

The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER: Generally fair weather; variable winds, most northerly. YESTERDAY'S WEATHER: Maximum temperature, 54; minimum temperature, 37; precipitation, 5 P. M. to 5 P. M., .06 inch.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

ELECTIONS THIS WEEK.

Elections will be held in many states on Tuesday next. There will be no great interest, since the issues will be of local rather than of general character. In Ohio, however, the election will have a good deal of importance. A full list of state officials to be chosen, together with a Legislature that will elect a United States Senator, to succeed Foraker, and this Legislature, moreover, will rearrange the Congressional districts—an opportunity which perhaps three or four members of Congress in one political party or the other, as one or the other may happen to control the Legislature.

It was believed, in the Summer, before the campaign had gotten under way, that the Democrats would surely win in Ohio this Fall. The Republicans, in power, were content and little disposed to make exertion. Default was expected on their part, by most political observers, and it was to be expected that the Democrats were turning to the advantage of the Democrats. Political discussion was suspended for a time by the murderous attack upon President McKinley and by his death shortly afterward; but this deplorable event became the means, after the honors had been paid to the dead, of awakening a new and sympathetic interest in the purposes and policies for which McKinley had stood, and the memory of McKinley has given an impulse to political effort in Ohio which it could not have been supposed would enter into the campaign. For, in fact, William McKinley was very strongly established in the good will, and even in the affectionate regard, of the people of Ohio, and desire to honor his memory will be a positive force in this election, and perhaps in succeeding ones.

In New York and Philadelphia the local contests are of much importance. Changes are putting forth great effort to deliver the government of these cities from the domination of corrupt systems. But the bosses and the systems are so firmly entrenched, have so vast command of the resources of influence and corruption, that it is doubtful whether the "machine" and the "gang" in either city will be beaten.

THE WEIGHTIER MATTERS OF THE LAW.

Dean Farrar of Canterbury recently caused a profound stir in the religious world by declaring that the Church of England, if it would avoid a complete loss of influence over the working classes, must, through a convocation, simplify the forms of service used in the poorer parishes, bury controversies, income and theological subtleties, and come close to the people with its ministrations. He regards it as a terrible fact that the church is losing all hold upon the masses. He thinks that not 5 per cent of the workmen of the United Kingdom attend religious services, and scarcely 1 per cent join in the services of communion. He estimates two causes or reasons for this. First, the prayer-book is unsuited to the needs and understanding of the working classes. Upon the testimony of earnest laborers in the poor districts of London he says the services of the church are too stereotyped, monotonous and long to attract and hold the attention of these people. In other words, "the language of the prayer-book, while stately and beneficial, is not the language spoken and understood by the people."

The second cause is the counter attractions presented by gambling and drinking-houses. These attractions, he thinks, can be overcome by a simplification of church services and the efforts of strenuous individual reformers consumed with enthusiasm for humanity. This programme follows closely upon that formulated in all simplicity and urged with enthusiasm for humanity by one William Booth, and first carried out at St. Paul, London, on the 10th of July, 1851. The plan was to take the gospel to the haunts of those who would not seek it in the churches, and the central idea was to present it in a manner and in language "spoken and understood by the people." Judged by results, this effort has been successful, and in its 50,000 meetings held annually, indoors and out, and through its ministrations generally, it reaches a very large per cent of the "un-churching masses," upon whom the church, as depicted by Dean Farrar, has "lost all hold."

When this high churchman says "the church must simplify and eradicate the things that pall on the workmen and fall to their hearts," he suggests a specific remedy for the condition that he deplures. And when he adds, "We must put aside all pious and minute points of difference about things of no importance in comparison with the welfare of mankind, and concentrate upon the more vital points—faith, hope, love and charity," he preaches from the pulpit of the Church of England doctrines that have been tenderly voiced and eloquently urged by James Martineau, William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker. The weightier matters of the law are not "income and theological subtleties," but in the gentle graces that adorn humanity, touch the hearts of the people and appeal to their understanding.

WHEN PERSONALITIES ARE PO-TENT.

If Low is elected Mayor of New York City, it will be due to Justice Jerome, the candidate for District Attorney, who is the most eloquent speaker of the campaign, if the power to make the most men listen is a test of effective oratory. But Justice Jerome is not an orator at all in the sense that Burke Cockran is an orator. He makes no appeal to the imagination, uses no poetic figures of speech, makes no appeal to passion or partisanship; he pleads for the redress and reform of great public abuses by describing the abuses distinctly, and above all by naming fearlessly the man or men to whom the blame is to be assigned. For these abuses inevitably Justice Jerome deals in merciless personalities, without fear of any man or favor for any man, no matter how rich or powerful he may be. This is the secret of Justice Jerome's success, and without this kind of moral courage, which is not afraid to name the man and exhortate him without mercy, no man ever yet conducted a successful movement for reform of public abuses. It is only the editor who is not afraid to denounce the public enemy by name; it is only the orator who is not afraid to point the slow, unmoving finger of scorn at the powerful public robber and say, "Thou art the man," that ever arrests the attention of the plain people and persuades them to organize for the overthrow of plunderers and parasites.

The trained few can be made to understand plain reform in the abstract, but the mass of the people cannot be roused to action by vague insinuations or glittering generalities about "corruption," "immorality"; the plain people insist on object-lessons of the abuses you would reform; they insist on the particular man or men who are responsible for public abuses being hung in effigy by you in your speech. Justice Jerome understands this fact thoroughly, and his campaign illustrates how absolutely indispensable are bitter, merciless personal arraignment and denunciation of particular men to secure a hearing and obtain converts and earnest workers for your cause. To illustrate, Justice Jerome says in public speech that William C. Whitney supports Shepard because the Metropolitan Railway company, of which he is president, wants Shepard and wants Tammany; he says there are men on the Supreme Court bench who are but puppets of Tammany Hall and of this railroad company, which is robbing the people of their franchises; that Tammany has stolen. He is ready to name those Judges who owed their place to this railway company and before whom no lawyer dares try cases in which that company is involved. Here is an extract from one of Jerome's speeches:

If you want me to follow only those trails which lead to the house of the baronet or to the mansion of the millionaire, I will do as I am directed. I am not a man who has a social position does not vote for me.

The gift of Andrew Carnegie of \$5,000,000 to this city for libraries was a most generous one. But that money might have been better spent in making sweeter and more wholesome the lives of the people who labor here. We are not paupers in this city. We can afford to pay for all the schools and all the libraries that we need. The taxpayers do not object to the raising of money so long as it is honestly spent and not used to enrich a bunch of criminals and grafters.

Justice Jerome addressed a meeting composed of women alone, and bluntly told them if they wanted to upset a civic government under which a traffic in young girls existed, to raise money for the cause of the girls who had been raised \$25,000. This money was better spent in war than a babel of indignant speeches and a torrent of sentimental tears. Justice Jerome says: "The city will not be thoroughly purged until three-fifths of Richard Croker's friends are behind the prison bars." These are bitter personalities, and nobody but a brave man dare utter them, for Justice Jerome not only takes his life in his hands when he arraigns and defies Tammany, with its thousands of ferocious criminal followers, but he endangers his political and professional future for the rest of his days. Rich, powerful men in both business and politics are represented by Croker, Whitney and Shepard; the court Judges animadverted upon will have a long memory for this daring lawyer who has named them to the cross of shame.

Justice Jerome may be beaten in his attempt to upset Tammany, but he will never be forgotten by either side to this battle, and never will be forgiven by the oligarchy of Tammany. Nevertheless, Justice Jerome could not possibly hope to win except by the battle tactics of unqualified personal arraignment and denunciation by name of the engineers and corrupt beneficiaries of the Tammany machine. It is easy for political dudes and social snobs to denounce what is termed "a campaign of personalities," which is waged by a newspaper or by an evangelist of public reform, but it is the only way to secure and retain a hearing. Nobody ever reads a reform newspaper that speaks in the tones of a Sunday school gazette; nobody ever listens to a reformer who is armed with nothing but a popgun filled with rosewater. Personalities are the only kind of reform battle tactics that public robbers and wreckers dread. The police, the prosecuting officers, the Judges, are all held to their duty by the knowledge that somebody is likely at any moment unexpectedly to turn on the gas, without warning or apology. Personalities honestly employed are the only real potentialities in political or social reform.

Edward S. Stokes, the slayer of "Jim" Fisk, is dead. Fisk, who was the "Black Friday" gold panic of 1869, and the wrecker with Jay Gould of the Erie Railroad, was at the height of his fame when he was shot and mortally wounded by Stokes at the New York Hotel, New York City, in 1872. The motive of Stokes for killing Fisk was revenge and fear. Fisk had ruined the business of Stokes and had threatened to "rail-road him to Sing Sing." This was no idle threat in those days, when "Erie ring" Judges sat on the bench, ready to execute the will of Gould or Fisk, and Stokes, in his rage and fear of Fisk, shot him. There were no witnesses present during the encounter; whose testimony could be relied upon, but Stokes was tried for murder. Dr. Bernbach testified that Fisk's wound

in the liver was not necessarily fatal; that he died of an overdose of morphine given him by the hotel physician to quell the pain of the wound. A loaded pistol was found in Fisk's pocket, and it was easy to say that when bitter enemies meet armed with loaded pistols either one is likely to draw and shoot. Fisk was a grand-nephew of a notorious coward, while Stokes was known to be a most resolute and courageous man, of most dangerous temper when roused to anger. No money was spared to convict Stokes by Fisk's friends, and Stokes' father was bankrupted by the expenses of the trials. There was no moral doubt probably in the minds of the jury that Stokes sought Fisk's death, and that he was not to kill him; but Fisk, it was felt, had goaded him into the madness of revenge, and so Stokes was convicted only of manslaughter. After his release from prison Stokes was proprietor of the Hoffman House in New York City for many years.

DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS.

Admiral Schley, of course, never called for a court of inquiry concerning his conduct in the naval operations around Santiago because of the unwise and unprincipled warfare that has raged between the blatherskite newspaper partisans on both sides; he called for a court of inquiry in order that his defense to the official charge that he disobeyed his orders in not attacking before Santiago, because in his judgment he could not safely coal at sea, could be heard and officially judged. This is the only point at issue that justified a court of inquiry, for it was the only point of criticism made officially by the Secretary of the Navy.

Disobedience of orders may, of course, in the Army or Navy sometimes be justified as necessary, but the commander, or, of course, the subordinate, must make a good defense for his exercise of discretion. The great Lord Nelson disobeyed orders both at the battle of Cape St. Vincent and at Copenhagen with glorious results. Sir Hyde Parker signaled to him to retire from action, but Nelson put his glass to his blind eye and claimed he did not see the signal. Parker was more than two miles off, and could not see that Nelson could not afford to retire. Lord Charles Bessborough was court-martialed in 1882 for leaving his position before Alexandria and silencing a certain battery. At the time of the great hurricane at Samoa the Captain of a British warship put out to sea, rode out the gale, and then sailed to Australia. He was court-martialed for leaving Samoa without orders, but his action was recognized as necessary to save his ship. General Fitz John Porter was cashiered for not obeying General Pope's order to attack the enemy August 31, 1862, but the judgment was ultimately reversed and Porter was restored to the Army, the commission of review and inquiry deciding that General Porter was justified in his failure to obey an order whose issue was predicated upon the supposition of a military situation which did not exist by the time the order reached General Porter. In the six hours that elapsed between the sending of the order to Porter and its receipt by him, Longstreet's whole corps, 30,000 strong, had arrived in Porter's front. To have attacked this corps with his 10,000 men without any support from the rest of the Union Army meant the useless destruction of Porter's troops. Naval and Army history contains numerous cases of disobedience of orders by commanders who have ventured to supersede the judgment of superior officers by their own.

If the decision of Admiral Schley to disobey his orders and follow the lead of the Spanish fleet, he probably would have had trouble over it, but he took the risk of deciding that he could not safely and effectively coal at sea, and his application for a court of inquiry was to present his official defense for his technical disobedience to professional judgment. All the rest of the matter that has been lugged by the ears into court is nothing but a record of the various bickerings and small intrigues that have always formed part of the life of the navy, and the life since the days of Nelson, whose life is full of evidence that the British Navy of his day was divided into factions. Nelson was kept in retirement for several years because he was out of favor with the Admiralty, and had it not been for the sudden renewal of war with France in 1793, the greatest naval genius in history would have died in retirement, although he was already recognized in the navy as the ablest post-captain in the service.

To the last of his life Nelson was always in hot water with the British Admiralty, and was hated by the court. Nothing but his astonishing abilities saved him from court-martial and disgrace. The British Army was full of the same kind of intrigues and quarrels in the days of Wellington that it has been during the Boer War. The armies of the Union in our Civil War were full of the same kind of intrigues and hates, which survive even to this day, when a partisan hand writes the life of General Meade, McClellan or Thomas. President Lincoln confessed once that the intense bitterness of this military partisanship obliged him to continue General McClellan in command after he had become personally convinced that McClellan "had the slow" and would never do anything.

Prince Joachim Murat, who died recently near Paris, was a grandson of Napoleon's famous Marshal Murat, King of Naples, whose son, Napoleon Lucien Charles, came to America in 1825 and married a daughter of Thomas Frazier, of Bordentown, N. J. This lady became the mother of the just deceased Prince in 1834. Prince Napoleon Murat and his young son went to France after the revolution of 1830, and the latter entered the army, being assigned to the staff of Napoleon III. in 1859, and became General of Brigade in 1870, and after the war with Germany retired from active service. In 1854 he married a princess of Wagram, who was presumably a dependent of Napoleon's Marshal Berthier. This Prince Murat is the fellow who was engaged to marry Miss Gwendolin Caldwell, of Louisville, Ky., in 1889. When it came time to sign the marriage contract, Miss Caldwell well offered to the Socialist party in 1898. Belief in Parliamentary action was made a condition of membership in the last-named congress, and even believers in revolution by a universal strike were by a very large majority excluded.

The Socialist vote at the elections for the German Reichstag in 1898 was 2,130,000, or one-third of the whole poll, and the party returned 51 out of 397 members of the Reichstag. The Socialist party in Germany never forgets that they are not only a scientific, but a

practical, party, so much so that the Socialist leader, Bebel, says that they are supported at the polls by thousands of voters who are not technical Socialists, but believe that the Social Democrats constitute the only party ready to give a little present help and redress of grievances that actually oppress and oppress them. The policy of the party is not shaped by ideals of scientific Socialists, but by the wants of the unconverted mass of their followers. The Socialist leader, Vollmar, in his speech at the Stuttgart congress in 1898, declared that social reform must precede social revolution. The German Socialists no longer urge the doctrine once taught of the abolishment of the private ownership of land, as well as of industrial plants. In the German Empire there are 3,000,000 small peasant proprietors who till their own fields with their own hands.

THE IMMORTALITY OF NOTORIETY.

The assassin of President McKinley belongs to that class of illustrious obscure people who live in history not because they have done anything that worth doing, but because they have either sordidly plotted or unwisely committed some foolish deed. In their clumsy efforts to make a spoon, Frederick the Great made a sarcastic remark about the mistress of Louis XV, and the angry harlot was able to persuade the King of France to declare war against Prussia, so that an impudent jest enabled a worthless woman to make it very "hot" for the greatest man of his day in Europe, when he needed friends rather than more enemies. There is a vain pompous man, named the name of Wilkes Booth will be recalled. If Clement, Ravallide, Gerard, Damiani, Felton, Fieschi, Orsini, Guitau and Colozos had attempted the lives of ordinary men they would be lost to history; but they struck at Princes and statesmen and therefore their obscure assassins have secured the immortality of infamous notoriety. There is a broad and vain fellow, whose inopportune speech endows them with immortal notoriety, like Burchard, whose resonant and rancid rhetoric of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" quite possibly cost Blaine the electoral vote of the State of New York. Burchard was a kind of clerical Erosstratus. He fired with his torch unwittingly the Republican Ephesus dome. He shot an arrow over his house and killed his brother, a broad and pompous man, who dearly loved to hear the sound of his own voice. When the Oregon of his speech was flowing he heard no sound save his own dashings. His noisy, tactless tongue destroyed in a few minutes the fabric of triumphant popularity that Blaine for years had been fashioning into an arch of victory. The passionate desire of poor, vain, fussy Dr. Burchard to listen to the gurglings of his own mouth was fatal to his political career. He was a man who was not content to be a man, but to be a man of note, and he was not content to be a man of note, but to be a man of note.

The Oregonian, says the Vancouver Register-Democrat, "prints a delinquent list of Multnomah County which fills 462 columns. There are evidently a few people over the river who are not prosperous." It is no indication whatever of lack of prosperity. This tax list represents only a small proportion of the property of the county. Some people are careless and neglect to pay when they might and should. Others hope to "beat" the collection. Many are non-residents, and had forgotten that the time to pay had come round again. In other cases there is litigation, or dispute, about property rights, and the taxes are left unpaid. As to prosperity, it never was general in Portland and throughout Oregon—maugre the "accursed gold standard."

The recommendation of General Miles in his annual report that the military posts throughout the country be put in excellent shape for troops that are returned from service beyond the sea is humane as well as soldierly. The men who have borne the rigors of the Arctic climate in Alaska and the heat of the tropics, and under all circumstances maintained the character of the American Army, deserve a housing after their homecoming equal to the best accommodation in barracks that is consistent with military discipline.

Turkey has, of course, been obliged to comply with the demands of France for prompt payment of the French claims. If Turkey had plenty of money she could have made a terrible fight, for she could put a million of excellent soldiers into the field; but she has no money to make war with, and neither Russia nor Germany will interfere with France's collection of her dues.

The fact that there is a smallpox at The Dalles should induce caution and not precipitate alarm. An intelligent community, or rather a community guarded by intelligent health officers, is not panic-stricken by the report of smallpox within its limits. It simply observes the precautions prescribed by sanitary and medical science and goes about its business.

President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation is a reminder that the harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and that the Nation, although but now brought to shame and grief through the assassination of its Chief Magistrate, still has an abundance of things for which its people may fitly return thanks.

For the first time in a number of years hoodlumism was held in check in this city on Halloween night. It is idle to say that the men of the city cannot control their boys. They can if they will, as this latest demonstration fully proves.

No vessels, laden, have been able to get out from the Astoria bar, yet, Portland's drawback is that seaport. The burden upon her commerce is the Astoria bar.

HOME SCIENCE FOR PORTLAND.

Science has busted itself with measuring submersa; with photographing what does not see the light of day—the internal make-up of a living man; with counting the beats of the mad dance of molecules in a stone wall; with tracing the physical relationship between the colors of the rainbow and the tones of a piano; with investigating the generation of light from a bit of gray radium found in a Bohemian mine; with studying the law of correspondence between the shape of a criminal's ear, and the propensity to flich and murder; with imprisoning the spirit of the Asiatic plague in glycerine-jelly; with hunting a child's soul to its last bit of protestation. With all these has science concerned itself; but not until the past decade has it seriously turned its attention to making the home of man a decent, wholesome, and habitable place to live in.

The era of sourmash bread, grumpy looks, shriveled noses, and colds, and influenza, has been a long one. Within the past 10 years the most important revolution that the world has ever known has been going on about the kitchen of our homes. The revolution has been a hard one, and victory is not yet; for still the deadly poisons lurk in innocent-looking tin cans; and even here in Portland alum baking powder, bromine salt, and other poisons are being used in the preparation of our food. No other civilized nation has set itself with such final nonchalance to adulterations in food supplies. We Americans are a hard-boiled people, but only with our eager rush for making money that we could hardly spare the time to pause and reflect that eating is a science and an art. Artistic citizens have a tendency to be humbugged by unscrupulous manufacturers and irresponsible grocers. Without grumbling we have paid milkmen for bringing us cream, and we have paid for their milk cans. Every Summer death-infected ice cream laid fair women and strong men in the grave. We bore all this with unflinching resignation, but all this was Providence. It was not until the full horror of the embalmed beef scandal of the Spanish War burst upon the Nation that the American people awoke from their mood of fatal indifference to the proper preparation of foods for the market. The canned meat poisoner must go. We would not quarrel with producers owning their own means, but only with non-producers owning other people's means of production; that the land of the peasant is as much the instrument of his labor as is the carpenter's plane.

The Social Democrats of Germany are so practical that they co-operate with any party that will vote for "superseded" in Prussia the present classified property franchise by universal suffrage.

France the Socialist vote in 1898 was nearly 840,000. The party has now thirty-eight seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and two of the Socialist Deputies, Millerand and Baudin, are members of the Cabinet. The vast majority of French Socialists, like the German Socialists, are parliamentarians and ardent social reformers rather than dogmatic theorists. Millerand favors compulsory arbitration, and ex-Minister of State Goblet would like to present nationalize the industries but banks, mines and railways. Millerand would even go as far as sugar refining, but draws the line at petroleum. Other Socialists have proposed to make the production and sale of alcoholic beverages a state monopoly; others favor old-age pensions to every workingman over 60, and 30 cents a day to every unemployed workman. Other Socialists believe in municipalization rather than nationalization of industries. In Roubaix the Socialist Municipal Council reduced the local entry duty on necessities and raised it on luxuries, and thus added \$25,000 a year to the revenue of the town. In Belgium, at the election of 1898, the Socialists elected 29 Deputies in a Chamber of 152, and in Italy in 1900 at the Parliamentary election the Socialist vote was 215,000 and the number of Deputies was increased from 16 to 34. In 1901 there were 11 Socialist representatives in the Austrian Parliament, in Denmark 5, in Holland 4. There is no sympathy between this party of parliamentary methods and the anarchists, of whom the Socialist Liebknecht said: "You could put all the anarchists in Europe in a pair of police wagons."

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SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Ye Song of Ye Supe. Lett' me see change Heros who doth strut upon ye Supe. His Throat, his Nose and Salary as best he maye enoyage. Lett' me see Evile Villian who doth wear ye Supe. Prepare hims'elf for ye Present to go ways back and sitte downe. And Lett' ye star-eyed Herosine of tender years, be hang'd for ye Supe. Content her for a Time at leaste to plays a thinking Parto. For ye shall sing of himme who is ye greatest in ye Troope. Though he his Stayne knoweth to Fayne the sayme is he, ye Supe.

Who marcheth forth with Speare and Shield and fallsh in the Fight? Who riseth up right instantly upon ye self-same Nighte. And donning Garb of Husbandman besige ye Villian's Doore And for "A crust, a crust of Breade," full hung'ring implores. Who soon thereafter crotht him as courtesie Gentillmanne And smilsh at ye Lady, who doth first ye lilly piee and pates is on the wane. Who languisheth as prisoner, and ftyeth soon ye Supe.

When the Editor Painted. "I have here," said the long-haired individual, "A Christmas p—"

Where They Got It. Heros' good luck to Bluff Jim Rier, An' 'a' hogger' that his net Will long keep an' a-writin' Pur to cheer his feller men. He's the chap as has provided All which has ever been undertaken In any part of the world.

Caught on the Wire. Paris, 25.—Abdul Hamid, Constantinople. Honaire Brozzer—Complaisent ees make at sees capital zat certaine monses by ye owe for damages ees not yet come to ze hand. Vat you got to say? WALDECK ROSSIAU.

Paris, 27.—Abdul Hamid, Constantinople—Accord my compliment, my dear brozzer, but eet ees necessary for me to remine you zat ze money must be pay. Ze honaire of France ees at ze stake. Zere is nortin to it. WALDECK ROSSIAU.

Paris, Oct. 29.—Abdul Hamid, Constantinople—ABOW me to remine you, noble ruerre, zat von wife ees considere enough for ze gentleman of France. I have ze honaire to conform you zat ze navy will sail to ze Bosphorus tomorrow eef ze money not be pay, and zat she shall be oblige to blow our beloved brozzer of Turkey higher zan ze kite of M. Glyceroy eet ees necessary. WALDECK ROSSIAU.

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It Just Reminds Us. These here Spring days still comes around Without no kind of sense or reason. The Astoria folks, no more, are on the ground. The sky and sun are out of season. The mornin' sunbeams, soft an' warm, Comes stealer in at dawn to find us. All day, without no sign of storm; The skies above—well, just remind us. Remind us of the golden past Of mornin' suns and op'nin' flowers. Of days we longed for on the ground. Of books that sang through happy hours. Remind us of the hummin' bird That once again has gone to nestin', Remind us of the sounds we heard When whitin' brought the time for restin'. The robin shoutin' out his gloe Because his weary journey's ended. The bluebird's chirp for come to rest. To find their last year's box is needed.

The crows, that spent the Winter here, No more certain sure of 'dinner. A-cavin' loud that all may hear Because the sun once more has a shinin'. The thrushes, pourin' forth the song. The doves, an' all the "other" folk, 'em—An' then North wind comes along. An' gruffly says that this is Autumn. Well, so it is; an' Winter's near; But every day like this that's bringin' Remembrance of the early year. Just birds come back an' "flowers springin'" Just shows us that the spell that's cast. 'Tis Spring keeps on a growin' stronger. Though all its warmth of sun is past, And birds and flow'rs are here no longer. J. J. MONTAGUE.