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WHAT THE NEED OR USE?

ACCORDING TO ACCREDITED REPORTS, Chairman Baker is already appealing for campaign funds. He desires considerable amounts, the larger the better, of course, from all who are or have any notion, however remote, of being a candidate for office next spring, and from any and all others who have at heart the good of the Grand Old Party in Oregon.

Under Mr. Baker's magnificent and herculean leadership Oregon gave Roosevelt in 1904, less than a year and a half ago and only two years prior to our next state election, a majority of about 40,000, and we think it may safely be assumed that if the election were to be held over again now, or next spring, he would have at least as large a majority. Isn't Oregon therefore safely Republican? And if surely so, why the need of this early call for large campaign funds?

Moreover, the Republicans of the state will next spring select their own candidates. Men who are the choice of a majority or at least a plurality of the Republican voters of the state will be the candidates. We may take it for granted that they will be pretty good men. Then what is the need of a big campaign fund to help elect them? The people will find out and know all about them and their opponents through the press, without the aid of any paid campaign orators.

Of course some money for "necessary and legitimate expenses" will be necessary, and we are not really making any objection to Chairman Baker getting all he can, but it really seems as if there was no need of a large sum. The Republicans will carry the state anyway, if there were no money nor even a chairman unless the majority of the people choose to elect one or more Democrats, and if they do they will do so, regardless.

A public employment bureau is a matter worthy of careful consideration. It would be of great advantage both to men who need work and to men who want help. It has worked well in other cities; why not here?

MR. HILL AND THE "KATY."

WHILE MR. HARRIMAN and the Rockefeller people are getting busy in the Pacific northwest, with reference thereto, Mr. Hill and his associates are not idle, and are not confining their activities to the northwestern and northern portions of the country. It was recently reported that Mr. Hill was about to get control of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway, which if true is of a good deal of importance in the railway world at large, if not especially here. Mr. Hill now controls three great railway systems, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, known as the Burlington or "Q." The Missouri, Kansas & Texas, called the "Katy," runs from St. Louis to Galveston, and has branches which cover a large territory in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Louisiana and Texas, and if Mr. Hill gets it his railway systems will total 23,000 miles.

With the railway and steamship lines now in his control Mr. Hill hauls a large portion of the grain and manufactures of the northern and middle west and the Pacific northwest, much of which after next year will come to Portland, whence very likely Mr. Hill will dispatch steamships as well as from Seattle. The acquisition of the "Katy" will give him an outlet on the gulf as well as on the Pacific ocean, and give him a tremendous grasp of both the land and ocean carrying business of the country. He can then carry the cotton, cotton manufactures and other products of the south from Galveston to whatever port in the world it is most advantageous to take them, merely transferring them from his own cars to his own ships, as he does grain at Seattle—and will at Portland. So he can bring the products of the orient and of Europe and distribute them throughout all the northern west, middle west and south-west. He has branches running up into Canada, and can bring wheat and lumber down from British Columbia and Manitoba, and send them either west or south and around the world.

But the Harriman system is also pretty well fixed. Its Southern Pacific line also has a terminus at Galveston, and another at New Orleans, and on the Pacific coast at Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland, and will very likely push on to Tacoma and Seattle.

The active competition and rivalry of these two vast and mighty systems, designated for convenience as "Hill" and "Harriman," cannot but be of great advantage, not only to the Pacific coast, but to all the region tributary to the gulf. But has Hill got the Katy? And can he get it?

Senator Burton has been indicted again. He was convicted once and the judgment and verdict reversed, and the second indictment was held no good. Three times and out—or in.

ANOTHER ALASKA WITNESS.

THE EXPERT testimony still accumulates that a Portland-Alaska steamship line is perfectly feasible. Mr. Poston, who was in the transportation business here for years, and who has been in Alaska for the past three years, is the latest witness. He says that the round trip from Seattle to Nome and way points takes nine days, while from Portland it would only take ten, giving one full day to the trips up and down the Columbia river, and that this difference is immaterial, or would be more than offset by the larger and better stocks of Portland merchants. Isn't this matter worth taking up earnestly and persistently? There is a very large and a growing trade up in Alaska.

Seattle gets it all, or is credited with it all. Are we going to do nothing to get a share of it?

An early court blundered far worse than it knew when it decided that the ground between Front street and the river was private and not public property.

Points From Paragraphs.

- Washington Star: It would be curious if the south should turn to be sold for Roosevelt. Philadelphia Record: Boston has discovered a \$369,990 graft. That would make no more than a pin money for our Philadelphia grafters. Philadelphia Ledger: Opening of the rabbit season marked by the death of three hunters will give B'er Rabbit something to talk about. Philadelphia Inquirer: Halloween has been postponed. The city is beginning to worry about the prospects for a supply of Thanksgiving turkeys. Pittsburgh Dispatch: A stranger in Chicago had his pocket picked while at prayer in church. In Chicago, evidently, it is necessary to watch as well as pray. Washington Post: "Tom" Lawson has used a Michigan man for \$200,000 for the Ubel. Lawson apparently looks upon any attempt at libeling as an infringement on his rights. Boston Transcript: There is probably no one in this wide world another defender of graft so overtly solemn and inflexible.

PROBE IT TO THE BOTTOM.

IN A SENSE The Journal is well pleased over the result of the New York election. If Hearst had been elected on the face of the returns there would have been no contest. If there was no contest then nobody would ever know authoritatively about the frauds which Tammany had committed. Tammany expended its great effort in bringing in an apparent majority for its candidate. Feeling secure once its man was declared elected, it doubtless gave little heed to methods by which this result was accomplished.

The Hearst people know that great frauds were perpetrated in the elections; every intelligent citizen knows. But what is needed is to make these facts officially known by an investigation. Here is the chance to do a genuine public service and at the same time to place the seal of public condemnation upon the methods which have so largely contributed to Tammany's success.

The announcement of Mr. Hearst that he proposed to go to the very bottom of these methods has been received with genuine enthusiasm throughout the country. The American people have been heedless too long of the character of their municipal governments. Foreign observers have almost unanimously concluded that the bad city governments were in themselves almost a demonstration of the incapacity of the American people for self government. And indeed while all Americans knew otherwise it was a difficult if not impossible matter to combat the startling array of facts and figures, well known to ourselves, which they presented. But there has been an enormous improvement in conditions in the past few years and the tendencies are still all in the right direction. Indeed now that they are aroused the American people will not be satisfied until their municipal governments are raised to the highest standards. It is while public thought is thus directed that the question of Tammany frauds is to be investigated. While under any circumstances there would be sympathy with such a movement from all lovers of fair play and decency in elections that sympathy is now a hundred fold greater because so much of public attention has been turned in that direction and the public mind is so unalterably made up to wipe out frauds in elections and crookedness in their public officials' afterwards. For this reason Mr. Hearst is not only doing a duty to himself but rendering a public service which people in all parts of the country fully appreciate.

Portland Jews will do their full share, without any urging, toward raising a fund in aid of their suffering co-religionists in Russia. They are always ready and willing in such a cause, and their charity and good will are not confined to Jews. People other than Jews now have an opportunity to reciprocate, and doubtless will do so liberally.

THE INVESTIGATIONS carried on this week in Chinatown clearly show the necessity of a thorough renovation of that quarter, and a radical and permanent reform in the methods and practices of the Chinese in certain particulars. That scores of fowls should be huddled together in small, close, upstairs apartments, with little light or air, in the midst of filth, is an outrage in three distinct directions—first, on the fowls, which are entitled, even legally, to decent and humane treatment; second, on the people, even if Chinamen, who eat them when killed, for they are fit for nobody to eat; and third, on the whole surrounding community and the city, for such loathsome places are inimical to the public health.

This may be the worst feature of Chinese disregard of hygienic and humane laws and customs in this country, but there are others. There is no occasion now, as there was years ago, for Chinamen to huddle together in tiers of bunks, for they are few in number compared with then, and buildings are more numerous; but if this cannot or should not be prevented, their premises should at least be periodically fumigated, and they should be required to keep them clean throughout.

This may also apply to some cheap tenements inhabited by white people, but just now we are speaking of Chinatown. Make them give their fowls room, light, air, and a clean place, and make them keep their premises otherwise clean.

REFORM IN CHINATOWN NEEDED.

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THE TWO WISCONSIN SENATORS.

THE COUNTRY will observe with curious interest the actions toward each other when congress meets and later of Senators Spooner and La Follette, of Wisconsin. As everybody knows, they are antipathetic, and at heart enemies. But Spooner, now serving his third term, will probably, according to custom, offer to escort his new colleague to the front to be sworn in. La Follette could find a precedent for refusing this formal courtesy in the case of Senator Clarke of Arkansas, who declined such a proffer from Senator Berry, and marched up all by himself—and thereby properly fell in the esteem of the senate and lost influence therein, for everybody knew that the veteran senator and confederate soldier, who left a leg at Corinth, was a far better man than Clarke. La Follette is pugnacious, but he is not a fool, and so probably will not refuse the customary formal courtesy.

But after that how will he and Spooner get along? Probably by having as little to do with each other as possible, and without repeating the Tillman-McLaurin incident. Spooner is a man of much ability, and is highly regarded in the senate, and La Follette, without compromising any of his principles or abating any of his purposes, will do well to feel his ground rather slowly, and not weaken his influence by jumping rough-shod on Spooner, if it can be avoided. The country will understand just the same that it is he, not Spooner, who really represents the people of Wisconsin and of the country.

Doing the Best She Could.

From the Atchison Globe. Hotel story: A lady guest appeared at the hotel counter, and politely asked for a glass of water. In a little while she appeared at the counter again and said: "I dislike to bother you, but would you oblige me with another glass of water?" The water was given her and she went away, but came back in a few minutes and asked for another glass. When she appeared and asked for a fourth glass the clerk said: "I beg pardon, but what are you doing with all that water?" To which she replied: "I hate to bother you so much, but there is a fire in my room and I am putting it out."

Hard Lines Sure Enough.

From the Elmira Gazette. It was a great state of affairs when a man could not hold a life insurance policy and be a candidate on the Democratic ticket without running against his own money.

SMALL CHANGE

St. Jerome pulled a thorn from a lion's foot, but Billy Jerome is likely to poke a thorn into the Tammany Tiger.

Surface success is sometimes too costly.

"Hearst should go away back and sit down," remarks the Salem Statesman. Now, really, should he? If so, better wire him so.

This year's experience should teach hoggrowers a lesson. But will it?

The morning paper makes the startling announcement that the Madison street bridge is wearing out. This is startling news. Everybody supposed it was proof against wear and tear.

The number of killed and wounded in today's football game is —

Chicago's deficit for the year is \$300,000. But this isn't enough to buy the street railroads with.

Perhaps Witte had better send for Oyama.

"Hearst was not elected mayor of New York, and very few people supposed he would be," says the Pendleton Tribune. Here speaks your true-blue, hide-bound organ. Art there, old true-penny?

Wonder how much Ant. Comstock got for advertising "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

There seems to be no way of forcing Mr. Harriman to tell.

Universal suffrage throughout Russia! Well, that is "going some."

There have been some very good renegades in Russia if none in Oregon—Trepoff and Duke Vladimir.

Trouble is Bruin for the new police inspector.

Thanksgiving turkeys ripening.

From gazing southward toward Odessa Witte had suddenly to face about to take a look at Kronstadt, northward. He needs eyes in the back of his head.

Any publication, even in Boston, will publish anything Grover Cleveland writes, though he splits an infinitive every time he has a chance.

Can Shonts earn that big salary spouting in New York?

Tammany hasn't all the authorities bribed this time.

The powers are going to give the Sultan another free show of battleships. That old fellow ought to enjoy life, day and night.

No, it was not Gern K. Gern who was elected district attorney of New York.

The Democrats of the country would certainly ask for no better luck than for the nomination of (P)shaw for president.

Premier Balfour says the world will soon be at peace. What about those marching and threatening women?

"Electric line up the valley" will be printed a good many times yet before we can ride on it, but it's got to come.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

More woolen mills in Oregon would do well.

The Congregational church at The Dalles is to have a pipe organ.

A Eugene man killed a golden eagle west of that city, that measured six feet across, and that fought bravely for its life after being shot.

Next year if you go to Corvallis you'll get good water—but no booze.

The Florence mill has let a contract for 1,000,000 feet of logs.

A Greenleaf man caught two bears in traps in one day.

One of the biggest projects which has yet been undertaken in eastern Oregon is that of the Baker Irrigation company to irrigate over 3,000 acres of arid land situated to the northeast of Baker City. To irrigate this large tract and fit it for cultivation it will be necessary to dig a ditch at least 16 miles in length, tunnel through a hill and create two immense reservoirs.

The Dalles will probably have a woolen mill, in addition to its scouring mill.

Many landseekers around Mosier.

A Mount Hood man dug one hill of 14 potatoes weighing 15 pounds, and another of 24 weighing 27 pounds, and had only begun digging.

Hood River reasonably expects to be more prosperous than ever next year.

A party of eastern men are looking over the country around Burns.

Gilliam county will have the largest grain acreage ever next year.

A Woodburn man will hold a monthly stock sale.

Killing shags from the rocks near Charleston, Coos county, is becoming a popular sport. The shags are fish eaters and destroy large numbers of young salmon annually.

A Curry county man killed two panthers one day, one a 10-footer.

From five elevenths of an acre of pears a man living five miles west of Hood River cleared \$500. From five acres he will clear \$3,000.

Scarcity of help for clearing land in the Hood river valley.

A farmer near Woodburn, armed with a hoe and fire in his eyes, compelled two hunters, presumably with guns, to pay him \$12.50 each for trespass. Now they have used him for the \$25 and \$200 damages.

The Conclusive damieries and fishermen have enjoyed a prosperous season. About 17,000 cases have been put up by the two canneries.

PITIFUL SCENE AT THE OLD BAILEY

From the London Mail. and that you be taken to the place whence you came and thence to a place of execution and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

It is the most dread sentence known to the English law. No one can be in a court of justice without being thrilled by his innermost fiber when the hush of low-voiced conversation is stilled by the return of the jury to their box, the witness asked by the clerk of the sittings is answered by the foreman, and his answer breaks the suspense by the word "guilty"—guilty of murder.

Then the small, square-faced black-haired man stepped silently at his side and placed on the crown of his wig; the chaplain moves to his lordship's side, and at the concluding words of the death sentence, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul," utters a fervent "Amen."

This awful scene, which loses none of its impressiveness by repetition, even to judge, chaplains, and warders, was enacted solemnly at the Old Bailey yesterday, the central figure at which the whole majesty of the law was directed being a small, frail, trembling, yet dignified, old woman of 70 years.

Nothing more pitiful than the story of Marion Seddon has been told at this grim old court for years. She was indicted for the wilful murder of her husband, John Miles Seddon, aged 35, and who attempted suicide. Only her own confession and her marvelous recovery from the effects of poison brought her to the dock. There was little other evidence against the poor woman.

Husband and wife had been married 12 years. They were fairly successful in a confectionery business at Staines. Then trade fell off and they moved to a shop in the High street, Mortlake. There they were faced by the tragedy of poverty. They were too old for a modern business. Trade passed them by. On September 11 they had only 30s. with which to pay the rent of the shop, and they were both tired of the struggle.

"We decided," said the condemned woman at the inquest on her husband, "that we had better both leave this world together. After lying awake for three nights I got out of bed saying, 'I don't think I can stand this wear and tear any longer.' She found a bottle of liniment, composed of belladonna and aconite, drank half the contents and asked her husband, 'Are you going to take your share? There is nothing but this or the workhouse.' 'Yes, give it to me,' said the husband, and she poured it out and he drank it. Both then went back to bed again.

The rest of this pitiful story shows the removal of the aged couple to the workhouse, where the man died and the woman was brought round. A coroner's jury found that Mr. Seddon committed suicide while temporarily insane, but the police arrested Mrs. Seddon, charged her with murder, and she stood yesterday before Mr. Justice Jelf at the Old Bailey.

Mr. Arthur Hutton, who aided the woman, got from one witness that the husband said he snatched the poison from his wife's hands and drank it.

But it is true that the law says that if two persons conspire together to commit suicide, both are guilty, that one is guilty of murder. So, in spite of the strong recommendation to mercy of the jury, and the sympathy expressed by Mr. Justice Jelf, who said that it was a pity that the mildest sentence of formal death had to be gone through of sentencing her to death.

It can only be a formality. But it is to be hoped that the king's pardon will come swiftly, so that this poor soul may find some ease for her few remaining years.

Miss Alice Hugs Father. Washington Cor. New York American. After a four-month separation, Miss Alice Roosevelt, home from a tour half way around the world, welcomed her father back to the White House recently with a resounding kiss and a bear's hug. It was a greeting worth the president's while in braving the perils of the heavy seas, and was encouraged in his record-breaking warship trip from the Gulf of Mexico. At least Mr. Roosevelt thought so.

A yell that would have done credit to a band of cowboys under the arms of the president and his wife as they entered the White House. The children dashed into their father's arms with cries of greeting that could be heard for miles around the city. Archie beat Miss Alice and Ethel by several yards in the race for the first hug and kisses, and it was not until they had their fill that Miss Alice was permitted to embrace the president. It was all thoroughly American and home-like.

After a few minutes, during which the youngsters pestered their father with questions, Miss Alice slipped her arm into that of the president and led him captive to the library, where she told him about the Philippines trip.

The Four-Million City. From the Wall Street Journal. As was expected, the state census shows that the population of New York City, including the suburbs, is 4,014,304. This is an increase of nearly 17 per cent in five years, the population having in that time grown on an average 118,000 every year.

The same rate of increase would in 10 years give this city a population of over 5,000,000, and with its outlying suburbs, which are really a part of the metropolitan district, about 6,000,000. These figures are very impressive; they speak loudly of the growing power of the United States. There can be no doubt that the city of New York is eventually to contain the greatest aggregation of people gathered within the limits of one municipality in the world's history. Nevertheless, it is to be doubted whether this rapid growth is a development that is altogether wholesome. It is not a good thing for our country to have too large a proportion of its population living in cities.

Points From Paragraphs. Dallas News: And to think that we used to scrape our feet and touch our hats whenever we went into a big insurance office! Philadelphia Ledger: Perhaps the Iowa man who drowned himself in a vat of milk pined for a watery grave and did the best he could.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The average Pennsylvanian will hereafter insist on doing business with national banks that are bonded not to do business with politicians.

Puck: It may not be possible wholly to eliminate biting and chewing from the noble game of football, but at least the practice of filing the teeth before each game should be stopped.

Washington Post: Colonel Watterston wants it understood that there is nothing in his recent surrender to the president

THE WOING OF LADY ANGELA

By Wex Jones. Assisted in Every Department by Eminent Specialists. SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. On her way to America to marry a millionaire, Lady Angela, daughter of the Duke of Tottenham-Court-Road, falls in love with a stranger, who has the letters H. O. H. on his jersey. Arriving at Conroy Island, Lady Angela finds the unknown "waiting table" and gets a job as dishwasher in the same beauty.

Having broken her morning's supply of dishes, Lady Angela approached the table where the light of her life was setting waterworks from his hand (1). "Oh, the feasting and the folly and the merriment," she exclaimed, "You're a Harvard-Oxford-Heidelberg man, ain't you?" (2), she asked.

"Nix," said he, munching his waterworks steadily. "Never was to no college."

Lady Angela felt crushed. Poor men need an education (4). That is why the poor long to be rich (4). Then they needn't be educated (4). To be educated is to be miserable (4). To be educated and rich is to be McCurdy-on-the-stump (4). "Then what do those letters stand for?" Lady Angela asked in icy tones.

"Hashed Oats for Health," quickly responded the unknown (5). "Can it be?" cried Lady Angela. "Can it be? Are you one of the Snugglers of Battle Creek?" (5).

"Yes," said the waiter. "I am old man Snuggler's heir, and they're learning me the Hashed Oats business—'From Mold to the Mold'—from the ground up."

"A millionaire," shrieked Lady Angela, grabbing him quick.

Angy's golden head lay on Sir's beefy shoulder (6). Outside the moon washed softly (6). Over-sleazy fratfalls burned out their faces (6). The sea was moist with emotion (6). Stars shed their perfumed petals upon the gorgeous grass, now bright with the autumnal hues of early spring (6).

"The candy kid" (6), sighed Sir. "Mo blank cheque" (6), murmured Angy.

Her eyes closed (6). In a vision Lady Angela beheld Tottenham Court Road Castle repaired with greenbacks (6). Full of thoughts too deep for utterance, she gently took possession of Sir's pocketbook. It was the end of Lady Angela's weeping (6).

THE END (7). THANKS (8): (1.) Table manners, by J. Serjeant Cram. (2.) Copyright, 1905, by Rudyard Kipling. (3.) Smart grammar by Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). (4.) Slip-priek, by Bernard Shaw. (5.) Conversation by a Rustic Author from the Knickerbocker. (6.) Done by Any Old Novelist. (7.) By the Author. (8.) By the Reader.

THE PLAY

Much of the best in modern literature has come out of Indiana, but no work more wholesome than Charles Major's electrifying romance, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Major may be said to be fortunate in the inference in the title that chivalry is dead in the 16th century, but we will go on praising him for having made possible one of the prettiest of stage pictures.

It was not so long ago that the Belasco stock company gave a splendid production of the play, which probably accounts for the rather light attendance last evening at the Marquam. Those who were there, however, showed their keen appreciation by bestowing unmeasurable curtain calls on Rosalie Knott.

And Miss Knott deserved recognition. Her interpretation of the character of Mary Tudor had a fascinating something about it that was quite irresistible. She is a handsome young woman, full of life, a splendid elocutionist, graceful, sane and finally a conscientious worker for the fine effects which she realizes are wrapped up in the role. If I am not mistaken, Miss Knott was the original Lygia in "Quo Vadis." That was something, certainly, and she has made great progress in the past few years. The management would seek far before finding a woman more capable of filling the Lady Tudor shoes of Julia Marlowe.

Of the other players there is less to say. Mr. Nowell's Charles Brandon is utterly lacking in force. He does not picture the knight of old as we have traditionally him. Mr. Stevens is only a passable King Henry VIII. Fat rolister though he was, the actor credits the much married monarch with a trifles too much buffoonery. Somehow, too, we had an idea that Anne Boleyn was slightly taller than the ambitious young woman who impersonated her last evening. The other players were far from first class.

Miss Knott is on the stage the greater portion of the time it is almost possible to forget the deficiency. Recently, the production is adequate, the first act being especially good. The performance of "Knighthood" will be given tonight.

LEWIS AND CLARK

Camp Distress. Nov. 11.—The wind was still high from the southwest, and drove the waves against the shore with great fury; the rain fell in torrents, and not only drenched us to the skin, but loosened the stones on the hillsides, which then came rolling down upon us.

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