

BOTH GET SOLACE

Mitchell and Hermann Have Many Callers.

DENOUNCE CHARGES HOTLY

Senator States He Will Remain Right Here Until Matter is Settled—Has Interview With Prosecutor Henry.

Many callers trooped to see Senator Mitchell at the Portland Hotel in the well-known "509," which he has come to regard as his Portland home, and Representative Hermann, at the Imperial Hotel, in room 262, wherein nearly every political magnate in the state has put up at one time or another. Friends came to sympathize and to encourage, and never one of them went away without announcing the threatened prosecution of the two men as a splendid persecution.

The two slept well the night before, ate well, looked well and talked well. "This affair shall not worry me," declared Senator Mitchell, with a positive duck of his head. "Nor me, either," asserted Mr. Hermann, just as emphatically.

Mr. Hermann betook himself to the Federal courtroom, where he met Judge Bevinger, through whom he sent his replies to Prosecutor Henry. He had hoped to talk with Mr. Henry, but did not have an opportunity.

Senator Meets Prosecutor.
But Senator Mitchell met Mr. Henry face to face. The scene was conducted in the Portland Hotel, in Mr. Henry's

COLLEGES AND CRIME.

What Graduates Are Credited or Discredited With.

New York Sun.
Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale University, has been good enough to send us a copy of the Directory of Living Graduates of Dr. Hadley's school. Much obliged therefore, and equally obliged for the valuable advice and directions which accompany the gift.

"The one request that I send with it is that the members of your staff be asked to consult the index of graduates as frequently as occasion may offer, in order that the university may be spared the humiliation of having men accused of high crimes constantly berated in the press of the country as graduates of Yale, when in reality they never received any degree from this institution."

Secretary Stokes suffers from a decided atrophy of his sense of humor. It is true that the makers of dispatches have a habit of telegraphing that such and such a bore has been summarily suspended, was a Harvard man, or that such and such a bank robber was a Yale man. The gentlemanly confidence man, the swindler, the spurious "high roller," the melodramatic forger, the young gentleman of engaging appearance who bilks his hotelkeepers, borrows money right and left, or steals a sealskin cloak from a "society leader" in Denver, or robs the "big game" in the mountains, and other varieties of the genus "beat" and the genus "rascal" are described in the dispatches as graduates of this or that college.

Now, dispatches often come late into a newspaper office. It is not always possible for an editor to gratify the desire of his soul by consulting the triennial and quinquennial catalogues and other registers of fame.

To our innocent soul it has seemed that the tribute of vice to virtue, this voluntary offering of respect to the colleges was delightful. Why object to a little harmless embroidery of fact? For our part, if Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin had posed as an Oxford man, we should have been the most pleased to see his brilliant manners and exploits.

So far as we have kept account, Yale, Harvard and Cornell are the favorite colleges with the criminals in the dispatches. The great Western universi-

A \$25,000,000 FAIR

The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition that will be opened in Portland on June 1 next, will not be a Fair local in its interests. Special commissioners from many of the great countries of Europe and Asia have already been appointed with plenary powers. These commissioners have been instructed by their respective governments to make the largest and most creditable exhibits possible at the great Fair. When these exhibits may have all been installed, the Exposition will have represented an outlay in excess of \$25,000,000. The illustrations of the buildings of the Fair, of the natural beauties of the Fair Grounds, and of the artistic details of the leading Fair structures, that will be published in the New Year's Oregonian will convey accurate information of the scope of the coming Exposition to thousands of people. The New Year's Oregonian will be published Monday morning, January 2. It will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada, postage prepaid, for 10 cents a copy. Address The Oregonian, Portland, Or.

room. Senator Mitchell's narrative of the episode was that he asked of Mr. Henry the privilege of going before the grand jury, and received the reply that that privilege would be accorded next Tuesday, either at 11 A. M. or at 2 P. M. Senator Mitchell asked Mr. Henry for knowledge of the charges on which the impending indictment was to be brought and received a satisfactory answer. He remarked rather bitterly afterward, that in all fairness and justice he ought to have the privilege of facing his accusers or of learning the evidence against him.

When asked for a statement for publication the Senator replied that, until he was acquainted of the charges against him, he could know not what to say, except to reaffirm his innocence.

"I shall say little," he remarked, "until I go before the grand jury and learn on what ground Mr. Henry is going to have me indicted and what charges are made against me in the Penitentiary."

The Senator gave his head a determined tug on ending the foregoing sentence, tossed his head, and his eye gleamed through his glasses. Then he resumed:

"I will not be convicted and no evidence can be produced to injure me in any way unless on perjured testimony. I have always led an honest life, and I have lived too long to engage in petty thievery. The persons who are witnesses against me are perjurers, who have been promised immunity if they will testify so as to besmirch my character."

Will Fight It Out.
"How long will you stay away from Congress?" was asked.

"I don't know; a year, if I shall have to stay that long to fight my accusers, longer, if necessary," and the Senator's tone indicated that he would keep on staying until the lower regions should freeze over, and then would fight on the ice.

Oregon news its delegation at Washington just now very much," he went on, "when rivers and harbors are to be looked after. I am sorry that Mr. Hermann and I are forced to neglect these important duties. I have been busy on doing so until I have put my accusers to silence. I regret, exceedingly, that I am constrained to do it."

"Why was not District Attorney Hall's receipt submitted to the Senate by the President, along with the others which went to that body when Congress met?" was asked. The failure of the President to have Mr. Hall's receipt confirmed by the Senate has been noted with some curiosity. The prominence of Mr. Hall as the chief prosecutor, through Mr. Hall nominally holds the leadership, together with the past political affiliations of Mr. Hall with Senator Mitchell, have been taken as significant, in substance guests.

"I expected that Mr. Hall's reappointment would go to the Senate along with other reappointments," said the Senator. "Why it was not I do not know, nor did I inquire."

"How about your telegraphic correspondence with Mr. Henry?"

ties are neglected by these gentlemen, and some good old lingering savor of Presbyterianism keeps Princeton from having its fair share of the legends.

The number of bogus college graduates in this town alone must be great. In a very limited sociological excursion in the last month we have come across a "Harvard man" who said he was assistant chief of police of Manila and had some official relation to the General Sincum investigation; two "Yale men" who, sitting next to us at Yale Field, ingeniously cried "Dem's de Harvards"; and a "University of Pennsylvania man," a most agreeable youth, who, if the island hasn't nabbed him, still "works" Central Park West. As for the "Christ Church men" and "Trinity College, Cambridge men," and "Trinity College, Dublin men," they are to be found by those who know how to look. They are always turning up. A "Balliol man" who drank gin out of a bottle in a street-car still shines in our memory.

We can't think that the reputation of the college is hurt by these fellows. They are too transparent. When you hear of the crimes of B. and S. Yale graduate, you grin. The college graduates have more than fair morals and luck. Only two Harvard men have been hanged, we believe, in nearly 270 years; and one of these was executed for witchcraft.

We hope that Mr. Stokes's request will be complied with to his satisfaction; but we don't understand why he objects to the crimes of the colleges, and why he objects to the crimes of the colleges, and why they should be charged with shoplifting or stealing junk.

GREETED DAWN OF CHRISTMAS

Pretty Service Held at Midnight in Episcopal Churches.

In three different Episcopal churches the dawn of Christmas was observed this morning in the holy communion service. The churches are Trinity, St. David's and the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Over 100 worshippers attended at Trinity. The chancel was elaborately decorated with evergreens and lights. The cross of fire shone above the lighted candles at the altar. A choir of men, in surplices, sang the music of the communion service, and the occasion was an impressive one. The organ solo, "The Mass" was played by Carl Denton, and one of the features of the music programme was the singing of a baritone solo by Dr. A. A. Morrison, the rector of the church, Adam's "Cantique de Noel." There was no regular sermon given.

At St. David's Church, on the East Side, there was a large attendance of people, many of whom were new to the church. The attractive musical programme that had been prepared for the occasion by Organist and Choirmaster F. W. Goodrich, several of the old hymn favorites were noticed—"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "Christians Awake," and others. The singing was rendered exclusively by men's voices, the music for the communion office being by Hugh Blair. During the service the solo "Angels From the Realms of Glory," written by Mr. Goodrich, was effectively sung by David Mackie, tenor, who also sang the offering song, "The New-Born King." The church decorations are well worth a visit. A screen of evergreens divides the body of the church from the chancel, and is surmounted by a cross above which gleams an electric star.

Eugene Ware's Poetry.

Harper's Weekly.
The inference is unavoidable that Mr. Ware's practice of refusing money for his poems is based on a sentiment that is a more admirable or a more expedient thing to do than to accept money for verse. It does not strike us so. There are few things that the American people, even in the West, admire more in a man than the ability to sell his goods. Massachusetts has just elected a Governor whose chief claim to high distinction lies in the fact that he is a poet. More in Massachusetts as it is in Kansas. However, a poet who avoids the market avoids comparison and judgment. He is open to the suspicion that he either fears his fate too much, or suspects that his deeds are small. If his deeds are not small the other poets may denounce him with some reason as one who demoralizes the market by giving verse away. One of the complaints of the trusts is that they destroy competition by selling certain of their products for a time at a price below the cost of production. Poetry has its cost

of production. With Mr. Ware it is doubtless a by-product. But is he justified—provided his product is valuable—in disposing of it in a fashion that tends to disturb values and deprive the professional poets of their reasonable gains?

SHOCKS IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

Visitors From Sea Level Disturbed by Electric Sparks.

Denver Republican.
"It is dangerous for me to go to bed." That announcement by a stylishly dressed woman at the desk of the Albany Hotel office last night startled William Maher, one of the proprietors, who was standing at the counter.

"What is the trouble?" asked Mr. Maher, as soon as he recovered his voice. "The room is filled with electricity," replied the woman. "If I walk across the floor and touch my face with my hand there is a snap, and if I touch the iron bed I get a shock. Why, kind sir, it's awful! Everything I touch snaps! You might think I was some electrical freak and belonged with some show. But I am not. Honest, I never knew before that my system was electrified!"

"San Francisco," replied the woman. "I thought you were from the sea level," said Mr. Maher. "You have nothing to fear. The room is not charged with electricity. There is nothing wrong with the telephone or electric light wires. You see, madame, that you are not acclimated in Denver. The air here is extremely dry and is therefore surcharged with electricity, so that you in touching iron feel a slight shock and also a slight tingle when you walk across the carpet and then touch anything with your hand or shake hands with anybody. You'll get over it in a few days."

The woman went away mystified but satisfied, and Mr. Maher said:

"That's a common complaint in every hotel in town. Those of us who live here will not do it, but feel an electric shock by touching a conductor or when walking over a carpet if we touch our faces or shake hands, but we are not as subjective to electrical influences as those who come from sea level or from places where the air is moist. These people, of course, are shocked easily, and as it is a new experience for them they invariably believe that the telephone or electric light wires are crossed and that they are in danger of electrocution."

We had a woman in the hotel last week who was startled because when she began to comb the hair of her French poodle electric currents ran up her arms. She thought that somebody had been playing a joke on her dog and she was furious until I explained to her the cause.

Negroes Were Used as Poker Chips

Stories of Racehorse and Other Gambling in South Carolina Before the War.

"Before the old South Carolina Jockey Club passed out of existence," said Colonel Adam Beupre, as he anchored alongside a bottle and a bird, "Charleston was, without doubt, a leader in the South as a gambling town."

"New Orleans had its big poker games, and the Mississippi steamer never went from port to port without sensational play, but there was just as much plunging around Charleston. Gambling was recognized universally, and lotteries had free reign."

"It is a well known fact that a Presbyterian Church in Charleston was practically built with funds from a lottery and many other institutions got their start from the wheel of fortune."

"Some time ago I heard a story about negro slaves having changed hands on the result of a poker game. Generally such a statement would be denied, but there are instances on record which no one can deny."

"I was in a Charleston gambling-house one night when a well-known plunger changed his body servant for \$200 in chips and then lost them against the faro bank. The negro watched the game without understanding it and the big tears came to his eyes when papers were drawn up transferring his ownership."

Planter Wagered Slaves.
"At another time I saw a slave change hands at the racetrack, whose owner had wagered \$250 on his horse, and when he failed to win, he had to make good. He was not able to produce the cash, so the servant was sold with as little ceremony as if he had been a horse and was claimed out of a selling race."

"It is also on record in Charleston that a slave bought his freedom by winning a lottery in that town. He had saved up his cents, and after dreaming for a week, he bought a ticket. It cashed. He got nearly \$200 and he immediately removed the claims of bondage by paying the price on his head."

"In the Jockey Club days before the Civil War there was no such race track betting as is found today. Pools were sold, but the betting was done by the gentlemen planters and a man's word was his bond."

"There was no crookedness and planters raised and raced thoroughbreds for the sport of it. Many of them were wrecked financially by putting too much faith in favorite colts, and the heavy plays were the most sensational character."

was a plunger, but he was and he would bet \$5,000 as quickly as he would flip the ashes from his cigar. His gracious manner made friends for him and he was invited to dine in many aristocratic homes.

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with a sum the equivalent of the negro's value and without hesitation he tossed in a roll of bills worth about \$200.

"And I'll raise you," he said in a free and easy manner.

"The gambler looked at his hand pretty carefully like."

"You've got me beat," he said, "and shove all my use to thousand money after a bad nigger. Take the pot," he added, and with that he disclosed three fives.

"Why, that's good, old man," said the Colonel, and a big smile came over his face, "for I didn't have so much as a pair of trays."

"The deed was done, however, and after serving his term in a public ship the nigger went back to the Colonel, and nursed him until he was sent to his little resting place in the family burying ground."

How a Teacher Starts.
Leslie's Monthly.
A young man, fresh from college, who decides to become a schoolteacher, has many things to consider. The profession, if it can be called a profession, is still unorganized. No standard of excellence, no diploma certifying ability is required. Methods of teaching in public schools in New York State are very different from those in Colorado, and those in Utah are different from those in Buffalo. There are private schools of all kinds. There are almost as many methods of teaching arithmetic as there are of teaching vocal music. College positions for young graduates must be ignored temporarily, at least, for at present the colleges are choosing men with doctor's degrees, preferably from abroad. To obtain his first position, he ordinarily joins an agency. He takes to the agency his record at college, supplemented by as many pleasant recommendations from his professors as possible, pays his yearly fee, and promises the agency a certain percentage, 5 per cent, usually, of his first year's salary. Occasionally his college will find a place for him in one of the schools that prepare without great difficulty a position that will support him. Perhaps it will be in a little denominational boarding school during his first year, as one man I know did. If he survives his first year successfully, and with some measure of content in the work, he is likely to be a teacher for the rest of his life.

Stoessel of Sweden's Descent.
Echo de Paris.
Various stories as to the nationality of General Stoessel have made him out a German, a Jew, a Swiss, a Swede. It appears that in a way Russia is indebted to her ancient enemy, Sweden, for the valiant defender of Port Arthur, for General Stoessel's grandfather was a Swedish army officer. But his father served in the Russian army and was a member of the orthodox church. General Stoessel, who is now 26 years old, studied at the Pavloff Military Academy in the same class as Kuropatkin, and served through the war with Turkey. Then, as a commander in Siberia, he won high distinction for administrative work.

Crowd Watched Game.
"This naturally drew the crowd nearer the table. It was merely a toss-up as to who had the best hand. The Colonel's cards were lying face down on the table. He was lighting his cigar without showing a tremor of excitement. The gambler wrote off a slip of paper. It was a bill of sale for the slave and he tossed it into the pot."

Old Horse-Racing Days.
"The wagers in Charleston 50 years ago were the largest ever made on the continent, considering the size of the fortunes in those days as compared with the present time. It was a play among gentlemen, where the professional element was kept within bounds, though in later years the Southern gentlemen frequented the gambling palaces and plunged for high

