

SETS THE PACE FOR THEATERS

Denman Thompson's
Old Homestead
Still a Favorite

Plays Come and Plays Go
But This Creation Beau-
tiful in Its Simplicity
Stays

It was like balm to the tired spirit to see Denman Thompson and "The Old Homestead" at the Columbia Theatre last night. The first question that arises on a fresh view of this play, which is almost an American classic, is, not why it is so good, but why, oh why, is the rest of the contemporary output so bad? Why does company after company come here with flaming proclamations of success on the road and then present only melodrama, which distorts life and tortures the audience by the veritable cruelties inflicted on the characters?

"The Old Homestead" is in comparison so natural, so easy, so refreshing. It is almost like an exquisitely divined and painted landscape with soft blue distances, a restful pool in the foreground and a few lazy kine browsing in the meadow. And people wonder why such pictures are always in demand, why they give such relief to the gaudiest drawing-rooms and the most fetid centers of civilization.

"The Old Homestead" is a play of character rather than plot. There is no love interest, and the dramatic climates are of the simplest. But Hickety Ann, stumbling about the farm, the Salvation Army procession filling past Grace Church, and the corruptible metropolitan policeman, to say nothing of Cy Prime, who is accused of "doing chores for his board," are types whose individuality bites into the consciousness and renders a precious service to truth.

Denman Thompson is, of course, Uncle Josh. He is so thoroughly identified with the role, so completely in and of it, that analysis as well as criticism, is an impertinence. His humor is ever fresh and fragrant, mingled intimately with his sentiment, the whole portrait having the sincerity and the vitality of life itself.

Mrs. Louisa Morse is not far behind Thompson himself in sympathetic identification. She is the homely domestic woman of New England to perfection, and there is an art borrowed so closely from nature that it scarcely seems art, in her manner of picking strawberries, and her rolling of the red ball of knitted worsted.

Mr. Fred Clare gave breezy and really attractive portrait of Happy Jack, the tramp, who reappears in swagger evening clothes in the latter half of the play, and Mr. Charles Carter incontestably knows what he is doing in the role of the lean, sentimental and querulous Cy Prime.

The city characters are always at a disadvantage, just as much so in the penetrating realism of "The Old Homestead" as in the furious melodramas where virtue languishes in cheap calico and vice strides malignantly about the stage in all the bravery of the latest tailor's and milliner's novelties. The Hopkins—the rich people of "The Old Homestead"—are given brief woody rules, whose acting consists chiefly in laughing at the mistakes of the old farmer turned adrift in the city for the first time, and the act in which they appear is certainly the poorest in the drama. The placing of Uncle Josh in a ridiculous light destroys some of the intrinsic dignity of the character, and reveals his friends from New York in a very cheap light.

The wonder grows why some American playwright cannot write another "Old Homestead" or "Henrietta," so as to swap the intrusive melodrama and make the importation of French and English problem plays unnecessary.

Danger Averted.

Harry—Do you deny yourself during Lent?

Harriet—Of course, but don't you go to bringing me any cheaper candy.

Political Discernment.

"How does a Grover Cleveland third term impress you?"

"Say, you know how we feel about a man who wants three pieces of pie."

Military Signal Service.

"We've had a lot of cold waves this month."

"Yes; Russia has been getting all the hot waves."

ROYAL Baking Powder

Makes the food more wholesome, and more nutritious to both brain and muscle.

I have given the Training Table to the Cornell University for five years very satisfactorily, and am certain that much of the success has depended upon the quality of articles used. In baking powder, I use the Royal, for it is undoubtedly the best. I have occasionally given others a trial, and have demonstrated to my satisfaction that there is but one always reliable, always making perfect, delicious and wholesome food,—The Old Reliable "Royal."

(Mrs.) Amelia Morey Atkins.

ALCOHOL AND SOME OPINIONS

Dr. Hutchinson has thrown a bombshell into the prohibition camp, that was well nigh paralyzed the whole outfit with rage. The preachers are ranting and roaring about the inhumanity of the survival of the fittest, which is the gist of Hutchinson's argument. One of them in charity says, "Seek out the unfit and execute them with shotguns rather than subject them to the slow torture of alcoholic poison."

However, they all seem to be possessed with the idea that there is not such a thing as a temperate use of alcoholic drinks, that every one that touches must go to excess, when they know, and the whole world knows the reverse to be a fact. Why not argue this question with more of common sense? That the excessive use of alcoholic drinks destroys man's physical, mental and moral stamina and wrecks him as nothing only some more potent narcotic poison can, all sensible people who have taken the trouble to inform themselves, agree. And again they will agree that he can use it temperately with less harm than any other narcotic stimulant, except it be tobacco.

Alcohol in small quantities may be food; it may have properties that vitalize and oxygenize the blood. We know this that it has the quality of creating an appetite for itself; that is, in the language of the toper, one drink calls for another. Here is the danger, and right here lies the safety of the teetotaler. If a man lets it alone it makes no demands upon him.

This good following the drunkard; this berating alcohol as a poison, is tiresome, rather tell the inebriate to pull himself together, stand up and be a man or go and make his bed in hell with the unfit. As long as we have civilization we will have narcotics, and as the years pass and we advance we will have more of them.—Dufer Dispatch.

Lightning Makes a Man Bald.

Physicians who have been investigating the strange case of Walter Reinhardt, of Shamokin, Pa., says that the young man will soon be as bald as an egg. His hair is falling out literally by the handful. Reinhardt, who is a mining engineer, was struck by lightning recently while at work. He was resuscitated with difficulty. At most immediately his hair began to fall out in patches. He appealed to several physicians, but none of them can give him any hope. They are astonished at the strange effect of the electricity, but say that it has killed the roots of the hair, and that Reinhardt will be absolutely bald in a short time.

A Holiday Echo.

"Did you celebrate Washington's birthday?"

"Yes; we needed a new hatchet, so I bought one."

SMOOT CASE DELAYED

Washington, March 1.—Because of the absence of A. S. Worthington, principal counsel for the defense, and the non-arrival of witnesses from Utah, the Smoot investigation, which was to have begun this morning, was postponed until 10 o'clock tomorrow. The chairman of the senate committee on prosecutions announced the desire of the committee that meetings be held daily, and they will be public. Former Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle and ex-Congressman Taylor, of Ohio, are present representing the protestants. Walderman Vancott, of Salt Lake City, is the only representative of Smoot on hand. Several women are representing reform organizations.

"Nature Never Gives Up."

A phrase from a recent magazine article is so suggestive and so full of encouragement that it seems worth while to make it the text for one of our small sermons. The phrase is: "Nature never gives up." You may, with profit, say this over carefully and thoughtfully, and let its full meaning come to you. "Nature never gives up." Nature is on the side of health and sanity, and consequent happiness. Hard as your case may be, the great mother is fighting the battle with you. Has disease got into your bones? Nature has marshaled her forces to combat it, and with marvelous strategy has set engines to work which are endeavoring to circumvent the enemy. Nature is working in conjunction with the physician and yourself. That is a thought which ought to cheer you. You have been imprudent, possibly—have done and left undone. You have taken such ill care of your God-given body that your friends have set you down as hopeless or worse. You have told yourself that there is no hope for you. Nature has not given you up. She wants you to live and work and be healthy and happy, and in the event of your neglect of yourself, she is still fighting for you. She has no moral idea in doing this. She just does it. Perhaps you deserve to be given up. Many of us do, it sometimes seems. But nature is blind to that. Of course, she is not all-powerful. She can be overcome. She fails often. But you will do well to remember that in every case while there is a spark of life left, she is trying. Let that thought brace you up. Buck up, and give nature some help.

I should like to think that we could carry the analogy into the moral world as well. Do you not believe that there are forces as yet unvanquished which are fighting the fight for good in the souls for men? Had as a man or woman may be—there is exterior pressure to make him or her better. There is law; there is education; there are all the societies and institutions whose object is to help the down-fallen and the unfortunate. But are there not other forces, too? Does not

the great Mother of Souls fight continually for the spiritual health and sanity of all people? The thought is comforting, stimulating, encouraging. It is the business of every individual to add all his personal strength to all encounters with evil, physical or spiritual. He can do so more heartily and with better faith for success if he remembers that "Nature never gives up."—March Woman's Home Companion.

RUSSIANS AND THEIR PIPES.

How the Beaux of the Race Dispose Their "Smokes" while Dancing.

(Kansas City Journal.) Church White tells the Atchison Globe that in the early days of Whiteing preparations were being made for a wedding. A man went into a store to buy a present. "It will be quite an affair, I suppose," said the storekeeper. "Not much," the customer replied, with a sneer; "only two kegs." And the incident suggests a comparison. Not long since there was a wedding in one of the Russian settlements of Ellis County. The principals were children of well to do farmers, and the wedding celebration is reported by a local paper to have been garnished with 123 kegs.

However, the festivities of a Russian wedding extend over three days. They are occasions of dancing and drinking and feasting. A drink which is served to the women, but scorned by the men, is composed of tea and whisky in equal parts. It is as wicked as the Western drink known as "stone fence," made of equal parts of whisky and cider. By the way, the Russians have a custom which may be of interest to native brides. At the wedding festivities the bride is expected to dance with the men one after another until she drops with fatigue. It is a matter of pride with the brides to keep going as long as possible, and it is not unusual to find a bride dancing as gay as any of them after three days and nights of vigorous frolic. But the brides are magnificent specimens, considered physically.

Another custom which might be emulated by American society is practiced at these dances. When a girl is dancing with a man she always holds his pipe. Now, in American society men are often puzzled to know where to put their pipes when they wish to float away in the delirium of a waltz. If the women partners like the Russian girls, would delicately take the pipes and carry them while

the dance is in progress it would add much to the joy of the occasion. A Russian gentleman once said that it would be regarded as extremely rude if a man should continue to smoke his pipe while dancing with a girl. Some of the more punctilious of the Russian beaux go to the length of knocking the fire out of their pipes on their heels before handing the pipes to the girls. But this is frowned upon as being super-elegant as well as wasteful of tobacco.

Whitney's Use of Wealth.

William C. Whitney left a fortune estimated at \$25,000,000. This is a lot of money. Yet it may conservatively be said that he might have left twice as much had he desired.

Wonderfully endowed with the money-making faculties, he was one of the very few men of great wealth who found more pleasure in spending money than in making it. He was no philanthropist in the common sense of the word. He built no libraries and endowed no colleges or hospitals. Yet it cannot be said that his abundant distribution of riches was not in effect a philanthropy of the most practical sort, reaching almost every conceivable form of human need.

He was a lavish liver. He spent a small fortune each year in entertaining his friends. He built mansions, maintained many country estates, bought art treasures, kept racing stables, belonged to a dozen or more costly clubs, and in general squandered his money in unproductive and unprofitable things.

From one point of view, it was a very foolish and very selfish. It was a waste of money and a perversion of energies. The same time and thought and capital might have created great commercial or industrial enterprises that would have survived to bless the world long after he was gone.

And yet, from the viewpoint of the artist, the builder, the landscape gardener, the stable boy and his innumerable host of others who were given employment, encouragement and income through his extravagances, his course was the wise one most truly philanthropic. It helped the struggling ones to help themselves and eked out multitudes of Seattle Star.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Signature: *Wm. D. Young*



Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how her man's monthly suffering may be permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain, and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I met across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had just sent it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain, and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—Miss Alice M. Smith, 604 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee, Minneapolis Study Club. —\$5000 forfeit if original of this letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safe-guard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women being published in this paper constantly.

Sale of City Bonds.

The City of Salem, Oregon, will receive subscriptions for the purchase of \$30,000 of its Municipal Four Per Cent Refunding Bridge Bonds, to be issued on the first day of April, 1904. The subscription book will be opened at 10 o'clock a. m., on Tuesday, March 1, 1904, at the office of the city recorder, in said city and will be upon the popular loan plan, the larger subscriptions being filled first and those next highest in due sequence.

N. J. JUDAH,

City Recorder

The White House

Can give you a good meal any hour of the day or night.

The Journal Diamond Guessing Contest Is Nearing the End

Several parties have made their guesses by drawings three figures from a set just as the unknown number was drawn, and thus they hope to have their conclusions similar to the fortunate one, but when it is realized that a multitude of numbers are possible from such combinations even this process cannot insure success. The plain fact is that every guesser is on absolutely the same ground, for there can be no preferred class and no favored few. The absolute equality and fairness of the proposition is what pleases every participant in the contest.

As a result of the guessing contest subscriptions are coming to The Journal from many unexpected sources. Many persons in and about Salem, as well as the various towns of the county, are ordering, renewing and extending their subscriptions. All realize that they will more than get their money's worth, besides a free guess on the elegant diamond ring.

One of the most memorable guessing contests in the history of this country was that conducted by the Frank Leslie publishing house during the last Cleveland campaign in 1882. They offered a series of prizes to the persons who could guess the nearest to the winning candidate, and a young gentleman of Marion county had the honor of carrying off the \$200 prize. He was none other than Allen Forward in his father's name, the late Blair Forward, the young man made the guess. He estimated Cleveland's plurality at 375,000 and his father received a check for the cash after the returns had been canvassed. Only one other person guessed anywhere near that figure, but he was taken in that contest in Salem as in the one now being conducted by The Journal for the \$150 diamond ring, and when the news came of the winner being a Marion county boy, it was gratifying to all his friends. If you do not win The Journal diamond yourself, some of your friends may, and that will be next to getting it in your own family.

You Still Have a Chance to Get
the \$150 Diamond Ring