

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL  
C. B. JACKSON,  
Proprietor.

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DANGEROUS ECONOMY.  
A British Columbia coal miner gave some important testimony before a royal commission, investigating the cause of recent explosions at Fernie and Nanaimo coal mines. He said the most disastrous explosions had resulted from a practice of too rigid economy in the way of saving time.

Instead of requiring the miners to remain outside the shafts and drifts long enough to allow the gases to disappear, they were compelled by foremen to enter the mines, with lighted lamps, where gases remained in sufficient quantity to cause an explosion. This is the sworn testimony of a miner on the witness stand. He says that the inexperienced among the miners would obey the orders to go back, the older men remaining outside. These orders were given from headquarters in an effort to reduce the numbers of hours of "dead" time shown up daily, in waiting for mines to clear after blasting. As a result of the order several fire damp explosions have occurred in which many lives and a great amount of property were destroyed.

That this economy is disastrous. The amount of time lost in one day in a mine working 300 men, by this force waiting for 40 minutes twice a day for the gas to clear out after blasting would be 28 working days of 10 hours each. At \$2 per day, there is working days of lost time would amount to \$52 per day, clear loss, to the operator. This is from the business standpoint. It is the way the matter looks up in the office of the company auditor.

But there is a side to it, which is not shown on the balance sheets. Suppose one man goes back to work 10 minutes before the ventilating chambers and fans have cleared the gases away; perhaps this one man's life is not reckoned by the company to be worth much; but suppose his ignorance, combined with the rigid rule of economy sent out from an office, results in an explosion which wrecks the mine from the farthest drift to the mouth of the tunnel. Its income stops. The work of dozens of painstaking labor must all be done over again, under very disagreeable conditions. The company pays out its reserve funds in repairs, loses its place in the business circles, while non-productive, and is set back at least a year in its paying capacity.

In this economy a kind that saves money? Is there not a business principle involved in the conduct of all large enterprises which takes the broad ground that safety, while paying less actual dividend than risk, is the soundest basis? This principle also considers the human life as worthy of a high regard. It is a sort of economy that reasons out conditions and surroundings before it issues iron-clad rules. It is an economy that saves and piles-up fortunes and respectability.

THE ESSENTIAL POINT.  
The Common Council of the City of Portland proposes to permit the essential point to escape them in the matter of the franchise asked for by the street railway company. Important as it is that just compensation be paid for the purchase of the right to run over public street-land for a term of years, the exact sum paid just now is not so important, so vital, as the giving up of the right to regulate fares and other features of operation that pertain to the rights of the people.

The plea of the street railway company that money does not seek investment in street railway securities in a city wherein such rights are reserved, is both. It has been fought out in a score of scores of cities and with the result that today there are prosperous companies submitting to alterations from time to time, as conditions change.

Indeed, the very essence of the franchise clauses contained in the new charter is that there shall be no such unrestricted franchise privileges granted. The

new charter demands that the people give street franchises subject to regulation by the Council. This is the essential point—regulation by the Council, power retained to conserve the interests of the people according as conditions alter with the passing years.

And yet there are citizens of prominence and high standing who urge the Council to enact into law a proposed ordinance that virtually makes the street railway company owners of the streets for a quarter of a century.

It passes understanding that there should be such a scramble to escape the provisions of the new charter and that such extensive privileges should be asked in the premises, and so few see the value of what is asked, and so few object to the consummation of plans that amount to circumventing the determined will of the people of the city as expressed in the last election when the charter was adopted by a 10-to-1 vote.

CAN MONEY BE WICKED.

Shall the church, the college, the hospital and other institutions of that kind accept from sinners a share of the wages of sin? That is the question Rev. E. Bradford Leavitt of San Francisco, from his pulpit, answers in the negative. It seems to us that he is mistaken. If the institutions named wait for financial aid until only virtuous twenty-dollar pieces come to them, they will soon go out of business.

Senator Stanford's munificent endowment of the Stanford University is undoubtedly beneficial to humanity, and yet, if ever money was covered with the crimes of bribed Congressmen, debauched legislators and robbery of the people, that money was.

The University of Chicago is a grand institution, but we see no reason why it should refuse the gift of a small portion of the coin squeezed out of the public by Rockefeller.

Carnegie's aid to the libraries is mildly beneficial, yet his money was the result of infamous tariff rates, and was stained with the blood of many of his employees, shot down in cold blood at Homestead.

We fall to see wherein the money is tainted, and, indeed, it seems that this is the very money that should be devoted to charitable and benevolent purposes. Accepting the money does not necessarily imply that the manner of obtaining the money is indorsed or justified. The state punishes a person violating its laws by fining him, and it uses the money so procured in its business, yet the state can hardly be said to approve the crime.

And, again, in the plan of salvation, was it not told the rich man to sell all he had and give unto the poor? Is it not also a tenet of the church that the penitent may, even at the last hour, be saved? If it is practically impossible for a rich man to get to heaven, what chance is there for the Carnegies and Rockefellers and Vanderbilts, unless they can give to the poor or get rid of their money in some way?

However, the discussion of the question is a waste of time, for as long as there are those who would give to colleges, etc., there will be an abundance of both secular and religious institutions to receive the goods, and not look too closely in the gift horse's mouth.

WHO ARE YOUR CONFREES?

If Charles Lord has any respect for himself he will tell the public who are the members of his Law Enforcement League. He will show that he is not in the employ of the very people who desire that there be laxity in the enforcement of law. He will reply by some substantial showing the charge that he acts in good faith.

It is not pleasant to say so, but Mr. Lord is under the necessity of giving some exceedingly good reason why he now favors so earnestly a principle of which he has never heretofore been a distinguished exponent. It is not right to be eternally retrospective and to always go into the past for a search after acts and records that are inconsistent with present professions. Yet the people quite generally wonder that Mr. Lord, once viewing so differently the matter of law enforcement while he was District Attorney, now blossoms out into a martyr to the wrath of men with whom his relations have ever been very pleasant—to men who want law unenforced.

Mr. Lord's unsupported word does not suffice. He must show to the people, and show them quickly, who are behind him, that they are men of such status as to give the earnest of sincerity to Mr. Lord's acts. His wordy mouthings in reply to citizens of high standing and known freedom from taint of sympathy with law breakers have convinced no one.

HAPPY AS A KING.

The story comes from Belgrade that Queen Draga boxed the royal ears of her husband, King Alexander, and did it in a systematic and scientific manner. The row started over the Queen's allowance of pin money. The royal revenues are not large, not as large as Carnegie's or Schwab's; and heretofore the Queen has had an allowance of \$400 per month for those incidental expenses so minutely described by Xenophon, but commonly known as pin money.

Alexander was a little shy on collection day and concluded to fatten the royal coffers by levying an income tax on the Queen's private purse. Then the row began, and the King got the full benefit of a special presentation of that well-known play, "The Royal Box."

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

President Roosevelt, when asked by a member of the Cabinet if the operation of having the bone of his leg scraped was painful, replied: "Well, it was not a season of unalloyed pleasure, and when they got down deep, I felt as if I should like to have another talk with that Pittsfield motorman." We might imagine, from the suggestion in the speech, that the President wanted to retaliate, by talking a limb from the motorman. The law reads "an eye for an eye," etc.

If any one, except the Sultan, had written that book disclosing the secret crookedness of the European monarchs, we could believe it. But the Sultan's record as a "truthful James" is so miserably poor that we prefer to believe the monarchs straight in the face of apparent crookedness than to believe them crooked on the Sultan's word.

The Car wants to divorce his wife because she does not bear him a son. At the same time, in some parts of his dominions, the husband is treated to a visitation of the knout when a girl baby is born in his family. The Car might have the remedy tried on himself.

Cleveland advises Democrats to stand by tariff reform. He speaks from experience. Elected on a tariff reform platform he immediately called a special session of Congress to monkey with the money question. Then he went to Buzsard's Bay, to think.

A fuel famine in Portland would have one good phase, inasmuch as it might



cause some of the uneightly bill boards to be used for fuel.

General Corbin dined with Edward Seventh recently, and the latter told him he was glad to see him, because, he said, "I feel we are not only friends but relatives." Then General Corbin began to swell until his \$800 uniform sprang a dozen leaks.

Judge Hogue is becoming either sarcastic or cruel. He fined a violator of the city ordinance \$15 and said he would have fined him more, only he had a wife and mother-in-law to support, and he let him off to do it.

In a Berlin insane asylum is a patient whose hair is yellow when she is not excited, but which turns red when she gets angry. There is proof positive as to the fiery temper of red-headed people.

The Eastern colleges are advocating giving the bachelor's degree at the end of two years. In the meanwhile the Dakota divorce courts will confer the degree of widower in five minutes.

The San Francisco Bulletin says "few men are wise in judging women." Right you are, only you don't go far enough. No men are wise enough to even think they can judge women.

Leon Skizwinosmolowsky was sentenced to 10 days in jail at Long Island City, but his sentence expired while the Irish jailer was trying to get his name on the jail record.

"Will 'female messenger boys' go," inquired the exchange editor of the chief. If they don't travel faster than the male ones, growled the telegraph editor, they won't go far.

The doctors tell us not to breathe the night air, but sleep about 11 P.M. that's the only kind we have, or been able to find, and we've always had to take that or none.

When the cooking school graduate cast her bread upon the waters it didn't return after many days. The attraction of gravitation compelled it to remain on the bottom.

The world loves a warrior, and the King of Italy and the Pope have made no change in that universal sentiment by refusing to meet the Boer Generals.

And now when there is no coal, and everybody in the East is shivering, Evangelist Fry comes to the front with the assertion that there is no hell.

BY THE WAY.

Oh, Lord, pray tell us  
Who the sacred ten times six—  
The vague, mysterious sixty—are,  
Who are making vigorous kicks  
Against the penny slotter.

To our benighted vision,  
'Tis sad to say, but true,  
They look like "Mrs. Harrises."  
Oh! if we only knew  
Who these wise men and faithful  
Are, who mean to give the town,  
And teach our worthy Mayor how  
To call the gamblers down!

We think he knows his business,  
Our Mayor, staunch and true;  
But of course the sacred sixty  
Can direct him what to do.

Overheard on the street: "Now I don't mind if a fellow tells me a cheerful lie, but when he tells me one that makes me want to go off and hang myself, I'm down on him. It's these pessimistic liars that I have a struggle against."

"Great thing, this absent treatment, greatest discovery of the age!"  
"Well, yes, wonderful—but dangerous. Now there's Simpkins—Simpkins' case is peculiar, I admit, but it illustrates how even a good thing may be too long drawn out, as it were. Simpkins fell in with a Christian Scientist on the train going out to Roseburg one day last June. She was a sweet-faced, gentle little thing, and it wasn't more than ten minutes before she was unhooking his inner consciousness with Mrs. Eddy's key, to the Scriptures. She noticed that game leg of Simpkins' right away, you know one of his legs was always a trifle shorter than the other, and offered to give him a magnet treatment for it. He was politely stupified, but she held that it made no difference. Simpkins thanked her, and when she got off the train at Eugene she said by way of farewell that she would give him a case in mind and he might expect results."

"Manlike, however, he forgot all about it till one morning a month later he was surprised to discover that the short leg had lengthened out. After this he kept close tab on it, and also he tried to obtain the address of the fair scientist in order that he might write and express his gratitude and thank her in some substantial fashion. You can imagine his joy; he had limped all his life and now to be cured in this miraculous and painless manner!"  
"Wonderful, wonderful! If tell you there's nothing equal to it!"

"Well, that's the way Simpkins felt, then along about the middle of September a change came o'er the spirit of his dream, so to speak, that leg had kept right on stretching out and he found by actual measurement that it was half an inch longer than the other. He is writing to all the lady scientists in the country, and putting frantic ads. in the papers in the hope of opening up communications with that particular healer and stopping the treatment, for his leg is still growing. Yes, Christian Science is a great thing, it can go too far."

"No," remarked the pretty girl in the picture hat, "we are not fickle. Men misjudge us when they call us inconstant. It is only that we change our minds."

"I was over in Washington. The students from a college in Idaho came down one day last week to take part in an oratorical contest," said the traveling man to his friend, "and when they carried off the honors the Washingtonians drove them home."  
"In a coach and four?" asked the friend, who was only mildly interested.  
"Coach and four nothing," exclaimed the traveling man. "They used brick-bats."

"O mamma," said Jimmie, aged 4, "Kitty says there isn't any Santa Claus any more, her teacher told her so. I s'pose next time I'll be finding out that there isn't any heaven and the angels are just fakes."

"If love is a dream," the maiden cried, "is a dream that will last forever."  
"If love is a dream," her lover sighed, "I hope I shall awaken, never."  
That was a year and a month ago. They were married in last September, and they both look forward to the court's decree.  
That will set them free in November.

"I don't know why I'm," said the editor to his assistant, "but every time that woman comes into the office I am seized with an overwhelming and irresistible desire to sneeze."  
"Oh, that's easily explained," replied the assistant. "You know you are subject to hay fever."  
"I don't see how that has anything to do with it," snapped the editor.  
"Well, it has. That woman uses new mown hay on her handkerchief."

COMPOSITE.

A LIVELY BIRD PIE.  
It is seldom that the old nursery rhyme is reproduced in real life, but that was the surprise given the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John O. H. Pitney on Friday evening.

The fourth course, supposed to be game pie, was brought on by the waiters in two large dishes and placed at each end of the table. When the covers were removed there fluttered into the air two dozen live canaries. The branches and limbs of the decorations were soon alive with them, and their singing drowned even the exclamations of astonishment from the guests.

Even the hostess was surprised. She had given the steward, Mr. James Barber, carte blanche, merely remarking that she'd like to have something out of the ordinary. He certainly filled the order to the satisfaction of everybody.—New York Herald.

A LIAR.

City Editor—What did you discharge that reporter for?  
Managing Editor—For lying. I sent him up to interview my mother-in-law, and he came back and said she wouldn't talk.—Chicago American.

THE STATE PRESS.

Scorched, but Still Patriotic.  
Gervais public citizens a week or so ago subscribed something like \$20 toward a tardy recognition of Admiral Clark. Since that time fire destroyed the town and the following message has been received: "If any subscriber to the Clark testimonial suffered material loss by the recent fire at Gervais can cancel his subscription at once." An answer has been returned that every subscriber was 'scorched,' but not a cent will be asked returned. An effort will be made to complete the original promise of \$25 to the fund.—Gervais Star.

A Second Pennsylvania.  
If the coal strike in the East is not ended soon, the Western portion of the United States will look to the Morrow county coal fields to supply them. From all appearances we can meet the demand in time, as indications point to a vast amount of coal. As yet there has been no great quantity hauled out, but as the wagon road is practically completed, we expect to be burning our own production in the near future and will not be dependent on the outside world for fuel supply.

The people of this county generally do not seem to realize what it means to have a second Pennsylvania in our midst. Gold mines will be no comparison.—Heppner Gazette.

His Request Was Granted.  
Already Morgan has begun to use his great power to coerce others, but on this occasion his weapons were turned against the mammoth beef trust. Morgan fairly took this trust by the throat and demanded that he be given the underwriting of the corporation or his ship combine would reduce freight rates on his product handled by the trust. His "request" was granted. This means a cool \$10,000,000 in Morgan's pocket and demonstrates that he can be a dictator for good or evil. It is Roosevelt's purpose to prevent, if possible, one man possessing the power to paralyze a whole nation.—Aurora Borealis.

Somewhat Poetic.  
The autumn days are here. The sun swings southward as he pierces his course across the dome of azure and flings down his golden kisses on the feecy veil of nature stretches 'twixt the earth and sky to hide from view the tears that constant fall in autumn season and the winter through. And nature changes its great coat of color for one like Jacob's with its many colors—patches here of yellow—a crazy quilt designed, artistic, such as He alone can make who weaves in Nature's loom.—Eugene Register.

Passing of the Big Rancher.  
Slowly but surely the Western ranchman is being crowded to the wall by encroachments of the small farmer and new settlements, and it will not be many years before the range cattle, will become as scarce as buffalo are now. The grass that furnished food for the cattle on the range will supply the small farmer with sustenance for his herd of tame stock. This is true in all the cattle-growing sections. Texas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Dakota, Wyoming and Montana stockmen admit that they are being crowded out and many of them predict that within twenty years the range will be so broken up that the business will no longer be profitable, and the farmers will succeed them as cattle producers of the country.—Sheridan Sun.

An Age of Big Things.  
Frank Andrews, a Michigan bank wrecker, who robbed his bank of \$100,000, has been sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in default of giving bail in the sum of \$100,000. If he had stolen a horse it would probably have been twenty years, at least the enormity of the crime seems to lessen the term of sentence in these times. It is an age of big things. The man who does things on a big scale is the man admired, whether it be a bank wrecker, a highwayman or a trust manipulator.—East Oregonian.

Where Strikes Are Unknown.  
New Zealand has done the most daring things ever attempted by any modern government. The New Zealanders claim that New Zealand is a country without strikes. Laborers and employers have their disputes there as elsewhere, but the one cannot quit work, or the other lock out workmen, pending a settlement of the dispute in courts. It is also a country without paupers or poorhouses, for injured workmen are cared for by their employers. The aged workman is pensioned by the government as a soldier of industry worn out in the ranks. The government owns not only the postal system, but the express service, the telegraph lines and the railroads. Recently it has purchased a coal mine to supply its locomotives with fuel, and it intends to compete with private mines in the sale of coal to the public far enough to keep the price of coal down to a reasonable figure.—McMinistry Telephone-Register.

Government Ownership.  
It is coming—government ownership of public utilities, but the people, between strikers and operators, must be squeezed harder than in this coal strike before they will look intelligently into the future and call for enactment of laws, and amendments to the Constitution, that will have a tendency to ward off further inconveniences and hardships by the government assuming ownership. Then employes, organized, like the letter-carriers, will not strike for what they want, but will work through the ballot box to gain their ends, and will not fail to realize on their expectations.—Woodburn Independent.

AN AIR SHIP.  
Baron de Brodsky and his engineer were both killed at Paris while sailing through the air. For one reason or other, while the effort was successful, the car became detached from the balloon and they fell a distance of a hundred feet.—Peoria News.

WATER IS DANGEROUS.  
"If all men drank water," explained the orator, "there would be no warlike contentions in the world. The spirit of peace and happiness would reign."  
"Did you ever know a Bengal tiger to die a drunkard's death?" inquired the skeptic in the corner.—Washington Times

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Portland Needs Railroads.  
PORTLAND, Or., Oct. 20.—To the Editor: Human affairs seem to have their tides like the sea; cities especially have their periods of ebb and flow and fortune is a city if its citizens discern the rising tide and profit by it rather than be outstripped by other cities.

Portland is just now coming up to commercial conditions which mean great advancement for us if we take advantage of them, or the reverse if we do not. We must decide whether the spirit of progress shall be entertained or banished.

Railroads are the greatest element in city building, because we have ceased almost entirely to do work with animal power, steam and electricity having taken its place. The latter power indeed has almost driven the truck-horse to pasture.

There is nothing unique in the railroad situation in Portland. Nature's laws govern in this as in everything else.

Anyone observing the map of Portland will see that West Portland lies in an elbow of the river and is thickly built up from Nicol street in the north, almost to Hamilton avenue in the south, and from the river back to the hills about one mile. The grades rise rapidly from the river back to the hills, and the only portion of the city on the West Side where the grades are admissible for a railroad doing a freight business is along the water front, which is built solidly.

It is apparent to every one that no more freight roads can traverse the city from north to south on the west side of the "Williamette" River. But Portland has not nearly enough railroads. If we are to be a city we must have more of them, roads that will develop not only the city but the state and the district immediately tributary to the city.

A farmer living 15 miles out ought not to have to spend a whole day to market a ton of produce when a car could carry it for him for less than a dollar. A questioner might now ask where is the best place for our increasing railroad activity? A glance at the map will show that the city on the east side of the river is on the outside of the curve reaching from University Park to Bellwood, and that most of the country bordering the river is already low enough for suitable railroad grades. One can easily imagine that some day the water front from Portland clear around to Vancouver will be fringed with railroads, wharves, manufacturers and ships. But this is in the future. There are things up to us now.

I do not know that the sentiment—"Two cities out in Oregon stay, Providence begged a river through"—is exactly logical, but the district extending from the steel bridge to Bellwood seems to have been made on purpose for commerce, especially that portion from Burnside street bridge to Inman & Ioway's mill. The grades here are right. It is in the heart of the city. The warehouses can do a wholesale and retail business; wholesale because when railroads are constructed for it, a ship at the dock can discharge cargo into a car for the interior, retail, because this district is convenient to the retail business of the city.

The district is now traversed by the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, great roads, both of them. But this is not sufficient. We want roads that will do more of a retail railroad business. Roads that will reach the farmers quickly and many times each day.

This will not only accommodate the farmer and enable him to take advantage of the market, but will build up the retail trade of Portland. The Oregon Water Power & Railway Company is building for this business, not a street railway business, and is showing its faith by its works. It is spending large sums of money every day, and is asking the city for two or three franchises that ought to be granted without a moment's hesitation, because they amount to simply terminal facilities. One of them is almost entirely for the right to cross streets connecting property it has purchased, and another for the right to run along East Water street through a district where the property owners generally want the road.

Why is a Trust Like a River?  
President Roosevelt in one of his speeches having drawn a comparison between a trust and a river, a contributor to an Eastern exchange is moved to offer a few reasons why a trust is like a river which our honored President neglected to mention.

It looks on the level, but it isn't. It is always next to the banks. There are sometimes a great many bluffs along the way. Some are a "dam site" worse than others. There is a lot of water in some of them. Its course is strewn with wrecks. It flows through many communities of interest.

It is usually rather crooked. It floats bubbles nicely. The big fish in it gobble up the small fry. It runs smoothest where the waters are deepest. It abounds with "rocks." Suckers are numerous. It takes an awful frost to stop it. Beware of running the rapids. Trusts are like rivers. Dam the trust!

LITTLE MEN AS MERCHANTS.  
The small dealers in stationery in this quarter have nearly ruined Broadway. Rents are cheap, and no sort of help is employed in the conduct of a business, for the proprietor's wife and children do all the buying, selling, packing, delivering, etc. Children are an institution on the East Side. A father has seven daughters, all under five or six years. These began working at 5 or 6 years and keep at it. When a large business is built up they move to the swell streets or avenues and become aristocrats. They will buy goods from the Broadway jobber and immediately undersell him at a profit.—New York Press.



TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.  
Marquand—"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." J. H. Stoddard.  
The Baker—"Friends."  
Cordray—"Convict's Daughter."

COMING ATTRACTIONS.  
Marquand—"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," Wednesday night.  
West's Minstrel, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, and popular price matinee Saturday, 2:15 p. m.  
The Baker—"Friends," for the week.  
Cordray—"Convict's Daughter," for the week.

Great Play, Great Actor.  
J. H. Stoddard gave to the audience of the Marquand last night the drama of that follows—more than their own—of training in the art of acting. The presentation of the James McArthur dramatization of Ian MacInnes "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was a realization of the highest ideal—when the actor is the equal in his art to the writer of the play. J. H. Stoddard is a great actor, an actor of the old school, who attains the acme of art in exact portrayal of truth. Indeed, there is a paucity of words adequately to describe the man and his perfect work. He is upon the highest level. He is more than equal to requirements. He could have fallen below his standard and yet been great. The best compliment that could be paid him is to say that it was J. H. Stoddard that played the part of Lachlan Campbell, and when that he said there is nothing more to say, for Stoddard himself is a standard of excellence.

There was such support as seldom comes with any star to the Pacific Coast. There was Reuben Fax, as "Poetry," Mr. Fax being, so it is said among the profession, a protégé of Mr. Stoddard, who was delighted as a comedian. Mr. Phillips was a most pleasing Rev. Mr. Charles Michael, Mr. Bassett won the audience with a good portrayal of Dr. McLeure. Mr. Jackson was quite good as Lord Donald. Mr. Duncan showed to advantage as Tammas, Mr. McDonald was a dignified Eric Kilpatrick.

Miss Mulkins, who took the leading part of the ladies as Flora, was thoroughly equal to the demands of so important a character, and Miss Baldwin as Annie was sweet and charming, while Miss Holmes was excellent as Kate Carnegie.

The settings are beautiful and appropriate, and the singing of the always lovable Scotch ballads by a capable male quartet, with Mr. Easton as the tenor, lent an air of sentiment to the production that was wonderfully pleasing.

If the Marquand is not crowded to the doors tonight, it will be an indictment against Portland's appreciation of the best products of the stage. If the house be not filled to capacity, then need Portland no more ask managers to bring good things to the Coast. Few better, none much better, ever will be seen in Portland than J. H. Stoddard and his capable company.

"The Convict's Daughter" at Cordray's. Laughter, tears and smiles chased each other throughout the production of "The Convict's Daughter" at Cordray's Theater last evening. One without the audience is roaring with laughter and the next tears flow swiftly down the cheek of every spectator.

The play is well presented and deserved better patronage than was afforded it last evening. It runs for the remainder of the week.

At the Baker.  
The Nell Stock Company holds the excellent business that has recently crowded that play house and gives a fine presentation of the comedy-drama, "Friends," winning praise from everyone. There are strong features in the play, and the company is accorded deserved recognition by frequent recalls.

West's Minstrels.  
That minstrelsy has lost none of its attractiveness and general drawing qualities with the American public has been amply demonstrated this season by the phenomenal success that has attended the tour of the William H. West big minstrel Jubilee, which will appear at the Marquand Grand Theater next Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, with a popular matinee Saturday at 2:15 o'clock.

The late William H. West, whose company continues under his name, has always been considered quite the most prolific and enterprising of minstrel producers. It was his pride and boast before his death that his organization was the most complete and perfect with which his name has ever been connected, and the fact that this company has this season broken all minstrel records in the cities visited, amply demonstrates that the public are in accord with his opinion.

The advance sale of seats commenced this morning.

"Barbara Frietchie."  
Whittier immortalized Barbara Frietchie, Clyde Fitch, the dramatist has recently added tremendously to her popularity through his great war drama by that name. It is to be produced soon in this city by Mary Elizabeth Forbes and her fine company. Whittier built a note of fact and fancy that has given rise to more or less speculation over this heroic. And in spite of its solid foundation of fact there has been ever since a very widespread belief that it was all a legend, and that Barbara was no more than a very pleasant and inspiring myth. This is in itself a rank injustice. In 1781 she was one of a party who entertained George Washington at the Frederick tavern. She married John Frietchie, a glove maker, who dies in 1849. His adopted daughter and grandniece, Mrs. Abbott, still lives in Frederick, Maryland, and owns the celebrated flag that Barbara shook in "the face of the rebel foe." For one week commencing Sunday matinee, October 26, at Cordray's theater.

PEARY.  
Peary, the Arctic explorer is in Philadelphia undergoing an operation on his feet. Four years ago his feet were frozen and it has been found necessary to amputate several of his toes. It is expected that the intrepid explorer will be forced to lay in the hospital for several weeks.—Peoria News.