If they forget me, they should be kicked to death by a jack-ass, and I should like to do it. I hope that this explanation may relieve all congested minds.

B. A. CHILDERS.

Real Diamonds or False.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—The ramifications of the case of Lemoine, the "diamond maker," whom Sir Julius Wernher, of the De Beers Mining Company, is prosecuting for swindling him out of $320,000, is attracting much attention, not only in France, but in England and throughout Europe generally.

Lemoine's formula for the manufacture of diamonds is securely locked up in a bank in London, the officials of which, upon Lemoine's demand, refused to deliver it to the French Court, which desires to make a trial of its efficacy.

Lord Armstrong, who witnessed the experiments, publicly avows his absolute faith in Lemoine's method. Diamond merchants, although skeptical, are greatly interested in the outcome of the case. Since Lemoine was arrested it has developed that he has not confined his operations to M. Wernher. He sold a half-interest in his secret to Edgar Cohen in 1901 and through an associate secured $2000 from an American named Siegman.

A strange feature of the case is that M. Wernher, although he charges that he was duped, offered Lemoine $80,000 additional last week for his formula. Several alleged formulas have been published, the principal ingredients of which are carbon and sugar, but Lemoine pronounces them bogus.

The latest development is the testimony of a Paris jeweler that Lemoine last year wanted him to put up $50,000 and sell De Beers short when he should publish Wernher's contract and cover at an an enormous profit.

This century will have 25 leap years, the greatest possible number.

AT THE THEATERS

"BROWN OF HARVARD," AT THE HEILIG.

Tom Brown	Henry Woodruff
Gerald Thorne	Frederick Forrester
Wilfred Kenyon	Gordon Johnstone
Claxton Madden	Eugene O'Brien
John Cartwright	Franklin Jones
Tubby Anderson	Louis Haines
Happy Thurston	William Rosell
"Bud" Hall	Robert Stowe Gill
Victor Colton	J. C. King
O'Hara	Frank Willard
Mrs. Kenyon	Blanche Weaver
Evelyn Kenyon	Helena Byrne
Marian Thorne	Bernice Wiley Golden
Edith Sinclaire	Ethel Martin

BY JOHN JAY HARRISON.

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG, wife of James Young and author of "Glorious Betsy," must have been a co-ed to have absorbed so much of the genuine college spirit she has worked out in "Brown of Harvard," a dashing and refreshingly exciting comedy that began a short engagement at the Heilig last night.

When the curtain rose, Tom Brown's room at Harvard was discovered, and all the fellows in the audience, old and young, who had been enrolled at a college, exchanged knowing glances with each other, for there were the photographs of girls, and college colors and sofa pillows, each with a tender history, and the studied disorder without which no college man would think his den fit for habitation. This college "tone" was further accentuated when another set gave a glimpse of the campus at old Harvard, with its ancient halls, and elms, and chapel, and the boathouse on the Charles River finished the pictures that thrilled the male portion of the audience, at least those who had gathered, in their early manhood, at the statue of John Harvard and pledged their word never to disgrace their alma mater—and even those who owed allegiance to another colored pennant than the famous crimson, gazed upon the scenes before them with brightening eye and quickening pulse.

Henry Woodruff, who plays the title role, is no stranger to Portland, for as the "Imp" in Nat Goodwin's "When We Were 21," he made an impression on the people here second only to the old comedian himself. Woodruff, likely unconsciously, has acquired some of the Goodwin mannerisms, and in his little speech, insistently demanded at the close of the great race scene, was as clever a bit of wholesome humor as is ever heard from Hopper, or Powers, or Daniels. Mr. Woodruff got more than his share of the "glorious climate of California" last week, with the result that he could scarcely speak when he first appeared, but with a determination not to disappoint his audience, fought against a bronchial trouble that would have sent to his room and a doctor anybody not a thorough college athlete.

Tom Brown is one of those lovable, wholesouled chaps whose chiefest pleasure is making other people happy, in a modest and unassuming way, and in his honor and lightheartedness recalls the original "Tom Brown of Rugby." Mr. Woodruff could not be improved upon, scarcely, in his portrayal of the character, and from the time, early in the story, when he is a rollicking boy lying on the ground under the elms, singing glees with his chums, to the last scene, when he wins back to a decent life a schoolmate who had weakly followed the lead of a drinking and gambling set from the city, he was natural, painstaking and intelligent in every move and utterance. His comedy is of the high order, entirely removed from any attempt at horseplay, but simply good, clean fun—and lots of it.

The supporting company is equal to the demands of the book, Miss Helena Byrne as Tom's divinity, being just the sort of girl a college student would fall madly in love with, and by the same token the sort of a girl any decent chap would love, whether a college student or no. Bernice Golden, a daughter of Richard Golden, does the part of an innocent, trusting girl in a pleasing manner, and the other women, while not required to do much, add the necessary touches of femininity to the college life.

Mrs. Kenyon, the stage mother of Tom's sweetheart, is played by Blanch Weaver, who was last seen here with Mrs. Fiske some years ago. Louis Haines, as "Tubby," and Robert Gill, as the coach, deserve special mention. The singing of the college songs is a feature that adds much to the enjoyment of the play.

The play will be seen again tonight and tomorrow night, with a special matinee tomorrow.

"A Desperate Chance" at the Empire

WRITTEN practically overnight, "A Desperate Chance," the attraction this week at the Empire, is probably one of the best efforts of Theodore Kremer, that prolific young melodramatic playwright. The piece deals with the sensational high crimes which the infamous Biddle Brothers, Ed and Jack, perpetrated in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, some years ago. The production given at the Empire this week, is particularly good, because the company carries several people who intersperse the routine of gunplay, robberies, murders and other crimes, with sketches in a lighter vein. Were it not for these "resting-places," the audience would be kept at a constant high tension that would detract from the general satisfactory effect. Crimes of high and low degree follow upon each other's heels with such speed that the whole effect would be extremely depressing.

Author Kremen brightened up the somber ensemble by interpolating fine comedy. This is carried on by two very clever people, George W. Denno and Corinne La Vaunt, whose character and vaudeville stunts win great applause.

W. H. McDougall, as the elder Biddle, makes just the sort of a stage villain that warms the cockles of the Empire patron's heart. He suggests rather than expresses the real intrinsic villainy of the character he interprets, and eschews ranting and roaring.

Kate, the Sheriff's wife, who, it will be remembered, played such a prominent role in the historic crimes of the real Biddle brothers, who was a tool in the hands of the elder brother, played by Catherine Courier. She is of sufficient statuesqueness of pose, grace of bearing and mental equipoise to give a faithful treatment to the role of the weak and sinning woman.

The two murder scenes, the thrilling jail break, the flight and battle for life in the open country, give the audience its money's worth in the way of excitement. The piece will continue throughout the week with matinees as usual.

Grease paints and professionals' supplies at Woodard, Clarke & Co.

Chilean City Fireswept.

SANTIAGO, Chile, Jan. 19.—A great fire at Temuco, a flourishing city in the south of Chile, has destroyed 20 blocks of buildings. The loss is more than $300,000. There is great distress among the poor.

"DEVIL'S AUCTION," AT THE MARQUAM.

Tobey	George M. Topack
Carlos	Maud Amanda Scott
Pere Andoche	W. H. Lorella
Count Fortune	Alma C. Merrill
Going Gone	William C. Newman
Treblen	Joe Hill
Madeline	Emma Prager
Janet	Violet Hilson
Kow Wow Chang	W. H. Lorella
Tee Sing	William C. Newman
Chang Han	Thomas Saelyr
Moon Chow	William Speuri
Koket	Muriel Vincent
Kara Mustapha	Joe Hill
Mull	William C. Newman
Karsman	W. J. Maroney
Khan of Tartary	W. H. Lorella
Crystalline	Marie Winson
Mephisto	Henry P. Thomas
Chaos	Gerald Hill

HARNESSED and resplendent in gay new regalia and trappings, that good old wheel horse of theatrical extravaganzas, "The Devil's Auction," has returned to Portland for a week at the Marquam. It played to capacity at both performances yesterday, and the house patrons haven't received such a well-heaped measure of fun and entertainment of that character in a good many wanderings of the moon. The first thing, perhaps, that one discovers with the rising of the curtain, is the rising of a bright and shining young soubrette, who is clearly out of her element in a production of "The Devil's Auction" character.

Dainty and winsome little Violet Hilson might reasonably bid for fame in a high-class light comedy, her frailty of voice perhaps barring her, for the present at least, from three-sheet posters in a strictly musical comedy. Still her coquetry in the topical vocal numbers she rendered passed ready muster before the critical gallery gods, who were soon whistling the catchy choruses of her tuneful roundelays, and the high-priced seats responded with spontaneity. No more for this talented little maid at this time, lest too much praise turn her head, or other feminine members of the cast attempt to scratch out her eyes.

With an unbroken record of more than a quarter of a century on the road, the piece stands in a class by itself in its resistance of the whims of the public, with its jaded and ever-veering tastes. One finds it recorded that "In Old Kentucky" has weathered the stress of insistent demand for something new for about 18 years, and this last-named rural comedy comes the nearest to being an actual competitor for longevity honors on the American stage today.

Seeking for an explanation, the reason is not hard to discover, for no heavier scenic and spectacular production has appeared in Portland for years, excelling even the "Ham Tree" and several other $2 shows that depend for popular approval largely upon such material and mechanical features, or in other words, purely scenic effects.

It is rather a waste of time and words to explain just what "The Devil's Auction" is in the way of plot. Its theme is obviously fanciful, the scenes that are depicted being drawn from the abodes of fairies, nymphs, gnomes, imps and devils, with mortal characters treading the mystifying mazes of these haunts and working out their salvation therein.

In the main the spectacles are rich and splendid, lavishly prepared and emphasized by a blaze of electrical and highly colored effects. There are ballets without number, and they all dance well and the costumes are among the best that have been seen here this season. The dancing and maneuvers are their strongest features, there being little effort to produce choral effects in accompaniment to the songs of the various principals. Among the best of the ballet numbers are the "Empire Girls," "Baby Elephants," "Shy Young Girls," "Giddy Old Maids" and several Oriental dances.

Aside from Miss Hilson, George Topack, whose real name is something else, comes in for principal mention. He is a comedian of the Louis James style, and while he is often guilty of broad buffoonery, it is not so excessive or prolonged that it blunts the appetite of the audience for more. Concealed somewhere about his robust Falstaffian physique is a real human voice, but either because of grippe or cold, he sang with the voice of a keg of nails last night, but his comedy parts were always strong, and he was generously assisted by Chaos, the imp, personated by Joe Hill. Topack's monkey business while he is being metamorphosed from a donkey, to a half donkey half man, and then into a real human being, brought down the house time after time.

Other members of the cast who acquitted themselves well were: Miss Scott, who played Carlos, the shepherd; Miss Merrill, as Count Fortune; Emma Prager, as Madeline, and W. H. Lorella, who had so many parts it was difficult to tell just who he was at any particular stage of the play.

The closing scene, the transition from the purlieus of perdition to the realms of Fairyland, presided over by Crystalline, was a gorgeous set of stage pictures, more than a dozen drops being used in its exemplification.

"The Devil's Auction" continues all week. It is worth seeing.

KEEPING RESULTS SECRET

Part of Emissary Lemieux' Party Returns From Mission to Japan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 19.—Hon. Joseph Pope, Canadian Secretary of State, and Madame B. Lemieux, wife of the Canadian Postmaster-General, returned on the ship Mongolia from Japan, where Lemieux went to straighten out the difficulties between the two countries, which arose over the question of Japanese immigration to Canada, and the consequent riots at Vancouver and in other Canadian cities. Lemieux returned on a preceding steamer.

The Secretary of State and the Postmaster-General were sent to Japan several months ago with instructions to reach some agreement with the Japanese government, whereby the immigration of coolies to Canada would be restricted. What success attended the mission is very carefully guarded by Pope. Madame Lemieux had not been made a confidante by the government officials. The party will leave here today for Ottawa.

Parable of a Story-Teller.

Success Magazine.

There are distinctions without differences, also differences without distinctions. A small man, noted for his economy in speaking truth, demonstrated the fact. After a long and exasperating career of prevarication, chance brought him up standing against a bigger individual, who has the courage of his convictions, also a nice sense of discrimination in the use of language. He said things to the little man—things that made him writhe and turn purple in the face. "But the worst of it all was," whined the little man to his confidante later, "he never once called me a liar—said I was nothing but a miserable little story-teller."

"THE MILLS OF THE GODS," AT THE BAKER.

James Clarke	Austin Webb
Frederick Payton	Robert Homans
The Judge	R. E. Bradbury
Counsel for Defense	James Gleason
Assistant District Attorney	Earl D. Dwire
Richard P. Jordan	Charles Lewis
Arthur Montgomery Blake	William Gleason
James Clarke (known as Richard Harper)	Austin Webb
Frederick Payton	Robert Homans
Robert S. Thornhill	Donald Bowles
Rev. Peter Andrews	Earl D. Dwire
Thomas F. Newton	James Gleason
Hartwig Marcus	William Gleason
Roy Gordon	Howard Russell
Sam Fureush	William Dills
Catherine Gordon	Marion Barney
Alice Gilman	Maribel Seymour
Edith Hawkins	Louise Kent

BY JOHN J. HARRISON.

IN "The Mills of the Gods," presented for the first time in Portland by the Baker Stock Company yesterday, George Broadhurst, the author, occupies mighty dangerous ground as a teacher of higher moralities in condoning a breach of trust by an embezzler. In the hands of less talented players than the Baker company there would be positive danger in exploiting a story that has for its central idea the doctrine that a man may steal from his employer, confess in court, be imprisoned, make his escape before his term is finished, change his name and thereafter be a respectable citizen—so long as his past life is not disclosed to his new-found friends.

To be sure, the young man took money from his employer with the intention of repaying it later, and there was the sick mother whose life he could save if he had the money to devote to her treatment—there are always such excuses. And when he escaped from prison and changed his name he did nothing to bring disgrace on his new name; but what about his real name and the family's? Austin Webb comes pretty near making such a fine, honorable chap out of Richard Harper that his auditors forget the existence of the erstwhile James Clarke, who made the error in his youth, but seems not to have sufficiently expiated his crime.

Mr. Broadhurst also travels over thin ice in allowing the real "snake in the grass," Robert Payton, to enjoy the confidence of decent people to the very last, when most hearers would have enjoyed his discomfiture early in the play. But stay; this is a play we are considering and many things admirable in real life must give way to dramatic effect.

Robert Homans does a remarkably convincing bit of work as James Clarke's bete noire, considering what he is in real life—a kindhearted gentleman. Probably the strongest scene in the play is where Harper (Webb), goaded to the limit of endurance by Payton's (Homans) sneers and threats, throws himself on his enemy and they grapple in a struggle that would be a creditable exhibition in any first-class athletic club in the country.

But enough of Mr. Broadhurst. He gets credit for two of his creations, "The Man of the Hour," last week, and "The Mills of the Gods," this week, taking a rank on the American stage seldom equaled in these latter days. "The Mills," if anything, is a stronger play than "The Man," and is interpreted by the Baker company in a manner that again gives them the stamp of approval from all who know anything of the art of acting, either through experience or observation.

An analysis of the play was given in The Oregonian Sunday, so it is not necessary to repeat it here, and attention now may be given to the work of the local company, whose members are assigned to the same doubles as were originally made in the New York cast at the Astor Theater. First of all, Baker patrons were treated to about the best stage settings ever seen at that playhouse. The opening set, showing a courtroom with a trial in progress, was almost as effective as the true-to-life acting of the participants in the trial. Earl Dwyer, as the prosecuting attorney, and James Gleason, as the prisoners' counsel, addressed the jury and "scrapped" over admission of evidence with the fiery flow of oratory always indulged in by leading criminal lawyers. William Gleason, as the timid witness, put a touch of humor into the proceedings that was delicious. Charles Lewis, as the cock-sure witness who blusters at first and then becomes as mild as a child, was excellent, and the court officials and jurymen did their parts in a manner that might lead one to suspect it was not their first appearance in a court of law.

William Gleason's explanation of what he meant by asserting that his honeymoon trip abroad was "an unusual occurrence," and Austin Webb's peroration on his mother, which ended the court scene, were the work of finished actors, though along different lines.

In the second cast of characters, Mirabel Seymore, Donald Bowles and William Dills came on for comedy roles and every one who has seen these good people in comedy knows what they can do with half a chance. Mr. Dills becoming a detective "by correspondence" and his innocent "touch" for the cost of the course is one of the funniest things he has done. Miss Barney and Miss Kent also appear to good advantage in the second part, the leading lady and leading man having some pretty work in lovemaking which always "catches" the house.

This production will most certainly touch the Baker record as a drawing card, and will be the attraction all week with the customary matinees.

"Kidnaped," at the Star

IT is a source of reasonable wonder to account for the marvelous manner in which the tireless workers of the French company at the Star continue for three solid hours a rapid-fire of short, snappy dialogue, such as "Kidnaped" requires, this week without marring the exciting scenes which the author has portrayed. Under ordinary circumstances a stock company should have several weeks' rehearsal of this particular melodrama, which moves with vigor through all its five acts. Yet, strangely enough, the French people gave a finished performance yesterday afternoon with the usual week of preparation. There is not only a quick succession of thrilling stage pictures, carrying a plot far above the average in the way of technical and literary construction, but an extraordinary amount of wit, humor and rattling good repartee illuminate the passing scenes.

St. George Daglen, as the villain, gives an interpretation of a thankless role that ranks him far above the average bad man of the high-priced road companies, both from the standpoint of character analysis and constructive wickedness. He has played heroic parts from time to time, but has never shone in them as he does in the "heavy" of "Kidnaped."

Frank Seaward, by his conscientious and careful work, lifts a trivial minor part into prominence. As Nosey, the thief, he calls for a word of commendation, because he does not overdo a part that less intelligent handling would spoil.

Charlie Connors has the time of his life this week. Though an Irishman by a generation or so back, he essays the part of a Teuton, and the real trouble comes when appears in his two heavy scenes. In these he plays battledore and shuttlecock, conversationally, with "Pa" Berry and "Ma" French, both of whom handle the blarney to perfection. To save his life Connors cannot help falling back, now and then, into the good, rich brogue where he ought to be talking sauer kraut and spinach. People, not of the profession, have no idea of the difficulty of being consistent under such circumstances, and Connors' infrequent lapses only add spice to his excellent work.

Kathleen Taylor has a large personal following among Star patrons, and as the effusive soubret she proved satisfactory.

As a melodrama "Kidnaped" ranks among the best that can be had, and the plot is trenchant enough to keep up unflagging interest from beginning to end. The piece is staged with unusual attention to detail and with requisite spectacular effects. Every seat was sold out yesterday. "Kidnaped" runs all week with usual matinees.

VANCOUVER BURNS REFUSE

Incinerator of Novel Pattern That Has Proved Successful.

OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, Jan. 19.—A report from Consul Lt Edwin Dudley states that the British Columbian city of Vancouver has installed an incinerator, the working of which he describes:

The equipment is steadily consuming 50 tons of garbage daily. Only a light stream of smoke comes from the tall chimney stack, the great volume being converted into heat. The hot air rising from the top of the furnaces is drawn to the bottom of the building, and after passing through rough heating tubes, goes to feed the flame in its heated state, so that no heat is lost in converting cold air into flame. One of the features of the incinerator is the combustion chamber where animals and waste butcher meat are converted into vapor and ashes by a temperature of 2000 degrees. The fires burn steadily without further fuel than the dry rags, paper, bits of board, hay, straw, and other combustible material which is being drawn to the incinerator constantly. Decayed fruit and vegetable waste, after the moisture is expelled, are fed into the fires and burn until only clinkers remain. The clinkers are usually employed to fill in the waterfront, and so eventually create for the city a very useful dock.

The superintendent of the scavenging department reports for the five days ending November 30 a daily average consumption of 48.3 tons. To show how much rubbish accumulates in one month, he points out that the city scavenging carts during the month of November hauled 2185 loads of garbage.

The city a short time ago offered a bounty of 5 cents each for dead rats. This action was taken because it is believed that rodents carry the germs of the bubonic plague and other diseases. The bounty on rats appears to be operating steadily, some 700 of these vermin having been brought to the incinerator since the bounty was offered.

PRISONER TRIES SUICIDE

Attempts to Leap to Death From Corridor to Stone Floor.

JOLIET, Ill., Jan. 19.—Frank J. Constantine, who is serving a life sentence in the State Penitentiary here for the murder of Mrs. Louis Gentry in Chicago, attempted to commit suicide last night by leaping from the seventh gallery of the prison. He fell 30 feet to the stone floor of the cell house. He was unconscious tonight and is believed to be dying.

Constantine had been under special guard of late because of marked despondency. Last night, while the sentry was a few feet from him, he stepped from his cell to the balcony and suddenly vaulted the railing. Mrs. Gentry was murdered at her apartments in La Salle avenue in January, 1906. Constantine was a boarder in the house. He fled to Europe, but later returned to New York, where he was arrested.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Bert Lippman, sister-in-law of Constable Lou Wagner, who, with her husband, was in the wreck of the steamship Columbia last July, left Saturday night for a visit to her relatives in San Francisco.

F. R. Johnson, head of the Canadian Pacific passenger offices at Portland, left the city yesterday afternoon for Victoria, B. C., where he will attend the opening of the Empress Hotel, the Canadian Pacific's new hostelry, just completed at that place. The formal opening will be today. Representatives of the Portland newspapers accompanied Mr. Johnson to attend the hotel opening.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—(Special.)—Portland people registered at Chicago hotels as follows:

F. W. I. Sherwood at the Auditorium; William Perry Evans, C. E. Sanders, at the Annex; C. T. Kinhsley at the Sreman House.

When the South Manchuria Railway was operated by the Russians it received a subsidy from St. Petersburg of 15,000,000 rubles yearly to make ends meet. Now, in Japanese hands, it is earning 30 per cent over operating expenses.

Our reduction sale has now reached down to the feet. Shoes with over a dollar knocked off the price—yes, and water fails to get in.

$4 Shoes are now $2.85

LION CLOTHING CO
Gus Kuhn Prop'
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Rheumatism

Do you want to get rid of it? If so, take Dr. Miles Nervine modified as directed in pamphlet around bottle. In addition to the direct curative properties it has a soothing effect upon the nervous system by which the rheumatic pains are controlled, and rest and sleep assured. It has made many cures of this painful disease, some of them after years of suffering. If it will cure others why not you. If your case is complicated, write us for advice, it costs you nothing and may save you prolonged suffering.

"I was so crippled that I could scarcely walk. After having my shoes on for an hour or two I could manage to walk by suffering the pain. Then I began to have pains all through my system. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I read about Dr. Miles' Nervine, bought a bottle and I commenced to get better from the start and for the past six months have scarcely any pain, and am able to walk as well as ever."

JAS. H. SANDERS,
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Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nervine, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

PORTLAND RY., LIGHT & POWER CO. CARS LEAVE.
Ticket Office and Waiting-Room, First and Alder Streets
FOR
Oregon City—4:00, 6:25, 7:00, 7:35, 8:10, 8:45, 9:20, 9:55, 10:30, 11:05, 11:40 A. M.; 12:15, 12:50, 1:25, 2:00, 2:35, 3:10, 3:45, 4:20, 4:55, 5:30, 6:05, 6:40, 7:15, 7:50, 8:25, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00 P. M.
Gresham, Boring, Eagle Creek, Estacada, Cazadero, Fairview and Troutdale—7:30, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:40, 5:44, 7:15 P. M.
FOR VANCOUVER.
Ticket office and waiting-room Second and Washington streets.
A. M.—6:15*, 6:50, 7:25, 8:00, 8:35, 9:10, 9:50, 10:30, 11:10, 11:50.
P. M.—12:30, 1:10, 1:50, 2:30, 3:10, 3:50, 4:30, 5:10, 5:30, 6:30, 7:05, 7:40, 8:15, 9:25, 10:35†, 11:45‡.
On Third Monday in Every Month the Last Car Leaves at 7:05 P. M.
*Daily except Sunday. †Daily except Monday.

North Pacific S. S. Co's. Steamship Roanoke and Geo. W. Elder
Sail for Eureka, San Francisco and Los Angeles direct every Thursday at 8 P. M. Ticket office 132 Third St., near Alder. Both phones, M. 1314. H. Young, Agent.

Canadian Pacific
EMPRESS LINE OF THE ATLANTIC.
First Cabin Winter rate $35 up. Superior accomodation available. Safety, speed and comfort combined. Write for particulars.
F. R. JOHNSON, Pass. Agt.,
142 Third st., Portland, Oregon.

San Francisco & Portland Steamship Co.
Only direct steamers to San Francisco. Only ocean steamers sailing by daylight. From Ainsworth Dock, Portland, 4 P. M.:
S. S. SENATOR, Jan 24, Feb. 5, 17, etc.
S. S. COSTA RICA, Jan. 30.
From Spear St., San Francisco, 11 A. M.:
S. S. COSTA RICA, Jan. 25.
S. S. SENATOR, Jan. 31, Feb. 12, 24, etc.
JAS. H. DEWSON, Agent,
Ainsworth Dock. Main 268.

COOS BAY LINE
The steamer BREAKWATER leaves Portland every Wednesday at 8 P. M. from Oak-street dock, for North Bend, Marshfield and Coos Bay points. Freight received till 4 P. M. on day of sailing. Passenger fare, first-class, $10; second-class, $7, including berth and meals. Inquire city ticket office, Third and Washington streets, or Oak-street dock.

WILLAMETTE RIVER ROUTE
Steamer Fomona for Salem, Independence, Albany and Corvallis, leaves Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:45 A. M.
Steamer Oregonia for Salem and way landings, leaves Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:45 A. M.
OREGON CITY TRANSPORTATION CO., Office and Dock Foot Taylor Street, Phone: Main 40; A 2231.

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