

O. S. P. MINSTREL SHOW FULL OF SWEETNESS IN SPIRE OF "SOMETHING"

By Gertrude Robison.

According to the city editor "there was good stuff for a human interest story in the O. S. P. play," and I was to cover it. With an instinct, all feminine, I refrained from telling him that I had seen the performance the evening before; the show was good and a chance was offered to see it again—well—there's a little of the "inquirer" in every girl, if you know what I mean. So I polished my finger nails, secured a pass for myself and girl companion and went. I told myself that I could ease my conscience with the supposition that having already seen the play would allow me to concentrate my mind more fully upon the story, but I needn't have bothered with excuses; my conscience never excused its face.

We were late. The curtain had already gone up and Happy Gordon with his good natured nonsense was eliciting bursts of laughter from grey clad audience. From a point of vantage in the gallery I had an ideal view of both entertainers and entertained, and I learned more of "human interest" in those two short hours, than I have in all the rest of my life. And I have voted twice!

There Are Faces. From the assemblage below, faces stood out from companion faces, commanding attention. There was a boy in his early twenties, with one arm, who sat on the edge of his chair and watched the stage with the interest of a child; there was a big man with a thick neck, and a shaven head shaped like those of German soldiers in popular magazine illustrations. There was an old, old man with hair as white as thistle down, who never applauded the witty sallies or cheery choruses, but sat through the entire performance with his eyes upon his hands folded quietly in his lap. Far in the rear, beneath the gallery, one who might have been thirty or fifty or a hundred, sat with an ugly little dog upon his lap and stroked the ruffled hair or pulled tenderly at the silky ears, while the little mongrel answered the caresses by settling closer or giving an appreciative lick to the friendly hand. On some of the faces stories were written in cold clear type; on others the script was blurred and the tale almost indiscernible, while the pages of a very few were folded close and bound with the covers of secrecy.

Smiles Effective Camouflage. Up on the stage, in the glare of the footlights, fellow prisoners did their best to erase for a few moments the shadowed pasts of their comrades. The minstrels, with their painted, foolish smiles, danced and sang and did all the enumerable stunts that negro minstrels have done since time began, while others in gay colonial costumes interspersed the nonsense with ballads of the far past, or, to them, the yet more distant present. Did they dream, perhaps, in their brave, ruffled finery, of the marble halls and happy things of which they sang? One there was, who held his head high, although his hands were clenched tight beneath the lace ruffles of his sleeves, and sang of a mother, as wonderful as yours and mine. For those few moments in which his voice held the great hall silent, he was a boy again. Gone were the powdered wig and the buckled slippers, and face beneath the mask of painted make-up was the face of a little lad who knew that no matter what the trouble might be, he could go to mother! The faces in the shadowy audience were very solemn, and the applause that called the singer to his feet again and again was unanimous, except for the thick-necked prisoner and the old man with the tired eyes and quiet hands.

Songs Belle Deeds.

There were others, too, one who looked as though he were scarcely out of his teens, with eyes as blue as cornflowers and lips like a girl. He sang in a clear tenor voice that would have fitted well in a vested sanctuary choir, and seemed as out of place on the gaudy stage as a stained glass window would be in a junk shop. One, a huge man whose daring deeds filled the front pages of all the daily papers not six months ago, wore his pretty costume as though he were quite used to the part of a masquerader and boomed out the bass accompaniments with a friendly good will.

Always "That Something." Through all the happy-go-lucky performance there was a something from which it was impossible to get away. I tried not to be sorry; being sorry makes one so miserable, so I laughed when the others did, and just as I was feeling exceptionally merry the boy with the tenor voice or the ballad singer in the colonial costume, or the man below with his weary face against the head of the little dog would detach themselves from the others, and something would happen inside of me. It couldn't be helped. It kept one wondering so!

The performance came to an end at last; a triumphant burst of music and the curtain went down. Strange—but not once had I remembered to blame them. Instead, the refrain of one of the melodies was beating an endless tattoo in my brain to the exclusion of everything else. "I must go away from you, but maybe I'll return, and then you'll know how much I love you. Wait for me—" Who was waiting for them? In all the world was there anyone who marked the days of the calendar, year after year, in the vain hope that a kind providence might see fit to lessen the term, and forget the mis-step that brought upon them the wages of their sin? Surely! That wonderful mother, perhaps, and, maybe, who knows?—one who shall lead the prodigal into the Kingdom of Heart's Content!

Banquet Given Minstrel Actors After Performance

Following the final presentation of the O. S. P. Melody Minstrels last evening, a banquet was given for the performers, to which, for the first time in the history of the institution, the musicians were invited. Lieutenant Compton, parole officer, complimented the men upon the production, and gave entire credit to them for its astounding success. Happy Gordon thanked the administration and the Salem public for their kind co-operation, and called for a standing vote of thanks and three cheers, which were heartily given, for Warden R. E. Steiner, who was not present. The entire company, in the name of the inmates, voted to support Mr. Steiner in anything he should undertake, in connection with the institution. Jan DuMonte made the closing speech. The outside talent who rendered their services in the orchestra were Miss Viola Ash, Miss Martha Swart, Miller Bevier, H. S. Swart and W. H. Mills. The money realized from the two public performances will go to swell the amusement fund of the inmates.

WEEKLY WEATHER FORECAST

Washington, Nov. 15. — Weekly weather forecast: Pacific states: Frequent rains over northern portion and fir weather over southern portion with nearly normal temperatures.

Financial Congress Is Called To Talk Values

Rome, Nov. 14.—(United Press)—The world financial situation has become so serious that an international financial congress has been called to sit here in the near future to devise means for regulation of exchange rates according to a news agency dispatch today. Stabilization of the American gold dollar will be taken up, the agency said.

Edward Seymour Treat, a resident of The Dalles for 25 years and well known throughout Oregon, died in that city Tuesday, aged 63 years.

ROBINSON BEATS PELSINGER

Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 15.—Sallina Jack Robinson beat Sammy Pelsinger in three rounds last night and won the Judge's decision. Al Walker and Young Joe Thomas fought a whirlwind draw and Johnny Cline of Marysville beat Bert Myers of San Francisco.

Grand Opera House THURSDAY, NOV. 20

Seat sale at Opera House Pharmacy

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Barthelmess Goes To China To Study For Film Playing

The one important thing in casting the part of the Chinese poet, Chang Huan, in "Broken Blossoms," which is coming to the Oregon Theater Monday, was according to D. W. Griffith, to secure a player whose facial expression would emphasize as fully as possible that line of Thomas Burke's in "Limehouse Nights," "his love was a pure and holy thing. Even his worst enemies admitted that." It just chanced that, looking around for the right actor for the part of Chang Huan, Mr. Griffith heard that Rich-

ard Barthelmess was, for the time being, at liberty to accept the difficult engagement.

A college man, educated at Trinity college, Hartford, he had already worked for Mr. Griffith, who knew well of his abilities. Mr. Barthelmess began his career as an actor for the screen in "War Babies" and "The Eternal Sin," though prior to his appearance in the films he had done notable work in New York stock companies. The qualities of simplicity and naturalness which he had displayed in enemies admitted that." It just chanced that, looking around for the right actor for the part of Chang Huan, Mr. Griffith heard that Rich-

Nine I. W. W. Will Be Arraigned As Vagrants

San Francisco, Nov. 15.—Nine men arrested in two raids conducted on two I. W. W. halls here will be arraigned today on vagrancy charges. Charges had been made that school children had been given radical literature at the halls. The men are charged with vagrancy and are held on \$1000 bail.

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