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CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

The recent forest fires that seemed to spring up as if from some concerted action, have done millions of dollars of damage and destroyed, perhaps, half a hundred lives.

A few days of East wind, a thoughtless application of fire to a "flashing" dry as dust, or the neglect to put out a campfire, and miles of the finest timber in the world went up in smoke.

It might be that a strong criminal statute properly enforced, and the placing of a few of the criminally careless behind the bars, would have some effect, but it would scarce be worth the attempt.

That the fires should break out in so many places at once is abundant evidence that a variety of causes started them, and that they spread with such disastrous effect, was due to conditions that the thoughtless did not take into consideration.

THE BELGIAN HARE.

It was only a year ago that the Belgian hare was the only top. He had, so his advocates told us, come to revolutionize the world. He was more tender than lamb, sweeter than turkey, better, far better than beef, and, properly roasted, would make Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" read like a chapter from Ezekiel.

He was to revolutionize the meat supply of the world, and knock the beef trust into a whole alley full of cooked hares. He was to supply the world with fish, flesh and game. Societies were formed for his propagation, and the heralding of his manifold qualities.

Papers were printed especially for his glorification. Every daily had a column devoted to him, people talked him, dreamed him, in fact, did about everything to him but eat him.

Epicures smacked their lips as they read the advance notices and books were written descriptive of his habits, and filled with instruction as to his raising and care. He would eat anything from sea-biscuit to green coffee, and turn a half cent's worth of clover into a dollar's worth of toothsome and delicious dinner.

His fur was to ruin the seal industry, and drive the wood cutting beaver out of business. Silk hares were to be made from his downy fuzz, and his feet brought luck as they dangled from every watch chain.

In three months after the craze was started, Belgian hares were on the market at fabulous prices, and with a pedigree reaching back to the time of Aesop, and showing a collateral line of consanguinity with the original hare that was

beaten by the tortoise in the footrace at the Olympic games B. C. 1492, and the name blown in the bottle.

The Argonaut of San Francisco a year or more ago made a careful estimate from the known rate of increase, showing that with one good pair of animals to start with, there would be at the end of the year 22, and at the end of five years, if the gourmands, epicures and poor folks restrained their appetites, the family could celebrate their parents' wooden wedding with 3,809,323 happy cousins, sisters and aunts, in the alfalfa patch.

But he didn't materialize and we vainly wonder why?

Where has he gone, and whence, and what for?

But the fact is self-evident, for he is gone. Faded, as did the tulips of Amsterdam. Burst, like the Mississippi Bubble. Dried up and quit, like a campaign speech in the idea of November.

The place that knew him once is harmless, metaphorically bald-headed. The turkey beheld in him a real cause of thanksgiving, and the lambkin gambled on the grassy hillsides, with no fear of the butcher. He should have done better. With mutton at Morgan prices, pork jumping to 16 to 1, and beef clear out of sight, the Belgian hare had an opening that was the chance of his life. He couldn't fill it. Arizona and Nevada have not "canned him by the thousands of tons," but instead are utilizing the cans for broncho and cayuse.

COOK COUNTY DITCHES.

Work is being pushed actively on Cook County's irrigating ditches and it will only be a short time until at least one hundred thousand acres of so-called desert land will be supplied with water. Already land is being cleared and prepared to receive both seed and water that will make the desert to "blossom as the rose."

Unfortunately irrigation schemes in Oregon have had a hard time. Money has been hard to get, and many difficulties have been encountered. These in some cases have been overcome, and Cook County will soon have the first really great ditch in the state. Wasco County also has a big ditch, but it is at present "hung up." What this will mean to Oregon can hardly be estimated. If put in wheat, the area subject to the Cook County ditch alone should produce 2,000,000 bushels, and when the full system of ditches getting their water from the Deschutes, and now in contemplation, are completed, it would almost double the wheat yield of Eastern Oregon. It is improbable, however, that much of this land will be devoted to grain growing, as its remoteness from market will cause its products to be sent out in the shape of stock and wool. The completion of these ditches and the rapid settlement of Cook County consequent thereon, will do much towards causing the transportation companies to build for the trade, and one or more lines of railroad through Eastern Oregon are a near possibility.

Cook County, which is as large as Massachusetts, has about six thousand inhabitants, or about one to every 1000 acres. There is plenty of room for more without serious crowding. And her desert lands, heretofore considered almost worthless, will be her chief source of wealth.

SAVE THE GAME.

Back in Minnesota, where once game was plentiful, and afforded fine sport, there is none left, excepting in the southern portions. Four-fifths of the state has practically no game birds or trout.

Oregon may learn a lesson from this fact. Oregon will be in the position of Minnesota very soon, if there be no constant instance that the game and fish laws be enforced. Indeed, it will be possible only to defer for a time the extermination of the game, for eventually the setting of the country and the overcrowding of the lands will strike the doom of the wild animals.

Perhaps it would be difficult to support a game preservation policy with much of solid reasoning. Yet there is considerable sentiment in the subject, and at least the existence of law should be recognized by everyone.

One argument is available for the enforcement of game laws, and that is that the true sportsman will desire to prevent "pot hunting," an occupation despised by all well disposed people.

It was pot hunting that killed off the prairie chicken in Minnesota. Men hunted for the market, and effected enormous slaughterings. And they have almost exterminated the prairie chickens.

The Oregon Fish and Game Association makes an effort to save the game and the trout, and deserves support from good citizens. A commendable stand has been taken by Mr. James E. Krause, one of the officials of the Association, living at Pendleton. He should have the assistance of all persons who are or who admire true sportsmen.

MATTER OF ENTERPRISE.

Many who have visited Portland recently can testify that there is a shortage of passenger coaches on the trains running in and out of the city and a shortage of rooms in the hotels—due, perhaps, to a shortage of enterprise.—Toledo Leader.

It will not injure Portland to read occasionally the comments that are made in the newspapers of other places regarding this town. Such statements as that here reproduced from the Toledo Leader will cause some thought and perhaps stir to action in the matter of hotel accommodations.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

If The Journal Mork had not been fired out of the department, he would order rain.

Ohio has a well-defined issue. Tom Johnson is for the people, and Hanna is for—Hanna.

The Carnival grounds indicate that the late pleasantness was composed of saw dust and confetti.

ADAMS

regenerated Trades

City Councilman generally has a thankless job, but then, most of them are not looking for thanks.

Mine Owner—Coal from England!

never figured on that.

"He has money to burn" is now obsolete. "He has coal to burn" is the modern up-to-date phrase.

The Dispatch published at Dayton, Wash., deserves notice in the Tabasco column, for it is certainly "hot stuff."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has issued a call to the women of Montana, to stand up for their rights, but it is only a "cat-call."

The Populists are all right, they are still in the middle of the road, but they would not be crowded on the sidewalks of New York.

Harpers Magazine has started the query, "Who beheaded Charles I?" This is about the liveliest proposition Harper's ever opened up.

President Baer, of the Reading Railroad, is still firmly of the opinion that Providence is still firmly on his side of the coal situation.

The President says application of Republican principles will settle the strike. Now, if the public could see the application it would be gratified.

The first issue of the Glendale News reached The Journal today. It has room to grow, but though small, it is a credit to the infant industries.

The hasty messengers struck yesterday because the manager insisted on their wearing red hats. So that this strike is against Cardinal principles.

The Tillamook Headlight has a very interesting article on the dairy products of that section under the rather paradoxical caption "The Cow is King."

It costs from ten to thirty dollars to take a dog from New York to Europe. It looks like a waste of money, when poison is cheap and clubs abundant.

King Edward's latest photograph shows that he is aging rapidly. However, he is not sensitive, or he would not every day run up against the sensitive plate.

When Aguinaldo comes out in the open to deliver a series of lectures in the United States, returned American soldiers will have a chance to play polo man.

St. Louis is now busy "cleansing his of his political lepers." That's what the Chronicle calls it, anyway. We would suggest that the new officials be given all kinds of serum treatment.

The horse of the fashionables now has a long tail. This is tough on the recent highly barbed nags with a shoe-brush caudal, but it is a stern decree of Fashion and the bobs must either grow more hair or go into retirement.

GET YOUR TICKETS AT THE GATE

It is stated that the honest tradesmen who do business within the shadow of Windsor Castle, as it were, are much alarmed because King Edward has given orders that hereafter an admission fee of 2 cents will be charged each person who visits the castle. The tradespeople profess to believe that this restriction—the castle has been free to sightseers hitherto—will drive away many visitors and consequently reduce the amount of their sales. But this seems to be a very small way of looking at the matter. It can scarcely be possible that any person who really desires to visit this abode of royalty will forego the trip because of this paltry coin. What! turn aside from the inestimable opportunity of pressing the floors that royalty's feet have pressed! Forego the pleasure of looking through windows that princely eyes have also used! Miss the kitchens and the stables that royalty's presence has made precious! No, indeed. Certainly not for the price of five car tickets.

Anyway let the pessimistic tradespeople set their minds easy over those of their prospective patrons who hail from America. They will hear no criticism of King Edward's order from them. The American tourist has come too far to get the aroma of royalty to be turned aside at the threshold by the trifling equivalent of an ordinary tip.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

MEANING OF SARATOGA'S BOOM

As is well known, the remarkable feature of the past summer has been the renewed popularity of Saratoga for a large portion of New York's fashionables and moneyed and "tenderloin" set. The crowd that has made the words "Saratoga season" take on a new meaning has been a motley one, and the revival and classes it has attracted are significant.

What does the "rehabilitation of Saratoga" really mean? It means that it has become the Monte Carlo of the United States, favored by extraordinary legislation, a place unique, for which the State Constitution has been violated, laws set aside, manners and morals blotted out.

The kind of life that has been lived here for the past month is the kind of life that developed in England between the Restoration and the Revolution. Our modern Restoration is more raw than that of 1660, more crude, lacking grace; but, altogether, this old mineral spa, with its dignified history and ante-bellum tone, has been turned into a close American variation of the Tunbridge Wells of the reign of Charles II, when the leaders of the mode, the wealthy merchants, the gentry and the frail and jilting beauties brought to it all the luxuries and vices of London.

Constraint was banished, familiarity came on short acquaintance, deep play and intriguing, eating and drinking were the staple amusements; from craps to faro, roulette, ponies and stocks there was nothing you could not lay a wager on in Saratoga. Great, splendid agencies of Wall street brokerage houses were established in the best situations, the qualitative terms were liquid except at pick-me-ups after champagne, cafes, wine stores and shops with the choicest tobaccos increased in number and opulence, and the small old knock-knock and souvenir shops looked wonderingly across the street at radiant new displays of Broadway and Fifth avenue jewelry.

Gambling first, then coquetry—what a pair of pleasures for hard-headed men of this time and country! Mind, no names are named. What are called "Wall street men," and also merchants who at home are steady-going enough to suit anyone, were most conspicuous at each. Everybody plunged, as a recreation, for the spirit of gambling, which Puritanism laid on England, previous to that Restoration before alluded to, then barred from this new land, has revived and Saratoga (hasn't New York, too?) epitomized the facts of it.

All the bearing the whole thing has would seem to begin and end with what it reveals about persons who accumulated themselves their large stores of money. The triviality of their interests, the selfishness of their aims, the flat vacuity of their idea of living, and the entirely sordid manner in which they take their holidays, certainly suggest that wealth is not worth while. There is a good deal about some modern holders of it that appeals to the imagination, you have a notion of the past risk, audacity, force. Yet to see them outside their work is to see them off the stage, disenchanted, under the eager strain still, but sadly materialized. The materialism of a mercantile democracy is that what the season chiefly called attention to? It re-opened to inquiry, at all events, the old question as to whether the stewardship of wealth means holding it, giving it away, or blowing it in.

The hunger displayed by all classes of people for literature of a mystical or occult character is beyond the belief of anyone not connected with the sale of books or periodicals or not in touch with the work of public libraries throughout the country. This includes fortune telling by cards, palmistry, astrology, the phenomena of hypnotism, suggestive therapeutics, spiritism, mind-reading, faith cure, telepathy, and everything connected with the divining of the future, or the mystical or occult in mind, matter, or religion.

Many periodicals treating of these various subjects are published now in many languages, and the circulations of some of them have increased wonderfully. A curious phase of the subject is the fact that particular articles in these periodicals attract wide attention and are often quoted and discussed in coteries which are not usually supposed to be interested in matters beyond the domain of the five senses. Some of these magazines in the Library of Congress have to be kept under lock and are only given out for reading to know persons upon card, because the temptation to cut or mutilate certain select portions of the text seems to be too great for persons of less than ordinary will power.

Of course there is much of this literature of distinct value, especially such as relates to psychology in any direct or indirect way. A great deal of it is ethical and is of no value as moral instruction, and some of it is almost as unsatisfactory to the intelligent reader as a chapter of Para Celsus or any of the old alchemists or searchers after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Even the many volumes devoted to palmistry may be said to have a raison d'être outside of their more or less false value as a means of divining the future. They serve, perhaps, to draw attention of people to their hands and to secure for them better care and more cleanliness.

The case which more than all else has led to a great revival of interest in this class of literature is, of course, the wonderful belief in spiritism and the consequent deduction that the spirits must needs know something of the future on mortals can be depended upon in some vague way to communicate this knowledge to the material world. Some look to the clairvoyant as the most reliable source of this supposed spirit knowledge of the individual's future; others depend upon the reader of the cards, the reader of the palms, or the reader of the stars. But it can all be reduced to one cause—the yearning of man for immortality, and for knowledge of the future years of his present state.—Washington Times.

GREAT GUESSERS IN DEVONSHIRE

At the Tiverton Agricultural Association, prizes were offered to those who could give the nearest guess as to the weight of the Devon hawk. The animal was afterward killed and weighed. Six competitors guessed the exact weight at which it turned the scale—35 score 12 pounds. Six others guessed within half a pound to a pound, and 15 within two pounds of the right weight. Most of the competitors were farmers.—London Daily Mail.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

The following remarkable statement was made by United States Senator Mason of Illinois, in Chicago the other day: "The developments of the last 24 hours constitute an open confession of the robbery of the state institutions," said he. His statement was brought out by the fact that Henry C. Clasen's suit against Governor Yates and other state officers to recover money paid under the 5 per cent political assessment of state employees, had been settled by the refunding of the money. Mason continued:

"Governor Yates dares not take the witness stand and let me examine him under oath 15 minutes as to what he has done with the money thus corruptly taken from the state treasury. When the newspapers charged, nearly a year ago, that an assessment was being levied on state employees the Yates administration denied it. When evidence of the assessment accumulated during the summer they assumed the air of saying it was 'nobody's business.' Then Clasen sued for his money. Three lawyers were hired to crush him and get his case thrown out of court, as a sign to the people that there was nothing in the assessment charges. Now, rather than let testimony be taken, and rather than let Yates be examined under oath, they settled the case.

"I know what he has done with part of this money. It was used to corrupt the primary ballot box of our party in at least 20 counties to secure the state convention indorsement of Yates and Hopkins. I have given the names, dates and places without any denial from the Governor's appointees, whom I have charged with thus corruptly polluting the Republican primary ballot box. Yates says he knows nothing about it.

"Yates—the gentle, the tender, the tearful, the pious Yates—is the first Governor of Illinois to disgrace the state by diverting public funds to personal ends. Contrast his work with that of Senator Cullom, who, when Governor, took pains to put a minority member on every institution board so as to keep these institutions out of partisan politics. Yates has treated the state institutions as his personal asset. The only answer by the Yates gang to the direct and specific charges I have made is that I am not a Republican.

"I am not permitted by the Republican committee to speak for the ticket, because I cannot and will not take the stump and approve the robbery of the deaf and dumb, insane, the blind and the orphans to make Mr. Hopkins Senator and Mr. Yates Governor. Because I will not do this, because I believe diversification by Yates and his crowd of \$100,000 of state funds to affect a convention for us was as much as the theft of a loaf of bread, I am branded by such men as Lorimer, Yates and Hopkins as no longer a Republican."

'T WAS A FEARSOME SIGHT.

The largest Ichthyosaurus were between 30 and 40 feet in length, and occurred in considerable numbers in a comparatively limited area during the long period stretching from the upper Triassic and Rhaetic to the Chalk. Fusiform in shape and some with a long, pointed snout almost like that of the Gangetic dolphin, the head joined to the body without a distinct neck, those giant fish-destroyers were adapted no less for deep than for shallow water, propelling themselves by their powerful tails, which had a vertical fin, and deft in balancing themselves by strong paddles or flippers, in their irresistible chase after their lesser neighbors.

In some these paddles were between five and six feet long, larger in the older, narrower in the more recent forms, as well as being purely pelagic habit were indicated. Nor did these reptiles confine their attacks to fishes, but the smaller members of their own race were constantly seized to vary their dietary.

The huge size of their eyes, which, like those of birds, had a broad ring of bony plates round the eyeball, enabled them to detect their prey afar, to detect it in the recesses of the dusky depths, in the shadows of rocks and stones, or in the mazes of the seaweed forests.

Once seen, there was small chance of escape from a foe so swift and so well armed, for the formidable teeth (without distinct sockets) were ranged in jaws that were four feet long. These great Ichthyosaur fed on the finny tribes much as the modern toothed whales now do, and they also had to come to the surface to breathe.—Harper's.

A SURPRISE FROM SENATOR LODGE

Closing the campaign in Maine last Saturday, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, a close friend of the President, made a speech which has not been widely reported, and of which the protectionist organs have had very little to say. For it contained a heresy at once alarming and serious. Mr. Lodge himself usually is for almost everything that is ultra Republican; he has generally stood by protection as something closely related to religious gospel, but he distinctly advocated displacing the Beef Trust by removing the tariff which entrenches its monopoly. He does not consider this remedy as fit for application to all trusts as are not in the enjoyment of complete monopolies, for the reason that he thinks it would hurt the small competitors worse than the chief offenders, but in such a case as the beef combination he declared that protection simply helps it to a position for charging exorbitant prices.

Senator Lodge in discussing the trust question thus went a great deal farther than President Roosevelt has done, for he proposed a substantial, perfectly feasible cure for at least one of the very worst of the trusts. Perhaps if the President keeps on and becomes really earnest in opposition to such monopoly evils as he concedes exist, he may acquire the nerve to second Mr. Lodge's proposition—but this will need more heroism than he has as yet shown either in politics or in war, for it will virtually challenge the trusts to defeat him for the nomination of 1904 if they can—and the probability is that they can. If Mr. Lodge carries his apparently new conviction to the floor of Congress next winter there will be a shaking of dry bones and maybe the beginnings of a much wider division of the Republican party as represented in Congress than already exists.—Buffalo Courier.

THE NEWPORT SET.

A St. Paul woman who has returned from a summer sojourn at Eastern resorts and particularly Newport where, through relationship to some prominent New Yorkers, she had pleasant introductions, recently talked about the "four hundred" and Henry Watterston's attack upon them.

"Of course, it is true," she said, "but it did not do any good and only amused those it was aimed at. After meeting some of those people this summer and seeing more that I did not meet, I have come to the conclusion that they are much to be pitied. They are so biased and faded and bored that they do the most absurd and silly things just to pass the time and get away from themselves. Money, even in large quantities, is no longer a novelty to them, and really, after you have bought everything you want and given all you can, what good is it? Those Newport women find much pleasure in dress, but if you know the facts you would find there is hardly one that is not dressing needy cousins and nieces and doing much good with the money as well as much folly.

"My experience among the few I met of that set at Newport is that they are the most agreeable persons in the world, with lovely manners, kind hearts, full of hospitality, and yet what Watterston said is true. But if Mr. Watterston had all the money he wanted and was bored to death, he might do some silly things himself. "As for their morals, I think they are hardly quite as black as he painted them. Great luxury and unlimited wealth has never in the history of the world tended toward strictness in morality, so it would be strange if this case was an exception, but of course their affairs are more published than those of any other class, and we have gotten into the habit of thinking them very wicked.

"But there is a society, even in Newport, which has some of the old-time conservatism and which is composed of delightful people, who regard the "brass band" set with horror.

"The other is known as a society strictly for publication, but these quiet people you hear little about, and yet they consist of the oldest and best families. They haven't all got money, either. But blood, with a capital B, is what counts with them. One of the chief differences I noticed between Eastern and Western society is in the men. The society men at Newport—that is the professional ones, such as Harry Lehr—are well, it would not do for me to say, I really believe the nicest men must have come West.

"The men that go out in St. Paul, for instance, are all charming young fellows, even the very young ones. But the dancing men in New York are anything but desirable. They are autocrats; there are so few of them that society is afraid not to cater to them, and these young men will not go where there is not plenty of champagne.

HAS THE WILL OF WILLIAM PENN

William Penn last will will have a resting place in Philadelphia hereafter. It and a number of other papers, written by members of the Penn family, of historic interest, were brought to this city by J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr., who was back in Philadelphia yesterday after an automobile trip through Europe with his wife, formerly Miss Ethel Jackson of "Bob White" fame.

Mr. Zimmerman obtained the proprietor's will, which is the original copy of the instrument, from Conrad Hanrot of London, a descendant of a member of the law firm by which the paper was drawn.

Many generations of the Penns, following William, had as solicitors members of Mr. Conrad Hanrot's family, and thus they were enabled to keep the will and the other papers in their possession.

The exact date of the major portion of the will does not appear. But in an addition to it, in which William Penn relates that he subscribed to the first part while suffering with a fever, the date May 27, 1712, is given.

It appears that certain persons circulated a rumor that Penn was not in his right mind when he made the will. Therefore, he took occasion to reaffirm his statements and thank God for restoring him to health.

Proprietor Penn did not spell the name of the commonwealth as we do. At least he did not object to a notary writing it "Pensylvania." That form appears in all instances.

His last will was that his territory in America should be governed according to the wisdom of the Earl of Oxford, Earl Mortimer and Will, Earl of Poole, subject to the Queen's pleasure and for the benefit of his heirs.

THEATRES

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS. The Marquam—"Bachelor's Romance," James Neill Company. Cordray's—"Thoroughbred Tramp." Baker—"Lady Windermere's Fan," Neill Stock Company. Fredericksburg—Vaudeville.

COMING ATTRACTIONS. Marquam—"Prince Karl," Thursday night, the Neills. The Starbucks, Neills, for the balance of the week. The Baker—"Lady Windermere's Fan," Neill Stock Company for the week. Cordray's—"A Thoroughbred Tramp," balance of the week.

FIRE SUFFERERS' BENEFITS. Shields' Park—Friday night, with a combination program of special merit, entire gate receipts to be given to the fire sufferers. Marquam—Grand—Tuesday, September 23d, the James Neill Company and the Neill Stock Company will present two plays, Messrs. Heilig, Neill and Baker donating the entire box office receipts to the sufferers from forest fires.

MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS. "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE." "A Bachelor's Romance," which the Neill Company will present at the Marquam Grand Theatre this evening, is an original play in four acts by Miss Martha Morton. The part of David Holmes, the literary critic on the Review, in this famous success, was originally played by Sol Smith Russell. Mr. James Neill, one of the handsomest and most capable stars in America, will be seen in this character in this city. The Neill Company has the exclusive right for the presentation of "A Bachelor's Romance." Other characters in the comedy are Gerald Holmes, a pleasure loving man of the world; Martin Heggs, David's secretary and confidential man; Harold Reynolds, a reporter on the staff of the Review; Mr. Melberry, an antique literary man, with a classical education which he cannot turn into money; Archibald Lytton Savage, a modern literary man; Miss Clementine, a maiden lady with a sharp tongue; Helen La Grande, David's sister, a widow of the world; Harriet Lancaster, a society girl; Sylvia, David's ward, and James, a servant.

The first scene is laid in David's study in Washington Square, in New York City. The second act is at Helen's fashionable home, Murray Hill, N. Y., the third act David's study and act fourth Miss Clementine's home in the country. "Prince Karl," Richard Mansfield's comedy success, will be the bill tomorrow night.

AT THE BAKER. The fourth performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan" was given last night at The Baker by the Neill Stock Company, and the real beauty of the play appears more apparent after witnessing the second or third performance. In fact, it is almost necessary for the average person to see the play for the second time to be able to enjoy quickly and without restraint the various scenes and rather complicated situations. But like many another superior creation, it is "perfectly lovely" after being better understood, and no one to whom is given the quality to appreciate such things, ever leaves the Baker Theatre after the play, but feels as if in some sense he or she had been elevated for a time to a higher plane of thought and a purer sense of amusement. Everyone remarks about the beauty and lavish taste in the stage settings, and the unparalleled scenery. There is evidently a scenic artist somewhere in the background of the Baker Theatre, whose work has never been excelled and rarely equaled in any production in Portland.

"A THOROUGHBRED TRAMP." "A Thoroughbred Tramp," is the bill at Cordray's tonight and for the balance of the week.

The manager of the company relates the following amusing story of the experiences of the tramp on the road: "While the agent of 'A Thoroughbred Tramp' Company was changing cars at a small junction in Arkansas last season, he strolled over to a nearby hotel and sat down on the porch, which proved more inviting than the stuffy little depot. He had hardly sat down when the village marshal came out of a neighboring barroom, stopped, looked up and down the deserted street, took a plug of tobacco out, cut off a chew, hitched up his trousers and strolled leisurely in the direction of the theatrical man. When directly opposite him he stopped, leaned up against a post, scratched his chin whiskers, and accosted the agent: "Hello, stranger!" "Good morning, sir," the agent replied. "Kinder warm."

"Yes, slightly. "Air yeh a drummer?" "No, sir, I never played in a band." "Not that kind of a drummer—I reckon you all know what I mean—the kind that sells things." "No, I am not a commercial man either," smilingly remarked the showman. "Wal, what air yeh?" "I'm with 'A Thoroughbred Tramp.' "Oh, yeh air?" the marshal straightened up, reached out and grasping the agent's arm, said: "Jes you come with me."

The agent, thinking he intended leading him to some spot where he had cached some rare old Rye or Bourbon, went along willingly enough. About one hundred yards from the hotel the marshal stopped and pointed to a large sign board: "Read that!" The agent read the sign aloud: "Notice to tramps—Don't let the sun set on you inside the limits of this town if you have any further use for your miserable lives." "That's bin put ther' expressly for you kind of people," an' see that yeh pay strict 'tention to it." And tapping his fingers against his collar, he turned and walked away.

The agent followed, but it took 25 minutes explanation before the marshal was made to realize that this was a different kind of a tramp.

Henry Wensler, a war veteran of Warsaw, Ind., has received \$15,000 from the government in payment of accumulated pensions. He is not in a position to enjoy his windfall, however, for he is of unsound mind and has long been in charge of a guardian appointed by the London Express.