OLD MELODIES ARE BEST

NO BONGS LIKE THE OLD SONGS TO STIR THE HUMAN HEART.

elgn of the "Coop" Compositions Rearing an End-Public Clamoring for Speedy Relief.

Dueing these days of popular songs, on most forgets the dear old bullads which re so popular long years ago, but bish, even yet, when one recalls then mind, bring back many memories of the Perhaps these memories may be one of sorrow to many, while to others may be the scenes of joyous days mt have faded and passed away, never return again.

There is not one of the old-fashione allads that has not played a part in the at lives of the "lad and lassies," who & those soft moonlight strolls underath a star-studded sky, with nothing nt their wedding day in view, 25 or 30 cars ago. But we seldom hear them This great, busy and progressive rid is up to date in all things noworld is up to date in an inings now increase, and the line of song-making is no recution. In place of "In the Evening," the Moonlight," or "Old Uncle Ned," a now have the great and successful hit the season—if we believe the title page the intest popular song. People nowa-aya, in the mad rush for the golden reasure, do not care to hear some one ms "Old Hundred" or "Rock of Ages, left for Me." They want the "latest" Cleff for Me." They want the "latest" over as badly as they want the latest sunday issue of new journalism. Some one bas said that "memory is a tyrant shieh often forces itself upon us unbidden." In nothing is this mere true than in music. How often do the beautiful ones, some of them love ballads we estrated in years long past, come back to us! In memory, we love to listen to them once more, if not in reality. But I stray from what I set out to tell. Oh, pes, the old songs are the best, after all.

"The Big Sunflower." There are some readers of this paper in, no doubt, have a personal recollec-on of "Adolphus, Morning Glory," and The Big Sunflower'-two very popular agro songs and dances. It was the latter ing that made Billy Emerson, the min tred, famous throughout the warld. I hunkle now as I write this, when I think if him. Then there were: "Joseph, Orange Bossom," "Not for Joe," "I Hope I Live Farever," and "I Ain't Going to Tell." The chorus of the last-named song runs

She was reveter dan de swestest, She was neuter dan de neutest; You may balk about your fashion, But where she lives, or what's her name, I min't a-going to tell.

This old song had a large sale, and every di-time minstrel had it in his budget of ongs. But it did not live long, and passed way almost as rapidly as it came; still, blured the way for other popular songs, thich, at this late day, seem of some-that similar character.
All of the afore-named "nigger" songs, hold, are responsible for the so-called

coon seng" of today. And I must con-ess that I am disgustingly tired of them. on hear them on every corner, at every ater; the organ-grinder; and even the man tries to pick it on his unbear-and ear-splitting "fiddle," The " song will not last much longer. The public are clamoring for something new, and the song-writer who is tucky enough to strike a new subject need not think of going to the Nome, Atlin or Dawson City gold fields. And, Oh, Lord.

at it be moon! Then we had the "Grecken Bend"—a busin thought, at the time, to be very preceful, having had its origin, it is said. in Brooklyn, and having been the subject of a very popular song in its day—a song explanatory, as well as melodious. Here explanatory, as well as melodious. Here a the first verse, I would give it all-three verses—but it would take up too

The ladies wanting something new, The indice wanting something new, As women are so prome to do. Wear lefty heels upon their shoes To give them the Grecian bend; With foot so short and heel so high They can't stand plumb, if they would try, And so they think to catch the eye By means of a Grecian bend.

It was about this period that the first symmasts were seen in professional acts, outside of the circus. They made their appearance in regular theaters, following

the introduction of specialties in the "Hlack Crock." "The Flying Trapeze."

A song popular in that day was the "Flying Trapeze," the subject of which was such a performer. I give the first

Like an old coat that is tattered and torn, Left in this wide world to free and to mourn, Detroyed by a girl in her teens. The girl that I loved she was hundsomer tried all I knew how to pirmen, ut it was not one-quarter so well as hat man on the flying trapers.

The chorus of this piece was very de-

Then came "Shoo Fly" and "Dem Gol-den Slippera" They each made a hit, and no comedian of those days was withat these two pieces in his song-album. And the old sweetheart songs! I canno forget them. They were so pretty, with their liquid and bewitching harmonies and their sweet verses of spidearment. "Mollie Darling," "Nellie Gray," "Bessie "File Ree" and "Kitty Wells," How I wish that the minstrel companies would revive them again. In England they are reviving the sweetheart songs that were popular in the last century, and they are

meeting with great favor.

The sweethcart song has been sung since the beginning of the world, and will be heard until the end of time. It is fre quently the same thing over again; for, although the words may be different, the contiment is generally the same. For instance, who can listen to the old, yet pretty, ballind of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," without thanking, in one's heart, the author, for giving us such a benutiful, sweetheart song. Of course, I repeat, the old songs are the best, and this is one of the songs of the long ago that causes me to say so. The sweetheart song is the most popular form of song in exhibitors, and sulhough we have heard its sentiment expressed in a thousand ways, we never tire of "Love's Old, Sweet Song." It seems to be the only kind of song which appeals to all, for we hear it sums by persons of every age and class.

forms a favorito, it is nearly always a little ballad about a sweetheart, "Dalsy Dean" was a great favorite years ago, be cause it told, in verse and song, what many a faint-hearted lover would have whitwered in the ear of his own sweetbelightened by the companionship of a little girl or young woman, who makes young appear to bloom among the dreary stubbles of everyday life. It is the indulence in, the yearning for, the recollection of, the

oil songs and faces which gives the old-fime love hallads their greatest charm. More than two-thirds of the successful up-to-date compositions find their inspiramy-to-date compositions find their inspiration and subject in the preposessing young
soman. Nowadays a satirical or topical
sing may make a so-called hit, but its
sale is never great, and it does not last
long. The public soon tires of such claptimp. The old somes of the long past
years will five on and on forever. But
the swentheart song-well, we find great
pleasure in buying it, and we are not
ashamed to leave it open on the plano.

Do you ever the listening to that old

negro song, "Old Black Jos"? Of course not. You like to hear it; you know you do. It will always be sung, as long as

not. You like to hear it; you know you do. It will aiways be suos, as long as there are people on earth.

No one will claim that "Tse Gwine Back to Dixie," or "My Dear Savannah Home," either in poetry or music, suggests a master mind, yet it is quite as abourd to call it silly drivel, or to class it as a weariness and affliction. Such songs are a feir type of our American folk-song. They are found in some very good collections of American poetry; but even if this were not the case, it would not follow that they do not possess a certain charm which is not to be denied. It may be safely contended that in 36 cases out of every 100, sentiment and association go through life with people, however their musical tastes may have been broadened and cultivated. Because a man has spent a decade in studying out the meaning harmonies of Wagner, it does not follow that he is not moved by the simple pathos of monies of Wagner, it does not follow that he is not moved by the simple pathos of "Annie Leurie." Because a woman in a foreign conservatory has learned all that there is to know in the sphere of vocal-lization, it is not true that she will turn with weariness from a favorite humble hallad of her childhood. And in a how much less degree may the technical fall-ings of these simple melodies show them-selves to the great preponderance of posselves to the great preponderance of peo ple, to whom music is a mere recreation and a sentimental pleasure.

Revival of Folk-Songs.

The revival of the folk-songs in foreign

"What's the matier, Jones?"
"On my way to the dentist; got a fright-

"Nonsense, Jones, you only think you

people. The old songs of the American

homes did not have the flavor of foreign

heard in the home of his childhood may be the sweeter for tender associations, but is it not true that what was simple and melodious and pleasing then has in

titself the same attributes now?

There was the "Annie" group, so to speak—"Annie Laurie," "Annie of the Vale," "Gentle Annie." They are not often heard in the cities nowadays, for per-

Weep no more, my lady; oh! weep no more to

We'll sing one song of the old Kentucky home, For our old Kentucky home, far away.

"Vanitas Vanitorum."

still there, and just a little spark would

set them into popular fiame. The dig-nity of the so-called higher class of music is not compromised by the popularity of

No musician, with a real love for his art and a proper conception of the true musical feeling, will fail to recognize what is good and worthy of approbation in the

odies of rural and provincial life.

melodies of rural and provincial life. And every musician knows that many of the most farmous compositions are borrowed largely from themes that were the simple melodies of the people. We all know that cherished memories of home and friends are ours with such enduring vividness that the record can never be effaced. But in all reminiscences of days gone by, there

is nothing that haunts our lives as th old songs that we were accustomed to in the days of our childhood. The sweet tones of a mother's voice, as she hummed "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," will

live and speak in the heart, long after the voice has been hushed to allence. We may cross oceans and wander in foreign climes: the erect frame may be bowed

with the weight of years, and raven ring-lets may be changed to locks of snowy whiteness, but the old songs, heard in the distance, in the still morning, or sung by

ourselves, in some caim hour of reflection, on a winter's evening, will bring around us the friends and the scenes of other days and far-off lands, and while the dim eye of age sparkles with unworted brillancy, the heart will beat with

It would have been held no dearer by the people than it is today. But as time rolls by, no doubt we shall do better and learn to give the old songs

of the long ago the high position they surely deserve. American national life is far better for its songs—its old songs. It is better for the associations which the

old-time songs awaken. The negroisms of the "Suwanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home," with their beautiful, be-witching and soul-entrancing melodies, will live in the hearts of the people until

the end of time.

The world moves on; the masters educate us; the gentuses darste us, but regularly the old songs come back and

the world neems a little brighter and the

He Was Home Early. He—If I am late at the club tonight fon't walt up for me.

to her motets and anthems.

the old songs of the people

They are dreadful

ful toothache.

ABSOLUTELY "CORRECT FORM" OF THE "SMART" GIRL.

Graceful of Carriage, Perfectly Groomed and Mannered, Never Commonpince.

The "smart" girl is one of the most interesting products of the times. She is as typical in a human way as the automobile is scientifically. She is the newest - spression of the change and growth ... her sex. To many women and all men she is a mystery. Men confuse her charm with beauty, and women—the ungroomed half who don't understand—put it down to a fat bank account; while the truth 's that the smart girl is often plain, frequ ntly in moderate circumstances, and even occasionally s wage-earner, to whom a bank account is a poetical illusion.

Smartness is achieved upon wholly different lines, although beauty and wealth are not necessarily regarded as a serious handleap to success. The smart girl takes countries and the commentaries thereon hereelf seriously, as though she were a copy of which is appended:

by distinguished critics, show an awakenpoet, and starts out with the determina"Office of the Admiral, 1747 R

fresh as her brother's, and her neekties as swell and knotted always in the ap-proved fushion. In fact, every detail of her dress is perfect, just as every muscle of her body is normal. She is well groomed, because silky hair, creamy skin and delicately manicured hands are just so many expressions of pleasure in phy-sical perfection.

Never Commonplace.

"The smart girl carries her liking for correct form into all the social details of life. She enters a room in an alert fash-ion. She is sure to shake hands in some pretty, new way. Awkward or co place she will not be, even in holding up her gown. Her skirt must be lifted well from the ground; it must hang in graceful folds and reveal fust a suspicion of a dark silk frilled petiticoat. A frayed petiticoat or a skirt grabbed up in some clumsy fashion might not prove a state prison offense, but it would be out of harmony, and what could be worse from the smart girl's point of view."

PAINTED DEWEY'S PORTRAIT

Young Portland Girl Receives Ac knowledgment From Admirst.

ACTRESSES WHO HAVE PLAYED DUAL ROLE IN "WINTER'S TALE."

Famous Revivals of Shakespeare's Beautiful Creation-Mary Anderson's Great Production.

Since "The Winter's Tale" was first produced in 1611, some of the greatest astresses the world has ever seen have assumed the great characters Hermion and Perdits. But it is a singular fact that the play itself has never been a that the play itself has never been a favorite with managers, although the public, whenever it has been produced and acted properly, has demonstrated its appreciation of its wonderful poetic and dramatic beauty. Nobody knows who the beardless boy was who played the dual role in Shakespeare's time, and the first record that we have of a woman playing the part of Perdita is that of Miss Hippesley at Goodman's Fields, London, in 1741. She was a beautiful woman and a very clever actress, and when she was advanced in years she had the privilege of creating the characters of Miss. Hirst of the Stage for 184 hights, and had not my tenancy of the Lyceum then expired, it Miss Minnie Urdahl, of this city, is in 1741. She was a beautiful woman and a receipt of a letter from Admiral Dewey, very clever actress, and when she was a copy of which is appended:

"Office of the Admiral, 1747 Rhode Island of creating the characters of Mrs. Hard-

> "Till have you arrested, sir; you struck "Nonsense, Smith! You only think I

> > and Sheridan's great comedies.
> >
> > The first Hermione who played with

Miss Hippesley was a Mrs. Gifford. In the famous production of "The Winter's Tale" which Garrick made, Mrs. Pritchard played Hermions, and a picture of her in

the character is still extant. Hermione and Perdita seem to have attracted the stage beauties from all time. One of

the Perditas who created a sensation was

Mrs. Robinson. She it was who attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales in that role, and to her everlasting un-

doing, as it proved. The Prince of Wales, who was afterward George III, took her from the stage, but she died a cripple two

or three years later.

Miss Farren, tall, beautiful in face and elegant in person, was the next one to essay the part of Perdita. Then came Mrs. Yates, of whom a contemporary wrote: "Mrs. Yates had the sculptoresque beauty that suited the statue, as long as ahe stood still, but when she had to speak the charm was broken and the secretary.

the charm was broken and the spectators wished her back on her pedestal."

Drury Lane Revival.
The great revival of "The Winter's

at Drury Lane saw a notable cast-

was a failure. She was Miss

struck you. Good day.'

duction, that "The Winter's Tale" had never been a very successful play. "The first difficulty was to cut the secondary parts without marring the beauty or mean-ing of the text, and the next to keep allve RICHEST MAN IN WORLD ing of the text, and the next to keep alive the sympathies of the audience with both Hermione and Perdita from beginning to end. As to keeping alive the unbroken interest in the mother and child, who are separated for the best part of two acts, I thought, after careful consideration, that the best way was to follow the sugges-tion of Mr. Thomas Hall and have the two parts played by the same person, my chief authority for doing so being the strong resemblance between Hermions and Perdita.

To entrust Perdita to a person unlike the queen in looks, voice or manner would, I thought, give the lie to the king's words where he says that he thought of Her-mions when he looked at Perdits, lessen the interest in the last two acts, and

tennoy of the Lyceum then expired, it would probably have run on for another hundred." The version used by the James-Kidder-Hanford company is practically the same as that used by Miss Anderson.

SHAKE DICE FOR A MINE.

General Charles S. Warren, a pioneer of Butte, but now a resident of Spokane, and Miles Finien shook dice in the summer of Miles Finien shook dice in the summer of a soft voice. He gives one the idea that is if for a copper mine then valued at \$750,000, and now at a cool \$1,000,000. The mine joined the Anaconda and was held gintly by Warren and Finien. The latter is at present a wealthy mine operator at Butte, and is noted everywhere as a Africa weste human across him in South Africa weste human across him in South \$750,000, and now at a cool \$1,000,000. The mine joined the Anaconda, and was held is at present a wealthy mine operator at Butte, and is noted everywhere as a Butte, and is noted everywhere as a plunger in stocks, in horse races and in a political campaign. In the latter amusement he makes the millionaires of Butte hold their breath when he offers to wager reckless sums on his favorite candidate. Warren and Finien, says the Spokane Spokesman-Review, owned the property for some years and had been unable to agree upon the method in which it about be worked. They met one day in Lynch Brothers' saloon, and the old wordy quarrel was at once renewed as to the relative rel was at once renewed as to the relative values of different methods of working the

general. "Well, I'll buy your interest," said Pin-

'Don't want to sell," retorted the gen-

and Mrs. Siddons as Hermione. It is said

The next day Mr. Warren made out the Tue mine was later sold to the Anacon-

Two Angels.

"Sin, loneliness and sorrow are unkn

Then fold you safe away from all life's wors. The giance of friend's sstranged, the hate of

Of voices husbell, now answering to your cal Go with me, child! and thro' the years to come Rest on, and dream of love and truth and

Before true courage all the shadows fade; I mind me well the happy summer day, When first within my tender arms you loy. I carried you awhile, then by my side, Your halting baby steps I tried to guide; Pull many a storm broke fierce above you head.

The victor only knows the joy of rest; Pain's key unjocks the door to all life's best; To other weary pilgrims message send. That all your footsleps, blood-marked, upward

The journey past, unto your brulsed fast, The grass of pleasant ways will be most gweet. A Hitle further on the summit ites. Rosting above the clouds—in only, bright

Then, as I looked within fife's brave, strong

face, I felt my courage, with new strength and grace Arming my soul, for all fresh care and strife; And so I scalled and gave my hand to Life. —Jennie B. Shellabergar.

Knew What They Wanted. A hend adorned with shaggy whiskers

oarse voice inquired;

"Oh, is this Mr. Hig gas?" came a shrill olce from below. "Please come to 414 High errest just as

"I sin't no doctor; I'm a carpente:

the window.
"Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's

you we want; ps and ma is shut up in the foldin' bed and we can't get 'em out."

Joint Owners Scitle Dispute Over a Million-Dollar Claim.

nine, "I'll sell you my interest for what it

"I don't want your interest," said the

"What do you want to shake?" asked

Finien. "Name your game."

"Name yours," curily replied Warren.
"One flop, aces high, then," said Finien, as he ratifed the dice in the box.

"Aces high goes," said Warren, "the winner to set up the wins for the house." "That suits me. Here goes," said Fin-len, as he spilled the dice on the bar, "Two sixes. I got you, Charlie, this time," as he passed the box over to War-

ren.
"That looks good, but I think I can beat it, Miles," said Warren, as he tossed the dies out.
There was not a pair in sight.

"Ace high is a good hand sometimes, but it loses this time, Charlie," remarked Finlen, as he threw a \$100 bill on the bar, and added: "Give the boys what they want, bartender."

Last night two angels stood beside my bed, One at the foot, the other at the head. I was so very tired of my life— its cares and serrows, and its constant strife; And so I ever turned my flose away. That I might hide the tears I could not stay. And thus spoke Death;

Bin, loneliness and sorrow are unknown; In all the peaceful land I call my own; Let me but lay my hand upon your heart, I'll still the aching, bid the pain depart; I'll this thy tired bead upon my breast. Wipe all the tears away, and you shall rest;

of faces dear, long vanished from your signt.
And to your sleep shall come a vision bright.
The music, on your raptured ear shall fall.

Death's soft voice sunk in ellence in the room And then an angel, whose bright, radiano plarced the groom Egat next above mo. Then thus spoke Life:

The way is dark; but out be not afcald,

and when I saw all your young hopes lie dead I looked into your face with sudden fears, But you sed only smile, often three tears, And say: 'Why Lafe! I'm up. I did but.' Fear not, I'll reach the summit after all Bo much of our long joursey safely past. I thought unto the and your hope would be to the same of the same of the last of the same of the last of the Now, has your heart grown weary in the right? Pray you for rest and night, not strength and light?

was thrust out of the window and a schek, but the Hermione and Pardita best remembered by this generation was that of Mary Anderson, who appeared first in "The Winter's Tale" in England in 187. It was the part in which she took her final farewell of the stage.

"The Winter's Tale" which Louis James, Kathery Middle and Chaine R. Handers. "What is it?"

nick as you can, and bring your instru-

Higgins lives in the pext street." And the window came down with a siam.

But Mr. Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some forcible remarks, he rese once more and went to the window.

People are accustomed to think of a South African millionairs as being a vulgar, loud-spoken, estentatious, showy man, a kind of a Johannesburg Tammany hoss, but Alfred Beit is a striking contrast to this picture. He wears plain, almost shabby clothes; has a meck air, mild eyes and

Africa, wrote home: Africa, wrote home:
"That he is a millionaire and a great fluancier I am informed on good authority, and take it for granted. Had I been in ignorance of his entity, I should have taken him for a nonentity, and certainly not have given him the credit for being often millionaire or fluoreier. ofther millionaire or financier.

ALFRED BEIT IS WORTH OSE THOU-

SAND MILLION DOLLARS.

South African Diamond King, Whose

Connection With Cools Rhades

Contributed to Boer War.

Alfred Beit, of London, is the richest

nan in the world. He is entity worth a

ousand million dellars, and is, perhaps,

onably a most remarkable man, and the

greatest proof of his skill is found in the

fact that few persons, other than finan-

ders, outside of South African circles,

Alfred Belt is a Kaffir king, still not the person in 26 in London would recog-

nize his photograph, and in America he

ald, and yet he has accumulated a fortune

aights event trivial. But, although he is unknown and unseen, his power is felt all over South Africa, and in the far East of

Asia, in a thousand ways. In his hands he holds hundreds of strings, and he pulse them none the less surely because he re-mains behind the scenes. He is responsible for the present Boer war more than any

other man, with, parhaps, the exception of Cecil Rhodes.

Quiet in Manner and Dress.

side which the dreams of the Arabian

is practically unknown. He is only 46 years

he only living billionsire. He is unq

have heard even his name.

"For he is a most unassuming and unos-tentatious man of wealth, and as kindly, quiet and courisous as it is possible to be. Very ordinary and meager in his deas, and commonplace in his conversation, he are one of the last men I should have picked out of a crowd as able and causable. Beat out of a crowd as able and empable. Belt must be either so deep or so shallow that in the one case it is impossible to get at the buttom of him, and in the other, glithough it is possible to look through, it is quite impossible to see anything." His Meekness Deceptive.

"Don't want to sell," retorted the sell." Alfred Bell's maskiness, however, is despited. He was sent, while a young man, from Johannesburg to the diamond intoes at Kimbertey. He was only 22 years old. Warren hesitated a moment. His friends believed Finien was bluffing, but Warren he man. The mine was a valuable one. After considering a moment Warren took his hands out of his trousers pockets and remarked: pockets and remarked:

"Miles, I'll go you."

"Give us the dice box!" yelled Finlen to one whom everybody knows - Ceall the bartended. The lyories were pro-Rhodes, and the two formed the great diamond trust which, under the name of De Beers, now controls practically the whole output of the most practicus atomes in the world.

Beit and Rhodes do things on a big scale

at Kimberley. Nine years ago they admitted that, up to that time, they had taken something like nine tone of diamonds from their mines. The mines yield a profit of \$5,000,000 a year, and pay a dividend of 40 per cent. As a sort of pourbolrs, Belt and Rhodes, last year, made the shareholders of their company a present of their interests as life governors in the mine. As such officials, they were entitled to a salary each of \$150,000 a year, so that this present really means a gift of about \$5,000,000 to the shurcholders.

Can Hold His Own. No one can attack Mr. Bett with impunity. He has several times given proof of this. At the time of the South African raid inquiry by the house of commons, da company by Mr. Finien. Three years ago the adjoining claim was sold for Mr. Labouchers bitterly attacked Bett. He sileged that Belt had created the raid for alleged that Beit had created the raid for ot of profit out of it. Mr. Beit quietly lot of profit out of it. Mr. Best quietly took the witness chair and turned on "Labby." In the gentlest of voices, he repelled what he termed the "vite attacks," and premed Labouchers so hard that the laa-named gentleman had business elsewhers, and the attack was never resumed. The Kaffir king's bouse in Park lans, London, is not so unostentations as its owner. It is only three stories high, but it apreads over a great space of land, and has attached to it a great winter garden. When it was first opened, a year ago,

When it was first opened, a year ago, London society was greatly perpiaxed as to what style it was. Some declared that it was early Renaissance, but a wellknown literary woman said it was "early south African." Decorated in the most juicily expensive manner, with a liberal dea of oak paneling, it is an ideal, com-fortable home. In its disting-room, during Mr. Beit's already most little distrara, are planued many of the great developments that startle the world concerning South African politics.

SOME MISCREANT'S WORK.

Touching Grief of a Poisoned Collie's Hindhearted Owner.

A man in a one-horse wagon, evidently a farmer, was driving down a street of Salem the other day. A boy who was coming toward him on the sidewalk shouted to the man, and pointed in the direction from which the driver had come. The man pulled up and looked back. Upon the curbing of the sidewalk lay a fine-locking coille, writhing in convulation. The man left his horse and ran back to had faithful dog. A little group of men had gathered in the meantime and were full

gathered in the meantime and were full of sympathy.

The man appeared to see no one but the dog. He knelt upon the grass and raised the poor animal's head upon his knee: "Poor Shep!" he said, soothingly. The dog looked gratefully into the masters face. Tears were stealing down the farmer's cheek. "Come. Shep!" he said, rising and enapping his fingers.

The poor brute understood, made an attempt to rise, gained his feet for an instant, only to fall down in another horrbise

stant, only to fall down in another horrible convulsion. "Poison," said one of the by-standers. "They always act that way when they get strychnice." Another man.

when they get strychilde." Another man, evidently a lover of dumb unlines, said: "A man who is mean enough to poison a dumb brute ought to be sent to the penttentiary for life."

Tenderly and without a word of comment or reply, the young man lifted the quivering form of poor "Shep" and carried him to the wagon, laid him upon the hay and wrapped some snelps about him, got into his wagon and drove away. Let us hope that he went for an antidote for the terrible poison, and that ere that the hope that he went for an antisote for the terrfile poleon, and that ere this the splendid coille has recovered; or, if he be dead, we drop these words of sympathy for the owner, should be chance to see these lines. We believe he is a good man, for has it not been said, and truly, too, that: "A mereful man is mereful to his benet" I—Salem Independent.

An All-Around Man. "This," he said, "is an age of special-

"Yos," she replied, pushing his arm away, "but you seem to be an all-around man."—Chicago Times-Herald.



ing everywhere in the melodies of the tion to perfect herself, body and clothes. Avenue, Washington, Dec. 26, 1892.—My castle and Mrs. Malaprop in Goldsmith's people. The old songs of the American "Here, then," says the New York Herald, which has been investigating the subantiquity, but they are worthy of hon-orable place in musical annals. The bal-lads which the middle-aged man of today heard in the home of his childhood may heard in the home of his childhood may body properly at the waist line can ever appear commonplace, no matter how simple her attire. The minute a woman stands lightly on her feet, with knees straight, chest well out, stomach fist, shoulders back, and the body, from waist up, tilting

"Only think I have, ch? Biff, Bang-call

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE OUTDONE.

ever so lightly forward, she has acquired at once a certain smartness of effect that no amount of beauty or fine clothes could give. A woman simply can't stand correctly and look slovenly.

haps the same reason that city folk rarely essay, at this time, the prison duet from "II Trovatore." Take the old song, "My Old Kentucky Never Round-Shouldered. Home." It recalls the scenes of boyhood days, as nothing else can—the far-away farmhouse, with its commodious hallways, the dark cellar beneath, and its mirth-giv-"The smart girl is never round-shouldered or hollow-chested, and by standing properly she breathes properly. Every full, ing vintage; the spacious pantry, over-loaded with good things; the dark garret, and its barrel of old Bourbon; the big front yard, with its primitive forestry; the deep, cool well, with its time-worn bucket; the weather-beaton barn, sheldeep breath she draws strengthens the muscles of her sides and abdomen. She is bound not to grow into a fat, ungainly woman, who can never catch her breath or a train, for a proper polse of the body bucket; the weather-beaton barn, sheltering the blue-ribbon horses; its big lot adjoining, full of cackling, fat fowls, and the close-by orchard, laden with ripe, july apples. Have you ever listened to this grand old song, as rendered by Souss's band? If so, you will understand why I claim that the old songs are the best. I give the chorus:

"How many women sink into a little heap the minute they sit down-shoulders heap the minute they all down-shoulders drooping, chest sunken, the whole weight of the body thrown on the and of the spine. The smart girl sits in the same erect, alert way that she stands, and if she wishes to rest she leans back against her shoulders The old tunes and songs have been held for years in derision. An invitation to spend the evening singing or playing old tunes has been spurned by many of our and not the middle of her back. In bending, whether at a desk or a dishpan or a dinner table, she bends from her walst, not

Who cares for them? Very good for a sisepy crowd of old people, but to think any musical person would condescend to sing one for the pleasure of the thing "augurs an ignorance as deplorable as profound," so the young miss said—of the singing society—as she turned, with a sniff of her pretty, heavenly-lending nose, 'Having learned the full value of a proper carriage, the smart girl sets about to study and understand every detail of her wardrobe, that she may not mar fine effeets by triffing defects. It is not a quesion of the newest fashions and richest naterials, but of the hang of a skirt that nakes it seem a part of the woman her-"Vanitas vanitorum," said a lover of self; of curving a waist over shoulders and the old songs; "they know not what they say." We will admit that there is much bust so skillfully that the material seems to adapt itself to express the very perthat is novel and striking in the up-to-date mongs, but the beauty of the old songs is

most sincerely for the portrait of myself,

Thave no portrait of Mrs. Dewey which I can send you, but inclose herewith one of my own, Very truly yours, "GEORGE DEWEY."

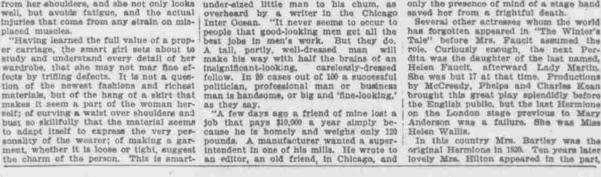
"Miss Minnie Urdahl, Portland, Or."

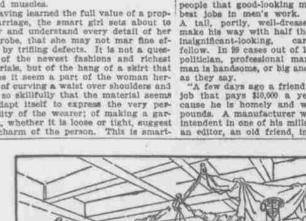
Inclosed in the letter was an admirable portrait of Admiral Dewey, in the full uniform of his rank, and with his autograph, extended thereto.

minorm of his rank, and with his autograph attached thereto.

Miss Urdahl is a young resident of Portland, who has developed considerable taient with the brush. She aims to become
an artist, and although her instruction in
that line of work has been rather limited,
she has executed some very creditable paintings for a child of her age-15 years, at the present moment. Some time ago, she then being only 14 years old, she conceived the idea of painting a portrait of Admiral Dewcy, as a Christmas present for our great navel hero, and she finished the picture and sent it on to Washington in time for it to be delivered to its re-ciplent on last Christmas day.

Admiral Dewey acknowledged its receipt in the letter copied herewith, and of date John P. Kemble as Leontes, Charles Kemble as Florisel, Miss Hickes as Perdita, the succeeding day, but through some error of address, it was not delivered until







the buoyancy of early youth.

Take the "Suwance River," a song that
has been sung in every part of the inhabited globe—a simple ballad that the greatest vocal artists in the world have been proud to sing—can you mention a song that will ever take its place in the hearts of our people? I do not think you can; and had some old master written it. ness in dressing, and cannot be accomplished over a slovenly body.

> of one thing you may be sure, she will put it on in such a way that the pretty curve of her waist will not be disguised, wors are known that the waist line of a well-groomed. But Gregory is small and woman who breathes properly is a full pale and looks like a schoolboy.
>
> "I am James Gregory, he said, when he arrived at the manufacturer's office.
>
> "Oh, are you? Well, ah, the fact is, and there are no cheap frilin or fursick, and the manufacturer shook his head in welcome to appell the graneful lines from head. for she knows that the waist line of A woman who breathes properly is a full-inch lower in front than in the back, and she recognizes the beauty of the curve. belows to spoil the graceful lines from head despair. to shoulder. And, above all else, it is always put on in such a fashion that the fastenings and connections with the bedies looking

> asked him to recommend somebody. The editor wrote back: 'James Gregory Every Curve Made Pretty.
>
> "The smart girl may not own the newest girdle, but whether her belt is a bit of
> ribbon, a twist of silk or band of sath,
> of one thing you may be sure, she will place. Gregory reported for duty at a manufacturing town 200 miles away. He were his best clothes and was theroughly

SCENE FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE,"

"Expect what?"
"Well, I thought you'd be a big, fine-looking fellow. The fact is, you won't do past a little dearer that we know them are never remotely suggested. A skirt that at all, Gregory, I'm sorry, but you won't do long ago and have not ceased to love gaps, a belt that eags loosely in the back, at all. Why the men won't be bossed by them.

LUE VERNON.

LUE VERNON.

LUE vernous initiates the beholder into a man who doesn't weigh more than two the mysteries of the tollet, are all an un-sacks of flour!" the mysteries of the toilet, are all an un- sacks of flour?

the stage, and in which she attained her greatest triumph. Mary Anderson's Production It is very interesting to read in Miss "That ended it. Gregory lost the job, and he was an expert, too, as far as knowledge of the work in hand was con-

Anderson's autobiographical book, entitled "A Few Memories," how she came to un-dertake this superb but supremely difficult play. She says, speaking of her pro- - Answers.

and at various other times there have

been revivals, generally in New York, in which Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. J. W. Wallack, ir., and Isabelle Pateman have appeared in either one of the two

great roles. Lawrence Barrett was very fond of "The Winter's Tale," and he misde his debut in New York as Florisel. An-other Hermiene of note was Mime. Janau-

Kathryn Kidder and Charles B. Hanford will present at the Marquam Grand this week was the vehicle which Mary Ander-

son chose for her farewell appears:

known quantity in the equation of the smart girl. "If she 'goes in' for severe effects they She-No, dear. I'll come for you.-Judy. are perfectly carried out. Her linen is as cerned."

Do you ever tire listening to that old !