

The Theaters

THE BAKER.

Cumberland, '61, was presented by the Stuart company to full houses yesterday, and such promises to be the rule for the remainder of the week. The stirring scenes of the war period and the patriotic music aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, and more than ordinary interest.

surpassed in this city. He is regularly adapted to the part, and shows real merit in his acting. Miss Purcell, as Marguerite, does finished work, and shows her beauty, which is of a high order, to advantage. The remainder of the cast furnishes excellent support. "Faust" is billed to appear until Monday night. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights the bill will be The King's Rival.

Hamman Turkish and Russian baths. For ladies exclusively. 300 Oregonian Building, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Phone North 184.

Younger, A. L. Miller, A. L. Cowgill, Ralph F. Davis, St. Clair Thomas, Perry Caldwell, C. V. Crawford, O. F. Ghormley, Misses Ray Fawk, Melvin Snow, Frank West and P. L. Neal.

WEDDINGS.

At the residence of P. L. Holm, 400 Dover street, May 1, Nels Sorenson and Miss Hannah Eck were wedded. The ceremony was by Dr. Alexander Blackburn in the presence of a goodly company. The parlor was beautifully decorated with Oregon grape and evergreens.

The JOURNAL SHORT STORY

The Sinner was laid up with a sprained ankle, and he was not modest in voicing his complaints.

"I feel," said he, "like John Bull with the large and healthy back of the South African war in his heel. I feel like the Russian bear with the Japanese sharp-shooter on his trail. I am as happy as General Smith with Teddy's eagle eye on him and an investigation of the methods of warfare in the Philippines pending. I feel about as peaceful as the Belgium mob. I am as contented as General Miles with his Diploma of Misbehavior and the long list of What-I-might-have-dones which he has framed for the delectation of his descendants. I love my brothers as thoroughly as Teddy loves the trusts, Mark Hanna, Admiral Schley, Miles, the Democratic party, and a few others. What if you think of that bread tax business, anyway? To my mind it's the black-oh, Lord! Oh, gosh! Oh! Oh, say, what a fool I am!" groaned the Sinner, as he hastily sat down again and nursed his injured extremity.

"You shouldn't move so suddenly," said the Little Woman. "You know it hurts if you aren't very careful."

"Oh, yes, I know," growled the Sinner. "I know a whole lot. I know it just as well as John Bull knows what effects the bread tax will have on his loving subjects, but I go and do it just the same."

"Do you know," thoughtfully remarked the Little Woman, "I really don't see why it is necessary to impose that tax on the people. Why couldn't they put off the coronation and save that money to pay war expenses?"

"Now isn't that just like a woman!" exclaimed the Sinner. "Put off having a good time when there are plenty of people to pay for it! Why shouldn't little Johnny have some fun occasionally? What's he King for? If people want to worship the golden calf they've got to pay for it, of course. They wouldn't appreciate a King that wore a sack coat and a derby hat every day in the year. They want him to get up and prove that he's a King. If Edward put off that little coronation bee of his, there'd be the biggest howl of disappointment go up from injured English throats that you ever heard. Edward knows his business. He's going to make his people pay for the coronation and the Boer war, too. Those who don't like it can lump it, and the rest will keep their faithful noses to the grindstone with a grateful heart. There'll be just as much God-blessing of his

majesty as ever, and they wouldn't have it any other way—unless it's the Irish, and they ain't English."

"I tell you, there's nothing like living in a King-ridden country. It insures content with your lot. How much better it is to be a lowly-laborer, toiling for the support of one anointed by the Creator as ruler of his country, earning 30 cents a day on a breadless diet, than to be a free citizen of a free country, profligate by the advice of another free citizen who, of our own free will, we have elected to be our highest officer, and earning a living wage on a beard-and-butter-and-jam diet."

"Not that we have reached the Mecca of good things in America, by any means—but we've never had to have a bread tax yet. And while we've got the Philippines boiling on our neck, we haven't imposed Job's trials on every inhabitant of the land. We're not taking the bread out of the mouths of our children to destroy the Republic of a liberty-loving white people, though the trusts are trying to do the next thing to it. We're only paying \$50,000 a year to our President, and we'd be switched before we'd dress him up like a booby and set him up on a throne for every other country on the globe to criticize, poke fun at, and make remarks concerning his personal beauty—though, if Teddy wasn't any better-looking than Edward, I'd like him within an inch of his life!"

"Wasn't there some Queen of France who said the people should eat cake if they had no bread?" asked the Little Woman.

"Yes. But that wouldn't apply in England. Cake's taxed as well as bread; also pie, tarts, and anything made from flour. But good Lord! That's no cause for complaint. The English farmer might as well have bread for dessert in place of pudding. Pudding is so unhealthy!"

"But what will they do if they can't afford to eat bread?"

"Bread is cheap. Ditto rice. The Irish have their potatoes. They ought to be contented with such luxurious living as these will give them. Poor people shouldn't live too high. It wouldn't do for the merry laboring man to be forth some morning with one foot tied up with the gout."

"But if the people won't buy bread they may tax other necessities," said the Little Woman. "What will they do then?"

"Emigrate to America," groaned the Sinner, "where they'll get all at the first table and get all the good things."

B. K. W.

CABLE TO MANILA IN 1904.

By next Thanksgiving Day San Francisco will be doing business with Honolulu and getting news from the Hawaiian Islands by wire, instead of waiting for the steamer to come out of the sea.

Yesterday George Gray Ward, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company and vice-president and general manager of the Commercial Cable Company, came to San Francisco from Monterey, and his mission is to select a landing place for the California end of the Hawaiian cable.

"I have come to California to select a landing place for the cable," said Mr. Ward. "The first section will be laid from some point on the coast of Honolulu. The spot to be selected will be either San Francisco or Monterey. The navy department recommends the latter, but we prefer San Francisco, this being the metropolis of the coast."

"I have received a cablegram since my arrival on the coast saying the manufacture is going ahead satisfactorily, at the rate of 600 miles per month, and, barring accidents, it will be finished and shipped on board the cable steamer Silverton by the end of July and laid by the 1st of November, according to contract."

"We hope to complete the line to the Philippines before the end of 1904, and our desire is to land only on American territory, so that the cable will be all American, and entirely under American control. Wake and Guam islands are in a direct line between Honolulu and Manila, but Wake is out of the question, as it is occasionally under water, so we trust it will be possible to land at Midway and Guam. The navy department sent out the United States seamer Nero a year or two ago and surveyed the whole route, and Admiral Bradford has stated that it is quite practicable to lay a cable between Honolulu and the Philippines, touching at the places I have mentioned."

"We propose making the rate to Honolulu 50 cents a word until the cable is completed to Manila, when we shall reduce it to 35 cents. We intend to make the tariff from San Francisco to Manila and China \$1 per word."—San Francisco Examiner.

ABOUT RAILROADS.

The New York Central has inaugurated a system of connecting trains with the telegraph and telephone wires along the line of the Rome, Ogdensburg & Watertown, so that communication can be established in a moment after a train is brought to a stop. This will prove invaluable in cases of accident or delays, for the conductors or engineers can instantly ask for help from station agents.

The Canadian Pacific may have a competitor from the British Columbia Coast to the interior boundary to connect with the United States Northern transcontinental lines. In answer to the invitation extended to capitalists, the Ollaha Mining & Smelting Company of New York has offered to build such line, for a subsidy of \$4,000 per mile from the Province and \$6,000 per mile from the Dominion. Both governments may agree to these terms.

It is probable that a connecting line between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern will be established. Surveyors have been examining the ground for a suitable grade from near the head of Flathead Lake in Montana. One line from Kalispell down the lake has already been laid out, which is 31 miles long. A provisional grade said to have been agreed upon takes the line across Flathead River at Hell direct to Jocko, west of Missoula, Mont., on the Northern Pacific.

Pacific Coast shippers will be interested to learn of the incorporation in Iowa of the Central Warehousing Company. This will erect the largest freight warehouse in the West at Minnesota Transfer. A

recent dispatch states the main object is to save the difference between carload lots and those that are less on through shipments. By reshipping at the Minnesota Transfer through the new Warehouse Company small consignments can be bunched together into carload lots, making a saving in rates of from 25 to 75 per cent.

The Southern Pacific between Benicia and Sacramento, a distance of 57 miles, is to be double-tracked. When finished, this will give the company a double track from Oakland to Sacramento. The improvement will relieve the line from congestion north of Sacramento, due to diverting business to the Sunset route during certain seasons of the year.

The Great Northern is taking steps to ward utilizing the water in the Cascade range to generate electric power, with which to propel trains through the range. By means of electric power it is believed the heaviest loaded trains can be hauled over the heavy mountain grades without breaking the same into sections. This will be a great saving. Specially constructed electrical engines will be employed on the entire mountain system and a third rail will be required.

FEW IDLE THOUGHTS.

A fresh row has broken out in the Chicago Woman's Club. If this thing keeps up we may yet have to resort to the water cure as a pacificator.

That promised peace in South Africa appears to have run over a tack.

And now somebody wants the people to buy President Roosevelt a yacht and a private railway train. No, siree! Let the Man on Horseback do his traveling that way.

If you don't care to pay the present high prices to the beef trust, you might lend the peanut trust a helping hand.

The idea seems to be that we should give Cuba everything she wants except such things as we want.

It is rumored that the new pension commissioner is writing a poem that will be considered a masterpiece by the employees of the pension bureau.

The beet-sugar fellows could not prevent passage of the Cuban reciprocity bill, but they managed to put a rider on it that makes it valueless. The patriot statesmen at Washington are, certainly a wise bunch.

Colombia wants only \$7,000,000 in advance for the privilege of splitting it up with an interoceanic canal. It would be cheaper to annex Colombia.

All the indications point to the probability that Marce Henry Watterson is taking a brief tour on the water wagon.

As for the Hon. Dave Hill, it is reported he still thinks he will be President one of these days.

COMPLETED PROVERBS

"What costs nothing is worth nothing," which is also true of much which costs much.

"Beware of the widder," but still more of the ingenu.

"Opportunity knocks once, at every man's door," but often makes sure the man is out before knocking.

"Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still," and letting others hustle for him.

"Everything comes to the man who waits," except that for which he waits.

WAGNER WOODED IN VAIN.

Blunt Attempt at Trying to Win a Parisian Beauty.

An enterprising Parisian journalist lately reported a conversation with Mme. Forget. She brought out from an old box a letter of Richard Wagner, yellow with age, and told how at her father's house on the shores of the Lake of Geneva she had two wooers.

"Richard Wagner and Charles Forget both visited my father's house, as he was a bit of a dilettante and a Maecenas in a small way, and both fell in love with me, and the rivalry only increased their passion. Wagner was the first to speak. It was a beautiful afternoon in June. I was sitting in the garden and held in my hand 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' Wagner came up resolutely, and, seeing the book in my hand, said, contemptuously: 'Opera spoils romance for me.' He then made a grand gesture and exclaimed: 'There are only two men, Beethoven and I. I shall be the great musical performer of the century!' His tone was haughty, his voice inharmonious, he looked like a bad-tempered schoolmaster; moreover, he had flat feet and smelled rather musty. I disliked him much, and his brutal pride caused me a kind of terror. I will blend poetry and music into one, and make out of them something inseparable, a complete organism. And then he repeated: 'I shall be the great musical reformer of the century. My contemporaries are blockheads, all, he added, sneeringly, 'all musicians and opera composers.'"

"Then he was silent, looked at the tips of his shoes and with sudden brusqueness said: 'Will you be my wife?' Then he made a speech and talked of the fame that would accompany his wife and the noble devotion that he expected from her. I believe I would sooner have married a fisherman from the lake. As I was amazed at his conceit and was sure that nothing could come out of him, I did not spare him, but plainly said: 'No! He looked so astonished and confused that at first he could find no words; then he exclaimed roughly: 'One day you will scarcely believe in your own infatuation, and walked away. But he wrote me a kind of memorial, in which he sketched his plans. I found it pretty obscure and spoiled by verbosity, but yet grandiloquent. I regarded him too much as a theorist who could not carry out his teachings. When a week later he wrote me a letter and again asked me in brief terms if I would be his wife I gave him the same answer as before. The repulsion which I entertained for Wagner increased my liking for Forget, and when he later confessed his love—now tenderly, how dearly—I felt as happy as a young goddess."

The interviewer was still holding in his hand Wagner's letter, and describes himself as feeling a kind of scorn for the old lady, says the Musical Courier. "Did you not feel yourself in the presence of a great soul?" he asked, and received the reply: "I did not feel myself in the presence of a great soul; I only saw intolerable conceit."

"But that was noble pride, madame!" "The hypertrophy of the I is perhaps useful for doing great things, but in life it is repulsive. I do not regret having laughed."

"Do you not regret that you are not called Mme. Wagner? Fate offered you a fairy-like bit of luck."

"I certainly regret having misjudged Wagner—by my own account, not his. He had opportunity to console himself. But I do not regret that I am not his wife. I have children, and what mother would change her children for others?"

Mme. Forget later described the lot of the wives of famous men as one not to be envied, and added: "Only self-sacrificing love could have determined me to undertake such a role."—St. Louis Republic.

"I had been told as I rode over the North Carolina highway that Tom Westfield's would be a good place to get dinner at," said a Detroit citizen, who is fond of roaming through the South, "and when I reached the log house a few minutes before high noon the wife gave me welcome and one of the best of the best of home cooking. The man around I naturally inquired after him, and the wife replied: 'Tom? Oh, Tom's gone down to the crows-down to trade a maw! with Dan Skinner.'"

"Then he'll probably be back before I go?" "Not on less yo' are calculatin' to stop for two or three days, which I'm suah we'd be glad to hev yo'!"

"But if he's just gone down to trade mules that shouldn't take him long." "Stranger, yo' don't 'pear to know the ways of the kentry," she said as she motioned me to draw up to the table. "It will take Tom and Dan about an hour to get ready to trade. They'll be off the night he'll get Tom down to 'nuff by daylight. Then they'll higgie and haggie all day long, mix up religion, ring-bones, camp-meetings, and spavins the next night, and about noon of the second or third day Tom will come ridin' home on a wheezy old maw and lick the children all-around and make out that I'm to blame fur the holes in the cabin roof."

"And then the trade will be off," I suggested.

"Not at all, suh. It won't hev aksany begun. Them fellers will get up and walk around agin, and sot down and shet their heads some mo', and it'll be plumb sun-down before Tom will offer to trade fur dollars to boot. Dan will snuff at the night he'll get Tom down to 'nuff by daylight. Then they'll higgie and haggie all day long, mix up religion, ring-bones, camp-meetings, and spavins the next night, and about noon of the second or third day Tom will come ridin' home on a wheezy old maw and lick the children all-around and make out that I'm to blame fur the holes in the cabin roof."

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SHORT PERSONAL STORIES.

Colonel Sam Reed was breakfasting at Delmonico's. After looking over the French menu he said to the waiter: "You may bring me some eggs blushing like Aurora, and some brooches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce, and for dessert be sure you bring a stew of good Christians and a mouthful of ladies."

The astonished waiter said: "Sir, we don't serve such dishes." "Yes, you do," said the guest, pointing to the bill of fare. "Oeufs a la Aurora-culottes la royale saque velout-compote de bon cretiens-bouches de dames." "All right," said the waiter, "ready in two minutes, sir!"

Senator Dubois of Idaho says that the happiest day in his life was when he took President Harrison the bill which had passed Congress, admitting Idaho as a state. Mr. Dubois, who had been slacking around in the House as a delegate without a vote, knew that the passage of the law meant a Senatorship for him.

The day was the 3d of July. The people of Idaho wanted the bill signed on the Fourth of July, so that the new state might join the Union on that glorious anniversary. Mr. Dubois told the President of his constituents' desires.

"But," said the President, "if I do not sign this bill until tomorrow, the new star for Idaho will not be placed on the flag for another year. Do your people want to wait that long for recognition?"

Mr. Dubois thought at the rate of 40 miles a minute. There was no time to wire home for advice.

"Mr. President," he said, firmly, "sign the bill now."

"That would be my judgment," replied Mr. Harrison, and, taking up a pen, he wrote his signature.

On the next day the flag of the United States bore another star.

There is a ping-pong table in Senator Hanna's house. It is set in the large reception room down stairs, where there is plenty of space for the players. In the Hanna household the game is now all the rage. Mr. Hanna does not participate in the fascinating sport. He stands off and applauds the clever strokes of the players.

Some one asked him the other night to keep score.

"Keep score?" queried the Senator. "I don't know how."

"Why, it's just like scoring tennis." "I never played a game of tennis in my life," confessed Mr. Hanna.

SOME MAXIMS FROM CARNEGIE'S NEW BOOK

Mr. Carnegie's new book, "The Empire of Business," is at times epigrammatic in its declarations, and these terse statements are easily carried in the mind. It is hardly possible to forget such sentences as these:

"The trouble is men are not paid at any time the compensation proper to that time."

"Every employer of labor is anxiously studying the men around him."

"The millionaires are the bees of the hive, not the drones."

"Capital, business ability and labor must be united in any enterprise."

"The fashion of trusts has but a short season longer to run."

"It is infinitely easier for a young practical man of ability to obtain an interest in existing firms today than ever before."

"Subdivision, specialization, is the order of the day."

"The habit of thrift constitutes one of the greatest differences between the savage and civilized man."

"I have never yet met a man who fully understood two different kinds of business."

"The millionaire who tells on is the cheapest article which the community secures at the price it pays for him, namely, his shelter, clothing and food."

"No young man ever lived who had not a chance, and a splendid chance, too, if he was ever employed at all. The young man who never had a chance is the same young man who has been canvassed over and over again by his superiors, and found destitute of the necessary qualifications."

A radical bit of advice is Mr. Carnegie's several times repeated admonition to "put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch the basket." This means the specializing of business, and is one of Mr. Carnegie's keys to a great success.

VALUE OF STORM SIGNALS.

The value of storm warnings ordered displayed at the mouth of the Columbia river last Monday is manifest in a letter from the official in charge of the Astoria Weather Bureau office.

The letter states that "the captain of the steamer Nahotta informed me that a very heavy, gusty southwest gale came up while he was lying at Fort Canby, Wash., about 1:30 p. m. last Monday. There were numerous accidents to fishermen who did not heed the warnings displayed at Fort Canby and Stevens. The life crews at both stations were called out two or three times to make rescues, and a number of boats were swamped and blown into the breakers."

This speaks well for the storm service of the Weather Bureau. It shows that the bureau is ever on the alert.

C. GEE WO THE GREAT CHINESE DOCTOR

Can it be wondered that he is called great, when his wonderful remedies cure and help so many sick and suffering people not only here, but throughout the United States? Many are given up to die; others told that an operation was the only help for them, yet their lives were saved without the great suffering of an operation. Cured by these powerful Chinese herbs, roots, barks and vegetables, that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies he treats all and all diseases of men, women and children. This famous doctor knows the action of over 50 different remedies that he has successfully used in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung troubles, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidney, female troubles, hemorrhoids and all private diseases. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Consultation free. Patients from the city write for blank and circular. Indicate stamp. Address The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Company, 324 Third street, Portland, Or. Mention this paper.

SOCIAL PORTLAND.

HAPPY HEARTS' PARTY.

The members of Happy Hearts gave a delightful party Friday night. This organization has only five members: Claude Jolly, Charles Stewart, Edmund de Kester, small coterie of friends were present and the party was chaperoned by Mrs. J. T. Walla, Mrs. Frank F. Gilham and Mrs. L. M. Hubert.

MUSICALE. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ball, of East Four-

SOCIAL NOTES. The Kate Wheeler Whist Club meeting



FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZIESLER, MARQUAM GRAND, TONIGHT.

teenth and Morrison streets, gave an at-home and musicale last Thursday evening. The evening was spent in playing croquet and cards and refreshments were served. Music was furnished by the Home Amusement orchestra. The following guests were attendant: L. W. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Myers, Myron Myers, Captain and Mrs. F. H. West, Mrs. C. M. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Short, Miss Clara Poppleton, the Misses Mattingly, Miss Corinne Sheldon, Mrs. J. H.

last week was not as largely attended as usual. The club rooms will soon be closed for the season. "The Girls" gave a party Thursday night at Parsons' hall at which the patronesses were Mesdames Batchelor, Forbes and Hilton. Mrs. John Watson entertained the Larmer Whist Club on Thursday afternoon at her residence at 833 Kerby street. About 20 guests were present and the event was an unusually pleasant one.

est was taken in the play. The story is simple and old, and is centered around the marriage of the scoundrel, Colonel Murdock, with Alice Ainslie, a girl for whose education he had paid, taking her from the mountains of Kentucky. The girl loves Gordon Grayne, and the existence of a feud between the Grayne and Ainslie families keeps Alice's father from preventing the marriage with Murdock. Murdock is a Confederate soldier, and captures two Union soldiers, Grayne and Dirk Kamssett, his son by an Indian wife, who has asked for an avowal of the legitimacy of the birth and proof that he is not a negro. The latter is released on an errand for Murdock, who promises to make the declaration his son desires and allow Grayne to escape. He proves himself treacherous and is killed by his son in the last act of the play, which throughout is full of climaxes brought about by the Kentucky feud, the issues of war and the nature of the Indian. The presence of two colored boys also adds a touch of homely Southern life.

Mr. Stuart, as the half-breed son, is in a new role to any yet assumed by him here, but is none the less admired. Frank Sheridan, as the villain, is especially interesting because of his realistic acting. Lansing Rowan appears to great advantage as Alice Ainslie, and a dainty bit of comedy is gracefully presented by Elizabeth Stuart, Katherine Countess and Louis Morrison. Cumberland, '61 will be given all week, to be followed by The Westerners.

THE MARQUAM. Mr. Willard closed his engagement in this city with a comedy that won for him more ardent admirers than before. In his presentation of David Garrick he left nothing undone that could add to the finish and beauty of the part. His recital of Shakespearean verse in the most tragic manner known to the art was a feature that well deserved the applause it received.

Madame Bloomfield-Ziesler will give a piano recital tonight that deserves an especially large house. She is highly praised wherever she is known, and an entertainment of rare merit is promised. Lewis Morrison will play Faust Friday and Saturday matinee and night. There is no doubt of the artistic and excellent character of Mr. Morrison's production of this piece, and crowded houses should greet him.

CORDRAY'S. Scenic effects have become a most important factor in modern plays, and for a good illustration of this one should witness the production of Faust at Cordray's. The sparkle and flash of electricity and the many red lights give an effect startling enough at times to picture the most vivid conception of the supposed scenes. Unsurpassable was the broken scene, with its many tableaux. John Griffith as Mephisto has not been