

A FINE OLD PLAY THAT IS A REAL JEWEL

"IN OLD KENTUCKY," A LIVING PICTURE OF THE DAYS BEFORE THE WAR—A SPLENDID STORY SPLENDIDLY PRESENTED.

When "In Old Kentucky" comes along again, as it is scheduled to do very shortly, it will doubtless be received with the same enthusiasm as on previous visits to this city. Nothing seems to stop the triumphant career of this popular American play, and there is no prospect of any farewell tour. C. T. Dazey seems to have written a play that will outlive the present generation of playgoers. The management report no abatement of interest on the part of the paying public, and while this condition continues to exist, "In Old Kentucky" will continue to be a regular visitor. Playgoers who have seen "In Old Kentucky" will instantly recall its countless entertaining features. There is the spirited and exciting horse race, the rollicking fun of the inimitable pickaninies, the beautiful girl heroine and her thrilling leap across the mountain chasm and her ride to victory on "Queen Bess" in the race. The story thrills and glows and stirs. It has fun and childish gaiety, it has intensity and heat throbs and comedy and genuine laughs. Tender people cry and laugh alternately as the story unfolds itself in a series of picturesque scenes, all laid in the romantic and chivalrous blue-grass state. There is a wholesomeness, a touch of rugged nature, a glimpse of flying thoroughbreds, a whirl of plantation dancing, a picture of an unaffected mountain lass in love beyond her station in life, a strain of appealing sentiment—all revealed in four acts of good honest drama that leaves a vivid impression upon the minds of any and all who have seen "In Old Kentucky." In the role of the brave and unselfish little mountain heroine will be Miss Mildred Johnson, her third season in the part. Bert G. Clark remains as the Colonel, a part he has played since the original performance. Others in the cast are Geo. M. Devere, Walter Fredericks, Helen Gurney and Theora Carter. Monday, October 30.



Paddock Scene in "Old Kentucky."

THE MINISTER HIS VISIT AND A SIDE RESULT

(By J. H. Cradlebaugh.)

"It was nearly thirty years ago," said Mrs. Caruthers, reminiscently, as she enjoyed the end of a thread with her teeth and deftly inserted it in the eye of a fabric needle, "nearly 30 years ago," she repeated, as she looked up at a few friends who had brought their sewing for an afternoon's visit, "that I had one of the most ludicrous experiences that ever happened to a young married woman. You see, George and I were married in a little Eastern Oregon town, he owning a little store there at the time. George was always a hustler, and some six months after our marriage we came to Portland, where he might have, as he expressed it, 'a bigger tub to paddle in.' The easy side of the street he has placed us on, shows that the move was a wise one. Of course, the Portland of those days was not the Rose City of these, but it gave abundant promise then, of what it has since accomplished.

"We had been in Portland nearly two years when the Rev. Wayback (that wasn't his name, but it will do), the dear old minister who married us, made Portland a visit, and of course George invited him up to our little home to stay while in the city, and we were both delighted to see him.

"It happened the evening of his coming, that George was compelled to go down town on some business matter, and he expected to be out until perhaps 2 o'clock. So about 7 o'clock he left the Rev. Wayback for me to entertain, and went down town. We chatted about the little old Eastern Oregon home town, and of old times until about 9 o'clock, when our visitor's bedtime having evidently arrived, I showed him his room, bade him good night, and went back to the sitting room, determined to sit up until George came home. You see, it was not as wise, not having been married so long as I am now, but along about 11 o'clock I got so sleepy that I concluded to go to bed, and just leave the lamp burning for George.

"It was about the middle of May, a misty, drizzling, rainy night; cold enough to make one appreciate the fire. I had been in bed but a few moments when I heard a stir in the room where the minister was laid away, and directly I heard his stealthy steps descending the stairs. I called to him, but got no answer, and slipping out of bed I turned up the lamp, but just as I opened my bedroom door I heard the side door close and the spring lock snap. I realized at once that the Rev. Wayback was outside, but could not imagine why. I looked out of the window and discovered the reason. In the dim light of the city lamps I saw his tall form, white and ghostly, at the hydrant in the yard. The Rev. Wayback had 'gone dry,' and like lots of Portland people of those days, he wanted a midnight drink.

"Without waiting to even throw on a wrapper, I slipped down to the side door for the purpose of letting the old gentleman back into the house; intending to pull the door in front of me as he entered, and until he had reached his room. But as the French say, 'Man appoints, God disappoints.' Before I reached the door I heard him fumbling at the knob, but when I opened it he was not there. He had found the door locked, and with more wisdom than I had given him credit for, had gone around to the front door to ring the bell. I did not know this, so I stepped out on the porch and called him. He did not answer, so I took another step and thoughtlessly let go of the door. I realized my mistake in less time than it takes to tell about it, for that measly door, moved by the spirit of the perverse that governs all inanimate objects, gently swung shut, and the vicious snap of the spring lock made me realize that I was as foolish as our visitor, and in the same boat with him.

"There I was on the side porch of my own home, locked out in the cold, with nothing in the world on me but my night dress and slippers. The Rev. Wayback was holding down the front porch in a costume about as light and airy as my own. I could hear the bell jangle as the old gentleman vainly tried to call me to his assistance, but I did not even have the hope of relief, as he had, to sustain me.

"I did not feel the cold at first, I was too mad. Mad? I was mad clear through, and when I thought of George, and how he would laugh when he came home, it made me madder yet. I cried. Then when my teeth

began to chatter, I laughed. Then I hoped from the bottom of my heart that the Rev. Wayback was having as hilarious a time as I was, and was enjoying his visit. Then I cried some more, and all the time our religious friend was jangling the door bell.

"As it happened, George came home about midnight, having finished his business sooner than he expected, so that I was only doing my little stunt for about an hour, but it was long enough. He found the preacher on the front porch doing things with the door bell, heard his explanation of how he had gone out to get a drink and got locked out, and how he had been ringing the doorbell for an hour in a vain effort to awaken Mrs. Caruthers. George let him in, and saw him safely in his room. Then he came over to our room. There were his 'Birdie's' clothes, but there was no 'Birdie' in sight, and man-like he never guessed what the trouble was until I scooted around to the front door and took a pull at the doorbell myself.

"To say that George was astonished when he saw me standing on the front porch in my nightdress at midnight, and in the same place and plight from which he had just rescued a devout old minister, doesn't begin to express it, but I did not stop to explain; I just darted by him, and in a half minute I was cuddled up in the best bed I ever saw; doubled up like a pocket rule, half frozen, and fluttering between a laugh and a cry. Finally I explained how it happened, and then George laughed. The more he laughed the madder I got, and yet I couldn't help laughing, too, when I thought of our visitor's good time, and when I wasn't crying. But that wretch of a man kept on laughing until he got into bed, and then I put both of my feet, which had just come off cold storage, in the small of his back. He stopped laughing then. He swore."

Saved His Mother's Life.
"Four doctors had given me up," writes Mrs. Laura Gaines, of Avoca, La., "and my children and all my friends were looking for me to die, when my son insisted that I use Electric Bitters. I did so, and they have done me a world of good. I will always praise them." Electric Bitters is a priceless blessing to women with fainting and dizzy spells, backache, headache, weakness, debility, constipation or kidney disorders. Use them and gain new health, strength and vigor. They're guaranteed. *Remède pour les femmes.* Only 50 cents at J. C. Perry's.

RAILROADS.
SOUTHERN PACIFIC.
Southbound.
No. 13 San Francisco Exp. 3:31 a.m.
No. 19 Ashland Passenger 10:59 a.m.
No. 21 Roseburg Passenger 6:21 p.m.
No. 11 Shasta Limited 7:43 p.m.
No. 27 Eugene Passenger 8:35 p.m.
No. 15 California Express 9:56 p.m.
No. 225 Way Freight 9:59 a.m.
No. 222 Portland Fa-Frt 10:15 p.m.
Northbound.
No. 14 Oregon Express 6:43 a.m.
No. 28 Portland Passenger 8:59 a.m.
No. 12 Shasta Limited 12:35 p.m.
No. 18 Portland Passenger 2:56 p.m.
No. 29 Portland Passenger 7:43 p.m.
No. 225 Way Freight 12:35 p.m.
No. 221 Portland Fast Frt 2:43 a.m.

OREGON ELECTRIC RAILWAY CO.
Leave Salem. Arrive Portland.
Train 6, 8:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m.
Train 8, 8:55 a.m. 11:00 a.m.
Train 10, 11:15 a.m. 1:15 p.m.
Train 12, 2:00 p.m. 4:00 p.m.
Train 14, 3:40 p.m. 5:10 p.m.
Train 16, 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m.
Train 18, 5:07 p.m. 8:15 p.m.
Train 20, 8:50 p.m. 10:45 p.m.
Arrive in Salem.
Train 1, 8:30 a.m.
Train 3, 9:50 a.m.
Train 5, 10:30 a.m.
Train 7, 1:00 p.m.
Train 9, 4:15 p.m.
Train 11, 6:00 p.m.
Train 13, 8:35 p.m.
Train 15, 11:10 p.m.

SALEM INDEPENDENCE BOATS.
The launches Independence and Louise will leave their wharf at the foot of Trade street for Independence at the following hours daily except Sunday.
Leaves Independence 8:30 a.m.
Leaves Salem 4:00 p.m.

TAFT SPEAKS ON CAPITAL AND UNIONS

SAYS HE WILL ENFORCE THE LAWS, BOTH AGAINST THE TRUSTS AND UNIONS—BOTH MUST OBEY THE LAWS.

Milwaukee, Oct. 28.—Declaring his intention to enforce the law both as to labor unions and trusts, President Taft, before leaving Milwaukee for Chicago yesterday at a luncheon in his honor spoke to several thousand employes and employers of local factories on the relations of capital and labor.

"We have our problems—of course we have," said the president. "They are going to be a test, doubtless, of American ingenuity, but I think there is one solution of them, and that is that we shall enforce the law against everyone, high or low. Whether it be a trust or a trade union, the law shall be enforced. Then, if the law works unequally, the law can be changed, but as long as the law is on the statute books let's enforce it against everyone, and trust it to no one's discretion.

Unions Declared Necessary.
"I have always advocated the existence of labor unions. Without them the individual would be at the mercy and wholly unable to meet with those adjustments in his relations with his employers, the greater capital and force and power of his employer; and, therefore, it is essential to have an organization among them and to have what we call 'trade unions.'"

Although he was speaking to a crowd composed largely of employes, and his points against labor unions were frequent, Mr. Taft was applauded vigorously. Continuing Mr. Taft said:

"Trade unions, I doubt not, have brought higher wages and better conditions because they have stood up in those times when the interests of the employer and the employee were opposed, and they have fought out the fight; but we must not fail to recognize that such organizations have prompted at times violations of the law, violence, secondary boycott and other means of seeking to compel their employers illegally to respond to their demands.

All Must Adhere to Law.
"Under these conditions there had been nothing to do but enforce the law, and the final lesson I would impart to both employer and employee is the absolute necessity. If we are going to have permanent industrial peace, of the closest adherence to the law."

"As to arbitration for industrial peace, that is a question of agreement. I am quite sure the working men, and I am quite sure the employers will not consent to a forced arbitration—at least that has been my experience, but there is a force that can bring about a decision as to what is the right of the issue. That has been tried in a number of states, and I wonder that it has not spread.

"Whether there is a controversy between employes and employers, in some states, they have an investigating body that has the power to summon witnesses and go through the whole controversy and report the facts, and then form their judgment upon the facts, and submit it to the public as to what they think ought to be done. A strike may continue some time after that, but the force of public opinion that is awakened by an impartial decision of that sort will generally control and bring about a right result."

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used, the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by all dealers.

Foley's Kidney Remedy vs. a Hopeless Case.
Hon. Ark. J. E. Freeman says: "I had a severe case of kidney trouble and could not work and my case seemed hopeless. I used several well known kidney remedies, and had the services of a doctor, all of which gave me no relief. One large bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy cured me and I have never been bothered since. I have also recommended it to my friends who all received the same good results."

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Expert Medical Scientists Announce Startling Results Obtained By Scenpine
New York:—Thousand's are taking advantage of the generous offer made by the Woodworth Co., 1161 Broadway, New York City, requesting an experimental package of Scenpine, the great discovery of Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis and Catarrh, which is mailed free of charge to all who write for it. It is curing thousands of the most stubborn cases. It makes no difference how long you have climatic conditions are where you live, Scenpine will cure you.

If you have experimented with other treatments and have failed to find a cure, do not be discouraged but send for a trial of this wonderful truly meritorious remedy which is a scientific compound discovered by a professor of Venice University, and is recommended by thousands.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.
Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
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