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EASTERN OREGON.

It is pleasing to note that our morning contemporary has at last awakened to the fact that Eastern Oregon is a vast and prolific country, and it would be amusing were it not pathetic to hear it confess, as it did yesterday, after being the leading, and in fact the only, paper in Portland for nearly half a century that "it is clearly more of a country, both in its development and in its prospects, than has commonly been believed."

Eastern Oregon has for years tried to convince Portland of its importance, but has never succeeded. Not even its merchants who have found it a fine market have ever understood, or apparently cared to understand, the resources and magnitude of Eastern Oregon, and its great daily trying to incubate the whole state with charming naïveté confesses that it never knew and does not now know anything about the resources of Eastern Oregon.

It moderately intimates that the arable acres can be increased five times, when irrigation systems are perfected. As a matter of fact, it would be hard to say how many times the area can be increased, for at present there is practically none of it reclaimed.

All that is under irrigation is a few small tracts, lying convenient to streams, small creek bottoms, and easily controlled areas. There are a few thousand acres under irrigation, and there are many millions of acres that will be made to blossom like a garden when the irrigation systems are perfected.

Take for instance Crook County, and it is only a small fraction of the territory awaiting irrigation ditches, yet it will serve to carry some idea of what the future has in store for Eastern Oregon.

Crook County is in the center of the state and contains 10,000 square miles. Of this about 500,000 acres are deeded land, and of these only 30,000 acres in the entire county are classed as tillable lands.

The Deschutes, a magnificent river, larger, if anything, than the Willamette, flows through the western portion of the county and will furnish water to irrigate a goodly portion of it. There are several ditches now being conducted to put its waters on what is known as the desert, and these are nearing completion. One of them alone will bring more than 120,000 acres of the very finest sage brush land under cultivation, and other projected ditches will more than double this area. Besides, Crooked River and other streams, together with still more lands subject to the Deschutes, will bring the area of irrigable land in Crook County alone above the million acre mark.

This land yields on an average seven tons of alfalfa per acre, more stock on one acre than 40 did before, and to make even a crude estimate of its possibilities would carry one into that realm of the fabulous. Eastern Oregon is truly an inland empire, and the sooner Portland realizes it and reaches out after its trade the better it will be for both Portland and the magnificent territory of Middle and Southeastern Oregon. Now is the time, and delay means the capturing of this great trade by San Francisco, and once captured it will be held.

ESTABLISH CORRECT PRINCIPLES.

Portland is just now at the beginning of a period of development that will place her at the head of all North Coast cities. Nothing must be done to impede progress. Every loyal citizen must preserve his loyalty, stand for that which is wise and sound and in accord with municipal health and growth. There must be a reaching out into new fields. There must be expansion of trade. There must be everything legitimate that will secure more prestige for the fairest city at the continent.

Monkeys must be swept aside by the hand of the progressionist. The man who does not labor for the good of the whole city or who opposes an ultra-con-

servation to the onward march of affairs, that man must be flung into an obscurity whence he will never emerge until he has been regenerated by the new gospel of enterprise and looking toward the future.

All these things must be, and in bringing them to pass there must first be determined some basic principles upon which all progress shall take place. The American people everywhere in the country have been slow to accept advanced ideas relative to municipal government. It is one of the anomalies of the period that practices are in vogue in city government that would put blazes to the cheek of a manager of a private business were he to permit such careless giving away of things of value, such gross disregard of the interests of the person or persons whom he represented.

To be more specific, take the question of franchises and the handling of public utilities. They have heretofore been given away upon the mere request. Valuable privileges have been thrown out much as a man might cast a handful of pennies to a crowd of boys to be scrambled for indiscriminately.

Before progress may be along right lines this and other abuses must be abated. All so-called progress upon other than right principles will not be progress for all of the people. It will be but to advance the interests of selfish people without protecting those who are entitled by every consideration to be protected.

Let no self-interested man hoodwink you with sophisms. Be not deceived by the false cry that to demand justice for the people means to retard progress.

If you desire the best for the City of Portland, bear in mind that advancement along wrong lines now means merely that some day this city must retrace its steps.

The people are thoroughly aroused to a realization of their rights. They are demanding that their representatives keep faithful their vows given when they were inducted into office. There are prevalent views that are not in keeping with former laxness by official and employee.

Right here in Portland there is just such a condition as that cited by the generalizations in the beginning of this article. There are men who ought and do know better who are crying that others are for stoppage of progress when they only wish that Portland take some modern ground upon these questions of municipal government.

Don't worry over those cries. They are given with so false a note that no intelligent man will err in thinking that they are in accord with the true song of life and progress and legitimate growth. There is too much self-interest behind the cries.

MINIMIZING OBSTRUCTIONS.

There is a question whether the stranger within our gates will consider our disfigured streets an indication of active improvement or wilful contempt for the rights of the public by a great and powerful corporation. Third street is now torn up for fully a mile. This in itself should not be tolerated, because it is unnecessary. But scattered for that rule are dozens of loads of gravel and rock that cannot be used, where they now repress an obstruction to traffic.

In addition to this, nearly every side street which crosses Third is used as a store place for empty cement barrels, old ties, rails, shingles, etc., to the great annoyance of the public. Bear in mind that this rubbish is piled in front of business houses and property in which the City & Suburban Railway have no interest, and in some cases the merchant is debarred from receiving and delivering goods at his own door. One merchant, on whose sidewalk they attempted to store cement, protested for the reason that they already had a pile of rock and gravel stored in front of his place, and he thought if he was "too easy" they would carry their iron in his store.

He said, however, he dared not "kick" or he would be accused of standing in the way of progress. Which reminds us that progress is a good word, but it frequently stands for selfishness and personal gain at the expense of less fortunate people. This great corporation has done much toward the upbuilding of Portland, but has been repaid in added profits, and is not entitled to any special consideration over others.

Why should the public, on whom they depend for patronage, be inconvenienced by them? It will certainly work no hardship on the corporation to remove this rubbish at once, and the city officials should see that it is done. It would not be tolerated in any other city in the United States and should not be here. A little consideration for your fellowman, gentlemen, if you please. Remember the old adage, "Do unto others," etc., but not as David Harum said, "Do them first."

PASSING OF THE PLOWBOY.

With many other picturesque characters of rural home life which have passed out of existence in the advancement and changes of the last few years, the old-time plow-boy, of which the poets have sung so sweetly, has gone the way of the earth. He was once a romantic figure in rural life. He filled a little niche in the country story-book which is now empty. Whistling behind his team in the exhilarating spring morning he has been the theme of many a ditty which takes first rank in my lyrical literature. He was a prince in his day. His vocation was envied by thrice-wary kings. His lady love was the heroine of many a little love escapade. But the plow-boy now must handle either a traction engine or a 10-mule team. His occupation has lost its picturesque in the commercial struggle which has swept away the romance that once clustered around our home life. Business has supplanted idealism. Cold skill and earning capacity have taken the place of "brown, bare feet and merry whistled tunes."

What the use of Peary trying to find the pole. Long before he could get back to his Morgan would have all the per-

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

That provision in the tariff bill which provides a duty of 67 cents per ton on all coal that does not contain 92 per cent of fixed carbon, when every statistical report in the world says that none of the great coal beds produce coal of this fineness, is like the gambler's proposition to the tenderfoot: "Heads, I win, tails, you lose."

Owing to a general overhauling and repairing of the street car lines the service just now is about as wretched as it could well be. The inconvenience will last but a short time, but it is tough and looks like a put up job on the part of the companies to show the public how convenient the service was before.

A visitor to Vassar, opening a Latin book of one of the students, found this original poem:

Diosabus
Kissabus
Sweet gliriorum,
Giribus
Lukibus
Wantumorum.

According to the Seattle Times, the campaign in King County is "warming up." One would suppose from the tenor of the compliments being passed by Seattle papers that there was quite a "chilly" feeling in that locality.

It didn't make much difference to the victim, but the other day Texas called out a regiment of militia to prevent the mob hanging a negro—and after the mob was dispersed the negro was hanged by the Sheriff.

Suppose some citizen should apply to Judge Sears for an injunction restraining the City Council from granting that street railway franchise? Would he be in a position to pass fairly upon the matter? Molinoux killed a woman through the mail. Another fend this week killed a young lady to the telephone and killed her, and now we await the results of installing the Marconi system.

Halfway and the Irish members of Parliament are having a rough house. He insists that no matters pertaining to Ireland will receive attention, unless called up by an Englishman.

Queen Elioukand is to visit this country. Newport society might make a ten strike by having her meet King Leopold. His reputation would go well with her complexion.

Two weeks ago in New York politicians were betting two to one on Odell. Today they are asking even money. Color has succeeded in setting them thinking, anyway.

The stuff in the recent magazines is not of a character to cause much of an explosion if fire was applied to it, but it is good to experiment on in that line.

Carrie Nation is going to England. This is good news, not that we feel vindictive toward England, but then Carrie will be away from home for a while.

A man named Adam is running for Congress in New York. Having been fired out of Eden, he is probably desperate and wants to go the whole limit.

We have had some pretty disgraceful Senatorial fights here in Oregon, but by the side of Delaware's regular round-ups, our politics are as snow to soot.

When the Manila cable is completed General Corbin can take active service in the Philippines by taking command of this end of the wire.

When the streets are not being dug up to put something down, they are being opened to take something out. Will it ever cease?

The effort to make a great man out of Count Castellan is bound to fail. There is nothing to him except the Bull part.

As the coal strike is settled, may we not give the credit on the operators' side to Buer's silent partner?

A street car company back East has been found guilty of contributing—to the death of a passenger.

Attorney-General Knox says the first remedy for trusts is publicity. Great head. That Knox!

Someone dropped a nickel in the slot and drew out all the machines.

THE QUEEN'S DECREE.

"I am the Queen
In the slot machine;
Hear ye the decree
I do hereby
Into all subjects, where'er dispersed
Over my realm, I enact the first:
Salute your Queen
Just now unseen
By vulgar eyes.
This law applies
To every idler, mischief bent;
Every bearer of discontent—
Ye who sow that I may reap—
Ye who have no place to keep
Your unspent pelf.
Remember, I myself,
Betrayed, defamed,
Uncrowned, disgraced,
From out the cobwebs of my den
Among discarded freaks of men,
Am telling you
That my debut
Before the footlights of the town
Will soon take place, done up right
In a strange face
I usurp my place.
For I am Queen.
Upon the spotless whiteness of my brow
The diadem of vice
Will in a trice.
Assume its old accustomed light.
The darkest moment of the night
Precedes the dawn.
We are not gone
The way of earth. Again will fall
Our shadow on the showman's wall;
Again will sound
The joyful round
Of pious and 'straights' and 'flushes' gay,
Chiming the 'silvered' hours away."
—Bert Hoffman.

POTPOURRI.

Yoked Himself.

"When I came here," said the old subscriber, "the streets of Portland were deer trails through the forest. Excepting one visit to my sister's in Boston, I have been here continuously for 34 years. You have read the history of those 34 years in your school books, but I can tell it to you from the pages of personal experience. There is some of it that you would not believe. Although I am a man of honor and veracity, I would blush while reciting much of the detail of this history—not that I am ashamed of any of it—far from that—but there are experiences mixed with it which a tenderfoot cannot believe."

"When I was within four days travel of Portland, the best one of the two remaining oxen died, leaving me with one ox, my wife and goods in a wagon, in the midst of what was then a wilderness. You can't understand what that means. By the way, why don't you dig up some of these old personal experiences and publish them? But you are running the paper, I am just talking."

"Anyway, going back to where I left off, I was alone in the mountains one hundred miles from Portland, in the beginning of winter in a hostile country. I couldn't leave my wife there alone to go for help; it was so late in the year I feared the last train of immigrants was in, so there I was. What would you do under like circumstances, my boy?" he asked, giving me a quizzical look.

"Wire home for money," I replied.

"The look of disgust and pity that came over his face made me feel foolish. 'Of course, you poor, helpless, inexperienced tenderfoot, you would call on the old man. That's the way Bill does, but I am going to break him of it. No, sir; I didn't look toward Boston, which was once my home. I didn't sit down and cry to dishearten my wife. I loaded her in the wagon, yoked up the only ox, picked up the other end of the yoke, myself, and carried it into Portland. That's how I got here.'"

Some Memories.

The fascinating memory of a one-ox yoked occupation clings to men through life. No matter how far they get away from this work that once allured them, it is only a mental step across the border into the old memory of it.

In the lobby of the Portland were gathered a little group of men, the other night, all past middle age, all contented with their surroundings, all practical and independent. It was a typical coterie of Western business men, engaged in various pursuits.

After talking finance and politics until the conversation began to lag, one told of a little experience he had had that day:

"I was out to see a baseball game this afternoon, and for the life of me I couldn't help standing up in my seat and cheering when I saw a nice play made. I wanted to get right down and grab the ball and throw it to center when it came over my way. It was the most exhilarating hour I have spent for ten years. You know I was captain of the crack team on the Coast for five seasons, in early days. It put me in fighting trim to see a good game."

Another was an old stage driver, and had just come in from a mountain trip where he had climbed up to the driver's box on a coach and swung down the mountain grade again.

Another was an old printer and said in passing an unknown building in a strange town, the smell of printer's ink and the click of the presses coming from the basement, had lured him in.

Another, an old turfman, was going to spend his week's vacation, when the rush of business was over, at a race meet. It was his choice sport.

Yet another was an old miner, and although he had not used it for ten years, he had a full miner's outfit in his barn—shovel, pick, gold pan, boots, overall, pack saddle and cooking outfit.

Another was an old locomotive engineer and said the sound of the bell and whistle was all that kept him from dying of loneliness.

The last, an old Nantucket whaler, who had given up his chosen vocation to follow the argonauts of '49, spent his spare time down on the river front, recalling his boyhood delights, in viewing the busy river scene.

In one unconscious voice they bore testimony to the strength of their first love, after the tide of years and change had washed away their lineaments.

Sentiment Outside of Portland.

A gentleman of much prominence in the state, who is heartily in sympathy with the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition and who may be taken as a representative of outside sentiment, as he resides on the extreme Southern border of the state, said to a Journal representative today:

"There is a mistaken idea abroad in many localities in Oregon, in regard to the exact meaning or extent of our coming Exposition. Many people wrongly imagine that this fair is to be of a local nature, benefiting and concerning the city of Portland more than any other locality. For the benefit of such mistaken sentiment I am glad to say that a vast majority of the people in Washington, Idaho and Montana are taking fully as much interest in the fair as we Oregonians. It is not of a local nature, any more than the World's Columbian Exposition was of a local nature. The great exhibition is of a local nature, the great Exposition commemorated historical events, of interest to all the country. Nobody accuses St. Louis of being the main beneficiary in her coming Exposition, which interests every man, woman and child in the old Louisiana Purchase. Just so with the Pacific Northwest. Lewis and Clark traversed the entire river course from Astoria to the Montana divide. They did not leave the impression in their privations and historical wanderings that there was anything local in their task. They were servants of the nation. Just so vast as the scope of their undertaking, so vast is the interest in the country in celebrating their coming to the Coast. I hope this little tinge of sentiment, which tends to reduce the wide importance of our undertaking, will pass over and leave the Northwest without a cloud of distrust or discord. It is our pride and hope."

THE STATE PRESS.

Expensive Justice in Yamhill.

As everyone knows, there is about as much use for two judges in this district as there is for two tails to a kite. We would like to see the color of the map's hair that can show any good reason for two judges, of two terms of court. One judge comes along and holds a term of court lasting four or five days, closes business and goes away. In the course of two or three weeks another judge comes along and holds court and goes away. This business could all be done at one session, and with one judge, at little cost over the first term. This manner of dispensing justice costs unnecessary money, and comes out of the pockets of the taxpayers. People will kick like bay mules over small items and let a monstrous evil like this go merrily on. Every voter should keep an eye on the coming Legislature for there is where the remedy lies.—McMinnville News.

A Change Is Needed.

An occurrence in Marion County illustrates how necessary it is that our laws regulating assessments for purposes of taxation be changed. In a suit the manager of a Portland corporation owning property in Salem, stated under oath that the same was worth \$300,000. The County Assessor placed its value at \$50,000; the County Board of Equalization at \$7,000. The County Clerk and the County Judge overruled the Assessor, who alone, of the three, had investigated the value of the property. It is plain that the Clerk and the Judge should be displaced by Assessors, District or Precinct Assessors, men who are familiar with the properties whose assessed values they are to equalize.—Oregon City Courier-Herald.

Organized Capital and Labor.

If organized labor were to take the ridiculous stand assumed at times by organized capital it would be hooted at every turn. The stickler in the negotiations looking to settlement of the anthracite strike has been over recognition of labor unionism. The operators and presidents of the coal carrying roads have steadfastly refused to accede to any proposal that includes the desired recognition of organized labor, and have repeatedly stated that so far as the increase in wages asked by the men is concerned, they would willingly grant it; but they absolutely and emphatically decline to recognize the union. Suppose organized labor were to announce that it would not recognize organized capital—what would the financial giants of the country think? Yet there would be more merit in a refusal of this kind on the part of labor than on the part of capital.—Astorian.

Noisance Should Be Abated.

Over in Seattle the papers—some of them—are demanding a city regulation that will prohibit the early morning blowing of factory whistles. The practice is a nuisance and ought to be abated. The blowing of steamboat whistles should likewise be prohibited by law. If trains can get along without ear-splitting whistles, boats can dispense with their annoying blasts. Astoria needs just such an ordinance as that asked for in Seattle.—Astorian.

A Tribute to Old Veterans.

It is a melancholy greeting that was tendered the Grand Army of the Republic veterans. Its heartiness to the living was veiled by its memory of the dead. Last year took away 60,000 of the men who fought thirty-seven years ago. But as they meet and pass the line each year they may always remember that a nation's heart has a tender spot for her old soldiers. They fought, they struggled, for the cause they thought was right, no matter which the side, and their efforts command the esteem of every American citizen. In times of peace the arduous life of a soldier's war time work counts for little, but the memories which history will keep green shall ever find a place in patriotic hearts. It is not a case of what they are today; it is simply this: They fought to build up this nation. As they very properly are rolled out, the diminished numbers pathetically place another chapter on the scroll, and very soon the good old soldiers will give place to the younger men. Thus a careless world passes on its way.—Baker City Democrat.

The Engineers' Strike.

The government inspectors of steam vessels have seen fit to revoke the licenses of the engineers who left the Elder a few days ago in Portland. This means that they must revoke the licenses of the engineers who will certainly resign from several other vessels in the future and that the gambler has been thrown down to the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association, which includes in its membership the great majority of the marine engineers in America. This act has made the strike, which has been purely local heretofore, of concern at every port in the country and the tying up of a much larger number of steamers may now be looked for.—Astoria Budget.

THE NEWEST NEWSPAPER.

Innovations in journalism are not generally looked for in Europe, but Paris of late has been doing a few things in that line which have been distinctly new. The latest is a journal for beggars, which has been started for the purpose of disseminating useful information among the mendicant fraternity, and the price of which is cents a copy.

The advertisements furnish interesting reading for beggars temporarily out of a job, though it is difficult to understand how the advertiser could expect to receive an answer to the following: "Wanted—A blind man who can play the flute a little."

Probably some unfortunate dumb man will tell his blind confere of the vacancy.

Here is another sample of an advertised vacancy which requires awkward qualifications: "Wanted—A lame man for the seaside; one without right arm preferred." In addition to "lame" of this kind, notices of forty-one christenings, burials and birthdays of rich people are printed, so that the beggar may know where to go to prostitute his vocation with success. Evidently the trade of mendicancy is established on a good business basis in the French capital, and New York and Philadelphia are not the only cities with a "beggars' trust."—Chicago Journal.



TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

Marquam—"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," J. H. Stoddart.
The Baker—"Friends."
Cordray—"Convict's Daughter."

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Marquam—West's Minstrels, 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.

Amid the clush and clangor of the vaudeville, the tawdry glitter of new-made "stars," and the histrionic melody of "100 consecutive nights," "matinee idols," and spectacular extravaganzas, J. H. Stoddart comes to Portland, and presents "The Bonnie Brier Bush." A "little piece," he calls it.
A little piece! Say rather a theatrical cameo set in a dull gold setting, a thing so cunningly wrought that the tumults of applause are absent and the audience sits lulled to silence by the quaint beauty of the story, by its faultless presentation.

The Journal interviewer called yesterday upon the veteran actor at his apartments in the Hotel Portland.

"My daughter," said Mr. Stoddart, and as the scribbled bow with more grace or less toward a lady sitting in the shadow of a curtain, the full voice at his side continued, "the first visit to the West." True to his instincts the man of print blurted out a query as to how the lady liked it and then apologized for being crude. Instead of making the obvious and unkind reply that she expected it, Miss Stoddart smiled, and presently the conversation passed to the passing of the old stock company as exemplified by such harmonious combinations of artists as the old Union Stock Company in which Mr. Stoddart made his first appearance in Portland ten years ago.

"But now, said Mr. Stoddart, 'there are many stars sent out by the omnipotent syndicate which neglects to furnish anything but the most mediocre support for the balance of the cast.'"

A figure from the stagehand of the old dramatic school which has made such history as the American stage may have, a craftsman about whom hangs some intangible reminder of Booth and Barrett, and whose courtesy is of the old and antebellum South. His reminiscences? "Richard Mansfield?" said Mr. Stoddart, "I remember when he used to be in the dry-goods business in Boston, and John Drew? When first—" but his daughter laughed.
"Wasn't it rather a shock to the matinee girls when John Drew's grown-up daughter appeared in the same cast with him recently?"

The diffident interviewer explained that he knew so many matinee girls that his opinion was without the stamp of authority, and the lady's congratulations were extended to him forthwith. And then the old-time actor whose years have brought only a perfect finish to his work, chatted of the days when "Jim the Penman" and "Shakespeare" were new, and when Shakespeare needed no revival nor such bizarre tonics as Mansfield suggested when he recently proposed to play both Brutus and Julius Caesar in the same play.
From Portland Mr. Stoddart goes to Seattle and thence by easy stages to New York, the town where the modern syndicate makes modern actors nowadays with printer's ink.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. Stoddart Tonight.

The last performance of the beautiful Scotch play, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," with J. H. Stoddart as Leuchlan Campbell, will be given at the Marquam tonight. It is one of the greatest attractions that ever came to Portland and has more than pleased every person who has witnessed it.

West's Big Minstrels.

Wm. H. West's big minstrel jubilee will open an engagement of three nights and popular matinee Saturday, at the Marquam Grand Theater tomorrow night.
The "minstrel man" of today is not one of the "mokes" of our grandfather's time. He is an artist in his particular line and commands a salary of several hundred dollars. He realizes that the public demands new and original songs and methods of fun making and he must keep up with the times or else lose his popularity. In selecting the performers for a big minstrel company like the William H. West Big Minstrel Jubilee, which is conceded to be the finest organization of the kind, only those artists who are "head liners" or leaders in their respective branches of their profession are engaged. Such men as Billy Van, Tom Moore, McMahon and King and Swift and Huber, demand high salaries, but the management of the William H. West Big Minstrel Jubilee are wise men and they realize that the artists above named please the public and as it is their aim to give the theatergoers the best minstrel show obtainable, they have received a contract for this season.
The grand parade will take place tomorrow at high noon, starting from the theater.

Royal Italian Band.

The advance sale of seats will open next Friday morning for the Royal Italian Band of 55 great artists, which is to be the attraction at the Marquam Grand Theater next Monday and Tuesday nights. The Royal Italian Band is winning ever greater praise on its tour this season than it did last, and that seems almost impossible, when one considers the remarkable criticisms this organization called forth from the press and public then.

"Barbara Frietche."

The first act of "Barbara Frietche," the great set of all war dramas in which Mary Elizabeth Forbes and company will be seen in this city for one week, commencing Sunday matinee, October 28, at Cordray's theater, discloses the exterior of the Frietche home in Frederick, Maryland. It is a picturesque dwelling in the

colonial style of architecture. It is of red brick with white trimmings, and over its steps is a balcony supported by four Corinthian columns. Upon a darkened theater the curtain rises slowly and softly without orchestral music. It is the starry twilight of a languorous summer night, and the aid is tremulous and full of the scent of honeysuckle and jasmine. On the steps of the Frietche house sit three pretty young creatures dressed in the quaint, soft, light dresses of the period, open at the neck and sleeves. Through the window Barbara is heard singing "Kathleen Mavourneen." The conversation outside turns to the love affair of Barbara, particularly her love for Captain Trumbull, a Union officer then stationed at Frederick.

"The Wife."

The Neil Stock Company will give a good production of "The Wife," at the Baker next week. This piece is one that abounds in beautiful and pathetic situations, at the same time carrying a vein of comedy which not only adds a tinge that is most pleasing but intensifies the interest in the beautiful story.
"The Wife" was produced in Portland the original company sent out from New York and made a tremendous hit. The fact that the play was written by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille is one of its best recommendations. The Neil Stock Company will no doubt rival the original company in its production of the piece.