

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Proprietors.
C. S. Jackson, Editor.

Address THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, 220 Tenth Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Portland, Oregon.

Entered as second-class matter, January 16, 1902, at Portland, Oregon, under post office number 100,000. Postage paid at Portland, Oregon, under post office number 100,000. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 16, 1902, at Portland, Oregon, under post office number 100,000. Postage paid at Portland, Oregon, under post office number 100,000.

Business Office—Oregon, Main 500; Columbia, 705.
Editorial Room—Oregon, Main 500. City Editor—Oregon, Main 250.

Telephone:
Main Office—Oregon, Main 500; Columbia, 705.
Editorial Room—Oregon, Main 500. City Editor—Oregon, Main 250.

THE JOURNAL, one year, \$3.00.
THE JOURNAL, six months, \$1.50.
THE JOURNAL, three months, \$0.75.
THE JOURNAL, by mail, per year, \$3.00.
THE JOURNAL, by mail, six months, \$1.50.
THE JOURNAL, by mail, three months, \$0.75.

FAVORS AT PUBLIC EXPENSE.

The County Commissioners of Multnomah County, looking around for ways and means to reduce the county burden, should be able to see that several thousand dollars a year could be saved by calling for bids for county printing, instead of allowing favored ones to exact all the traffic will bear, as is done at the present time.

The Journal will concern itself with county affairs quite extensively, with the sole view of bringing about a decrease in the taxpayer's burden, by the purifying influence of agitation and publicity, for the people of Portland and Multnomah County are not receiving the full fruits of their labor, as represented by their money, which they part with for county government.

Here in Multnomah County, the lesson has to be taught and learned, that good government does not cost much as bad government; that bad methods are wasteful, while good methods are economical.

The Journal will simply show to the line and let the chips fall where they may.

REAL CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The Republican party does not bother the man with a pen who is doing the writing for the morning edition of the local newspaper trust half as much as does the prospect that "if there is a vacancy in the United States Senate one of Oregon's votes there will be cast along with Rawlins and Tillman." The publication tapers Governor Chamberlain a left-handed compliment and then proceeds to abuse the Democratic party. Abuse of Democracy never made any enemies for the party, and illogical attacks, framed for the purpose of offsetting the appalling fact that there is not one chance left for securing the toga for Editor Scott, are not going to have any other effect than to make votes for the Democrats in this state.

The trust seems to forget that all the country is not fighting the civil war over again. The editor of the trust, and some of his writers, occasionally put on the pot-metal helmet and look to their matchlocks. But then they have lived the life and must not be blamed for having by their own journalistic concoctions been lulled into that sweet sleep that creates the kind of stuff that dreams are made of. The "copperheadisms of 1898" and the "financial heresies of '96" may and may not have lingering effect on the minds of those who still aspire to political favors, but then let us not forget that there are the mistakes of expansion and the errors of Porto Rico and Cuba also to bob up serenely at unexpected times, and why should we expect all of these persistent old ghosts of political mistakes to remain away from the trust feast?

Alas! Governor Chamberlain, that you were not born to sign bills and put through measures that build tall towers and make ancient newspapers flourish like a green bay tree. Alas! Governor Chamberlain, that you were not of that party that allowed Roosevelt to take San Juan Hill and General Shafter to telegraph for more troops. And, alas! and above all, Governor Chamberlain, that you are of that party that would not sit Harvey Scott in the Senate of the United States "if a vacancy should occur."

But do not fear, Governor Chamberlain, for the trust says you are real nice, aside from your "thin-skinned Bryanism," and your terrifying powers as a possible creator of a United States Senator. If barbaric hordes of the army of the ancients, the Huns of the modern age, the remnants of the army of by-gone days, assail you, put on a bold front and take a good smash at them with your slipper.

WORK WORTHY OF PRAISE.

The annual report of the Transportation Committee of the Portland Chamber of Commerce makes a gratifying showing to those interested in the work which it has fallen to the lot of this committee to perform—that of securing more advantageous railroad rates for shipment both to and from the City of Portland and the Northwest generally, and increased and improved facilities for handling the goods offered for movement.

No one who has watched the tariff war which has been waged before the Interstate Commerce Commission but that will rejoice at the co-operative conference that has been set for January 19. Such settlement, if one can be reached in this way, will prove of greater advantage and will be more lasting, because entered into willingly by both parties to the controversy. That the Portland Chamber of Commerce Transportation Committee was an instrument in bringing this about, brands it as a most useful institution, and had it done nothing else during the entire year, it would have been worthy of high praise for this act.

However, it has done more. It has taken up the matter of the Columbia Southern Railroad and after sifting the problem to the bottom, has urged upon the monied men of this city that they lend their means as well as their moral support to the carrying out of a project that would most certainly result in vastly increasing the business of the City of Portland as well as developing a portion of Oregon that would otherwise remain fenced off from modern ideas and modern methods.

The influence exerted by the committee to secure a steamship line from the Port of Portland toward the North and for the Coos Bay trade was also most commendable and did not fall through any lack of effort on the part of the committee to carry it through.

A continuation of such enterprise cannot fail to have result in the general betterment of Portland, and the work of Secretary Mears and those associated with him is deserving, not only of praise, but of emulation.

WHY PORTLAND'S INTERESTED!

Visitors to this city from the State of Washington express wonderment at the deep interest that is here manifested in the political preferences of the state that borders on our north. "Why, Portland people and Portland papers pay so much attention and have as much to say about Washington's Senatorial battle as about their own," these travelers say and marvel at their speech. Yet the cause is simple. In Washington it is a fight of the East against the West and of the railroads against those allied against them, Eastern Washington has a candidate in the field, and Eastern Washington is almost as much a part of Oregon as is that country inside this state's own borders which lies east of the Cascades. Then, too, Portland is a railroad center and will naturally be affected by the success or discomfiture of the railroads in the Washington war. What more reasonable than that this war should be closely watched?

For years Portland has been trained to look upon the vast grain fields of Eastern Washington as a portion of her assets. Yearly they send millions of bushels of rich, ripe wheat to provide employment for dock hands in this city and to build up a basis for that shipping trade of which we boast. Yearly Portland prospers or is depressed accordingly as the acres of Eastern Washington bear fruit. Politics is but a striving for that which will benefit. And when Portland sees that the districts tributary to her are attempting something which would be to their advantage, it is not natural that she should close her eyes and ears and hang up the curtains of her mind. She looks, and sees, and feels. And if she has her preferences, they are but natural.

BOTH PARTIES PLEDGED.

The passage of a flat salary law was advised by the outgoing Governor, T. T. Geer, and the incoming Governor, George E. Chamberlain, and the fact was cited that both political parties were pledged in the last campaign to the measure. There appears to be excellent legal warrant for holding the doctrine that the naming of a specific salary for a state officer in the constitution of Oregon was not meant to establish a maximum. On the other hand, as Governor Chamberlain shows by the citation of authorities, notably Ex-Governor Lord, the salaries named in the constitution are minimum and it is competent for the Legislature to assign to them such salaries as they shall see fit. Governor Chamberlain quite properly says to the people of the state, that it would be better openly and frankly to construe the law and raise the salaries, if at all, directly, rather than by indirection, as at present. Probably there will be no serious objections to carrying out the recommendations of Mr. Geer and Mr. Chamberlain.

The Government at Washington is taking a very calm view of the Venetian situation, considering the fact that the magazine writers are likely to turn themselves loose on it almost any time.—The Denver Republican.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

The women of New York City are preparing for their great bowling tournament. Apropos of this, it might be mentioned that a number of the members are opposed to the idea of calling it a bowling contest, stating as the reason that many men will misconstrue their intentions, and attempt to place their innocent game in a position that will warrant an attack from the anti-bowling element of the United States.

As the result of a sweetheart's quarrel, Miss Dora Meeks, of a small town in Illinois, went into a trance, out of which the greatest efforts have failed to arouse her. She is still enjoying her extended slumber of over a hundred days, and the physicians are wondering if the drowsiness was induced by a proposal or a jilt.

While W. F. Matthews is acting chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, he manages to make his marshaling almost as inconspicuous as himself.



The "glad mit" season is on.

Are there any more franchises that Portland wishes to give? The people are looking for a chance to get in at least one of them.

Now let us have clerks for the clerks and the raid on the treasury will be complete.



This snappy weather is enough to make any old skate "feel his oats."

The County Auditor is said to have always been a very poor hand at figures.

The secret session of a public body is a forerunner of "something wrong."

POOR MRS. ROOSEVELT.

(By E. E. E.)

Not content with criticising Mrs. Roosevelt's rearrangement of the White House, the women of the East are determined that she shall be cut off from entertaining her personal friends in any manner whatever.

Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt have been accustomed to giving an occasional informal tea for some out-of-town friend who happened to be in Washington for a few days. Result: Prominent women visited the capital and, hearing of the custom, expected to have a like honor conferred on them, although they were perfect strangers to the President's wife and daughter. Washington ladies began to feel slighted. Soon it was whispered about that the ladies of the White House were arranging a social freeze-out. It began to be contended that the President's wife should be as accessible as her husband.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a woman of much tact, and now that she is awake to the state of affairs, is expected to set matters right in some clever way. The President might stand for his rights, as ministers are beginning to do, and announce that his wife was not elected by the people, but came to Washington at his special invitation.

THIS AND THAT.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Benson are in Portland again, after a pleasant trip to Colorado.

The Misses Lavell, who are visiting in Spokane, were guests at a heart-party given by Mrs. R. B. Paterson Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. B. B. Dalton is home again. She was most delightfully entertained during her stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Farnsworth of Heppner are spending the week in Portland.

Mrs. Paul Hanson is enjoying a visit from her mother, Mrs. M. J. McAlpin, of Salem.

Mrs. C. B. Budd of this city has gone to Walla Walla, where she expects to remain about two months.

Mrs. Samuel Church is in Salem with her mother, Mrs. J. Murphy.

Thomas Callaghan returned last Monday to his ranch in Sherman County.

Mrs. C. C. Stratton is visiting at the home of Mr. C. H. Hall, in Salem.

Mrs. D. A. Faine left Eugene Tuesday to spend the rest of the week with friends in this city.

Mrs. J. E. Falt of The Dalles is visiting in Portland.

Mrs. McCarthy and Mrs. McCarthy went to Salem the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Garvia, two well known residents of Corvallis, have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. West of Astoria is in Portland visiting relatives. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Jeffrey are also up from the same city. Their daughter, Mrs. Herman Calif, is their hostess.

Mrs. William Deagle of Pendleton is visiting in the city, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Albright came down from Salem the last of the week to visit Portland friends.

There was a time when European nations didn't consider it necessary to come in bunches when they had a crowd to pick with an American country.—The Kansas City Journal.

READ NEWSPAPERS FOR THESE THINGS, THEY SHOW LIFE

There are no serious preached like those of actual experience. That is why it is a good thing to read newspapers. They tell you by actual facts the experiences of millions of men in all the situations of life. That is better than any precepts or moral teachings.

Sometimes a little item in a newspaper contains in 10 lines the whole lesson of human life.

There was one other day from a little town in among the Black Hills gold fields in South Dakota.

A prospector in that region had hunted up and down for 17 years for gold mines.

His whole life centered in that hunt. He abandoned his family and friends for it. He dwelt alone and suffered privations for it. He lived like a savage, denied himself the most ordinary comforts, gave up books and knowledge, wrote no letters and got none.

He wandered up and down the barren, forbidding region, his eyes on the ground, striving to find the dirt and rock for gold in the soil.

He spent 17 years in that way. In those years he never knew what joy was, or peace or content. He never cared about the sunrise or sunset; the stars meant nothing to him; the flowers in one season or the colored leaves in the next.

This man never knew what it was to have children about him or a home. He lived in a wretched cabin, cooked his own wretched food and had his own wretched self for company.

He never knew what it was to feel an interest in any other human being, but his mind was so busy with his search for gold that he never knew what it was to feel anything but the pleasure of doing something for himself.

The world meant nothing to him nor he to it. Nothing meant anything to him but the gold he hunted for with his eyes on the ground.

He hunted for it 17 years and at last he found it. He found a great deal of it—enough to make him rich.

The shock of joy burst a blood vessel in his brain and he died instantly. And that was the end of his 17 years' search.

We are not going to spoil the perfect sermon of that story by any comment except this: The man's life was utterly wasted and thrown away and barren, as the case stands.

It would have been just as barren if he had found the gold after 17 months instead of 17 years of hunting, and if he had lived instead of dying, unless he had some idea of doing something useful with the money.

He could have been useful and therefore happy without it.

This man seems to have been a fool, but we do not know that he is the only foolish person that will throw his life away in an idiotic pursuit this year.—New York American.

WHAT THE FAIR WILL DO FOR OREGON

By Geo. W. Kimes.

In reply, permit me to say that it will do far more for Oregon and the Pacific Northwest—the Oregon of the heroic explorers' day—than the most sanguine supporter of the enterprise can now conceive of, providing it is properly managed. Upon this the success of the Exposition depends. The character of the men at its head would seem to remove all doubt regarding their capacity for capable management from a purely business point of view. Whether they have a true conception of what the Exposition should be in an educational and aesthetic sense remains to be seen. Granting that they have, benefits will result as follows:

First—The addition of three quarters of a million people to the present population of Oregon, and a number to that at present in the boundaries of the original Oregon Territory.

Second—A much better acquaintance on the part of our own people with the possibilities and varied resources of our own state, with marked emphasis upon the necessity for the wise administration of our public utilities in order that the best results may accrue to the public.

Third—A greater degree of co-operation and enterprise in fostering manufacturing plants in order to make the most of our natural advantages, give profitable employment to the multitudes who are certain to come to the state, and in making remunerative connections with the markets of the world.

Fourth—A greatly broadened vision with respect to our duties as citizens of a great state and a great nation, coming through contact with people from other states, especially with those who have much to do with molding the highest form of public opinion.

Fifth—A more pronounced degree of civic and state pride, which will manifest itself in better streets, homes and better environments generally.

Sixth—The Exposition will awaken in us as a people a greater appreciation of the incomparable scenic advantages of our city and state, and of their transcendent worth in respect to their educational value in the foundation of character, and in the development of cultivated minds in literature, science and art.

Seventh—It will, tend to break down the narrow and unreasonable coast-wise jealousies that now exist, and bring together as a harmonious whole the entire national domain on the Pacific slope.

Eighth—It will emphasize as nothing else can the discovery of the Columbia river on May 11, 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, the title deed to American possession of the Pacific Coast, the first of the great American discoveries, projecting the first exploring party of the nation, the splendid energy with which Lewis and Clark executed their trust, and, last of all, the true American spirit which, through the pioneers, occupied the land and set up civil government—achievements among the most notable in the world's history.

A character that never fails to provoke genuine mirth, and is of the highest order. The sentiment is extremely beautiful and of an all-absorbing nature. The stage settings are magnificent, and will be greatly admired by the spectators.

Every part in "For Fair Virginia" is exceptionally strong, and the members of The Nell Stock Company will be seen to a splendid advantage, individually and collectively. Seats are selling rapidly, so a word to the wise is sufficient.

"A Gambler's Daughter" is the title of a play that has scored a success this season unprecedented in recent years, and it is to be given here in all its entirety by the original company which first carried it on to prosperity and popularity. It will be produced next week, commencing Sunday matinee, at Cordray's, and it is certain to play to packed houses.

"The Auctioneer" by David Warfield. One of the very best character studies ever seen in Portland was that of David Warfield in "The Auctioneer" at the Marquand Grand, which is to be the bill for tomorrow matinee and night, as well as for tonight.

David Warfield is a man of great personal observation, and he has acquired the genuine manner of speech. He gives just as good a Simon Levi as anyone in the city. He is a man of great give. And yet he was formerly an usher in a San Francisco theatre and is one of the Coast actors who have gone to the West and made hits. He made his New York debut in the role of Simon Levi, the hall mark of a New York success with his production.

Simon Levi is a work of art, with transitions from pathos to comedy, like the impressions of a great artist. He is shown with highly developed tendencies to secure profit from customers at any cost, yet beneath the covering of apparent rapacity is a genuine human being with kindness and loyalty and courage.

The supporting company was good, especially Mrs. Eagan as David's mother, Mrs. Callahan as his wife, and Miss Tyler as a charming Helga and Mr. Sullivan as Dick who is needed.

"The Auctioneer" will warrant more laughter and tears following in close succession than any play that has appeared in Portland for many a day. It will fill the Marquand Grand at all three performances during the remainder of the week. It will be a matter of standing room only, and should be.

Matinee at The Baker. There will be a matinee tomorrow afternoon at The Baker in "The Little Minister," which has made a distinctive hit during the week.

Matinee at the Marquand Grand. David Warfield will give a matinee at the Marquand Grand tomorrow in "The Auctioneer."

Managers' Announcements. Great satisfaction is being expressed on all sides over the announcement that the next production at The Baker Theatre by The Nell Stock Company is to be that great play, "For Fair Virginia."

At the Baker. There will be a matinee tomorrow afternoon at The Baker in "The Little Minister," which has made a distinctive hit during the week.

Matinee at the Marquand Grand. David Warfield will give a matinee at the Marquand Grand tomorrow in "The Auctioneer."

Managers' Announcements. Great satisfaction is being expressed on all sides over the announcement that the next production at The Baker Theatre by The Nell Stock Company is to be that great play, "For Fair Virginia."

At the Baker. There will be a matinee tomorrow afternoon at The Baker in "The Little Minister," which has made a distinctive hit during the week.

Matinee at the Marquand Grand. David Warfield will give a matinee at the Marquand Grand tomorrow in "The Auctioneer."

Managers' Announcements. Great satisfaction is being expressed on all sides over the announcement that the next production at The Baker Theatre by The Nell Stock Company is to be that great play, "For Fair Virginia."

At the Baker. There will be a matinee tomorrow afternoon at The Baker in "The Little Minister," which has made a distinctive hit during the week.

Matinee at the Marquand Grand. David Warfield will give a matinee at the Marquand Grand tomorrow in "The Auctioneer."

Managers' Announcements. Great satisfaction is being expressed on all sides over the announcement that the next production at The Baker Theatre by The Nell Stock Company is to be that great play, "For Fair Virginia."

At the Baker. There will be a matinee tomorrow afternoon at The Baker in "The Little Minister," which has made a distinctive hit during the week.

Matinee at the Marquand Grand. David Warfield will give a matinee at the Marquand Grand tomorrow in "The Auctioneer."

DEATHS ON THE DESERT

By Paul De Kany.

Death on the desert is naturally sadder than when the unfortunate breathes his last on a comfortable bed surrounded by ministering friends. But some of the deaths that have occurred on the Oregon desert carry with them stories of the most heroic class. The piles of rocks at different points on the plains tell of many of these. Many of the names of victims are lost and their last sleeping places would be lost also but for the precaution in piling these rocks upon their graves.

The rocks were not piled there as monuments, however, but to protect the dead from the prowling coyotes. If buried in the sands of the desert and left only thus protected the coyotes would dig out the bodies and devour them within 24 hours. For this reason those who have died on the desert have been placed deep below the surface and stones piled upon their graves to prevent the marauding beasts from disintering their remains. Along the old Oregon trail these mounds still mark the way, and near many a deserted camp in the desert may be found this evidence of a sad story.

John Henderson. Just across the Malheur River from the town of Vale, the county seat of Malheur County, there is a number of these mounds. The mounds on the old Oregon trail used to stop at this point to rest their horses and repair their wagons; and they were also compelled to stop here during high water times and wait until the river became fordable. Then they stopped here to nurse their sick and rest their horses. There were many such places. Here both kinds of water could be obtained. Along the banks of the river at this point hot springs boil out from the banks, the water from which is so hot that a continual stream of vapor shoots up into the air as the boiling water mingles with the cold air. These springs were used by the immigrants for medicinal purposes. In fact, they have long been useful for many purposes. The Indians in early days also used them to boil their food, and the ranchers use them today in scalding their hogs at butchering time.

At the foot of a mountain near this point is a grave far away from a group of other graves. A large boulder, part of the great heap of granite that furnishes the foundation for the mountain, is its monument. There are many such mounds. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing of the circumstances of his death. The grave and the monument are the only things left to tell the story. One is as familiar with the mounds as with the mountains. Whether he died here from disease, was killed by accident, murdered by the Indians, or whatever the cause, the mounds tell the story. It is evident that his companion, or companions, gave him the best burial within their power and then proudly chiseled out his name and the date of his death that he might not occupy an unknown grave.

Vanator Canyon. Leading out from a great basin surrounded by an irregular border of mountains and ridges, the east boundary line of Lake County, is a deep canyon which leads out in a zig-zag course to another plain. There are many canyons leading out from this basin, but this one is the most noted, by reason of the history which gave it its name. The basin covers many thousands of acres of ground, and upon approaching it in summer, from the distance it looks like a vast snowfield. The traveler knows this cannot be true, for the thermometer rises far above the 100 in the shade, and a shade can be found. It might be called the "death valley" of Oregon but for one redeeming feature.

In spite of the alkali that lies deep upon the surface and blinds the eyes during the summer wind storms, giving the whole country the appearance of snow, the distance and the appearance of vast line kins at a nearer approach, near the center of the plain a large spring of pure water flows forth and is drunk up by the alkali dust, but not until it has flowed some distance and formed a small lake, which is designated on the map as "Alkali." It is there the death of the man for whom the canyon was named, whose remains would be found a few miles from the place after a fearful death from starvation and thirst.

Old man Venator, of Lakeview, Oregon, who is about 75 miles from Alkali, started alone on horseback into this region in search of horses that had wandered away. After he was absent many days his friends became alarmed and went in search of him. For a number of years the man had been a wanderer, and the head of an influential family. After many days the horse he had ridden was found near this spring in the center of the alkali beds browsing on the runty, dry grass. The saddle was still on the animal and a fragment of rope about its neck showed that it had broken loose from some place at which it had been tied.

The back trail of the horse was followed into the mouth of the canyon many miles distant. Here the other fragments of the rope were found tied to a juniper bush which told a story. The horse had been tied there and when the biting pangs of hunger and thirst could be endured no longer it had thrown its strength against the rope, broken it, and made its way to grass and water with minimal instant.

The search was then renewed for the lost man. Finally his tracks were found leading along the foot of the rimrocks, at first, and afterwards leading out into mid-desert. Then they found where he had paused and walked about in a circle. Then the trail led out again in another direction, the feet having sunk to their ankles in the soft alkali sands.

Then they came to a place where the beaten soil at intervals along the trail. They ranged in depth from six inches to two feet, and the marks showed that it had been done by means of a pocket knife and the naked hands.

A Horrible Death. They at last came upon his body which showed that he had died an agonizing death. He had removed one of his boots and placed it under his head. He still clasped his pocket knife, and by his side there was a deep hole which he had dug in his delirium, doubtless meaning that he might obtain water in this way. The irregular marks of the last knife-stroke were still visible in the hole he had dug, which showed that to his last breath he had faintly pined the instrument.

Since that time the canyon has borne his name.

Harrison Gulch. Still farther into the heart of the desert, 25 miles from the same place, is a narrow gulch that begins at the foot of a mountain and leads off through the foothills and finally opens at the foot of the desert. The gulch is called "Harrison's Gulch." This is the central point of the winter range. Only through the winter months may any living thing be found there. Then when sheepmen can find water in the mountains and gulches bordering the level plain about the place they send their hands of sheep here where they can find water and feed on the grass and shrubs that grow at the foot of the sage brush that creeps out from beneath the rocks. It is a hundred miles to the homes of the sheepmen, and all winter long the herders and campers are alone, except from an occasional visit by a stockman or the monthly calls of the packer who brings fresh supplies.

A Sudden Death. A few years ago a man giving his name as "Harrison" applied in Lakeview for employment. He was a hard worker and reliable and he and the herder got along handsomely. Late one evening, after the arrival of the herder with his flock, Harrison started out to butcher a young sheep for their use. Suddenly he rushed into the tent as pale as death and informed the herder that he was sick. He took some rest, but the next morning he was found dead. The herder tried to revive him, but he was dead. In a few minutes he sank and died from heart failure without uttering another word.

Kept Body for Many Days. The herder could not leave his sheep to go for assistance. The coyotes would have pounced down upon them and destroyed the band which was worth several thousand dollars. He placed Harrison's body high up in the wagon where the level plain about the place they send their hands of sheep here where they can find water and feed on the grass and shrubs that grow at the foot of the sage brush that creeps out from beneath the rocks. It is a hundred miles to the homes of the sheepmen, and all winter long the herders and campers are alone, except from an occasional visit by a stockman or the monthly calls of the packer who brings fresh supplies.

Identify Never Discovered. Among the effects of the deceased was found a letter from a small child. It addressed him as "Papa" and spoke of longing to see him, but the place of residence was not given. The letter was also torn and the name of the child was not given. Harrison was a man of great personal observation, and he has acquired the genuine manner of speech. He gives just as good a Simon Levi as anyone in the city. He is a man of great give. And yet he was formerly an usher in a San Francisco theatre and is one of the Coast actors who have gone to the West and made hits. He made his New York debut in the role of Simon Levi, the hall mark of a New York success with his production.

Simon Levi is a work of art, with transitions from pathos to comedy, like the impressions of a great artist. He is shown with highly developed tendencies to secure profit from customers at any cost, yet beneath the covering of apparent rapacity is a genuine human being with kindness and loyalty and courage.

The supporting company was good, especially Mrs. Eagan as David's mother, Mrs. Callahan as his wife, and Miss Tyler as a charming Helga and Mr. Sullivan as Dick who is needed.

"The Auctioneer" will warrant more laughter and tears following in close succession than any play that has appeared in Portland for many a day. It will fill the Marquand Grand at all three performances during the remainder of the week. It will be a matter of standing room only, and should be.

Matinee at The Baker. There will be a matinee tomorrow afternoon at The Baker in "The Little Minister," which has made a distinctive hit during the week.

Matinee at the Marquand Grand. David Warfield will give a matinee at the Marquand Grand tomorrow in "The Auctioneer."

Managers' Announcements. Great satisfaction is being expressed on all sides over the announcement that the next production at The Baker Theatre by The Nell Stock Company is to be that