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DISCOURAGING DELAY.

It is difficult for any but lawyers to understand the apparently unreasonable delays in the trial of cases, and the interminable time the decision remains looked up in the Judge's brain, or desk, or garret, or wherever such things are stored away, judiciously. It may, indeed, be doubted if the lawyers could account for it if they would, and as they won't, it is presumed that they, as well as the courts, believe that Justice, being blind, should be led slowly, lest she stumble.

Commencing in the lower courts, delay, red tape, technicalities, dilatory pleas and a hundred useless and futile means prevail. The commonest action to recover money loaned, or the price due for goods sold, one that under respectable business methods would require about five minutes to settle, drags along with demurrers and motions for weeks. And when the weary party has won, if perchance he is so lucky, his troubles have only begun.

The loser, by putting up a small bond, appeals the case to the proper court, which may meet in anywhere from a month to three or four. Here the same methods prevail, only as might be expected in a higher court, to a much greater degree. Some time in the course of human events a decision is reached and rendered, for you know the trial Judge might go off to the seaside or Honolulu, or any old place, with his mind already made up, but the option not put in the records.

This would not be so bad if it ended here, but this may be only the beginning. There is a motion for a new trial, based on the ground of errors, newly discovered evidence, and all this, and if the motion prevails, the whole thing goes back to be tried over.

There are cases in which entire communities are interested, are in fact so situated that they are practically at a standstill until the matters in dispute are settled, yet the courts move on in majesty, with their grand pulverizing, glacial movement.

There should be a new deal, and an entirely new deck of judicial cards. We do not allude to Oregon, but to the whole United States. There should be a change for all of us. It is utterly absurd that business people, sensible people, whose time is valuable, should be dragged for years from one court to another in a chase after a court house will-o'-the-wisp. For several years the Supreme Court of this state was between two and three years behind with its work. A case appealed to it had to wait its turn, and if sent back for a new trial, it was safe to say it would take from six to eight years to get it settled, provided both parties in the meanwhile had not gone broke. Will humanity ever get civilized and sensible enough to run its law business and its courts on business principles?

A GRAVEYARD HORROR.

Since the days of Burke, who murdered people in order that he might sell the bodies of his victims to medical colleges, there has been nothing quite so ghastly and ghastly as the robbing of the graves of the Indianapolis cemetery. Seven members of an organized gang of grave robbers have been arrested and one of them has confessed. With charming ingenuitiveness, he says:

"We pretty nearly cleaned that place out. I don't believe we have missed any body that has been buried there since July."

Here is a revelation that makes humanity shudder and then grow hot with indignation. Imagine the feeling of a parent, a brother, or sister, or child, who had been placed to rest in the bosom of the earth, when the knowledge came that human hands had desecrated the graves and sold the loved but senseless clay, to be mutilated and destroyed. True, the dead cannot feel, and to them, perhaps, it mat-

ters not what becomes of the useless tenement from which the soul has departed. But to the survivors who hold the absent in tender recollection, what more horrible thing than this could happen? That humanity can descend so low as to rob the graves, the bodies laid away with sorrow and with tears, makes one almost ashamed of the race.

Yet there is another side to the proposition. The conscienceless scoundrels that stole the bodies would not have done so had they not had a market for their gruesome wares. While they cannot be excused, they can at least be given that amount of charitable condemnation given to the lower animals, the condemnation tempered with the thought that they are as their brother beasts of the field, ignorant, unreasoned, brutal.

For those who purchased, what excuse can be offered? They were intelligent, educated, refined! They knew the bodies they bought were stolen, that the holiest of humanity's feelings—love for their dead and the blessed hope of sometime being again with them, were outraged, and yet the medical colleges deliberately offered a bribe, in fact, deliberately hired the lower brutes of humanity to steal the dead, that science might be advanced. The degraded negroes who robbed the graves were less to blame than the intelligent professors and medical students who offered a bribe for them to commit their foulest crime. They should be punished more severely than their ignorant accomplices.

ALL ON ONE SIDE.

President Roosevelt's attempt to settle the coal strike may have been well intended, but it does seem that he made a whole lot of cackle over a very small egg. After getting the railroad presidents and the miners' representatives together he found that the railroad magnates stuck to their platform and insisted there was nothing to arbitrate. On the other hand the miners offered to submit their case to a board of arbitration, said board to be selected by the President, and to bind themselves to stand by its decision, for one or five years. This was a fair offer, but the railroad magnates refused to have anything to do with the proposition. They refused to make any offer, or to concede anything.

Now comes the President and offers the following not very attractive bait to the miners:

On Monday, October 6, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, went to Philadelphia and gave to Mr. John Mitchell, the following from the President: "If Mr. Mitchell will secure the immediate return to work of the miners in the anthracite regions, the President will at once appoint a committee to investigate thoroughly into all matters at issue between the operators and miners, and will do all in his power to obtain the settlement of those questions in accordance with the report of the committee."

So, after all the "determination to do something," so loudly heralded, the President is only able to suggest to the miners that they give up their fight, concede everything to the coal operators, and go back to work. And what are they to get in consideration of surrendering? Why, the President's promise to appoint a committee to report on the situation and to get the operators to accept that report—if he could.

A strenuous promise, truly. If the operators will not submit to arbitration, what hope has the President that they will submit to the report of a committee, that is in effect a board of arbitration?

Is the President honest in making this suggestion? If the miners consent to it, will it not cause them to lose all they have contended for?

If the operators refuse to accept the decision of the committee, can he compel them to do so?

If he can, why can he not compel them to accept arbitration now?

Will he not then be placed in the position of a deliberate trickster, and accused of being in collusion with the railroad and coal magnates?

He is treading on dangerous ground, and the miners will do well to accept his advice, when he can show them the other side are willing to abide by the committee's finding, and not before.

WILL RAISE THEM OUT.

The Populist state convention in Illinois had at least one humorist on its committee on platform. Here is a specimen of the platform, it being what might be called the "regret report" plank:

"We look upon the Republican party, with its gold standard policy and banking policy, as our open enemy, without disposition to conceal its intentions, while we look upon the Democratic party as a party of barter and sale, without a definite policy save to gain office. Its history is one of fusion, broken promises, intrigue, deceit, and, therefore, it is the 'secret enemy' of a people's party; and while the Republican party does something and raises hell, the Democratic party raises hell and does nothing."

Just what the Populist party intends to do, or try to do, the platform does not make very clear. Nor does it state whether it intends to join the other old parties in elevating hades to any great extent, though that having been its first, last and other planks of the platform, hereafter, it is fair to presume that it will carry out the dictates and plans of the party. When it comes to a matter of raising anything it will be there with both feet. It cannot afford to ignore the hire-voted Mary Ellen Lease, or the rum-scuttling Carrie Nation!

However, it does not matter much about the platform: our old political friends of all parties can safely be trusted to do the wrong thing at the right time.

Now, that the government has stopped the use of counterfeit money on the stage, may there not be hope that we may also get more genuine actors?

The Circuit Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the lower court, and Jesse D. Carr can no longer maintain his fences or offences.

It is enough to make Charles A. Dana's bones rattle in their coffin when the Sun has a good word for Grover Cleveland.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Hearst, of the newspaper fraternity, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Eleventh Ward of New York City. He will probably be elected, and then should he succeed himself wouldn't he be rehearsed?

A murderer was hanged at Nome a short time ago, the social function taking place in an ice house. According to accepted ideas, the deceased experienced a sudden and very remarkable change of climate.

The late Senator Fair's daughters are to build a \$2,000,000 hotel in San Francisco. It is claimed it will be the finest hotel in the world. At any rate, it will be Fair to average.

Warren Jewett, superintendent of the Kansas penitentiary, says it is better to give a convict a job than a Bible. To a good many convicts either would prove a novelty.

A baseball player was hypnotized and buried alive in Wisconsin a few days ago. He is to be dug up at the end of a week. What do they want to get in such a hurry for?

The Illinois Populists are down on "fusing." They claim that Democrats and Republicans are just alike, each always stealing all the covers.

The average American magazine is now almost as interesting though not nearly so instructive as a patent medicine advertisement.

Senator Platt says the Republicans can elect a yellow dog this year, in New York, and they have nominated Odell for Governor.

Tracey, having finished his run through Oregon and Washington, has now started to do it all over again in the magazines.

The National Salt Company has been declared insolvent. Its salt might come under the same head, being insoluble.

In the three-sided jangle over the anthracite strike, it is hoped the President has the best leg of the triangle.

These October days are as rare as a day in June, but still, come to think of it, a day in February is still rarer.

An exchange says: "George Bucket fell from a window, dropping four stories, and was unhurt, but a little pall."

The social tone of Newport's 400 is just a whisper. Its color, though, is loud enough to raise the average.

The girl who knows how to blush at the right time is a danger and a menace to the peace of mankind.

The Queen of Spain says 'tis no such a thing, and that she isn't married. She ought to know.

If Uncle Sam is going to construct that Isthmian Canal, all he has to do is to get in and dig.

The coal operators seemed to think the President wanted them to operate on his leg.

Hanna understands poker terms, and she also understands bluffing.

There will be some politics in Pennsylvania this Fall.

Chicago is burning Colorado coal, and likes it.

How will you have it; open or shut?

STARTLING COMPARISON.

Recently a religious census of Cleveland, Ohio, was taken. Nearly 200,000 persons belonged to or expressed a preference for Protestant churches; 90,000 were Roman Catholics, several thousand Jews, and many had no special leaning in religious matters, but only 24 were found who reported themselves as infidels. Evidently the time is passing in this country when it is supposed to be a mark of intellectual vigor to sneer at Christianity and denounce the Bible. In contrast to this we note the following: A secret society of atheists has grown up in France, among boys and young men, numbering 2,000 members. Their ages range from 14 to 20 years. On their arms are tattooed the letters "A. D." (Anti Dieu), "Against God." They are bound by the most solemn oaths to do all in their power to nullify the doctrine of God, as taught by the Roman Catholic Church. Many of them are Catholics, and are in schools where priests teach. After reading these two items, reflect—Pacific Baptist.

WAS WASHINGTON A MILLIONAIRE?

Whether Washington can be put into the envied category of millionaires no one can assert positively. According to the late Paul Leicester Ford, whose work, "The True George Washington," has received wide recognition, "the father of his country" was worth \$300,000. This fortune did not include his wife's property, but nevertheless it made him one of the wealthiest Americans of his time. Her part of the Custis property equaled 70,000 acres of land, a good part of it adjoining the city of Williamsburg, several lots in the old city, between 300 and 300 negroes, and about 800 or 10,000 pounds upon bond, estimated at the time at about 30,000 pounds in all. This property was further increased on the death of Patsy Custis in 1773 by a half of her fortune, which added 10,000 pounds to the sum.

HOW COULD HE TELL.

Witness—Yis, Oi had three more whiskies at Casey's place. Lawyer—And that made you drunk. You admit that, of course. Witness—Oi'll not swear to it. Oi dunno was Oi drunk or sober, but Oi don't remember anything after that.—Philadelphia Record.

ABOUT THE FAIR.

Not a Portland Institution.
Southern Oregon papers are already beginning to kick against the \$500,000 appropriation by the next Legislature for the Lewis and Clark Exposition. They claim that it is a Portland institution. This is erroneous. Portland may be benefited locally more than any other city in the Northwest, but the entire Northwest will receive greater benefit from this institution than anything that has ever been inaugurated. There is not a nook or corner in Oregon that will not profit by the enterprise. Oregon, of all other states, will receive the lion's share, but no other state will have cause to complain. They will all reap a harvest of immigration, and it will be the making of a new country in this already new and thriving section—East Oregonian.

A National Affair.
In view of the approaching session of the state Legislature there is general interest in what will be done along certain lines, particularly in reference to an appropriation for the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held in 1905. The sentiment as a rule seems to be in favor of some thing being done, according to the custom of states and nations, but there is a decided difference of opinion as to the amount which the state shall spend for this purpose. The sum wanted is as much as it takes to run the whole state government for a year, and it is very doubtful if so large a sum for a state of the population of Oregon will be satisfactory, over one dollar for every person in the state. It is as much a national affair as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to be held at St. Louis in 1904, for which the federal government has appropriated \$5,000,000. Nevertheless there is a grave question as to whether a government is proceeding within its province when it appropriates money for such purposes, though the custom is a general one. It is done, though, and Oregon will undoubtedly make an appropriation, but to put it plainly, it must be within our means and not of a graft character in the interest of Portland schemers—Albany Democrat.

Our Reputation at Stake.
If the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held at Portland in 1905 is not a success, every citizen of Oregon should go out behind the house and blush. If Oregon's representatives get the proper lunch from their constituents, there will be an appropriation large enough to make it a success. Oregon's reputation is at stake, and the dyspeptic individual who whines "Extraordinary" should be humped.—Lincoln County Leader.

A Great Advertisement.
The spirit of the state press, of the legislators and of the people is for a grand, successful Lewis and Clark Fair, possessing all the significance of a national and Oriental occasion. It can be made the greatest and most beneficial advertisement of Oregon the state has ever had and that is what the state of citizenship that is the backbone and mainstay of the state wants. As the result of a general demand the Legislature will be expected to give the matter of an appropriation their careful and businesslike consideration.—Eugene Register.

The Whole State Interested.
The state is expected to appropriate a large sum of money to aid the Lewis and Clark Exposition to be held in Portland in 1905, and the money could not be expended in a better cause. The fair is a gigantic undertaking and if it is done at all should be done properly. The whole state is interested in making it a success, as a successful exposition will do more to show people the vast resources of Oregon than almost any other form of advertisement. Visitors from other states cannot fail to be impressed by an exposition of the products of the great Northwest, and through it Oregon will become known as the state has never been known before. Let us all get in and do something for the 1905 fair. However little we are able to do, it is something, and every little helps.—Medford Mail.

Delay is Dangerous.

It is proposed to ask the state Legislature for \$500,000 for the Lewis and Clark Centennial, whether it can legally make such an appropriation or not. One thing is certain: the Exposition is to be successful the committee must have more money, and lots of it. Valuable time is gradually slipping away without much being done to commence work, and it looks to us if this is to continue it will end up in a hurry, scurry fashion and nothing will be completed by the time it is to be opened. As we have remarked, the committee must have a lot more money, and that soon, and as the Exposition is a state affair, surely there should be no objection to the state showing herself for once, and if \$1,000,000 is required, why for all means let that sum be voted, for we do not believe in starting an exposition like that which is proposed and then make a failure of it. It is time, however, to be making a start, for further delay is dangerous. Get a move on, gentlemen.—Tillamook Headlight.

Shouldn't Get Excited.

We are all in favor of building up Oregon, but it is not a very good idea to go wild over this Lewis and Clark Exposition. It will be a good thing, deserving promotion, but it is not in order for us to give our coat away for it—Albany Democrat.

The People Should Decide.

The Portland Exposition managers have decided to ask only \$50,000 from the state. This is just five times more than the majority of the people desire to donate, \$10,000 being the sum favored by nearly all taxpayers whom we have heard specify an amount. The matter should be submitted to the people and the majority allowed to decide the size of the appropriation, but it will not be done. If a special session be held, the appropriation will be included in the call. If it is not held, then an attempt will be made to railroad the half-million bill through at the regular session, before the initiative and referendum amendment is adopted, thereby making the amendment inoperative as regards this bill. The review realizes that the exposition will be of great value to Oregon and the entire coast, and we shall give it all the legitimate aid in our power, but when it comes to giving away the people's money we are of the opinion that those same people should name the amount.—Jefferson Review.

BY THE WAY.

Will some wise mortal kindly explain why the woman who measures four feet across the shoulders in front, with or without (usually without) a proportionate extent in the perpendicular, invariably increases the effect of breadth by wearing a (Gibson) waist, a garment, by the way, which was originally and thoughtfully designed for those unfortunate who lack proper physical development?

An ample figure, gracefully carried, and clothed with a due regard to the preservation of Hogarth's line of beauty, is a joy to the eyes of all observers. Why, oh, why, will women of width and limited height permit the fashion of the hour to make them into grotesques? Is it because they neglect to consult their mirrors, and blindly trust in the Bernhard girdle to counteract the effect of the Gibson waist?

"Do you know," remarked the pretty woman at an afternoon reception, "the most effective means of education for a young girl is a full-length mirror?"

"Oh," exclaimed her neighbor, "as if the girls of the present day were not fat enough!"

"No," replied the pretty woman, "they are not. No girl with an atom of healthy feminine vanity could get herself up as so many of our society young women do when they go in for outdoor exercise. Only the other day I met a sweet girl graduate with racket in hand, en route to the tennis court, accompanied by one of our few eligible men, and I am morally certain that girl will die a spinster if she does not mend her ways and develop a mild degree of vanity."

"I don't think I quite follow you," objected her neighbor, pensively nibbling a macaroon. "Wasn't she properly gowned?"

"My dear, she looked exactly like a washerwoman."

"Oh, surely not as bad as that?"

"But she did. Her short skirt hung too long in the back, her sleeves were rolled up past the elbow, her hair was frowsy and she slouched—she did not walk—in a pair of ugly tennis shoes that no young woman would put on her feet. It would be an utter impossibility for a man of taste and judgment to fall in love with a girl of that sort."

"Then you think the end and aim of a young woman should be to capture a husband?"

"Of course, since the welfare of the human family hinges upon happy marriages. Good by."

There is a girl in one of the department stores who can do three things at once, namely: chew gum, exchange confidences about her heart's desire and wait on a customer. This girl is an attraction, and the firm that employs her ought to raise her salary.

A little girl who is just verging on her teens admitted that she had never read Kingley's "Water Babies," and her guardian, thinking to give her an exquisite pleasure, presented her with an illustrated copy. She skimmed through it and said with air of superior wisdom:

"Why, it's a child's book, I never cared for children's stories."

"Have you read 'Alice in Wonderland'?" asked the disappointed guardian.

"I have, tried to," was the frank reply, "but really, it was so silly that I did not finish it."

"How about fairy stories?" ventured the guardian, who, in spite of years of reading and experience, still confesses to a weakness for Carroll's delightful nonsense and Kingley's scientific fooling.

"Fairy stories are only fit for very small children. I never waste my time on them."

The guardian is figuratively tearing his hair in a vain endeavor to decide whose is the defective taste in literature, his own or the superior 12-year-old's.

"No," replied the charming widow to the pointed question of her bosom friend, "I am not engaged—yet. To be perfectly frank, I have quite given up the judge. A bachelor is always so about making up his mind, and so afraid to speak after he has made it up, that I am disgusted. And now I am receiving attention from Mr. —, who is a widower with three children, and no time to spare. Widowers are so much easier than bachelors."

"Now," writes a young newspaper man from Chicago, "that the sensational press has dropped its Montana prodigy, she is enjoying a well deserved oblivion, and we are now getting the Wilcox treatment—Ella Wheeler—in capsule, crude-herb or neutralized cordial form, three daily. The McNeine comes in yellow wrappers, prescribed by Dr. Hearst."

Chicago: Portland is never disturbed by sensations of that sort. It would take more than a Wilcox or a McNeine to stir out even pulse.

COMPOSITE.

JOKE ON THE AUTHOR.
An author—for obvious reasons he would not care to have his name used—recently had a call from a friend who was about to start on a journey.

"I wish I had something good to read on the train," remarked the friend.

"Have you read my last book?" asked the author.

"No," answered the friend. "What is it—romance or humor?"

"It is supposed to be humor," laughed the author, "and I don't mind giving you a copy on an advertisement basis."

"What's that?" asked the friend.

"Hold it all you've got to do is to laugh and chuckle while you're reading it, and why is that? The other people who can do as what the book is that you can do diverting. That's the best kind of advertising a book can have."

"I'll try it," said the friend, and he took the book.

Of course, this was all said in fun, and it was so understood, but as the friend rolled along in the parlor car it occurred to him that the humorous possibilities of the situation were not entirely exhausted. So it happened that the author received the following telegram, sent from a way station:

"Don't want the book on terms quoted."—Lippincott.

ANOTHER IMMORTAL.

Signor Schaparelli, the Milan astronomer, has been elected an associate of the French Academy of Science, in the room of the late Baron Nordenskiöld.



TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.
Marquand-Sousa's Band.
The Baker—"The District Attorney."
Nelli Stock Company.
Cordray's—"Down Mobile," Lincoln J. Carter's best play.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.
Marquand-Saturday night, Hall Caine's "The Pentit."
The Baker—"The District Attorney," for the week.
Cordray's—"Down Mobile," for the week.

Nell Burgess and Others.
An immense audience saw Nell Burgess and others in "The County Fair" last night at the Marquand. There were others in the cast, but with the exception of Miss Ernie Verone for her dancing, there was little warranting words of praise. It is the old story of a star surrounded by a constellation of smaller lights, that are presumed to flash always less brilliantly than the "big" one.

But, Nell Burgess is great. He made the evening pass without lagging and cried the whole show.

Mr. Burgess, of course, has been caricaturing old maids for a great many years, and has done little else since he came upon the stage late a prominent member of the company with his old maid part. There was a time, years ago, when Mr. Burgess had such men as Jackson and him, and when Tim, the Jockey, and some of the other characters were hits. In fact, there was a time when the public wondered whether or not Mr. Burgess was not conducting an institution for the elevation of others into prominence, such strong companies did he carry with him.

He has altered his policy, and, although the remainder of his "County Fair" cast is fair, yet it is not an exposition of the highest art in acting, notwithstanding there are abundant opportunities in various situations for some very clever work.

There is a perfection of details as to make-up, facial expression, intonation and enunciation achieved by Mr. Burgess as Abigail Frue, that any shortcoming of the others are atoned for to the auditor. There is almost genius in his acting; indeed, it is the genius of comedy, quite entitled to be classed among the great who adorn the American stage. The tone is excellent, morally, and there is little of horse play, although the temptation is great to degenerate into it. Here he does it, when as the old maid he sings the evening hymn before the household goes to the night's sleep. There has been fun and comedy and laughing at the peculiarities of a rather old bachelor girl who is grotesque yet good of heart and rock-ribbed in principle. The audience has laughed until sides are aching, and is ready for a touch of sentiment. Presume the old maid at the time for the evening hymn drops into a moment of quiet, reverent contemplation, and then sings one of the solid old hymns that our grandmothers sang, and sings it as our grandmothers sang, with the old-fashioned roll of the voice. It is safe to say that eyes would have been dry only when owned by people of exceptional self-control. It was an opportunity lost for one who was capable of grasping it and being equal to the requirements.

Cordray's.
"Down Mobile" played to a fair house at this theater last night and gave general satisfaction. The play has some good features and the members of the cast are up to the average. The main fault of the performance is a noticeable lack of quick action and proper working up to the climaxes—a good stage director could make a great deal of improvement in the production. The scenic effects were of the usual Lincoln J. Carter style, but do not surpass any of his former pieces. The play goes again tonight.

The Baker.
A well filled house greeted the Nelli Company last night in their presentation of "The District Attorney." Every one was pleased with the performance as its peculiar adaptability to the conditions in Portland at the present time were plainly visible. Tomorrow is the last time to see this play, as "The Christian" will be presented Sunday night and will continue for the entire week.

MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Sousa Tonight.
John Philip Sousa, "The March King," and his famous band, will give their last concert at the Marquand Grand theater tonight. This afternoon at the matinee there was a crush for seats and the greatest delight at the excellence of the program.

The Sousa band has been spoken of as "unique among the world's greatest musical organizations." It pays no less than \$125.00 per annum in salaries to musicians; there is not a written contract in the organization, either with the management, artists or performers, and yet many of the men have been with the band from the first. Its elaborations for railway, sleeping car and steamship service, as well as printing have mounted into hundreds of thousands of dollars. The tours are conducted on a most complete system that time and experience have perfected, and in ten years the band has lost but four advertised contracts, and then by stress of weather. The executive staff of Sousa and his band is composed of Frank Christianer, manager, by whom the problems of general policy, bookings and transportation are settled; George Frederick Hinton, assistant manager, in charge of publicity and the details of concerts; George N. Loomis, business manager; James R. Barnes, treasurer; and Miss Clara M. Osten, secretary.

"Liberty Bells."
The advance sale of seats for "The Liberty Bells" will open tomorrow (Saturday) morning at 10 o'clock. "The Liberty Bells," a new musical comedy by Harry B. Smith, and presented by Frank Hennessy's company, comes to the Marquand Grand theater next Tuesday and Wednesday nights, October 14-15. The story of Mr. Smith's comedy has its foundation in a sentimental escapade on the part of Margery Lee, a stage-struck girl, engaged to Phil Fullerton, a Columbia Junior, and Dorothy Grey, a fellow student secretly married to Jack Ever-

leigh, an Annapolis cadet. These parts are played respectively by Nevada Harrison, Percy Leach, Gertrude Millington and Harry Stuart.

"The District Attorney" Matinee.
"The District Attorney," bill at the Baker this week, will be seen Saturday afternoon at a matinee performance at 2:15 o'clock. The piece has had a great run and brings the week's business well up to the best previous record of this playhouse. It has its last performance tomorrow night, with "The Christian" the bill for the coming week. "The Christian" has been staged elaborately, the company has expended extra care on the rehearsals, the costumes have