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GET A PARK EXPERT.

The Journal hopes that the Portland Park Commission will employ a park expert and that the people will withhold no support from him and them in the developing of a system that will make Portland the wonder of the world.

Frederick Law Olmstead, Jr., is a man of world-wide reputation. He was invaluable to the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition management in the matter of the arrangement of the grounds and the attainment of a maximum of result from the resources at hand. He could do for Portland what no commission of men could do who are not scientific.

Portland has illimitable opportunities. This The Journal has said times without number. Since the establishment of this paper its influence has gone to forward the interests of the city park system. The Journal has pointed out the peculiar advantages possessed by this city, and has asserted that no other has been offered by nature such opportunities. Who will deny the truth of the assertion?

However, first, Portland must secure all ground that should go to make a chain of parks running around the present limits of the city, and susceptible of being evolved into a boulevard drive such as have made other cities famous. To obtain title to the ground is the first task. In this, a park expert could render service that no one else could give. And this matter of securing the ground is of pressing necessity. Every passing year enhances the value of the property, and witnesses the construction of buildings, the building of homes and the laying of street car lines that will interfere with the completion of the park system as it should be completed.

Portland should secure beyond doubt the property necessary to making the boulevard drive on and beyond Portland Heights the greatest in the world. A park expert would see the possibilities that our own people have neglected. For, few citizens know aught of the bouleyard. Few have ever even traveled over it, much less gone over it carefully, to find what were the possibilities for the future.

By all means employ a park expert. Get the best in the United States. Turn him loose with a driver and a carriage, a civil engineer to assist him in making surveys, place in his possession information referring to the present status, and ask him to tell us what he believes to be the wisest plan, and then follow that plan. The results will justify the movement.

THE "400" GAMBLING.

In New York the "400" are gambling with professional croupiers in charge of regulation roulette wheels in the elegant private mansions of those who make up that select few who are able to be counted as of the numerical elite. A telegram from Gotham brings this news, coupled with the statement that some of the "swell" gambling houses of the metropolis have been closed by the police.

Distasteful as it may seem to people in general, this latest fad of the multi-rich need not worry others who are not of the elect. They need not gamble with roulette, or they may gamble if they choose. There are no strings attached to the purses of anyone, and if they desire to lose or win money at the gaming table, they may do so without let or hindrance. And then, too, if those who constitute that "400" do not gamble at roulette they will gamble at something else, or will indulge in some other foolishness.

The only feature that need engage the attention of the people is the evidence that the professional croupiers are engaged with the intention of preventing the swell gamblers from cheating each other. And has it come to this—that our very elect, surviving by the law of the social fittest, have to employ professional gamblers to watch them lest they regenerate into "sure-thing" or "crooked" gamesters? We can stand their roulette games, but this intimation that they have descended to the level of the crook is unthinkable.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, DON'T WORRY

To the governor-elect The Journal says again:

Don't worry about schemes to circumscribe your legitimate powers. It is largely talk in which breath used is heated to a high degree of temperature.

There is no doubt that there be those who would say so, were they able. But, those who would not brook such action so much out-number the others that there is practically no danger.

Such threats as have been made have emanated from a few who permit the wish to be the father of the thought, and to forget that the plainly expressed will of the people of Oregon is not to be lightly disregarded. Their choice was that you serve as governor. They have not discovered anything to alter their determination, and, were it true that they had, there is no proof that they had, for the election of June 2, 1902, is the last expression upon the subject.

If, for the purpose of securing political advantage or the ends of a few selfish persons, there be attempt to limit the powers of the governor-elect, the plan will not work. If those self-seeking politicians wish to advance the interests of the Oregon Democracy, let them try to circumscribe Governor-elect Chamberlain's powers as defined by the Constitution, and interpreted by the courts. But the governor-elect need not worry. He has a majority of the people with him, and majorities are presumed to rule in this free country.

ERADICATE THE CAUSE.

Pendleton is wrestling with a problem of controlling the Indian population of the Umatilla reservation who come into town to secure liquor and then proceed to make themselves obnoxious. The principal effort appears to have been directed towards providing punishment for the Indians. A suggestion has been made by the East Oregonian that goes to the core of the question and brings forth the vital consideration. The East Oregonian advises that endeavor be to punish those who pander to the debased aborigines and who scheme to sell them intoxicants. In other words, let the cause be removed, and then effects will cease.

This is a principle that is vital to Portland, to every city. Vast numbers of persons are brought to the courts to be punished for offenses against the law, persons who have yielded to temptations placed in their way by those who heed no mandate of the people as expressed in statute or ordinance, and who make it a business to infract law constantly. These should be the object of attack by the forces of decency in every community. No one will excuse the person who wilfully violates the law, even though some one else has placed temptations in his way. Every person should be strong enough to resist, to keep from evil, and respectful enough of the will of the majority to keep sacred its command issued under the forms of law in a self-governing community.

But, logically and practically, the best manner in which to attack wrongdoing is to attack the causes, the principal causes, and remove those causes so completely as possible. The familiar illustration of the polluted spring serves in this instance to illuminate the meaning of the argument. It is not that one law-breaker is less reprehensible than another, but that the most effective means to eradicate evil is to eradicate the cause.

In every city are individuals who habitually break the law, whose business calls for law-breaking, whose every interest is to induce officials to overlook their offenses and permit the continued practices that are in the very face of the mandate of the people.

These individuals are confessedly outlawed from the society of good people. They are self-confessedly proper subjects for the public prison. They are admittedly without the pale of the decent limits that must be drawn around those who honestly strive to maintain law and order and to keep inviolate the written will of the majority.

It is right that punishment be meted out to all who infract the law. But, if officials would accomplish something substantial, let them direct their efforts towards jailing those who furnish the organized means to break the law.

The sense of outraged decency in every community calls for more activity than is usually exhibited by officials. Always come in political considerations, arguments of men who ever keep before them the demands of their party, and who counsel courses that do not bring opposition from the powerful leaders of the law-breaking element. Yet, these very leaders are those who should be "gone after" by the representatives of the law, should be handled without official gloves.

ENDORSED BY HIS OWN VOICE.

Under the head "The Strange Case of Platt," who aspires to succeed himself as United States Senator, the organ of a Senatorial candidate here in Oregon makes the following reference:

"The irrelevance of such contentions is apparent to all. Their authors manifestly labor under the misapprehension that a man to be an acceptable Senator should have moral fiber and intellectual attainment; that he should understand something of the problems of the nation and of international affairs; that he should have capacity not only for politics, but for statesmanship; and that the recipient of the honor should stand so high that the office seeks him, instead of his having to secure it as the prize of assiduous and unscrupulous strife."

As it should be in New York it should be in Oregon, is what one reads between these lines. The editorial "we" appears to "point with pride" to itself.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

A bill for the reorganization of the State Land Board is all right, if it be drafted according to complete knowledge of the subject. However, The Journal doubts that the subject has been sufficiently clarified for the people. They know that abuses have existed, but do not know just what are the best means to correct them. It would not be improper to appoint a commission to inquire into the matter during the interim between the 1903 and 1905 sessions, with instructions to prepare a bill for presentation to the 1905 Legislature. There would then be a maximum of chances that wise action would be taken.

"Tracing my ancestry back I find nothing but trotters, with now and then a carriage animal," said the horse, "while I am the first degenerate thus far discovered. Blame me not, for when

I first arrived I was as fine a horse as ever went up Morrison street, but after eight months on Portland's highways I am now to take a position on an Albina milk wagon."

The Indrapura, arrived in on Sunday, will carry to the Orient the Oregon exhibit at the Osaka Exposition in Japan. It will be the first representation of this state in a foreign exposition, and will doubtless bring good results. It will insure that Japan send here a like exhibit, and cement the commercial relations between the Pacific Coast and the growing nation on the shores of Asia.

Wherever there is to be a session of a state Legislature, there will be an absorbing fight over election of a United States Senator. Oregon has a law, bearing the name of that uncompromising Republican, Mr. Mays, which makes it possible to obviate all troubles. Let the Legislature respect the Mays law, and the session this month in this state will be rid of all embroglios.

"German papers speak lightly of the Monroe Doctrine," say the cables that reach American newspapers. If Sir Charles Beresford be correct, England respects it, and most people believe that the United States and England are competent to keep the Monroe Doctrine effective, without the aid of any other nation in the world.

A large number of farmers in Washington County pronounce in favor of the $500,000 appropriation for the Lewis and Clark Fair. The sentiment of the people throughout the state is growing more and more insistent that the Legislature adopt the desired bill setting aside that sum for the exposition.

Properly drawn, the Marion County bill for the taxation of franchises should be adopted. It is modern in character, and is based upon the discovery that franchise rights constitute actual values given to corporations. People have been something like a thousand years in making this discovery.

Lest we forget.

The Journal gladly echoes the sentiment that a railroad down the Columbia gorge during flood times beats a road across a high mountain range. Vide, reports of washouts and landslides recently occurring to the north in the State of Washington.

Platt taught politics to Benjamin Odell. Now Odell proposes to wrest control of the New York machine from the venerable Senator, which constitutes the irony of fate for the aged boss.

County Clerk Fields' report shows a saving of more than $7,000 to the people of Multnomah County. It is a good showing, entitling him to commendation.

FRESH DAILY.

"And do you understand?" asked the Sunday School teacher, "why you pray for your 'daily bread?'"

"Oh, yes," replied little Elsie, "that's so we'll be sure to have it fresh."

SAYS PORTLAND SHOULD AWAKEN

"With splendid harbor facilities; with millions of dollars; with abundant opportunities, but without energy to take advantage of either,' is the way in which J. E. Chilberg, Seattle business man and Nome miner, arraigns Portland. "We laugh at the Columbia River Bar, up in our country," he said, "but we laugh at it because we have to do something to cover up our own shortcomings. There is nothing too good for Portland if Portland will but make the effort to secure it. Thus far that effort has been lacking."

"So you think Portland's money is stagnating?" asked a reporter for The Journal, who was interviewing the energetic Seattle man in his suite at the Hotel Portland.

"Put it in the past tense, most emphatically," was the quick retort. "Portland's capital has already stagnated. It has barnacles on it. Had that not been the case it would never have lain idle and allowed Seattle, which a few years ago was bankrupt and worse than bankrupt, to come to life."

Has Been a Shipper.

J. E. Chilberg is well known throughout the Pacific Northwest as a business man of ability. During the "hard times" years he went into Central America and, alone, worked up a trade that enabled a steamship line to be placed in operation from Seattle which netted thousands of dollars to those interested. Later he engaged in the transporation business with the Far North, but now has disposed of his shipping interests and expects to devote his future efforts toward developing mining properties which have come into his possession near Cape Nome, Alaska.

Returning to Seattle from a business visit to New York, Mr. Chilberg found himself stormbound at Spokane, and so changed his route to include Portland. He will leave this city tonight for San Francisco, where he is to attend a meeting of the Pioneer Mining Company, in which he is a large shareholder.

Millions In Nome.

"There are many millions still in the Cape Nome country," Mr. Chilberg said, "The surface of the ground has only been scratched over. But what remains will have to be secured by hard work. The day of scooping up gold by the hatful has passed. Wealth will only come to those who go after it in a scientific way. It is not the prospector but the corporation that will make money in the North in future."

Mr. Chilberg is deeply interested in the passage of laws which will permit of developing Alaska.

"There is some of the finest timber in the world up there" he said, "but it is worthless, because no man dares cut a stick. It belongs to the government and title cannot be acquired by an individual. The same is true of the grazing lands, of which there are large areas. Millions of head of cattle could be fattened there, but the laws have said it must not be. The sooner these laws are changed the better it will be for all persons and parties concerned, and for the Pacific Coast in general.

"Agriculturally, the Far North will prove a wonder when it becomes populated by a hardy race of people who are not afraid of work. It gets no colder there than it does in the Dakotas. It is true the summers are not so long, but there are 24 hours of sunshine in every day for a goodly portion of the time.

The Alaskan Trade.

"It may be hard to secure for Alaska legislation that will count in its favor, for the Congressmen and Senators in the East know absolutely nothing of the existence of such a place. The national Legislators of the Coast ought to stand together in their effort to secure the opening of Alaska, for when that is done there will be business enough for all."

"What do you think of Portland's opportunities to break into the Alaskan trade?" was asked.

"I think that Portland has as good a show as any place else, perhaps better, if she were not too slow to get into the race. Seattle would have no advantage over Portland, except, possibly, in the matter of shortening the run to favor passenger travel. The same country tributary to Seattle is open to Portland, and everything that can be shipped from there can be sent from this port as cheaply. The only thing is that Portland is, as I said before, stagnated. It ought to waken and get a hustle on."

THEATRE NO. 11

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—Elizabeth Kennedy in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."
The Baker—"Alabama."
Cordray's—"Sandy Bottom."
Fredericksburg—Vaudeville.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Marquam Grand—"Captain Jinks," Tuesday and Wednesday nights.
The Baker—"Alabama" for the week, with Saturday matinee.
Cordray's—"Sandy Bottom," for the week, with Saturday matinee.
Fredericksburg — Vaudeville every night.

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, who "fed his horse on corn and beans," and who "often lived beyond his means," and "who was captain in the army," was recalled from the old-time song by the presentation at the Marquam Grand of Clyde Fitch's satirical comedy, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Monday night. It is the piece in which Ethel Barrymore made so remarkable success, and it is the piece in which Miss Elizabeth Kennedy is making so great success just now. P. J. Kennedy is in the management of this company, and has furnished liberally for one of the best productions that has been here this season.

Clyde Fitch is writing some of the most successful plays of the period. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether any other playwright can boast so many successes among all modern dramatic writers. So that the Kennedy company start with a well-written play. When artistic acting is added, and scenic investiture is complete, and the audience is en rapport, success lacks no essential element. And such was the Monday night performance at the Marquam Grand Theatre. There were so few defects that it were hypercritical to point them out. Perhaps, in the first act, and somewhat in the second, there was a disposition on the part of some to slight their enunciation, and it was difficult to hear all of the lines. Correcting this defect in the work of the actors, there will be nothing left but praise for their performance. Too, some are prone to suggest to Mr. Babcock (Captain Jinks) that he read his lines just before the proposal to Mme. Trentoni for a trifle less comedy, upon the theory that a man would not be exceedingly hilarious a moment before offering his hand to the woman he loved. However, Mr. Babcock's handling of the part was so excellent, he has so good stage presence and he read so superbly that one feels like apologizing for hinting at possible defects.

Miss Kennedy has not one flaw in her acting, and her reading is beyond adverse criticism. She wins attention at the moment of appearance upon the stage, holds it throughout the play and adds sympathy so soon as she has made her way into the telling of the story.

It would not be just to leave Miss Kennedy's acting with this passive critique, and not convey the impression that she is magnetic and everything that the character demands. It will be voted by nine out of ten who were present Monday night that she has given one of the very best appearances that has been witnessed in Portland during the season.

Mr. Yale has the part of Charles Lamartine, and enacts the role successfully, as also does Mr. Lum with Augustus Bleeker Von Volkenburg, Mrs. Speer, Mr. Lindemere, Mr. Finch, Mr. Rennie and Mr. Harcourt, respectively, as representatives of the New York Herald, Tribune, Times, Sun and Clipper, were capable, and Harry Barton, as the newsboy, was a hit. Mr. Fenton, Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Bond were good, and Miss Lambert, as Mrs. Greenborough, was a feature of the play. The remainder of the cast is excellent.

Numbers of officers and ladies from Vancouver Barracks were present to witness the performance.

Chronologically, the play represents the time when Greeley and Grant were presidential candidates in 1872, and the Brighton bend and the enormous bustle are features of the costuming. It runs tonight and tomorrow night.

"Sandy Bottom," at Cordray's.

The "Sandy Bottom" Company finally reached Portland, after being detained in Seattle, and presented their play at Cordray's Monday night. It will be the bill for the week.

"Sandy Bottom" is laid in the South, and abounds in pretty scenes and wholesome sentiment. It is worthy of patronage by any one who desires to encourage cleanly dramatic work.

Miss Babcock, as Sue Mewson, displays ability, and Mr. French, as "Col. Carter," is exceedingly capable. The cast includes: Colonel Jed Carter, R. E. French; George Bowen, Jacques Caldwell; Amos Granby, J. E. Jackson; Dick Newsome, M. E. Whish; Minister Crandall, Eugene Gibson; Squire Blower, Maurice Wish; Bill Snooks, Al Jones; Joel Marks, W. S. Sanders; Zachariah, Edward Allen; Sue Newsome, Louette Babcock; Mrs. Crandall, Marie Clifford; Mammy Lyttleton, Eva Earl French; Little Bill Snooks, Little Dixie. And there is a balance of excellence that pleases the auditors.

The scenic investiture is appropriate and well produced, and the piece throughout was quite successful in every particular.

"Alabama" at the Baker.

Colonel Preston, an old planter ..... Fred Mower
Colonel Moberly, a relic of the Confederacy ..... William H. Dills
Squire Tucker, a Talladega County Justice ..... Carlyle Moore
Captain Davenport, a Northern railroad man ..... William Bernard
Mr. Armstrong, his agent ..... Wm. Lamp
Mrs. Page, a widow who thinks twice ..... Cathrine Countiss
Atlanta Moberly, Colonel Moberly's daughter ..... Lillian Rhoads
Mrs. Stockton, another widow ..... Mina Gleason
Carey Preston, an Alabama blossom ..... Elsie Esmond
Lathrop Page, a Southern boy ..... Howard Russell
Raymond Page, a party of business ..... Robert Siddle
Decatur, an ante-bellum servant ..... Bennett Southard

Augustus Thomas' "Alabama" was produced Sunday matinee and night and Monday night, at the Baker, and will be the bill for the week. Almost every theatre-goer has seen it before, yet few have witnessd a better or so good a presentation, as that which was given by the Neill Stock Company. The piece has a delightful Southern atmosphere, and is the scene of refined dramas, devoid of all melodramatic features. The staging is beautiful, especially in the third act, which shows a Southern moonlight scene, with the shimmering waters and the effect of luxuriant vegetation of that section.

Interest centered in the lead part, Captain Davenport, which was taken by Mr. Bernard. Mr. Wyngate would have been cast for the part had he been here. Regular patrons of The Baker kept exceedingly close watch of Mr. Bernard, and probably no actor ever appeared before a Portland audience to undergo so severe judgment. It was a supreme test.

Mr. Bernard met the test superbly. He fulfilled the requirements and won encomiums for his every climax, and for his dignified enaction of the entire role. He was flawless throughout, and gave a Captain Davenport that even so capable a man as Mr. Wyngate could not have produced. It was a far cry from Mink Jones of last week to the self-contained, masterful Davenport, and the success of Mr. Bernard proved his versatility once again. It was Mr. Bernard's triumph.

Fred Mower also gave a fine delineation as Colonel Preston, a line of parts in which he especially excels, and important to the structure of the play.

Miss Countiss appears as Mistress Page, a reposeful character, and one that received delightful rendition by Miss Countiss.

Mr. Lamp is giving a very fine Mr. Armstrong, winning new honors.

Mr. Dills was a strong Colonel Moberly, and Mr. Moore an excellent Squire Tucker. Mr. Russell as Lathrop Page, Mr. Southard as Decatur, Mr. Siddle as Raymond Page, Mina Gleason as Mrs. Stockton, Miss Esmond as Carey, and Miss Rhoads as Atlanta, were pleasing.

The theatre was crowded at all performances, and doubtless will be during the week.

"Down by the Sea" at Cordray's.

Blanche Preston ..... Fannie Curtis
Henry Melford ..... Elliot Dexter
Dixson Dwight ..... Walter H. Newman
Abe Elson ..... Ed Anderson
Hiram Preston ..... Daniel Reed
Joel Haynes ..... John M. Stevens
Sandy Webb ..... Joe Vernotsky
Phineas Locke ..... Edward Fielding
Josiah Winch ..... George Mansfield
Lena ..... Lillian Maye
Agnes ..... Josephine Sutherland
Edith ..... Little Josie Stevens

In place of "Sandy Bottom," Cordray's offered on Sunday and Monday "Down by the Sea," the latter company being detained here because of landslides on the Northern Pacific, between Spokane and Seattle, which sent them via Portland to reach Seattle, only to stop them here by later slides between here and that city. "Sandy Bottom" was kept in Seattle by the same causes, hence Portland and Seattle exchanged attractions.

Elliott Dexer, leading man, as Henry Melford, was the most competent member of the company, although Miss Curtiss was quite pleasing and there was a very good balance throughout the cast. The play involves the fortunes of people living in a seaside community, and the plot hinges upon the machinations of a rejected lover, and the convict father of the young wife of the successful wooer.

There is a thrilling scene in the fourth act, showing a storm and the progress of a yacht in the rescue of the husband and wife. Also in the last act there is some ingenious work in which the villains are worsted and the good people all reach the end of their troubles.

Pull Hunt, manager of the company, substituted for Ed Anderson, comedian, as Abe Edson, a Hebrew character. Mr. Anderson was ill at his hotel, and Mr. Hunt did quite nicely with a part for which he had practically no preparation.

The scenic investiture was good, and the play as a whole is worth seeing. Big houses greeted the company at all performances.

MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Down by the Sea," at Cordray's

Taken all in all the company that will present "Down by the Sea" at Cordray's next week is one of the very best on the road this season. This beautiful play makes no attempt to idealize or transfigure human nature, nor is it a play of deep motive and entangled plot. It is a comedy-drama of absorbing interest, a tender and diversified picture of life "Down by the Sea." Humor and sentiment are effectively commingled and the situations and climaxes, while surprising and thrilling, still possess a great degree of heart interest. The scenic effects are unusually magnificent and realistic, especially the great storm scene in Act 3. The company contains the names of some of the most prominent actors in the profession and the production has the endorsement of the critics of all the large Eastern cities where the attraction has appeared. The engagement here is limited to one week, beginning with matinee Sunday, January 11, with the usual ladies' and children's matinee Saturday.

"The Wrong Mr. Wright."

Thursday morning at 10 o'clock the advance sale of seats will be placed on sale for Mr. Harry Beresford in "The Wrong Mr. Wright," which comes to the Marquam Grand Theatre next Saturday night, January 10.

There is certainly a place open in the actors' hall of success for Harry Beresford, if the high praise meted out to this young eccentric comedian in cities where he has appeared may be relied upon. One of the big Eastern dailies says of his work: "An act from 'The Wrong Mr. Wright' is like a draught from a crystal spring. It recalls such names as Billy Florence, John T. Raymond and the good, old times when comedy was not confounded with knock-out acts and Humpty-Dumpty business." "As an eccentric comedian, Mr. Beresford may readily be placed on the first shelf and listed on the front page of the catalogue of fame," writes another contemporary. In Denver the press of that city accorded him a recognition that was deserved in every way. The News, The Times, The Post and The Republican of the Rocky Mountain towns vied with each other as to which could say the nicest things about the unassuming manners and the originality in his work. In Los Angeles The Times, The Herald, The Express and The Record all state that the whirlwind of success has surely struck this young man, one writer even going so far as to state that Mr. Beresford's characterization of Seymour Sites, the gay old San Franciscan, will surely fresco melancholy faces with smiles and chase the worst fit of blues back to Indigo. Mr. Beresford has in his company the support of Annie Leonard, a leading lady of repute where name is not unknown on this coast. Miss Emma Dunn, a clever ingenue, whose work in "The Wrong Mr. Wright" will surely win for her a lasting place in the memory of the lovers of pure, wholesome theatrical performances; Miss Nellie Lindroth, a bright, vivacious actress; Miss Marie Bishop, a California lady, whose work in the prominent playhouses of this section is well remembered. Among the male members of Mr. Beresford's support John C. Edwards, Alfred Rumble, Roy Leonard, Arthur Jarrett, Francis Webb and Harry Creighton are the most noted.

"War Is a Bountiful Jade."

In all ages the world has loved a soldier, and the songs of soldiers. In the opera-comique, "The Princess Chic," which will be gien at the Marquam Grand Theatre, Thursday and Friday nights, there is a soldier's song of love and war. Though written to be in keeping with the locale and period of the opera—Burgundy, 1463—it is in spirit as fit for now as then, particularly in the declaration, "War Is a Bountiful Jade."

War gives to her lover the soldier bold,
Plunder of country and town.
My lady's jewels, the miser's gold
And often a kingly crown.
He drinks of wine from the oldest cask,
In castles to sleep he lies,
And the wenches offer their blood-red lips,
And woo him with roguish eyes.

REFRAIN:

Then mend, mend, mend,
And polish every pike;
And hammer and sharpen
Each lancetip alike
And temper keen each blade,
Now peace aside is laid,
And war, war, war, is a bountiful jade.

The soldier has only to go and fight,
What matter the right or wrong;
'Tis a gay wild life of glorious strife
And its spice is wine and song.
And ever the wenches will trooping come,
The wenches with eyes aflame
With the tum, tum, tum of the warlike drum,
And the soldier is their game.

Ah, many a captive the soldier makes,
To hold for ransom dear;
And many a jeweled bauble takes
And riches in costly gear.
But the wealth he prizes most he finds
In the love of the wenches slim,
And their glances warm in calm or storm
Are fortune enough for him.

In a massive basso, but thrilling voice, it is sung by Joseph Miron. It is said that this stirring, swinging song has never received less than four encores since Mr. Miron introduced it to the public. The advance sale of seats opened this morning.

The Baker Next Week.

Next week's attraction at The Baker Theatre all next week, starting with the usual Sunday matinee, will be the Neill Stock Company in J. M. Barrie's famous play, "The Little Minister." "The Little Minister" is a play that needs little introduction, for those who have not witnessed a performance, have at least read the novel, a book which has had one of the greatest successes of any novel ever published. As for the play itself, it was accorded an ovation at every performance during the long run of the production in New York when Maude Adams played the part of Babbie. Next week's production at The Baker by the Neill Stock Company will be entirely correct in every detail and will be the same version as that used by Miss Adams.

ONCE HE DIED WORKING HARD

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Patrick Smith, 70, a mailwagon driver, fell from his seat after colliding with a truck yesterday afternoon at One Hundred and Seventy-first street and Third avenue and was instantly killed.

"Gentleman Smith," as he was known to his companions, was not always a mail driver. He had a splendid education, and in spite of his years had lost none of his vigor of intellect. His physical strength, too, was remarkable.

Some years ago Smith was rated by his friends as wealthy. He was reported to have made much money in Wall street, but reverses came and he lost most of it. He lived with his family, two daughters and a son, at No. 287 East Twenty-first street. About 15 months ago he announced that he was tired of remaining about the house with nothing to do. His children were amazed one day when he told them he had applied for a position as driver of a mail wagon. They protested that he was too old, but he declared that he had made up his mind to get out and work again.

His daughters denied last night that they had any ill-feeling against the old man. They had begged him not to drive a mail wagon, and had told him that they would always care for him.

The old man was determined. He left his home and took a hall bedroom at No. 408 Second avenue. His room was scantily furnished. To all appearances he lived in extreme poverty.

To the employes of the uptown stations "Gentleman Smith" was well known and well liked. He was fond of talking about his speculations in Wall street and his work as an expert accountant.

The old man started out from the Tremont station yesterday afternoon to drive down to the station at One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street. Just ahead of him on Third avenue at One Hundred and Seventy-first street was a truck driven by John Martin, of No. 303 East One Hundred and Fifth street. The horse attached to the mail wagon was going at a fast pace. Martin turned out of the way, but the fore wheel of the wagon struck the hub of the rear wheel of the truck.

The old driver toppled over from his seat. His body struck against a pillar of the elevated road. He fell heavily to the pavement and the rear wheel of his own wagon passed over him.

Those who witnessed the accident saw him get up and try to walk to the sidewalk. He fell again and was carried to a drug store, where he died before the arrival of a physician from the Fordham Hospital.

Martin was arrested and held on $1,000 bail. Mr. Smith will be buried from his former home in East Twenty-first street.

BIG "INJUN" VISITS NEW YORK

Peschlakai, the Navajo Indian chief who is touring the East to see the sights of the big cities, arrived in New York yesterday with his two wives and little son and daughter. Peschlakai is said to be the richest Indian in America, his wealth being estimated at $75,000.

Fresh from his flocks of sheep, numbering several thousand in the great sweeping pastures of Chacao Canyon, New Mexico, wearing his gaudy beads and shining silver bracelets, which he himself engraved with fantastic ornaments, the "sure-enough" chief of the Navajo tribe stood spellbound as the ferry-boat came across North River, furnishing a thrilling view of the metropolis for the red man and his family.

The sight of so much water amazed him. Out in New Mexico his eyes had been accustomed to nothing but wide stretching plains, beautful blue mountains and tranquil landscapes. Not a word was spoken by the enchanted family as they stood on the forward deck of the ferry-boat and looked up at the skyscrapers of lower Broadway. Gazing at the sky line and then at themselves and then at the bay all dotted with puffing craft, the Navajos attracted much attention. Even the children were silent as they crouched about their parents' knees looking on in open-mouthed wonder.

Peschlakai cannot speak English. He was met by a trader in hides and wool, who acted as interpreter for the chief and escorted him and his family about the city on a sight-seeing trip.

"What do you want to see most of all?" asked the interpreter, speaking in the chief's own language, a sort of mixture of Navajo and a low order of Mexican greaser lingo.

"The water—so much water," answered the chief in the same speech.

The redman and his family were taken to Brooklyn Bridge, where they could get a full view of the harbor. Looking down from the middle of the promenade into East River the man from the plains exclaimed with a sigh:

"Cudda!" which means "Enough!" Whether this was uttered in fear and indicated that the Indian wanted to get off the bridge, or whether it meant that he thought the sight was "the limit," was not quite clear. His two wives, Blar and Asuncio, clung to the chief and would not let go. The vision was quite too much for them. The little girl, Whispering Wind, and the boy, Standing Arrow, tugged at the skirts of their mother and began crying from fear.

Peschlakai wanted to visit Wall street. He had been told of the fortunes that are made and lost there in a day. He didn't know how they were made and lost, for his only view of getting rich was the sale of fine silver bracelets, which he makes with his own hands, and the trade in wool and sheep from his ranches.

"Sandy Bottom" at Cordray's.

Lillian Rhoads

"Alabama" at the Baker.

Lillian Rhoads

"Down by the Sea" at Cordray's.

Lillian Maye

"The Wrong Mr. Wright."

Lillian Maye

"War Is a Bountiful Jade."

Lillian Maye

BAKER NEXT WEEK.

Lillian Maye

CROSS PURPOSES.

The young man in the guise of an old farmer was consulting his particular girl, who was doing the fortune-telling act at the charity bazaar, and each had penetrated the other's disguise.

"You love a fair maiden," she said, inspecting his palm, "who will give you a severe jolt when you propose to her."

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, quickly recovering himself. "Then she will accept me!"

MANY HUNCHBACKS.

(Exchange.)

Spain has the most hunchbacks of any country. In one small village at the foot of the Sierra Morena there is one in every 13 inhabitants. France, in the neighborhood of the Loire, has a great many people suffering from deformed shoulders. It has been reckoned that there are 1,000,000 hunchbacks in the world at present.

There are only five survivors among the original framers of the Oregon Constitution.