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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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PUNISHMENT FOR PETTY LESE MAJESTE.

IF WE WRITE frequently about the German emperor, it is because he is not only a very important but a very interesting figure, a leading actor in the world's drama. He has some good and admirable qualities, no doubt, as ruler and man, but he has some others, as it appears, that render him a proper subject for the world's criticism.

Germany is about as civilized a country as any. It leads in higher education, and in common education it ranks high. Its people are intelligent, industrious, progressive and patriotic. They are more or less attached to their form of government and to their hereditary and "divine right" ruler. But the kaiser is doing much, not only to alienate their affections from him as their sovereign, but to inspire in them contempt. As for foreigners, they are laughing at him.

Recently an Englishman was riding on a train, and without the remotest thought of "majestats-beleidigung" began humming the air of a song, when a neighbor in the car touched him on the shoulder and in a subdued voice informed him that that song was forbidden, and if a policeman heard him humming it, though ever so softly, he would be arrested.

Instances of arrest and actual imprisonment for considerable periods for thoughtless and by no means malicious exclamations and remarks relating to the kaiser or some member of the royal family are numerous, one of the more recent of them being the punishment of a man who said that the emperor rode too fast. What would have been done with the offender if he had said that the emperor rode too slow can only be conjectured.

But the most remarkable case was reported last week, when an employe of the kaiser's household at Potsdam was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for profane and opprobrious language addressed to a favorite mare of the imperial stables. For the profanity, if uttered in the presence of his "betters," the man may have deserved punishment, but it seems that the offense was in addressing his objurgations to the beast. Certainly this will strike the average reader as distinctly humorous.

But the German emperor is making himself unpopular in a degree at home and ridiculous abroad, at least in this democratic country, by his squeamish sensitiveness regarding the least bit of criticism of or raillery regarding himself or his family. The German, and particularly the Prussian, press is becoming bolder every week in criticism or sarcasm, though care is usually taken to "name no names."

Instead of being the greatest figure in Europe, as the emperor supposes himself to be or as he desires the world to consider him, these frequent punishments for mere bits of innocent "josling" or wild, momentary and really deserved criticism, are proving him a man of such overweening egotism and sublimated notions of himself as to show him forth an ill-balanced and unsymmetrical figure.

WELLMAN'S COMING DASH TO THE POLE.

WALTER WELLMAN has gone to Paris to superintend the construction of the big airship in which he intends shortly to make a dash for the North Pole. He expects to be ready to make the start in July, and the world will look eagerly for wireless messages from the travelers through the air.

Wellman's success depends on a good many factors that cannot be calculated on in advance, but the first and the chief one is the capacity of his airship to fly or travel for a long distance, and its dirigibility. That such a machine is not an impossibility was pretty well demonstrated by Captain Baldwin and his aeronaut, Beechey, at the Lewis and Clark fair last summer, but a flight of many hundreds of miles is a somewhat different proposition different, however, in degree rather than in kind. If an airship will fly and can be guided 10 miles all right, why not 100 or 1,000?

Mr. Wellman has had experience in arctic travel, and is not a novice in an enterprise of this kind. He has familiarized himself thoroughly with former pole-hunting expeditions; he has studied reports of currents and temperatures, and is well informed on far northern conditions. Skeptics, remembering the fate of Andre, never to be known in detail, think that Wellman is undertaking the impossible, but many things once thought to be impossible have been accomplished, among them some of the commonest things of everyday life, such as the telephone. Then Andre's vehicle was nothing like Wellman's, who thoroughly believes that he can absolutely guide his ship and in a short space of time send it beyond doubt to the very north end of the earth and there "view the prospect o'er." He will have no ice to cut through or climb over; only to sail swiftly over the scene of frozen desolation until his goal is reached.

Any such expedition is spectacular, and cannot fail to arouse widespread interest. None of the former expeditions possessed the elements of novelty, daring and defiance of fate, which cast a romantic glamour upon this of Wellman's. Andre's fate was foredoomed, for he sailed away in an ordinary balloon, which he had no power either to propel or guide, and so he was looked upon as a foolhardy though brave adventurer and was given up for lost as soon as he disappeared from sight. But Wellman's enterprise is teeming and throbbing with the possibility of success and is rendered all the more dramatic because of the adventurer's well-known and wide repute as a journalist and a northern investigator and explorer. If anybody can succeed in this way, it seems that he certainly can, and when he expresses confidence in success we cannot suppose that he speaks ignorantly or altogether for the sake of notoriety.

If the pole is ever to be reached by man, it apparently must be by this method. It is impossible for a ship, however constructed, to push its way through the Arctic ice, and to travel over it on foot, as Captain Peary is planning to do, is a task improbable of accomplishment. The air has no barriers. The temperature can be endured. If Wellman's ship can and will fly, if it does not break down beyond repair, if he can guide it—if, and if, and if—he may really reach the pole and return, as he contemplates, within a few weeks. There are several big "ifs," but none of them nor all of them together may be absolutely insurmountable.

MR. JOSEPH SIMON'S LITTLE JOKE.

HON. JOSEPH SIMON was quoted the other day in the morning paper as saying that it is high time that Oregon should be freed from the "blight" of having a Democratic governor, senator, mayor of Portland, district attorney and sheriff in Multnomah county.

The word used in reporting his expression of "fealty to the party" was "blight." We doubt whether Mr. Simon, who is a very cool-headed and level-headed man, made use of such an expression; if he did, it must have been made humorously. Where is the "blight," Mr. Simon?

For some years Mr. Simon has been associated in business with Senator Gearin; we cannot imagine Mr. Simon honestly and sincerely saying that Mr. Gearin as a senator from Oregon is a "blight." If so, how, why, wherefore? Suppose somebody had said, when Mr. Simon was elected a United States senator, that it was a "blight" on Oregon; how would he have liked it? And wouldn't it have been quite as nearly true as to say that Mr. Gearin is a "blight."

Then would Mr. Simon please explain to an interested public—for he is an intelligent, prominent and influential citizen—wherein the election and administration of Governor Chamberlain has been a "blight"? We believe no other citizen of Oregon has discovered this, except Mr. Simon—or the reporter who probably misquoted him. It is important, if true.

Why and how is Judge Hailey, on the supreme bench, a "blight"? Wouldn't Mr. Simon take a case before Judge Hailey with quite as much confidence of justice as before some judge who always voted the Republican ticket straight?—which, by the way, Mr. Simon, it is generally understood, has not always done.

Certainly the ex-senator was misquoted, or else he was in a humorous mood and was "monkeying" with an annoying reporter.

ROOSEVELT AND GEARIN.

THE Baker City Democrat said: "The Oregonian's opposition to the election of Mr. Gearin as United States senator is on the ground that he is a Democrat, a 'poor excuse' and a 'flimsy objection.' Which is the best," asks the Democrat, "to have in the United States senate, so far as carrying out the president's rate bill policy is concerned, Mr. Gearin or Mr. Foraker? It is quite certain that the president feels that Mr. Gearin is a better friend to his policy than is Mr. Foraker. So the flimsy excuse of the Oregonian vanishes into thin air."

The morning paper, squirming under this true presentation of the case, resorts, as usual, to duplicity and pettifoggery. It says Roosevelt "will make no attempt to secure the election of Gearin." No, probably he will not; it would not be proper for him to do so; but which does Roosevelt prefer, under all present circumstances and conditions, Gearin or Aldrich, La Follette or Foraker?

As we suggested the other day, the present president of the United States is more than half a Democrat, if it comes to a question of parties. He practically—except as to the free coinage of silver, which is a dead issue—occupies exactly Bryan's position.

The fact is that parties are disappearing, being disintegrated; the people are hunting for men. Roosevelt is one whom they like and trust, with all his impulsive faults; he is no more a Republican than he is a Democrat. La Follette is another man whom the people trust. So is Gearin. So is Chamberlain. It is an insult to the people to insist that they should vote for a party. Vote for the best men!

Really, politics is being put aside. People are picking out Men.

Every voter of Oregon owes the duty of voting in the coming election. Not only are important offices to be filled, but measures of grave consequence are to be submitted to popular vote. There is scarcely a citizen of the state who would not be affected in some way by some one of the measures to be voted upon, if they should be enacted. It becomes, therefore, of imperative importance that all voters should register who did not do so before the primaries. The registration books will close at 5 o'clock Tuesday, May 15, one week from tomorrow. There are still thousands of citizens in Multnomah county who have not registered. Every one of them should make it his first business to see that his name is on the rolls.

Capturing Wolf Bounties.

From the Detroit News.

The method by which a Marquette county wolf hunter secured $54 in bounty was to bury a quantity of meat in the snow of the early winter, and above the meat to place traps, which were also covered by snow in the regular course of precipitation.

In due time the meat ripened sufficiently to give hints of its whereabouts, and was then sought by the wolves, which digging downward, sprung the traps and—the bounty. One, more cunning than his fellows, avoided the trap by tunneling under it and securing the bait without exchanging his hide for it.

The method of catching wolves by trapping is a fair one, but what shall be said of the L'Anse man who, capturing a female wolf, taught her to become a decoy for the gallants of her tribe? With a long chain about her neck made fast at one end, she was allowed a wide range of captivity. She sang for company, and when admirers appeared flirted desperately with them.

The wolf slayer took position outside of his cabin door, in his jaws the stem of a cob pipe, across his knees a long-range rifle. A sneaking gray form from the woods, a coquettish salutation from the captive, the crack of a rifle and the whistle of a bullet, forged each link in the chain of tragedy that placed $175 in the purse of the cabineer as the result of a few weeks. The sly deceiver who stood for this treachery was a fast friend to her captor and seemed to enjoy the havoc wrought on the chivalry of her race.

Why the Jury Paid the Fine.

From Law Notes.

A Texas correspondent tells how an obstinate juryman was circumvented by his fellow judges of the facts. The offense charged was assault with intent to murder. After the jury had been out about two hours it returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of aggravated assault, and assess his punishment at $25 fine and herewith pay the fine."

On inquiry as to the meaning of the last clause of the verdict it came out that eleven of the jurors had agreed that the defendant was not guilty, but the twelfth doggedly hung out for a conviction for aggravated assault and would not consent to a punishment less than a fine of $25. Finding it a hopeless task to bring over the obstinate one to their way of thinking, the eleven finally decided to agree with him and "chipped in" enough to pay the fine.

Justifiable.

From the Kansas City Star.

His domestic troubles are almost unpleasant enough to justify John Alexander Dowie in moving to Pittsburg for company.

The English Police.

Samuel Merwin in Success Magazine.

Of all the departments of the city (Manchester, England,) the one, next to the tramways, of which a stranger sees the most is the police. And in the conduct of the police department we find a striking comparison with our American notion of police work. In Manchester, as in London, the policeman is always the servant of the public. As in London, he carries neither club nor revolver. His duties are very nearly the same as those of a New York officer; it is in his method of doing his work that the striking difference lies. He is always quiet, always neat, always respectful, even deferential, in his treatment of the public. Such overbearing manners as we sometimes see in New York policemen would not be tolerated in Manchester—or in London, for that matter. Graft in the police department is almost unheard of. The laws on this subject spring out of a lively public spirit, and are meant to be enforced.

Journal a Lively Paper.

From the Dunsmuir News.

G. W. Claxton, traveling representative of The Evening Journal, Portland, Oregon, arrived here Wednesday night to introduce that lively newspaper in northern California. The News welcomes The Journal man in this territory.

SMALL CHANGE

Four weeks from today.

* *

Eat more Oregon prunes.

* *

Only seven days more in which to register.

* *

Now the jetty work will go ahead again.

* *

The anti-cigarette law should be enforced.

* *

Stuff fresh from one's own garden tastes better.

* *

If the cost of living goes up, so should wages.

* *

Anybody can borrow money when he doesn't need it.

* *

At least and at last Standard Oil has been made to talk.

* *

Get into the outdoor air and sunshine as much as possible.

* *

The man with money to burn seldom gets warm enough to do so.

* *

"Smith shot in the end," says a valley paper. Yes, the head end.

* *

A political platform is never broad enough for a politically wabbly man.

* *

The "Made in Oregon" movement is calculated to help everybody in Oregon.

* *

Jupiter Pluvius seems to need prodding and waking up pretty often this year.

* *

Of course you want to hear Bernhardt even if you know she will give you a pain.

* *

The earthquakes in San Francisco occurring since the big temblor were no great shakes.

* *

Lowell may become senator—two years hence.—Salem Journal. What about Fulton?

* *

The scientific term for the cause of earthquakes is "fault." But it is a "fault" that man cannot correct.

* *

Senator Clark of Montana will not seek reelection. He has been senator nearly six years too long already.

* *

The man with the muck rake will never become as celebrated in painting and poetry as the Man With the Hoe.

* *

There is some evidence that women are becoming sensible enough to vote; most of them who go horseback riding now ride astride.

* *

The back talk of the Standard Oil company to or about the president is not likely to produce a favorable impression on him or do the octopus any good.

* *

We could name alleged newspapers that under the head of "Local News" publish nothing but patent medicine advertisements, most of them noxious nostrums.

* *

Son-in-Law Longworth will not be renominated without a sharp contest on the part of a prominent Cincinnati lawyer, who doesn't regard his action as lese majeste.

* *

A sister of the king of Spain, married last January to a Bavarian princeling, has left him on account of drunkenness and other misdemeanors. But what could be expected of people brought up the way they were?

* *

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Sumpter expects to prosper this year.

* *

Estacada woodworking factory very busy.

* *

Baseballists getting busy all over Oregon.

* *

An Elgin child died from the effects of tick bites.

* *

Work on North Yamhill's waterworks is progressing.

* *

Clatskanie mills are preparing to increase their capacity.

* *

Dayton is a good point for a condensed milk factory.

* *

Tillamook lumbermen want lots more water to get their logs down.

* *

Dandelions have ruined more than half the lawns in The Dalles.

* *

Eugene merchants are tired of their green trading stamp bargains.

* *

Lots of laborers wanted in Oregon, in railroad building, in logging camps and on farms.

* *

Toledo Reporter: It will be well for our farmers to remember that a few fat hogs next fall will be worth more to them than politics or politicians.

* *

There is bright promise that the Polk county oil wells will now be opened. A place near Monmouth of 800 acres has been leased and negotiations are on for options on nearly all the land in the oil zone between Monmouth and Dallas.

* *

North Yamhill Record: If ever there was a town that needed a law taxing dogs, it surely is this one. It seems that nearly every family has from one to three worthless brutes running on the streets. If they were compelled to pay for keeping the nuisances there would probably be fewer kept.

* *

A writer in the Corvallis Times having said that Harrisburg (wet) was dead or asleep, the Bulletin responds: During 1905 Harrisburg improved in all lines more than it had done for years past and each and every business man reports large gains in the amount of business transacted. Three business houses were erected and all are now occupied. A $10,000 school house was built and is fully occupied; nine residences were erected besides a score of others rebuilt.

* *

Port Orford, says the Tribune, is just now receiving considerable attention from the outside world; but nothing to what it will in the future, when the railroad shall have come, and the possibility of its deepest of all coast harbors has been grasped by business men. Port Orford, in competition against every other point, was selected by a board of our highest engineers as the place to build a breakwater, and money was appropriated to begin the work. The time is at hand when it can no longer be delayed.

WOMAN'S WONDEREUL ENDURANCE

By Clara Morris.

Did you ever see an elderly male creature swell out his chest while advising those present of the advantage of thoroughly understanding women, as he—ahem!—as he does? And probably he is all the time a stranger to the character of the wife who has rested in his breast for 20 years or more.

His hearers will be apt to smile a bit, knowing that he is a wonder who comes to understand one woman. And when one thinks how seldom a woman understands herself, there is little that is derogatory in the failure of the mere man. But when now and then you find a woman who has a perfect self-knowledge—who can calmly cast into the scales her weaknesses, her foibles and fancies, and make them balance evenly with her charms, her ambitions and her will—she will win in the game of life as surely as if she were playing with marked cards. For if she can read her difficult self, man's mind and motives become primer-like in simplicity.

More delicate of body, she is often lacking in physical courage. She will not—unless her babe is there—rush into a burning building. She is frequently afraid of the dark, as she is always afraid of a burglar. Yet she prods and peers under her bed every night, knowing that if she ever finds what she is looking for she will surely drop dead with fright.

Generally religious, she is always superstitious—as dark Africa itself. Life is a long struggle to control and steady tormenting nerves. Cursed with a vivid imagination that lends a murderous edge to all anxiety or suspense; giving a hundred torturing shapes to a trouble, that the man sees singly and alone—oh, never grudge a woman her success, whatever form it takes, for rest assured she has paid its price to the last farthing.

But to me even beyond her great moral courage is the wonder and marvel of woman's power of endurance. Let us turn, for example, toward the stately, self-contained woman, with the unspeakably melancholy face, over there in Russia, the czarina—that round peg of liberal mind and advanced ideas crowded unfittingly into the square hole found for her in that cumbersome cruel and corrupt government. What she suffered as empress was bad enough, but what of the unsleeping terror of her life today? Ah, he would be an astounded man who could measure the height, the width and the depth of her silent endurance.

Practical, generous, warm-hearted and beautiful; establishing against much opposition schools for the daughters of the poor; nursing, sheltering, feeding the sick poor—many have wondered at the coldness of the populace toward the lovely woman who untiringly served them. Often people said: "There must be some powerful enmity working secretly, continuously against her." There was. The high young courage of Alix of Hesse, who had come into that sad and sombre land as fiancee to Nicholas, and ready to accept the Greek church as her own, according to unwavering precedent, was greatly tried in receiving "instruction" from the most powerful man next the czar in all that mighty empire—the terrible Pobedonosteff, feared and hated by all, the pope of the Greek church.

One of the declarations to be made by the princess was her absolute belief that all of her race outside the pale of the Greek church were condemned to eternal punishment of fire, etc. The girl balked, the church magnate was arrogant—became even threatening.

Then it was that Alix splendidly dared. Even in her weakness, her loneliness in a strange land, rather than dishonor the memory of her beloved dead she flew to the bedside of the dying Alexander, begging him to force the haughty prelate to modify the church language for her, saying passionately: "You want me for your son because I am my mother's daughter—you have said it often! Would I be her daughter if I could stand before the altar and vow her noble soul was rightly in everlasting torment? I will not do it, though you send me back disgraced to my own home!" And the emperor, knowing death stood between him and the rage of Pobedonosteff, commanded the omission of the disputed question and answer.

It was a mighty victory, but the young girl, so soon made empress, had for her foe the most powerful man in the empire. He had sent out from every church a doubt of the czarina's loyalty to the religion of the land. Every action of hers was distorted to something unworthy. When the girl babies followed one after the other, he set in motion the idea that a curse was upon her—the church's curse for her sin against it; and the humble, devout rabble believed her to be a heretic-hypocrite, and began to hate her; and worst of all to hate her innocent little brood of baby daughters.

She is a proud and sensitive woman, so she suffered, be assured, most of all probably when carefully, tentatively, her wily foe suggested that she be put away by the czar; divorced, because she bore him and the country no heir.

The dislike of the ladies of the court she won, because in her delicate health she requested them not to smoke in her sitting-room—she does not smoke herself. Therefore they found offense in the request, which they twisted into a reproof.

Thus, through mere trifles, her life grew harder; but all things changed at the coming of the man-child, who was from his birth strong as a giant in his power to protect and bring honor to his proud and sad young mother.

And since then—what woman on earth today lives such a life of mortal terror? If a chair falls in a distant room, her blood must turn to water in a very ecstasy of fear—the thought of explosives never being out of her mind. A strange face makes her quake. The very walls and iron gates and bars, meant for protection, must sometimes seem to her imagination more like a trap, in which she and her loved ones, like mice, are simply waiting for the ordered extermination.

Longing passionately for a time of rest in the old quiet home of her girlhood, she is not permitted to leave the country. But oh, the point of anguish was reached the other day, in the taking to prison of spies who have lived in the heart of the family life within that prison palace. Spies who have looked with steady eyes into the imperial face; have smiled and accepted kindnesses, and romped with the bright and trusting little tots, staggering under the titles of grand duchesses.

Poor imperial mother! Whose last ray of trust in human loyalty must be gone! Who sees now a would-be poisoner in any quiet person. Who hears explosion in every sound. Who wonders, as her laughing brood go forth for exercise, if their guard may not turn and slay them ere they return. Who fancies she sees the shadow of a circle about the tiny head on her breast, and asks herself if it means martyrdom or the imperial crown of Mother Russia.

And the rest of the world looks on and wonders why the long and cruel strain of unsleeping terror has not broken her utterly in body and mind! She is just an example, in a high place, of a woman's power of endurance!

LEWIS AND CLARK

On Jack's creek, Idaho.

May 7—Weahkoonut and his party left and we proceeded up the river with the brother of Twisted-Hair as a guide. The Kooskooskee is rising fast; the water is clear and cold; and as all the rocks and shoals are covered, navigation is safe, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current. The timber begins about the neighborhood of Colter's creek, and consists chiefly of long-leaved pine. After going four miles we reached a house of six families, below the entrance of a small (Bedrock) creek, where our guide advised us to cross the river, as the route was better and the game more abundant near the mouth of the Chopunnish. We therefore unloaded, and by means of a single canoe crossed to the south side in about four hours, during which time we dined. An Indian of one of the houses now brought two canisters of powder, which his dog had discovered underground in a bottom some miles below. We immediately knew them to be the same we had buried last autumn; as he had kept them safely, and had honesty enough to return them, we rewarded him inadequately, but as well as we could, with a steel for striking fire. We set out at 3 o'clock and pursued a difficult stony road for two miles, when we left the river and ascended the hills on the right, which begin to resemble mountains. But when we reached the heights we saw before us a beautiful level country, partially ornamented with long-leaved pine, and supplied with an excellent pasture of thick grass and a variety of herbaceous plants, the abundant production of a dark, rich soil. In many parts of the plain the earth is thrown up into little mounds by some animal, whose habits most resemble those of the salamander; but though these tracks are scattered over all the plains from the Mississippi to the Pacific, we have never yet been able to obtain a sight of the animal itself. As we entered the plain, Neeshepahkeesook, the Cut-Nose, overtook us, and after accompanying us a few miles turned to the right to visit some of his people, who were gathering roots in the plain. Having crossed the plain a little to the south of east, we descended a long steep hill, at the distance of five miles, to a (Jack's) creek, six yards wide, which empties into the Kooskooskee. We ascended this little stream for a mile and camped at an Indian establishment of six houses, which seem to have been recently evacuated. Here we were joined by Neeshepahkeesook and the Shoshonee who had interpreted for us on the 5th. From the plain we observed that the spurs of the Rocky mountains are still perfectly covered with snow, which the Indians inform us is so deep that we shall not be able to pass before the next full moon—that is, the first of June; though others place the time for crossing at a still greater distance. To us, who are desirous of reaching the plains of the Missouri—if for no other reason, for the purpose of enjoying a good meal—this intelligence was by no means welcome, and gave us no relish for the remainder of the horse killed at Colter's creek, which formed our supper, as part of which had already been our dinner. Observing, however, some deer, and a great appearance of more, we determind to make an attempt to get some of them.

THE PLAY

There was a most successful homecoming at the Heilig theatre last night, when John Sainpolis and Lillian Lawrence and some others who used to play in the house in stock, when it was called the Belasco, appeared in "The Christian." It seemed as if all the stage people's friends had gathered for the occasion, and there was vigorous, cordial applause when each of the favorites first appeared, while Miss Lawrence was given several bushels of flowers.

Miss Lawrence made a lovable Glory Quayle; John Sainpolis a careful, consistent, powerful, melancholy John Storm. Miss Lawrence looked handsome last night, and her gowns were becoming and elaborate. She has the same pleasant mannerisms, laughs the same girlish laugh, and makes the same lightning transitions, with the old trick of pausing a moment to let the audience catch up with her. Throughout the evening's entertainment she was never dull.

Sainpolis has conceived John Storm a man of heavy sense of duty, and, except that he started in rather too serious a mood in the prologue, gave an intelligent, convincing interpretation of the part. There were occasions when his acting was almost great. His rich, powerful voice helped the part wonderfully.

With one or two exceptions, the supporting company was adequate. Mrs. D. H. Eyers contributed excellent acting as the lovable big-souled Mrs. Callendar, and Ethel India, a winsome young woman, played the distressing role of Polly Love with rare good taste. William Dills was himself as Father Lamplugh, and Burt L. King as Lord Robert Ure was as nasty as the part required.

In general the production is well dressed and adequately mounted. Some one suggested that Mr. Whitney, who plays Horatio Drake, got the worst of it in the grab for costumes.

"The Christian" plays tonight and tomorrow night.

The Final Burlesque.

The California Girls, who opened with a musical farce at the Baker theatre yesterday for the last week of burlesque, are winsome girls who wear a variety of handsome costumes, sing well and appear to advantage in a number of pretty ballets. The makeup of the program is along stereotyped lines. The music is much the same as has been heard in almost all the productions of the season, liberally sprinkled with those time-worn tunes, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Lindy" and a few others that the burlesque and vaudeville singers refuse to let die peacefully in their old age. The performance moves along with a vim and snap that makes up for much that is lacking in other respects.

As merriment makers four comedians, a Dutchman, an Irishman and two box-car tourists, keep the audience in laughing good humor from the beginning to the end of the performance. Misses Russell, Hood and De Forest sisters, constituting the California Girls' quartet, elicited much applause from the audience last night. A swinging chorus sung while pretty girls are swinging high out over the heads of the audience and a company of military lassies arrayed in glittering uniforms to represent the soldiery of the United States, England, France and Spain form a pleasing climax to the first act. The olio has little to boast of save a pretty descriptive ballet entitled "The Dance of the Hours," performed in artistic manner by a score of girls in flimsy butterfly costumes.

The show closes with a one-scene burletta, "The Great White Way," the special feature of which is the opening chorus introducing the musical goblets—metallic wine glasses, with which the girls play in chimes, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and other familiar melodies. A flower ballet and a military drill participated in by girls attired in the costumes of Roman soldiers are pleasing features.

Rousing Melodrama.

At the Empire the Mack Swain company opened last night for a week's engagement in "The Inside Track," giving a production of more merit than usually is seen at a melo-drama house.

This was primarily because of the presence in the cast of Frank Fanning, the popular leading man who headed the Empire stock company the latter part of last summer. Fanning, in the role of Harry Denbigh, the wayward son sowing his wild oats, gave an interesting and sympathetic portrayal and was the recipient of rounds of applause. Cora King Swain gave a creditable performance as Vinnie Foster. The play itself is too well known to admit of description. It is presented in a manner well worth the price of admission. The play runs throughout the week with the usual Saturday matinee.

WHAT WILL THE NEW DANCE BE?

Ben Teal in the New York World.

What will the new dance be?

That is a hard question to answer. But I can say truthfully and with certainty that it will not be the coon dance or the Indian dance next season. America is completely surfeited with the wild cakewalk or the odd Indian dance, clever as either undoubtedly is. It wants something new. Just as the slap-dash musical comedy, so long popular, has gone the way of all things, and the public is demanding something with more of a plot and more sense, so it is with stage dancing. It must be intellectual as well as attractive, and cleverly rehearsed steps will not do. The dancer must show that she thinks with her head as well as with her feet.

Dancing as a fine art, sunk into a somewhat innocuous desuetude since the time of La Loie Fuller with her "skirt dances," Carmencita and Otero, seems to be coming into its own again all over the world. In Paris every one is talking of the beautiful dancing of Mlle. Regina Badet, as exemplified in the production of "Aphrodite," at the Opera Comique. Berlin has gone quite wild over the "dream dances" of a veiled "countess," and New York has recently set the seal of approval on the oriental posturing of Miss Ruth St. Denis. These dances are entirely dissimilar, and the popularity of each in its particular sphere indicates nothing of a concerted effort to revive dancing in its higher sense.

That three young women with so widely different dancing methods should become popular at the same time merely shows that America, as well as Europe, is glad of the opportunity to see something new and artistic.

The Hindu dances of Miss St. Denis are well known through the wide vogue she is having in society. She surrounds herself with the mysticism of the far east, perfumes, incense, "priests" and the like, and her dances consist of rhythmical motions of the body, with scarcely any movement of the feet. In one dance she represents the coming to life of a sacred statue, Rhada, and in another that has become very popular, she represents the motions of a cobra. Miss St. Denis is very beautiful and very oriental.

The French dancer, Mlle. Badet, appears first as a bas-relief figure against a wall, into which she seems to merge. Gradually she takes on life, and finally steps down, going into an intricate dance, now lively, now impassioned, now dreamy. It is said to be very fine.

Aristocratic Berlin has a new craze, a sleep dancer, whose identity is kept a profound secret, and who dances with a veiled face. Rumor says she is a countess from Austria, in financial straits, whose brother is exploiting her. Be this as it may, the countess appears every evening to a select circle of notables, many of them from the court. One of the company sits at a piano and plays music grave or gay, the countess following the strains with appropriate motions. Doctors have been summoned to the seances to report whether the countess is really in a state of trance or not. They are all certain she is. She is also a spiritist medium, and as spiritism has been strictly prohibited by the emperor, the court ladies must be very careful that nothing leaks out. It is rumored that the spirits chiefly summoned are those of deceased Prussian royalties, and the opinions of those great dead are by no means favorable on the doings of their living descendants.

The popularity of these artistic dances is an indication that the public is tired of the rough, uncultivated "coon" dance with which it has been surfeited. Just as the coon song has given way to prettier, daintier numbers in all musical productions, so the coon dance must give way to something more artistic. This is an indication of culture on the part of the public, of a nearer approach to real art, and is most welcome.

There is more of the poetry of motion in the dances of St. Denis than in the most intricate "step" dancing of the cakewalk brand. This sort of dancing, the new sort, I mean, appeals to the higher senses, and makes you think. It interprets beautiful things, and can be as expressive as music or poetry. So, as well, does the beautiful "dance plastique" of Mlle. Badet make a move in the right direction. Even to those who do not understand its significance the beauty of her poses will appeal. Such dances as Mlle. Badet's need at present descriptive synopsis on the programs, perhaps, but the time will come when audiences will become so used to their interpretation that they will follow them clearly.

In all the musical productions that I am to make for the coming season, I am trying to approach this in my dances, which will be more postures and pictures than actual dancing, as we understand it. I am sure other producers are coming to the same way of thinking, and that the stage, in the next season or two, will show an entire change in the matter of dancing as introduced into musical pieces.

The Queen's Invocation.

From M. A. P.

A very pretty story is being told of the queen, who a short time ago consented to be godmother to a little daughter of one of her neighbors and friends at Sandringham.

After the ceremony was over, the queen asked that she might be taken to the new baby's nursery. Upon arriving there she walked to the big window, and taking a diamond ring from her finger, wrote on the glass:

"May God's blessing rest on this house and all in it."