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When you leave the city or change your address, even for one week, don't fail to call at the business office and leave your order for The Oregon Daily Journal.

The Journal does not present today its full telegraph and local service for the reason that it was necessary to go to press at a very early hour, that employes might have ample time in which to enjoy their Thanksgiving dinner. We beg to apologize for the lack of news, but subscribers will, we feel confident, be lenient and make proper allowance for "Holiday time."

SORTS OF DEMOCRACY.

A Democrat remarked recently that he was not in sympathy with The Journal for the reason that it is not supporting W. J. Bryan. Another Democrat has said that he dislikes the failure of The Journal to come out strongly upon the Cleveland side of the Democracy's internal contests.

The Journal took the position, when first it came under the present management, that it would not take sides in any factional quarrel between Bryanites and Clevelandites. This is the position upon which it now stands, and upon which it proposes to stand.

There are many sorts of Democracy, but one real, genuine sort, the sort that holds the good of the mass to have priority over the interests of any few or any individual. The destiny of the Democratic party as an organization is paramount in importance to the fate of any man who has been a candidate or otherwise has come into prominence.

It is that sort of Democracy that The Journal endorses.

Happily, there is a disposition everywhere to relegate farther and farther to the rear all former candidates who have had their opportunity to demonstrate leadership and who have been retired. There is a disposition to ask that personal considerations be sunk and that the needs of the organization be attended.

It would be fine work for the Oregon Democracy were The Journal to yield to the requests of some one who desires to sail under the smouldering fires of hatred between Bryanite and follower of Cleveland. It would be work for which condemnation would rightly be given, by all who get out upon a broad level and obtain a view of things from the standpoint of a statesman.

What Oregon Democrats need to do is to get together, not secure expensive machines of journalism whereby they may stir up strife and keep alive animosities. It needs no expert to detect enough animosity now between members of factions. To create more would, indeed, be fine fruitage of a newspaper enterprise.

HOW STANDS MR CANNON?

The most important political issue of the moment is—how stands Mr. Cannon, candidate for the national speakership, upon the question of tariff revision?

Mr. Cannon is said to have secured 120 pledges by fellow Congressmen to vote for him for speaker. It requires 104 to control the caucus of house Republicans. If the claim be true, then Mr. Cannon will be speaker of the next House of Representatives. If he is speaker, then his position upon the tariff is all-important, for the rules under which the house has worked during recent years makes the speaker a veritable despot. He may practically kill or save any measure introduced. He may prevent or permit or even compel consideration of any subject.

Therefore, it is vital to learn what are the views of Mr. Cannon on tariff revision. It appears that last August, Mr. Cannon submitted to an interview while in Washington, before anyone thought of Speaker Henderson refusing to run again for Congress from his Iowa district. Mr. Cannon stated his views explicitly then. It is to be presumed that he has even more explicitly expressed himself lately, because Congressmen do not pledge themselves to candidates for speakerships without learning the attitudes of the candidates upon the most important questions that will come before the people.

"There will be no revision of the tariff by the next Congress or by the succeeding one, unless there be a check to the present prosperity."

This was what Mr. Cannon said to the interviewer in August. Nothing has occurred to permit alteration of his views since that time. He knew then what he knows now. It is to be presumed that he believes now as he believed then. Which means that, if Mr. Cannon be elected speaker, there will be no tariff revision.

The crux of the whole matter is the correctness of the claim that 120 members of the house have pledged themselves to Mr. Cannon. The report was sent out in a manner to induce credence. Ohio and Michigan delegations joined those that had previously said they would support Cannon, and Chairman Mann, of the Republican campaign committee, asserts that Cannon has the 120 votes pledged.

The idea of delay has been advanced. It was one of the features of Mr. Cannon's statement in August, when he said that the country could not now afford to open the tariff question.

Delay seems probable. The developments of the past few days are such as to warrant the belief that there is at work in the inner councils of the Republican party an overpowering influence that has secured the upper hand and worsted the revisionists.

As a matter of course, the whole issue will be speculative, as to the speakership, until Congress assembles and the caucus meets. But the situation appears to be as herein indicated.

AUTHORITIES MUST ACT.

All honest dairymen and cattle dealers will join in the crusade for pure food and assist The Journal to render it no longer possible for unscrupulous persons to impose upon the purchasers of products of the farm. To permit any one cattleman or dairyman to sell infected meats or milk to the public without restriction is working a great injustice on him who desires to sell pure food stuffs and tries his utmost to keep his products up to the highwater mark of purity and perfection.

The only protection that the people have against the sale of impure food is through the state and city health officers appointed for the purpose of keeping a check on such men as Mr. Thomas, who states that he dislikes Americans and emphasizes his remarks by trying to sell them diseased cows. Mr. Thomas did not want The Journal to publish the fact that he was trying to get rid of his herd of cattle. In his request for suppression of the news he was joined by an official of the state who is paid to protect the food supply of the community. Here is a very dangerous condition that should be immediately remedied by the proper state officials. The Journal has done its duty in exposing the lax methods employed in the state health office; it now remains for the authorities to do the rest.

Recently five government ships belonging to our Uncle Samuel had a race that showed some queer results. The cruiser Cincinnati proved herself the swiftest but the battleship Alabama came in a good second, and only two miles behind the Cincinnati. As the Cincinnati was supposed to belong to an obsolete type, her performance is remarkable. It is regretted that the Oregon was not in this race. She was a Pacific Coast vessel, and has always broken the records, and astonished her officers by doing always all, and more than was expected of her.

A short time ago the Pope met a delegation of 500 Piedmontese pilgrims. He spoke jocularly as to his physical condition, and ridiculed the idea of his soon dying. He said, "My time has not come yet, we have many things to accomplish before death." A number of Americans were recently received by the Pope in special audience. Among them were J. W. Shaw and Miss H. Buckley of San Francisco, and Mrs. James Maxfield and daughter of Los Angeles.

King Leopold made a reply to a deputation of his people a few days ago, congratulating him on his escape from anarchistic bullets, that is really worth preserving. Among other things he said: "I am nearing the end of my life. I do not know how long I shall live—how long they will let me live. But I can assure you that all the rest of my existence will be devoted within the limits of my constitutional powers to the good of my country and the protection of its liberties."

The young Prince of Siam is having a good time. He has 34 servants, and he can and does pay his cook $15,000 a year. He has four cars run in a special train. He goes when he pleases and does as he pleases, and the customs duties of the little territory of Siam must meet the bills. There seems to be a whole lot of judgment and good sense displayed by some people in selecting their parents.

ANOTHER CASE IN POINT.

Postmaster Croasman is a faithful public official. He has conducted the Portland postoffice with signal ability—with satisfaction to the people. Mr. Croasman is popular, both as a man and a public official, and, to say the least, has earned reappointment to the position for another term.

For reasons that are mysterious, if not peculiar, the word has gone forth from the lips of the political Boss of these realms that he must go, to make way for another man, one more in accord with the powers that be and less in sympathy with those served by the office. In short, Boss Matthews desires a postmaster who will do his bidding, who, will speak the piece of the boss and those he represents, caring little, if anything, for the public service.

Boss Matthews is making himself offensive, but it is not his first offense. In playing his part of the political vulture he goes to extremes and, as in other instances, runs counter to the wishes and interests of a great majority of the people concerned.

This is simply another case of the "public be damned," while the effort continues to oust a faithful and efficient public official to make place for a henchman, who will do the Boss' bidding, without thought or consideration that a "public office is a public trust."

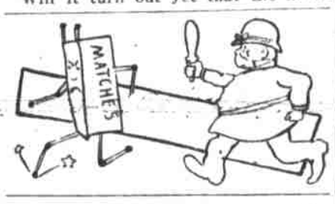
THE TABASCO COLUMN.

The youthful poet struggled vainly to make Terra del Fuego rhyme with Omega, because one was at the bottom of the alphabet, and the other at the bottom of the map. And the poetic fire burned out before he could get them yoked.

The Crown Prince of Siam knows how to travel in style all right and so far has not made the mistake of trying to drain a Chicago actress' slipper, or Lake Michigan.

A New York judge says there is no law against a woman smoking cigarettes. That may be true, but the unwritten law is strong enough.

Will it turn out yet that the innocent looking parlor match is only the fiend in disguise?



When he threatened to publish her letters, the sweet young thing said, "sure, the only thing I am ashamed of in them is the address."

The Asiatic cholera is doing steady work in the Philippines, and yet none of us want to benevolently assimilate it.

Often men who find fault because they do not get justice forget to mention the fact that they are glad of it.

Europe is suffering from a cold wave, but then they are not monkeying with an anthracite famine, anyhow.

The President dined on bear paws, so the bear must have punctuated his hegira with a pause some place.

With Root in the cabinet and Smoot a prospective Senator from Utah, it will be almost like playing golf.

An Indianapolis man dislocated the bones of one hand while asleep. Probably tried to stand pat on it.

Mrs. Roland B. Molineux is perhaps not an ideal wife, but she may yet develop into an ideal widow.

Buffalo Bill is to make another fare-

well trip of Europe.

Mrs. Molineux found no fault as long as her husband was in jail, but now that he is free, it is different.

Attorney Wayne MacVeagh has demonstrated that Mr. Mitchell is a remarkably fine witness.

A diplomat is the fellow who has his way while letting you believe you are having yours.

Has a man's wife a right to find fault because she catches him hugging a delusion?

Gen. Corbin says—Army officers should not marry.

"Now, Henry, don't forget to match the silk."

Those Mississippi press agents are not nearly so lurid as their Colorado confreres.

Now President Roosevelt can get down and practice reading his message to himself.

down a force of physicians and vaccinate all the young volunteers.

It may be a cry going up from Macedonia, but doesn't it all come from Turkey?

In New York City the automobile is considered an animal superior to the horse.

An aching tooth is not larger than any other, but some how it feels that way.

The Journal hopes all its readers have had or will have a "roast" today.

When non-union men organize will some one kindly explain their status?

THE STATE PRESS.

Is Contented.

Joseph Herald: Next year promises to be a prosperous one for Joseph. The development of the gold and copper mines both on the Imnaha and in the mountains south of Joseph will bring a large number of people here. These people will have to have houses and mechanics will be in demand to build them.

Good for Goats.

Polk County Itemizer: In the matter of superior goats and sheep no county in Oregon stands ahead of Polk. In hogs and cattle we are looming up and our horses are fairly good, but might be better. Our poultry show last winter was strong evidence that great strides had been made in that industry, too. There is abundant room for improvement along each of the lines named.

Not Discouraged.

Gervais Star: Gervais, Oregon, is a very dull town now that the place is desolate from the fire fiend's desructive ravish. However, this will soon be replaced by increased energy and activity of our home merchants with better and larger stocks; better business buildings and more population. We already have two natural resources and only now need the population and a few more rustlers.

Have Them Now.

Union Republican: We now have "flat salaries" for state officers, but there are those who want them made larger by calling a special session to make them "flatter."

Gilliam for It.

Arlington Times: Gilliam's representative is in favor of a $500,000 appropriation for the 1905 Fair. In an interview with Hon. C. A. Danneman he expressed himself as favorable to an appropriation of $500,000 for the fair. Portland makes some breaks that are calculated to prejudice portions of the state against her, but the Fair is something that every Oregonian is interested in and is willing to go down into his pocket to make it a success.

Win Either Way.

Eugene Guard: Bunches of sailing vessels lie idle in Pacific Coast ports, and the sailors who usually desert at the instigation of sailor boarding house masters, are staying with their ships. The shipmaster gets the worst of the deal clear through. When he wants sailors he can't get them without paying a bonus, and when he doesn't want them he can't get rid of the men, who are content to sit about ship and eat their three meals a day at his expense.

Very Good News.

Eugene Register: Our telegraphic service Sunday morning brought the good news that many of the leading railroads of the country, including the Southern Pacific, had voluntarily advanced the wages of their employes. However, the advance was necessary to even up on the cost of living.

Water with Land.

Sheridan Sun: Every state should adopt a constitutional amendment to the effect that the right to the use of water for irrigation rests in the user and becomes appurtenant to the land irrigated and that beneficial use is the basis, the measure and the limit of all rights to water.

The Method Wrong.

Astoria Budget: President Mitchell says that the methods employed in weighing coal at the mines is an injustice. No one, excepting of course the operators, will deny that to call 3,190 pounds of coal a ton when paying the miners is wrong, especially as a ton of coal when sold usually shrinks to about 1,900 pounds.

They Must Unite.

Astorian: President Gompers' warning to trades unionism should be heeded by every labor organization in the country. Conflicting claims of jurisdiction threaten to disrupt unionism in the Eastern states, and it is obviously apparent that steps must be taken to prevent the impending clash. The interests of the laboring man depend entirely on the harmony between the different unions and as Gompers points out, the remedy cannot be too soon applied.

Will Not Act.

Albany Herald: The great question before the next Congress will be that of the tariff. There is a strong sentiment in the Republican party in favor of tariff revision, but the bosses in the party have decreed otherwise, so that when Congress meets it is very doubtful if the party permits anything of the kind. In fact it will not be done for the simple reason that a revision of the tariff will be detrimental to the interests of the trusts, and regardless of talk for political effect the party is not going to do anything serious to the trusts. Some people can see this, some cannot and some do not wish to.

Office First.

The New Age: Gov. Geer has declined to call an extra session of the Legislature, and so, probably has greatly embarrassed the proposed Lewis and Clark Fair; but the governor had to consider his senatorial candidacy and has no occasion to love Portland overmuch.

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

The joy of knowing that never again
Can the burden of living oppress
That never can sorrow, poverty, pain,
Wring the heart with the old-time distress—
Oh is it not something, this glad day of days,
To remember with prayers of thanksgiving and praise?

Love that is stronger than death and the grave,
That outlives the anguish of dying,
And reaches, warm, tender and eager to save
Bereft hearts from ceaselessly sighing—
For this shall we thank Thee, O, Master of Life
And for knowledge that stilleth our weak human strife. —M.

Robson's Last Performance.

Stuart Robson gives his last performance tonight in "The Henrietta," at the Marquam Grand Theatre. Sales indicate that attendance will be large and the audience will certainly be brilliant and representative of Portland.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.

BY K. K. K.

MORNING.

I can't spell Thanksgiving morning, as I see it, with anything but sermons and charities. There is something beautiful in the sight of all branches of a great church denomination coming together to mingle their thanks and gifts for a prosperous year.

"But I go and listen to all the reasons I have for being thankful," objects Mrs. A., "and come away feeling just as dissatisfied as I did before. I go home to cook my turkey and tell the lazy ones of the family how much more interesting Dr. G. was last year, or that the music was especially trying, or wonder why there is never anything new said at such a service. I give fifty cents or a dollar to soothe my conscience, but there isn't any real pleasure in the giving."

"Too much prosperity," would be Aunt Betty's diagnosis of Mrs. A.'s case. "Give her a good dose of mission schools and churches; let her compare her own home and comforts with something infinitely poorer."

"The reason for all the dissatisfaction in the world," she says wisely, "comes from comparing our lives with those of people more gifted, or brilliant, or richer, or handsomer, or more popular than ourselves. Just turn and look behind you Thanksgiving morning and the dimes and dollars that roll out of your pocket will be pulled by grateful hands.

AFTERNOON.

I'm afraid there is one girl today, Aunt Betty's sermon wouldn't affect at all. She is beautiful, rich, heiress to another fortune, popular. She had three invitations for the football game, a box at the Marquam laid at her dainty feet, and a chafing dish supper arranged as a grand finale. Yet she is the most unthankful girl you can imagine. The business part of the proposition made the trouble.

It is one thing to be selected by a rich, indulgent uncle for favors present and to come, but very different when the wealth is in the hands of an aunt with ideals. You see poor S. is just an average American girl, with a clean conscience to be sure, but not one bit romantic nor dreamy. Now the aunt is an exact anti-type—all soul and intellect. She idealizes S. and expects her to sympathize with all her lofty emotions, and dear little S. does the best she can—rather like a pleasure boat towed by a man-of-war out on a mission.

S. is a person to whom it is a real pleasure to give anything. Not that she gushes; it's only that she appreciates one's thought for her. Of course all of her admirers remember her with the usual fruit, flowers and magazines and picture papers once a month for some of the North End reading rooms. Last Monday she was sitting in the midst of the November assortment, when her aunt came in.

Now all artists love to display their powers in the turkey line. No November magazine is entirely safe from them, and correspondingly all writers know something about football or think they do, and fill the pages with pictures and writeups. It is rather appalling when collected in a bunch. Auntie saw, read and was prepared for reform. No doubt her words were noble, but when S. tried to repeat them she made a sad mixture between her rage and grief. They were something to this effect:

"If it has come to this, that Thanksgiving means nothing to the world but football and turkey dinners, it is time to give it up. Our forefathers had very different thoughts when they planted the institution in the midst of their first year of privation and suffering. We ought to be thinking of their suffering and our own good fortune instead of frittering away our day. Let you and I show how a real Thanksgiving should be spent. We will go down to the seashore, as the Pilgrims did, and make our day as much like theirs as we possibly can."

"Why didn't you remind her of the great feast they gave the next year?" I interrupted.

"Did they?" S. said hopelessly. "I didn't know anything about it. They were always doing something unpleasant, so I just took her word for it. Anyway, it is too late now. We go down to Seaview Tuesday and open 'The Pine.'"

"The only food the Pilgrims had that feast day was corn and clams," I said wickedly.

"May auntie never discover that," and S. went away to pack and write her regrets and explanations.

So this afternoon there is one poor little girl walking on the beach trying to imagine the sands are Multnomah field, and the restless breakers pounding and pushing a float the reckless opposing football teams.

EVENING.

Well, evening will mean a bright hour or two at the theater for some of us, or, better still, a family reunion at home, where the world is shut out and forgotten, and a newspaper woman has no right to peep in.

HISTORY DAY AT WOMAN'S CLUBS.

Oregon History Day at the Portland Woman's Club promises a treat for those who attend. Ellen Condon McCormack of Eugene, the talented daughter of the eminent geologist, Thomas Condon, will give an address on "The Early Geology of Oregon," Friday, at 2 p. m. in the Selling-Hirsch Building. Mrs. McCormack is amply equipped for her work, as she was an enthusiastic co-laborer with her father in his researches, which culminated in the publication of his book, "The Two Islands."

SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION MEETS.

The executive committee of the Oregon State Equal Suffrage Association held its 30th annual meeting Tuesday at headquarters, 402 Market street.

Voluminous correspondence was submitted by the president and secretary, showing the vast amount of quiet, unobtrusive work accomplished during the year in molding public sentiment in favor of the work of the association, without in any way antagonizing the opposition, engendered by aggressive campaigns.

The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: Abigail Scott Duniway, president; Ada Cornish Hertsche, vice-president; Frances E. Gatshall, secretary; Mrs. M. C. Athey, assistant secretary; Mrs. Henry W. Coe, treasurer; Dr. Armice J. Jeffreys, vice-president at large, and chairman of the legislative committee.

ENGLISH PRISON REFORM.

Prison reform has at length struck England. Under orders recently issued from the Home Office youthful and more tender prisoners are in Dartmoor, Portland, Parkhurst and Borstal to be kept as a class apart from the older and hardened criminals. They will be officially known as "juvenile adults," the terms applying to those who are 21 years of age or younger at the time of conviction. An attempt will be made to reform these younger inmates of the prisons by teaching them the simpler branches of education and some useful trade so that they may be able to earn an honest living when liberated. One official will also act as an athletic instructor, and put them through physical training. The women prisoners will also be taught to sew and to make and mend the garments of all the inmates instead of the useless oakum picking which has become the more useless since steel was substituted for oak in the English navy.

AS EXPLAINED.

Jaggs—I take a little whisky now and then as a medicine.

Naggs—Yes, of course. Your wife told me you hadn't seen a well day for years.—Chicago News.

NOTES.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward made her debut in London as a dramatist a few days ago with a presentation of a stage version of her novel, "Eleanor." The London Daily Mail hails the play as "an earnest attempt to escape from theatrical convention and supply a drama of high tone and poetical fervor"; but the London Daily News finds it lacking in genuine dramatic feeling.

The following is The Bookman's November list of the six best-selling books of the past month: "The Virginian," Wister; "Oliver Horn," Smith; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Hegan; "The Mississippi Bubble," Hough; "Castle Craneycrow," McCutcheon; "Hearts Courageous," Rives.

Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill, two famous candidates for political honors, were both elected to office on November 4. Mr. Tarkington wins his seat in the Indiana Legislature, and Mr. Churchill will help represent New Hampshire in the State Legislature. "As the days of the modern historical romance are already numbered," comments the Chicago Tribune, in facetious vein, "Messrs. Churchill and Tarkington are to be congratulated upon their good luck in selecting a new field of labor and meeting with success therein."

An interesting transformation has been taking place for some time in the old German town of Hildesham, declares the New York Staats-Zeitung. As the old wooden buildings have been successively condemned and torn down they have been replaced by new structures better adapted to modern uses, but still preserving the essential characteristics of medieval architecture. Two years ago prizes were offered for designs for buildings of this character, and so many excellent designs have been submitted that the city government has ordered that such designs be used exclusively in certain streets and squares. The low ceilings, narrow stairs, and small windows of the old buildings have been abolished as not satisfying the present-day demand for abundant light and air, but many of the old features have been preserved, such as projecting upper stories, old-fashioned bay windows, high-pointed and carved wooden gables, and polychrome decoration. In many cases well-preserved old wooden bay windows and doorways have been added to these new-old buildings of iron and stone. Though this style of architecture may rouse the scorn of critics, it can not be denied that it gives a peculiar charm to the streets, and tends to further the present style of the best architectural forms. The Hildesheim experiment has already been imitated in Brunswick, Bremen and Lubeck.

CURRENT POETRY.

[The following poems are quoted from Mr. Frank Tooker's volume of verse "The Call of the Sea, and other Poems." The first, "A Poet," is a remarkable bit of wisdom, worthy a place among the famous.]

A Poet.

Three things he knew: the shock that sorrow brings,
The woodlawn's secrets, and one woman's heart.
These made the gamut of his framwrought art—
Grief, truth, and love; from these the poet springs.

Homeward Bound.

There is no sorrow anywhere
Or care, or pain. The stinging hail
Beats on our faces like a flail,
Green water curls above the rail,
And all the storm's high trumpets blare,
Whistles the wind, and roars the sea,
And canvas bellows to be free,
Spars whine, plans creak—I only smile,
For home our keel creeps mile on mile.

I bend above the whirling wheel
With hands benumbed, but happy face.
Past us the wild sea-horses race,
Leap up to seize each twanging brace
Or slip beneath our lifting keel.
Dreaming, I see the scudding clouds,
And ice make in the forward shrouds,
And all the long waves topped with foam—
Yet heed them not: I'm going home.

Nightly our Northern stars draw nigh,
The Southern constellations sink.
Soon we shall see along the brink
Of these cold seas Fire Island blink
Its welcome in the frosty sky.
Beyond that light, beyond the glow
Of our great city spread below,
Thine eyes now wait to welcome me
Back where my heart has longed to be.

Concerning One.

Had she any dower
When she came?
Yes; her face was like a flower.
And her soul was free from blame.
On her cheek a rose-leaf flame
Ever fluttered. When she spoke,
Then for me the morning broke.

Wore she any crown
When she died?
All the earth seemed sodden brown,
Tho 'twas June; and children cried,
And placed flowers at her side;
And the paths that once she trod
Seemed highways unto God.

In November.

Oh, mark how through the latticework of brown—
November's trees—the lights of gray skies sift.
No birds now sing, nor any shadows shift
Below the sunless gables of the town;
But brooks run tawny, and a purple crown
Of elder-tops the marsh hollows lift,
While hunting twitters from the thickets drift.

And hollow pipes the gale across the down.
Now memories like voices fill the gale—
The joy of harvests and the hopes of springs,
And songs, tho felt, unsung, and griefs that pale,
And loves that flush, and hopes that lift on wings,
And sunlight on the silent winter hills,
Thrilling anew the heart that sorrow thrills.

CARRIED A FULL LINE.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley of Kentucky, one of the eminent bishops in the Episcopal church, enjoys a good story as well as if he did not wear the cloth. He tells this one on himself:

A number of years ago he was going by train to one of the smaller towns of his diocese to hold services. He was enjoying a cigar in the smoker, and upon the seat facing him was a very large valise, containing his clerical vestments. A drummer sitting back of him, noticing his jaunty traveling cap, leaned forward and inquired:

"Traveling man, eh?"

"Yes," answered the bishop.

"What house d'ye represent?"

"The biggest house in the world."

"Shillito?" (the largest house in Cinnati) asked the drummer.

"Bigger than that."

"Marshall Field?"

"Bigger than that."

"A. T. Stewart's?"

"Bigger yet."

"Well, what house is it? Those are the best I know."

"I represent, sir," said the bishop impressively, "the house of God."

The salesman gave a gasp, then, glancing at the mammoth valise, exclaimed:

"Well, all I've got to say is, you carry a pretty full line of samples."—New York Tribune.

Teacher—Do you know what a noun is?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—What is "Jerusalem?"

Johnny—An ejaculation, ma'am.

THEATRICALS

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—"The Henrietta," Stuart Robson and company.

The Baker—"A Gold Mine," Neill Stock Company.

Cordray's—"Lost River."

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—Dark until Monday night, after tonight.

The Baker—"A Gold Mine" for the week.

Cordray's—"Lost River" for the week.

Stuart Robson in "Comedy of Errors."

Stuart Robson was at the Marquam Grand last night in the character of the Dromio of Syracuse in Shakespeare's great comedy, "Comedy of Errors." And he has with him a company that consists of competent people. The production is to be praised. Mechanical effects are good. Lighting effects, important in this play, are excellent. Scenery is appropriate and finely painted.

The production is carefully looked after by the stage director, and yet there is no dependence upon that for the excellence of the product given the public. The acting is the thing with them, notwithstanding the maxim of their own author, that "The play's the thing," almost implying by that that the work of the actors is secondary.

Stuart Robson is so good a Dromio that one well nigh forgets that this Dromio is an actor. Throwing about the character so natural an air, of course he accomplishes an artistic success. Yet to speak of Robson and artistic successes is something like praising Shakespeare and his plays. It is a work of supererogation.

The other Dromio, the one of Ephesus, was by Clifford Leigh, an English actor. Quite naturally, everyone instituted comparison between the two Dromios, which was a rather severe experience for Mr. Leigh. Yet he is adequate and a good actor. Were he to alter his voice to a more natural quality, in the first act, when he is making his impressions upon his listeners, he would bring his Dromio nearer to Mr. Robson's Dromio, which, as a matter of course, is the standard in this instance.

Miss Barry, to whom Nature was exceeding kind, and who therefore begins with beauty of form and face and spiritual qualities richly endowing her for the stage, has an interpretation of the character of Adriana, wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, that compels most ardent praise. She easily comes next Mr. Robson in art among this company.

Cecil Kingstone, whom most people will overlook because he opens the first scene, disappears during the play and then is seen again only in the last of the last act, is really as good an actor as one need see in any place. He has the longest speech of the play, a speech quivering with emotion and offering opportunity to do some very fine reading, which he does, accompanying it with some excellent acting. As Aegeon he was good.

Edwin Holt, as Antipholus of Syracuse, was equal to the requirements of a part that makes no demand for versatility, but is constant in earnestness and seriousness. Adolph Jackson, the other Antipholus, has no glaring defects nor conspicuous excellence.

The remaining members of the cast are quite up to reasonable demands. There is little for Luciana to do but to look pretty, which she does quite successfully. And Miss Thompson as Phyrne did the same.

The company ends its engagement tonight in "The Henrietta," with Mr. Robson as Bertie.

Three Matinees Today.

There were three matinees today, the Robson company at the Marquam, the Neill Stock Company at the Baker, and the "Lost River" company at Cordray's. The audiences were large at each, and sales are large enough to insure crowded houses tonight.

Fiddle Dee Dee.

The advance sale of seats will begin tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock for "Fiddle Dee Dee," which will be the attraction at the Marquam for one week beginning Monday, December 1. Of all the dramatic offerings to come to the Marquam Grand Opera House this season, none should attract more attention from the lovers of mirth and music than the forthcoming production of Weber & Field's burlesque, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee." If the press of the country can be taken as a criterion, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" certainly must be a great show. "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is awfully funny (that is what New York says.) It ran a whole year in New York City, six months at the Pan-American Exposition, and 111 nights in San Francisco; that is surely a record.

One of the features in "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is the Florodora sextette, which is said to be even better than the original and twice as funny.

"Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is the brightest and most clever burlesque that was ever written, and gives great scope for dramatic action, and a whirlwind of fun. There are three comedians who rank with the best the public has ever seen, and to these three fall the duty to make you laugh, while two beautiful primadonnas sing, supported by a chorus of 40 pretty girls. Withal the performance is a triumph and should not be overlooked.

"The Masqueraders."

At The Baker Theater all next week, starting with Sunday matinee, the Neill Stock Company will present the great drama, by Henry Arthur Jones, "The Masqueraders." The play is one which deals with England's most select society, and tells the story of a young and beautiful girl, of a good family, who, in order to satisfy her pride sacrifices her happiness by marrying a man she does not love. The story is a most pathetic one, while at the same time there is sufficient comedy introduced to make a splendid foil for the intense emotion that prevails throughout the entire performance. In the hands of the Neill Stock Company, "The Masqueraders" will be a production that will long be remembered by those who take advantage of the opportunity to witness a performance of it. As has been the rule with most of the productions at The Baker Theater, the costuming will be elegant and the stage settings most elaborate.

"Rudolph and Adolph."

The second year of the musical comedy hit of the season at Cordray's Theater one week, beginning Sunday Matinee, November 30.

Mason and Mason in "Rudolph and Adolph" is a theatrical offering that appeals to all classes of amusement lovers. There is a pretty love story running through the farce which is always interesting to the older folks and leveled in by the younger ones. Mason and Mason keep the audience convulsed with laughter and sing comic songs in a manner wholly original. Zadorah R. Porter, the famous comic opera prima donna, sings high class operatic selections, assisted by the large chorus in a manner that compares favorably with the leading grand opera organizations. Miss Bessie Phillips, the dainty little soubrette of the company, not only sings sweetly but is a wonderful dancer, and the other specialties are also of a meritorious order.