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TODAY'S WEATHER—Increasing cloudiness followed by showers; decidedly cooler. Southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 77; minimum temperature, 52; fair.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 14.

WAR ON THE TREES.

The trials of the City Fathers in creating beautiful and appropriate park places out of the plaza blocks are manifold and vexatious. Their latest tribulation is in the discovery that cement walks do not flourish in connection with trees, so the trees must go. There is an accepted anathema on the poplar tree, possibly owing to its graceful shape and the soft rustle of its glimmering leaves, but the fiat of execution has gone forth against maple and locust also. Nothing, apparently, may give shade upon pain of death.

Is it possible that in our rage at the interference of trees with our modern appliances we are sacrificing the more important to the less important, the reality to the shadow? Is the smoothness of a cement walk more to be desired than all the comfort and helpful inspiration that come from the tree, with its lessons of grace and patience? Hear what Ruskin says:

> Being thus prepared for us in all ways, and made beautiful and good for food and for building and for instruments of our hands, this race of plants, deserving boundless affection and admiration from us, become, in proportion to their obtaining it, a nearly perfect test of our being in right temper of mind and way of life; so that no one can be far wrong in either who loves the trees enough, and every one is assuredly wrong in both, who does not love them, if his life has brought them in his way.

Elsewhere, indeed, they manage with shade and sidewalks both. Sometimes the roots that run under the cement are trimmed away. Sometimes the walks are made of brick, as Governor Pennoyer's are on Morrison street, which is so restfully shaded by the grand old maples. Sometimes walks are made of crushed rock or fine gravel, whose gentle undulations are a cheap price to pay for long avenues of coolness and beauty.

One way and another the magnificent heritage of shade left this bustling city by the thoughtful and tender hands of its pioneer men and women is in process of destruction. If a house is to be moved, down go the trees—elm, maple, chestnut—along its line of march. If a tenant complains of a dark day, the owner acquiesces and cuts down the trees. If the cement contractors had their way, not a shade tree would be left in Portland's streets, and the walks would never need repair. Encroachment of trade upon erstwhile residence neighborhoods, and the multiplication of overhead wires and the passion for getting somewhere in a hurry with the least distraction, are all laying bare our streets and dooryards to the blaze of heat. Forestry might rest awhile from its labors in the mountain and desert to take up the education of dwellers in our cities and towns.

The city officials doubtless will persevere in their esthetic programme of substituting cement walks for maple trees. But they will stop short of perfection until they have uprooted also every blade of grass and covered the parks with an asphalt floor. Nature's carpet is quite as incompatible with the ideal park as Nature's shade.

FOR BETTERMENT OF MANKIND.

The Rev. G. William Giboney, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Spokane, in a recent sermon said that atheists, infidels and agnostics have built no institutions for the betterment of mankind. This started a discussion which has raged with considerable violence in the Spokane newspapers. To a woman who published a very spirited rejoinder to the Presbyterian pastor's assertion the Rev. Father M. P. Smith, a Paulist missionary, who has been doing considerable work in Portland, made open reply in a letter to the Spokesman-Review. The Catholic says the only answer to the Presbyterian would be to enumerate all the "Huxley" hospitals, the "Robert G. Ingersoll" orphan asylums, the "Stuart Mill" maternity and lying-in homes, the "Haeckel" refuges for the aged and indigent, with which, as everybody knows, the world is filled. But the kernel of his letter is in the following paragraph:

> Intellectual work, discoveries, the extension of man's knowledge and power, these things are good and work for good, but they are different in mind and in motive from that which makes the infirm, the helpless and the needy objects of solicitude, of loving care, of self-sacrifice.

While deeds of mercy and charity adorn any civilization, it is too much to say that these works, as we know them, contribute more to the betterment of mankind than do "intellectual work, discoveries, the extension of man's knowledge and power." It is infinitely better for mankind that it should be taught how to avoid wounds, how to prevent festering ulcers, than merely to be provided with salve and physic after the sores come. Is it not better to prevent evils than to cure them? Is it not better to teach mankind intelligence, frugality, industry and self-reliance than to provide almshouses, rescue homes, jails, asylums, etc.? Is it not better for mankind to be made strong than to have its weaknesses coddled and doctored?

Of course, it is not to be said that the weak and unfortunate are not to receive consideration. They are always with us, and must be cared for. It is one of the glories of our civilization that they are so well cared for. But is mankind really benefited so much by these ministrations as the Christian exhorter tells us? Do not they even breed a measure of evil? The situation even now is such that the shameless mendicant usually gets an easy living, while the deserving unfortunate suffer in silence. In our large cities begging is a prosperous business, followed regularly by thousands of able-bodied persons. These persons need character, not charity. "Christian" forbearance and patronage nourish and multiply them. The whole world needs character rather than too ready charity.

It must be observed, however, that mercy and charity do not of themselves work evil; only the abuse of them is harmful. Likewise intelligence, learning, are only useful when properly used. The world is greatly in need of tonics in the shape of character-builders, but it is not yet assured of them in sufficient numbers to warrant the abandonment of agencies for ameliorating the miseries of society as we find it.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

Dr. M. Mesropian, of Kansas City, declares that the abduction of Miss Stone is the indirect work of the Sultan of Turkey, in revenge upon the United States for the $90,000 indemnity recently exacted from him. The doctor has lived in Turkey, is thoroughly informed on affairs there, and he knows. F. T. Sweeney, of Columbus, Ind., says the abduction is not the work of the Sultan, but of his enemies, the object being to induce the United States to take revenge on Turkey. Mr. Sweeney was formerly our Consul-General at Constantinople, and he knows. U. S. Consul Dickinson has looked the matter up and says the capture was ordered by the Macedonian committee. He is there, and he knows. Another man who has been there and knows says that the job was done by ex-members of the Macedonian committee in order to get even with the present members. At London and Washington no one seems to doubt that the Bulgarian Government itself is a party to the abduction; but Mr. Tomo Sargenitch, of New York, says the Bulgarians are not implicated. He has been there, and he knows. Persons who have lived in Bulgaria and know all there is to know about the brigands say that if the ransom is not paid Miss Stone will certainly be killed; but others who have lived in Bulgaria and know all there is to know about the brigands say that they should be gone after with troops, a price should be set upon their heads and an American warship should be cleared for action in Constantinople Harbor.

When the American volunteers came home from the Philippines, each man of them could tell you all about Otis. One said he was a grand old soldier, painstaking commanding officer and gallant gentleman. He had been there, and he knew. Another said that Otis was an old granny. He had been there, and he knew. An Oregon volunteer was reported to have said that Uncle Sam better trade the Philippines for a yellow dog, and then shoot the yellow dog. He had been there, and he knew. Another said they were the most priceless possession that the Nation had ever acquired. He had seen them, and he knew. One said that the trouble with the Army was the untrained volunteer officers. He had served under them, and he knew. Another said the trouble was in the regular staff, which prevented the otherwise efficient volunteer officers from getting results. He had been through it all, and he knew.

There is only one thing as fallible as human judgment, and that is memory. After the naval battle of Santiago the officers of the American fleet got together and made a chart of the movements. They all remembered it differently. The chart was made as a compromise, and when the result was put before these officers at the Schley inquiry, every man Jack of them pronounced it false. It made the Texas steam eighteen knots an hour when she steamed nine. It had ships going north when they were going south. On the Brooklyn one man swears that the helm was put to port, and another that it was put to starboard. Each was there, and he knows. One man recalls perfectly that McCalla's signals were delivered to Schley, another that they were not.

As a general rule, the man who thinks he knows the most things the most absolutely knows very little absolutely. The man who really knows the most knows best how little he knows. There is a whole brigade of American volunteers each of whom was one of half a dozen who pulled down the Spanish flag from the palace at Manila. He was there, and he remembers it perfectly. The old soldier's recollection of things that never happened is thrillingly distinct. Memory is a poor reliance without vivid imagination and confiding listeners. These things also are vanity, and chiefly may remind us that the historian's lot is not an easy one.

The great address to the Czar prepared by representative Finns was circulated for signatures by Finnish women, who trudged patiently and unwearied from farm to farm for the purpose of procuring them. Thousands of names which but represented a forlorn hope were thus secured. The protest was never shown, and only its contents were explained to the signers. The wording was extremely plain, even sharp, eschewing all pretense about the good-will of the Czar, and making emphatic declaration of his broken oath to the Finnish people. It is explained that, the case of Finland being hopeless, the men who formulated the protest, and the women who circulated it for signatures, resolved to relieve their consciences by this final effort. Hence the absence of the conciliatory, even humble, tone, and the words of lofty entreaty which were conspicuous in former pleas made by these people to be allowed to retain their ancient liberties. After this they will merely do as the Polish people have long done—regard their conquerors with the dumb defiance of despair, their loyalty stifled by righteous indignation, utterly powerless to stand out against the political and ecclesiastical power of the empire.

QUEEN OF THE DEEP.

The impregnable position of the sailing vessel as a cheap carrier of freight on long-distance routes is emphasized by the performances of the German ship Rickmer Rickmers and the British ship Muskoka, mentioned in The Oregonian's news columns last week. The German ship sailed from Philadelphia for Japan April 4, discharged her cargo of oil, took in ballast, put another 4500-mile stretch of ocean behind her, and reached Portland ready for another cargo in but a few days more than six months after leaving Philadelphia. The case of the Muskoka furnishes still stronger proof of the advantages of the sailer as compared with the tramp steamer. Record-breaking performances with sailers as well as with steamers are rare, but the work of the Muskoka has demonstrated that a well-modeled sailing ship, in the hands of a skillful navigator, can be relied upon to get down close enough to tramp-steamer time to make the coal bill of the latter appear like a waste of money.

The German steamship Memphis sailed from Hamburg for San Francisco ten days before the Muskoka sailed from Antwerp, and the sailer was only nineteen days behind her at the finish. This saving of nine days on a 17,000-mile voyage is insignificant in comparison with the saving made in the matter of fuel alone, to say nothing of the other increased expenses attendant on the equipment and operation of a steamer as compared with a sailing vessel. In explanation of the slow trip of the steamer, it may be said that she called at a number of ports on the way out, but that portion of her cargo which was landed at San Francisco was, with the exception of the saving of nine days' time, on even terms with that which was brought out by the sailer. The steamer also lost time in calling at ports for coal for fuel, this necessity causing a double loss as compared with the sailer, the time being valuable and the coal costing considerable money.

For short routes, and where there is a heavy passenger traffic, the sailers' days are over, but in the long trips between the eastern part of the United States, Europe and the Orient and in the round-the-Horn trade the sailing ships will go on forever.

The steadily increasing cost of coal will be a big factor in restoring the sailing vessel to popular favor, and, while the days of the yacht-like clipper will never return, there will be a growing demand for modern-built flyers like the Rickmers, Muskoka and a large number of others which have records which are known the world over. The return of the sailer to favor will be accompanied by the development of a higher grade of navigators. It has frequently been demonstrated that a fast ship in the hands of a timid or unskilled navigator can be beaten by a slower vessel in charge of a master who is not afraid to carry sail on his vessel and keep her moving all the time.

The American clipper of the early '50s made records which stand unbeaten to this day. The British also built and sailed clippers in steamer time in those old days, but the mariners of that nation were quicker than the Americans to recognize the change in commercial requirements, and the old composite flyers of the Thermopylae type were succeeded by broad-beamed carriers built of iron and steel. The slow speed of these floating "tanks," and the indifference of the men sailing them, made an opening for the tramp steamer. The reign of this type of freighter on some routes has been brief, and its prestige on the high seas will in the future be divided with the modern-built sailer handled by the modern navigator. This latest type of the sailing vessel combines much of the speed of the old clipper, with the carrying capacity of the "tubby" craft which succeeded it. If some of the sporting blood of this country could be diverted from $300,000 cup-defenders to $100,000 sailing ships of the Muskoka type, America would again see her flag on every sea, and her white-winged merchantmen sailing past the craft of other nations.

LOPSIDED COMMERCE.

An eminent French statistician and writer on economic topics, M. Leroy Beaulieu, recently gave the people of the United States some sound advice, coupled with a warning, in regard to their export trade. In an article in a late issue of the Independent he tells us that we must not expect to go on selling to Europe $500,000,000 or $600,000,000 worth of our products annually more than we purchase from European nations. "If," he says, "the United States persists in a policy that consists in developing to the utmost its own exports to Europe, and reducing as much as possible its imports from there, vigorous opposition on the Continent, and perhaps in England, will result."

Our commercial and trade journals have boasted the fact that in the year 1900 this country has exported nearly three times as much as it imported. This situation, says the economic authority quoted, cannot be considered normal, permanent or decisive. The following paragraphs from the article to which reference is made give a taste of its reasoning:

> The United States must buy more from Europe; it must lower its duties upon European merchandise; Europe does not lack useful and desirable articles to supply to Americans; the United States should give them a warm welcome.
>
> Unless commerce between the United States and Europe can proceed in a regular course, in continued development, public opinion in Europe will demand and impose new protective duties upon American merchandise. That would be a great detriment to civilization.
>
> On the other hand, from a political point of view, if the United States persists in selling to Europe without buying from it proportionately, certain projects, like that of a united European custom-house, or at least a union of Continental European custom-houses, would be more and more favorably considered, and end by becoming a reality.
>
> No well-founded commerce can exist unless it is based upon equivalent exchanges.

The basis, the essence, the life of all commerce is exchange. Commerce is in fact only another name for exchange, and that it should be for any number of years a one-sided matter, defended upon its growing side by tariffs that shut out competition, is a proposition so absurd that commercial common sense condemns it. That the late President McKinley had risen above some of the exactions of the tariff act which bore his name is plainly shown in his last speech delivered the day before his assassination, in which he recognized the value of reciprocity in trade. It is plain that the type of statesmanship that works for the extinction of imports has been outdated by our own prosperity. It is being rebuked from all quarters as indicative of a commercial policy that in the very nature of things cannot last. It is one thing to maintain whatever tariff duties are essential for the protection of home industries, but quite another to pursue the tariff idea to the extreme that results in a lopsided commerce.

Figures compiled under the direction of Charles D. Walcott, director of the United States Geological Survey, showing the mineral products of the United States from 1891 to 1900, inclusive, are published in advance of the full annual report on the mineral resources of the country, which will be ready for distribution about November 1. These figures deal with stupendous facts, the most significant of which is the showing that every year during the period covered there has been an increase in the output of gold; that the production of pig-iron and bituminous coal has almost doubled, and that the production of silver last year came within 385,457 ounces of the high-water mark (60,000,000 ounces) of 1893. The value of all the mineral products last year reached the enormous total of $1,070,108,889—an increase of nearly $100,000,000 over the total value for the year 1899. Of all the metals, the pig-iron product was the most valuable. Copper came next in order, each telling its own story of activity in mechanical and industrial lines. Of great interest in connection with the complete report will be the table showing the rise and fall of the mining industry with the general prosperity of the country. For example, a decline in the value of mineral products of over $120,000,000 marked the two panic years of 1893 and 1894, but in 1895 a recovery began, and there has been a steady annual increase ever since. These figures and the fact that they represent are of special interest to the people of the Northwest at present, where mines are being developed and the mining industry is booming as never before in the history of this region.

Connecticut presents the unusual spectacle of voting on the same day in favor of two constitutional amendments, and also for a constitutional convention. The two amendments adopted authorize election of state officers by a plurality vote instead of a majority, and make an increase in senatorial representation. These will give some relief, but the situation justifies the larger reforms contemplated in the new constitution. The present document was adopted in 1818, and many of its provisions are unsuited to present conditions, particularly the system of representation in the lower branch of the Legislature. This is so unequal as to amount almost to a denial of representation. When the present constitution was adopted Connecticut was largely a rural state, with no large cities, and the establishment of the town system of representation was fair and just. But since then there has been a great change in the distribution of population. The cities have grown largely, while the towns have remained nearly stationary. But the system of representation has remained the same. The consequence is that the four leading cities of the state, with an aggregate of 300,000 population, have only eight Representatives in the lower branch of the Legislature, while four little towns with about 3000 population have an equal number. This inequality runs all through the state. Hartford, with 80,000 population, has two Representatives, and the town of Union, with 428 population, has two Representatives also. New Haven, with 108,000 population, has the same representation as some towns with 500 population. The convention now authorized is expected to reform these inequities.

The most pitiful, if not the most horrible, phase of the Boer War, like that of the war in Cuba previous to the interference of the United States, is found in the condition of the non-combatants gathered into camps. According to official returns made to the British War Office, there were during the month of August a total of 137,619 of these hapless creatures—women, old men and children—in these camps. Within that month 2345 prisoners, of the type known in Cuba under Weyler's rule as reconcentrados, died, of whom 1878 were children. This is a death rate of 1.7 for the month, or about 20 per cent a year; that is to say, 200 in each 1000—a rate that would exterminate the whole body in about five years. The homes of these people have been burned and their farms devastated in order that they may not be able to assist the men in the fighting ranks. The British Army, more humane than that of Spain, feeds them a meager ration, but they have scarcely an apology for shelter, and very little that civilized people call care in sickness. Only the most stubborn of all races would subject their helpless ones to such suffering as this after the faintest prospect of final victory for their cause had long vanished.

The North Yamhill Record informs us that "if there were no game laws at all there would be more birds," and it says truly that the farmers do not like these laws at all. No more do the market men and bon vivants of Portland, who are the law's most active and resourceful enemies. All these worthies fancy that if there were no restrictions they could shoot game forever to their hearts' content. They are all wrong, but their fool belief, real or pretended, is what makes it so hard to enforce the law.

All the facts concerning the battle of Santiago seem to have been adduced except the negligible incident that the American fleet destroyed the Spanish; but this, apparently, is of no concern to the Navy Department or the court.

After all, George W. Davis need not be so anxious to stay away, because, really, we don't care if he never comes back.

Welcomed in the South.

Nashville American, Dem.

It would unquestionably be better for the South if the parties were more equally divided in the matter of both respectability and numbers. Such a condition would demand strong leaders, the best men to fill the offices and a wise administration of affairs. It would serve to make the South more influential in National affairs, in the selection of candidates, the framing of platforms, the shaping of policies, and in the distribution of Federal patronage and public expenditures. President Roosevelt has a splendid opportunity to contribute to this change of conditions.

AMUSEMENTS.

Charles A. Taylor's latest melodrama, "Daughter of the Diamond King," opened a week's engagement at the Metropolitan last night to a house that filled the theater to the doors. The play, while decidedly melodramatic, is refreshingly free from murders, arsons and other high crimes and misdemeanors, although counterfeiting plays rather an important part in its composition. The company is fully equal to the task of interpreting it, and, judging from the manner in which triumphant virtue was cheered, and plotting rascality was hissed, it made a big hit with the audience.

La Belle Laurette, who was seen here last year in "King of the Opium Ring," another melodrama by Mr. Taylor, plays the name part with energy and ability, and won herself a high place in the favor of the spectators. The supporting company has been well chosen, and extracted all the tragedy, comedy or pathos to be extracted from the situations, which are many and frequent. A large delegation of children made the school scene memorable.

A specialty bill is introduced in the last act which is the best of its kind seen at the Metropolitan this year. Among the numbers which scored were Virginia Clay, in operatic selections; Dolly Kemper, who supplied ragtime, and the baby cakewalk. The play is well mounted, and the costuming is adequate.

"Daughter of the Diamond King" will be the attraction all the week, with a matinee Saturday.

Farewell of Tivoli Company.

Ferris Hartman and the Tivoli Company bade farewell to their admirers at Cordray's last night in "The Babes in the Woods," playing to the usual crowded house. They will be succeeded tonight by "A Homespun Heart," Hal Reid's latest comedy.

The September Fire Loss.

The fire loss of the United States and Canada for the month of September, as compiled by the New York Journal of Commerce, shows a total of only $7,645,200. The following table will give comparisons:

	1899.	1900.	1901.
Jan	$10,718,000	$ 11,755,300	$ 16,574,950
Feb	18,469,000	15,427,000	13,992,000
March	11,498,000	13,349,200	15,639,250
April	9,213,000	25,727,000	11,252,800
May	9,691,900	15,759,400	22,380,150
June	6,714,850	21,281,000	9,599,000
July	11,438,400	13,625,100	15,740,000
Aug	9,703,700	19,258,250	8,334,000
Sept	12,773,800	9,110,200	7,645,200
Totals	$89,608,650	$136,216,550	$120,654,350

During September there were 142 fires of a greater destructiveness each than $10,000. They may be classified as below:

$ 10,000 to $ 20,000	68
20,000 to 30,000	20
30,000 to 50,000	19
50,000 to 75,000	20
75,000 to 100,000	10
100,000 to 200,000	9
200,000 to 500,000	6
Total	142

The principal losses during September were these:

New Orleans, La., ship chandlery and other	$200,000
Salt Lake City, Utah, business block	250,000
St. Johns, N. F., various	500,000
Toledo, O., can factory	300,000
Norfolk, Neb., insane asylum	250,000
Chicago, Ill., coal yard and other	250,000

September's record in 1901 was unusually favorable, being about $1,500,000 less than the sum chargeable against September, 1900. The year so far shows about $16,000,000 less loss than for the same period of 1900, but is about $21,000,000 worse than 1899. The easing up of fires in August and September will be a gratifying respite for the underwriters, who will thus be enabled to get in good spirits to meet the heavy losses customary in December, January and February.

Discouragement of Matrimony.

Philadelphia Times.

A current item mentions that a 74-year-old man has been arrested in New Jersey charged with polygamy. Since his capture, a few days ago, nine wives have put in a claim to him, with other sections of the country and the rest of his life to hear from. Under such easy facilities, then, for getting married, a Gretna Green for fugitive couples would certainly seem to be a superfluity, and, therefore, it will hardly create astonishment that the greatest institution of this kind in the United States has been abolished. Recently an act of the Indiana Legislature has made it impossible for sweethearts from other parts to be married at Jeffersonville, the little city opposite Louisville, Ky., that has long been the resort for runaways. This small town has records which show in its time 38,000 fugitive pairs utilized its kind offices to bind themselves in the silken bands when cruel parents or other unpropitious influences prevented tying the knot nearer home. One of the local Magistrates officiated at the ceremony for 10,000 couples, and his three successors in the last 15 years did the like service for 19,000 aspirants for the joys of wedded life. Outside of Jeffersonville itself there is no general regret that the marital trade of the town has been taken away, but still some assert that in view of the tendency today to use any excuse for not getting married, robbing the country of such a romantic inducement as this old Gretna Green may have a discouraging effect.

Winston Churchill and Roosevelt.

Interview in New York Times.

The talk then drifted to America and Americanism, especially as typified in President Roosevelt. "I chanced to be with the Vice-President when the news of the assassination of President McKinley came to him," said Mr. Churchill. "It was at Isle La Motte, in Lake Champlain, at the annual dinner of the Vermont Fish & Game League. It was not a political meeting, but it came very near being one, and there was much Roosevelt enthusiasm in the air. There were four or five of us who spoke to about a thousand people in a large tent. After the Vice-President's speech there was an informal reception on the lawn of Governor Fisk's house there, and it was during this reception that the news came by telephone of the attack on the President. I wish that the American people could have seen Mr. Roosevelt under those circumstances. Some people have been found calling Mr. Roosevelt emotional. I wish that these could have seen him then, in this most trying moment, when his whole future career was at stake. No man ever held himself better in hand. His career seems to promise as remarkable an example of destiny as any in our history."

Alger's Book.

Boston Post.

Such extracts from Alger's book as have been given out show that he has nursed his animosities warmly. No one can be surprised at the violence of his attack upon General Miles. The damage done by that frank and aggressive soldier to the reputation of the millionaire politician who bungled the administration of the War Department so terribly cannot be forgiven. Public opinion, aroused by disclosures for which General Miles was responsible, drove Alger out of the office of Secretary of War. The deposed Secretary now takes his revenge by charging Miles in his book with dishonesty, unsoldierly conduct, incompetency, falsehood and other disgraceful things too numerous to mention. But we think General Miles can stand it.

It Is Called "Class Spirit."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The colleges have just been passing through the annual and inevitable conflict between the sophomores and freshmen. President Angell was defied at Ann Arbor; President Harper's orders were set at naught on the midway, Michigan sophomores are in jail; Midway sophomores and freshmen are in splints; there are more contusions and abrasions than can be counted at Madison and elsewhere throughout the land "sophs" and "freshies" are nursing sprained ankles, blistered shins and black eyes.

BETTER THAN CLERKSHIPS.

One encouraging sign of the times in the work-a-day world, where men are striving to earn their daily bread, is the established fact that boys and youths are not now crowding each other to enter office work. They are entering more into industrial pursuits. Only a short time ago thoughtful people were afraid that the peculiar blight of this age was that youths were too eager to seek after positions in life where they would not be asked to soil their dainty hands with miry toil, but would be able to join the cuff and collar brigade. It seemed that too many of our boys wished to be clerks and bookkeepers, because the work was what is known as genteel. It did not involve hard manual labor, and those engaged in it wore good clothes, overalls were not required, and the workers donned nice kid gloves after the toil of the day was over.

The average father seemed to be content if he got Tom or Bill in some sort of a mercantile office, and if the youths were polished up until they bloomed as clerks in a bank they were hailed as those whose fortunes were already made. Even now, how many boys of 15 and 16 years of age enter mercantile offices as junior clerks and agree to serve the firm for three years at $3 or $4 per week—and the prospect of promotion. It is the dream of these boys' lives to be bookkeepers. Yet during the three years of their apprenticeship about 75 or 80 per cent of them are kept busy backing letters, copying letters in the copy letter-book, running messages and answering telephones. Practically no instruction is given them in the mysteries of bookkeeping, because the head bookkeeper is too busy attending to his own work without bothering about novices, and he may want to discourage ambitious aspirants, as he has his own job to hold down. He does not wish to be supplanted in time. The junior clerk works from 7:30 or 8 A. M., with an hour for lunch, until the office is supposed to close, at 6 P. M. But in most offices the office help is weak in numbers for reasons of economy, and the consequence is that in nearly every office the clerks are often compelled to work nights until 10 o'clock or so. It is curious that in daytime it is found to be impossible to post the daybook or the cashbook, take off the monthly balances, or find where that troublesome error in a particular balance lies.

Oh, the weary, weary grind of writing, writing! Think of it—all day long gripping a pen in one's fingers, making figures as if life depended on their being made well, and bending over a desk in that cramped position of which most bookkeepers are guilty. Eyes are ruined, digestion is impaired, temper is spoiled, and nerves are seriously affected. There is no relaxation in the work, and not one muscle is beneficially exercised. Then, when the youth develops into a full-fledged clerk, he is placed in charge of a particular ledger, or he is given his share of correspondence. In most cities, if he gets $8 or $10 per week, this is all he will get.

In Boston, New York and Chicago there are trained bookkeepers paid $10 and $12 per week, and they say they cannot get more. Plenty of people are willing to fill their places at a moment's notice. A merchant in a large Eastern town doubted the assertion that office help was so numerous, so he placed two advertisements in a certain morning newspaper—one for a trained bookkeeper and the other for a trained cook. The result was that he got 110 replies from bookkeepers and none from cooks.

Complaint is made that untrained people persist in seeking office work without serving an apprenticeship to it, and that very many secure positions because they work cheaply. Does a young man meet with a sudden reverse of fortune that forces him to work for his living? He seeks employment in an office. So do hundreds of people who have no regular occupation. They become clerks, or, as an old dictionary has it, "writers for others." It is only a certain number of men who get reward in the business by being made head bookkeepers or expert accountants.

It is refreshing then to know that the proprietors of many business colleges are wondering where the boys have gone to who wish to qualify for the positions of clerkships in offices. The boys are learning common sense; they know there is nothing in it—no future. They prefer to learn trades where they can make something with hammer and chisel, something that will sell, something that has been created out of metal or wood by the application of brain, muscle, skill and brawn. The boys have joined the shirt-sleeve brigade. They are units in a new industrial development. They are better than mere writers for others, and they are earning more money, too.

Insult to Workingmen.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The attempt of the anarchist, Kelly, in London to connect the interests and sympathies of the workingmen with anarchy and the assassination of McKinley is in keeping with the practice of anarchists, who thus try to borrow some respectability by associating with them respectable people. There is no more outspoken condemnation of the infamous theories and deeds of the anarchists than that of the American workingmen, and there are few of these who would not gladly tie a hangman's halter around Czolgosz's neck.

Is This "Knocking"?

St. Helens News.

If the promoters of the 1905 fair desire it to be a success, they will dissuade any more carnivals or street fairs in the mean time. A great many of our people have attended the Carnival and all return disappointed. There are too many fake shows and grafts. The whole programme has been repeated until it is a chestnut.

Beyond Control.

Washington Star.

> You can sometimes dodge the lion who selects
> you as his prey;
> You can even catch and cage him and observe
> him at his play;
> The wolf and the hyena are uncanny to the
> view,
> But they leave you unmolested if you know a
> thing or two.
> But there's one terrific creature we encounter
> now and then,
> Who defies all calculations to protect his fellow-men,
> He balks our fondest purpose and he plays
> the very deuce,
> There is nothing that can stop him, when the
> fool breaks loose.
>
> To reason he will turn a dull and unresponsive
> ear,
> He hasn't wit enough to entertain a sense of
> fear,
> He plunges to destruction; never stops for
> looking back,
> And laughs when wiser people are obliged to
> clear the track.
> For years he may be dormant, then he wakes
> to sudden joy,
> And thinks earth was created for his own
> especial toy.
> You may sometimes try to save him, but it
> isn't any use,
> You must simply wait and tremble, when the
> fool breaks loose.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

In the absence of the worm, the leaf is turning.

We never appreciate a Summer day till it comes along in October.

The friends of Admiral Schley are still confident that they will be able to save him from the gallows.

Sir Thomas Lipton might win fresh laurels now by becoming the manager of an American football team.

The line-o-type operators have laid away the yacht-race magazines and taken down those which set football terms automatically.

Several cases of hazing have been reported this Fall in the colleges. Why was the whipping-post abolished, anyway?

Silver dollars are only worth 4 cents in Venezuela, but this is high compared with the chances of a man who lives there these days.

Mr. Burke, who has been the Croker of Chicago, has been arrested for embezzlement. They do these things more adroitly in New York.

Bryan is going to build a house on his farm. The executive mansion of the United States of America is beginning to look more distant to him every day.

Undoubtedly Admiral Cervera would be very glad to correct the mistake he made when he sailed out of Santiago harbor, but unfortunately he is not a witness at the court of inquiry.

Among the pine forests of the Continental Divide, 40 miles west of Denver, and along the eastern foothills of the Rockies, a unique industry is pursued in the early fall. It is the gathering of the seeds of the Rocky Mountain conifers for exportation to all parts of America and Europe. Children of 10 and 12 years earn enough to clothe themselves for a year. One old grandmother last year made her $5 a day, and a family of Texas cotton-pickers made $300 one Fall because they could pick with both hands. The seeds are sent to all the botanical gardens of the world and to the forestry departments of the German and American Governments.

A Philadelphian who knew Dr. Rixey, Mrs. McKinley's physician, when he was a student in that city, called on him in Washington and was invited to luncheon. The Philadelphian asked to be excused because of chronic indigestion, which prevented his eating luncheon. "Nonsense," said Dr. Rixey. "I have asked you to luncheon because I want to give you a good lecture. You are suffering from restlessness, not dyspepsia. In the five minutes you have been sitting opposite to me you have looked at your watch four times, fumbled with the seal on your watch chain, twirled the handle of your umbrella when you didn't stop to run your fingers through your hair, and have talked incessantly without having anything particular to say. You simply waste your nervous force. Learn to keep still when you can, and not to bother yourself about trifles that do not concern you. If patients knew how to do nothing at the proper time, half the nerve doctors' occupation would be gone."

Will Come in Time.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The Chicago Record-Herald undoubtedly voices preponderating American sentiment when it says that annexation of Cuba by force of arms has never been contemplated, but that annexation by force of circumstances confronts the Cubans if they want free trade with the United States—free trade which the sugar trust and the tobacco trust will be powerless to prevent. No doubt commercial considerations will compel the people of Cuba to ask for annexation as soon as the majority get their eyes open to the fact as to where their real interests lie.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Brave Mother.—Kind Lady—And does your mama let you go out alone at night, my little man? Little Man—Yes'm; maw ain't afeer'd t' stay by herself.—Ohio State Journal.

Ages—Well, Ferdy has finally proposed. I knew he would. Ethel—Why, you said you thought he had no intention whatever of proposing. Agnes—Well, he didn't have.—Tit-Bits.

Consolation.—Farmer Mossbacker—The principal of the academy says my daughter has got elocutionary talent. Farmer Hornbeak—Wa-al, don't take it too much to heart, Enoch; she may outgrow it.—Puck.

Bad Form.—Cholly—Dickey was run over and killed by a cable car, don't you know. Willy—What horrid bad form! Everybody knows that the proper thing now is for your auto to blow up with you.—Judge.

"No, doctor; I won't wear plain spectacles. If I am compelled to wear glasses, I'll try goggles." "But, my dear sir, there is nothing fashionable in goggles." "Oh, yes; people will think I run an automobile."—Philadelphia Record.

Harris—If you knew he was lying, why didn't you tell him so? Buck—What would have been the use? He knew he was lying, fast enough, and he would not have felt so pleasant towards me if I had let him know I knew it, too.—Boston Transcript.

The Struggle for Bread.—"Well, that's the best I can do for you," said the theatrical manager. "You've been idle so far this season; now will you remain idle all the rest of the season or take this small part?" "I'll take it," said Lowe Comedy. "In this case a small role is better than a whole loaf."—Philadelphia Press.

Ought to Be in Practice.—"I've been hearin', John," said the old farmer to the son, who had just returned from college, "that ye spent a good deal of yer time in chophouses." "Well, yes," admitted the boy, "I suppose I did frequent them a bit." "I'm glad to know it, John, asserted the farmer, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid ye might git out of trainin' while ye was away an' forgit how to handle the ax. Our chophouse, John, is in the same old place, right back of the kitchen, an' ye can't git to work there too soon to suit me. There's nigh onto six cords of wood that needs to be cut up right away."—Chicago Post.

The Jingle of the Presidents.

The superintendent of the Columbus, O., schools has arranged a jingle on the Presidents, which, as amended by the press to give a clearer idea of the five Vice-Presidential successions incident to the death of the men elected President, runs as follows:

> First, stands the lofty Washington,
> That noble, great, immortal one.
> The elder Adams next we see,
> And Jefferson makes the number three.
> Then Madison is fourth, you know,
> The fifth one on the list, Monroe,
> The sixth, and Adams comes again,
> With Jackson seventh in the train,
> Van Buren eighth falls into line,
> And Harrison makes number nine.
> His dear[illegible] ives Tyler, tenth, a turn,
> While Polk's the eleventh, as we learn.
> Death comes to Taylor, twelfth in race,
> And Fillmore takes the empty place,
> The fourteenth, Pierce, is next elected,
> Buchanan, as fifteenth chief selected,
> In war time Lincoln rules the Nation,
> And, sixteenth, holds this highest station;
> But lo, the hero's stricken dead,
> And Johnson, seventeenth, serves instead.
> The eighteenth, then, is Grant, you know,
> And nineteenth, Hayes, from Ohio.
> Then comes another Buckeye son,
> Garfield, the second martyred one,
> Whose term was filled by Arthur through,
> When Cleveland comes as twenty-two,
> After Harrison as twenty-third