

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES. By Mail (advance paid, in Advance) Daily, per week, 50 cents; per month, \$1.50; per quarter, \$4.50; per year, \$16.00.

United States, Canada and Mexico: 10-cent paper, 10 cents; 10-cent paper, 10 cents; 10-cent paper, 10 cents.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, probably preceded by showers during the forenoon; slightly warmer; western winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 60; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, 0.27 inch.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25.

LIVESTOCK CONDITIONS IN EAST-ERN OREGON.

Mr. Bryson's assumption, in a letter printed on another page, that to put all the forested parts of the Blue Mountain under a forest reserve will ruin the sheep industry, is not an intelligent one.

Experience elsewhere does not support his fears. There is a very extensive forest reserve in the Cascade Mountains, or a series of them, but there has been no decline in sheep raising there.

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ing sectors, is now coming into its own, and it is time to attract to it the attention of the public.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION IN PRACTICE.

The anthracite coal strike, which the mutual stubbornness of mineowner and mineworker is carrying to an unreasonable length, and which is literally being fought out at the cost of the public, has served as nothing else has done in years to interest the country and suggestions looking to compulsory arbitration.

The contention in the anthracite district takes cognizance of but two parties in interest—the owners of the mines and the men who by their labor operate the mines. There is no recognition of the general public as having any interest or right which the owners and the workers are under obligation to respect.

And this in the face of the fact that the public is suffering from the lack of its usual coal supplies, suffering in pocket, for prices have advanced greatly, and suffering still more from absolute inability on the part of large numbers to pay the advanced prices.

Many schemes of compulsory arbitration have been brought forth, but all of them are tentative and most of them are merely academic. The project, viewed practically, is so complicated with conditions, known and imagined, that nobody dares be very positive in support of any given plan.

For all the talk of the past fifteen years, it is plain, when schemes for compulsory arbitration are under consideration, that almost no real progress has been made in the matter in this country. Nobody as yet has brought forward a plan which, even on its face, appears to affect the public and practically to settle the coal question and statesmen are as far from practical readiness to grapple with the problem as they were when the compulsory arbitration project was first brought forward, many years ago.

So far as practical experience goes, New Zealand affords the only example of compulsory arbitration in actual practice; and while the conditions in that country are not exactly the same as in this, there are points in the New Zealand practice which might be made to serve our generally larger purposes.

The theory of the New Zealand law is that there are three parties to every labor contention—labor, capital and the state—and whichever side in any controversy the state finds right is therefore in a majority. There is set up as the representative of the state a court, one of conciliation and the other of arbitration—one to which either side to any contention may appeal for counsel and another which is authorized, when appeal is made, to render and enforce judgment. The first of these courts has purely advisory functions, but it has power to call for all the facts related to any contention. Appeal to this court is in most cases sufficient, for it is commonly found that when parties in contention can be brought to look the facts calmly in the face and to reason together in good spirit their differences vanish. But it is to the second court that resort is made when nothing can be done through conference, and from its determination no appeal can be taken. Its methods of inquiry are very thorough, and as its sessions are open to the public, it serves to make the conditions of the case widely known.

The award is commonly made for two years, and during the period covered by it there is absolutely no evasion of the mandate.

The workman or employer who does not want to obey the award of the court need not do so. There is no compulsion to work or to keep the mine or factory open, but the employer who closes his establishment can reopen it, the workman who leaves his work can begin again, only by exact compliance with the terms of the award. Starving-out tactics are futile in New Zealand; the state cannot be starved out.

One great advantage of the New Zealand practice is that contentions between employers and employed do not involve cessation of work. Neither employer nor employee is allowed to stop work to escape the conciliation or arbitration of the state. The law reaches back of the time at which the contention is invoked. At any time within six weeks after workmen have struck or employers have locked out, the aggrieved party can go to the arbitration court, begin proceedings and obtain an award. In this way, even if a strike or lockout has begun, the court is able to stop it. The employer cannot get out of a dispute with his men by discharging them and putting on new men. The men laid off can go before the arbitration court any time within six weeks and get redress. Of course, any workman may stop work and any employer may shut down during an arbitration or after an award for any good reason other than to escape or defeat the jurisdiction of the arbitration court, but it is of no use for him to stop work or shut down, for any of evading the law. The workman who quits his work, the employer can reopen his factory during the life of an award only by obeying at all points the decision of the court.

At many points the New Zealand law might, as experience has shown, be made better, and it would have to be a good deal modified before it could be made to fit conditions in this country; but it is a law which has worked out good results. It is worth study in 1896, and from that day until now there has not been a strike or a shutdown in the country positively not one case of disturbance to industry on account of labor troubles. And if we may believe the testimony of a well-known American observer, Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, neither employing nor employed classes would willingly be without a regulation which works back to the steadiness and dependability of industry and for the good of all concerned.

The Brooklyn Eagle (Democrat) says that Tom Johnson will not be accepted by the American people for President, even with Bryan's endorsement. Johnson has business brains, but he made his money out of Brooklyn railroads by methods which, if technically legitimate, are not held in high respect. He is described as a very great humbug; a man who would favor a 1-cent fare always providing that this fare was not collected in his cars or on lines in which he had a financial interest. Johnson's political views and methods might capture votes in Ohio, but they will not commend themselves to the people of the whole country. Bryan is an artful demagogue. His methods are clean; he never made money by the sale of his methods of his presumptive legate, Tom Johnson, at one time of Brooklyn, and now of Cleveland. Bryan could not deliver his following to Johnson, for John-

soner, the Attorney-General and two Congressmen. Lattimer, who succeeds McClain in election to his service in the Fifty-third and subsequent Congresses. Only two of the men chosen for state or Federal office were old enough to have served in the Confederate Army, and many of them were born after the Civil War. The new Governor sums up his attitude on the race question by quotation of the dying words of Wade Hampton: "God bless all my people, black and white."

THE DANGEROUS RICH.

The other day Henry Watterson published a brilliant and scathing indictment of the idle rich, which is the leisure class, the "smart set" of Saratoga and Newport. Like everything that Mr. Watterson writes it was vigorous, vivid, picturesque, but after all it was little better than taking a warship to pound a cockroach; it was a theme not worthy of so much of Mr. Watterson's trenchant pen.

The idle rich exist in every country wherever there are inordinate accumulations of superfluous wealth in individual hands. The number of persons who regard such wealth as a trust to be virtuously administered are few; the vast majority of the idle rich are simply seeking to kill time and to spend their income, and of course such a situation always did and always will breed an absence of self-restraint, excessive self-indulgence and immorality.

Of course, the idle rich are a considerable class of idle rich, an evil condition in society, since its influence contaminates, corrupts and demoralizes all people who are, directly or indirectly, within its social circle. The idle rich are responsible for ignorant extravagance. Mrs. Fish, at Newport, gave a "colonial ball," illuminated by electric lights. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave a ball of \$100,000. The money of these idle rich is scattered in the Monte Carlo of America, and Newport is not much better. It is of course, to be regretted that there ever was enough superfluous wealth in individual hands to create a permanent class of idle rich, but from the days of antiquity there has always been a class of idle rich, who, seeking to kill time, spend their lives in gaming, in sucking champagne, in balls and theatricals, in racing and in gliding the priering with their presence.

Of course, these idle rich as a rule did not make their money; they have just brains enough to be permitted to inherit money, and to this class of idle rich belong the persons that have drawn the heaviest fire of the gifted Watterson. They are not worth it. The idle rich that sprang from Saratoga and Newport or bet their wagers at Saratoga are shallow folk as a rule when they are not stupid. Their conduct makes intelligent, well-bred folk smile on both sides of the water, but these idle rich are not to be feared as an aggressive class in this country. It is not the idle, sauntering, jaunting, time-killing rich that afford any just cause for apprehension in this country; it is the idle rich who are the danger. Napoleon's genius for combination and business and manipulating millions with skill and precision that need watching. Very likely it is not true that J. Pierpont Morgan has expressed bitter hostility to the renomination of Roosevelt because of his action in the Northern Securities merger case; Mr. Morgan is too sane and reticent a man to commit himself to such an avowal unless it is necessary to do so. Nevertheless, it is hard to assume that the strongest men of the Morgan type, who are the brains and hand and sneers of war to the great trusts, are hostile to the renomination of Roosevelt, and so far as there are any dangerous rich in this country, they are not represented by the idle rich who caper at the Capua of Rhode Island or softer the asperities of faro with champagne at Saratoga.

These indolent, stupid, yawning millionaires are not a class for fear, but only to despise; but it is the rich man who, when he wields his wealth, mixes it with brains, that are the only rich men to be afraid of. When Gladstone was told that William H. Vanderbilt was worth two hundred millions of dollars, he said: "If any one million in England owned so much money, our government would keep its eye on him."

From this class of able, aggressive rich, who do not care for the recreations of the narrow field of fashion and frivolity, but whose recreation lies in the conduct of the "war game" in the business field of the whole country, the people may have some just cause to fear. It is openly predicted by the friends of the great trusts that either Roosevelt will be defeated for the nomination in 1904, or, if nominated, he will have to win at the cost of losing the cash support in the Presidential election of the syndicated wealth that has hitherto been the largest contributor to the Republican campaign chest. Very well; Mr. Roosevelt will win without the support of these great corporations and syndicates. He saw long ago that he could not count upon their support unless he became their beneficiary, so he stepped down to the people and appealed, and has won the day. The influence of the syndicated wealth that has been wielded and is to day wielded by Morgan and his field marshals is immense, but it is not enough to capture the National ballot-box. The declaration of the hostility of Morgan and his associates and allies would doubtless cost Roosevelt some votes, but for every vote he lost in this way he would gain two from the vast numbers of the common people who do work and fight the battles of the day. The influence of the syndicated wealth that has been wielded and is to day wielded by Morgan and his field marshals is immense, but it is not enough to capture the National ballot-box. The declaration of the hostility of Morgan and his associates and allies would doubtless cost Roosevelt some votes, but for every vote he lost in this way he would gain two from the vast numbers of the common people who do work and fight the battles of the day.

One effect of the recent forest fires is a moderate somewhat the demand for timber and coal. Investors are not much deterred by the fire, for they always take the possibility of burning into account and are usually fortified against large loss by possessing the ability to get scorched timber out to market before it becomes unmarketable. But the large army of speculators, some of whom are hardly able to weather the losses already visited upon them, is already much discouraged. There is likely to be a material halt in the entry of timber claims at the various land offices of the Pacific Northwest.

A British ship is coming from Puget Sound to Portland to load a cargo of wheat for Europe. This transaction does not prove that ships cannot be loaded on Puget Sound, neither does it prove that Portland is the only place where the cargo can be loaded. It is a good dispatch. Followed by the departure of the Polinnah from Portland to finish a grain cargo at Tacoma, however, it will prove a surprise to a few Puget Sound newspapers which have repeatedly written Portland off the map and declared that this port was no longer a factor in the grain trade of the Pacific Northwest.

The utility of a sea dredge here is a question more of actual fact as to conditions. Knowledge of it does not come by engineering science and by inspiration. Langitt differs as to the fact that our bar pilots and all sea captains who have knowledge on the subject, He files in the face of fact and would have the board condemn our commerce to delay and loss by the means on an inference from a false premise.

He "snaked" the board through Astoria so as to keep them from contact with our seafaring men, from whom they could have learned the facts. He secures a call for a meeting in Portland to hear what might be said in favor of a sea dredge. Why not a meeting at Astoria or Astoria? If the board is honestly seeking the facts, why does it not hold a session at Astoria, where practical seafaring men know the facts?

Political Speculation. Walla Walla Statesman. It is rumored that before the election the Ankeny-Grosscup nominees for the legislature throughout Eastern Washington will come out with signed declarations of their votes if elected, to support a commission bill. But it will not be the McBride appointive commission bill that they will support. A bill providing for an election of the board of public utility commissioners is offered as a substitute, and to this the Ankeny legislators will give their support, in the hope of creating division and delay and the ultimate defeat of the McBride contingent, and with it his election will be out of the question. On the other hand, the Levites in the legislature will fight to the last ditch before they will let Harold Preston to win, and his election is also improbable. Some dark horse, like Congressman Jones, of Yakima, or ex-Governor Moore, of Walla Walla, may carry off the prize after a prolonged deadlock.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, appointed in 1888, is 69. Justice Harlan, appointed in 1877, is 62. Justice Brewer, appointed in 1889, is 65. Justice Brown, appointed in 1891, is 66. Justice Shiras, appointed in 1892, is 68. Justice White, appointed in 1894, is 64, and Justice McHugh, appointed in 1898, is 52. There is now only one Supreme Court Justice over the age of 70, and the new Justice, Holmes, is 57. There are three Justices under 60—three of the nine.

A NEW SOUTH CAROLINA. The choice of D. Clinch Heyward for Governor of South Carolina is interpreted to mean that the hold of Tillman upon the state is weakened by his recent brutality and vulgarity, for Heyward is described as a man only 28 years of age, a graduate of Washington and Lee University, a well-read gentleman in mind and manners, with the support of the young men of the state, by whom he has been elected. He was denounced as a trust advocate, a Roman Catholic, an aristocrat, and his only reply was that he was ready to serve his state if the voters wished. He was elected without the use of any money beyond a mere pitance for necessities—only \$24 in Charleston, the largest city in the state. Arrayed against him were the Tillmanites and the liquor dispensary machine, but in spite of this opposition he was elected because Tillman and his brutal political methods have worn out their welcome. Eight other "Conservatives," as they are called, were chosen with Captain Heyward, giving the "Conservatives" the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Adjutant-General, the Treasurer and five Congressmen, while the Tillmanites got the United States Senator, the Controller-General, the Railroad Commis-

sioner, the Attorney-General and two Congressmen. Lattimer, who succeeds McClain in election to his service in the Fifty-third and subsequent Congresses. Only two of the men chosen for state or Federal office were old enough to have served in the Confederate Army, and many of them were born after the Civil War. The new Governor sums up his attitude on the race question by quotation of the dying words of Wade Hampton: "God bless all my people, black and white."

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS.

Chicago Record-Herald. Few men are more conspicuously before the public at this time than George F. Baer. Few men have ever been vested with a larger power than that which he now wields. As president of the Reading Company and the recognized chief of the anthracite operating interests, it is in his power to decide whether or not more than 160,000 miners shall work or be idle. Moreover, upon this decision rests the material welfare of millions of people throughout the country. Yet there is scarcely a man of even secondary prominence of whom so little is known to the world at large as is known of George F. Baer.

When the newspapers the other day printed a statement to the effect that Pierpont Morgan had resolved not to interfere in the coal strike, those who know Mr. Baer best smiled and said: "Well, that may be Mr. Morgan's determination, but he couldn't do otherwise when Mr. Baer put his sign against it." And that goes far to explain the character of the man. He is dominated by determination, by bulldog tenacity, and he is not afraid of expressing his opinion, although the majority may differ with him and much unpleasant criticism result.

There is something of heredity in this, perhaps, something more of individuality. Mr. Baer is a descendant of the Germans who fought for religious liberty at the time of the Reformation. He is the author of the Heidelberg Catechism, belongs to the same family.

George F. Baer is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and he will be years old on the 24th of this month. He is a good looking man. There are few gray hairs in his head, and he is as erect as a man of half his years. A dignity which is so pronounced that it almost seems to be deliberate marks his bearing.

For all that he is, so far from being an aristocrat, a self-made man. At the age of 12 he entered the office of the Somerset Democrat, in Somerset, Pa., where he remained, and studied the trade at the case for two years.

In 1861 he and his brother Henry bought the Democrat, which was only a country weekly, and when the brother went to the war George edited and printed the paper by day and studied law by night.

Eventually he, too, decided to see service, and in 1862 he gave up the paper and raised a company of volunteers, in which he was made Captain. He served in the Army of the Potomac and became Adjutant-General of the Second Brigade. Then, when his term of service expired, he went back to Somerset and resumed the study of law.

He was admitted to the bar in 1864, and was in the office of the Reading Company in those early days of its history. It was in a damage suit against the Reading, proving the possession of such ability that he came to the attention of the Reading. Then, when his term of service expired, he went back to Somerset and resumed the study of law.

He was employed as counsel for the company, and in that way became a corporation lawyer. His talents as a lawyer proved quite as valuable to the Reading as his skill in steering the Reading over its difficult shoals that he was at last elevated to the position of president.

George F. Baer is a many-sided man, and his friends believe that he would have been successful in politics as he has turned out to be a business man. He was often mentioned for Congress in the Berks district in years gone by, but his invariable answer was: "I am too busy. I can't afford it."

It may surprise many persons to know that for years Mr. Baer was a Democrat of the most vigorous sort. Several times he was mentioned for Governor on that ticket, but he would never accept. Then he allied himself with the Republicans and took up the cudgels against Bryan.

Since becoming prominent in the railroad world he has uttered two prominent opinions. One is that he is a promoter of the Reading, less than two years ago, 200 of the leading business men tendered him a banquet as "Reading's most eminent citizen." The other is that he is a promoter of the Reading, less than two years ago, 200 of the leading business men tendered him a banquet as "Reading's most eminent citizen."

While practicing law Mr. Baer was the leader of the bar. He always spoke to crowded courtrooms. Then he drifted into business and became president and director of the Reading, and his legal enterprises. His law firm is still maintained in Reading.

Before he became president of the Reading he was at the head of corporations which employed thousands of men. For many years he has been one of J. Pierpont Morgan's legal advisers; long, long before the outside world ever heard of him.

In his tastes Mr. Baer is domestic. His home, Hawthorne, in the suburbs of Reading, is beautiful. He also has a large estate in the Spruce street, Philadelphia, which he occupies during periods of the winter.

He is a deep student and has a comprehensive library. The family consists of himself, his wife and five daughters, two of whom are married.

Mr. Baer is regarded as a sincerely religious man. No matter what business may be occupying him, he never misses church on Sunday. He is a member of the Second Reformed Church, of which Rev. Dr. S. H. Bridenbaugh is pastor, and he contributes largely to congregational purposes from a false premise.

He is president of the City Park Board of Reading, and was virtually the creator of the park system in that city. There is no secret in the fact that he offers dictatorial opinions on the various councils on important questions. He is also largely interested in Franklin and Marshall College, and it was to the student body of that institution that he delivered an address last January which created much comment. The point of this was that all men as laborers are not equal; that labor unions are irrational, and that the ownership of property presumes the right to control its lawful use.

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WHO PRESIDENT BAER IS.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Lament of the Prophets. My spectacles are missing. And they're my only pair; I can't think where I laid 'em—I've hunted everywhere. It's really very annoying, I need 'em every bad—I want to see the paper. And if it's got my 'ad. It should be in this morning—I left it with the boy.

How I can do without them. Is more than I can tell. For luck is dead against me. And nothing turns out well. My little bank deposit. Alas! has all been spent; I'll have to pawn the furniture. To pay my next month's rent. The painter's eye threatened to take my sign away: ROOM 10. ADVISE IN BUSINESS. APPLE TO. MISS PASSEE. My wrinkles, too, are showing; My hair is growing thin; I'm driven almost crazy. With blackheads in my skin. My chest is like a washboard. My neck is like a rail. My cheeks are getting sunken. My face is very pale; I'll have to raise some money—I'll write some cards today. SURE RECIPES FOR: BEAUTY. MISS PASSEE. MISS PASSEE. I sometimes get discouraged About my lonely life; I wish some honest fellow Would take my sign away. I wouldn't ask for money—I've got all over that—I could be very happy. With true love in a flat. But must I keep my calling? And try to make it pay—

ADVISE ON LOVE AND: MARRIAGE. APPLE TO. MISS PASSEE. The Panama hat has gone to seed. Seattle ought to have a referee, instead of an umpire. And we haven't got a clinch even on the fourth place now. Just keeping still for two weeks will be strenuous for Teddy. Anyhow, this time the operation was not on Mr. Hanna's leg. Senator Clark put up a great fight in Montana and won. (P. S.—We use the words "put up" advisedly.) Apparently J. P. Morgan has made up Boss Platt's mind to allow Teddy Roosevelt, Esq., to be renominated. To paraphrase Mr. Dooley: 'Tis better to have a patchy leg than patched intestines, and not nearly so painful. When it comes to a show-down, Governor Odell knows how to do a little davehenshering on his own account. The open car is in the barn. The white duck pants are laid away. The sprinkler carts are used no more. For Winter's come, and come to stay. In the excitement of forest fires, train wrecks, murder trials and Republican conventions, what has become of the old-tant question? An absence in his leg in Indianapolis evidently did not prevent one Teddy R. from running mightily well in that New York convention. Heads of business downtown are beginning to show the influence of much preoccupation with him whom Wall Street knows as "J. P.," says a New York letter. They are copying the Morgan manner, just as they are copying the Park Row one. It was said to be barbering and tailoring itself to look like Harding Davis. Splutter, gruffness, frowning-down, arm-waving and a general intimidating tone and carriage are the vogue. Albert Chase, who died at the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me., recently, was one of the numerous characters who figured in the John Wilkes Booth tragedy. He was Sergeant of the guard at the navy-yard bridge at Washington on the night of the murder of President Lincoln when Booth passed. Chase held Booth for some time, but as Booth gave a good account of himself he was allowed to go. Chase received part of the Booth reward, however. There is a curious law that is strictly enforced in Sydney and Melbourne. It is an enactment prohibiting the driver of any vehicle from passing any church of any denomination at a faster pace than a walk during the recognized hours for Sunday morning and evening service. The devotions of worshippers are thus undisturbed by needless noise and clutter. At one time Monday morning charges for failure to remember the law were not uncommon, and the prescribed fines were imposed, but during recent years cases of this kind have been exceptional and practically confined to uninformed strangers. Local drivers seldom or never offend; and, in fact, the horses, by some mysterious instinct, seem to know when it is church time and "slow down" of their own accord. PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS Friends—What is the best way to keep your house? Treat them kindly? Compose—No, often—Treat them kindly? "What has made her so haughty and proud?" "She thinks she's a daughter of the Revolution." "How is that?" "She went round in the Ferris wheel."—Chicago Evening Post. "Jasper—What are you looking so annoyed about?" "Mrs. Jasper—I expected a day's rest and didn't get it. This is the cook's day out, but she's sent to go on—Brooklyn Life. "Solby—What's the matter with you, Smith? What are you kicking about?" "Smith—Morse called me a donkey. Solby—I see; and you are bent on proving it."—Boston Transcript. "The Aunt (visiting)—And how is the baby?" "Still looking like her auntie? But—No, auntie, I don't think so. Either call only yesterday she seemed to grow up—Brooklyn Life. "Discovering that her preserves had worked, the young housewife was much mortified. "And I was so careful to use only leaf-sugar, too!" she exclaimed, tears springing to her eyes.—Puck. "I did to the kite—Smith—I lost my identity for two whole weeks last Summer. Jones—How did it happen?" "Smith—Spent my vacation among my wife's relations, where I was simply known as Anna's husband.—Chicago Daily News. "In constance ob de fac' de tomorrow an washday wd a great many ob de sistern ob de congressation," said Parson Horner at the camp-meeting. "De congressation will now please arise in de seats an' 'line in singin' dat hymn 'Brittain' in de sheets." Let de orchestra begin to play before de choir sing. "Goodness! how embarrassing!" exclaimed the buffalo moth, whom an unkind fate had blown into a strange wardrobe. "What's the matter with me? I'm in de congressation. I'm here by after 6 o'clock, and there do gett' appear to be any dress suit here for me to go in!"—Philadelphia Press.

LOST ARTICLES RECOVERED. APPLY TO Miss Passee. How I can do without them. Is more than I can tell. For luck is dead against me. And nothing turns out well. My little bank deposit. Alas! has all been spent; I'll have to pawn the furniture. To pay my next month's rent. The painter's eye threatened to take my sign away: ROOM 10. ADVISE IN BUSINESS. APPLE TO. MISS PASSEE. My wrinkles, too, are showing; My hair is growing thin; I'm driven almost crazy. With blackheads in my skin. My chest is like a washboard. My neck is like a rail. My cheeks are getting sunken. My face is very pale; I'll have to raise some money—I'll write some cards today. SURE RECIPES FOR: BEAUTY. MISS PASSEE. MISS PASSEE. I sometimes get discouraged About my lonely life; I wish some honest fellow Would take my sign away. I wouldn't ask for money—I've got all over that—I could be very happy. With true love in a flat. But must I keep my calling? And try to make it pay—