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RAILROAD BUILDING AND DEVELOPMENT,

THE RAILROADS ARE coming at last, both sign and fulfillment of the predicted and promised new era of development in Oregon. Of vast importance to this state and region is the onstruction of the north bank railroad, and it must not and shall not be stopped nor long delayed by rival interests and inimical spitework. Yet "the more the merrier," and if the Union Pacific system and its allied eastern lines can also find right of way down the north bank of the Columbia to Portland the people of this city and the rest of the state certainly have no objec--rather welcome such an outcome.

The valley and in spots the gorge of the Columbia is the natural route for most of the great railroad syszems to reach tidewater in the Pacific northwest Seattle and Tacoma will do an increasing business, no doubt, but the bulk of it, in a few years, will not be lifted over the Cascade mountains in Washington, but Il flow in along the lines of least resistance up and western Washington. But Portland will be the great and only geographical focus of an immense productive and as yet not one quarter developed region.

There will be railroads, moreover, across central and outheastern Oregon, into the Willamette valley, and so to Portland, as well as those running southerly into the great eastern Oregon region from points on the

The coast line is coming, too, to meet the extension of the Southern Pacific to Coos bay, and in a very few years there will be three routes at least to San Francisco and other California points.

The building of the Willamette valley electric roads, now assured, is also tremendously significant of development. There will be business for all; it will grow with giant strides, and this great valley will supply traffic for a network of railroads, from Eugene to

Wallowa county, with its vast natural wealth, will soon be opened up, as well as the Coos bay region; the Tillamook-Nehalem region will not be far behind; Clatsop will vie with Crook in development; the Rogue and Umpqua valleys will double and treble in population production; Klamath, Lake, Malheur and Harney increase their alfalfa, their fruit, their flocks and herds many-fold; in the Walla Walla valley there will be two, three or four prosperous producers where there is one now; Baker City, La Grande, Salem and other towns of Oregon will grow and improve apace-the new era of development has arrived.

The offense for which Stephen A. Douglas Puter was convicted-complicity in fraud against the avuncular relative of the nation-excited the loud reprobation of honest men; but the crime for which he will be punished the extraordinary unsuccess of his efforts to exceed the speed limit of his Nemesis-has earned for him the contempt of many rascals who in the run for safety are leading the department of justice by a nose.

THEY DREAD A IAIL.

N HIS HORROR of vulgar punishments, William A. Canfield, the millionaire gambler of New York, bears a singular resemblance to the beef barons, the railroad kings and other trust magnates. In common with them, he has an abhorrence of a jail. Canfield and his faro dealer, a Mr. Bucklin, were recently involved in litigation with their former attorney, who sued them for counsel fees. Commenting on their letters to the attorney, which formed exhibits in the case, the New York World said: "Canfield was insistent upon the dignity of his pro-

"Timmie's" First Coup.

wilder than it is today, a young man, since grown rich and now famous as a financier and capitalist, was a regular boarder at a hotel in a frontier town. He and a number of his friends were wont to resort every evening to the smoking room of the hotel, which they used as a sort of club, and their wants were attended to by a fair waitress who

regularity and promptitude. One evening after she had retired for the night the landlord informed the company that this was the last time she uld wait upon them, as she was going to be married next day. When the land-lord had gone out "Jimmie" Hughes, the young man referred to, got up and said he thought it only right that they should show their appreciation of her services by making her a little present

on this auspicious occasion. He took a sheet of paper, wrote his name down for \$200 and passed it around. The girl was popular and the idea caught on, and when it came round n to generous "Jimmie," the total inted to something over \$2,000. They moned the landlord, handed over mount to him, and asked him to give it to Miss White next morning with their hearty good wishes for he

happy bridegroom was "Jimmie"

Town Raided by Lions.

From the London Mall.

The inhabitants of the little township of Chiromo on the Shire river were recently alarmed by the cries of natives inhabiting the neighboring villages.

Eight lions had invaded the villages. Eight lions had invaded the villages, carried away one native and mauled another. The roaring of lions was heard in Chiromo and five Europeans rushed out with rifies and lamps. They found the clothes of a native torn and soaked in blood, but nothing more.

Next evening shortly after sunset, the lions entered the town itself. Natives were taken off several verands, malicarriers clothed in the king's uniform more billed and enten and a panic arose, fession. He 'considered his business as respectable as that of any banker or broker in Wall street.' And his conduct was according to the code of Wall street. He instructed his attorney to have a witness 'defy the court." He directed him 'to spare no expense and no scruples.' He employed a well-known lobbyist and political lawyers with pull. He had state senators on tainer and a former candidate for governor on his legal staff. He sought to influence justices of the suprem court. He attempted to bribe newspapers. He sughe must revoke his former testimony if necessary,' such a revocation being perjury. He even threatened to complain to the bar association of a counsel fee that he considered excessive. "How like this is to the conduct of Henry H. Rogers

George W. Perkins, Richard A. McCurdy, the Pennsylvania railroad officials, the beef packers, the Standard Oil and all the rest!

"Furthermore, the only thing that Canfield minded was being sent to jail, and his lieutenant, Bucklin, had the same wholesome fear. Bucklin wrote: 'I won't go to jail. I don't mind a few hours or a day, but no three weeks or more for me. If I could be let off with a

How heartily many of our multi-millionaires are echo ing Bucklin's cry: "Oh, if I could be let off with fine I could stand it. But I won't go to jail."

Courts are sometimes unfeeling and it is possible that they might disregard the wishes of eyen a beef baron

The malice of General Miles, who said more soldiers died from the effects of embalmed beef than were killed by Spanish bullets in a recent spanking bee, has been clearly proved. Chancellor Day intimates that our volunteers, far from taking harm from the rotten meals were sustained by them, but became "delirious with the fever of sensationalism." This is a singularly euphonious term for ptomaine poisoning, and its invention by Professor Day should be rewarded by another substantial endowment for his university.

STRONG PARTY SPIRIT NOT HEALTHY.

T IS NOT a good thing that one party has elected all but one member of the Oregon assembly and all but half a dozen state senators.

Grant it rather than argue about it that the Republiin party is better, worthier, than the Democratic party; remains true that there is no great and essential difference between the two parties just now, and if there were, or because of whatever difference there is: it would be well in the future, as it has been in the past, to have a strong minority party in congress and

It would be an appreciable advantage if a consider able number of honest, progressive young Republicans could be elected to southern state legislatures, and to congress from those states, and if New England went Democratic occasionally.

Oregon would have made a better appearance in the eyes of the country and of the world if last Monday it had elected Judge Hailey, one or two other Democratic candidates for judges of lower courts and 40 or so members of the legislature, as well as a lone Demo-

in Mississippi, in Maine, in Oregon. There is not one tenth as much "in it" as is professed and pretended by party organs.

We believe that the time is rapidly approaching when the better man, in the people's best, honest judgment, will generally win regardless of his party predilection

It should be so. It will be so, as soon as the people become a little wiser.

The extraordinary interest that Chancellor Day takes in the defense of every trust or corporation that is made the subject of investigation leads one to the conclusion that some of the chairs need reseating in Syracuse

'Any review of the political career of George C. reference, at least, to a certain famous telegram sent to him during the senatorial campaign of 1903.

San Francisco will be a long time in rebuilding Meanwhile if you watch you will see Portland growing into the first city of the Pacific coast.

If there was any crooked work that can be proven, punish its perpetrators, whomsoever it hits.

Again, this week, as always, the pioneers will be wel

Higher license is becoming more popular.

The harvest heeds no politician.

come to the best.

Wonder if Bryan's ears tingle.

Natives deserted their villages and slent on verandas, others commandeered barges on the river and lay off in mid-Some years ago, when the west was

neither native nor European venture out of doors after sunset. Cuddle Time. From the Los Angeles Express. She was a nice, quiet girl, and at-tended to the wants of her patrons with When my baby, dressed for Dream Comes a-romping to me so; Comes and begs of me to hold him On my knees and "rock-a-bye," As the purpling sun sinks lower In the gleaming western sun,

And he cuddles to me nearer,

Placed upon one's neck than this? And I clasp and hold him closer, Little tousled head of gold.

And he begs for a "'tory"

Which a hundred times I've told;

Soon the drooping, drooping lashes Cover up two eyes of brown,
And the tousied head so golden
On my breast sinks lower down;
Lower yet, till, deep in slumber,
Cuddled close to me he lies,
With the glory of the sunset
In his sleeping, dreaming eyes.

In his eyes, in whose rare luster Shines the beauty of the dawn, Till I know that into Dreamland My wee golden-head has gone.
Ah, the sweetpess of the pleasure,
Making life one golden rhyme,
With a dimpled babe tay fondle
When it comes to Cuddle Time!

Cable From St. Petersburg.

From Lafe.

Will those six state senators resign?

Try, try again, say the wo The railroads are coming, this time

There are liable to be some more ve

President Roosevelt's politics is yet Looks like a good many didn't vote

Eighteen days yet to bee

Politics doesn't pay, for most aspir-

O, there will be fine excursion and The Prohibitionists and Socialists

The sweet girl graduate beats the About time to think of going dor

Rain, sunshine, glory, gold; the he

Scarcely anybody is so much talked about these days as Bryan. Months and months without any

T. T. Geer and Napoleon Davis might

Nobody can find or hear of the mar who said there would be no roses.

Now that you have found all about lection, buy made-in-Oregon goods. If the dear women would all pull to

It is becoming easier every year for man to fly, but he must yet, and always be, careful where and how to light.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Cherries will ripen after all.

Stork unusually busy around Rainler. Considerable good-roads work goin

Forest Grove's free library is grov Much road improvement in Colum

The non-partisan voter is rapidly oming to the front.

According to the Myrtle Point Er terprise they are spraying the cows or Coos Bay to increase the flow of milk

Echo News: All in all, the storms did more good than harm. The crops on the uplands are going to be very heavy, and young alfalfa is coming along to a great advantage.

Upper Willamina correspondence of Sheridan Sun: To travel is a pleasure, up the Willamina, still Mr. Stewart continues his good work, several teams were hauling gravel the past week. We expect to travel "dry shod" next winter, that is Joe aim anyway.

Coquille Herald: O. F. Robrer, Coquille Herald; O. F. Rohrer, one of our up-to-date farmers, who lives near town, has kept our markets supplied the past week with nice new potatoes. He has about four acres from which he will receive good returns for the first crop, and he is replanting the ground with a late variety as the early

McMinnville News-Reporter: Dairy ing will do more for this valley in the ture. The check for the cream regularly, and there is no such as a crop fallure. Get some good dairy cows and start right. Raise your for-age crops, and feed everything you raise. Your farm will increase in fer-tility and value. Invest every dollar you make in more good cream-making cows, and you will be growing rich and

A Glenwood correspondent of the Forest Grove Times writes: "Dad" Thompson, while preparing supper at Hamblin's shingle mill, some eight miles from here, saw a large black, bear climbing up a log not fifty feet from the house. He rushed for his rifle and was soon trying to get a bead on old bruin. The bear came sauntering along straight toward the kitchen door unmindful of any danger, but "Dad" soon drew a bean on him and sent a rifle bullet through his brain.

Echo News: While a dollar an hour was being offered in Pendleton for men to work at saving goods and buildings from the flood idlers deliberately walked out of town and begged their way out of town and begged their way rather than earn money by hard work. One industrious brace of the genus hobo actually walked to Echo and dedged half a dozen jobs on the raliroad en route, seeking to escape from the opportunity to work for a living. They escaped and are probably getting handouts in Portland as flood sufferers.

THE MAN WITH THE GLAD HAND

with his face radiating sunshine and his words as cheerful as if they had bloomed in gardens of the gods.

Young men and young women, knowing him only through reputation, yet admiring him for his geniality, shout with greatest exultance in the voice when they come into the office in the morning; "Say, what do you think, I came up on the elevator with Mr. Glad Hand," and immediately that disay old office for the moment is like a bower of roses.

Boys and girls, little toddlers, just running out to play for the first time, look up into his bright face and get a "Helle, Bud!" in return for their infectious and innocent "Helle, Mister Glad Hand!"

Even the dogs was their talls and

Glad Hand!"
Even the dogs wag their talls and give doggish signs of delight when he passes them on the street. He knows them all by sight and gives to each his name. If for a moment he steps into a friend's house for a little chat and sits down, the sedate old tabby cats jump on his knee and purr contentedly, as if they know him and were going to knows him through every one of their nine lives.

But one day, as you go out on the street or come down to your office, there seems to be a cloud in the sky, and there's a darkness over everything. The old men and the old women are very sober, the young men and young women are gathered together in clusters, but instead of laughing there is silence, a silence so intense it can be felt; the children are all quiet and still, sitting out on the curbstone with a strange, awed look on their faces; the dogs roum disconsolately about the streets, and the tabby cats lick their paws and say nothing.

Presently the doctor comes from the house, sober, oh, so sober! Then a gentleman in black, carrying a strangelooking case, comes down the street. Then—out on the lintel of the door of Mr. Glad Hand's home there is fluttering a piece of black crape, "And the mourners go about the streets."

People who know not the circumstances ask after it's all over: "Where is Mr. Glad Hand? We don't see him any more."

petals of joy through the sorrow-strick-en world."

But our hearts are heavy, although we know that our sorrow is the joy eternal of Mr. Glad Hand.

For he has come into his own!

BARBAROUS PUNISH-MENT OF CRIMINALS

By Eilla Wheeler Wilcox.

In 1899 Herbert Vivian, M. A., wrote from Tangler: "Just as you have only to set eyes upon a Yankee to know him from an impudent vulgarian, so the first sight of an Arab suffices to convince you that he possesses every instinct of a gentleman."

And yet, in Tangler, they are contemplating the crucifixion of a criminal. The populace is clamoring for the spectacle.

Pierre Loti once described witness ing that ancient and fearful "punish ment of the salt," which at the time o his visit to Morocco was still admin intered to Zemour robbers.

intered to Zemour robbers.

The sultan's barber made deep incisions in the palms of the robber's hands; these incisions were stuffed with salt, the hands bound together and sewed tightly in a close-fitting glove, after which the poor wretch was returned to his dungeon to die by inches.

Of this punishment Pierre Loti says: "The Moroccans, like all people who have not advanced beyond a primitive state, are far interior to us in nervous susceptibility; they look upon death with the utmost contempt, and our guillotine would be an anodyne in their eyes rather than a punishment and would have no deterrent effect upon crime."

Perhaps that is the excuse the of-ficers of justice would make in this case of Mesfewi, the Tangler shoe-maker.

and as a detriment to the human race and an injury to the whole world.

Whenever a public clamors to witness an execution of any kind that public is a victim of disease, and should be restrained and given treatment to produce health.

A LITTLE NONSENSE

NOW AND THEN

Pins Discrimination.

Prom Judge.

Lady—What is the real difference between an apartment, a flat and a tenement-house?

Janitor—In an apartment the ladies have no children; in a flat they have one or two. More than two makes any house a tenement, mum."

From the Chicago News.

Kind Lady—Poor man! You look so lean and seedy! Did you ever have an

From the Atlanta Constitution.
"Bought a plane last year," said the

"Yes; but I sold the house to buy it, and now I haven't got a shed to put it

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Lawd, make us thankful fer what we bout ter receive, but give us strength ter run 10 mile a hour wen we bout ter fall into de hands er de receiver!

It doesn't take us long to git climatised ter trouble, en it don't take us long ter spend our money en experience celebratin' one day er joy.

By Charles Dawson Shanly. Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot Straight at the heart of you prowling

'Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead, There's music around when my bar-

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;

A button, a loop, or that luminous patch That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet. "But I snatched off the trinket-this

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket-'tis My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas

But, bark! the far bugles their warn-

Load again, rifleman, keep your hand

In this examination season school teachers talk much of the examination papers that, from sunset until the small hours, they sit and mark. Some teachers the other day were

does not know how to make love. Girls don't make love with one sye on the audience and the other directed into the wings where a haughty stage manager is shaking a warning finger.

Of the cast, then, there is left Miss Lawrence and William Harris. One cannot say that Miss Lawrence does not know how to make love. In the girlish character she portrays love shines in her eyes and bubbles out of her mouth and tingles in her finger tips. She is enough to make a man down a villain and save a shipwrecked millionaire and enough to make a man down a villain and save a shipwrecked millionaire and stand by the magnate's son and turn a saited gold mine into an eldorado. This week is the first time since "Prince Kari," the opening bill of the Bakerites. that Miss Lawrence and Baume have really got into the spirit of their work

in the cast,

Harris plays a wild and woolly man from the west. There he is—artillery, soft shirt, nervous energy, noble charity and all. He's white, of course—a western man always is on the stage. And the way he wades into the stocks and bonds in an attempt to help Baume save the father of his heart's desire is good to see. "In an etymology lesson," said a sec-ond teacher, "a little girl defined dust as 'mud with the juice squeezed out." A boy defined a snake as 'a thing that is tail all the way up to the head." A young Indian defined a baby as a 'meat doll."

doll."
"Those definitions," said a third teacher, "are as good as the well-known ones that describe a ship as 'a prison with the chance of being drowned'; dogmatism as 'puppyism come to maturity'; anxiety as 'fear spread out thin, and a prodigy as 'every mother's first baby."

He Knew.

There was a heated discussion the other evening between some clubmen upon the science of overcooking. One member hoped to bring the matter to a grand climax by a witty answer to his own question. "Who was it that saked for bried and got a stone?" But a hearer who bore marks of suffering drawled out the reply, "Some fellow who married a cookery-school girl, I suppose."

SMALL CHANGE

By John Anderson Jayne.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. B. Hearst.)
You know him?

Everyone knows him!

There isn't a man in all the confines of this sun-kissed continent of America who does not know him!

And, more than that, nearly all are glad they know him!

He is refreshing as iced lemonade on a hot summer's day, or as a whist of iliacs in the middle of a January blisard!

Wherever he goes he has a host of

nine lives.
Mr. Glad Hand gets the glad hand

There is something so compellingly winsome about him that you can't help putting out your hand and saying in your brightest tones: "Glad to see you, Mr. Glad Hand." And you are glad to see him. You wouldn't miss seeing him for a good many things this world has to offer. Like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, he "makes music and melody wherever he goes."

It matters little what troubles Mr. Glad Hand may have of his own, and he has them the same as other people, he has learned the gentle art of keeping them to himself. And the result is he is welcome everywhere.

But one day, as you go out on the street or come down to your office, there seems to be a cloud in the sky, and

What is the trouble? Then comes the answer: "Mr. Glad Hand is sick and the doctors say he

our best friend!
Presently the doctor comes from the

any more."

Then some one who has strong faith makes reply: "Mr. Glad Hand has gone to receive a reward due to those who have scattered sunshine and cast rose

restrained and given treatment to produce the alth.

Although Morocco is almost at the door of Europe, it is in the dark ages, mentally and spiritually.

Ided Mail boats reach it in three or four hours, and tourists are so common in the continuous and tourists are so common in the continuou

THE PLAY

But Robert G. Pitkin, as the Duke

Not once did Pitkin overdo er underdo his part. He is the soul of the fun in "The Rounders."

Myrtle Vane, delicious bit of feminin-Myrtle Vane, delicious bit of femininity, did not show to advantage because of an unfortunate part, but she satisfied the patrons of the Heilig, who crowded the house from pit to roof, that she can entertain an audience. Ben Lodge, of whom great things are expected, did not show to advantage last night. His work was nervous; he revealed lack of rehearpal, Miliar Bacon did well. Harry Bradley goes on the merit list; and Laurel Atkins is about

did well. Harry Bradley goes on the merit list; and Laurel Atkins is about 100 per cent.

Bessie Tannehill it was who sang. Of all the company, she sang. Her voice is cultured she handles it with care, and last night's audience resisted the fact and gave her the applause she deserved. Bessie Tannehill took the blue ribbon last night, and lack of rehearsal didn't seem to bother her a bit. She sang—that's all—she sang.

The chorus is in good voice and needs only a little more work to get into excellent shape. Their dances and drills were below par, but it is safe to assume that with a little more rehearsal this will be improved. Last night one of the chorus girls fell down because she was trying to make a hit with the audience and watched the people in front, therefore forgetting to watch her feet. Another young woman in a wide-

play any particular talent.

The musical numbers that made a hit last night were "Life is But a Toyshop."

by Miss Kendall and Millar Bacon "Fishing," and "Philadelphia—Amen."

by Miss Kendall, and the solos by Pit-

"The Man From the Golden West

vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an
amulet!" Young Lochinvar comes out of the west, falls in love with the daughter of a millionaire, stands by the magnate's son when a villain causes the father to disown him, makes himself dear to ar old uncle and aunt, saves the million rel's in tune!" Crack! went the rifle, the messenger aire from financial ruin by acting on knowledge given him by his old pard drives the villain into a corner, crows over him a little, then hands him over and dead from his horse fell the ring to an officer, and then walks to the center of the stage, gives a gasp and clasps his loved one in his arms while the audience howls in approval and the gallery whistles approbation and the crowd rushes from the theatre to catch a car. Such is "The Man From the

a car. Such is "The Man From the Golden West" as played by the Bakerites yesterday matinee and evening.

Baume is the Lochivar, and we are right here to state that he plays it better than anything else so far this season. There is really nothing to the play—it is one of those wholesome melodramatic comedies written on the usual lines, but it has an abundance of heart interest and is worth seeing. 'Oh, captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track.

When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette.

For he looked so like you, as he lay on

usual lines, but it has an abundance of heart interest and is worth seeing.

Howard Russell, as the scapegrace son, delivers his share of the groceries without the eggs broken or the sugar bag burst. Harry Byers as the millionaire does good work Billy Dills has a part that he loves, that of the Methodist deacon fallen from grace to the extent of horse racing, and it is worth while to see him bet his wife on "that horse Whiskers." Mrs. Byers is the wife, also a victim of the betting fever and always cheering for "them Giants." locket of gold;
An inch from the center my lead broke its way.

Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold. Of heautiful lady in hridal array."

wife, also a victim of the betting fever and always cheering for "them Gianta." Burt King is a heroic youngster in the toils of the villain, who, of course, is our dearly beloved Sainpolis, who was roundly hissed by yesterday's audiences because he was such a naughty, naughty man. Jewel Power plays opposite Rus-sell and plays well, only Miss Power does not know how to make love. Girls Heaven's decree.

We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

. War is a virtue—weakness a sin: There's a lurking and loping around us

The Examination Season.

Some teachers the other day were lunching together.

"A little boy," one said, "handed me a paper on physiology yesterdey. In this paper, describing shoemaking as an occupation injurious to the health, the boy wrote: "This trade is injurious because the shoemakers press the shoes against the thorax, and therefore, it presses the thorax in, and it touches the heart, and if they do not die they are cripples for life."

to see.

"The Man From the Golden West" will not be played tonight. Tuesday, or Wednesday, those evenings being taken by further productions of "The Eternal City," but it will begin Thursday night and conclude the week with the usual Saturday matines.

J. McC.

stream, while yet others barred their doors and windows. For several days

As the firelight soft glows, And across the dusky portals Ghostly flickering shadows throws: Are clasped tighter for a kiss-

Begs to have me 'tell it over'-Of the quaint Red Riding Hood, Of the bears—that happy family Living in the deep, dark woo

From Tid-Bits.

We called him Patsy the Wit. The following story shows how he merited The crew were discussing the latest attempts to swim the channel. A Yan-kee, who delighted in taking down the others, said: "Well, boys, talk about swimming: I guess I saw the greatest feat in that line. I was crossing the pond to the states: the ship had just cleared Queenstown, when a cry of "Man overboard!" was raised.

"We saw the poor fellow about half a tile ahead of us, but could not come p to him. 'Put on full steam,' said the up to him. 'Put on full steam,' said the captain. It was done, but we never overtook him. Everybody thought he must have gone under, as he was no longer to be seen.

"Judge of our dismay when we reached New York. Who should walk aboard for his clothes but the man we concluded drowned outside Queenstown."

"How did he reach New York?" "Swam,"
was the renly. Everybody felt small was the reply. Everybody felt small after this tale, when up jumped Patsy the Wit, and scizing the Yankee's hand, exclaimed: "You saw that man your-

"That's so," said the Yankee,
"Be jabbers, I'm glad to meet you.
That man was me. And if you had not
seen me do it none of the boys would
have believed it."

"That's so," said the Yankee,

Didn't Have the Time. A ferocious person went into South McAlester some time ago and dis-turbed the public peace by announcing that he was a wolf; that he came from that he was a wolf, that he came from the headwaters of Bitter creek and that this was his night to howi. He emphasized this statement by firing a pistol several times and was promptly put in the mainboose. Next morning he was brought before Judge Stewart and the case was heard.

"I fine you \$50 for being a wolf, \$50 for being from the headwaters of Bitter creek and \$50 because it was your night to howi," said the judge.

"All right, judge," the bad man replied, filippantly. "I've got that amount right here in my jeans."