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STOP THE BAR AGITATION.

There has been altogether too much agitation over the improvement of the bar at the mouth of the Columbia. It has done no good and much harm.

The net result of the recent agitation over the plan for the improvement of the Columbia river bar has been the delay of the work for at least one year.

Outside of this, the members from Multnomah will do a lot of thinking before they cast a vote for Fulton.

Mr. Hirsch has as yet given no sign. He is one of the few public men in Oregon for whom practically everyone has a friendly feeling.

Then Scott is an old timer, and there are always other "old timers" in the Legislature. So take it all in all, the Scott strike is raising.

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THE TABASCO COLUMN.

A dispatch from Washington a few days ago says: "Society and official circles at Washington are interested in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Roosevelt-Roosevelt, the daughter of James Roosevelt-Roosevelt, to Theodore Roosevelt Douglas Robinson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, a nephew and namesake of the President."

The building of the north jetty will be a difficult, slow and dangerous operation, from the very nature of the location. And, if Portland must wait for this, the outlook is dark indeed.

By all means, permit Captain Langfitt to proceed with the plan which he has outlined and studied, and which is most surely more valuable than the plan of any layman.

THE SENATORIAL SITUATION.

The net result of the movements on the political chess board during the past week has been favorable to Mr. Scott's candidacy. Good judges believe that the worst stumbling block in his way is Senator Mitchell.

On the other hand, Mr. Matthews will have none but Scott, and brushes aside Senator Mitchell, with no effort to hide his intention not to let him interfere with his plans.

As far as Charles W. Fulton is concerned, he will have to go way back and sit down, for "Jack" has so decreed. In company with his friends Mr. Fulton does not hesitate to assert that he is getting the "double cross."

Did he not bear the brunt of the campaign? Was he not promised the support of the delegation from this county? All of this, don't go, for "Jack" says it simply can not be and that Fulton shall not have a vote out of this county, and that is why they don't warm up as they pass by.

Outside of this, the members from Multnomah will do a lot of thinking before they cast a vote for Fulton. The Senator from Clatsop imagines he has votes enough in his vest pocket to elect him, but he is fooled. In Marion County every man but one is for "Geer," and they will stay by him—for a while.

Geer is likely to pick up a few scattering votes here and there and presently will get lost in the shuffle and will have plenty of time thereafter to wonder where he is "at." Geer might have been United States Senator if he had stumped the state for the ticket. But he didn't.

Furnish is a whole lot bigger man than many credit him with being, even though he cannot make a speech, and he has never been charged with ingratitude.

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A PIONEER SKETCH.

At the extreme south end of Grand Ronde Valley, where the rock-ribbed hills that run south for seven or eight miles parallel to form Pyle Canyon, open out to make room for the smiling valley, stands a rugged, uninviting cliff of red rocks.

The coal barons say they have a plan by which the poor people of New York City can be supplied with coal in small quantities at low prices. If the rich man get cold he can either stand and deliver, or shiver.

A minister at Hastings, Neb., recently went slumming and found a number of his congregation in a gambling room. Maybe they were slumming, too, and were surprised to find their minister there.

Miss Anna Daun was married in the Anthony homestead at Rochester, N. Y., Thursday last, and Susan B. Anthony was the "maid of honor." She might be classed as an "old maid" of honor.

After nine years. A mother and son who had been separated for nine years were brought together at Maricopa on Tuesday night in a curious manner.

What would become of a fellow's best girl if she followed all the health culture advice she gets in the Sunday encyclopedias, and then ate all the breakfast foods advertised in them?

Seventh street, back of the Portland Hotel, has been plowed, but whether it is to be sown to grass, or Manager Bowers will use it for a garden patch, nobody knows.

A company of Latter Day Saints has purchased the La Grande Electric Light plant. It is hoped that "religious illumination" will be more plentiful thereabouts.

Yohs and "Puttee" are in Buenos Ayres, which means good air. Well, they will come as near keeping it from getting stuck up over its name as anyone could.

Some scientist has discovered that there are germs in the telephone. They must be germs of profanity, for that is what the 'phone breeds.

The Chicago Chronicle says: "A deficit is a good thing." This may be, but it suits us better when it is in the other fellow's pocket.

W. J. Bryan is said to have \$168,000 in the bank, a home worth \$40,000, and an income of \$1500 a week, and yet people say talk is cheap.

Professor Garner now asserts that he can understand the monkey language. Maybe he has been talking to Harry Lehr.

Saturday at the play at the Marquam was Hall Caine's "Penitentiary." That's where he differed from the original Cain.

Although the President is on crutches, his utterances on the strike situation and settlement are not in the least lame.

From its malignant tendencies, "wide-openness" cannot be cured without the use of the political knife, it seems.

The facts surrounding the robbery of the Indianapolis cemetery by negroes are doubtless somewhat "colored."

Speaking of juvenile naughtiness, it is no worse than "Johnny-jump-up" than it is that "Merry-go-round."

A Chicago professor calls Baer an anarchist. This is the meanest thing ever sprung on the anarchist.

President Roosevelt should be careful in handling the throttle of public policies. He is only a fireman.

In the interest of public safety we hope there will always be Miles between us and the Filipinos.

Santos-Dumont can turn up his nose at the other aeronauts. They are not highfliers.

A Boston girl is never "up to date" because she is always one of the has beans.

The slot machines are liable to be as rare and hard to find as nickles.

A harrowing operation—smoothing Seventh street.

Hall Caine's "Eternal City" is of course a holy show.

Autumn is summer worn thread-bare.

THE STATE PRESS.

It is Not Profitable. A party of surveyors were at work last week down the Tualatin Valley from Beaverton towards the river and it is surmised that the Southern Pacific is going to make another effort to get out of Portland this way without climbing the Fourth street hill.

The People Will with the Miners. Even if the first conference held under the auspices of the President did nothing else it served to show that the miners were willing to go more than half way towards settlement.

A Pretty Good American. There may be some difference of opinion respecting the legitimacy of the methods by which our acquisitive fellow citizen J. Pierpont Morgan made his millions, but it must be said that he shows no disposition to spend them in buying titles for his female relatives.

Possibilities of Flax Culture. It is not at all improbable that within a decade or two the business of growing flax for fiber will be worth more than hope to the farmers of the Willamette Valley.

More Profitable. No cargoes of Willamette Valley wheat are now being shipped abroad. All the large wheat shipments from Portland come from east of the mountains.

Will Be a Busy Session. The members of the next State Legislature will have their hands full working for their constituency, and the member who passes through the session with a good record will be subject to congratulations.

Patriots Are Scarce. The failure on the part of the public to rush before the Board of Equalization to have assessments raised, illustrates the fact that there are always more chronic howlers than men of action.

Their Attitude is Brutal. Nothing could be more unreasonable than the stand taken by the coal operators in their recent conference with the President.

ZOLA'S ROYALTIES \$60,000 YEARLY. Presumably Zola died a wealthy man—very wealthy as Frenchmen count wealth. A few years ago it was estimated that his royalties, serial rights and rights of translation on his 500ks already published reached a total of \$60,000 a year.

THE BREAKFAST FOOD FAMILY. John Spratt will eat no fat. Nor will he touch the lean. He eats no egg of any meat; He lives upon Foodine.

JEROME WILL CRUSH. Addressing an audience of New York workmen, District Attorney Jerome is quoted as saying: "Let me tell you that if ever you arouse capital it will crush you into the dust as labor has never been crushed before and the political liberties of this country will be a thing of the past."

THE POINT OF VIEW. Tommie—How was the table where you boarded this summer? Babbie—All right for ping pong, but pretty poor for grub.—Yonkers Statesman.

ENTERTAINING CONVENTIONS.

Nearly all the Western cities have a burning desire to become convention cities, as they call it; and all kinds of schemes are put up to secure such alleged honors.

TO BLOW FOG AWAY. The fog bogie costs the people of this city from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 annually, to say nothing of the continual inconvenience of it, and the accompanying danger from accidents.

WATER DRINKING IN CHINA. Among the numerous forms of water filter, to the use of which the resident of the Far East is in a chronic bondage, is one which is a combination of suction pump and force pump.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FOSS. The most significant result in all last night's caucus contests is beyond question the success of Mr. Eugene F. Foss in the Eleventh district in carrying off the nomination against so formidable and popular an antagonist as Mr. Adams.

NOISELESS AT TIMES. A writer in the Nouvelle Revue bewails the absence of a noiseless typewriter. Treat 'em right. They won't make any noise.—New Orleans News.

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Baker—"The Christian." Hall Caine's play, Nell Stock Company. Cordray's—"Nevada." Ella Ryan.

COMING ATTRACTIONS. Marquam—"Liberty Bells," Tuesday and Wednesday nights. "King Dodo," Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee.

"The Christian" a Top-Liner. Every person who attended the Baker Theatre on Sunday afternoon or night is wondering how the Nell Stock Company could learn parts in, rehearse, stage and produce Hall Caine's "The Christian" within one week, and present so high class a product as that given at the two performances.

Miss Counties, as Gloria Quayle, had her triumph of the season, perhaps, the triumph of her career. She must find some part of great excellence, and enact the role upon the level of the geniuses, if once more she attain to the brilliancy of her work in these first performances of "The Christian."

Storm, the complement of Gloria in every essential of human nature, also affords wonderful opportunity for Mr. Wyngate, who grasps the situation with masterful command of all of the essentials.

But one may read the cast complete, and throw compliments galore at every one. The play will have deserved capacity houses for the week. Its success is assured.

"Nevada." at Cordray's in which Ella Ryan is the star, is a drama which has for its setting a mining camp, in the frontier districts during the turbulent days of '49. The play brings out those refreshing traits of loyalty and independence which were characteristic of the days when right was enforced at the point of the six-shooter.

The scenery throughout is painted to show to the best advantage the mountain and woods in which nestles the mining camp, where the character of the plot is laid. Some of the effects are grand and realistic.

Little Dolly Gray is the wild, untamed daughter of George Gray, a drunken miner. She is the idol of the camp and is a diamond in the rough. Her acting is natural, and manner pleasing. Her support is good. Jack Marshall, in his reformation from a gambler, shows many manly traits that are subject to applause.

Jim Curtis, the villain, is the worst kind and comes to grief in the end. Pretro Perez, the tool of Curtis, is cordially hated by the audience from his first appearance on the boards to the very last. The play is intermixed with enough of the humorous to keep the audience good natured.

It runs for the week and will have immense business, if the first performances are criterion.

"The Christian." The Portland theatre-goers certainly owe a debt of gratitude to George L. Baker, for being able to get such productions as The Nell Stock Company have been putting on this season at peculiar prices. Though "The Christian" has been here twice before, we will venture to say that not altogether it has been seen by over 5000 people in Portland to-day—not that they did not want to see it—the other vast majority—but it would be here for perhaps two nights at a time, in many cases conflicting with sickness or other imperative engagements, making it impossible to go; or the prices were such that by the time two or four members of the family would go, a sum had been expended that to a great many people was a matter of rather serious consequences.

Now, however, the play will have run nine full performances, two matinees and seven evenings, and with a production we feel perfectly safe in asserting that it is second in no way to any that has ever been seen in Portland.

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