SECTION FIVE
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The Sunday Oregonian.

Woman's and Books

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Your Credit Is Good at Powers'

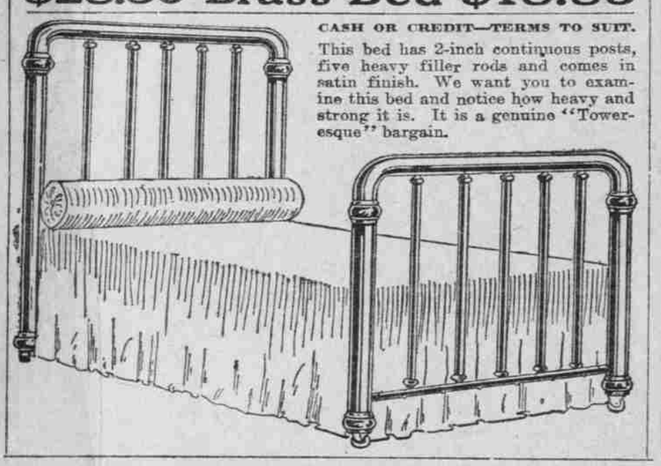
The new "One Motion" Go-Carts are here, $8.00 to $22.00

Right in the beginning of Spring—just at the time you are completing the furnishings of your home—we offer you a collection of bargains in Furniture, Floor Coverings and Drapery Goods that are unmatchable anywhere. In addition to these lowered prices, we offer you the easiest terms of credit ever extended by any establishment in this city. Take this as an invitation to visit the store, so you may see for yourself how very little money it will require to fit up your home

We sell Jewel Ranges because they are the best on earth.

$28.50 Brass Bed $18.85

CASH OR CREDIT—TERMS TO SUIT.



This bed has 2-inch continuous posts, five heavy filler rods and comes in satin finish. We want you to examine this bed and notice how heavy and strong it is. It is a genuine "Toweresque" bargain.

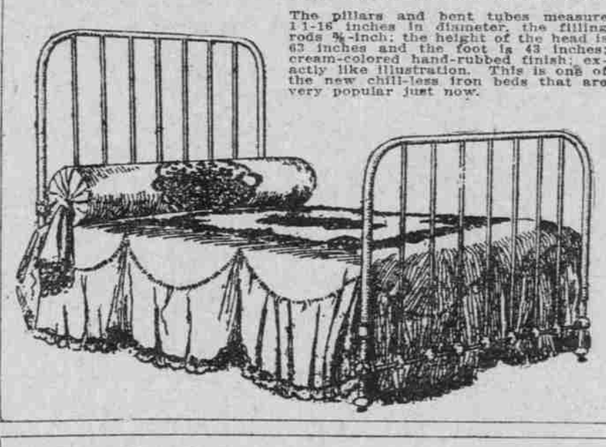
Extra!

Real $1.60 Axminster Carpets at $1.12

We place on sale for two days only Axminster Carpets, warranted to be $1.60 quality at $1.12 yard. The patterns are strikingly handsome, being on the floral and Oriental order. This does not include sewing and lining, but only the cutting. This great special illustrates very vividly our command of the carpet situation.

$11.00 Iron Bed at $6.45

CASH OR CREDIT—TERMS TO SUIT.

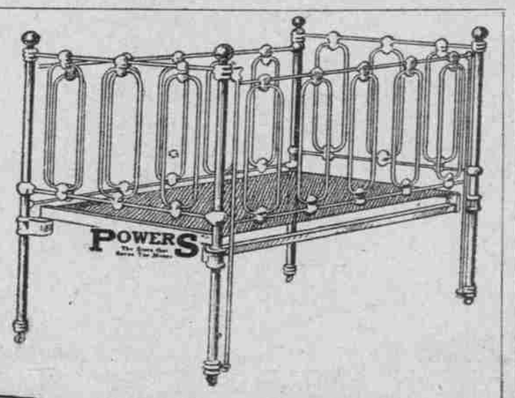


The pillars and bent tubes measure 1 1-16 inches in diameter, the filling rods ⅝-inch; the height of the head is 63 inches and the foot is 43 inches; cream-colored hand-rubbed finish; exactly like illustration. This is one of the new chill-less iron beds that are very popular just now.

$11 Crib at $5.95

Cash or Credit—Terms to Suit

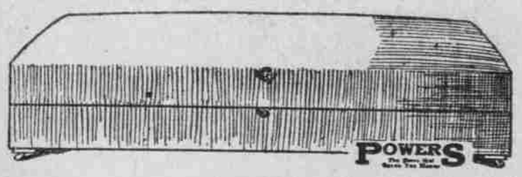
Child's Iron Crib, woven wire spring, high drop side; posts are trimmed with brass knobs; graceful in design; well made and strong. Great value.



$14 Morris Chair at $9.35

Quartered Frame, Reversible Cushions, Big Value

Cash or Credit—Terms to Suit



$15 Box Couch $8.75

Cash or Credit—Terms to Suit

This Box Couch affords lots of storage room. It is 30 inches wide and 6 feet 2 inches long; has patent raiser, so it can be opened without moving from wall. Full spring top. Covering of figured cretonne.

$9 Mission Rocker at $5.65

Cash or Credit Terms to Suit

Made of extra heavy oak stock; choice of golden or early English finish, chase leather seat. This special will reflect great glory on this store as bargain-givers extraordinary.

Two Curtain Specials

$2.50 Lace Curtains **$1.65**—Large assortment to choose from, conventional and floral designs.

$3.00 Lace Curtains **$1.95**—Very latest effects in Nottingham Curtains, excellent assortment.

POWERS'
THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY
DIGNIFIED CREDIT FOR ALL — FIRST AND TAYLOR

Two Portiere Specials

$4.50 Portieres at **$2.85**—Large assortment of Portieres in the new Spring designs and colors.

$5.00 Portieres **$3.65**—Full size in length and width, heavy fringe, new green and brown effects.

Two New Theaters Will Open in New York City This Week

Madame Nasimova Will Present First American Performance of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf."

MME. NAZIMOVA, WHO WILL MAKE A COAST TOUR THIS SPRING

MISS BLANCHE BATES

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

NEW YORK, April 23.—(Special Correspondence.) — Nazimova will open the new theater on Thirty-ninth street Monday evening, making the first American presentation of "Little Eyolf," one of the later works of Ibsen. The first performance was given in Christiana, January 15, 1895, and the first performance in English was given in London the following year. Mme. Nazimova will appear at Rita, and she will have in her company Brandon Tynan, Robert Haynes, George Tobin, Ida Conquest and Gertrude Berkeley.

Another new theater will open on Monday night, called the City Theater. This is owned by the City Theater Company, composed of Timothy D. Sullivan, George J. Kraus and William Fox. The house will pursue the policy of making the best productions at popular prices and the booking will be under Klaw & Erlanger. The first attraction in the new house will be Anna Held in Miss Innocence. The Belasco Theater, where "Just a Wife" has been the attraction for several months, will reopen on Tuesday evening with Mabel Taliaferro in "The Call of the Cricket," a new four-act comedy by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap."

At this time of the year the best actors and plays are to be heard in the more popular theaters and frequently the audiences consist for the greater part of those, who, having been too busy during the height of the season, may yet catch the close of the play in this way. Blanche Bates, for instance, returns for a couple of weeks to the West End Theater, where she will play "The Fighting Hope" which has just been on a long tour. Another Belasco play will be at the Grand Opera House. This is "Is Matrimony a Failure?" with the same excellent cast with which it attracted such widespread attention at the Belasco early in the season.

Olga Nethersole, who has just completed her third tour of America, before undertaking a tour of Europe and South America, will appear for two weeks at the Academy of Music. Her first week will be devoted to "Sapho" and the second week she will present repertory, including "Carmen."

Mrs. Fiske and her company are still at the Lyceum, where they will be for another week. Mrs. Fiske is giving Hauptmann's "Hannele," but instead of running this through the whole week, part of the time will again be devoted to "The Pillars of Society," by request.

* * *

A new play which promises to give rise to considerable discussion is "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," by Eugene Brieux, now playing at the Comedy Theater with Lawrence Irving in the principal part. M. Brieux is of course a Frenchman and he writes according to French social laws and customs. It is therefore certain that only those who understand the difference between American customs and those of Europe as regards the dowry question or that of divorce would be likely to enter fully into the spirit of the play. The three daughters of M. Dupont leave much room for speculation as to the marriage and divorce question, and in a certain sense it is not unlike the subject of "The Lily."

* * *

Walter Rothwell, conductor of the St. Paul symphony orchestra, sailed today on the Holland-America liner Nieuw Amsterdam for Europe, after having spent a week in New York, where he reinforced his orchestra for next season. Mr. Rothwell had planned to go directly to Germany, but after hearing that Mahler was to conduct in Paris, he changed his plans so as to be there at that time.

While in New York Mr. Rothwell attended every concert given under the Viennese conductor, who sailed today on the Wilhelm II. The lack of support given to Mahler was the cause of much surprise to Mr. Rothwell.

"America is a very remarkable country in regard to building up musical conditions," said Mr. Rothwell today, "and there is an enormous population of music lovers, although love of music and musical culture are not the same thing.

"The activity of the music lovers will lead to musical culture, but out of a large audience of music lovers you will find comparatively few who really know and understand why they love music, but who care for it with the senses rather than with the mind and through the mind, the emotions.

"It is only in America that such huge amounts of money are spent to satisfy those who want music. Europe would not do it. If the governments of Europe did not make all the musical events possible, I am sure the people never would do it, either through civic pride or through the desire for culture, as they do in this country.

"In Europe it is a matter of course, but in America they build it and consequently foster it. The desire is growing all over to have permanent orchestras. I have had requests from Kansas City, from Denver and from other cities asking for the plans and scheme upon which the St. Paul orchestra was built. San Francisco is planning an enormous symphony orchestra, and I think Cleveland as well is agitating the scheme.

"There is only one city in America which I cannot understand, and that is New York. I cannot believe it possible that I have seen correctly the audiences at the three concerts of the Philharmonic which I have attended. In Europe people would have traveled miles, yes, hundreds of miles, to hear Mahler conduct the ninth symphony. For them, this would have been the cause of a festival, and it would have been treated as such.

"That Mahler is in your midst, and that the people have not realized that such a man is the genius of an era, is the pity, and it is no doubt due to the fact that people cannot realize when such colossal greatness is close to them.

"It cannot be that Mahler will remain here always—no man so great could be allotted long to one section. He is moved around by destiny into fields where he can do the most good, but that he should be here and that his concerts should not be of more importance to people supposed to care for music, shows that you have not the audience in New York which I thought you had, because to manifest an indifference when Mahler gives something of himself is not possible to people who really appreciate or understand music for itself."

Mr. Rothwell, himself a man of keen analytical mind, of brilliant musical attainments and of calm critical judgment, was then asked whether he agreed to the extremely modern effects in Mahler's reading of Beethoven, and he replied:

"To me there is only one thing possible and that is development. Everything develops, musical life and sensations with the rest. Mozart was a development after Haydn, Beethoven after Mozart, Wagner after Beethoven and Strauss after Wagner. It may be that the genius which follows is not as great as the one which went before, but the path has been widened and a new one created. This is life, this is art, this is the story of the world.

"Outside of this view, to me, there is no one who may question Mahler. He has uttered the last word and he is a man of genius who is able to do so. He is, for me, thoroughly consistent, whether I would do the same thing or not. His genius is so wide and so diversified that I would not know where to begin, did I want to describe or analyze it. It is at its most extraordinary point, perhaps, in his grasp of the content of a score, and his exposition is as wonderful as his grasp.

"His effect over his men has been spoken of as hypnotic, but I should attribute it to something else. His 'pantomime' is wonderful. Have you ever noted the marvelous action in his silhouette? A wave of his hand conveys a volume, and the extreme quiet of his pose makes each movement the more significant. His men both fear and feel him, and he plays upon them collectively as a man plays upon an instrument.

"There is one regret," continued Mr. Rothwell, "with the great men of today such as Mahler and Strauss—they live exclusively for themselves and they keep in themselves that which would do so much good if they would impart it to others. If Mahler had only one or two pupils who might live after him, it would mean so much. The same is true of Strauss.

"They might at least have a few pupils behind, but the day seems to be past when artists think of the future of their art. They think too much about their own achievements in the world, and far too little about what others might do if they could lean upon the experience and the knowledge of those who have lived and who have known."

CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON WRITES AS HE PLEASES AND IS MUCH READ

Pacific Coast Man, Author of New Book, Tells About Various Sections of Country as He Has Found Them, Incidentally of Canoe Trip Through Paradise.

A FORMER resident of the Pacific Coast, Charles Tenney Jackson, is the author of a new novel, "The Day of Souls," which is attracting considerable attention, Jackson is of the younger writers, the book is his second from the publishers, and his work has covered a period of 12 or 14 years. He has been a contributor to the magazines and has done much for the juvenile readers, though his earlier stories in the Youth's Companion and his newspaper experiences in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast (Jackson calls it "unrequited grind") formed the basis for higher attainments. His first book went into several editions.

Passion for the outdoor life led him to Florida at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Later he accompanied the Governor of Wisconsin and party to the Pacific Coast as representative of one of the Milwaukee dailies on the occasion of the launching of the battleship Wisconsin.

San Francisco afforded new impressions and contrasts that immediately impelled him to study the life he has described in "The Day of Souls." He became a part of it, shared its reckless, irresponsible existence, and has written what seems a true delineation of the pleasure-loving, diversion-seeking city that was, before the earthquake.

Jackson's letters to a friend in Portland cover many phases of his thought and indicate a brilliant mind. Of his latest work he said, before it was sent to the publishers: "The title is taken from an ancient Japanese festival, and it is a mystical occultism effort with a background of graft—that is, the sub-motive of the novel is graft, as we style it. Only, instead of handling the situation as a study of corrupt municipal conditions, I simply take the soul of one man, a tool—a worker—of the corruptionists and show the effect on him of the inexorable conditions against which he is striving; I drag him down and then regenerate him later through his encounter with a mystic influence—love, of course, furnishing the theme for his reclaiming—that and his own spiritual qualities. How this queer working out will suit the buying public I do not know, but I'll get the critics on it, I'm sure, in the matter of treatment, and that's what makes a man after all's said and done."

Charles Tenny Jackson.

Jackson's peripatetic inclinations have led him from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf. At a dinner in Chicago about a year ago some college men were discussing Summer outings, boating trips and the like, when one of their number "stumped" Jackson to cross the Gulf of Mexico in an open boat. Atmosphere, both in the literary and physical sense, being a hobby with Jackson, he accepted.

Starting on the Mississippi by New Orleans they threaded over 300 miles of Southern Louisiana by rivers, lakes and bayous, following the line of Barataria and La Fourche canal at first and coming out on the Atchafalaya River 20 miles from the Gulf. Thence they continued their wanderings across the Gulf toward the Florida coast.

"Most of our trip," he writes to his Portland friend, "has been through cypress forests, swamp jungle and salt prairies, where not even paths existed, and all communication is by water. We have been among Creoles, Indians, 'Manila-men' and malays—fishers, trappers, hunters and moss-pickers; have slept under palm huts and in the open where the ground was only four inches above water. We have fared bully, having the biggest oysters (two dozen for five cents), crabs, shrimps, terrapin, wild duck, fried frogs, etc.—all great living and in abundance—the lakes we crossed were simply alive with ducks, in fact this great breezy, sunny country seems a paradise for hunters. These swamps are indescribable—magnolias and palmettos hung with moss, festooned with creepers, while the watercourses are choked with growth. We have had to fight our way for miles through hyacinth bloom, past great Victoria lilies and iris spikes, putting them aside with the paddles to find passage."

This trip was made in pirogue, the native dug-out canoe—a single log of cypress 13 feet over all, 3 feet beam, in which Jackson says a man dare not sneeze for fear of overturning the craft. "The fishers," he writes, "on their great platforms built above the swamps, said we'd never get her far. She's taken swift rivers, narrow jungle ways and rough lakes equally fine, considering that she carries two men, a tent, all our fishing, hunting and photographic apparatus, grub for two weeks, and five days' water supply, the last indispensable in a country that has no wells and where cisterns supply all the drinking fluid. We have tasted nothing else for seven weeks."

Great snakes of the black moccasin variety abounded. Alligators and big turtles are found in the bayous. Hunters get $1.50 each for the hides of alligators. "The people are the kindliest, most hospitable imaginable. Few speak English in the little frequented bayous and as our French isn't much, converse with the creoles is often an animated pantomime. They are all eager, laughing and respectful children; and to our tent at every stop come the negroes, invariably asking if we are not fortune tellers or 'showmen.' A tent is a novelty, and strangers a rare event, so all the villagers flock out to see and hear, and to examine our silk tent and aluminum cooking things, fancy reels and compressed foodstuffs."

These wanderings doubtless will be told in some of Mr. Jackson's future works. He is now at one of the Gulf towns in Mississippi, accompanied by his sister and her children, the family of Professor Charles Burgess, of the University of Wisconsin.

The philosophy of Charles Tenney Jackson is a broad one, enlivened with humor and appreciative good nature. He was born in St. Louis and is 'way to the sunny side of 40. His correspondence is as easy and pleasing as his more careful diction, and carries the same interesting style. Jack London's experiences are recalled in this loquacious reference:

"I like this easy old French city (New Orleans), even if they did put me out of the city library this morning because I didn't have on a coat."

Milwaukee—"The pace of life is slower here, but one grows to like the kindlier note after the tension of San Francisco newspaperdom."

Arkansas—"My world has been most humanly kind; it has met me always with a sort of gentle humor and philosophic satirizing, so I could not much help being any one but the sort of haphazard, wandery cuss I am: there always seemed such vistas of cheeriness beyond that I couldn't stay long anywhere or at one thing—no, the adventure was too fine for that. Well, now, the years are paying me back; yet, somehow, they too are kindly and enriched. Just now I am loafing away days in this russet Ozark country, shooting quail. (I didn't hit many of the brown little cusses, but I like to hear the shotgun crack) and going 'possum hunting and being a guest of these hospitable Southern people—they are a grand good lot, and I shall leave with regret. The hickory nuts, the puckery persimmons and the gorgeous colorings of the trees—I never saw an October like this one we had."

The South—"The sunny-souled old Colonel-gentle and chivalrous to the last—passed away on the 6th and was buried here in the South he loved so well. With the little guard of honor, composed of Union and Confederate veterans, I walked to the cemetery for the last honors to this man who made every one love him. It was fine and simple, and a tribute to human kindness, the way the Southern people loved him—it takes a deal to win to that."

San Francisco—"Life here this Summer is not going to be any dream of rest—fog and dust as never before, and up through the chaos goes the rush and roar of the mightiest building, the most titanic activity of man since the tower of Babel was under way, and I guess for a gnashing of teeth and an ebullience of humors and confusion of tongues this has that old stone pile beat a block as well. It's inconceivable, bewildering—it always amazes me anew, who was ever amazed by the kaleidoscopic life and entrancements of this astonishing city."

At the coast—"I spent six weeks at the sea, but it is a hopeless shine—a mere tawdry little watering place of stupid people. I much prefer the roaring old city unless one can have the real and living wilderness where half things do not oppress you nor half-alive people crowd upon your life. It's rather a scanty time we have to live anyway, and the older I get the more I discover what an astonishingly large number of people and things one can do without; you begin to sense a proper discrimination when you get to where the non-essentials can be brushed by. If only one could order one's life a little better for others—that is about all that is lacking in the full expression, for the things touching one direct needn't worry one, need they?"

In general—"In a month or so I'll escape this harness of another man's work—it's unfit and impossible for a Free Companion. I'd rather be a vag along the road and my own master than on velvet with another man's money, and that institution of the bourgeois—a pay day. And yet, by Thunder, we do have to have the Price, at times."

Baton Rouge—"And they know how to cook here better than any place you ever struck. Adrienne, herself, when her Franco-Hispano-Italiano-Creole temper is tucked safely in about the edges, and the gang is all here and good natured, can get up weird concoctions of oil, cheese, thyme, garlic, onions, butter, all drabbled over a dinky little fish that would make Lucullus rub his tummy."

And again—"All I ever write about is something to eat. But, as I am a pure opportunist-materialist, altogether Omar Khayyamish sort of mundane citizen, next to dwelling upon the grace of God, cooking seems a proper absorption. The grace of God always had me backed into a corner, anyhow. I can't get past the primary grade. I never was able to evolve a religion beyond the single tenet of being as kind as you can and hating the things that ought to be hated—the shams, and smuggery, and respectablenesses, and traditions, and authorities, and all the claptrap that have lain on the human soul and bowed the backs of men and women to enduring infamies; that have taught us—for a profit—to crowd back our brother to the beast in him."

Jackson has done some dramatic work and on the eve of a production of one of his "masterpieces" in one of the large cities, "pulled" the piece because the leading man, or woman, or somebody, wanted to change the lines. This, after the newspapers had given exhaustive reviews and announcements of it and the initial performance only 24 hours away.

So he is a supporter of his own ideals. He comes of a sturdy family, is in his most vigorous years, and there is reason therefore to expect creditable things from him in future.