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STUDY CENTRAL OREGON.

The Journal is disposed again to call attention to the transportation matters that are Portland's most important concerns just now. Some time ago The Journal counseled Portland business men and bankers to take down their maps from their office walls, and assured them that the majority would sit back in astonishment at the realization of the immense empire awaiting the conquest by some commercial center.

We must conquer that territory. We must write that epic poem of brave doing and daring for our home city. We must meet our commercial foes who would invade our own state and wrest from us what is naturally ours, what must remain ours if Portland is to maintain its pre-eminence in the Northwest.

Things are doing in the world of commerce. Other cities are ambitious. They propose to secure access to a region that the Almighty intended should contribute to the upbuilding of Portland.

As that map is studied, rehearse mentally, or, better, tell to your neighbor across the hallway, the fable of the man who saw a figure beckoning him in the distance, a figure fair to behold and smiling of countenance; a figure that passed away after failure to do her bidding and follow to promised pleasures and glories; and that proved to be Opportunity, Opportunity that never returned, when once she had been scorned.

This fable might become reality to Portland, but it must never be that. For, grasping Opportunity by the hand, Portland must move onward to the destiny assigned her by the eternal forces that moulded continents and piled up mountains and dug river-beds and propagated forests with an evident design in it all.

Central Oregon must be conquered to the commercial uses of Portland and the good of that region itself. It must be occupied by Portland interests, developed by Portland capital, bound to Portland by every tie that insures commercial permanency. The imperative mood is here used. Any other would be bad grammar for this center of commerce, finance and industry, which may, if it will, create an empire over which to rule in these respects with good to us who live here and as much good to those who live there.

SENATOR MORGAN'S DIATRIBE.

"Both parties are insincere upon the question of opposition to the trusts," says Senator Morgan of Alabama. Senator Morgan is an old man, old in years, old in service in the United States Senate. He is yet vigorous in mind, bringing to his duties maturity of judgment and experience covering events during many decades. His utterances challenge attention.

Probably there is a tinge of pessimism in the old Senator's utterances. Also, perhaps he is but declaring a truism, when he says that there is insincerity in the politicians of both parties, for that politicians are frequently by nature insincere, or, at best, opportunists.

But, beneath this covering of pessimism and along with the platitude of applying a truism to a specific situation, Senator Morgan may draw upon his own experience in national legislation to support his position. He has been for years the champion of the Nicaraguan canal, in fact, the champion of the very idea of cutting a waterway across the isthmus to connect the East with the West, in competition with the transcontinental rail lines. And his experience has been anything but assuring of sincerity on the part of any one who has to do with national legislation. True, he may lay the major portion of the blame with the Republicans, for they have been in power almost continuously since the Isthmian canal became a desideratum of the American people. He has demanded and demanded, argued and proved, asked and prayed, yet in vain, for the canal has been delayed and temporized over, and he has witnessed the breaking of pledges so many times that he begins to lose faith in politicians. He remembers when C. P. Huntington went down into Alabama with a sack of gold to corrupt Morgan's constituents, and almost succeeded in defeating the grand old man of canal propaganda. He calls to mind how alleged statesmen, but really only politicians, have stood in Congressional halls and lived a lie of official life after standing in national convention committee rooms and descanting upon the eagerness of their party to build that canal.

These and other memories stir the old Alabaman to express with Southern frankness his disgust at the fleeting character of politicians' promises and his realization that platforms are to political administrations what platforms are to railroad coaches—to get in on, but not to be stood on, under prohibitive orders from the management, which causes to be painted upon those coaches this sign: "Passengers are not allowed to remain upon the platform." He has seen political managers gather and then issue the edict to the smaller passengers who boarded the train under the favor of those managers, that they must not remain upon the canal platform, but must get inside and remain inside and be good.

Who blames Senator Morgan, part pessimist, partly platitudinous, but grandly sincere and practical and energetic, for his diatribe against all who represent or pretend to represent a political party?

WHEN THE ITALIANS MARCHED.

Hundreds of Italians marched to the grave behind the body of Joseph Guglielmo on Sunday, expressing sorrow at the death by murder of one of their race fallen at the hand and by the stiletto of Castro.

It was a lesson to any observer who saw in it more than a mere line of men passing through the streets to a funeral. It was ocular demonstration of the rapid rise of the Italians of this country to the position of American citizens. We who boast of our glorious republic have done no justice to the people who came from the country of the old Romans, if we may judge from the procession of well-dressed, cleanly, intelligent, prosperous men who formed that line of march. And injustice is, after all, the great crime of the world.

It is not right to permit prejudices to govern our opinions in the face of fact. Men who present such good address as that of the Sunday afternoon procession of modern Latins have been assimilated to a large extent, and have lost their character as an element in a heterogeneous mass. They have made more complete the homogeneity of the nation.

Observe—do you know an Italian pauper? Do you know an Italian in Portland who is not self-supporting? Are they not as a rule "doing better" in a business way than the average native American? And was it not Italian penetration and Italian courage and Italian love for law and order that nerved Cordano to lead the force of detectives to capture his own countryman who had broken the laws of his adopted nation?

We should not fail to notice these facts nor to make acknowledgment of previous unjust estimates of any portion of the peoples who come to us from foreign lands. And who will deny that there has been a too nearly universal voice of derogation for the Italians that have come to our shores? That Sunday procession of Italians in Portland was a fine proof of the presence here of hosts of good citizens who once owned allegiance to the Humberts.

If we accept the motto—old men for counsel, young men for war—there may be no attempt at refutation of the belief by Oregon veterans that the state constitution is sacred and must never be amended or reconstructed. Is it impertinent or disrespectful to suggest that often advancement is made only when young men refuse to abide by the views of their elders?

The Weston Leader discusses the demand of Eastern Oregon for a United States Senator, rebuking his fellow citizens of the east of the mountains region for bringing forward the issue. The Leader says they proved they didn't want representation when they defeated W. J. Furnish for the governorship last spring.

A silver dollar without a stamp of the government upon it is a very close imitation of 30 cents. Count Boni Castellane without his title as Count will look that way to Anna Gould, who married him perhaps for that title. If the French Chamber of Deputies passes that law abolishing titles of nobility, the Countess, nee Anna Gould, will feel as though she is warranted in suing the husband for obtaining her money under false pretenses.

The canal commission spent two weeks in Panama, nine commissioners on a jaunt, and each one drew 29 months' salary at $1,000 per. And the total result of the two weeks' of vacation is what? Delay.

OPERAS AND FARCES.

Eugene Cowles said, while in Portland to give a concert at the Y. M. C. A. rooms:

The time is coming when we singers shall return to what is known as the comic opera of the old school—the Gilbert and Sullivan school, if you like. The people will demand it. After all, the basis of all material success in opera is merit, and the public, surfeited with farce-comedy nonsense, will soon want the real light opera again. And that time is not far off. We have the singers now, and as soon as this demand becomes tangible enough to be appreciated, the composers and the librettists will appear. The day will never come when good music will not receive its material reward.

Mr. Cowles is spokesman for thousands, and voices, not only an opinion, but an earnest hope that the apparent trend may continue to the full fruition of the rehabilitation of the opera school and the abandonment of the very poor excuse for musical drama—the farce comedy.

Farce comedy has taken numbers of the bright stars in the musical world, and vaudeville hosts of performers who are qualified to carry themselves in legitimate plays. It has been one of the acknowledged truths, a truth deplored by all who realize the tendency to retrograde even lower from the level of the unutterable slush that has been poured over the devoted heads of people who must have amusement, and who, securing amusement, should have with it that which will strengthen the moral fibre and tend to dignity and to refine.

This is not to say that all plays before the time of vaudeville were wholesome, nor that all operas before the farce comedy came to the fore were ideal. But it is to contend that during several years past there has been chaos in the operatic and dramatic worlds, and that things have virtually resolved themselves into a nebular condition warranting the construction of a nebular hypothesis in reference to the stage stellar firmament.

Out of that nebular may order come again. May the hope and prayer of Mr. Cowles and the thousands who sympathize with him be substantiated. May it not always be true that we are run mad with light-headed amusements that make for nothing of refinement nor do aught but afford opportunity to kill the three hours usually assigned to the production of a play or opera.

NEWS FOR BUSY AMERICANS.

The American people are too busy to wade through wearying volumes of books printed daily, spread over the pages of the newspapers. They employ their editors to select the significant features of the day's happenings and save them the trouble of going through senseless details that have interest for only a very few. The complexities of modern social life make such demands upon the people that they cannot profitably devote hours each day to perusing the newspaper.

One of the tendencies of up-to-date papers is to discard the long, involved stories that go over the wires from some of the older news associations, and substitute for them specials wired from correspondents who are selected with reference to their accuracy of judgment as to what is interesting to the local clientele served by the paper.

Some of the papers in the East, where telegraph charges are at a minimum, have adopted this plan, in securing the publishing wire news, notably the Denver Post. This prosperous sheet, almost to the exclusion of the regular report of the Associated Press, uses specials wired under arrangement with correspondents in Chicago and New York and Washington, and mercilessly "cuts out" all matter that possesses anything but absorbing interest. A story must have positive news merit to "break into" the Denver Post, which is recognized as one of the best newspapers of the great Central West.

The average wire report published by the old-line, ultra-conservative papers carries a burden of detail that tires the reader and leaves no permanent impression.

The law of the survival of the fittest should apply to news. That which is not fittest, considering pertinency to the issues of the day, should not survive the death that comes to the "copy" consigned to the waste basket.

The Baker City Herald issued a bright Christmas number that was indicative of prosperity up in the region of the gold nuggets, adding its quota to the list of special editions in Northwest cities. A particularly good feature was the grouping of reports from a score of cities of the world telling how Christmas was celebrated.

If you failed to receive the expected Christmas present, you may attribute it to the fact that Santa Claus this year used an automobile, and everyone knows how unreliable those contrivances are. Even patient, faithful Santa Claus couldn't make one of them run all of the time.

A peculiar decision of the Minnesota Supreme Court is that a man may, under certain circumstances, strike his wife. The court reporters are not yet at hand with a full copy of the decision, which doubtless sets forth under what circumstances the wife may be struck and for how much.

Virginia's governor asks the Legislature to appropriate $50,000 for the representation of that state at the St. Louis Exposition. Georgia's constitution prohibits such appropriation, but her citizens will secure the funds by private subscription.

Uncle Sam pays $273,000 annually for rent of department buildings in Washington. Couldn't Uncle Samuel make it profitable to own all of his own buildings and not be a tenant?

OPINIONS OF OTHER EDITORS.

Needed the Spanking.

Klickitat Agriculturalist: Don't worry about the Monroe Doctrine being snubbed by Germany and Great Britain in their efforts to make Venezuela pay her debts. It is a miserable sort of business, this clubbing of a little nation by two big ones; but in this case Uncle Sam can hardly deny that the little fellow was in need of a spanking—much as his pluck may be admired. So far as the Monroe Doctrine is concerned, let either one of the European nations try to seize one foot of South American territory, and you can wager they will discover that President Roosevelt is living in the White House at Washington—and Teddy's reputation for fighting is greater than his reputation for diplomacy.

Excuses Are Accepted.

Cottage Grove Nugget: We have about a dozen different first-class excuses to offer this week for any shortcomings that may appear in the paper. In the first place, our job department is overrun with hurry-up jobs, which have kept our printers on the jump; our foreman and compositor have both been indisposed and have laid off a part of the week, and, to cap the climax, Thursday, our publication day, is Christmas, and the entire force, including the editor, is supposed to take a holiday.

Unfathomable.

Antelope Herald: We cannot but wonder what frame of mind Brother Holder of the Prineville Review was in when in his last issue he says Eastern Oregon does not want the Senator. Why this statement should come from him, who, heretofore, has always made it a rule to ask for "everything in sight," is a question we cannot fathom.

Would Not Take Chances.

Forest Grove Times: A bill has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature making kissing a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of not less than $1 nor more than $5 for each kiss. Some of the Forest Grove boys would risk a year's salary in one night if there was such a law here.

Not a Bad Idea.

Tillamook Headlight: The first thing the State Legislature should do when it assembles next month should be the rounding up of the lobbyists and politicians who infest the State Capitol while the Legislature is in session.

Trusts in Danger.

Aurora Borealis: There won't be much show for trusts, good, bad or indifferent, to live if all of the anti-trust bills introduced in Congress pass.

Depends on Police Force.

Aurora Borealis: A city like Portland can attempt to be good, but it altogether depends upon the police force, which takes spurts, whether it can be good.

Certainly.

Morning Astorian: The people of Utah are already raising grizzly bears, in anticipation of President Roosevelt's visit, six months hence.

Republican Press' Angel.

East Oregonian: The people of Portland are very wrong in accusing Jack Matthews of being an offensive partisan. The Republican press now goes so far as to say that there is even a sweet aroma hanging around his official life, and that no innocent, defenseless angel in Oregon politics has a more delicious savor.

Some Consolation Left.

East Oregonian: Between the striking boilermakers and the snowstorms, railroading on the Union Pacific is a thing of the past. The telegraph line is not yet blockaded, and it is some consolation to hear from the outside world by this means.

Can't Hide the "Nigger."

East Oregonian: If the land offices and the land grabbers are innocent, why is it necessary to cover them over with so many coats of apologetic varnish. If some members of the Oregon press don't keep still, the people will conclude that the fluent excuses made are confessions of guilt. The people are not all blind; they are not even color-blind, and know the real nigger when they see him hiding in the woodpile.

Plenty of Cider, Anyway.

Salem Journal: Whatever may be the condition of the dinner pail and the coal scuttle, there are abundant assurances of a full cider keg this winter. There is a bumper apple crop all over the country.

Expanding Resolutions.

Salem Statesman: It is up to Salem to make resolutions to do more growing during 1903 than in any twelve months in her history. This record will be easily made if all will pull together. It is a time for expansion.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Mr. Bancroft is the cousin of Herbert Howe Bancroft, the historian. This is a recommendation to the gentleman who is accustomed to handling "large" numbers of men." Large numbers of men were employed to write the elderly Bancroft's work, and it is one of the most variegated of all American literary productions.

What a pity that "Jack" Matthews didn't send in his refusal to act as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee by registered letter. The return card would come in very handy just now.

If some of the persons who are "behind new roads" out of Seattle would only come from behind and show themselves there might be a real railroad boom in the Sound country.

The gambling games have been kept closed long enough in Portland to let the police know that they really were once "wide open."

Portland isn't going to be refused her share of the transport business, because there is no public printing thrown in with it.

When the fog settles in London some Senatorial booms roll their trousers up.

The crossing at Seventh and Yamhill is a poor recommendation for the Portland Hotel and a good one for the new charter.

Senator Elkins wants 50 more battleships. He must want to take another broadside at the Monroe Doctrine.

No man is so entirely forgotten by all in Portland that he cannot get a promise of a job from "Jack" Matthews.

A gold brick is an article that doesn't have to be placed under a hat to keep some people from seeing it.

We don't hear much about the bridges now, but the holes in them are all there just the same.

The postmastership is in the hands of its enemies, but the postmaster is still on deck.

The newspaper that doesn't help advertise its city isn't worth advertising in.

FAVORS APPROPRIATION.

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer favors an appropriation for the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Speaking of the prejudice against the proposition, that paper says: "The bigger Portland grows, the better it is for all parts of Oregon. Therefore, whatever tends to build up the metropolis indirectly helps the rest of the state. Whenever Portland doubles its population, it will require double the amount of Oregon products to feed its people, hence it does not pay to get jealous and work against the city, from a mere sentiment of spite.

"It is indeed to be regretted that the matter of a Federal appropriation for the Fair cannot or will not be made at this session of Congress. This failure will tend to retard matters, and, in consequence, injure the Fair, at least to the extent of retarding final arrangements. As to the state appropriation for the Exposition, it should be made early in the session of the Legislature. What it will be—that is, the amount—is yet an open question. But there should be no delays in making the appropriation. The rest of the state cannot afford to be prejudiced by its jealousy of Portland in this matter."

BRET HARTE'S BIRST POEM.

Bret Harte's First Poem.

In the Bookman appears a poem, "Dolores," printed in the Knickerbocker Magazine 44 years ago, as Bret Harte's first poem. Mr. Harte was 18 years old at the time, and, of course, yet unknown to fame. The poem was:

Seville's towers worn and old;
Seville's towers are gray and gold:
Saffron, purple, and orange dyes
Meet at the edge of her sun-set skies:
Bright are Seville's maidens eyes,
Gay the cavalier's guitar:
Music, laughter, low replies,
Intermingling; and afar,
Over the hill, over the dell,
Soft and low: Adagio!
Comes the knell of the vesper-bell,
Solemnly and slow.

Hooded Nun, at the convent wall,
Where the purple vines their tendrils throw,
Lingering, looking, wouldst recall
Aught of this giddy scene below?
Turn that pensive glance on high:
Seest thou the floods in yon blessed sky,
The shores of those isles of the good and blest,
Meeting, mingling, down the west?
E'en as thou gazest, lo! they fade!
So doth the world from these walls surveyed;
Fleeting, false, delusive show;
Beauty's form, but hectic's glow.
"The convent-walls are steep and high:
Dolores! why are your cheeks so pale?
Why do those lashes silent lie
Over the orbs they scarce can veil,
E'en as the storm-cloud, dim and dark,
Shrouding the faint electric spark?
Canst thou those languid fires conceal,
Which scorched the youth of fair Castile?
That tender half-distracted air—
Can that be faith; or is 't despair?
That step, now feeble, faltering, slow;
Is that the lightly tripping toe
That gaily beats the throbbing floor,
Or woke the echoing corridor,
By purple Tagus' rippling shore,
A summer month ago?"

Listen, listen, nearer, higher!
Voices swee. in tilt distant choir:
"Salve! salve! ave Maria!
Virgin, blest with Jesus' love,
Turn our thoughts to thee above!"
"Dolores!" Mark ye that dying fall?
"Dolores!" Ho there! within the wall.
Fly ye! the Ladye Superior call:
A nun has fled from the convent wall!

PAID THE PENALTY.

"Would you call stealing a kiss larceny?" inquired the inexperienced young man.

"I suppose so," replied the married man, who was hustling from dawn to dusk to support his family.

"What is the penalty?"

"Why, I stole a kiss once, and was sentenced to hard labor for life.—Philadelphia Record.

POINTS OF VIEW.

South American Harmony.—The quarrels of South American republics with one another usually grow out of boundary lines; or, rather, the want of them, says J. Becker in Nuestro Tiempo (Madrid). Hence there should be a settlement of boundary lines once for all, in the interest of South American solidarity.

What One Wife Did.—The president of the United States is "remarkable," says that leading Japanese paper, the Asahi Shimbun. It states on the authority of Marquis Ito—who was told it by the President himself—that "Roosevelt wanted to intervene in the South African war, but Mrs. Roosevelt would not let him."

Hungarian Invasion of Roumania.—The best element in Hungary's population is transporting itself to Roumania and settling down there, says the Hungarian Deputy, Roland Hegedus, in the Szemle (Budapest). It behooves the Hungarian Government to put a stop to this exodus, which is building up Roumania at the expense of Hungary.

Remarkable Rosebery.—"We confess that we are getting tired of Lord Rosebery as a politician," says The Standard (London). "His fitful appearances on public platforms do him no credit. On one occasion he talks in the style of dignified and lofty statesmanship; on the next he will very likely descend to common party clap-trap. And the worst of it is that, while the statesmanship is obviously a pose, the partisanship is genuine. His sole principle—if it can be called a principle—is that of trimming his sails to catch the popular breeze. Between his shifting caprices and his consuming anxiety to shout with the larger or louder mob, his action is a series of contradictions."

Brutality to Workingwomen in Japan.—Girls are mistreated in Japanese factories, under circumstances that indicate shocking moral and material conditions, avers the Tokyo Mainichi. The stories of brutality are confirmed by the Japan Weekly Gazette, a British paper in Yokohama, which observes of one establishment: "The factory is not a large one, consisting of two blocks of bungalows. The exterior of the factory presents the appearance of a prison. It is surrounded by strong fences, and the entry is only to be made through an iron gate, which is bolted all the time. It is only opened to admit an incomer, and release him later. There is not sufficient provision for dining, sleeping and bathing purposes. At present there are 24 females, their ages ranging from 14 to 25. They are daily given an amount of work which is more than they can finish under ordinary circumstances. If any of them fail to do the work they have been ordered to do, they are subjected to different processes of corporal punishment, or the quantity of food is cut down. Of course no attention is paid to the hygiene of these girls, who, weakened by overwork and want of nourishment, become physical wrecks. The hair of some of the girls is cut, on the pretext of curing them of the vermin which breed in their hair. What is the most brutal feature is the appalling methods of punishment devised and executed in a fiendish manner. One of these is to bind two girls together, back to back, after having stripped them of all clothing. After some more devices to add to their shame and pain, they are exposed to the full gaze of their comrades."

THEATRE DON'TS

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—The Bostonians in "Robin Hood."

The Baker—Neill Stock Company in "A Temperance Town."

Cordray's—"The Irish Pawnbrokers," Sullivan, Mack and Trumbull.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—The Bostonians in "Robin Hood," Wednesday matinee; "Maid Marian," Wednesday night; "Shore Acres," remainder of week, with special New Year's matinee.

The Baker—"Temperance Town," for the week, with special New Year's matinee.

Cordray's—"Irish Pawnbrokers," for the week, with special New Year's matinee.

Bostonians in "Robin Hood."

Henry Clay Barnabee (Sheriff of Nottingham), William H. MacDonald (Little John) and George Frothingham (Friar Tuck), original members of the Boston Ideals, which were later organized as the Bostonians, are personally and artistically such favorites that they always receive enthusiastic greetings when they make appearance upon any stage in any of the operas produced in Portland. This was their meed on Monday night at the Marquam, when "Robin Hood," De Koven and Smith's charming opera, was sung by the Bostonians before a brilliant audience. It is not suggestive of lack of appreciation of the other excellent voices and acting in the cast to say that old-timers will always miss some of the former members of the company. Probably no one who had heard them in former years fails to picture Jessie Bartlett Davis singing "O, Promise Me," as Alan-a-dale serenades Annabel, because Miss Davis had made that her own song, and with it sung herself into the hearts of the people of a nation. There was also a remembrance of Eugene Cowles, in "Armorer's Song," and his magnificent bass voice. And there are other former members of the company who seem to belong there by right.

Yet the Bostonians, changing as the years have passed, have maintained the standard that has won for them a clientele that will never lessen its loyalty so long as the name remains upon billboards. There is always assurance that production of an opera by them will be artistic and entrancing.

In every respect this year's "Robin Hood" is satisfying. The opera itself is one that never loses its charm for opera-lovers. The ensemble work is good, and the solos are, without exception, well sung, and the costuming and scenic investiture are brilliant. Especially in the last act are the costumes beautiful and rich. And the orchestra, under the direction of S. L. Studley, the original director of the Bostonians' music, with 22 pieces, is commensurate with the excellence of the people on the stage.

Who that has seen good-natured old Barnabee play the Sheriff of Nottingham needs any comment on his work; or who fails to remember the voice and acting of Mr. MacDonald, or who the comedy of Mr. Frothingham as Friar Tuck?

Miss Grace Van Studdiford, the prima donna this year, exhibited a voice highly cultivated and suited to the part of Maid Marian, and also was graceful and competent in her acting, with personal beauty as an added charm.

Miss Moore probably had the most difficult duty of the performance. She sang the part of Alan-a-dale, which requires her to render "O, Promise Me." Miss Moore's rendition of the sweet, simple song, that is effective only when the singer makes it so, was pleasing enough to induce the audience to recall her several times. And, in addition to singing her part well, she possesses the advantage of looking handsomely in it.

Mr. Chambers must be said to lack reaching the standard set by Cowles in "The Armorer," but nevertheless is quite adequate.

Harold Gordon sang "Robin Hood" Monday night. Mr. Gordon has a good tenor voice, but cannot be said to be perfectly suited to the part, which demands a man larger and with more strength and the dash of the brave, gallant outlaw.

Miss Alice Judson was simply charming as Annabel, and as good a soubrette as any opera company need engage. She sings sweetly, acts naturally, and is beautiful, a combination of qualities that leaves nothing lacking to furnish her for the part.

Mr. Donald is a very fine Guy of Gisborne.

"Robin Hood" is the bill for tonight and Wednesday matinee. "Maid Marian" for Wednesday night.

"Temperance Town" Draws Good Houses.

In spite of the presence of the Bostonians, drawing some of the regular patrons of the Baker, the latter theatre drew a good Monday night audience, and gave a good performance of "Temperance Town." The company is especially adapted to put on this comedy. A review of the play would be incomplete without mention of the charming Roxana, which part is taken by Miss Lillian Rhoads. Miss Rhoads certainly has scored a wonderful success during the season of the Neill Stock Company at the Baker. She has shown remarkable versatility, and has received nothing but praise from the public in her every character. Miss Rhoads is giving a very charming Roxana in "Temperance Town" this week.

"Irish Pawnbrokers" Make People Laugh.

At Cordray's "The Irish Pawnbrokers" are making the people laugh and go away without any remnant of the blues that they might have carried to the theatre with them. With big houses at the other theatres, the business at Cordray's is also large, and seems to point to New Year's week being one of the record weeks of the season in this city.

MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Sandy Bottom" at Cordray's.

John Crittenden Webb's masterpiece, "Sandy Bottom," replete with interest, mirth and pathos, will be presented at Cordray's Theatre beginning with matinee on Sunday, January 4, and no lover of the drama should fail to attend the performance. But few traveling companies carry so much and elaborate scenery. No expense has been spared in the efforts to make this performance in every way artistically realistic. One breathes the atmosphere of the simple farm life, and one's heart throbs with the sufferings of plain country folks who engage the attention with their homely ways and simple nature. The people of this city and vicinity will have the opportunity next week to laugh away their cares. No one will regret the time spent in witnessing John C. Webb's beautiful play of "Sandy Bottom." Usual ladies and children's matinee January 4.

Herne's "Shore Acres."

It is not generally known that when Mr. James A. Herne wrote "Shore Acres" it was with a view of having the play produced at the Boston Museum. He had the great comedian, William Warren, in his mind for the character of Nathaniel Berry and hoped he would himself be allowed to play the part of the brother, Martin Berry.

These facts about the original plans of Mr. Herne help to account for the very truthful and interesting character of Martin Berry. It is but natural that an actor-dramatist who goes to nature's sources for his material should get just a little closer to the truth in developing a character designed for his own interpretation than in the other parts of his play.

Mr. Herne, like many other discerning critics, thought Mr. Warren the greatest comedian this country has yet produced, and he would have been only too happy to have played second fiddle to this eminent actor. "Shore Acres" was eventually produced at the Museum, but it was long after Warren's death and Mr. Herne played the star part. A fine scenic production of this beautiful American classic will be given at the Marquam Grand Theatre for five performances beginning with the New Year's matinee and continuing the remainder of the week, with a special matinee Saturday. Seats are now selling.

The Baker Next Week.

The offering at the Baker Theatre all next week, starting with the usual Sunday matinee, will be a magnificent production of "Alabama" by the Neill Stock Company. This play is from the pen of Augustus Thomas, and is a splendid portrayal of southern life, having a plot which is far above the commonplace and is always interesting to the spectator. The manner in which the Neill Stock Company will present "Alabama" will be strictly up to the standard it has established for itself since coming to Portland. It is superfluous to say that every performance of "Alabama" will be greeted by a packed house.

OPPORTUNITY FOR WIDOWS.

Mr. William Byher, proprietor of Byher's Mineral Springs, and a man of property and prominence, whose postoffice address is Jacksonville, Jackson County, Ore., desires the address of the two widows who advertised for positions in The Journal and were too modest to give their names. Mr. Byher offers The Journal considerable encouragement and reward to secure for him a competent housekeeper, one who is not entangled with children or otherwise. He says he is a man of 72 years, and without family, desiring a lady to keep house for him and to look after him in his declining years. He adds that if he could get a widow to suit him, she would be well rewarded for her services. The Journal hopes that it has a number of readers who will undertake to supply Mr. Byher's needs.

SMOOTH FORGER.

(Southern Oregonian.)

A stranger, calling himself Onley Hargrave, this week passed a bogus check for $8.50, drawn on the First National bank of Ashland and purporting to be signed by C. S. Marsden, on the Hotel Nash bar. He eluded arrest by skipping out. Whither he went no one seems to know. Hargrave is as smooth as he is cheap, about six feet tall, of dark complexion and stutters somewhat.