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RESULT OF OBSTRUCTIONIST.

Governor Geer refuses to call a special session of the Legislature. In his statement printed in full in yesterday's Journal, he says:

"If bridges and streets of Portland are in such a state of collapse now, it should have been at least partially known so short a time as three months ago, when many persons were daily informing the people of Oregon that need of a special session nowhere existed, save in the mind of the Governor. Bridges that are falling every day certainly were showing some signs of dilapidation three months ago. May it not be hoped that it is not necessary to call a special session for this reason? If the Multnomah delegation shall ask it, there can be no obstacle in securing the approval of the new charter within 48 hours after organization of the Legislature."

It is in no spirit of petty spite at a great rival, yet The Journal feels as though it were pertinent to lay the blame of the governor's refusal in part upon the Morning Oregonian. That paper repudiated the suggestion of a special session when the subject was first broached. It opposed it until it became apparent to the most casual citizen that Portland was practically unanimous in favor of the session. The number of people who have lately refused subscription to the special session idea for relief in various quarters has been so small that it was a negligible quantity. There were certain politicians who opposed it. The body of the citizenship favored it. The business men wanted it. The people generally, seeing the needs of the Lewis and Clark Fair and the City of Portland, demanded it.

Were it not that the Oregonian persistently opposed the special session, furnishing the governor a reason for declining, the whole influence of Portland and Multnomah County would have gone undivided to press upon the Governor the necessity for the session being called.

As it was, the Governor grasped the opportunity to quote the utterances of the morning daily made earlier in the agitation when it offered strenuous opposition to the special session plan, although it later discovered that it not only was out of touch with the prevailing sentiment of the city, but really believed the special session should be called.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

Every few days we note in some one or the other of our exchanges the question of the Christian religion brought forward and argued pro and con. We note further, that none of these arguments get far before the name of Ingersoll is brought in, and the lectures with which he attacked the Bible quoted from. It seems like an utterly idle thing to waste time in such discussions, and since Ingersoll has discussed it, why should the common herd try to add to his arguments?

Yet, when all his vivid imagination, his brilliant intellect, his wonderful control of language, his kaleidoscopic word-painting, his powers of mimicry, and his masterly handling of pathos have combined to ruin the faith, the hope and the belief of others, the Bible stands, still the foundation of all human laws, the teacher of morals, of justice, of virtue; the light which illumined the world, and made modern civilization possible.

By it man and nations have been lifted up, and by it man nor nations have been pulled down.

Why quarrel over its inspiration? Why argue as to its divine origin? Sufficient is the fact that it guides safely the feet of humanity in this world, and gladdens the heart with hope of immortality. Blessed hope whose roses brighten the rugged pathway, and whose perfume delights the saddened soul. Humanity cannot bring the evidence such as Ingersoll, such as our courts would require to establish the divine origin of the world.

The mortals who sat at the feet of the Nazarene, whose eyes looked into His, whose ears heard the parables, and whose hands penned an account of what they heard and saw, have long ago returned unto the dust whence they came, and their spirits unto God who gave them.

They cannot rise from the grave to bear witness to what they heard or saw, but could they have done so, would Ingersoll or such as he have believed? Nay, verily.

His arguments, and such as his, are vain. He tells us that Brahma was as pure and holy; that Vishun taught as sincerely. Concede it. But we say to such as he, lift up your eyes from your feet, and gaze beyond the limits of your narrow sphere, and you will see that the civilized world is the Christian world. You will find that the civilized world takes the Bible for its guide, because it recognizes in it the laws of the Creator.

So long as the red flowers of love shall blossom in the human breast, so long as the holy feeling a mother has for her babe exists; so long as the strong man wraps the sinews of his affection around his first born; so long as the prattle of childhood can please, or the suffering of those we love, pain; so long as the pathos of old age can touch our hearts with sorrow; so long as death can take from us those we love; so long as pity and woe can swell the fountain of our tears—that long the promises held out to us in the Bible, of another and an immortal life are necessary to our existence.

Let the Ingersolls use their God-given talents to ridicule the Bible if they will. Yet as we part with those whose images are engraven on our hearts; when on the coffin lid falls the harsh-sounding and cruel clod; when over the mortal body is heaped the earth, a rounded roof over the last home—then one ray of hope, one mustard grain of faith that on the other side the loved one waits until our turn shall come, and that there where sorrow and sin enter not, and parting is unknown, we shall live again, brings more of comfort than all the arguments and lectures of all the Paines and Ingersolls that ever tempted the wrath of an all-merciful God.

THE ISSUE IN NEW YORK.

David B. Hill has made an emphatic stand for government ownership of the coal mines. The New York Democratic platform made this the issue in the State and the world has its finger on the pulse of that State. His decision is an indication of the Democratic sentiment of the country. New York is the thermometer of national issues. In fact, its recognition by the Democratic party of New York has made it already a national issue. Not that New York is any more to be the sponsor of Democratic principles than Rhode Island or Oregon, but being in touch with the great industrial forces engaged in the coal regions, it fairly and clearly represents the sentiment of that great middle class which extends from the coal regions through all the industrial classes of the country. The demands of national import embodied in a New York platform may be taken as indicative of a national sentiment.

Being the headquarters for the captains of labor and capital, it represents the crystallized ideas of both these great factors in American politics. The decision of the Democrats of the Empire state at least had the effect of showing how vividly the desire to settle permanently the strike and lockout in the coal fields is diffused through that pivotal state. The laboring class is now awaiting the fate of this principle with keen interest. Its adoption by the leading party in the greatest state, as the foremost issue is a recompense for some of the long years of toil spent by the old labor leaders in fighting for its recognition.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

Attorney General Knox recently made a masterly speech on the subject of trusts at Pittsburg. His remarks have been widely commented on, and indorsed. The trouble with Knox is that he simply points out those things which everybody already knows and does not even suggest a remedy. He says very truly that the most conspicuous of those evils are "over-capitalization, lack of publicity, discrimination in prices to destroy competition, insufficient personal responsibility of officers and directors, tendency to monopoly and lack of appreciation of their relation to the people for whose benefit they are permitted to exist."

There is no doubt but that Attorney Knox has found the wrong, it is now his duty to find the remedy. How is he going to prevent over-capitalization? How is he going to make the inner working of the trusts any plainer than it is now?

How is he going to make the personal responsibility of officers and directors any greater?

How will he shut off the tendency to monopoly, when that is all the trust is formed for?

How will he make them look at the matter from the people's side of the question so as to realize their responsibility to the people?

Mr. Knox answers all these questions in one word, "Congress." He leaves them all unanswered with a shake of his head and another word, "Legislation."

It was a great speech, in fine language calculated to conceal opinions.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

It was suggested that the students of Willamette University who have been asked to write compositions on the Lewis and Clark Fair read the papers more

thoroughly. According to recent developments it would be a wise thing to cut out that source of information.

Wisconsin having gone Republican, and John C. Spooner being certain of reelection to the United States Senate, the Badgers can now crawl into their holes and hibernate. The country is safe, unless, perchance, John C. should die.

The Doukhobars are coming over from Canada to look for the Savior in the United States. They seem to forget that we have a prohibitive tariff for this country, and that the further they were from Washington, the nearer they were to God.

Canada with its 7,000 Doukhobars has proved the truth of the old saying that you cannot arrest a whole community. They may be crazy, but if so, there is method as well as numbers, in their madness.

An answer at last.

Mandarin, an elephant, was executed at New York Saturday. He got unmanageable and a two-inch hawser was sprung around his neck, fastened to a steam winch, and he was choked to death by steam.

Senator Williamson is back in Washington looking over the Congressional situation. He is certainly early enough, if he can just get in often enough.

A Chicago window dresser was ducked in a watering trough by the father of the girl with whom he was infatuated. It seems that a note written to the young lady by him was intercepted by the girl's

father, who met the young suitor at the appointed place and proceeded to douse him at a convenient watering trough. The young man is suing for damages.

One of the humorous phases of life crops up in the irrigation people of Eastern Oregon coming to Portland to discuss the subject of arid lands.

Will the Multnomah delegation vote for Scott? Well, yes, they will take their medicine, but they ain't going to swear that they like it.

J. Bull—And me just out of the hospital.

It is possible that Carnegie spends his money in books because every time he gives anything away, it is bound up.

He Dances Life Away.

Does he ask how corn is selling, or if cotton's up or down?
Is he bothered 'bout the country, or the stocks that make the town?
Is he worried 'bout the winter, is he sighs in' fer the May?
No! A feller picks the banjer, an' he dances life away!

Does he shrink from all the toilin' in the white blaze o' the sun,
In the hot sand o' the furrow where the larks before him run?
No! You never find him tired; when the sun has left the day
A feller picks the banjer an' he dances life away!

No problem of the races in the hovel of the dome;
He knows his face is blacker than the chimney-back at home.
But ever more it's smilin', an' he's happy night an' day,
For a feller picks the banjer, an' he dances life away!

BY THE WAY.

"There are times, I frankly confess," said the physician to the minister, "when Tolstoi's pessimism appeals to me, and I am all but ready to say with him, that the only salvation possible for the human race is extermination."

The minister sighed. Down deep in his own heart he had once or twice felt the faint stir of a similar conviction, but it would never do to admit it, for he firmly believed it to have been an prompting from the devil, whom, the "new thought" people tell us, is only an impersonal shadow. The minister was young enough to possess enthusiasm, and too young to be philosophical. Human problems dismayed, but did not daunt him. The physician, on the other hand, was dismayed at nothing, but he was old, and knew that certain questions cannot be answered here. It is only unofficial youth that expects otherwise.

"I know what you mean," said the third person present. "Coming in on the car from Mount Tabor yesterday I saw something that gave me a hopeless heart ache."

"What was it?" asked the minister.

"There was a young man accompanied by his wife and child, and the wife, a beautiful girl, was blind. Think of it, stone blind in the full flush of early womanhood! And the baby, a dear little fellow, just beginning his second year, seemed to understand. He was not like other babies of his age. Already the shadow of a great sorrow had touched his young soul. There was something sadder than years in his big blue eyes, as he lifted them to his mother's sightless ones. Why, oh why, are such things permitted if 'God's in His heaven,' and 'all's right in the world?'"

But neither the doctor nor the minister attempted to answer that question. They both knew that this was but a surface bubble on the vast sea of human woe and human misery, and dimly felt that under it all and back of it all lay the still active energy of the First Transgression.

"The trouble all grew out of a too absorbing interest in psychology," explained the girl in pearl-gray, who sat in front of me at the matinee one afternoon last week, to her friend.

"Henrietta is one of a class of 25 who meet three times a week to study suggestive therapeutics and other mysterious subjects. You know she is nothing if not practical, and as soon as she learned that you could make people do things that you wanted them to without their knowing anything about it, she determined to try it. She has lately developed a tender interest in a young man whose manners and physical charms appealed to her, but whose trousers were never properly creased, and whose neckties harrowed up her very soul. She decided to see what a mental suggestion could do to improve his taste in dress, since maidenly modesty forbade any mention of the subject verbally.

"Well, how did she go about it?" languidly inquired the friend who was engaged in surreptitiously devouring chocolates.

"Oh," continued the girl in gray, "she waited till the still watches of the night, and then in that dread hour, when ghosts are wont to walk, she carefully worded a command and dispatched it per psychological telegraph to the young man, supposed to be wrapped in dreams.

"Did he get it?"

"He did, but she wishes he hadn't, and she has dropped out of the therapeutics class to stay."

"Well, you see she had suggested to him that certain articles of his apparel were objectionable, and she made the suggestion so strong that he awoke with a soul-rooted aversion to ties and trousers of every sort and kind. And when he came down to breakfast tieless, in his pajamas, the landlady telephoned the police. She naturally thought he was crazy or drunk. They had a perfectly awful time getting him to take a reasonable view of the situation. And Henrietta says she will never, never send anybody another soul-suggestion as long as she lives. It would have turned out all right, though, if she had only remembered to telepath the correct substitutes for the condemned, but indispensible, articles of dress. The worst of it is, Henrietta does not care for him any more, and everyone thought they were just made for each other. Why, you've eaten every single one of those chocolates!"

The people who traverse Morrison street these days wear a look of soul-tried patience and resignation. You can almost hear them praying: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

"That book," remarked the erratic reader, speaking of the last novel by a Western author, "would have made a dozen excellent short stories, but it is not a success as it is. The people who figure in it would be entertaining if one met them briefly, but to have to live with them through several hundred pages is both wearisome and disgusting."

"Why is it, I wonder," the old man sighed,
As he heard his grandchild cry,
"That a fellow never learns how to live
Till it's just about time to die?"

COMPOSITE.

NEW YORK'S IMMENSITY.

"New York's greatness is shown by the fact that the Port of New York transacts a vast proportion of the foreign commerce of the United States; that of letters alone the New York postoffice handles 897,775,000 annually; and that of the total clearances of the United States, 67 per cent pass through the New York clearing house, the amount being $79,120,000,000.

"The police force of the Borough of Manhattan is 5,000. The Chief of the Fire Department writes that the fastest time ever made in getting ready to respond to a fire call was one and five eighths seconds at an exhibition at Madison Square Garden. The average time is from two and one half to four seconds. The Croton and Bronx River systems of water supply have cost about $65,000,000. The length of the aqueducts is 70 miles and of the distributing mains 8828 miles. The capacity of the storage reservoirs is 44,700,000,000 gallons; the average daily supply is 275,000,000 gallons, a per capita rate of 134 gallons. The figures are for the Manhattan and Bronx, but mainly apply to the former.—Pearson's Weekly.

IT CAME HOME TO HIM.

The jokesmith called upon the father of the young lady and asked for the damsel's hand in marriage.

With a wrathful shout the old gentleman kicked the jokesmith from the parlor into the hall, out of the door and down the steps and across the street, and as the young man fled thence he called after him.

"Now, sir, you may realize that many a truth is written in jest!"—Judge.

LOOKING FOR THE TRAIL.

"What are you reading, Rudolph?"

"Oh, I'm reading about a man hunt."

"Ah, the sheriff is after the train robbers, eh?"

"No, this is another kind of man hunt. Several widows are advertising in the personal column for husbands."—Chicago News.

SHORT TALKS ABOUT WOMEN AND SOCIETY

BY AN OBSERVANT WOMAN.

I see by one of the New York newspapers that Mrs. Hall Caine, who is now in that city, belongs to that type of English women which is most popular in America. Pretty, attractive, vivacious and without any of that prejudice against American ways and American customs which many of our trans-Atlantic cousins show, she has made many friends since her arrival in this country.

The interviewer says that Mrs. Caine is especially interested in the American methods of training young girls and is unhesitating in expressing her approval of the comparative freedom accorded by parents in this country to their daughters.

"I have often heard English people say of American children," said Mrs. Caine, in discussing this topic, "that the great mistake in their bringing up is that they are too soon let out of the nursery. I don't think that comment is justified, because in America there doesn't seem to be any nursery.

"Little girls of 15 and 16 I see about in quite grown-up gowns, and with their hair put up. They are not 'out,' I am told, and yet they certainly seem to go about quite as much as if they were.

"I am not sure what constitutes 'out' in America. What does? In England girls of that age stay all day in the nursery, and only come in for dessert. Their hair is down their backs, too.

"Why, I was married with my hair down my back! At least, I was wearing it in a braid, and my gowns short, up to the time I was married. Fancy that in America!

"But I like it. I think it is the best way possible to bring up girls.

"I am always criticized at home for believing this. But I do, and this is why:

"In the first place, they talk in England about the unwarrantable freedom girls have in America, as if 'freedom' were the only argument needed to discredit the system of bringing up girls.

"I believe that freedom is the best possible thing in a family where breeding and culture are in the very air the girl breathes. It is freedom of thought and expression which is going to make her brilliant and original and strong mentally and morally.

"But remember I say 'in a family where there are breeding and culture.' In other words, I am speaking only of the girls whose surroundings will teach them all the time not to abuse her freedom. The very families, it seems to me, that can afford to have nurseries and governesses for their daughters are the ones who do not need them.

"I admit that this early mingling of American girls with grown-up people and their association wth men older than themselves do come in evidence sometimes in a most startling way. I mean the freedom of expression of American girls when they are talking with men.

"When I was here seven years ago I heard a young girl on shipboard, as we were coming in, say to a young physician: 'Oh, Doctor, if you can get me a file of papers now, I'm yours for life.' I was aghast at the phrase then, and I began making a sort of mental collection of all the expressions of the sort I heard on the lips of charming, well-bred girls, who if they had been in England would certainly have been appearing only for dessert—but who, in America, know the world thoroughly.

"What were some of the other expressions? I have almost forgotten, because I immediately became used to them.

"'I like him tremendously. He can have me.' I remember was one that struck me. And once I heard a fascinating little girl turn to a man of her party and apropos some story of domestic infelicity, remark: 'Billy, when we are married I'll never allow you to act like that.' Afterward I observed to an aunt of the child's that she was very young to be engaged. 'Oh, dear me!' exclaimed the aunt, 'why, the dear child isn't engaged, unless it has occurred since breakfast.'

"Still, what I believe is that this informality of speech is simply informality of speech, so to speak, and I believe it stands for nothing else. Indeed, I think it is a safeguard against all the things which, according to the English way of thinking, it endangers."

NOTES OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.

The interest of this week socially centers largely in next Friday night, when the first of a series of assemblies is to be inaugurated. It promises to be a very smart affair, splendidly conducted, as Messrs Thales, Linthicum and John Carson are to be the hosts of the evening. The patronesses are Mrs. W. B. Ayer, Mrs. W. J. Burns, Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett, Mrs. L. S. Linthicum, Mrs. Richard Koehler, Mrs. Zera Snow and Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd.

It is rumored the Cinderellas are also planning another series of parties this winter, to be even more brilliant than those of other years.

WEDNESDAY CLUB REUNION.

This afternoon Miss Alice Sibson is hostess at a charmingly informal reunion of the Wednesday Reading Club. Several years ago Misses Ruth Scott, Marion Jackson, Rachel Josephi, Laura Jordan, Nanny Wood, Amy Heltshu, Georgia Burns, Kathleen Burne, Alice Sibson, Inez Barrett and Frances Lewis met each Wednesday afternoon for a little reading discussion and a cup o' tea. In time the members scattered and the meetings were given up. This winter all but two of the club are in Portland again and these weekly reunions are the result.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

Tuesday afternoon the Ladies' Missionary Society met in the parlors of the First Presbyterian Church for their monthly study hour. Mrs. H. S. Butterfield was in charge of the meeting and its success deserved the warm praise she received at the close. Mrs. E. P. Mossman opened the meeting with devotional exercises, followed by three clever and instructive papers prepared by Mrs. Frank Vanduyn, Mrs. A. F. Tucker and Mrs. John Goss, covering the year's work in the Via Christi Club, of which these ladies are prominent members.

A PRESENTATION.

Mrs. Lydia Strang's home on Irving street is the scene of a very happy surprise this afternoon. A group of her special friends are planning to slip an especially handsome Bible into her rooms while she is enjoying the unexpected pleasure of a little company they have gathered in her honor. The ladies responsible for the surprise are Mesdames H. S. Butterfield, A. E. Butterfield, George Bates, John Martin, Robert Mackintosh, George Sellers, Borthwick, R. Wilbur, George Hazen, Isaac Vanduyn, Frank Vanduyn, George Strong, E. Bross, Milo Kirkpatrick, August Klostermah, H. S. Gile, William Macbeth and H. Brasfield.

DANCING PARTY.

Last Saturday evening about 60 of the younger set held their bimonthly dancing class with Miss Buckenmeyer at Parsons' Hall. Eighteen numbers made up the program and as usual each seemed better than the last. A new dance, the ping-pong two-step, came in for a large share of attention. The next meeting is to be an informal hop.

TUESDAY CLUB.

The Tuesday Afternoon Club met this week with Mrs. W. B. Hall at 589 East Burnside. The members are doing splendid work this year along the line of Greek and Roman history. Last year they turned their attention to German men of note and the year before they found their subjects among the French. Yesterday, in taking up the early Greek and Roman poets, clever papers were read by Mrs. G. M. Glines, Mrs. E. E. Miller, Mrs. W. B. Hall, Mrs. A. A. Bailey, Mrs. J. D. Young and Mrs. Julia A. Castro. After a helpful discussion the ladies spent a social hour over the dainty refreshments served by the hostess.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mrs. G. G. Lammans has issued invitations for a card party on the 19th.

Mrs. Cochrane, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. F. Adams, on Lovejoy street, returns Friday to her home in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Adams will accompany her.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin left Sunday night for Seattle. Mr. Hamlin will make that city his headquarters while representing the Goodyear Rubber Company in Washington and British Columbia.

Mrs. George Bates and her sons are home again after a delightful visit in California.

Joseph J. McMicken leaves soon to spend the winter at her old home in Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. James Manner are rejoicing over the return of their sons, after three years of Alaskan snows.

W. F. Edwards left yesterday evening on a business trip through the East.

Last Saturday was ladies' night at the Y. M. C. A. and the affair was a complete success.

THEATER DO'M

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam—"A Poor Relation."
The Baker—"The Senator."
Cordray's—"Yon Yonson."

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam—"Hello Bill," Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee.

The Baker—"The Senator" for the week.

Cordray's—"Yon Yonson" for the week.

In Place of Sol Smith Russell.

So pleasingly did Horace Lewis act the part of Noah Vale, in "A Poor Relation" at the Marquam Grand last night, that he was called before the curtain, and there was very deep interest when he spoke of the man, Sol Smith Russell, who for 17 years played in this character before him.

Mr. Lewis labors under the almost insurmountable difficulty of having every audience institute comparison with Mr. Russell, with the universal disposition to assume that no else could enact the role satisfactorily.

Noah Vale is a character known to every theatre goer in the country, although Mr. Lewis related last night the peculiar fact that he had never seen Mr. Russell in the part. It is the central thought in the play, everything else being secondary in every situation. And Mr. Lewis was highly successful, falling short of Sol Smith Russell's standard in some respects, but excelling it in a few others. The style of playing comedy is slightly different. Mr. Lewis inclining somewhat towards the outwardly demonstrative sort, while Mr. Russell was prone to show comedy from within and more by suggestion than by physical movement.

The two lots who took the parts of Rip and Patch, and the girl who was Scollops were dear to the hearts of the audience. Miss Marie Harriott as Dolly Faye was exceedingly sweet and capable and really an actress, with unusual power of expressing by games or right movement what many must express by voice and even violent demonstration. She was sympathetic and had she a more musical voice would attain considerable fame in the character.

Mr. Sprague as Mr. Faye was excellent, and Miss Sprague the wife was better.

The remainder of the cast was satisfactory, with one or two exceptions, and these exceptions do not appreciably affect the ensemble.

If the people who attend theatres appreciate a clean, strong, high class play presented in excellent manner by a competent company, the Marquam Grand will be filled tonight with an audience that will tax the capacity of the house.

MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Hot Campaign.

One of the hottest political campaigns ever seen in Portland will be precipitated at the Baker Theater next week, starting with Sunday matinee, when the great comedy by Charles E. Hoyt, "A Contented Woman," will be produced by the ever popular Neill Stock Company. There will be all kinds of political characters in the cast, from the highly honorable candidate to the tough ward heeler. Even woman's suffrage will be represented to a considerable extent; in fact, it plays such a prominent part in the plot of the comedy that the title of "A Contented Woman" was given it by the author. Not only will the male politicians be there, but the ladies interested in the election of one of their own sex to the office of mayor of the city of Denver will be on hand with their committees and stump speakers to such an extent as to almost place their opponents entirely in the background.

In addition to the regular Neill Stock Company there will be a number of new faces in the production of "A Contented Woman," and several vaudeville features will be introduced during the performances, which will be of the highest class and especially engaged for this production. The stage of the Baker Theater will be filled with a bevy of beautiful femininity, there being 28 ladies in the cast.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

In his school days they called Richard Sheridan "an impenetrable dunce." He became the most brilliant playwright of his age, one of the most successful managers that ever catered to London, and one of the bravest and most eloquent politicians that has served the English people. He was an honest man at heart, but lacked woefully in a sense of responsibility. He drank to excess, but that was an almost universal vice among the fine gentlemen of his day. On the night of the original production of "The School for Scandal," which was a tremendous success from the first, he was knocked down and thrown into the watchhouse for being drunk and quarrelsome n the streets. Arrested upon another occasion in the like condition, he was asked his name by the constable. When it finally dawned upon him what was wanted he struck an attitude of great dignity, and, giving the revered name of the most eminent divine in London, answered "Wilberforce." His admiration of Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress, amounted to idolatry, and Rogers, the poet, once said to him: "Your admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high that I wonder you never make quen love to her." "To her!" Sheridan cried; "to that magnificent and appalling creature! I should as soon think of making love to the archbishop of Canterbury."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hunting for Hawkins.

"Hunting for Hawkins," last season's most palpable hit is to come to Cordray's for three nights only, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 20, 21 and 22, and matinee Saturday, and that it will be joyfully received is already manifested by the unusual interest that has greeted the announcement of its appearance here. This season's production has proven even more popular than that of last season and everywhere the play has been produced, it has been greeted with most flattering support. The cast this season includes a most expensive array of talent, as each and every artist has been especially selected for the part assigned. Seats for "Hunting for Hawkins" go very rapidly when they are placed on sale.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels.

The world's famous Haverly, whose minstrels come to the Marquam Grand Theater next Monday and Tuesday nights, through his long career as a minstrel manager, always earnest, strove to maintain in his organization the highest musical standard, both vocal and instrumental. Ordinary singers and mediocre musicians never satisfied the ideals of Haverly. Mr. Nankeville, who is now director of the company, and who is himself a musician and composer, is quite as much of a "stickler" for musical excellence.

Mr. Wilson, the recognized minstrel king, is the star of the famous Haverly Minstrel Company.

This season he presents as his band leader Francis W. Sutherland, a musician who as cornet and soloist and assistant of Dan Godfrey's famous British Grenadier Band, made his name known both in England and America. In the selection of his band Mr. Sutherland has considered quality before everything else, evidence of which will be given when the Haverly plays street concerts during their forthcoming engagement here. The advance sale of seats will open next Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

What would you do if, on the eve of your marriage, just as the culmination point of your life had been reached and you were to lead to the altar the woman on whom all your heart's affections were centered, if a sheriff placed his hand on your shoulder and informed you that 60 days in the county jail awaited you for being an inmate of a gambling house? There is but one answer; you would accompany the sheriff and lie about your destination to your bride to be. That sounds very easy, but what lie would you tell her? William Fuller, the hero of Willis Maxwell Goodhue's jolly comedy, "Hello Bill," which comes to the Marquam Grand Theater Friday and Saturday nights with a popular Saturday matinee, thinks he has a very good fiction to fill the occasion which suddenly arises, but after five or six of his falsehoods have reacted on him he is almost inclined to change his mind and agree that the truth is better at all times. If ever a man gets into trouble through prevarication, the poor, luckless "Bill" is that fellow. The splendid company which Messrs. Goodhue & Kellogg have gathered together for this season's presentation includes, besides the favorite comedian, James F. Macdonald, who has been especially engaged for the title role, such well known and sterling artists as S. S. Wiltsie, Arthur L. Cogliser, Frank T. Glenn, Gideon Burton, Robert Watt, Pauline M. Hickler, Mildred Claire, Kathryn Vincent and Marion Kirby. The advance sale of seats opened this morning.

A new styled "Pennsylvania" will be seen at Cordray's Theatre Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next week, beginning with matinee Sunday, November 16. The name is more appropriate than those of many plays named after states, for it is a story of the anthracite coal regions near Wilkesbarre, and turns upon a peculiar law of the state by virtue of which a conveyance of land carries the surface only, and not the ore beneath unless especially mentioned. Though the labor question comes in incidentally, and there is a thrilling strike scene, it is not a "labor" play, but a domestic narration, full of plot and action, and containing strong dramatic scenes and intense climaxes. The leading scene occurs in the base of a coal shaft, the characters using a real "cage" or elevator and actual coal cars. This scene also shows the destruction of the mine from an explosion of fire damp. The production will be given with entire special scenery and a powerful acting company.

A WOMAN "IN OIL."

The most conspicuous figure in the oil business in Los Angeles is a woman. There are nearly a million barrels of oil produced annually within the corporate limits of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Emma A. Summers handles considerably more than one half of it. There are million-dollar corporations bidding for this vast business, yet nearly every important contract that is executed in the city is signed, sealed and delivered in her residence at No. 517 California street.

There is nothing about Mrs. Summers to indicate that she is a business woman, in fact, she is a musician, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston; and at the time of the discovery of oil in Los Angeles she was engaged in the more peaceful than remunerative occupation of teaching music. Being always a thrifty woman, she had saved up several hundred dollars, and, with the consent of her husband, concluded to sink an oil well. Only her persistence and rare business instinct—which at that time was suspected by no one, least of all by her—carried her through the trials that beset her in that venture.

She finally became a successful producer of oil, and promptly began reducing the heavy indebtedness that she had incurred before her first well was completed. She established so excellent a reputation for meeting all obligations and filling all contracts that business began coming to her without solicitation, both from producers and consumers of oil.

She soon became recognized as an important factor in the oil business, and then were aroused to the jealousies of men who regarded her as a usurper of their prerogatives. Powerful combinations were formed with the purpose of crushing her, but her business grew year by year in spite of them, until now she delivers 40,000 barrels of oil per month on regular contracts.—New York Commercial.

HOPELESS.

"They say Miss Newrich's education has been sadly neglected."

"I should say it has. Why, that girl can't even play ping-pong."—Harper's Bazar.

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