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TO SHAKE UP WASHINGTON.

It is reported that William R. Hearst will establish a morning newspaper in Washington, D. C. If he does, he will cause a rattling among the dry bones of the national capital journalism.

Notwithstanding it is the nation's capital, and a city of considerable commercial importance, Washington, D. C., has not one representative newspaper.

Frank A. Munsey went there and attempted to improve upon the methods that had been in vogue, calling his new paper the Times. He has succeeded in demonstrating that he is not a newspaper man. He is quite a capable magazine publisher, with one glaring fault—he imagines that he himself can write, and therefore often inflicts his puerile stuff upon his readers. But he is not a daily newspaper man, and his attempt in Washington has been a conspicuous failure.

It will not be difficult to make people believe in advance that W. R. Hearst will make Washington newspapers stir themselves. He is one who accomplishes what he undertakes. He is a success. In the face of the fiercest opposition ever met by a newspaper publisher, he has built up three great papers—the Examiner, then the New York Journal, now called the American and Journal, and lastly the American in Chicago. And each one is a success, financially and professionally.

There is a reason why W. R. Hearst will make things go in Washington. It cannot be denied that the one great incubus that has always rested upon Washington newspapers has been the disposition on the part of the proprietors to become connected with enterprises—some cold-blooded people would say jobs—and therefore suppress news that should legitimately be given to the world. With the most opportunities of all papers in the country, Washington newspapers are never known to publish anything that is more than routine statement of official humdrum acts.

Let a real, live job be planned, and upon the day or day after it is discovered, the remainder of the country will read about it, while Washington people must await the arrival of newspapers from other cities to learn the particulars.

W. R. Hearst more than any other newspaper publisher in the United States tells the events as they occur. He is excoriated by exponents of the old school journalism, but he tells the people the facts and tells them regardless of whom they hurt.

Newspapers now printed in Washington would better move out, or revise their methods, after Hearst arrives with his plant and begins to print that morning paper. Else, "30" will have been called on them.

SOUTHERN OREGON'S BOOM.

The southern half of the State appears to have taken on new life and to be destined to develop immensely during the coming few years. Much of the activity is due to the enterprise set upon foot by Major Kinney in planning to build a railroad across the state from Coos Bay to the eastern boundary line.

Roseburg is just now experiencing renewal of life. Capital has gone there to invest. New buildings are in course of construction. Men are busy in all walks of life. There is movement and hope and confidence.

These facts bring to light the further facts of the remarkable lack of development in the southern portions of the state during former years. There is a vast region wherein are almost no towns and not a mile of railroad. Passing to the east from the lines of the Southern Pacific Company that run south from Portland, there is an unbroken stretch of country beyond the mountains extending within a very few miles of the eastern border of Oregon, in which the only towns on the map are Lakeview, Klamath Falls, Burns, Vale, Prairie City, Prineville, Canyon City, excepting villages of a hundred or two people.

In fact, Oregon is merely fringed with railroads around the outside, while in the remaining portions is a district, an empire, indeed, 250 miles long and 200 miles wide, of 50,000 square miles, in which there is not a pound of railroad iron. It is only during the past two or three years that there has been even telephone communication in that region. A very small part is served by express lines, which are run in connection with stages.

Consider this—In Malheur county are voting precincts so remote from the county seat, Vale, that it costs several hundred dollars to carry on an election, conveying official ballots to the precincts, and bringing back the official returns, precincts casting half a dozen votes.

Lack of railroad facilities is retarding the growth of this immense territory.

The real enterprise of the Great Central company is the only one that promises to open the vast region referred to. The possibilities connected with it are unappreciated by the average Oregonian.

WE MUST DO IT OURSELVES.

Plain speaking is not always pleasant. The candid friend is not always the most appreciated, but at times plain talk and candor are necessary, and disguising or concealing faults are but poor remedies if a radical cure is desired.

Portland is not taking advantage of its opportunities and there is no use in attempting to beguile ourselves in believing that it is. There is not a wholesaler on Front street but who knows that there is trade we should, but don't, have, and views with apprehension certain signs in the transportation world that indicate a further limitation of tributary territory.

There must be something radically wrong when a city such as is Portland, fears anything that is within its power to prevent.

It is a fact that of late years our people have a tendency to lean more and more on others, instead of depending on themselves. When Mr. Harriman was here he advised the business men to do something for themselves. Portland lacks cohesiveness, community of interest, community of purpose. The genuine welcome accorded to strangers and to others engaging in new, or developing like enterprises, and which has done so much in building up other places, is lacking here.

In order to succeed in a large way there must be a different spirit shown than has been in the past. To be a metropolis requires a metropolitan spirit. There is altogether too much of "we can get along without you" air to make many outside friends. This may have been all right in the past, but it won't do today, with active hustling rivals on all sides only too eager to welcome the stranger within their gates.

Portland prides itself in one way on its self-sufficiency, its conservativeness, its peculiarities, and at the same time appeals to others for help. There was a time when it was not thus. Once Portland's independence counted for something. Then it was that she was the undisputed mistress of all the Northwest. Then it was that her citizens owned and controlled practically all the transportation routes in this section.

A brief retrospect will not do any harm. In the days before the transcontinental railroad we were a small community with limited resources. No one cared for us and in consequence we cared for ourselves. Instead of appealing to New York, our people got in and did things. The Ladds, Lewises, Corbetts, Thompsons, Ainsworths and Reeds of those days opened up the Columbia River basin, and the wealth from that section poured into Portland; the Goldsmiths, Teals, Cooks, McCullys, and Churches did the same for the Willamette Valley; Dr. Baker built the first railroad with his own means from Wallula to Walla Walla; Ben Holladay operated the steamers between Portland and San Francisco, and Portland and Alaska, and built the East and West Side railroads. Allen & Lewis, and Corbett & Macleay for years operated a line of packers to the Sandwich Islands, and the "Alden S. Besse" made regular trips to China. If anything was to be done, these and other men did it, under great difficulties and adverse conditions. It was then that this country was made, not now, although with the growth and expansion of the country there is more to do now than then.

Even after the old "O. S. N. Company" closed out, we had a regular line to the Sound and to Alaska. Indeed the O. R. & N. Company operated practically all the steamers on the Sound. Great changes have occurred since then. Eastern capital controls practically all the transportation lines and very largely has a community of interest, and while desiring to build up the entire section, can hardly be condemned for not selecting particular points for favors. It makes but little difference to the investor receiving his dividends back in New York whether it comes from hauling a ton of wheat to Portland or the Sound, and it is hardly open to question that if the conditions were reversed we would feel the same. If our people would only realize this condition, and plan accordingly, there would be better results. By bearing always in mind that most of the gentlemen owning our transportation lines are jointly interested in them it will be seen how hopeless the effort would be to get them to establish opposition lines to themselves. **WE MUST THEREFORE CONCLUDE IF ANYTHING OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL DEVELOPMENT ON PRESENT LINES IS TO BE EFFECTED, WE MUST UNITE AND DO IT OURSELVES.**

SOME GIRL-POWER.

James A. Norton was twice elected to represent the Thirteenth Ohio District in Congress by majorities of about 6,000. He ran again this year and was conceded an easy victory. However, one factor in the calculation was overlooked, and that was the persuasiveness of that bewildering and always surprising combination, woman. Mr. Norton was sailing along gaily, never dreaming of opposition, when suddenly another Richmond entered the field, a man named Jackson, who hailed from the Democratic camp. Jackson owned a factory and employed 2,000 girls. He had always paid them well, established night schools, hospitals and libraries, and had done much to make their lives pleasant as well as giving them employment.

He gave these 2,000 girls a week's holiday, merely suggesting that if he was elected to Congress the pleasant relations of employer and employe would not be interefered with. Then this modern Solomon went on about his private affairs and let the election take its course. He overcame his opponent's 6,000 majority and besides landed 2,000 votes to the good. Here is an object lesson, not only for employers, but it teaches the hypnotic and irresistible power of the American girl, and further shows the uselessness of hampering her with the ballot.

A 2,000-girl power campaign comes near fitting the description of an irresistible force, and it would come as near destroying the immovable body as anything under the sun.

The dairymen are to meet in Hillsboro on December 16 and 17. This is a convention that attracts little attention, yet it has bearing upon the good of the state. Dairying is one of the great industries of Oregon, and it is going to be greater as the state develops. Irrigation will advance the interests of dairymen, opening tracts to them that are now barren. In the coast counties, dairying is especially strong, the product being at the top of the market, as compared with all other states in the Union. To the east, the industry has not yet developed to constitute a very considerable portion of the business of the rural communities, but all who know that part of the state will testify that rapidly the dairymen are increasing the output, and that in some localities it is even now of quite large proportions. The dairymen at Hillsboro will discuss methods for betterment of the industry, and will enter into competition each with the other to obtain recognition for their products. It should be generally attended.

One of the reasons for the high price of wheat in the Pacific Coast states has been the low figures at which charters have been made. The loading of ships in Portland at 17 shillings 6 pence for United Kingdom ports is exceedingly cheap, permitting the payment of larger sums to the grower. It is probable that the difference between the former high prices of charters and those now prevailing has gone in larger part to the producer than was anticipated when the recent predictions of lower charters were made. It was contended, and with some reason apparently at the time, that the difference would be absorbed by the dealers, and that the grower would not realize any considerable profits from the lesser amounts required by ships to transport grain to Europe. It is gratifying that those predictions were not based upon fact. The farmers of the Northwest have received satisfactory returns from their labors, so far as market prices are concerned, their losses wherever they have occurred being solely from shortage of crops caused by frosts, winds and in some localities drouths.

At Camden, N. J., last week, Paul Woodward, who is charged with the murders of John Coffin and Price Jennings, sold his brain to a number of medical men. They agreed to pay the expense of his defense. In case of his conviction, they were to receive his brain. If acquitted, he was to have a chance to repay the money. It looks as though he had the worst of the bargain, for as those who want his brain also furnish his lawyer, their interests are conflicting, as they can't get the brain unless he is convicted. The particular valuation placed upon his brain matter is caused by the fact that the families of his father and mother had for generations intermarried, and the doctors think all the evil of his progenitors has been concentrated into him.

Out near Gresham 200 men are at work upon the lines of the Oregon Water Power & Railway Company. This is good news for Portland. It means that soon a large district will be added to the territory that has easy access to the markets of this city, and that will bring here products to sell without unnecessary expense being attached to the transportation. The company will pay out several million dollars, thus incidentally distributing wealth and furnishing employment during the months it is putting its extensive enterprises upon foot.

PROFITABLE.

"So you like to see automobiles spinning through this section?" interrogated the reckless chauffeur.

"You bet," answered the county sheriff. "Why, I caught three the other day, an' when I gathered in the fines I had enough to paint my dwelling an' buy a piano."

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Carrie Nation attended the horse show at New York Thursday, and, taking a position in front of the box occupied by the Vanderbilt ladies, she delivered a tirade on over-dress, shouting, "take those shameful clothes off! take them off;" but her hearers were obdurate and refused.

A man in New York was recently granted the right to put his wife into

a hypnotic sleep for any length of time he saw fit.

Isn't this liable to result in the overcrowding of the profession?

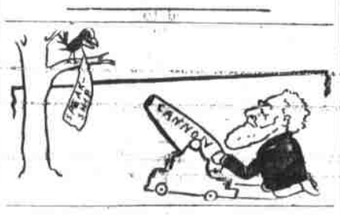
A dispatch from Fowler, Colo., says that parties dynamited a sheep herders' hut and threw the herder in the air. The man was found on the ground not badly hurt, which removes all doubt about his coming down.

With due deference to the Chicago News, we suggest that Secretary Shaw, not Secretary Hay, is the Jim Bludso of the administration. It is he who holds the official nozzle against the banks.

The Chicago News has a catchy cartoon showing the President and a big bear meeting in a canebrake, and the bear is holding out a friendly paw, while saying: "Let's arbitrate."

King Edward and the Kaiser kissed each other on parting, and this in the presence of 10,000 pretty women. This may be kingly style, but the taste isn't up to the average plebeian.

The President has had a feed of bear paws and possum. The paws are supposed to give him pugnacity and the possum duplicity. Now let his political enemies beware.



Don't shoot. I'll come down.

Utah might have found a man with a more catchy name for Senator. Still we can take pleasure in the thought that he might have had a hyphen in it and we at least escape Smoot-Smoot.

Homer Davenport has arranged for a 25-week lecture tour, and will get $1,000 a week. He seems to be about the highest priced product of the Willamette Valley.

Next week the Morrison street cars will be running on the other side of the street, but it will be some time before the street can fairly be classed as a highway.

Professor Goldwin Smith has willed his brain to Cornell University. The bequest indicates that it was about time for him to dispose of it.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, got mad because on the bills she was advertised as Mrs. Pat Campbell. She wouldn't stand pat.

Chicago is making a demand that the Illinois Senator be selected from its statesmen. J. Hamilton Lewis is, unfortunately for Chicago, a Democrat.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom, it is reported, woke up the other day and spoke. Some one must have held a candle too close to his cerements.

J. P. Morgan—I count that day lost,

whose setting sun finds me with not another combination won.

Mrs. Roosevelt has been moving back into the White House. Is that the reason Teddy went a thousand miles to hunt bear?

Oyster Bay, Roosevelt's home precinct, gave the Democrats 131 majority, and Teddy went home to vote, too.

Up-to-date, none of the men who had their wages raised by the Pennsylvania railroads have struck on that account.

A BARBED WIRE 'PHONE LINE MANY MILES LONG.

CONDON, Nov. 23.—When I left Condon for Lone Rock recently I inquired as to the road. "Oh, just follow the telephone line," I was told. That seemed a sufficient direction, so I drove on. A quarter of a mile from town I was greatly surprised to see the telephone poles cease and the wire connected with a barb-wire fence. While I paused in uncertainty at this unlooked-for proceeding on the part of the telephone wire, a cowboy rode up. "How does it come that the telephone to Lone Rock peters out here?" I inquired. "It don't," was the reply. "From here on over the mountains to Lone Rock, 22 miles, it is a barb-wire line. This line has 23 patrons I think. There are three barb-wire fence lines which connect with Condon." When he had ridden on I examined the barb-wire line. Each farmer is supposed to keep up his part of the line—or what is the same thing—his wire fence. The top strand of barb-wire serves as the telephone wire. From old rubbers or from gum boots inch squares are cut. These are put against the fence post, the wire laid against the rubber and the staples driven in. This serves to insulate the wire and prevents the posts from grounding the electricity. Whenever a gate is encountered a pole on each side of the gate is erected and the wire is carried over the gate high enough to let a load of hay pass through. At cross-roads the same scheme is employed.

OREGON IS BACKWARD.

"Oregon is a byword and a reproach to mining men the world over," said an old-time miner to me the other day. "We are 50 years behind the times in our mining laws in this state. The Legislature can enact no legislation more beneficial to the interests of the state than to remedy some of the laws now in force in relation to mining. What this state needs is a department of mining. Better, however, as we are, than to create such a department and place at its head a politician. If a competent man—a mining expert, one who has a thorough knowledge of mineralogy and geology—were placed at the head of such a department he could, by making valuable reports of his investigations of the various mining districts here, interest millions of capital in the development of our mineral resources.

As it is, capital will seek investment in neighboring states, in Alaska and in China and Australia rather than put their money in equally good properties right here at home. The reason is not far to seek.

TOO MUCH UNCERTAINTY.

"There is too much uncertainty in the conditions here. For example, I have invested my money in a placer proposition in Baker County. Up to five years ago mining had been going on more or less constantly since its discovery in the early sixties. When I had invested my money and put in my hydraulics an old rancher below me told me that my mining operations were keeping the creek muddy so the trout would not bite. As getting the gold out of the gravel was of more importance to me than the trout fishing I went on with my mining. He got up a petition which stated that the mining was destroying the trout haning and ru.. ing the ranches below in depositing the tailings of the placer mines on their land. This petition was signed by the ranchers in the vicinity. Meanwhile I had interested a mining syndicate in the value of the adjoining placer property.

SYNDICATE INTERESTED.

"They were to invest $35,000 in the proposition and work it on a big scale. This old rancher claimed he can have a law passed at the coming session of the State Legislature prohibiting tailings being thrown in the streams. Well, the upshot was that the mining syndicate would not invest their money, though acknowledging the value of the property. They said they could not afford to put in their money with the risk of adverse legislation being enacted.

"Now, the truth of the matter is that the tailings sink to the bottom of the stream and are not washed off my own claim except in high water, when the tailings are carried down into Snake River and do not lodge on the land of the ranchers. I have investigated this matter thoroughly and know this to be a fact. It is a short-sighted policy to oppose mining enterprises, as the ranchers would find a ready market for their butter, eggs and vegetables to the miners.

RICH MINES EXIST.

"Our state does not produce a tithe of the income from her minerals she might. It is not that we do not possess the mineral wealth. It is our illiberal policy of hampering mineral development. With our extensive deposits of mineral wealth in Eastern and Southern Oregon we could forge to the front as one of the mineral-producing states in place of being almost at the tail of the procession.

"We have gold in the quartz form and inexhaustive placer deposits. Silver, copper, zinc, cinnabar coal, iron, limestone and nickle, beside other valuable mineral deposits, are found in considerable quantities in our state. All they need is legitimate exploitation and development."

FRED LOCKLEY, JR.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.

BY K. K. K.

Is Mrs. Cole Bethel as interesting off the platform as on?

I started out last Saturday afternoon to answer the question. I knew my destination was Clinton and East Fourteenth, and that I took the Woodstock car, but just where Clinton street might be was wrapped in mystery. To be sure the conductor promised to put me off, but then conductors have promised that before. In some of the mazes on the East Side the car went off the track and the poor man had something else to think about than my destination. I asked the only approachable looking person near me where we might be, but she didn't know. I ventured to whisper "Fourteenth and Clinton" again when the car started, and that or my first request, or perhaps both, got me off at the right place, and I found my 534.

The door was open and Mrs. Cole Bethel was writing at a table. She didn't seem at all disconcerted when she knew I was a newspaper woman; just pulled up a rocking chair and we had what she called later "a cozy little visit together."

We talked first of her work. She began teaching parliamentary law just ten years ago this fall, because it seemed to her there was such great need of a better understanding of its rules among the women—and, she frankly confessed, "the men, too."

Her home is in Columbia, Ohio, but she has branched out and out until now she has taught in all but six states in the Union. She follows the same plan everywhere. Two days of theory and the rest practical work. She first taught by lectures almost entirely until one summer in New York she had a class of 15,000. She found her old method unsatisfactory, and worked out her present system. She rarely gives more than one lesson a day, so her three here have been pretty hard work.

She begins a course of lessons in Astoria today, then on to The Dalles, and up to Eugene. There she is to have an evening class at the University and a Woman's Club class in the afternoon. From Eugene she goes to Salem, and from Salem to Eastern Oregon. Portland claims her again in January. In fact, she teaches in Washington, Oregon and Idaho until she goes to California in March.

"And what do you think of Portland?" I asked.

She hesitated a second, then laughingly confessed she found our rain monotonous. "But today is lovely," she added. "I think Portland reminds me more of Columbus than any of these extreme Western cities. It seems so much more stable."

Mrs. Cole Bethel is an enthusiastic woman's woman. She thinks female growth in the last 15 years wonderful, and believes the clubs have had much to do with it. Not that she thinks the club perfect; she believes that will improve, too. She mentioned a number of our Portland women and their enthusiasm in the parliamentary lessons

And did I answer my question? Yes, indeed. She is as pleasant to meet as interesting to hear, and those who were out Saturday night know what that means.

ECHOES OF REFORM.

I purposely went early to the opening meeting of the Fourth National Reform Association, feeling I might never again have an opportunity of gazing upon such united greatness. I had my reward, for I not only gazed, but met many of the famous people. The thing that impressed me most, I think, was their marked likeness to many of our Portland women.

For example, Nellie Bly might have been Mrs. Sarah Evans herself, as she took the secretary's seat when Mrs. Cole Bethel's gavel hushed those 80 honored voices.

After requesting delegates to refrain from sightseeing during the convention hours, the president ordered the roll called. Mary Lease's "here," Mrs. Wanamaker's "Pennsylvania," Mrs. Harrison's "Oh, I forgot," were features. Oh, yes, and seeing Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan in a back seat.

There were lots of clever speeches. Mrs. Duniway's witty address of welcome; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's response; Mrs. Potter Palmer's account of her own greatness at the Chicago World's Fair; Mrs. Henrotin's description of a club woman's paradise—permission to write Mr. Bok an article for his journal, and Samantha Allen's reading of her petition. Fortunately the petition was not as long as the paper it was written on. When the president asked what was to be done with the document, Samantha moved its adoption, and, in spite of Hon. Mitchell's opposition, it was not only carried, but Samantha chosen to take it to Washington. Mitchell suggested she start at once—lost. Beveridge moved she go in an ox cart—carried.

Mrs. Rockefeller read the treasurer's report. Appropriate, wasn't it? Starting with a balance of 15 cents, gifts were read: From Cleveland, ducks and fishing tackle; from Roosevelt, bear skins; from Carrie Nation, one barrel of lemonade and a hatchet. Among expenditures was $250 for umbrellas, rubber boots and rainy-day costumes for Mrs. Cole Bethel.

A motion that all married ladies use their own Christian names at next convention was carried in spite of Mrs. Jennings Bryan's opposition. She, for her part, had waited so long before changing her name she liked to write it. Some one else suggested the name went with the man. In vain.

An appropriation of $50,000 was moved by Mrs. J. P. Morgan for national headquarters. Samantha, perhaps, to prove a thousand, was as little to her as to Mrs. Morgan, doubled it, and Mrs. Duniway suggested $300,000. Mary Lease opposed the expense, but Mrs. Palmer thought the money might be raised by a bonnet sale. The motion was passed in its original form. Then the site. Mitchell suggested an annex to the Salem asylum. Mrs. Duniway wanted Marquam Gulch; Mrs. Palmer hoped for Chicago; Mrs. Roosevelt offered bear-skins if at Washington; Samantha said: "What's the matter with Jonesville?" Mrs. Cleveland offered a lot at Princeton, and Mary Lease a whole farm in Kansas. The president asked where the farm was located when last seen, much to Mary's disgust. No one had anything to say after Dewey offered his house in Washington, so the balloting began. Jonesville won. Samantha must be weak in geography—wouldn't commit herself as to the exact location of the immortal town.

Mrs. Wanamaker moved that the association give a banquet—carried.

Mrs. Cleveland moved that all ex-presidents since '96 be given a pension of $25,000 a year—lost.

Mrs. Bryan moved that Bryan and all his principles be indorsed for next President—lost.

The committee on resolutions (Mesdames Bryan, Roosevelt and Jenness Miller) read resolutions prepared. The first, to devote 20 hours daily to reform, was largely discussed. Samantha warmly urged the 'naught be struck out. Others thought minutes much preferable to hours, but it was carried as read. The second, favoring free coinage of silver, was lost, and a minority report by Mrs. Roosevelt, for the gold, adopted. The third, favoring a woman President, whose term should be 50 years, was carried. To settle the second clause, suggesting Mary Lease and Belva Lockwood as candidates, each made a campaign speech. Mary Lease's was really a masterly effort. There was nothing she did not favor. She frankly offered good money for votes, and promised if once elected to devote her time to staying in office. Belva Lockwood drew an "extempore speech" from her bag, and made her plea, which won her the support of the association.

There were other resolutions, but owing to the impatience of some of the delegates the motion to adjourn was put and carried; so the Fourth National Reform Association stood adjourned to meet four years hence at Jonesville.

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—"Hearts of Oak."
The Baker—"A Gold Mine."
Cordray's—"Lost River."

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—"Hearts of Oak." Tuesday night. "Comedy of Errors," Stuart Robson, Wednesday night and Thursday matinee. "The Henrietta," Thursday night.

The Baker—"A Gold Mine" for the week.

Cordray's—"Lost River" for the week.

"A Gold Mine."

Silas K. Woolcott	Charles Wyngate
Gerald Riordan, M. P.	Wm. Bernard
Sir Edward Foxwood	Wm. H. Dills
George Foxwood	Howard Russell
Julius Krebs	Fred Moker
Wilson	Bennett Southard
The Hon. Mrs. Meredith	Catharine Countiss
Miss Una Foxwood	Elsie Esmond
Mrs. Vandervast	Mina Gleason

Henry Guy Carleton wrote very skillfully when he penned "A Gold Mine," the comedy in three acts which is on at the Baker this week, and which was produced before two capacity audiences on Sunday by the Neill Stock Company. Nat Goodwin took the play over the country and scored a distinct success. It suits his peculiar style of acting perfectly.

There will be a disposition to regard with leniency the shortcomings of Mr. Wyngate, wro is compelled to follow Goodwin in the part of Silas Woolcott. Limitations not blamable to him prevent the attainment of a standard that compensates the person who has witnessed Goodwin's interpretation. Something is lacking in his work as Woolcott. Greater force and earnestness in climaxes would do much to correct the fault, would, indeed, do so, so far as he is able to correct it.

Miss Countiss is not justly subject to one adverse criticism for her "The Honorable Mrs. Meredith," and justice also demands the pronouncing of enthusiastic praise. She begins with a brilliant part, and adds to it the acknowledged brilliancy of a manner of acting that has won the hearts of Portlanders. The critic would watch in vain for defects this week, even though he were much desirous of detecting them.

Miss Esmond, "Miss Una Foxwood," adds to her laurels won in Portland for bright, winsome ways upon the stage. Mina Gleason, "Mrs. Vandervast," needs only to be cast in any part to more than "make good," which she does this week.

Mr. Bernard has a pleasing assignment in this piece, and brings out the Irish humor and good-heartedness of "Gerald Riordan" as may always be expected of him by those who know his perfected art and conscientious work.

Mr. Dills excels in parts representative of elderly men of the character of "Sir Edward Foxwood." He was not in the cast last week, and is welcomed back again by his admirers.

Mr. Russell, "George Foxwood," holds his popularity this week, a popularity to be envied by any young actor.

Mr. Mower, "Julius Krebs," and Mr. Southard, "Wilson, the Butler," satisfactorily fill minor parts.

Miss McNeill and Mr. Siddle are not in the cast this week.

The staging of the piece is "swell," to use a slang word. Indeed, the Baker is staging its plays this winter quite as well as any theater could, in large or small city. No efforts are spared to assemble rich furnishings to embellish the work of the scenic artists, two of whom are kept busy all of the time painting new sets for the Baker.

The two houses on Sunday used up all of the capacity and compelled scores to stand during the performance.

"Lost River."

Robert Blessing	Elwood Bostwick
Thomas Middleton	Frank Edwards
Claude Middleton	Fred C. House
Millie Travers	Marguerite Starr
Muriel Davidge	Eleanor Morton
Lillian Traxell	Ethel Francis
Dave Inig	Charles Hennhig
Hi Walker	Samuel Mabie
Jim Wirtz	Charles Whittaker
Joe Wirtz	Henry Fennessey
Zeke Wooderson	George W. Thomas
Lige Thompson	M. C. Reynolds
Lonny Freeman	Thomas Humphries
Winifred Truman	Frank Edwards
Gladys Middleton	Olive Helene Briscoe
Bill Loucks	Robert L. Sanford
Ezra Cookus	Howard Missimer
Ben Redkey	Louis Roosevelt
Alec Posey	Harry Stanley
Count Fluffolsky	Fred Jenkins
Mother Wirtz	Eleanor Morton
Ora	Lottie Briscoe
Angie Voliner	Nellie Claire
Grandma Gates	Pauline Duffield
Vera Conway	Louise Keebler
Alexander Pickles	George Thomas
Baird	M. C. Reynolds
Big Jake Wolf	Charles Stanley
Old Abe Levine	Hal Reeves

Standing room was at a premium at both the matinee and evening performances of "Lost River" at Cordray's Theater yesterday.

The scene of the play is laid in the West and the entire production is wound around the life of a young girl named Ora Jones. A few days after the young lady's birth her father is suddenly called East and while there was taken dangerously ill. After recovery he receives information that his wife and child were dead, so he did not return to the West as was first proposed. Changing his name to Middleton, he married again. Middleton became identified with the firm of Blessing & Middleton, contractors.

The firm builds a monster ditch in the West, and Robert Blessing, who is in charge of operations, becomes acquainted with young Miss Jones. She tells him her story of her father's disappearance, and many complicatons arise as a result. Being shown a photograph of the disappeared Mr. Jones he recognizes him as his partner, Mr. Middleton. A letter is written telling the partner of the discovery, but before it is received many complications arise and the situation becomes denser than ever. Of course, as in all plays, the hero marries the beautiful heroine.

The piece is constructed so as to give the best opportunities in the third act. There is a pretty commingling, or, rather, contrast, between light humor, tenderness between lovers, and fierce denunciation and bitter recrimination by the hero for the woman-villain.

Scenic effects are appreciated and receive several rounds of applause.

Miss Briscoe as Ora was high in the favor of the audience, as also was Robert Blessing, taken by Mr. Bostwick.

The hobo quartet rendered several selections and were quite liberally encored.

BERTILLON'S SYSTEM VINDICATED.

London Chronicle: The value of finger prints as a means of identification was recently called in question in a London court. It was ascertained that an erroneous print had been forwarded in the case of a particular prisoner and the charge of inaccuracy therefore fell to the ground. Francis Galton and Dr. Bertillon have elaborated this system to a high degree of accuracy, and taken in conjunction with certain physical measurements, it may be regarded as unique in its power of settling identities. The Chinese ages ago adopted a similar system. They were apparently aware of the fact that no two persons have the skin lines at the ends of the fingers developed in precisely the same way. The system which is in use in English police practice has had a long and extensive trial in France. It is now employed in America and in several of our own colonies.

HOW TO GET SLEEPY.

A physician, writing to a medical journal, declares that he finds peppermint water an efficient remedy for sleeplessness. This is a very simple cure, and it will not bring forth from the organs of professional opinion any declaration of unsafeness. It is added that a mixture of spirits of chloroform and peppermint water given in ho.. to the victim of insomnia will produce sleep, but perhaps in the case of the admixture the chloroform water may claim a decided share in relieving the trouble. It is at least easy to try peppermint water, and the theory of its action is believed to be founded on its effect in withdrawing blood from the brain by attracting a fuller flow to the stomach.—Chicago News.

AMERICAN HORSES FOR CAVALRY.

Sir R. Stewart and Lieut.-Col. Holland of the remount commission of the British army have reported that the North American horse of 14.2 to 15 hands is the ideal type for mounted infantry service. The fact that the shipments to South Africa were not always satisfactory is attributed in part to the hardships endured by the stock in transportation, and still more to the fact that few of them had a chance to recover from the effects of the long voyage and become used to a new and trying climate before they were hurried to the front for active service.