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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 27, 1906.

IS HISTORY A SCIENCE?

The palmist said in his haste, "All men are liars." The experienced examiner of witnesses in court confirms the cynicism of the sacred singer, not in his haste, but after serious reflection.

That no two men who have seen the same object or event will describe it without contradicting each other is a commonplace remark among lawyers.

Not that they mean always to lie, although even that extreme case is by no means rare, but what one really and truly sees and hears is never what really happens, but what he hopes or dreads may happen; or, if the observer is quite dispassionate, nevertheless, the idiosyncrasies of his sense organs, with their multiplied defects and illusions, will make his report jar with the truth.

Hume was right when he said it was always more likely that the witness lied in a given case than that the chain of cause and effect had been broken, but his remark was unnecessarily lacking in amenity; he might have made his point just as well had he said that the balance of probability was always on the side of illusion or self-deception.

His blow at miracles would have been quite as telling; his disparagement of human nature less severe. It is bad enough that we cannot tell the truth, let us not emphasize the unhappy cases when we will not.

The observer whom a skillful prestidigitator mystifies and delights would be obliged, if they trusted their sense, to assert that solid iron rings could be passed through one another's substance, that objects could be annihilated and created at the magician's pleasure, and that he could suspend the action of gravity or reverse it.

which historical conclusions are drawn never have been and never can be registered by automatic instruments. The reports which we have of them must always be those of human witnesses, unreliable at best, and in this case doubly so, partly because they are generally untrained observers, and partly on account of the infinitely complex phenomena which they attempt to describe.

History, which deals with phenomena more varied and involved than any other branch of knowledge, is the only one which is entirely destitute of instruments of exact record.

Even psychology has an advantage here over history. An attempt to answer this might be made by citing colors, inscriptions and implements, which are in themselves, it is said, unimpeachable witnesses to what they record. They prove their own existence. Beyond that they are neither better nor worse than other documents and sources of knowledge.

Behind them is the motive, always dubious, which is the inspiration and the despair of history to reveal.

For, to be a science, history must present a chain of cause and effect; not merely such a chain as might have been, but such as actually was. And this, in human affairs, is a chain of motives. "No nation and no individual," says Emil Reich, "knows the motives of his own conduct."

How then the police marched those six articles diverse multitudes in distant times, especially when we remember that not only were they themselves ignorant of what impelled them to action but that in many cases, they were at great pains to conceal what they imagine to be their reasons and purposes? He may know and report facts with more or less approximation to truth.

The ten or twelve which would unite those facts into a science will generally elude him.

Judge Cameron was shocked! Well he might have been. The emotions of a sedate spider whose web has entangled a hornet were nothing to his when the police marched those six articles into his court.

His one desire, like the Irishman's who had caught the bull by the tail, was for somebody to help him let go. And who so ready to help let go of this composite bull, a six-headed animal, in fact, as his worship the Mayor? Dr. Lane was elected on a platform of rigorous enforcement of the law, but what is the law between Democrats?

The law made for minorities, not whales. One shudders involuntarily at the rude impudence of the police in disturbing the recreation of this distinguished party of six. Gambling is a low vice, of course, when practised by a lumber jack in a saloon, but gambling by A. S. Bennett and his Democratic friends in a hotel parlor is every day's exercise.

Under the circumstances it may not be exactly a religious exercise, but certainly it savors of moral sublimity. It argues a frivolous mind in Mayor Lane to look upon this indiscretion of the police as a joke. "A good joke" is what His Honor styled this invasion of the sacred privacy of the six Democratic statesmen at their gambols.

We take the country gentlemen, what is the country, coming to when ruffianly detectives dare to treat such men as Mr. Bennett and Mr. Matlock, caught law-breaking, with the same ignominious rudeness as they would a common offender?

To be sure the wrong was partially repaired by the instant discharge of the distinguished innocents and the miraculous forgiveness of their names, but this is not sufficient. Nor will it be sufficient merely to punish the detectives who made the arrest. We suggest that the city of Portland, in token of humiliation and penitence for this grave blunder of its officials, erect a six-headed statue of Mr. Bennett and his injured friends upon some appropriate spot in Sullivan's Gulch.

THE PRESIDENT A PEACEMAKER. Among the cartoons of the day is one that represents President Roosevelt sitting in the seat of judgment, in the courtroom, sternly addressing the jury (of the peace conference) who had come in to report that they had been unable to agree on a verdict. "Gentlemen," said he, severely, "back to your jury-room till you can agree!"

In no part of his career has Theodore Roosevelt been a more interesting man than in his relations to this peace conference, and in none so important. He it was, alone, who brought about; he alone, who secured the dissolution of the week ago, and every day since. The commissioners of the two nations came soon to a blank stop. They could not agree, and repeatedly have been on the point of final separation.

To avert such consequence President Roosevelt has called them into conference with himself, first the representatives of one of the belligerent nations and then the other; and he has sent cable messages to the governments at St. Petersburg and Tokio, proposing to each side new features of conciliation and adjustment—suggesting modification or abatement here and concession there.

NEW METHODIST HYMNAL.

The new hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church—North and South—has made its appearance. It is a book of church ritual and church hymns combined, containing the Psalter and the order of public worship now enjoined by the great ecclesiastical bodies represented, including directions to the congregation on when to kneel and when to stand, the recitation in concert by the minister and the congregation, the Apostles' Creed, etc.

The whole preface by the bishops of the church—the bishops of the two branches of the great Methodist body. Truly, we may say in looking over the volume, there is growth even in ecclesiasticism—an expansion of the idea of God and His mercy, but withal a distinct departure from the simplicity and spontaneity of worship that was introduced by the Wesleyes.

The Oregonian has a copy of the standard edition of the Methodist hymn book, published in 1849 with the approval of five bishops of the Methodist Church, the long familiar names of Bishop Waugh and Adams, being among them. In the address of these bishops, introducing this hymn book, we find the statement that some of the hymns which had long been in use in the Methodist Church were parted with reluctantly, coupled with unqualified approval of the revised copy as a greatly improved collection.

The church was congratulated on having been furnished with a hymn book which, from the number, variety and adaptation of its hymns, would not require another revision for generations to come.

This was a short-sighted view is shown by the fact that in less than one generation (1878) another revision was required and made, and now, 28 years later, the controlling power of the church, in response to the demand of the great army enrolled under its name, has produced yet another revision, which the bishops, thirty-six in number, commend and present as an admirable compilation of sacred lyrics, "trusting that for many long years it will prove a visible and potent bond of union among Methodists."

The history of hymnody is possessed of an interest all its own. It is in a sense the history of religious development and growth. It is not possible here and now to do more than refer to it, briefly citing a few examples in proof of the change that it represents in religious thought and belief.

From the Methodist hymn book issued in America in 1768 or 1770, to the hymnal that has just been issued, is a long story, which the editors of this last version, says the Pacific Christian Advocate, yielded to the broader spirit of the day, by greatly enlarging the list of authors and dropping out 262 of the Wesley hymns, adding:

In the new hymnal this every-day wholesome and, indeed, inevitable process has been carried still further by the dropping of 198 hymns of Wesley's 386 of Charles and 129 of John's, leaving, however, 121 of the former's and 19 of the latter's still on the list, which is probably too many.

That which will strike some persons as more remarkable than the gradual expurgation of Wesley's hymns is the introduction of those of Whittier and Samuel Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant—men whose religion was above all creed and whose belief in God barred out a belief in vicarious atonement. Whittier's well-known poem, "The Goodness," is used in part, though it has never been taken to expurgate the stanza beginning:

But still my human hands are weak To hold your iron creeds; Again the words ye bid me speak My heart within me pleads.

Not do we find in this hymnal the following verse of the same poem: "Who fathoms the eternal thought? Who talks of scheme and plan? The Lord is God; he needs not The poor advice of man."

Still, it is a good deal, as judged by former standards of sacred songs set up by ecclesiasticalism, to find in the new Methodist hymnal the stanzas called as admissible to the church and to find in an organ of Methodism the assurance that this and another hymn by the same author "are especially sure to be welcomed by great numbers."

This new hymnal, as far as these innovations go, represents growth of the religious idea, a breaking of the shell of the old ecclesiasticism, a disposition to keep step with the advance of modern thought in matters spiritual, even while the return to ritualism shows that the great Methodist Church has left behind it the simplicity and spontaneity that characterized and made distinctive the religious expression of the Wesleyes—its methods, in brief, that gave it name and place among the religious denominations of the world.

In conclusion it is safe to say that no collection of sacred songs, prepared for public worship, ever again will contain a hymn proclaiming: Sinner, hell is deep and yawning, Quenches fire and raging there. No one learning of despair, On these regions of despair, Like some vast volcanic crater, Burning waves of lava swell, Rage and toss and moan and labor, Such, oh, sinner, such is hell.

Nor are we likely to find God Dr. Watts in any new hymnal addressing "sinners" in this wise: "With thou despoil eternal fate, Led on by sin's delusive dream? Madly attempt the impossible, And force thy passage to the same?" Nor yet will the agonized inquiry of a terrified soul, duly wrought upon by a theology that revolves around pictures of this lurid type, exclaim: "Ah, whither shall I fly? I hear the thunder's roar; The base profane destruction nigh, And vengeance at the door. Hither let us believe in the light of

past progress, in compelling hymns for public worship, that the gentle voices of Cowper, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, of Phoebe and Alice Carey, of Tennessee, of Whittier, of Holmes, of Samuel Longfellow, will join with the more hopeful and joyous and of the Wesleyes, of Doddridge, of Watts, of Montgomery, of Crosby and of others of the grand company of old hymn writers, eliminating still further from our hymn books the gloomy, doleful expressions of a lurid theology, the supreme effort of which was directed toward arousing and playing up the fears of man, ignoring the far greater power of love in developing his spiritual nature.

PEACE COUNSELS AND TORPEDOBOATS. President Roosevelt works half the day in trying to establish peace between Russia and Japan and the other half on experiments with a new submarine torpedo-boat—a contrivance supposed to be one of the most destructive of modern engines of war. But in this various activity he does not contradict himself, he believes that adequate preparation for war is the best assurance of peace. This is common sense, and no paradox.

Though the submarine torpedo-boat has not been fully proved—unless, perhaps, by the Japanese in their recent naval battle, and they are very reticent always about such matters—it probably has come to stay. As an adjunct of naval armament all nations are making provision for it. Even when floating on the surface, it presents almost no target, and with comparative security it can approach nearer an enemy than any other type of vessel. Contrivances are supplied which enable it to remain under water for a considerable time without danger to the crew; though, like the whale, of course it must rise to the surface to "breathe," at least, its funnel must emerge. To give the boat right direction and cause it to keep its course are the main problems. The purpose is to bring the boat as near as practicable to the enemy before the torpedo is discharged, and to give the torpedo accuracy of aim.

These are very nice problems, even in smooth water, much more so in a choppy sea. In response to the movements of the boat from which the torpedo is sent everything depends. The officer in charge of the boat must rely on a device fitted as a periscope, "which is at the top of a funnel or tube rising vertically from the hull, and which may be detected when it is permitted to emerge from the element in which the boat itself is concealed. The use of this device is, of course, to be made as rarely as possible, for the periscope, when used, is liable to be seen by the enemy's lookouts, and it is not possible to keep it under water for a long time. The use of the periscope is, therefore, to be made as rarely as possible, for the periscope, when used, is liable to be seen by the enemy's lookouts, and it is not possible to keep it under water for a long time.

The run of steamships was larger than ever before, and while the quality was above the average of preceding years, the price paid was but 4 cents per pound, while the royal chinook was selling at 6 and 7 cents and never dropped below 5 cents per pound. This would seem to substantiate the theory, not infrequently advanced, that the hatcheries have been handling too many inferior fish, and have not been getting enough eggs from the Spring chinook. The expense of converting the spawn into young salmon at the hatcheries is no greater for a chinook than for a steelhead, and so long as the latter will command but little more than half the price that is paid for the chinook, it is obvious that a special effort should be made to work the hatcheries up to the limit, with the best variety of fish. The steelhead seems to be a favorite for the freezing process, but in its variety, becomes sufficiently scarce to advance prices to a par with the royal chinook it deserves relatively less consideration at the hatcheries.

It is stated that the pack was pulled up to its very satisfactory proportions by a liberal and steady run of fish during the last two weeks of the season. This is probably the result of the practice of extermination of illegally runs of illegal fishing in past years, the hatcheries being thus forced to depend on the later runs for spawn.

It is pleasing to hear that the authorities this season will make an effort to enforce the law instead of ignoring its open violation, as was the case last year. With a strict observance of the closed season, the increased facilities for hatchery work, there is no reason why the industry should not only maintain its present satisfactory proportions but also show gratifying increases from year to year.

THE MAKING OF A PIRATE. Captain Alex McLean seems to be endeavoring to live up to the reputation he has gained as a bold, bad "pirate." Out of the north comes another story that he has just swooped down on the Fribourg Island and filled as many sail as he could handle, with his schooner Carmencia. This story is in keeping with that which was printed a few weeks ago to the effect that the Carmencia had violated the laws of the land so flagrantly that the government had officially declared her a pirate craft. The career of Alexander McLean offers strong testimony to the fact that sensational practical heroism of very ordinary nature. When Alex McLean and "Brother Dan" came out of the wilds of Nova Scotia about twenty-five years ago, they were as mild a pair as ever sailed the salty seas.

In those days the business of raiding a seal rookery was regarded as possessing the same degree of legitimacy as the business of stealing sheep. For a few years the embryo pirates clubbed and skinned the seal, and clubbed and cursed the crew. In the dull prosaic manner in which the work is conducted outside of novels and poems. In an ill-guarded moment, back in the early '60s, it became necessary for Alex McLean to make a wild flight with his schooner to escape the clutches of a revenue cutter. Shots were exchanged between the two craft and when a few weeks later Alex McLean landed in San Francisco, he had become famous. His giant frame and long, drooping mustache made him an ideal character for a practical-romance, and the newspaper men of the Bay City proceeded to work the theme to the limit.

The re-creator, it would have been impossible for Alex McLean to have steered a bull team over a skid road in one of the logging camps run by his countrymen in the Oregon woods with

ability and their mothers to take to new ways of dress, cleanliness and home industry, has been—or well may be—abandoned. Nature suggests that the outcome of this experiment will be her wild domain the field once cultivated but abandoned by the farmer.

The hope of the Indian girl, whether of Chemawa or Fort Shaw or any other place where effort is being made to train her in the slow ways of civilization, lies in her preparation for domestic service, her willingness to perform such service, and the willingness of housewives to find her a place in household economy.

Those who have known the Indian at close range for half a century are not enthusiasts in Indian education as those are who have studied him at a distance. But it does not become reasonable, intelligent men to adhere to the Indian character in the struggles of the border nor to distrust the effort still less the sincerity of men and women who have set themselves to the salvation of the Indian educational problem. Rather should we all recognize the fact that while there has been growth in this country all development of the Indian, insofar as he has been touched by the wand of civilization, has moved forward or backward, according as the touch has been good or evil, and that in response to the money of the government and to the effort of some conscientious men and women who have engaged in the work, there are now self-supporting, orderly and in a degree industrious.

SATISFACTORY SALMON SEASON. The most gratifying feature of the salmon season just ended is the fact that in no previous season, since the inception of the industry has so much money been paid out for raw fish. In the amount of money placed in circulation in the state, the salmon industry is outranked by wheat, hops, wool and lumber, but for disbursing large sums in a comparatively short time, the premier industry of the lower Columbia is well in the lead of most of the others. From the incomplete figures now at hand, it is apparent that the value of the salmon pack, including the fish that were pickled, frozen and disposed of in the markets, will approximate \$2,500,000. This is a vast sum of money to be placed in circulation in a few months along the lower Columbia River, and, as it seems, it does not fully represent the purchasing power that has been created by the salmon industry in a single season.

The vast sums paid out for raw fish were turned loose by the recipients and found their way into a hundred avenues of trade and industry only indirectly connected with the salmon business. The record of the season last closed is a good one, both as to the amount that has been placed on the market and as to prices realized. It again demonstrates the value of artificial propagation, and is sufficiently encouraging to warrant a further expansion of the hatchery plant.

The run of steamships was larger than ever before, and while the quality was above the average of preceding years, the price paid was but 4 cents per pound, while the royal chinook was selling at 6 and 7 cents and never dropped below 5 cents per pound. This would seem to substantiate the theory, not infrequently advanced, that the hatcheries have been handling too many inferior fish, and have not been getting enough eggs from the Spring chinook. The expense of converting the spawn into young salmon at the hatcheries is no greater for a chinook than for a steelhead, and so long as the latter will command but little more than half the price that is paid for the chinook, it is obvious that a special effort should be made to work the hatcheries up to the limit, with the best variety of fish. The steelhead seems to be a favorite for the freezing process, but in its variety, becomes sufficiently scarce to advance prices to a par with the royal chinook it deserves relatively less consideration at the hatcheries.

out the incident attracting attention in the newspapers. And Alex seemed to enjoy it. To prevent his fame from losing its brightness, he endeavored to make good. A raid on the Siberian seal rookeries landed him in the stockade at Vladivostok. The fare was harsh and the vodka was withheld, but Alex survived like a hero, and when he escaped, that mighty author, Rudyard Kipling, embalmed the story in his "Rhyme of the Sealers Three."

Out of the mouth of Alex McLean the Jungle-book man brought the statement that "Never a law of God or man got north of fifty-three." By habes corpus or some other hocus pocus method, Alex finally escaped from the Siberian dungeon and when he again struck the Barbary coast in "dear old Frisco," there was a new swaggar in his walk and a fiercer curl in the wonderful mustache.

But there must be a replenishing of the oil on which a light of this kind feeds, and it was not long after his next departure for the north, that there came drifting back that wonderful tale of his combat with the United States revenue cutter Mohican. Some of the elements of truth were lacking in the story, but Alex never corrected them. Bad enough was good enough for him, and he reveled in the belief that he was in a fair way to crowd Captain Kid or Sir Henry Morgan for first place in the annals of practical life on the ocean wave. But there was a lull in this storm of practical romance, and life was becoming very dull and prosaic for the man with the fierce mustache until Jack London wrote the Sea Wolf using McLean for a hero.

On the appearance of this racy tale of the sea, it was again up to Alex McLean to "make good" and he fitted out the Carmencia and set sail on the cruise, which, according to newspaper reports, promises to be fully as eventful as its predecessors. Fame is said to be feeding, in the case of this formerly mild-mannered pirate, from the land of the bluesones, it is apparent that fame should get on her seven-leagued boots if she has any immediate intentions of distancing the pursuing pirate who has figured so long and strong in song and story.

The policy of the present administration to rid the city of the "stool pigeons," who, by permission from the detectives, rob and prey at will, is a commendable one. If criminals are to be given license to ply their unlawful trade, let that license come from some higher and more respectable and responsible authority than Joe Day or others of his stripe. If our brilliant detectives are unable to detect crime and capture criminals without forming a partnership with the men they should be hunting, it might be well to replace them with some of the stool pigeons.

The detectives, by granting their class immunity from arrest, pay tribute to their process, and in the light of recent events in detective circles, it is not at all clear that the city would be any worse off with some of these yeag men on the payroll than with several persons who draw \$15 a month detective salary.

A plan is to be submitted to Congress by the War Department next Winter for organization of a "National reserve" composed of discharged soldiers and members of the National Guard of the several states, to be paid at the rate of \$3 a month—not to be drawn away from their civil duties, yet kept in touch throughout the year with the Department. In case of emergency these men could render service at once. The whole force might be 100,000 men, or more. It is doubtful, however, whether Congress will approve. It will be said we shall have no war, and the expense of this organization would be several millions a year. But we have had wars, and doubtless shall again; and the cost of this preparation might be nothing to the cost of unpreparedness.

New York capitalists have subscribed \$1,000,000 for the purpose of forming a new life insurance company. The excellent financial showing made in the recent Equitable row ought to be the basis of a large number of new life insurance companies. As an "easy money" proposition, the use of other people's premiums for speculative purposes is nearly equal to the "Crime of Amalgamated." There is a possibility, however, that the time-honored rule, which asserts that "there is a sucker born every minute," may have undergone a change since the Equitable row. The "Crime of Amalgamated" is the name of a newspaper that seems to be worried over Mr. Roosevelt's career when he gets through being President. Why should we worry? The bears are not all dead yet. Are not the woods full of wildcats? Doth not the mountain lion growl as of old? The price of ammunition is about the same as it used to be.

Motarchs are getting to be mighty common objects. One quite unknown to fame has just visited England. They call him the Gaeckwar of Baroda. He somewhat resembles the Akhond of Swat.

The name of an infant in London, who by a certain sect is worshipped as the new Messiah, is Glory Smyth Piggett. His folks might have helped his prospects by adding an "e" to the Smyth.

Roy Knabenush, in New York, made a trip in his airship, which got out of order and came down in Central Park. Then the park policeman came along and threatened to arrest the aeronaut right away and take him to the police station if he didn't move on. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard, and a man must fly nightly like a hero to the fly cop. N. B.—Knabenush moved on.

Locating the Sensitive Spot. (Chicago Tribune.) There is a strong suspicion that while Mr. Wu was in the country asking those innocuous questions he learned the exact location of Uncle Sam's sensitive spot and the best way of getting at it.

To Our Guests. Frank Dempster Sherman. Envoys of mighty nations, met today In solemn session at the Portsmouth bar, Under the crimson stripe and silver star; Ours is the welcome that a friend can say. How glad we are to see the bloody tray. Makes have in Manchuria afar, Where for Mikado and for Russian Czar. The sword and gun are hungry for their prey.

We, too, have fought to save our country's honor, Mother and brother; we, too, know the cost. In men and gold ere sounds of battle God give you wisdom now to end the strife; Let not the opportunity be lost. Be not the dove forlorn with his message. Peace!

With Attorney-General Moody pulling for Bean and Senator Fulton for McBride, no man is sure of an appointment these days until he gets it.

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OREGON OZONE.

Hiram Hayfield's Views. Grass Valley, Or., Aug. 28, 1906. To Hiram I have less than a year in the Grass Valley Gazette with my pale young friend, Al Fonso, king of Spain, has bin cut outen his just rite by the despotick act of the king of England, hoo has set his foot down upon my marriage between Al and Miss Patricia (I ferget her last name, but she's a princess. King Ed up and says that King Al shall marry any miss of his, not if he sees Al a-comin' after her. He arises to state that the bonny blue-blood of England is too hifalutin to mix up with any played-out kid monarch across the British channel, that like as not will have to be sent to El Paso or Los Angeles to git rid of lung troubles or words to that effect.

It looks mighty hard for Al. What is the pore king to do? His folks air dead on making a match for him with some rural forger that will keep the king brand from petering out. The hull Spanish race, from Madrid, Spain, to New Madrid, Mo., air calling for a queen from the housepots, and they're not keen for an answer. They'd rather hold one queen rite now than 2 kings.

I don't know jess what to advise my pore young friend Al. I'd like mighty well to see him succeed in Al life and hand down to posterity a line of kings that can stand the hard work and sign ukases ten hours a day without havin' their family M. D. inject dope into them to keep them alive.

If Al will aksept advice from his old but mighty friend, hoo has raised 3 krops of alfalfa a year and 14 children, I'll make a suggestion. Jess let this run-down kid go out suck eggs with some girl with some old human blood in her veins. Forgit this here Miss Patricia, Al. Her name gives her away. What you want in your family is plebeian blood; you need to hitch up with some hefty kitchen mechanic, or a blue-eyed country girl with a milk-pail in her hand, or an ill-road young female named Jane Martar Smith or something similar, who can hammer the dough with her feet and build a kitchen for her mother never used to make. What you need, and your grate and glorious country needs, Al Fonso, is a wife that has get back of her the blood of hull generations of farmers that could plow a ten-acre lot without stopping for water. And the hull lay-out of European monarchs air in need of the same brand of new blood injected into their families.

Some of us pleasant nights, Al, you jess have the janitor of your castle about four-bits and git him to leave a ladder handy, then when all the rest of your folks have gone to bed you sneak out of your palace window, hit the old Madrid pike for the open air, and offer your crown and all your troubles to the fust fine-looking peasant girl you set eyes on. It'll be a mighty pore exchange for her, but most any girl would take a king if he'd git down on his knees and beg.

When you get the girl's consent, zo rite off to a J. P. and have the knot tied up, and then move back to your palace and live happy ever after. If you do as I advise, about the second generation from now will make fair-to-middleing raw material for kings, and the hull royal outfit of Europe will be camping out around your grand old castle, tryin' to make matrimonial alliances so that they can git into their own families some of the noble blood of the great King Al Fonso and Queen Jane Martar.

Yores with congratulations ready, HIRAM HAYFIELD (I.C.) P. S.—Advice given to kings while they wait.

The crew of the battleship Missouri has applied for permission to use a genuine Missouri mule for a mascot. The Navy Department should give this application serious consideration. In the event of war the mule could be of signal service. Let the commander give the order "Clear for action" and all the crew could remain below to look after the mule while the mascot, turked up on deck could kick anything movable into the sea and thus save time. Also, in time of peace, his bray could be used for a fog-horn.

One cannot help wondering why the dishes always get rattled during an earthquake shock.

"What of the future of Theodore Roosevelt?" asks the Pittsburg Dispatch. "He cannot be expected to sink into the oblivion that is the common lot of our Presidents when their work for the people is over. He would stand in this respect as the most conspicuous figure in the newspaper that seems to be worried over Mr. Roosevelt's career when he gets through being President. Why should we worry? The bears are not all dead yet. Are not the woods full of wildcats? Doth not the mountain lion growl as of old? The price of ammunition is about the same as it used to be.

Motarchs are getting to be mighty common objects. One quite unknown to fame has just visited England. They call him the Gaeckwar of Baroda. He somewhat resembles the Akhond of Swat.

The name of an infant in London, who by a certain sect is worshipped as the new Messiah, is Glory Smyth Piggett. His folks might have helped his prospects by adding an "e" to the Smyth.

Roy Knabenush, in New York, made a trip in his airship, which got out of order and came down in Central Park. Then the park policeman came along and threatened to arrest the aeronaut right away and take him to the police station if he didn't move on. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard, and a man must fly nightly like a hero to the fly cop. N. B.—Knabenush moved on.

Locating the Sensitive Spot. (Chicago Tribune.) There is a strong suspicion that while Mr. Wu was in the country asking those innocuous questions he learned the exact location of Uncle Sam's sensitive spot and the best way of getting at it.

To Our Guests. Frank Dempster Sherman. Envoys of mighty nations, met today In solemn session at the Portsmouth bar, Under the crimson stripe and silver star; Ours is the welcome that a friend can say. How glad we are to see the bloody tray. Makes have in Manchuria afar, Where for Mikado and for Russian Czar. The sword and gun are hungry for their prey.

We, too, have fought to save our country's honor, Mother and brother; we, too, know the cost. In men and gold ere sounds of battle God give you wisdom now to end the strife; Let not the opportunity be lost. Be not the dove forlorn with his message. Peace!