

## "STOCK" ACTORS OF OLD PORTLAND

VETERAN MANAGER JOHN MAGUIRE WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF CHARLEY BATES, FATHER OF BLANCHETTE BATES, ANNE PAXLEY AND OTHER OLD PLAYERS.

"Let us go out there and open a goose farm."

"A goose farm?"

"Yes, a goose farm. If it is as you describe it and the land can be purchased cheaply or leased advantageously, it is just the ideal place for a goose farm."

But I queried what is a goose farm. I never before heard of such a thing.

"Why, a goose farm is a place to raise geese on and nothing else, and for the investment there is no other kind of a farm so profitable. Why, they are as profitable as sheepraising, and the reason why there are so few in this country is the difficulty of finding so suitable a location where you have plenty of grass and water combined and right at the very fence rails of your ground is your market in the city itself."

"Why, just imagine the pluckings and the price paid for live feathers, talk of your wool clips, and then there's 'Thanksgiving' and Christmas, when the demand for stuffed geese is enormous and the great yearly increase that the supply would always grow with the demand, and the little expense compared with other industries that require big investments, while the goose farm profits were enormous when the conditions were such as I describe."

The above was part of a conversation at Fort Yates, Dakota, where I was visiting less than a year after my leaving Portland for Montana, now nearly a quarter of a century ago. The speaker was the post trader of the fort. The conversation took place in the officers' club rooms. I was describing the city of Portland where I then hailed from, its marvelous growth even in those days—giving its resources, its prospects for a great future, how real estate values were increasing, etc., and that the city would grow southward, as north of the Clarendon hotel there was then a few lumber yards, and the ground being of a swampy nature, grass and water in abundance, there never would be any city growth in that direction. Grass and water in abundance, and can be bought cheap, says my friend Douglas, the post trader. "Why, the ideal place for a goose farm."

When I arrived in Portland last Saturday I found the terminal buildings of the Northern Pacific railroad, the depot and all around it streets in every direction and between the depot and the location where stood the Clarendon, a city in itself, and containing as large a population as all Portland proper contained in the days I speak of. This new addition not only covers the place where it was suggested I should go into goose farming, but far and away beyond. This is one of the great changes that strikes me which has occurred in Portland's expansion, and when I behold such marvelous improvements in this direction I was partially prepared to appreciate the wonders I have seen in all other directions around the city.

The New Market theatre was, in my time, considered away out, but in spite of all that Portland then, as now, was a good theatre town, and I have no doubt that many an old timer keeps a finger in the pie in the memory of his favorite plays and players of those early days. Those were what are called the stock days, when the player had a habitation and his own little circle of friends in the community, and were he a popular performer his circle was enlarged accordingly. How changed is everything—even in the actor's life. In those stock days favorite actors could remain for years in one engagement. They had their homes, their Sundays were spent with their families, their characters of social visits on the Sabbath was customary. Not even rehearsals were ever given except in extraordinary cases, which were seldom on a Sunday. Now the Sunday is no day of rest for the actor, the exigency of change in all things, and most of all in the insupportable public in the manner and matter of its amusements, makes the coming of Sunday, the player's weekly horror—for if he is not playing he is traveling. Sunday being picked out in routing the companies or I should say, the "shows," to make the long "jump." The actor of today might be said to be living in a trunk, for he packs and unpacks that trunk nearly 365 times a year.

Many of the old-time stock actors held a warm place in their hearts for Portland. Those who had ever appeared here were always, if disengaged, ready to accept an offer from the manager who was organizing a company for Portland. San Francisco was theatrical headquarters, and if a dull season was in evidence or one of the outside stock companies had closed their season, the actors would get together, and after due deliberation, suggestions would be made about a tour. As a general thing the managers were rarely actors. It was indeed very rarely that a manager of a theatre or a company was without the experience of the actor. The business was conducted differently and not systematized as it is at the present time. Commercialism in the theatre was pretty much an unknown quantity with the actor-manager. Sentiment and the artistic side of his profession prevailed, and very often he foolishly supposed that what appealed to him individually as an actor for its beauty, in an artistic sense, would also appeal to the public at large, but here he would be woefully mistaken at times. In the new state of things there's no sentiment or idealism. The first consideration is the practical questions, what's in it? The actor of today has no time to get acquainted with anyone outside of the company he travels with. And yet if such a state of things prevailed in those good old days how poor would the old theatre-goer of today who has outlived the

**The White Is King**  
**Special Sale**  
**NOW ON**

203 LATEST IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES.

Just arrived. Call and take a look at them. We sell them on small payments. Sewing machines for rent. A few second-hand machines for sale.

**Price \$3.00 and Up**

Needles and parts for all machines.

**Bartlett & Palmer**

Corner Sixth and Alder Street. Phone Main 3046.

## PORTLAND GIRL DIES IN CHICAGO FIRE



MISS ELIZABETH HART.

Miss Elizabeth Hart, daughter of Edward Hart, a wood-turner living at 696 Second street, is a Portland girl who was suffocated in the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago last Wednesday. Telegrams informing the family of her death were received yesterday from a brother and sister of the dead girl, who also reside in Evanston. The telegrams gave no particulars beyond the fact that she was suffocated and not burned.

Mrs. Carl S. G. Liebe, wife of a bookkeeper in the city auditor's office, and sister of Miss Hart, left for Chicago this morning. Miss Elizabeth Hart resided with a married sister, Mrs. F. A. Fisher, at 305 Dempster street, Evanston, Ill. Her brother, Charles Hart, a dentist in Chicago, also resided with Mrs. Fisher. Mrs. Fisher is prostrated with grief by the death of her younger sister, and Mrs. Liebe went East to be with her in their mutual affliction. Mrs. Hart, the mother, is at the family home on Second street.

Lizzie Hart was 22 years old. She originally came to Chicago to be educated. Last June she made a visit home, the first for five years, and returned to Chicago about July 1.

"My sister Lizzie was a matinee girl, a regular theatre-goer," said Miss Jen-

nie Hart this morning. "She held a position in an insurance office in Chicago as stenographer and got \$65 a month. She must have got away on Wednesday afternoon on purpose to go to that horrible matinee. She went with a friend, Miss Mattie Martin, who was burned to death. My sister, Mrs. Liebe, received a letter from Lizzie only yesterday morning. It was written in a happy vein and told what presents she had received for Christmas. She wrote that she had received a diamond brooch, a gold bracelet, a hand-painted powder-box, a hand-painted glovebox, a fur box and some other things."

"I do not know whether Lizzie was engaged to be married or not. She may have been. She received marked attention from a wealthy gentleman who was nearly twice her age. My brother Charles, however, objected to him and in one of her letters, received some time ago, she said she had told him not to visit her any more. Whether that was the end of it or not I do not know. Charles and Lizzie were companions. To see them together you would think they were sweethearts if you did not know they were brother and sister."

Miss Lizzie Hart expected to return for another visit to Portland during the Lewis and Clark exposition in 1905.

## BACK TO MISSOURI SNUFF AND AGUE

"Where are you going?" inquired the depot matron of a crippled old woman who was hobbling along the main corridor laden with a bagging cloth grip and a bundle. The traveler stopped, straightened up and in a shrill, piping voice said:

"I'm going to Missouri, I am." Her tone indicated that Missouri was the home of the blest. The south-bound passenger was piloted to a corner of the rest room, her bundles piled about her and a friendly neighbor started a conversation.

"Well, well, well! did you ever see such goings on?" inquired the Missourian as she looked at the passing crowds, "just like a county fair ain't it? My daughter's man done sent for me and I'm going."

genial souls who long ago contributed by their genius as an actor or their hearty sociability as companions—I say how poor in pleasant recollections of the stage and its followers would he be who could not bring back some anecdote or good story of those popular actors of a glib generation, for with him no actor of today can usurp the place in their memory. There's Frank Bates, whose daughter, Blanche, is now one of the greatest actresses on the American stage, and who was born in this very city of Portland. Who doesn't remember that princely comedian, "Bill Barry," who was wont to set the house in a roar. Who, of those days, can forget that venerable Chesterfield of the stage, "Jim" Vincent, who so often presided over the destinies of the old Oro Fino theatre, and whose last appearance here was during my management of the New Market.

How numerous were the admirers of that splendid actor, George B. Waldron, who, whoever saw "Sue Robinson," can see anyone ever since who could give them such delight. "Penny" Morgan Phelps, Billy Simms, "Dick" Cox, "Long" Wards and so many others who were such strong favorites in Portland. There are two others who have passed away and whose memory will always leave a fragrance of loving esteem, the greatest of all favorites, not only in Portland, but throughout the entire land, not only for her genius as an artist but her virtues in private life—Annie Pixley, and the genial and talented Jenny Manderville, whose tragic ending in the going down of the steamer Pacific, is yet remembered.

"Well, you've set me talking, sir."

JOHN MAGUIRE.

PORTLAND'S POPULAR PLATON.

"Where do you amuse yourself Sunday afternoon and evening?" asked a friend of another, who answers, "The popular family theatre of Portland, the Arcade, 320 Washington street, where a continuous performance is held from 2 to 10 p. m. every Sunday afternoon and evening. You can drop in for 15 or 20 minutes and out again. It only costs a dime and the program is the best." All the star vaudeville and novelty acts coming to the Coast are to be seen at the Arcade.

Preferred Stock Canned Goods. Allen & Lewis' Best Brand.

## EXTRA MEN MISS STILL ALARM

NUMBER OF REGULAR FIREMEN RESPONDING TO CALLS DISTANT FROM FIRE BOXES TOO SMALL TO HANDLE APPARATUS — CROSSED WIRES CAUSE FIRES.

A practical illustration of the need of a full paid fire department and more equipment was given a day or two ago when a small house at Tenth and Mill streets was found in flames.

A still alarm brought engine 4, truck 2, chemical 2, hose 2 and Assistant Chief Laudenkio to the scene. With all this apparatus there were but 10 paid men, none of the extra firemen responding because no box alarm was sounded. The firemen had a hard time to man the apparatus and it was only with the aid of the drivers and some outsiders that the companies were able to subdue the flames. A box call would have been sounded, but there is no box for several blocks.

With all the apparatus which went to this fire there were not more than enough men to properly handle the truck. One of the great objections to the present system is that in cases of still alarms the few men on the apparatus cannot handle it properly.

Crossed wires were responsible for two fires and a great deal of excitement in the neighborhood of Sixteenth and Columbia streets late last night. At 11 o'clock smoke was seen coming from the telephone box in the home of R. P. Knight and soon flames darted from the receiver. Mr. Knight cut the wires and the fire burned out. Knowing that the phone of his next door neighbor, Charles Clemens, 286 Sixteenth street, was on the same line, he investigated and discovered flames in the sitting room of the Clemens residence. Mr. and Mrs. Clemens were not at home, but neighbors broke into the residence and discovered a couch ablaze, while flames were pouring from the box. The lounge was carried to the street, but considerable damage was done to the dwelling. Some of Mrs. Clemens' wearing apparel was destroyed.

An alarm from box 35 summoned the department, which had a long run. The fire was extinguished before the apparatus arrived, but the firemen cut the wires. Shortly after midnight another call from the same box resulted from a fire in the home of E. Mildred, 272 Sixteenth street. Crossed wires here formed a short circuit and set fire to the porch. The flames were quickly put out.

At the Clemens residence the damage will amount to at least \$200, equally divided between the building and contents. Mr. Clemens is protected. The residence is owned by the Metropolitan Insurance company.

It is believed that the telephone line became crossed with an electric light wire.

## CIRCUIT QUARTERLY IS IN SESSION

The Free Methodists of the Portland district opened their circuit quarterly or official board meetings last evening in the church at East Tenth and Mill streets. Elder William Pearce is presiding. He will preach again tonight at 7:30. They will have their love feast tomorrow at 10 a. m. and at 11 a sermon by Elder Pearce. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will follow.

CONFERENCE NEXT TUESDAY.

The English conference of the Pacific Lutheran synod will convene in St.

## CAUGHT BY THE GRIP. RELEASED BY PE-RU-NA.

Congressman Geo. H. White's Case. A Noted Sculptress Cured.



Mrs. Celeste Covell writes from 219 N. avenue, Aurora, Ill.:

"Only those who have suffered with la grippe and been cured can appreciate how grateful I feel that such a splendid medicine as Peruna has been placed at the door of every suffering person."—Mrs. C. Covell.

Noted Sculptress Cured of Grip.

Mrs. M. C. Cooper, of the Royal Academy of Arts, of London, England, now residing in Washington, D. C., is one of the greatest living sculptors and painters of the world. She says:

"I take pleasure in recommending Peruna for catarrh and la grippe. I have suffered for months, and after the use of one bottle of Peruna I am entirely well."—Mrs. M. C. Cooper.

D. L. Wallace, a charter member of the International Barber's Union, writes from 15 Western avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.:

"Following a severe attack of la grippe I seemed to be affected badly all over. 'One of my customers who was greatly helped by Peruna advised me to try it, and I procured a bottle the same day. Now my head is clear, my nerves are steady, I enjoy food and rest well. Peruna has been worth a dollar a dose to me.'—D. L. Wallace.

Lieutenant Clarice Hunt, of the Salt Lake City Barracks of the Salvation Army, writes from Ogden, Utah:

"Two months ago I was suffering with so severe a cold that I could hardly speak. 'Our captain advised me to try Peruna and procured a bottle for me, and truly it worked wonders. Within two weeks I was entirely well.'—Clarice Hunt.

Congressman White's Letter.

Tarboro, N. C.

Gentlemen:—I am more than satisfied with Peruna and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."—George H. White, Member of Congress.

Mrs. T. W. Collins, Treasurer Independent Order of Good Templars, of Everett, Wash., writes:

"After having a severe attack of la grippe I continued in a feeble condition even after the doctors called me cured. My blood seemed poisoned. Peruna cured me."—Mrs. T. W. Collins.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

LA GRIPPE is epidemic catarrh. It spares no class or nationality. The cultured and the ignorant, the aristocrat and the pauper, the masses and the classes are alike subject to la grippe. None are exempt—all are liable.

Have you the grip? Or, rather, has the grip got you? Grip is well named. The original French term, la grippe, has been shortened by the busy American to read "grip." Without intending to do so a new word has been coined that exactly describes the case. As if some hideous "fant with awful Guir had

clutched us in its fatal clasp. Men, women, children, whole towns and cities are caught in the baneful grip of a terrible monster.

Pe-ru-na for Grip.

Mrs. Theophile Schmitt, wife of the Ex-Secretary of the German Consulate, writes the following letter from 3417 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

"I suffered this winter with a severe attack of la grippe. After using three bottles of Peruna I found the grip had disappeared."—Mrs. T. Schmitt.

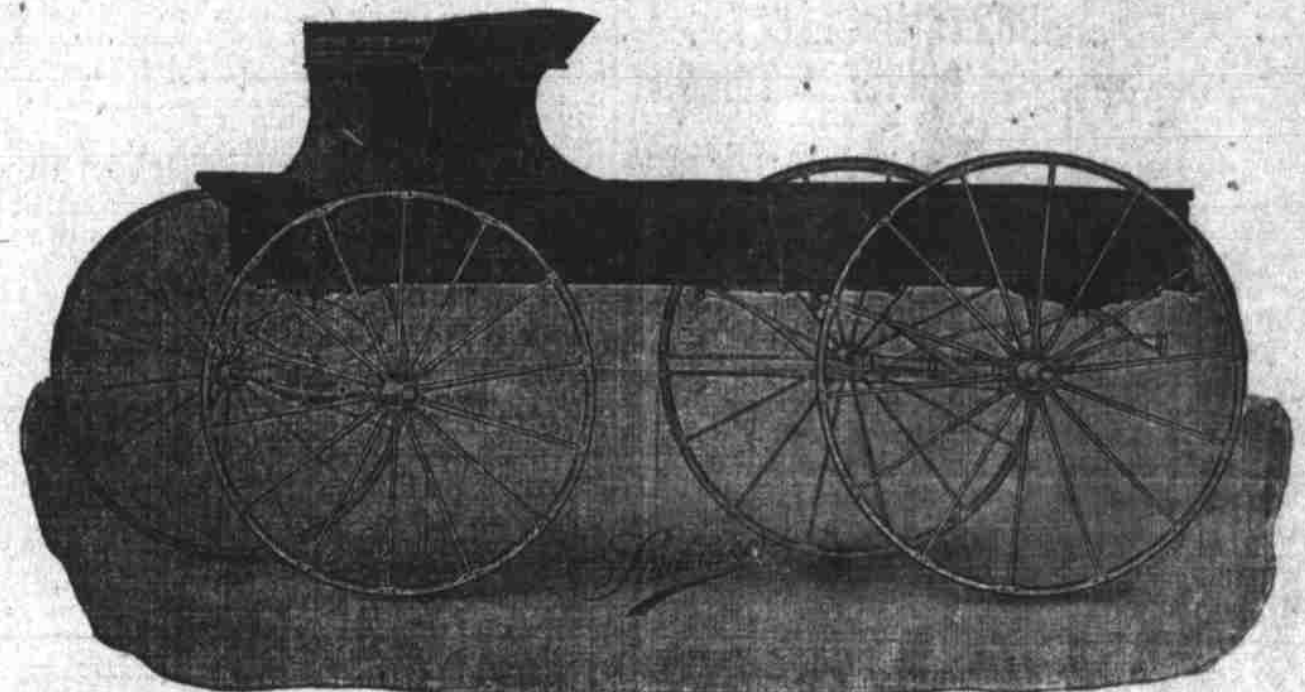
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR A FREE PERUNA ALMANAC FOR 1904

James' church next Tuesday evening with a sermon by Rev. H. A. W. Young of Seattle and will continue during Wednesday and Thursday. Thursday evening a reception will be tendered the conference at the parsonage.

Brought to Time. From the Topeka State Journal. After futile efforts by the Leavenworth owner to start a balky mule, a Missourian scratched a match on the animal's side, and it was off like a flash.

The Highest Side. From the Washington Star. Mr. Bryan is probably convinced that the cuisine of the average European country is much better than its system of government.

## STUDEBAKER Carriages Wagons Harness



They are of the best grade of construction, pleasing styles, and reasonable prices. They are selling satisfactorily and in large numbers, which is a sufficient guarantee for any one wanting a good reliable vehicle of any kind.

**STUDEBAKER BROS. CO.** North-west.

PORTLAND, OREGON

330-336 E. MORRISON STREET

OTHER BRANCH HOUSES

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DENVER, COL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

DALLAS, TEXAS

FACTORY, South Bend, Ind.

## MODERN TRAINS ON SIBERIAN ROAD

Folders descriptive of the Trans-Siberian railroad reached the local office of the Northern Pacific this morning. The folders are sent by Jules Clerfayt, general agent for the United States, located at San Francisco. The road runs from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok directly through the heart of Russia and Siberia, a distance of 5,701 miles. The road also runs through Manchuria to Peking and the enormous amount of 6,146 miles of track is embraced in the system between Peking and St. Petersburg.

According to the folders received the road operates modern sleeping and dining cars. The Russian built engines are apparently of the most recent Mogul type. The "Trains-de-luxe" operated across the Siberian territory are composed of a first-class sleeper, two second-class cars, a dining car, a composite car with bath room, dynamo and a store-room. The whole train is lighted by electricity, provided with steam heat and electric fans, noise and jar-deadening apparatus and such car, owing to the broad gauge used, is larger and more airy than American big continental cars.

Hon. A. D. Stillman, a prominent Pendleton attorney, is registered at the Imperial hotel.

**Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!**

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.