

Globe Theatre

TODAY

Basco and Brown's Musical Comedy Company

Presenting for the last time

"A Seaside Romance"

A laugh from start to finish.

CHANGE OF PROGRAM TOMORROW

"A Chinese Ambassador"

New Music, New Costumes, New Songs, New Dances.

A clean show, catering to women and children.

2—NEW PICTURES—2

Bargain Matinee Every Day

Prices:

Matinee, adults, 15c; children, 10c.

Evening, adults, 25c; children, 10c.

Globe Theatre

Out at Service.

A young housekeeper, if her cook is stupid, her nurse idle, her maid more given to flirtation than to household duties, sighs for the model servants of the good old times. But did "the good old times" ever exist historically, or do they only live in dreams and ballads?

Charles Dickens tells of the appalling stupidity of London kitchen maids, Sir Walter Scott mentions a genius who, fearing that all his master's bees would desert the hive, plastered the openings and suffocated all the inmates. Samuel Breck has gruesome accounts of burglars, highwaymen, pirates and murderers among the convicts sent over from England before the Revolution. Daniel Defoe's pictures of extravagance, carelessness, rascality and all that is undesirable among servants is a classic. Jonathan Swift's "Directions to Servants" seems to forestall every story of negligence, or wastefulness, or dirtiness the present generation has heard.—Living Church.

The Top Hat.

Although the beginning of the "cylinder of civilization" as it has been called, can be traced back to the Elizabethan era, it is only about seventy or eighty years ago that the top hat of the present day reached its final shape. Since then it has altered slightly in the dimensions of the crown and the curl of the brim, but the hat itself has remained essentially unchanged. The top hat seems to have had its beginning in the habit of gallants in the Elizabethan period of cocking up one side of their broad brimmed, high crowned felt or beaver hats and securing them with a jewel. The French court later developed this into cocking up three sides of the hat and fastening one with a loop of ribbon. From this fashion came the cockade, now used only by grooms and footmen. The silk hat of today was born in France and supplanted the now nearly extinct beaver hat of practically the same shape, though considerably larger.—London Standard.

Blind Swimmers.

The man who is unfortunate enough to lose his sight or to be born blind is, says a medical authority, severely handicapped on dry ground, but he can, if he is a swimmer, find his way easily enough in the water. Blind people generally have a keen sense of hearing, and they can steer themselves

in the water by sound as well as an ordinary man by sight. If they are swimming toward a certain point a whistle from time to time will enable them to reach it with unerring accuracy. This fact has been proved by some interesting experiments. A race between blind men and ordinary swimmers on a lake resulted in a victory for the former. Normal swimmers lose much time in raising their heads for the purpose of keeping their eyes on the winning post. This also prevents them from concentrating all their attention on speed.—Exchange.

Roses For Restoring Hair.

Roses form the chief ingredient in what is probably the earliest recipe for a hair restorer on record. According to Pliny, "wild rose leaves reduced into a liniment with bear's grease make the hair grow again in most marvelous fashion." Pliny also recommends "ashes of roses as serving to trim the hairs of the eyebrows." Roses figured prominently in several old time strong drinks, such as rosa solis, which consisted of rosewater mixed with aqua vitae and flavored with cinnamon. The favorite morning draught among Elizabethan rosters was "rosa solis, to wash the molligrubs out of a moody brain."—London Chronicle.

Remota Origin of Alcohol.

No one knows when alcohol was first made. It is commonly taught that it was first distilled by the Arabians about the tenth century, but there is little doubt that they obtained the secret from Italian doctors, who had long been practicing it. Paul Richter in the Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift shows that a knowledge of "aqua ardens," or "burning water," may be traced as far back as the second century A. D. to a Christian father named Hippolytus, who possessed a recipe analogous to those handed about during the middle ages.

Oldest Ball Game.

Tennis is pronounced the oldest of all the existing ball games. It is impossible to give its origin, but it was played in Europe during the middle ages in the parks or ditches of the feudal castles. It was at first the pastime of kings and nobles, but later it grew popular with all classes. The French took it from the Italians and the English from the French.—New York Press.

DARING SHOOTERS

Moonlighters In the Early Days of Our Oil Wells.

FORCED TO WORK IN SECRET.

These Bold Spirits, to Dodge the Owner of the Patent Method of Shooting Wells, Had to Operate at Night—Men and Machinery Often Annihilated.

One of the most dangerous and at the same time romantic phases of the early oil business was known as moonlighting. In the beginning of the oil excitement a certain man held the patent on the method of shooting the wells. Having a monopoly of the trade, he could and did charge whatever price he saw fit.

As a result of this condition of affairs there sprang into existence a number of bold spirits who began the manufacture of nitroglycerin, the explosive used, and shooting the wells for much less money than the patent holder charged. They were forced to use the greatest secrecy in their work, for the patent holder had men employed for the express purpose of spying on all the wells drilled. A stiff fine for the first offense and a prison term for the second were the punishments inflicted on the man unlucky enough to get caught. These outlaw shooters had their plants for making the glycerin located in some out of the way spot and when their services were required did their shooting by moonlight, hence the name moonlighter.

Many and varied were the adventures that befell these moonlighters. A driller coming out from town to a well one day saw a can half hidden in a fence corner and stopped to investigate. Taking off the lid, he saw what he supposed was lard oil. Well pleased with his find, he took it along with him. He showed his treasure to his mates at the well and then used some of it to lubricate the engine. For some reason the men were called from the vicinity of the derrick. They had got but a short distance when there was an explosion that fitted the costly engine for the scrap heap. A close inspection of the supposed lard oil revealed the startling fact that it was nitroglycerin. It was a frightened lot of men who gingerly returned the can to the fence corner from which the driller had taken it.

It proved to be the property of a moonlighter, who had left it there, intending to return for it that night. In so dangerous an occupation as moonlighting many fatal accidents were to be expected. I recall very distinctly two that occurred within a short time of each other.

In the first, the moonlighter, a big blond Swede, had come straight from his wedding to the well. The liquor he had been drinking in celebration of his marriage had ruffled his usually placid temper. He had filled the shell with the glycerin and was endeavoring to slip the cap into place. His hands were a trifle unsteady, and he fumbled it several minutes. Finally, losing his temper, he roughly jerked the cap into place and struck the percussion cap a heavy blow with his fist.

There was a crash that shook the very earth. The derrick and everything in it was blown to flinders. The men who had been watching the operation were instantly killed.

Some time later another terrible accident happened. The moonlighter was a young fellow and noted for his careful work. The well he was to shoot had made a fine showing in the sand, and the owner confidently expected a gusher. The shot was started down, and everything seemed to be going all right. There were several men in the derrick, and a tool dresser stood waiting for the shot to reach the bottom of the well when the piece of iron he held in his hand, which was called the god devil, would be sent down to set it off. The moonlighter let the rope, which was stretched taut by the weight of the heavy shot, run through his hands. Suddenly the rope slackened. He knew only too well what that meant. The gas in the well was forcing the shot back out.

"It is coming out! For God's sake help me catch it!" he yelled to the tool dresser.

With a shriek the tool dresser fled, and the others, knowing their terrible danger, followed him. The shooter, prompted by the mad hope of catching the shell as it came out and thus averting the disaster, stuck to his post.

There came a deafening explosion that reduced the derrick to a mass of kindling wood. The boiler and engine were twisted wrecks. Strewn upon the ground were the mutilated remains of what had been so short a time before strong men. The moonlighter, who had tried with such desperate courage to save them, had been completely annihilated.

Nitroglycerin is when handled in broad daylight and under most favorable conditions a dangerous article. How greatly the danger was increased by handling it as the moonlighters were compelled to may easily be understood. It was without doubt a most hazardous occupation, but the excitement connected with it, to say nothing of the large amount of money received for their services, proved irresistible to the reckless and daring fellows who became moonlighters.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The archer who misses the target turns to himself and not to another for the cause of his failure.—Confucius.

A failure is at least a man that has tried. Better to be a has-been than a never-was.

The open season for hunting trouble for most people lasts from January 1st to December 31st.

Floored the Court.

London Law Times tells a story of the late Lord Ashbourne, who as lord chancellor in presiding in the court of appeal in Ireland would occasionally make up his mind to bring a case to an end before the rising of the court.

A junior who was not conscious of his humor stood up to open what appeared to be a short interlocutory appeal. Lord Ashbourne after a sentence or two had been spoken interjected, "Now, Mr. —, why should we reverse the king's bench on a point like this?"

"My lord," rejoined counsel, "there are six reasons why the order should be reversed."

"Then," said the president of the court, "suppose we commence with your three best."

"No, my lord," said counsel; "I could not consent to that because I have frequently succeeded in this court upon my bad points."

Lord Ashbourne collapsed and for once was unable to have his own way in the court of appeal.

Neglected Neighbors.

You can find in almost any town a "neglected neighborhood." The easiest thing to do with such a neighborhood is to keep on neglecting it.

It is so easy for us to study these topics as if they were about other places and people than ourselves and our homes. Is there a neglected corner in your town or in your county? If there is, what are you going to do about it? Not "What have you been doing about it?" or "What ought you to do about it?" but "What are you going to do about it?"

If you can't get the committees interested do something yourself. Do not be afraid.

The thing is to get started. You see, as soon as you have started something the neighborhood is no longer neglected. And then it will be an easier matter to get some one to come in and help.—Christian Herald.

The Passing of a Type.

The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously maned authors are becoming sadly rare, even rarer than long haired norns. The long haired musician is still with us, though one of the most eminent masters of the piano has yielded something to the modern spirit by submitting briefly to the shears. Individual age has here a potent influence—age, or the getting through with things. What a wonderfully picturesque person Dickens was at twenty-five! And how matter of fact at forty! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averting effect. The same thing is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during their middle years or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Swiss Navy.

Centuries before Germany was to be reckoned with as a sea power Switzerland possessed a fleet equipped for warfare. Eight hundred years ago, on all the larger Swiss lakes, armed galleys were maintained by the rival cantons. Skilled shipwrights had to be imported from Genoa for the construction of these vessels, some of which carried crews of 500 men or more. The largest of these flotillas was maintained on the lake of Geneva, where the inhabitants of Geneva were at war with Savoy. Since the neutrality of Switzerland has been guaranteed by the powers there has been no need for war vessels on the lakes. The Swiss, however, possess a mercantile navy which carries a considerable amount of trade over the 342 miles of navigable waterways in the republic.

Sorry For the Overworked Artist.

"Henry," said his sister at the breakfast table the morning after, "you shouldn't ask that young artist to work so hard when he and a party of your other friends visit you."

"Huh?" replied brother, coming out of a postmortem reverie of the big hand.

"You needn't try to deny it. I listened at the door awhile, and some one was always asking the poor artist to 'draw three' or draw some other number of pictures. At least you should have been satisfied to have him draw one at a time."—Kansas City Star.

A Complex Problem.

"Do you think worry makes a man bald headed?"

"It's hard to say," replied the man who gives every question cautious consideration, "whether you get bald because you worry or you worry because you are getting bald."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Suspicious.

Ted—you don't seem to be as friendly with him as you used to be. Ned—No; I'm rather suspicious of him. He borrowed some money from me the other day and paid it back.—Judge.

Followed the Lead.

Teacher—Where do we obtain coal, Freddie? Freddie—From the coal beds, miss. Teacher—Right! Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers? Jimmy—From feather beds, miss.

Conscience.

Sunday School Teacher—What is conscience, Tommy? Small Tommy—it's what makes a fellow feel sore when he gets found out.—Chicago News.

Her Preference.

"Yes, I enjoyed the voyage," said Mrs. Twickenberry, "but on the whole I think I prefer terra cotta."—Christian Register.

Because a man refrains from stealing through fear of the jail is no sign that he is an honest man.

Some singers seem to go on the theory that the best singer is the one who makes the most noise.



The One Important Thing

in clothes buying isn't so much integrity of quality (there are many reputable stores), as integrity of fashion and fit. Younger men will especially like the L System Suits in the new grays, blues and browns—\$10 to \$30.

The shoe for you—the man's shoe—is the Packard Shoe. We are showing the latest in fall footwear, in lace and button, at \$4 to \$5.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OF G.W. JOHNSON & CO. 141-N. COMMERCIAL ST. SALEM ORE.

Wagner Worship.

"There is no such worship of national genius in America as prevails abroad," said a recently returned tourist. "In Germany, for instance, at the opera the scale of prices varies according to the composer. Wagner, of course, commanding the top notch admission. But the most peculiar feature of this musical adoration is that it affects the toilets as well. With the elaborate gowning of a New York audience in mind, I approached our landlady as to the propriety of appearing at the opera in such a makeshift costume as my tourist wardrobe afforded. 'It depends entirely upon the composer you intend to hear, fraulein,' was her astonishing reply. 'For some your present attire would be perfectly proper, but if it is the great Wagner you are to hear'—She broke off, but an expressive shrug of the shoulders told plainer than words that it would be an affront to his ashes to appear in anything but the most stunning and up to date evening gown."—New York Tribune.

When Thanks Were Given.

Many years ago a noted chief of the tribe of Chippewa Indians while hunting wounded a deer and followed it for miles. The chase was long and very severe, and the Indian was in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue and lack of food and water when he found himself on the top of a wonderful mountain, at the foot of which nestled a beautiful lake crystal clear. From the surface of the lake trout leaped, and upon the shore lay the deer he had hunted. Here were food, water, fish and fuel for cooking.

Raising his hand and facing the setting sun, the exhausted chief exclaimed, "Isk-pen-ing," which in the Chippewa tongue means "heaven" or "the place on high."

The story was remembered, and the name given by the Indian was adopted by the white settlers when the present city of Ishpeming, Mich., was formed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Inexperienced.

In a boarding house for bachelors Amanda, a typical "mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true southern style, so well that one of the men thought he would take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of

HOW TO SAVE YOUR EYES

TRY THIS FREE PRESCRIPTION

Do your eyes give you trouble? Do you already wear eyeglasses or spectacles? Thousands of people wear "windows" who might easily dispense with them. You may be one of them and it is your duty to save your eyes before it is too late. The eyes are neglected more than any other organ of the body. After you reach your day's work you sit down and rest your muscles, but how about your eyes? Do you rest them? You know you do but you read or do something else that keeps your eyes busy; you work your eyes until you go to bed. That is why so many have strained eyes and find other eye troubles that threaten partial or total blindness. Eyeglasses are merely crutches; they never cure. This free prescription, which has benefited the eyes of so many may work equal wonders for you. Use it a short time. Would you like your eye trouble to disappear as if by magic? Try this prescription: Go to the nearest whole awake drug store and get a bottle of Optona tablets; fill a two-ounce bottle with water, drop in one tablet and allow it to thoroughly dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. Just note how quickly your eyes clear up and how soon the inflammation will disappear. Don't be afraid to use it; it is absolutely harmless. Many who are now blind might have saved their eyes had they started to care for them in time. This is a simple treatment but marvellously effective in multitudes of cases. Now that you have been warned don't delay a day, but do what you can to save your eyes and you will thank us as long as you live for publishing this prescription.

The man who whines usually has hard-luck as his constant companion.

For Good Children's Shoes Most People Go to Reinhart's



Children are naturally hard on shoes. It isn't their fault, but the fact remains that it does cost a lot to keep the "kiddies" in footwear. With this in mind, we have made a careful search for and now have on hand boys' and girls' shoes which not only have style and comfort, but which wear, WEAR.

"The only shoes you can afford to buy your children."

REINHART'S

"The Home of Personal Service"

444 STATE STREET

"A different store," people call us. It's the highest compliment we've had in many a day. We try to be different—try to give just a little more in quality and in service. It makes shopping here a pleasure, and we're glad people appreciate it.



YE LIBERTY

Today and Tomorrow

Matinee and Evening.

Any Seat 15 cts; Children 10 cts

DAPHNE LEWIS

Singer extraordinary

CHARLES GIBBS

The Human Phonograph—from the Empress.

"JOYCE OF THE NORTH WOODS"

A special Edison feature in two reels. Two other pictures with a cracking good comedy.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to an unavoidable mistake in booking, the Mus-Art Three will not be on the program. The admission, therefore will be only

15 cts. Children 10 cts.