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STREET RAILWAY REGULATION.

In an article written in a spirit of honesty and earnest discussion of a mooted question, a contemporary upholds Mr. Richard Williams in this proposition:

"Taxation of street car lines will be to impair their power to cheapen service, extend betterments and raise wages."

While the argument in the main as given in the article referred to, is correct, this auxiliary proposition appears to The Journal to be either offered illogically, or else there is a difference in the manner of looking at laws for the regulation of street car lines.

In this instance, it is to be presumed that present circumstances and conditions are taken into account—that the proposed alteration in law involves not only imposition of taxes but also regulation of the lines during the life of the franchise. Taxation is only one feature of the matter. Regulation is one of the essentials. It is, indeed, the more important principle.

What requirements may be made just now, as to taxes or other matters, is less essential than the power to alter conditions from time to time. The radical difference between municipalities and street car companies, whenever comes up this question, is as to fixing conditions for the life of a franchise, and as to leaving power vested in the Common Council to change the requirements in the future.

This latter provision is the gist of the whole controversy affecting cities and surface lines. It is nearly always claimed that the retention of this power to change conditions operates to prevent the making of satisfactory arrangements for the investment of money by capitalists. A few years ago, when it was offered as the correct manner of controlling surface lines, there was a vigorous protest from all who represented these lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The idea was championed by Dr. Albert Shaw, now editor of the Review of Reviews, then and always an authority upon matters pertaining to municipalities. Dr. Shaw argued then that there would be abundance of capital for investment in surface lines, even though the principle of regulation of fares and other power retained by the city be recognized. He went so far as to hold that cities should retain the power to compel giving of transfers according to changing conditions, and to cheapen fares and to compel construction of extensions, when growth of suburbs called for them, as well as to compel other alterations in the policy of operation.

Dr. Shaw and other municipal scientists met opposition by authorities in the world of finance, who claimed that he and his fellow reformers were ignorant of the essential requirements of capital, which they claimed must be able to calculate upon the basis of fixed conditions during the life of a franchise.

In a number of American cities, however, these new ideas obtained in the enactment of new ordinances, and the country has witnessed the inauguration of the new regime without disaster came from bad management.

It is to be doubted that Portland has fully gotten hold of this idea of retention of power by the council to alter conditions under which street car lines shall operate. There has been progress, yet not quite adequate conception of the rights of the people with reference to granting of street privileges. The popular view seems to be that the companies acquire titular rights. Whereas, they acquire merely privileges to use streets that remain the property of the people.

A franchise, correctly defined, is a privilege, not a title to land. There

TWO VICTORIES WORTH WINNING.

The Journal welcomes the assistance of The Oregonian in the battle of the people for pure food. Several days ago when this paper stood alone in the fight the Oregonian attempted to belittle the agitation and to minimize the importance of bringing to justice persons found guilty of selling unfit food to people of this city.

There is a different ring in the Oregonian's tone now. The Journal, the Oregonian has no doubt discovered, is not going to be bullied by any man or newspaper into quitting a fight that it has undertaken. When The Journal is right it is going to go ahead in spite of the Oregonian or that class of people who have tried to put Portland on the down grade by suppressing evils that should be made public and thus allowing the rascals perpetrating them to go unpunished.

The Journal is not as yet as large and as formidable a foe as it may be in the very near future, but its subscribers can rest assured that it means business and that it will give them the news no matter how much they attempt to balk its publication. It is refreshing no doubt to the people of Portland to know that there is, and will continue to be, a newspaper in their midst that of unflinching selflessness and a city long kept in the background by a policy of ungrudging selfishness and abject cowardice. The lack of publicity stings the offender takes to cover. The transgressor throws aside his disguise of bully and comes into the open, tamed and submissive.

In allowing the medical fraternity and the laymen to see the danger that threatens all from impure food, and in compelling the whole state to take cognizance of a very dangerous situation, The Journal has won two victories, one for better government and one for better journalism.

UNITED FOR A BETTER PORTLAND.

On every side there are indications and signs of a new life, a quickening of the spirit of the old days, which is well expressed by the motto of our noble state, "We fly with our own wings." This is the motto, and the spirit it embodies, that should ever animate us. Unless one keeps in touch with the march of improvement, the great trade expansion of the city, as well as that of building, can hardly be appreciated. To enumerate the various enterprises which have been established this year would tax our space to the utmost. And what is of prime importance, they are those of the most stable kind and of a character that will employ a large number of people.

The roll of the wage earner is increasing amazingly and that is what counts most effectively. The woolen mill at Sellwood is a distinct success and it is about to double its capacity. Both Fieschner, Mayer & Co., and Neustadter Bros. are building large manufacturing plants, and a clothing factory is about to be established. In the line of machine shops, no better can be found at any point on this coast. New coffee and spice mills, lumber, planing and other mills are being started on every hand. Some of the great bankers and capitalists of California have but recently linked their fate with ours, and this city is to them now more than a mere name on a map.

Let anyone who has a few moments to spare ride to the east end of the Madison street bridge and look out south. Stretching clear to the Indian, Poulsen mill he will see the piling for a solid front of harfrage. Further south, the plans are now prepared for work of a similar character which, when completed, will mean a line of factories from Sellwood to the center of the city. At the north end the American Car Company is now preparing to install its plant, which will be the center of operations and manufacture for the North Pacific Coast. These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, but they will suffice for the present.

The road from Lyle to Goldendale, which Mr. Mellen of the Northern Pacific desires to squish with a breath, is owned in Portland. Every dollar of its stock and bonds are held here, and it should receive the unwavering loyal support of every man and woman in this city. It opens up possibilities that few have considered. From Goldendale to Bickleton, from Bickleton over the rolling foothills to the valley of the Yakima and on through the great wheat belt of the "Big Bend," to the mines of British Columbia, is no idle dream. It is the necessary sequence of the first step. This means a road bisecting the State of Washington from its northern boundary to Portland. It means for the products of that country a direct line to the best market, without a lift of thousands of feet over a mountain range. Can there be any question as to the loyalty of our people to this enterprise?

The Columbia Southern is also owned and operated by Portland men, and it is through it we will have to look to prevent the rich trade of Central and Southern Oregon from being diverted to other and more distant trade centers. With lines to Alaska and the Southern Coast, which we must have, Portland's position would be impregnable. Our jobbing houses have maintained for years an army of bright, aggressive representatives working night and day to bring trade to Portland. Those same houses have been foremost in subscribing liberally to every plan for our advancement. They have borne the brunt of the fight and will always bear their share. But the men with real estate must also lend a hand. Everybody should join in the crusade for a greater Portland. We must learn what it is to be a community with a common purpose, loyal and true. Let the spirit which animated the pioneers, when they first, a little band in a wilderness, adopted their motto, be ours, "Let us fly with our own wings."

will be no denial by anyone instructed in the legal aspect of the question.

True, whatever rights are granted absolutely are irredeemable, upon the principle of contracts, the city keeping its contract with the company as a matter of course.

But, the only right view is that there should be no yielding of power and that the city should be in a position to compel alterations from time to time. In the event the companies evince a disposition to refuse such improvements as changing conditions make necessary.

In all frankness, let it be said that the very excellent gentlemen who manage street car lines sometimes forget the rights of the people, in their desire to advance their own interests. And it is right to retain in the hands of the people the power to see that as population increases, and conditions alter the manner of operating the lines changes to suit the conditions.

The new blanket ordinances recently agreed upon are vast improvements upon the former laws. In the main, they contain perhaps a defect in that there is not a sufficient degree of power retained in the council. However, that so, excellent results came from the agitation is cause for congratulation. The Journal believes that the outcome is due to honest desire by the councilmen to conserve the interests of the people whom they represent, and that the management of the street car lines exhibited a very commendable spirit of concession.

On the whole, Portland is the better for the discussion, and the companies are in a position of no disadvantage. The limitations laid are not going to prevent proper improvements, will not appreciably affect matters to obviate cheapening of fares. If the companies act fairly, and that service will be better rather than that betterment will be made less probable.

ETHICS OF DIVORCE.

James A. Herne's "Hearts of Oak," as seen this week at the Marquam, raises the question of divorce again. Terry Dennison learns that his wife loves another man who loves her. He goes away, to lose himself in the regions of the far north, leaving the wife under the care of the other man with the latter under the injunction to marry her at the end of five years.

There is an ethical principle involved, one seriously affecting society. It is not in that there is much danger that there will be a stampede of husbands to the north pole, under similar conditions. For the act of Terry Dennison is almost impossible.

Yet the principle is nevertheless called in question—shall people continue to live together after learning that there is a lack of reciprocal love? In the abstract, there will be only one conclusion—they should not. Such is an unholly alliance.

But, to admit the correctness of Terry Dennison's book of ethics is to throw on the whole question of sanctity of marriage vows and make them something to be viewed as fancy may dictate.

In looking for ideal plays enunciat-

ing ideal conceptions of marriage relations, "The Wife," produced at the Baker a short time ago, offers a higher conception. Senator Rutherford finds that his wife loves another man, yet he sets to work to win her love for himself, succeeding fully, the play ending with ideal contentment between husband and wife.

The latter play is undoubtedly based upon this correct principle—love is largely a matter of association, gratitude and congeniality. It is not one-half the romantic thing that many think—the predestining of two souls for each other from the beginning of time. Poets find inspiration in the latter theme and sing beautiful songs of two each at the end of the earth who must sometime come together and inevitably the complement the one of the other.

Chances are that some other soul will learn to be that complement, if circumstances conspire to bring the two into association.

Chances are that association is 75 per cent of love, anyway, when there be kindness and consideration and paying of the dues of duty that comes with the pronouncing of marriage vows.

Of course, no poet ever will sing songs of such a conception. But poets are not always philosophical and sometimes wrench truth even though they be poets.

The Civil Service Commission takes up a very delicate question in its annual report, and one not perhaps entirely within their jurisdiction, that of superannuation. A number of plans for providing for the old age of employees of the civil service are considered, and after the defects of each are pointed out, the commission suggests compulsory annuity insurance. It is suggested that Congress pass such laws as will provide for the holding back certain portion of salaries to create a sinking fund.

The latest mysterious murder is that of Miss Florence McFarlin, at Rochester, N. Y. She was a music teacher 21 years of age, and living in her father's house. She was called to the door by a woman, and an instant later ran screaming into the kitchen with her assailant following her and slashing at her with a knife. The young woman was stabbed five times and died instantly. A woman named Mrs. Young has been arrested for the murder.

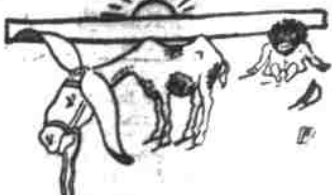
The magnitude of the mail robbery at Chicago Saturday is just beginning to be realized. Postal Inspector James A. Stuart thinks now the amount will probably reach into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Of course much of the stuff secured is not negotiable, consisting of stocks and bonds, but the actual cash will amount to at least \$100,000. Up to date no clues have been discovered, and the whole affair seems shrouded in mystery.

Prof. Garner has got back from Africa with 200 photographic cylinders loaded with monkey talk. Now if Carrie Nation's energy and hatred could be utilized before the cylinders are unloaded, she would not have lived in vain.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

SAMBO RECOVERING HIMSELF.

"Do man what you do!" me dat mule said.



he had jes one fault, and I guess dat am de one."

Young Hunter, son of the United States Minister to Guatemala, who shot another American a few days ago, claims self-defense. As he shot his victim from behind, it would seem he was defending himself behind the other fellow's back.

Miss May Geole, from a financial viewpoint, is the greatest matrimonial catch in this country. So far she is supposed to have captured Grand Duke Boris, four princes, two earls, and lords, viscounts and other small fry by the dozens.

It is said a Sicilian brigand has forced three provinces to pay him tribute. This should take him out of the brigand class and make him a captain of industry.

If Carrie Nation could be married to the Sultan of Babel, or all the balance of the Nation's job lot of suitors, it would dispose of several nuisances at one stroke.

The postmaster-general has issued an order that hereafter a classified woman in the postal service who shall change her name by marriage will not be reappointed.

Henry Watterson visited the New York horse fair and hobnobbed with the 400, but it is safe to say he didn't—even promise to be good.

The wild statement has been published that Chauncey Depew attended a dinner recently and got home without having made a speech.

Apache Kid has returned to the United States from Mexico and is looking for a wife. Self-respecting girls



who feared they should have to take a foreign nobleman or remain single may now take hope.

An exchange suggests that if Indiana will Lynch her novelists instead of her "niggers," she would do some real good for humanity.

If only those football teams could put in their strenuousness on Morrison street, it would be cleaned up in a single day.

When that Chicago poker clubhouse was dynamited all the members stood the raise, but also passed out.

When Gen. Miles tackles those Chinese dinners, Corbin's reputation as a feeder will get lost in the shuffle.

Another Bohemian violinist is coming out of the country, but then it can stand the strain.

The arbitrators are taking a rest, so as to give the miners and operators a chance to confer.

Now Ohio falls in line for Cannon for Speaker, and it might as well be unanimous.

The coal operators have discovered that President Mitchell was loaded for Baer.

An Indian recently had business with a lawyer.

After paying the lawyer he demanded



a receipt. In vain the lawyer told him a receipt was unnecessary.

"We must have to show me owe white man nothing," said the Indian. "We go to Heaven; the Lord ask Injun dot? Can't go all over hell looking for you."

Nobody ever heard of Gen. Miles not getting whatever bear he went after.

Of course, the artillery wins. Cannon will be speaker of the next house.

Down in Havana when they have a strike they trim it with red.

The Sultan of Turkey classes his navy as a floating debt.

The quality of mercy and Portland milk is not strained.

Many a good man falls down in a football game.

BUT HE KEPT IT.

The late Cornelius Vanderbilt is quoted as having said to a friend just before he died: "I don't see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I don't eat it. I don't spend it; in fact, I never saw it and never had it in my hands for a moment. I dress no better than my private secretary, and cannot act as much as my coachman. I live in a big servants' boarding house, am both-ered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, and most of my money is in the hands of others who use it mainly for their own benefit."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

(Memphis Cimeter.)

"No matter what comes," said the leading lady, "I shall stick to my diamonds."

"And they will probably stick to you," mused the envious soubrette, "feeling that they are paste."

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.

BY K. K. K.

WITH WOMAN'S CLUB.

This is Oregon history day at the Woman's Club. The special feature of the program is to be a paper on "The Early Geology of Oregon," by Mrs. McCormack, of Eugene. Mrs. McCormack is a quiet, modest little woman, who prefers to be known, and perhaps is best known, as a daughter, wife and mother. She may be proud of her relationship as daughter, for her father, Mr. McCormack, was a prominent citizen of Oregon, and she is one of the most sociably as well, and his collection of Oregon geological specimens are famous and well known. She claims to have made an extensive study of geology, and she grew up in its atmosphere, learning to love and study it for herself. She has been a great help to Prof. Condon in arranging and cataloging his specimens. For some time his assistant at the University and still often shows and explains the cabinet to visitors.

While Mrs. McCormack has never gone on any of her father's long mountain trips, she has often been his companion along the coast, and knows the joy of a rare discovery. She is much interested in club work, and hopes great things from the Fortnightly Club of Eugene in their efforts to give the town people a good library. Her talk before the Woman's Club today is to be illustrated by some of the rare specimens from her father's collection.

PIONEER WOMEN.

The subject today at the Woman's Club, "History of Oregon," brings to many members' minds the few old ladies still living who made history. There are so few left now who came in the early days, that the few who remain are of great interest. The sweetest and most attractive old ladies in the world, sitting tenderly cared for in their quiet homes, they look out over a city strange and yet familiar to their eyes. Where the highest business blocks are now they used to be fields, and where now there are blackberries perhaps along a trail we know as Morrison street. But while they love to talk of old times, with its privations and joys, they are just as proud and interested in the progress of the state as any one. Perhaps more so, for they have seen its growth and know how many lives went into its foundation. One likes to read the roll of honor. Mrs. William King, perhaps better known as Mrs. Col. King, Mrs. Frank De Witt over 90 years old; Mrs. Stephen Coffin; Mrs. Ralph Wilcox; and Mrs. J. H. McMillen. Mrs. McMillen is still living, too, and one sees a typical pioneer home with all the old-time simplicity, comfort and hospitality that word means.

FLOWER MISSION'S THANKGIVING.

Of all the Thanksgiving gifts and services yesterday, not one could have been more thoughtful or more appreciated than the concert given by the young ladies of the Flower Mission for the patients of the St. Vincent's and Good Samaritan Hospitals. Several of the members went out to each hospital early in the afternoon with great baskets of flowers. It was their ambition to give each sufferer at least one blossom. As one man expressed it, the great chrysanthemum falling to his lot more than made up for the loss of the Thanksgiving dinner he could not eat.

The mission has held these concerts for several years now under different officers. Those this year are: Miss Alice Sansbury, president; Mrs. H. E. Cole, vice-president; Miss Josephine Koehler, secretary, and Miss Elsie Bickie, treasurer.

BY THE WAY.

Maeterlinck is a dreamer whom to know is to love, and to love is to pity. For a deep, indissoluble sadness shadows his beautiful and unsatisfied soul. He has turned from the old material order of things and reaches hands to the new, not comprehending what it is, and not content because of the constant uncertainty that overshadows his restless spirit as a summer cloud shadows a flower-strewn meadow. Maeterlinck is on the heights, but his face is not turned always toward the light. His dreams are haunted by a vision of Truth, but in his waking moments he has never been quite able to lay firm hold upon his white robe and compel her to face him as he desires. When he does succeed in holding her, that note of incomprehensible sorrow will vanish from his matchless music of his singing.

"Oh!" exclaimed the teachers in the parliamentary class, "won't that be lovely? We have had flag drills and drills with Indian clubs and dumb bells, and we are sure we can keep step in a parliamentary drill. And Mrs. Cole Bethel, who is one of the most patient and diplomatic of instructors, said she thought they could."

"I am thankful for one thing this year," remarked the man who overheard his friend pricing turkey in a Fourth street market day before yesterday, "my family and myself are vegetarians."

The friend regarded him with pity and contempt. "I wouldn't be you for ten thousand dollars," he replied. "Thankful, indeed! How can a fellow be thankful on Thanksgiving Day without any dinner?"

"We don't propose to go dinnerless, by any means," said the vegetarian, somewhat nettled.

"Oh, you don't? Well, what sort of a dinner can you have if you don't have turkey, I'd like to know?"

You ask me for my heart?

How strange doth your petition sound! I have no heart to give you— I say it with regret profound— I have no heart.

And never had, Ah, yes. I had a heart to golden days gone by. I had a heart so warm and true. So thrilled with tenderness all through the just to love the most.

My dream, though brief was so complete. I prayed to time to stay his feet. For, for the future, career, no I.

My heart with all its reality. Of love my heart I gave away. To one who wearied in a day. Of that free gift. A broken toy. I gave it to you, the dust— Ah, my poor heart! But woman must live on in spite of vanished joy.

And, so you see, I have no heart. Not half a heart to give to you. I almost wish you had not cared. Oh, saying you had never dared. To whisper your devotion true. For though I have no heart to break, I would not make your own heart ache.

With pain of my refusal. So, if you still wish to take my yes. With all it takes my hand, although I do not—yes I do—I guess!

—COMPOSITE.

AT A BROOKLYN BOARDING HOUSE.

(Judge.)

Mrs. Oldbird (sweetly)—Mr. Choosy, will you pass the butter?

Mr. Choosy (emphatically)—You bet your life—if it's no better than usual.

How the Multnomahs WON THE Thanksgiving Game

Graphic Description of Yesterday's Struggle as Seen by the Journal's Society Woman.

(When I found I couldn't get out to the ball game yesterday, an enthusiastic football friend of mine offered to take notes for me. "Every paper must have an account of the game from a woman's viewpoint. Don't you worry one bit. I'll get some fine items and you can work them up. Just twist them around and leave out anything you don't fancy, or add anything you think would sound well; that's the way they all do." Perhaps it is. I only know that the notes were too much for me, so since "every paper must have an account of the game," I publish them just as they came to me.)

Got started quite early. Took R. with me. Didn't wear any colors. I wouldn't put on white and white and R. had had a cousin who went to the Varsity years and years ago and died while he was there, and she had some feeling about respecting his memory, and wouldn't let me wear red and white and wasn't that silly? Awfully big crowd out. Lots of girls I bow to had to sit on bleachers, the grandstand was so full. Knew lots of people. You know our universal beam as we call him, when he is in sight I deliberately stood up to see which girl he had with him. It was—mercy, you don't want things like that! I'll tell you what I saw. Just the same I'll bet you can't guess.

Most everybody decorated—colors pretty well distributed—how differently people wear them. Some girls look jaunty; others foolish, like wished hair, don't know. Ribbons, balloons. An collar and belts, on coats, canes, umbrellas, as butterfly bows on lapels or a bunch of baby ribbon in the button hole. Lots of flags—roses, carnations, even autumn leaves. But chrysanthemums by thousands! The girl carried six—most only one. "Clever idea, one couple, man wore red ribbon, girl white chrysanthemum. One man carried his most carefully near the head, in stiff position; awfully funny. If you wore a red dress would you put on a yellow flower? R. said first thing she knew Varsity would have had luck, there was one long alimmed yellow chrysanthemum that stood straight out all through game, with head drooping. One big Newfoundland in grandstand all decorated; still think he must have been the real mascot and the tame goose, quacking alone the firing line only a proxy. You had better find out.

One incident of the afternoon was a speech by Julius Caesar. The boys blew their horns so loud couldn't understand what he said. Had his hat decorated with long red and white ribbons. Another was antics of leader of the Oregon

week, beginning next Monday night, December 1. This clever burlesque will undoubtedly attract much attention from lovers of mirth, melody and horse-play. There is much variety in "Fiddle-De-Dee." The most conservative person will find something to his fancy for it abounds in every variety of the type that keeps you going from the rise to the fall of the curtain, while the music is very catchy and there is plenty of it.

There are a number of specialties which will be introduced in the program, and one of the most attractive being a cornet solo by Miss Irene Franklin, who is easily the best lady cornetist in this country. There are three German girl quartets, and 40 beautiful girls whose work will please you beyond a doubt.

In the pretty dances that will be presented are the Swiss dance, the Rosy Posy ballet, and the "Honey Honey Boy." The song by Miss Jessie Moore and the entire chorus.

This popular burlesque was for one whole year the feature of the season at the Pan-American Exposition, and 111 performances at Fisher's Theater, San Francisco, from where it comes here direct, making a Pacific Coast tour. Seats are now selling for the entire engagement.

A Thrilling Scene.

The spectacle of two men playing a game of cards in which the stakes are a wife and child on one side and an immense fortune on the other, is a scene almost impossible to imagine. No human being with the slightest semblance of a heart or affection could witness such a proceeding and not utter a cry of remorse. Yet such a scene was enacted at the Baker Theater last night, and instead of receiving the condemnation of the spectators it will be considered the highest piece of comedy of the type that keeps you going from the rise to the fall of the curtain, while the music is very catchy and there is plenty of it.

The plot of the piece depends upon the fact that there are two look-alikes, and their wives and others get them mixed. So, in order to destroy the likeness, they both decide to shave, and approach from opposite sides of a double mirror, when his own glass broken out. The shavener performed and the two men do exactly the same thing at the same time, following each other, each under the impression that he sees his own reflection. This is exceedingly amusing in the way it is done. They are also good singers and dancers, their singing of German parodies on popular songs never failing to receive from 10 to 15 encores; in addition to the strong company supporting them a large chorus of pretty girls also appear in the many specialties and musical numbers with which the piece abounds.

BY FAITH ALONE.

In New England cobweb pills are supposed to cure theague, and in the South a certain-knuckle bone in a pig's foot is a sure cure for rheumatism, if it is carried in the pocket and worn suspended from a string around the neck. Tracing the spider web pill, it originated in China, where all species of insects have certain positive or negative values in medicine. In Peking it is a cure for cholera, and three scorpions or spiders to a patient ill of fever. In Ireland the peasantry swallow small spiders alive to effect cures. From these the cobweb pill of the New England native was easy. In Florida the live spider is fastened into the empty shell of a walnut and worn around the neck of the patient. As the creature dies the fever decreases until it is gone entirely.

MAISON AND MASON.

The musical comedy of the season at Corday's for one week commencing Sunday matinee, November 23.

It is a pleasure to announce that Mason and Mason are sure to appear here in "Rudolph and Adolph," which is a comedy of rather higher class than those usually labeled musical or farce comedy. Mason and Mason are very clever German comedians and the things they do and say are really something to be proud of, so because they appear to be unconscious of doing anything funny.

Take the mirror scene for instance. The plot of the piece depends upon the fact that there are two look-alikes, and their wives and others get them mixed. So, in order to destroy the likeness, they both decide to shave, and approach from opposite sides of a double mirror, when his own glass broken out. The shavener performed and the two men do exactly the same thing at the same time, following each other, each under the impression that he sees his own reflection. This is exceedingly amusing in the way it is done. They are also good singers and dancers, their singing of German parodies on popular songs never failing to receive from 10 to 15 encores; in addition to the strong company supporting them a large chorus of pretty girls also appear in the many specialties and musical numbers with which the piece abounds.