MATERIALISM CLASHES WITH FINE ARTS

Edward A. Mac Dowell's Reason for Resigning From Columbia University.

s college creates the feeling and the talk that the resignation of Edward A. Mac-Dowell from Columbia College has done. Indeed, it has been the means of presenting comprehensively the true position of the fine arts in America, and it may well be understood that never until such time as it is exposed brutally to the intelliable to exist in a truly healthy manner.

The name of MacDowell is so well known that his opinion should carry authority. He is a man of very high ideals and generally artistic propensities. Per-haps MacDowell's greatest weakness lies in that which in others often brings strength; it is that he is too self-concentrated-exclusive to the degree of robbing himself of power. He has little contact with other musicians, and it is almost a safe guess that he exchanges pinions with none of them. MacDowell is a great man but he would be far greater were he a man of more breadth than is away from everything and everybody. Always agreeable, always courteous, refined and cultured, a thoroughly good musician, there is withal lacking that eleent which goes to make a man powerful and great. This is the contact with life in every condition, with the people, with the slume, with the ignorant as well as with that which a man conceives to be the highest strata of society-it is this which develops the power to hear the cry of pain and to know what it means. Without this a man forgets his kinship with humanity and is deprived of the power to terpret what he does not understand. A crisis comes into the life of every man, and this one in the life of MacDowell will ompel him either to become very much greater or to become attenuated to the degree of insipidity.

resignation was made public to Columbia University this week. It is not without

It is with some chagrin that I have to ort the small results my efforts have might to the development of art at Co-The reason for this is obvious. Few colleges in the United States consider he fine aris (except belies lettres and rehitecture) worthy of serious consideration. The effect of this is very powerful, for nest preparatory schools and women's col-eges have imited the universities' neglect art, and thus the higher education in institutions becomes incomplete and talken chokes out idealism.

may be very general and hys technical. This would force upon the preparatory school the adminsion of the fine arts to its curriculum. The present lemorance of the incoming student demands a remedy if the courses in the fine arts are to give anything but the worst elementary instruction. student abould attain his H. A. degree ithout passing in at least two courses of a faculty of fine arts.

In order to bring to a focus the art ele-nents existing in Columbia I proposed that must be taken out of the faculty of philos-phy and architecture out of the school of

Ago." The book will be ready about June 1 Following is Mr. Meeker's state-

ment, dated Scattle, December 29, 1903,

chapter of the book:

rdness of the human race

which will appear as the introductory

Three years ago today I arrived at the

ripe age of three score years and ten, supposed to be the limit of life. Finding that I possessed more ambition than strength, and that my disposition for a

Many years before, it had been my am-

so when the change came and my usual

so when the change can't and my sold occupation was gone, what else would I be more likely to do than to turn to my long delayed work, the more particularly

being admonished that it must be done

had, during the Summer of 1853, with

an inexperienced companion, in an open boat-a frail skiff built with our own crossed the path of Theodore Win-

throp, spending more than a month on a cruise from Olympia to the Straits and return, while that adventerous traveles and delightful writer had with a crew

of Indians made the trip from Port Town-send to Fort Nisqually in a cance. I had followed Winthrop a year later through the Nutchez pass to the Columbia River

through the mountains, why should not

my own experience of such a trip be in-

And so, in a cheer-

ful, happy mood, I entered again into the minds of dornain of ploneer life, and began writing. But this is not history, you will say, ten past. True, but we will come to that by An aut

ous life was greater than my power of physical endurance, I naturally turned to other fields for work, that condition of life so necessary for the welfare and hap-

niscenses of Fifty Years

MR. MEEKER'S HISTORY

Account of Pioneer Life at Puget Sound Soon to Appear.

title will be "The Tragedy of Leschi, With bors. I had been treated generously by

bition to write our earlier experiences of profitable to the generations to follow pioneer life on Pugot Sound, and not than recording of private achievements of necessarily for the printer, but because I the pioneer. It was but a step further wanted to, but never could find time; and

R. EZRA MEEKER, of Puyallup, | been treated civilly, and I may say, kind-Wash., is about to publish a book iy, by them from the very outset, when on pioneer life at Puget Sound. The we, almost alone, were their white neigh-

kindergarten, etc., at Tenchers College, sindergarten, etc., at leacuers Consen-seemed ill-advised. To me expansion in this direction before a focus be attained means a swamping of Columbia's individuality. The division of fine arts thus acquires some-what the nature of a ro-educational depart-ment store, and tends toward materialism rather than toward idealism.

The research professorship offered to me

The research professorship offered to me by the president consisted of my lending to Columbia the use of my name with no duties and with no salary. I immediately refused it, as I was unwilling to associate my name with a policy I could not approve of. My department has been pecusiarily very successful, and has given a large profit to the university over and above expenses. For seven years I have put all my energy and enthusiasm in the cause of art at Columbia, and now at last recognizing the fullity of my efforts, I have resigned the chair of music in order to resume my own belated vocation.

ion. In the very first sentence, Mr. Mc-Dowell shows that he has not looked deeply enough for the sent of the trouble, as it must be to him at the present time. We must accept the college or university as the place wherein safile to one who has been so closed to develop the intellectual side of our ay from everything and everybody. Students, as it is generally accepted that there must be a certain amount of what is known as a common school ed ucation before the student can enter any of these great institutions. The university would be a sorry place in which to begin the study of grammar just as attempts have proven practi-cally futile in the way of creating an art simosphere in them. The taste for art should begin to be developed while the child is in the cradle—if not before-and should follow his daily life through each school year, and by the time he is ready to enter college he will have either shown such talent that an artistic career will be selected instead of the college course, or he will have gained enough knowledge of art and its effects upon his emotional nature to show his appreciation of the refinements of idealism, but not to the extent of following a career for which he is not especially fitted. It is of The letter recounting the causes for his importance to create an army of music lovers, but not to create an army of music producers, and the same holds good of any other art. I am using music as an illustration merely be-cause the suject came up through Mr. MacDowell, and for this reason it is easier to present an argument for art in the public schools, but the fact must not be overload that not be overlooked that any study the principal element of which is esthetic must create culture and refiniment, and to bring about the best results this must be inculcated in the early

terialism chokes out idealism is so true that it is superfluous to say so, but it I have tried to impress the "powers that it is superfluous to say so, but it is also evident that in the sense in deat to enter the university without some knowledge of the fine arts. Such knowledge intellectuality. And what all the emo-tional arts need, most emphatically—is in getting a following. that the balance he held by the intel-ligence as well as by the spirit. The study of art does not constitute idealism, any more than the study of logic and includes the young ladies from Portand mathematics constitute material-land, Or., who are in New York study-ism, so long as mathematics are not ing music, or who have taken up their ism, so long as mathematics are not rapplied to the question of how many applied to the question of how many dollars can be drawn into one spocket.

Thus a man may be very idealistic and very material at the same time. Mr. formerly of the American Book Company, MacDowell's ideals in art cannot be who with his family now resides in New

to reciprocate in acts of kindness, and so we had come to respect our untutored neighbors and to sympathize with them

in their troubles. Deep troubles came to them when the treaty-making period ar-rived, and a little later upon all of us, when war came, to break up all our plans and amicable relations. As I be-

gan to write more about the Indians and their ways, a step further brought me to the consideration of our territorial gov-ernment and the Government officials

and their acts. It gradually dawned upon me this was a more important work than writing of humble individuals; that the history of the commonwealth was by

far a more interesting theme, and more

upon the domain of history and that I

FW YORK, Feb. 15.—(Special Cor-respondence.)—It is not often that the resignation of a professor from sion of belies lettres and music, including ollege creates the feeling and the talk kindergarten, etc., at Tenchers College, put that amount of money into Mr. MacDowell's pocket, it is not evident, for he
must know better than any one else
that the success of a teacher depends
upon keeping his pupils for a long enough
period to develop his ideals in their
work. At this figure no one but the children of millionaires could avail themseives of his services, and in addition to
this there is no teacher living who can
give the equivalent for \$10 in one lesson.

If nine people out of ten were asked:

Egtinge. Go and get me a girl, or a young
woman who can play a girl.

The manager protested that no such person
could be found, but Miss Eytinge insisted that
the town be scoured.

The full significance of the scene had slowprompt up a direct with a service of the scene had slowthe town be scoured.

The full significance of the scene had slowprince called me over and asked if I wanted
to play tup a direct that no such person
could be found, but Miss Eytinge insisted that
the town be scoured.

The full significance of the scene had slowprince called me over and asked if I wanted
to play the part very much. I said I did, and
added that I knew the lines. Then she went
through the part with me and seemed satisfied."

as an art. The men who should occupy the chair of music in the public schools must be men of the caliber of Edward A. MacDowell, John Knowles Paine, Horatio Parker—then little difference would it make whether Columbia, Harvard or

plished, but it will never be done along the lines on which music is treated at the present time. The proper man will have to be engaged—cost what it may, and it will cost a good deal-by those who are willing to subsidize such a department in our public school system ,for one entire generation, after which such conditions will have been created as will make it a necessity and a matter of course. Be-yond this, it will create a standard for music which will do away with the wandering minstrel who comes into every town and sets himself up as "the great

York City. It is called the Portland Club. macDowell's ideals in art cannot be questioned, at the same time he is very fork a stra, to complete which painting and sculpture would be indispensable.

Owing is any additive to persuade rich that the first that the substitute of the properties of the powers that," was not realized. Architecture took a vital interest in the matter, but failed to accomplish anything for the missing arts. The outcome of all this was the establishment of a divi-

"How old are you?" she asks.

tribes that had never shed white men's blood until grim war came, and that then they refused to make war on their old neighbors and that but one noncombat-ant settler had lost his life after the first

it is natural that in the stirring times of early days opinions would differ; that neighbors, and even members of families would look upon events from differing points of view, and so out of this maze I have tried to state facts and draw just upon the domain of history and that I must needs be more painstaking and more certain of my facts, and so then came a long rest for my pen and a long search of the records, of old, musty letters, of no less old, musty books; of forgetful minds of the pioneers left and again I was carried away into the almost forgetten rest. An authoress once told me that she never named her book until after it was written. I could not understand, but I written. I could not understand, but I now do. While writing of planeer life I could think of no other title than something like this, "Floneer Life on Puget Sound Fifty Years Ago," a pretty long title, but that was what the writing treated of. But when I got on the Indian question and cause to realize what.

sion of my mind and rang in it until there was born the title. 'The Tragedy

ant settler had lost his life after the first day of frenzy of the Muckleshoot band at the massacre of White River, that here the massacre of White River, that here remained unmolested; surely to tell the truth about such people is no more than justice I said to myself, I will write it to down and prove what I write by the records and the best obtainable witnesses an ambitious Brooklyn amateur of the process of the surely of the records and the best obtainable witnesses. alive, and having done so, will print it, two books in one, two titles, yet but one volume, "The Tragedy of Lesch!," with "Pioneer Reminiscences of Fifty Years Ago." And so my title is born, the book written, and which if my life is spared a few months longer, will be printed and launched upon a critical public. It is natural that in the stirring times

conclusions. The chapter of this history begins with the creation of the territory and ends with Governor Stevens' official life in the territory in the period con-cerned. During that period, treaties were cerned. During that period, trentles were made with the Indians: the war with them was fought; massacres horrid to contemplate were perpetrated by the Indians and white-by the Indians at the outbreak, and the whites later-murders were committed, martial law proclaimed, our courts invaded with armed men, and Judges dragged from the bench; our Governor in turn brought before the courts, fined and reprieved by himself and many other happenings unique in history are related, and so, when my labor was finished and my pen laid aside, my only regret was that the work had not been undertakon earlier in life when memory served treated of. But when I got on the Indian question and came to realize what a splendid, true story was wrapped up in the darkness of impending oblivion; how the Indians had been wronged; how they had fought for their homes and won them; how the chief actors had been sacrificed but the tribes had profited; I again the same authorization or my them and my contemporaries. became enthusiastic over my theme and more accurately, and my content over my ready-made heroes and before were more numerous.

STORIES OF THE STAGE

the Natchez pass to the Columbia River and beyond, alone, except a companion pony that carried my sack of hard bread for food, the saddle blankets for my bed and myself across the turbulent rivers and on easy grades. If Winthrep could write such a delightful book, "Cance and Saddle," based upon such a trip, with Indians to paddle his cance on the Sound, sad with an attendant and three horses through the mountains why should not Monsteur Trevoux in "The Socret of Polichinchildren's children, and so I wrote these elle," at the Madison-Square Theater, has been

Assessing to my own children and their children's children, and so I wrote them the stage longer than almost any other days of the play for instance, that some design to whet but not satisfy your apported I know you have, and so can appreciate my feelings when thee stories were written. I craved more of pioneer life experies, a fixed or coursel in the same dressing the were written. I craved more of pioneer life experies, and so I went back to the experies comes, and with which sitched Manufeld is described in the first cubin, where Kalama town now stands; to the Sound, to the three times passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack of the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack on our bucks are three passing to the pack of the pack

this there is no teacher living who can give the equivalent for \$10 in one lesson. If nine people out of ten were asked:

'What creates refinement and culture?' they could not tell you, for these are slusive qualities not attributable to any one influence, but the result of several influences, of which many are subtle and almost unedefinable. These nine people form the majority of the taxpayers in the community, and how were it possible to make them understand what goes with the study of an art in addition to acquiring a certain mastery of it? The part that any art plays in the psychic and spiritual development cannot be explained to them in any way which they recognize as reasonable. Nevertheless, it is an influence that is clearly tangible, and it unquestionably works for the betterment of the race.

If these nine people out of ten were asked:

'An Italian suffices can be mercliess and creat,' any kity Beck. 'I have seen it spould materially apathetic. Friday is always the fashionable bouse and survays the fashionable bouse and survays to always the fashionable bouse and sunday the popular one, and on either of these occasions Vossell on the stage in one of his great parts is pretty are to bring out the best qualities of an Italian audience. Receptions' are rare; 'curtains' are few; pictures' are unknown; but the fersor with which the audience follows a fine actor up to the top of his rave plained to them in school would be of little moment. But the fact that it does not, makes it necessary that this lack should be supplied through the same avenues through which comes the general education. Whether this city or that city, or any city, considers that music in its own particular schools is well-handled makes little difference, as the fact remains that no public school reats music as an art. The men who should occupy the chair of music in the public achools must be men of the callber of Edward A.

"How I came to dramatize "Parsifal" hap-pened this way," says Fitzgerald Murphy: " Parker—then little difference would it make whether Columbia. Harvard or Yale paid any attention to music or not. For music under their direction would not mean only a little sight-reading, the singing of a few school songs and a slight knowledge of the fundamental principles of music, but it would be founded on a plan that would bring about the results so long and so earnestly wished for by those who have the welfare of music and of culture in this country at heart.

It is not impossible to realize that that which some may put to one side as Utopian and impracticable can be accomplished but it will never be done along the ticket was too much for the average man and woman who had to work for a living. Why not make it possible to bring this great work within reach of the masses? Why not? Here was the opportunity, and somehow or other I felt that I was the man. Till do it.' Do what?' asked my wife, surprised. 'Make a play out of the opera of Parsifal.' 'Why, Fitz, you're crary! It would be a sacrilige!' exclaimed my wifes horror. 'Oh, I don't know,' I replied. 'Richard Wagner wasn't a greater cenius than Shakespeare, and it hasn't been nius than Shakespeare, and it hasn't been neidered an act of vandalism to cut and con-nse Shakespeare and adapt his tragedies to

Richard Le Gallienne has no great love for the typical English girl. In his picturesque, vivid way he described her one night at the Lambs' Club in New York. Finally he said:
"I was waiking down an English lane with an English girl on an August afternoon. The sun shone through a soft hase, and in the green fields many white lambs played.

"Is it any wonder." I said, 'that poets from time immemorial have made the lamb the em-blem of innoceance?

lem of innocence? The young girl smiled radiantly,
"Lambs," she said, "are indeed delightful
simula, especially with mint stuce."

Joe Cawthorne has made as hig a hit 45 the Joe Chwthorne has made as log a bit 49 the title role of the new Drury Lane extravagants, "Mother Geose," as he did in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," in which he played the part of the Dutch nurse. Mother Geose comes on the stage in one seems dressed for a fex hunt. She rides a make-believe horse, and, after dismounting, puts him through his paces. The old hav dilates upon the wonderful wisen of the animal, and tells how good he is

The horse taps the rings one hoof.
"How old is this trick?" asks the dame.
The horse begins to dance and brings down all his hoofs with a merry tation.
"How old is Ann?" is the next question, and the animal toppies over and dies.

day of frenzy of the Muckleshoot band at the massacre of White River, that here were men we called savages, fighting for a cause, but threw themselves on the track of the military arm of the Government and not against helpless settlers. I had myself been in their power and remained unharmed. I knew other of my mained that the blood-thirsty nature of the beasts will return some night after he has entered the cage. This recalls the story of the late John Stet-

on While he was managing the Globe The-ater, Boston, he engaged Miss Lillan Olcott, an ambitious Brooklyn amateur, who had put up enough money to obtain a Sardou play and production. In this play two real lions were

The piece was a failure, starved to death, and did nothing on the road, but through a fall-down in the bookings Statson was obliged to play it at his Booton house. It opened a Monday night to mothing, and Tuesday's receipts fell below that. Starvation was written all over the place. Status could not get out of playing the attraction. One night a friend met him in front of the theater and wald:

"Mr. Stetson, does Miss Olcott go into the lions' cage every night?"

Stetson replied: "No: I would give \$1000 if she would go in one night."

Clarence Drown was once playing a fly-by-night engagement among the wilds of Idaho, night engagement among the wilds of Idaho, and had experienced so calamitous a husiness that it became a matter of how to get out of town with his company with the clothes, on their backs. It was the last night of the stand, and the aggregation was playing the "Drunkard's Vision; or the Last Nail," to a \$14 hours, when a little boy came down the gallery stairs and addressed the manager-advance-agent-treasurer-ticket-taker (which was Drown), sobbing as though his beart would breast:

"Goodness, gracious! You are missing the best part of the play. The second act is now on. Great stuff, my boy. Villain getting in his deadly work. Drunkard's daughter dying. "I don't care; I want my (boo-boo)

"Why, don't you like the play?"
"Yes; I (boohoo-oo) like the play well enough, but (boohoo-oo-oo) I'm afraid to be up there all alone!"

usually choses the style of decorations that presents the gods, goddesses, nymphs and cherubs of mythology. The occupants of the gallery being so near the dome, were first spoken of as being in the "region of the gods," and finally were termed "gods" themselves.

Ethel Harrymore, at a reception in Philadelphia, talked about small audiences.

"Sir Henry Irving," she said, "once described to me the smallest audience on record. It consisted of one man. The play, nevertheless, went on in the provincial theater. ertholesa, went on in the provincial theater, where this one-man audience was gathered. "But the manager, between the acts, peoped out from behind the curtain, and saw that the

to the usher.

"He has gone out, sir," the usher answered,

Will be return?" asked the manu-♣ Tonitively. He expressed himself as very well pleased with the production." "Ah," said the manager, with a look of relief; then let the performance proceed."

and bumping along at a fearful rate near Ter-race, Idaho, Mrs. Langtry held on to a table and pledged a toast to the frightened members of her company: "Here's to the one who keeps the coolest head." After running down a steep grade for a quarter of a mile, the train was stopped. Mrs. Langtry fainted when the dan-

SOCIETY'S BAD CONDITION. Evils of the Day and Their True

WILDERVILLE, Or., Feb. 18.-(To the Editor)-I wrote a letter to Mr. J. H. Ackerman some time ago in regard to the eaching of good preeding and etiquette in the public schools. The matter has received the hearty approval of a great many intelligent people of this part of Oregon and has been commented on a great deal. I think it is a matter that has been shamefully neglected. As I stated before, there are children who never had a lesson in grammar or etiquette in their lves. There are parents who use very inferior language, and consequent children fall into the same habit, do not want anyone to think I ar this to excite comment, but I think every intelligent man or woman in a positio to observe, will agree with me on the subject. Now, there is an appalling con-dition of humanity, even in this enlight-ened day and age, and especially as regards crime and insanity.

I believe good breeding and social and moral etiquette, and the just regard we owe to one another as human beings, should be taught in school, for as a matter of fact a certain per centage of the rising generation would not learn or hear of them anywhere else. I believe a great deal of crime would

then be prevented. And as everyone knows in nearly every paper we pick up we see where someone has been killed or robbed or someone has committed suicide or someone has sued for a divorce, or someone else has eloped with another man's wife, or someone eise has wrecked a railroad train and killed a lot of peo-ple for the sake of a few dollars. There ple for the sake of a few dollars. There are men who would sandbag another for 15 cents and think they had done a creditable act in the sight of his peers. There are men as well as women that ignore the company of the opposite sex. There are parents who unmercifully chastise their own fiesh and bood and think they are teaching a very important lesson. There are men who shuse their wives and there are wives that abuse their husbands and they take turn about and abuse and they take turn about and abuse their children. It used to be thought that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. It used to be thought that the oid-fash-ioned hickory was the best method of instruction in school. And I think it was those methods of crueity that are responsible for a part of the predominating condition of affairs today. Now let us all that favor law and order prescribe a plan

to avert some of the prevailing conditions I have had the pleasure of reading Mrs. Duniway's letter of February 6, and she seems to think that the right of woman's suffrage is the only infallible remedy. But I will beg to differ with the lady as to the ballotbox being the only remedy for such ills as are set forth in her let-ter. Now, as a rule, the most refined and enlightened women we have today a clamoring for woman's rights. What we want is more parents that are refined, ladies and gentlemen that are creditable examples to the rising generation. And xamples to the rising generation. And think it is an absolute necessity that the true regard we owe to one another be impressed upon the minds of the young, for it is a hard matter to make an old crooked tree to grow straight, but a tender sapling can be trained to grow quite straight. I would like to hear upon this subject, especially from someone that is engaged in teaching.
A. M. JEST, JR.

Apparently Escaped Attention.

PORTLAND, Or., Feb. 20.—(To the Editor.)—Will you permit a friendly render to remind the elderly lady, who is reported to remind the elderly lady, who is reported to have said at the recent Charities Conference that, "When the women vote they will do away with whisky in short order," or words to that effect, that women have been voting for 25 years in Wyoming, an years in Colorado, and eight years in Utah and Idaho; and, although it is claimed by the representative men of all these states that equal suffrage has everywhere raised the moral standard, causing political managers to put up cleaner ing political managers to put up cleaner men for office than they did before they were compelled to consider the woman

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The advance sale of seats will open next Wednesday morning at 10

as it made any appreciable attempt in bition, whether in local-option form, or that direction.

It would seem, rather, that equal suffrage has opened a sort of 'scape pipe for the emotional "isms" which rage in the four prohibition states where women do not vote. Is it not significant that prohibition.

Subscriber in local-option form, or is a straight issue, is hardly ever hear!

This is not offered in a spirit of controversy, but merely to state a fact which has evidently escaped the good lady's atsention.

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