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THE MAN OR THE LAW?

In the eyes of the nation South Carolina is disgraced. Whatever be the merits of the Tillman-Gonzales political feud there can be but one verdict by the jury of public opinion on the crime of Thursday last.

That the second executive officer of a sovereign American state should ignore the law he is sworn to enforce and deliberately attempt the murder of a political rival seems almost beyond belief. Yet this spectacle was presented on the streets of Charleston within the very shadow of the state's capital building.

Lieutenant-Governor Tillman is a politician. That is, one who seeks to participate in the machinery of government ACCORDING TO LAW. Elected by the citizens of South Carolina to possibly fill the position of the man selected as the chief executive of the state to enforce the laws of the state, the public had a right to believe that Tillman was something better than those who are regarded as beyond the pale of society. Yet he has seen fit to ignore his duties as a public official, even his duty as a citizen of the commonwealth, and to place himself in the category of those who term themselves anarchists.

The anarchist does not believe in law. His peculiar philosophy has, as a center and circumference, the theory of each man for himself—individual "rights" and individual action to maintain these "rights." Against this theory is opposed the experience of the ages, that THE WILL OF THE MAJORITY, EXPRESSED IN WHAT WE TERM LAW, SHALL CONSTITUTE THE STANDARD OF ACTION FOR SOCIETY.

Tillman should be branded as an outlaw. Whatever provocation he may have had, or fancied, the statute books of the state of which he is an officer provide a remedy, through the courts, which he, like any other citizen, could have taken advantage of. Instead of this, instead of resorting to the courts for relief or satisfaction, this Lieutenant-Governor of an American state chose to resort to the unlawful methods of the assassin, the anarchist, the individual whom it is the object of the law to suppress.

His high position but accentuates his offense. If those who are charged with the duty of enforcing the law and preserving a peaceful state of society show by example a contempt for the law, what can be expected of those whose limited intelligence has made them malcontents, dissatisfied with the reign of law, as affecting themselves?

Tillman and all others of the Tillman stripe should be effectually squelched.

CORRUPTION MUST GO.

It is rather amusing to the average taxpayer to note that the evening edition of the newspaper trust hurries to the defense of the Legislators who favored the appropriation for a useless body of clerks for the Legislators. In an editorial that appeared in the issue of January 16, the trust says: "In comparison with the running expenses of the California Legislature those of Oregon are exceedingly moderate."

The Legislature of California is notoriously in the business of spending the people's money and about the worst example that could be advanced as a standard of comparison. The Journal cannot understand how it is possible for a publication asking the support of the people of Oregon to fly to the aid of such a measure as was recently introduced in direct violation of an existing law. Aside from the abuse to which the taxpayers are subjected by the vote to employ useless clerks, why should lawmakers undertake to break the law?

Has it come to that that Oregon must submit to such "lawmaking as will compare favorably with California?" Is the state to shape its destinies by the corrupt Legislatures that have disgraced our sister state and called forth the unanimous protest of her citizens? Does the newspaper trust represent anything but its own selfish ends, and the City and County printing, that it may secure by "standing in?"

If this is the sort of journalism and legislation that the people of Oregon want, then The Journal is very much mistaken in the community, but the publication has just that much faith in the good sense of Oregon people to feel assured that such methods must down and that the days of the trust, and the corrupt ordinances and "laws" it protects, are nearly at an end.

TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRATS.

Senator Vest of Missouri, a Democratic veteran, led the Democrats in forcing action upon the free coal bill in the upper national House. It was his advocacy that brought results. It was his courageous presentation of the convincing facts, his intense yet reasonable plea that moved the other Senators.

Ben Tillman addressed the Senate. He addressed them as usually he does, and brought forth his pitchfork with which to throw great masses of words into the faces of the opposition, telling truth withal, yet telling it in such manner as to create opposition rather than support.

Vest has steadily kept the free coal bill before the people and has compelled the House and the majority Senators to recognize the plain duty they owed to the suffering people. The majority yielded with regret that they were thus forced. They had temporized and debated and filibustered, the while thousands were actually suffering from lack of fuel. In the freight yards of the Jersey Central at Jersey City stood thousands of tons of coal owned by the coal trust, and held at prices practically prohibitive. Poor people could not buy coal at such prices. People in relatively comfortable circumstances were pinched to the line of economy by the high cost of the small quantity of coal they were permitted to purchase.

Yet the majority Senators and Representatives sat in the halls of the nation's Legislature and did nothing. Wealth-plundered men owning stock in the coal roads and companies refused relief. They brutally kept up prices of coal, kept it up beyond the limit of legitimate profit. They continued to fatten off the necessities of the people, when already they were fat to bursting.

Perhaps relief would have come. Perhaps President Roosevelt's desire for action along that line would have been respected. Yet weeks passed, weeks filled with stories of desperation in those regions wherein winter brings severities of weather.

Why did men stop trains and take therefrom coal to warm their homes? Senator Pierce of Umatilla and

Morrow Counties, voted against the McGinn resolution the other day, although he was reported to have voted for it. The McGinn resolution was to provide a stenographer for every Senator, which would employ 30 stenographers. The stenographers for the Legislature receive \$5 a day. The McGinn resolution passed, and it was almost the first real contest of the session. Senator Pierce's proposition for a compromise was the rational view, inasmuch as the Kuykendall law does not provide sufficient help, and there is no need of a stenographer for every Senator. Senator Pierce proposed adding a half dozen stenographers, but failing in that, both he and Senator Smith, of Umatilla County, voted against the resolution when it was finally placed upon passage.

Will the Legislature pay heed to Governor Chamberlain's recommendation for a reappointment of the state? The Governor's remarks upon that subject were bravely made; and he passes it up to the Legislature to decide whether or not there is ordinary justice in the accredited body of Oregon law makers. Democrats will be justified in citing refusal to correct this crowning abuse as evidence against the majority party.

The Isthmian canal commissioners each receive \$1,000 a month with traveling expenses added. How many of them ever earned \$1,000 a month at any other business? Up to February 28, 1902, the total amount paid in salaries was \$225,230. The total traveling expenses had mounted up to \$138,000, or \$182,000 for the nine commissioners. The salaries and traveling expenses in all were \$387,230.

Here's an idea for Mark Hanna—if the South American affairs become really serious, let Hanna go West, organize a Rough Rider regiment, and then when the time comes for the presidential nomination in 1904 he can do a little heroizing himself.

After all, people today are not very highly civilized. Mascagni has enriched the world with compositions that will survive many a generation. His "Cavallera Rusticana" alone is enough

baffle him to a place among the Immortals. Yet, when he came to the United States, he had trouble with his business managers, and was compelled to abandon his tour, there was nothing but hardness towards him and not a word was heard expressive of sympathy. Mascagni made some mistakes when he arrived from Italy, but the trifling errors he committed are not sufficient to outweigh the contributions he gave to the world's music. The savage manner in which people in these United States took delight in the sufferings of another was proof that after all we are not really civilized.

Think of Matt Quay being in control of the Pennsylvania Legislature, so that he may elect himself, or compel the Senators and Representatives to vote for him for the upper national house! Here we have a political spectacle, a disgrace to the country as well as to the Republican party, of which Quay continues an influential member.

The chief recommendation of Idaho's new Senator, W. B. Heyburn, in the opinion of a most excellent gentleman, is that he voted a straight Republican ticket, and that he is fat, big and healthy and has always chased office. The Journal thought that being "straight Republican" while excusing in many cases, is almost inexcusable.

If you'll study the committee assignments of Speaker Harris and President Brownell in House and Senate, you may be able to understand the combinations that were effected by each one of them in winning their fights. This will be a correct criterion, unless there be no such thing as rewards in politics.

The new county of Stockman was referred to the delegations in the Legislature from both districts involved, which means that they must settle their local fights before attempting to mix the law-making body of the state in the matter of which other people in the state care nothing. This is well.

Imagine Russell Sage with a valet! Mrs. Sage is said to have provided him with one, and he is said to have submitted without making a scene. Russell Sage with a valet! There was not more humor in all of Twain than is wrapped up in that short sentence.

If Senator Miller of Linn County does not secure passage of his bill for reappointing the state, according to just district lines, it will be because the majority determines that there shall be no adequate representation of the minority.

J. Pierpont Morgan is going to take a house in Washington. Apparently the Washington climate suits Morgan, and certainly the customs current there are to his liking, especially those followed by the government.

Andrew Carnegie will endow 800 libraries in addition to those he already has endowed. Mr. Carnegie fell sick the other day and was affrighted at the prospect of dying rich, says the Globe-Democrat.

Bret Hart died worth \$2,000, died in England, where he preferred to live. He should have lived in Indiana. In that state men of Hart's stamp seem to get along very nicely.

Senator Quay would better look out or he'll lose popularity with the politicians. Quay recently called attention to the fact that his party had made some platform pledges.

Portland is to bring the livestock convention here, in the year 1904. Her delegation to Kansas City was more lively than anyone here thought it would be.

Germany is said to seek our friendship. Her new minister says so. She has abandoned that warlike program and is now making love to the United States.

Marconi, Mascagni and Duse—three Italians. What would the American newspapers have done without them during the past few weeks?

It is claimed that the real reason Castro quit was that he heard of the poem Rudyard Kipling was about to write on the Venezuelan war.

The Chicago Tribune says that Monroe rhymes with go, and that it may be necessary to call some European nations' attention to this fact.

Germany and the United States were scowling at each other, but not enough to warrant sending back the scarfpins Prince Henry gave us.

It has not yet been decided whether Castro will write a book or go upon a lecture tour.

There is a man known to his neighbors by the appellation of McSorley. He is the meanest man in Christendom. Recently, at a cheap restaurant, during luncheon's busy hour, he was enjoying a

piece of pie, when he observed a customer waiting for his seat when he had finished. In order to spite the fellow he ordered a third portion of pie. Now he is in bed, suffering from an attack of acute indigestion. Hurrah for the piece of pastry!

LIFE ON BAKER'S BAY
By Paul De Lancy.

Baker's Bay, which is located at the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Washington side, is gradually filling in. It was at one time the most important port on the Columbia. Deep-sea vessels passed that way and anchored in the bay with safety, while flat-bottom steamers can only navigate a small portion of the bay now, and then they have to run with the tide.

The filling in of the bay began with the building of the present government jetty, and later may become high and dry land.

An island is forming at the mouth of the bay, and the continually driving sands are passing over and around this island, filling up Baker's Bay as completely as if the work were being done for that purpose. The main channel of the river once ran along where this island now is, and this kept Baker's Bay more or less deep. In those days deep-sea vessels ran so close under the rocks of Cape Disappointment that people standing on the cape above could have easily hurled stones on the deck below. Now they pass in and out through the channel, more than a mile away.

The jetty is an error. He thinks the jetty is combating nature, instead of assisting it, and assigns the mistake in building it where it is as the cause of the unfortunate conditions in navigation at the mouth of the great river.

In early days the pilot boats lay behind Cape Disappointment in the waters of Baker's Bay, where they were within a few miles of the bar and at the same time sheltered in safety. When a ship was sighted it took but a short time to place a pilot aboard, in good weather, and guide her over the bar.

Old Pacific City. In those days a city sprang up on the cape near where Fort Canby now stands and rose to a population of about 2,000. The place was laid out in lots and streets and alleys and all classes of business were established at the place, which bore the name of "Pacific City." It was regarded as the coming metropolis of the Northwest Pacific country and town lots advanced to an enormous price. All boats led to Pacific City in those days, but today the spot faces seawater, and there is not a house or even a corner stone to show where old Pacific City stood. There is a pile of sawdust near the place and this is said to have been made by an old sawmill that sawed the lumber for the building of the ancient city.

But still prior to this date, Baker's Bay had experienced more lively and exciting scenes, and around it clusters many reminiscences of those days. There are a few old-timers who still recall the days of the Hudson Bay Company, the times when only a few boats entered the harbor, and these were from around the Horn, when Indian pilots were used, when the old trading post stood on the hill overlooking the bay, and when Indians came here from many points and held their peace-meetings; and stories of battles and bloodshed are also told.

High up on a hill overlooking the town of Ilwaco, the main town on the bay, now stands one of the most historic houses in the state. It was once the home of a trader by the name of Johnson. He grew wealthy trading with the Indians, and also made money off of the ship owners in early days, as he controlled a host of Indian pilots whom he sent out to meet the ships and pilot them in, for which he charged large fees. The Indians worked for a small price and took their pay out in trade, most of which consisted in a cheap grade of "firewater." Captain Johnson, as he was called, was from the State of Maine and grew up upon his father's mill near the old home. He longed for a house in which such as he had spent his childhood. There were no sawmills in this country then, but the more Johnson thought of it the more determined he was to have a home like the old Maine house. He wrote a letter to the old home and ordered the home house duplicated and shipped in parts to Baker's Bay. It took a long time and cost lots of money, but the intrepid "Captain" was finally rewarded by seeing a ship arrive with his house aboard. It had been carefully constructed in sections, each part numbered so that the unskilled workmen of the frontier had no trouble in putting it together.

The wood is a native of Maine, and the work was all done by hand. The paneled in the doors, the window sashes, the old-style tongue-and-grooved ceiling, the railings around the veranda and the staircase, are interesting features to the modern carpenter.

Another enterprising citizen would not be outdone by the trader, and he, too, ordered a house from the State of Maine and shipped it around the Horn and the one on the hill above Ilwaco is the only one of these relics that remains.

Digging For Buried Treasure. After Johnson had completed his house, which cost, it is said, more than \$20,000, he began to hoard his wealth. There were all classes of people around him, and he lived in continual fear of being robbed, and to prevent this buried his money on the premises. It was well known that he had many thousands of dollars buried on the place, some people considering \$100,000 a conservative estimate. This was given as the amount by his half-breed son, who, it is claimed, kept tabs on his father's accumulations. Johnson died suddenly, without making any will or divulging the hiding place of his money, and since that time the whole hill has been prospected over by persons in search for the buried treasure. There is scarcely a foot of ground that has not been examined and great holes about the place give it the appearance of a California pocket-picking operation. Every day scores of men come out anew, and people from Portland and other points take a round at searching for Johnson's buried treasure. But no one has ever found one cent.

Sad Fate of a White Man. The Ilwaco Indians who inhabited this section were a peaceable tribe. They lived by fishing and hunting, and were the friends of the white men. Inter-marriage took place between the early trappers and these Indians, and many of the present generation of white men are of Indian blood. The Quinalt tribe, and the Quinalt tribe, which lived farther to the north, was a warlike and bloodthirsty band. The Quinalts would come in their large canoes over the stormy waters of the Pacific and enter the Columbia River and sweep everything before them. They were of a semi-civilized nature and were supposed to be at peace with the white men, but when once they arrived at Baker's Bay and procured a supply of "firewater" from Johnson, then they took charge of the section of country and ran things in true Indian style. A white man who lived with an Ilwaco squaw a few miles up the bay tried to be friendly with all of the Indians and his home was made a sort of central point.

One of the Quinalts had a grievance against one of the Quinalt chiefs and they chanced to meet at this place. Late in the night he stabbed the young chief to death and stole away. It was not a day before the murder was discovered. The Quinalts, fired with whiskey and indignation, charged the white man with the deed and took him to the bay, where they stripped him of his clothing and laid him on some drift wood in the hot sun. He was then turned over to the squaws, and for three days they kept up a torture unequalled for its barbarity and severity. While lying bound upon his back on a knotty log the Indian women placed a pole across his throat and "saw-sawed" on it until his last breath was gone, when they would release him and permit him to recover. This they kept up until life was almost extinct and he was almost a living man. Besides, they cut slits in his body and almost flayed him alive. They finally abandoned him to rest themselves, and his pitiful cries brought a white man to his side who recognized him. He begged his friend to kill him, but the latter refused to do it. He begged then for just one swallow of water, and when his friend had gone to the water's edge and brought water in his hat and was bringing it to him the Indians appeared and drove him away and completed their work.

It was useless to attempt to punish them, as they held the balance of power. A lone grave near the old cabin which still stands on the little plot of ground is the last reminder of this sad story.

A Treacherous Act. On another occasion two Quinalts visited the place. They were out of ammunition and hungry. They called at a cabin and asked for food, and it was given to them. They then asked their host for enough powder to load their guns. He handed them his powder horn and, after loading their guns, one of them turned and blew his brains out, and they took all of his ammunition and without making any provision as they could carry it off. This bloodthirsty tribe, it is claimed, was guilty of the famous massacre at the mouth of the Columbia in the early days, in which the Indians went aboard a vessel and killed every man on the ship. Many other charges are made against them by the old-timers that have never been published in the history of the country.

This is a perfect likeness of the late canine prodigy that has made his entrance into local barking circles. On account of this dog being cross-eyed, his

master wishes it announced that people never need fear when he barks loudly, for the animal is constantly looking the other way.

Crabbedness and Nerves. I cannot understand deliberate un-happiness, a habit which is a disbeliever in the theory that "pain is good for you, therefore bear it patiently." I believe in making a fuss about it that will bring the doctor and the neighbors, and in getting rid of it by something vehement in the mustard-plaster line. And as to staying where you are uncomfortable—I would a thousand times rather fly to the perils that I know of than to bear the ill that I have. If there isn't actual happiness in the world for all women, there is at least less discomfort somewhere else than where you are, so go and have for it. If she can walk, crawl or steal a ride from a set of environments which have had a bad effect on her nerves, I am in favor of a woman's going. Temper? Not half the crabbedness in this world is temper. It is mostly nerves, and nerves may be soothed, if not cured.

To tell the truth, I have the greatest sympathy for most so-called crabbedness, and so far from taking a high

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WHAT THE FAIR WILL DO FOR OREGON
By M. R. Wisdom.

What the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition will do for Oregon depends largely upon what the people of Oregon will do for it. Assuming that the Fair will have the hearty support of all of the people, and that it will be managed in the best interests of the purpose intended, it will mark a new era in our progress as well as commemorate our one hundredth birthday, practically speaking.

It should be made a grand reception of all people in the original Oregon to all the people of the civilized world, who will be invited to come, and partake of our hospitality. We should also extend a greeting hand to every nation of the world, as well as the people of the Eastern States, and say that we are glad to welcome them to our celebration, and when they come we should exhibit a spirit of hospitality that shall convince them of our sincerity. Let us treat them in such a manner that they will see that it is a celebration, and the event for a "good time," rather than a scheme originated for mercenary purposes, which has often proved the history of such institutions. Let us celebrate the occasion ourselves in a spirit due such an event, and our visitors will join us in the same spirit, and will always retain a warm place in their hearts for our glorious Oregon.

We have much to be thankful for; we are no longer isolated from the world; fast trains and swift ships have connected us with every nation and every portion of our own country. Geographical and political differences will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. We have built up in original Oregon a vast but intricate network of trade, and we are now a part of the world, have interested the civilized world in our industrial enterprises, which are growing to great proportions. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets require our urgent and immediate attention.

This exposition should bring men quick to see opportunities for capital and be the means of causing the investment of a large amount of additional capital, will prove of great benefit to the entire country. Foreign nations will send representatives who will make a careful study of our resources with a view of opening up trade along reciprocal lines. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must find a place abroad. The expanse must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everything we can and buy where ever the buying will enlarge our productions and sales.

We should make a strong effort to give a representative exhibit of all our products of commercial value, so that the visitors may see in a nutshell what we produce and what we export. If we do not, we are not doing our duty, and representative one, put our best foot forward in everything we do. Our visitors with open hands and let them know that we have the best country on earth, and that we know it, the results will be beyond our most sanguine expectations. I can use no better words to express the thought on this subject than those spoken by our president McKinley in his last public address at Buffalo, which were as follows:

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student."

Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such, instructs the brain and heart of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement. Inspiration follows, which is the spur to high endeavor, or in all departments of human activity. It excites "wants," "wishes," "wants," comforts, and even the whims of the people and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming, manufacturing and methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth century would be no farther advanced than the eighteenth century."

The great struggle, the North and the South, with a love story suited to both young and old, as represented by the characters. A strong vein of comedy runs through the drama, suggested as much as any other element by the ardent devotion of the general John Loughlin to Mrs. Edmond (Catherine Coulson), whose husband, Edward Edmond (William Lamp), separates from her and goes to fight with the Northern armies. The doughty old general, good soldier that he is, is almost better lowered than soldier, and delays attention to military duties that he may remain near the woman he loves. He finally dies a soldier's death. Mr. Bernard as General Loughlin has a strong part which he portrays with his usual subtle sense and in his always good style of acting.

Miss Coulson as Mrs. Edmond meets requirements somewhat similar to those placed upon her in the part of Mrs. Page in "Alabama," produced two weeks ago. Miss Coulson made the transition from Mrs. Page to Lady Edmond in "The Little Minister" with brilliant success, and now resumes again the reputable style of acting with equal facility.

Mr. Lamp appears again to advantage in a military part and takes a step forward in favor of Portland people. Mr. Allison and Mrs. Edmond, as Stephen Dunbar and Nell Edmond, are companion parts, and are played with such skill as these popular actors always attain.

Dot Bernard has a part again this week, and carries herself nicely through several pretty scenes. Mr. Mower as McIntyre, Mr. Dills as the sentry, Mr. Southard as Zeb, Mr. Russell as Wesley, Mr. Siddle as Lester and Mr. Delaney as Shattuck are highly satisfying.

The piece runs for the week.

MANAGER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"The Devil's Auction." The advance sale of seats will open Wednesday morning for "The Devil's Auction," which will be played by the Grand Theatre next Friday and Saturday nights, January 22 and 24, with a popular matinee Saturday.

Shows come and go, some stay a little while, and some stay longer, but Charles H. Yale's "The Devil's Auction" is everlasting. The reason is easily explained from the fact that Mr. Yale is a thorough theatrical man, having first gained his experience as a song and dance artist a number of years ago, and has gradually worked his way through the ranks of the theatre, and is now managing three of the largest attractions on the road. Mr. Yale's experience has taught him that a vehicle to be presented to the public, if the subject be a good one, as in the case of "The Devil's Auction," this is his secret.

The "Devil's Auction" is now entering into its 21st year, and its hold upon the public has been retained by methods as given above. Every year Mr. Yale changes its entirety. This year, amongst the special features introduced, is the scene entitled "The Dance to the Moon." A large sized moon slowly arises in the horizon, its face familiarly by the usual man in the moon features. The eyes are so dimly and blink with a slight yawn, as if he had just been awakened. In the distance he catches a glimpse of a group of Chinese maidens intently attending devotion at the shrine of a Chinese God. A sort of mental telegraph passes between the moon and the maidens which causes the latter to turn their attention skyward. They evidently are charmed with the presence of the moon, and execute several pretty dances which attract the moon's attention and are responsive to by different movements of the eyes and mouth which at times seem to wink and blink together with unusual facial contortions. The specialty features interpolated at different times through the course of the play are in considerable number, and the "Devil's Auction" is a play of the highest order.

The play runs for the week.

"For Fair Virginia" at the Baker. Another pretty Southern play, with stage settings that are always appropriate, and a skillful catching of the accent and manner of the people of Dixie land, is the bill at the Baker this week. "For Fair Virginia" was witnessed Sunday matinee and night by capacity houses, and there were numerous manifestations of approval upon each occasion. It is a war play of the days of the '60s, with bright uniforms of the soldiers and pretty gowns worn by pretty Southern dames and ladies. It suffices to say that the excellent standard that has been maintained heretofore during a season of stock work that began in September is not lowered, there being even advancement as to the ensemble of the company.

In the play are presented the two sides

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