

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY Proprietors. Address THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, 280 Yamhill Street, Between Fourth and Fifth, Portland, Oregon.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF OREGON.

Entered at the postoffice of Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter. Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10 or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 2 cents; over 28 pages, 3 cents.

Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Selected communications will not be returned.

Telephones.

Business Office: Oregon Main 500; Columbia, 705. Editorial Room—Oregon Main, 500. City Editor—Oregon Main, 250.

Terms, by Carrier.

Table with 2 columns: Term (e.g., THE JOURNAL, one year), Price (\$5.00).

The Eastern representative of this paper is Albert E. Hasbrook, 21 Times Building, New York, and Hartford Building, Chicago.

When you leave the city or change your address even for one week, don't fail to call at the business office and leave your order for The Oregon Daily Journal.

President Roosevelt continues to complain that there should be some more laws on the federal statute books before attempt is made to control the trusts. Yet, so far as anyone knows, there has been no consistent, persistent test of existing laws.

Yet, the trusts continue to organize. Absolutely nothing is done to prevent them from attaining control of resource and production and distribution, these functions being such as to give more power to the "captains of industry" than the people give to their officials in the National Government.

It is one of the weaknesses of our form of government that whenever something is wrong, someone proposes another law. It is true here in Oregon. It is true in the nation at large. It is true everywhere people live under representative government.

Usually it would be better were there no more laws enacted on the mooted questions. Usually, it would be better were the officials to proceed in the sincere desire to enforce the existing law. Indeed, it is often true that were some laws repealed, it would be easier to accomplish laudable ends in bettering matters.

Certainly, we should try to enforce the present anti-trust laws. Certainly, the President should make the attempt. It is not for him to judge of the excellence or otherwise of laws. His it is to enforce the law, regardless of their character. He is an executive, not a legislator.

If the trial be there, if there be a vigorous attempt to enforce the anti-trust statutes; if then there be failure; if honest work prove to be futile, other laws may be enacted.

Where is the brave Roosevelt, who won the heart of the people by his impetuosity? Soon after he succeeded to the Chief Magistracy, it was sent out from New York, where the trust kings live, that the President was going to be "sister," he was not going to interfere with "vested rights." There had been some alarm. Wall street fearing that the ardent Rough Rider would overturn some of their plans.

Now, the President is discussing difficulties even in defining what is a trust. It is reported that the trusts are hostile to the President. It is difficult to discover why they should be. He has done nothing to warrant their hostility. He has had in his hands the machinery of the most powerful government in the world. He has had behind him a people, 20,000,000 strong, 99 per cent of whom personally desire to witness a solution of the trust question. Yet, there has been almost no move made, and what move has been made has been desultory. The kernel of the matter lies in:

The Railroad question.

The Tariff question.

At any rate, so far as the people have progressed along the roadway towards solution of the problems, they believe that in some manner these two questions affect the trust question materially, and an immense majority believe that in large part the trust question may be solved if proper steps be taken.

Take the food trust. Does anyone doubt that repeal of the tariff laws and the entrance of meats from other countries would be the breaking of the power of the meat trust to control that necessity? At any rate, the trial would be no worse than the existing condition. And this is but a suggestion of the many alterations that should be made in the tariff schedules, if the theory be right that the high protective tariff is largely responsible for the enormous power of the trusts.

Take the coal trust. Does anyone doubt that were there procedure against the companies under the law prohibiting railroads from engaging in coal mining, the troubles in the anthracite region would be settled in greater part, at least?

Yes, who hears of the federal attorney-general proceeding against any roads that are operating openly thus in contravention of law?

These are some of the practical phases of the question that are not calculated to reveal President Roosevelt in a favorable light. Loved by the people for directness and courage, when he was a Rough Rider, he exhibits peculiar courage now that a second term renomination is desired.

The London Star says rightly that the attention paid in Europe to such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and Charles M. Schwab indicates that the real monarchs of the period are those who wear not crowns, but those who sit in counting rooms. That it has been true for years past has been familiar to all observing persons.

EMPEROR PIERPONT FIRST

During many a generation the Rothschilds, when they desired, have been able to prevent war among the powers of Europe. Kings and Emperors and cabinets have been compelled to consult the members of that banking house before attempting to engage in hostilities. Loans must be floated prior to the beginning of a war, and the Rothschilds for many generations were the disposing power in European finance.

So great has become the influence of American financiers and rulers of our industrial enterprises that they have in large degree superseded European houses, and must be taken into account whenever governments propose to make new departures.

It is silly to indulge in cheap sarcasm on the subject of the European monarchs paying such marked attention to the Morgans and Carnegies. They have to. It is one of the necessities of modern conditions. The master of finance or industry has become the master of society. The man who controls production and distribution of necessities is vastly more important than the man who sits upon a throne and toys with a sceptre from which has gone its potency.

What, indeed, is Edward VII today but a mere figurehead? He may propose Parliament, to be sure, but he may prorogue Parliament only when it is apparent that the English people want him to, and as to possessing power of initiative, excepting theoretically, he might as well be the humblest lackey who pretends allegiance to him.

Herr Krupp, even in Germany, where the Emperor has greater powers than King Edward has in England, wields more real power than does William. A company of industrial masters may when they please block the throne in its progress towards any coveted object.

With war practically ended, with the peace regime fully established, the King of today is less potent than the man or men who make incursions into realms of raw material and invade the markets of the world with manufactured products and provide the means whereby those products are to be carried to the consumer.

Inasmuch as Mr. Morgan represents practically the whole of these industries in America, he wields the power that no crowned monarch can wield who sits upon a puppet throne and boasts of blood that flows in royal veins.

Henceforth, it is to be the gray matter in the brain, not the blood in the veins, that determines the ability to dispose of men's affairs. The Morgans have practically overturned the thrones and set up a dynasty of mind to rule vast pretensions, and there is much justice in their newer regime.

The parrot, after some hours of silence, remarked to a pompous laybird that had just called: "I have never been able to 'size up' the male sex, but we birds can easily recognize our lady friends by a glance at their bonnets."

To the city officials: There is here in Portland a Civic Improvement Society. Its avowed object is to make Portland a better place in which to live. It has not set up an object but it has an organization of some effectiveness. The members have no personal motive more than any other citizen who wishes that his home town shall be just as good as it is possible to make it. The members and officers frequently are criticized for their efforts, and people of small wisdom make their work difficult. The men who are given charge of the city's business and who hold official authority will do well if they follow the suggestions of the Civic Improvement Society, just so far as they may, with due regard for the city's finances and ability to give the things asked. It is pleasing to learn that of late there has been progress, and that the officials are disposed to assist the Civic Improvement Society. But, perhaps, it is not quite important enough yet in the eyes of some of the officials, who do not appreciate the benefits that would accrue were the society to attain its ends. Let the members and officers of that society succeed by their importunity, like the widow in The Bible who went before the unjust judge, all of which is pertinent, excepting that in this instance there are happily no unjust judges in the city government.

A great many people, and a goodly number of newspapers, measure other peoples' corn in their own baskets, and achieve results, somewhat astonishing, albeit, perfectly satisfactory to themselves. Dogberry, having assumed certain premises, reached conclusions that have never since been equalled. One of the charming pictures upon which they are pleased to gaze is an imaginative affair entitled the "Independent Farmer."

NOT ALL FUN FOR THE FARMER

The American farmer is probably in neither better nor worse condition than those engaged in other occupations, but the sentimental nonsense about his freedom from worry and care has no foundation in fact. He has to labor and labor hard. He has been up and done two or three hours' hard work before most men are awake, and he has done this, not because the morning nap is not as pleasant to him as the balance of mankind, but because it is necessary. He has troubles of his own too. There is in many cases a mortgage with a higher rate of interest than almost anyone else pays. His children must be sent to school, they must be cared for just the same as other peoples' children. The waving fields of corn rustling in the breeze are not the only thing on the farm that has to rustle, and the billowing wheat, while pretty to look at and nice to write about, means plenty of hard work to get it to the billowing stage, and lots more to harvest, thresh and get it to market.

In case of sickness his doctor bills run up a dollar per mile, for each visit, and then there is brought and grasshoppers and others. The microbes of all kinds of trouble multiply and combine to make his life a burden, by day, and his sleep to be troubled by unpleasant dreams. There is smut for his grain, bugs for his potatoes, blight for his tomatoes, worms for his corn, fiddling moths and scale for his apples, scab for his sheep, lice for his chickens, cholera for his hogs and mange for the family dog. It rains just when his grass is cut, and the sun comes out in the spring with a middle-of-August heat on, and cooks his young cabbage plants that with much genuflection he has just transplanted from the hot house.

Then there is the machinery man, the nurseman, the assessor, the tree inspector, the book peddler, with a seventy-two volume work to be paid for in monthly installments, the candidate, and by no means the least of his troubles, his city relations who hunt him up when they want a vacation, drop in on him during his busiest season and then go back to the city, and tell their friends how lovely the country was and what a nice time their wife's cousin's husband is having out on the farm, where he has nothing to do but watch the crops grow, sit on the porch and drink unskimmed milk fresh and cool from the mossy spring house.

There is one thing in which the farmer is relieved of all worry and care and wherein he differs from the business man, and that is when he gets his produce to market. The merchant puts a price upon his goods, and says "pay so much," the farmer has his prices fixed for him and the buyer says "I will pay so much. There are many things about farm life that are pleasant, but the man that has the idea that it is one joyous round of picnics and pleasure, of shade and fruit and flowers and downy chickens, and skipping lambskins, should tackle the truck patch with a hoe and then study the sentimental side of farming through the blisters on the palms of his hands.

A bright woman on the witness stand in reply to the erudite attorney who asked her which way the stairs ran, said: "If you're at the top they run down, but from the bottom they run up."

Bonnets, like riches, have wings.

The wearing of the green is the proper thing now, and every day looks like St. Patrick's.

Looping the loop is dead easy, but looping part of a loop is what throws a fellow down.

Queen Maybelle says she is sorry your reign is over, but we won't forget you, sayable words by a lady.

An exchange says Grand Duke Boris should have had more regard for his rank than to have drunk wine from a Chicago girl's slipper, but it does not indicate whether it alluded to the funkiness of the Duke, or that of the slipper.

All things have their compensation. The Carnival ends tonight, but so does the confetti.

Now the city fathers can try a small irrigating scheme on the park.

The camel and the donkeys will move on, but the Journal Monk is here to stay.

The learned doctors are trying to rate Spain's young King as insane, for the reason that he acts just like any other 16-year-old boy, and does not show any signs of that divinity that he is supposed to be hedged with.

Captain Carter continues to call for justice. He must want to be hanged, for he is already in practically for life.

President Roosevelt was stopped while on his trip through New Hampshire by a long train load of beef cattle. The beef truck took its time about getting out of his way.

When Poverty is hitched to the matrimonial cart, Love makes goo-goo at the fellow with the automobile.

Russia has increased in population from 40,000,000 to 120,000,000 in less than a hundred years, and this by reproduction not aided by immigration. No wonder the balance of Europe fears her.

When a girl is "faultlessly beautiful," it will generally be noticed that the beauty is the only thing faultless.

An exchange says nothing is ever lost. Wonder if it ever heard of Charlie Ross?

When Uncle Sam swipes Cuba, will she be the next annexed?

The American soldier deserts his Filipino wife probably because her complexion is too acutely brunette.

Rev. Thomas Gregory asks: "To whom does the earth belong?" He is a trifle early with his question, for Rockefeller, Morgan and Carnegie have not yet "shook the dice."

Boston had a shake up the other day, caused by the explosion of a powder magazine. If a few of the other magazines, storehouses for literary products, would burst, the country would be safer.

And even the steamboat men have troubles gathering about their ears, their engines.

Queen Maybelle and her maids of honor make a pretty fair sight themselves.

The Carnival season commences in Eastern Oregon next week and winds up with the greatest show on earth—Hood River's fruit exhibit.

The ministers are the only ones who have so far successfully looped the loops at the midway, or was it just the matrimonial noose?

Has any one heard anything about any oil tanks anywhere?

How would young Lochinvar have looked if he had been compelled to take his best girl on her wedding trip on the apex of a camel?

Until the elections are over there will be "victory in the air." After that the other fellows will have it on the earth.

THE TWO ISLANDS.

(A Review by Elizabeth Patterson Sawyer, De Pauw University Faculty.)

A Record of Prehistoric Oregon by Thomas Condon, Ph. D., Professor of Geology, University of Oregon.

"The Two Islands" is a book of over two hundred pages with thirty-five engravings, reproduced from very superior photographs which were the work of the Dorris Gallery of Eugene. The book is published by the J. K. Gill Company, and having been written by our noted Oregon geologist, it is thus a distinctive Oregon product and one of which Oregon may speak with pride.

In Professor Condon's translation of the messages from the Rocks is given a far reaching history, as interesting as it is instructive. Professor Condon has chosen such concise, clear, comprehensive language to picture Oregon's formative conditions that the story must appeal to the amateur or the artist, to the dilettant or the serious scholar.

From his "Introduction" we learn that



Bowing Before King Mergan.

he wishes to appeal more to a popular way than to a scientific one. He has drawn for the uninitiated a pen picture of the most interesting, simple in design, but of decided scientific moment.

Professor Leslie has said: "Every rock fragment that lies upon the surface of the earth has legibly written on it and around it the facts of its history if we would only study them."

From Professor Condon's record we learn that Oregon has stone quarries large in number and great in proportions and in classifying their products we

into three groups, the Willamette and Josephine County fossils, or the Rogue river group, more technically called the Cretaceous period.

Second—Douglas and Coos County, or Umpqua group, the Eocene period.

Third—The Willamette or Miocene period.

The quarries of these distinctive periods abound in inexhaustible supplies of shell forms. Shell forms naturally suggest to our minds a beach. We are drawn to think of a sea or lake beach hundreds of miles in length, strewn with shells, bones, leaves, fruit and branches of trees, all buried in the sand or mud, elevated to the crests and slopes of the hills and subsequently changed into solid rock.

"Geological records are only preserved in the sediments of water."

The question is asked: Are sea beds ever elevated into dry land? An instance is cited of the stone wharf built by Julius Caesar on the British coast, nineteen hundred years ago. The ruins of this old pier are now over sixty feet above the tide level of Caesar's time.

Likewise, the coasts of Norway and Sweden are rising. This change of sea level has gone on for thousands of years at the rate of five or six feet in a century. Hundreds of miles of these elevated beaches have been surveyed on the South American coast.

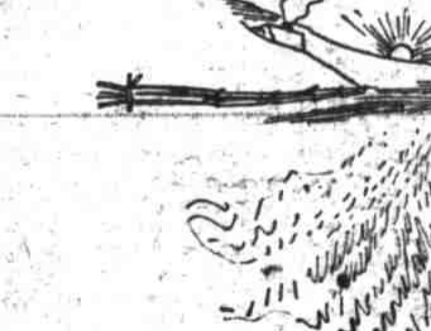
At Cape Blanco is an elevated beach of two hundred and ten feet above tide level, and nearer home at the mouth of the Coquille we find a raised beach of one hundred feet.

The elevated beach on the Yaquina coast is finely supplied with a rich variety of shells and cones scarcely distinguishable from the species of today.

At Newport the bluffs rise over one hundred feet, seventy or eighty feet of which being marine sediment.

On the Yaquina coast are three beaches belonging to three widely separated periods. Thus our coast line is made up of layer upon layer, deposit upon deposit, each with a message, if we but knew the secrets of the geologist.

The geological history of the Pacific coast consists chiefly in a description of the slow elevation of successive belts of



Not All Fun for the Farmer.

the bed of the ocean into dry land and the progressive addition of these to the western border of North America.

Oregon's geological history had its origin in the crumpling up of its ancient sea bed and when this disturbance subsided there were left off the coast of North America, "Two Islands" three hundred miles apart, the ocean flowing freely between.

In the earliest periods of their history these islands present themselves to the geologist as twins in age, in structure and in their relationship to the ocean by which they were surrounded.

However, with the close of the Cretaceous period a great barrier was destined to separate them.

The great "world grids," such as the Alps, Caucasus and Himalaya mountains, in one belt of a continent, and the Andes, the Mexican Cordilleres and the Rockies in another, were to be imitated by a third "world grid," the Cascade, and the Sierra Nevada range, which Professor Condon calls the "Cascade Barrier."

This barrier passed between the two islands and thenceforth Siskiyou and Shoshone became progressively different environments.

That great revolutionary movement, the elevation of the Cascade mountains, made to both the Shoshone and Siskiyou

regions the geological epoch of the times. The Shoshone belt, that island west of the barrier, was in marine environment, whereas the Siskiyou belt, or that region east of the barrier, was in fresh water environment.

The geological period whose beginning is thus marked, was the Cretaceous (meaning chalk).

In the period in which the Trigonina, Nautilus and Ammonites struggled for existence on the shores of the Siskiyou Island, the Chalk Hills of England and France were developing.

The colossal sea dikes, the "Cascade Barrier," was continually rising, which, upholding, enclosed the Shoshone Island in a stretch of land, locked waters east of the barrier, the Siskiyou continuing in its marine environment, this change occurring at the close of the Cretaceous period.

Of the succeeding period the Eocene (meaning the dawn of the recent), we find abundant supplies of fossil remains.

"In Oregon, Eocene deposits are found near the mouth of the Coquille river, Coos bay, Cape Arago, in the bluffs of the Umpqua, also at Philomath, Corvallis and among the Benton County hills. Cardita planicosta attest the Eocene age of the rocks."

The magnitude of these Eocene de-

posits estimated in the light of what one sees along the coast line from Cape Blanco to the Umpqua, strikes one as very great, while the uniformity of their materials and the abundance of their fossil remains alike speak of long continued history.

Another world belt is formed in this period, the Coast range, nearly 100 miles west of the "Cascade Barrier."

This uplifting of the earth's crust formed a trough along the coast from Southern California to Alaska.

The bounding up of the coast line formed the coast line to consist of a number of islands. The geological materials were Eocene. As the ocean waters played freely among these islands, their shores kept a full record of Miocene life. In the Willamette Valley the lack of any trace of the life of the next period, the Pliocene, calls forth the explanation that the entire region remained above water and thus out of the reach of sediments.

Later, in the Champlain period, the Willamette Valley with the Yakima Valley and the Walla Walla region were covered with water, which condition caused this submerged district to receive the recent name, "the Willamette Sound," the shores of which teem with the life of the period. Relics of bones, teeth and tusks indicate a wide range of animal life.

The Shoshone Island all through the Cretaceous period went on enlarging its outline in the time of elevation and lessening its area in times of subsidence.

With the elevation of the Cascade range and subsequent erosions of drainage currents, extensive lakes were formed and by progressive drainage the links grew into a continuous stream—the Columbia.

From the specimens of leaves of the palm and bones of the rhinoceros and from studying the topography of that time, we know that, having the Japan current to the north and the warm, moist atmosphere of the Pacific and with the consideration of the fossil remains just mentioned, we are led to believe that the climate during that age was mild.

The ash deposits on the Deschutes hills, the accumulations of lake sediments of the early Tertiary days, the carvings of the streams through this sediment, eruptive rock formations, et cetera, give exhaustive resources for exploration on the Shoshone Island.

In the chapters on the lake regions, the interest deepens, for we read more of animal life. Among the fossils of the Lower Lake Region are mentioned the orosodons, rhinoceros, emelodion, behemoth, felidae, canidae and architherium. Those of the Upper Lake Region are hipparion, or another horse type; protohippus, still an

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links. What matters it where the missing links occur?

"From Nature's chain whatever Link you strike, Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks The chain alike."

PROFESSOR CONDON'S IDEAS.—In a brief interview with the author, he concisely expressed the objects of his book by four questions:

"Does the book succeed in teaching a story of growth and development?"

"Are the steps simple through which the author carries his story of the rocks, so that the busy man, the hard working man, will feel drawn into ardent interest in the history the book describes?"

"Will our own mountains, through the help of this book, teach our people some of Oregon's beauty that our own people might overlook?"

"Is the book fitted to impress tourists and other strangers visiting Oregon with the grandeur of Oregon's prehistoric record?"

These questions give an epitome of Professor Condon's labor of love, love for the rocks themselves, and love for humanity that we may share in his affection for these messengers of the past.

Certainly his inquiries can be answered by an unanimous affirmative. The uninitiated as well as the deliver into the mysteries of natural history, the forager or the lover of Oregon's history must be impressed by Professor Condon's wonderful research and his naive yet strong manner of presenting his truths.

THEATRES

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.—The Marquand—"In Town." Comed opera, Pollard Juvenile Opera Company. The Baker—"Mr. Barnes of New York." Neill Stock Company.

Cordray's—"Thelma." Melodrama. Shields' Park—Vaudeville. Fredericksburg—Vaudeville. Carnival—Coling events.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.—Marquand—"Red Knight." James Neill Company, Monday and Tuesday nights, Wednesday matinee.

"A Bachelor's Romance," Wednesday night, Neill Company.

"Prince Karl," Thursday night.

"The Starbuck's," Neilla, for the balance of the week.

The Baker—"Lady Windermere's Fan." Neill Stock Company, next week.

Cordray's—"A Broken Heart." Esther Rujano, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday nights, Wednesday matinee.

"Thoroughbred Tramp" balance of the week.

In the German village.

SKIRT DOTS DENOTE THE WOMAN

A Newport mondaine is to be known by the ruffled, crinkled and far from fresh look of her long skirt draperies, which have become so from dampness, fog and the supreme law of her set, which forbids under any circumstances holding up or disturbing in any way the hang of her skirt, whether it trails over wet grass, gravel or passageways from carriage on wheels. The more costly the gown the greater abuse may she give it. In the most languid, unconscious way, seemingly—Vogue.

"We ain't got no permanent address."

FAME RESTED ON ONE BOOK.