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TODAY'S WEATHER—Occasional rain; brisk and probably high, gusty south to west winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 37 deg.; minimum temperature, 33 deg.; precipitation, .34 inch.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24.

We shall not grudge our Democratic statesmen, so-called, the laurel wreaths they are so ostentatiously adjusting upon their own brows, as the reward of merit due them for their forbearance in not utilizing the Venezuela incident for partisan advantage. The propriety of their calling so frequently and loudly for attention to their self-denial cannot be called in question. The evidence of its noteworthiness is so plain that he who runs may read. That is, such restraint is unusual enough to approach the dimensions of the sensational. When the fate of Cuba hung in the balance the Democratic statesmen hesitated not to plunge the country into war for nothing more pertinent or honorable than partisan advantage. They afterward plumed themselves on this achievement, the while they tried to starve our soldiers in the Philippines and sought to besmirch the fair name of the United States Army. When the gold standard was menaced and all industry endangered the Democratic statesmen hesitated not to go before the laboring man with cheap-money sophistries and promise escape from poverty through the silver basis, if they were only elected to office. Some of these Democratic statesmen are not so young but that in 1884 they joined in the declaration that the war for the Union was a failure, and did what they could to lower their country's flag in the dust. Copperheads of 1864 and 1898; agitators for debased currency, the deadliest economic poison of modern times; advocates of free riot and defamers of the National honor—these precious philosophers and patriots are certainly entitled to all praise because they now refuse to take the part of a buccaneer republic trying to escape payment of its honest debts. It is fitting that they call for applause. Their self-sacrifice certainly surpasses all that the most credulous could have expected of them.

We are waiting patiently for Milt Miller, H. B. Nicholas, W. Hampton Smith, J. B. Ziegler or some other of our voluminous publicists hereabouts to tear the mask of insincerity from the New York bankers' pool of $50,000,000 in aid of the money market. It is given out on Wall street that these large banking concerns are alarmed at the prospect of tight money, and have set aside the sum of $50,000,000 to be used only in an emergency to keep things easy. Inquiries have poured in from all over the country as to the reasons for these extraordinary precautions, but the pool is silent on alarming symptoms and only replies that the money is for use to allay signs of panic whenever they appear, and that it will be thrown on the market as soon as needed in quantities sufficient to keep down interest, to the legal rate in any event, and possibly lower. It is evident these bankers desire to be understood as friendly to peaceful and uninterrupted trading and hostile to panics; but this will not deceive our Oregon experts, who know perfectly well that banks love panics with a passion equal to the fondness of the cat for cream. They know as well now as they did in 1893 that panics are directly caused by banks, partly for their own overthrow through enforced liquidation and partly to blind the eyes of the masses to the still unavenged Crime of '73. They can doubtless explain to us, if they have time, just how this banking pool hopes to produce another panic by taking steps to avert one; and they will no doubt make the case clearer by reciting the brilliant exploits of banks in 1893 in the way of suicide by self-administered panic. The certainty that their game would be exposed seems not to have occurred to Messrs. Morgan, Baker, Stillman and the rest, and the only explanation is that they never heard of the strenuous financial investigations of Milt and the other horny-handed masses we have mentioned.

Herbert Wolcott Bowen, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Venezuela, has served the State Department for twelve years continuously in our foreign service. He was appointed Consul at Barcelona, Spain, in 1890 by President Harrison. Five years later President Cleveland promoted him to be Consul-General. This office he held until the United States declared war with Spain. He was preparing to return to this post at the time peace was declared, but President McKinley appointed him to be Minister Resident and Consul-General to Persia. After two years' service he was again promoted to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Persia. In June, 1901, he received his third promotion—that to his present important office. Minister Bowen is nearly 47 years old. His father was Henry C. Bowen and his mother Lucy Maria Tappan, daughter of the abolitionist Lewis Tappan. As a boy he attended the Woodstock, Conn., Academy and the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. At 16 he went to France and Germany with a tutor to prepare for college. On his return, two years afterward, he entered Yale in the class of 1878, among whose members were William H. Taft, now Governor of the Philippines, and William H. Hunt, now Governor of Porto Rico. After leaving Yale he devoted himself to music in Italy for a year, and then entered the Columbia Law School, graduating with the degree of LL. B. cum laude. He practiced his profession a few years in New York City, and then entered on his diplomatic career. Mr. Bowen has published several volumes of verse, and in 1896 he brought out a manual of international law, written at Barcelona. It is a simple statement of the principles underlying the law of nations.

Of course, it is but natural, in fact it is merely the following of a long-established precedent, for Venezuela to seek the protection of the United States. At various times between revolutions nearly every one of these two-by-four republics in the Southern Hemisphere has felt called upon to ask the assistance of the United States in standing off creditors or otherwise helping them out of a hole. This, of course is complimentary to Uncle Sam, and in a way not unpleasing as a tribute to the importance of this Nation in the affairs of the world. But when the warm blood of our Southern friends is not boiling at war pitch and they are in a mood for business, why should we be passed up? If we are a standing committee of arbitration for the never-ending squabbles that arise with increasing intensity as the equator is reached, why not give us a chance to do some business between times? The policy of Great Britain and Germany toward the Southern gamecock powers with hair-trigger tempers has been anything but liberal, and yet they trade exclusively with the big countries which just at present are blowing the Venezuelan navy out of the water and incidentally saddling on that country a war debt that will absorb all of the profits of bullfighting for the next decade. Naturally we cannot place on a commercial basis the honor of our country in umpiring a jug-handled scrap like the one now under way in Venezuela, but that country, as well as a number of others scattered throughout the world, could appeal to us in time of need with a much better grace if they extended to us a little better treatment when they were out of trouble. The statement that "republics are ungrateful" undoubtedly originated south of the equator, and when Venezuela wriggles out of her present difficulty she will at once re-establish trade relations with the two big powers which are now dancing on her prostrate form with spiked boots.

RIVALRIES OF CITIES.

The present determination in the matter of the transport service leaves things practically where they were before bids were asked for. The War Department will distribute the business at its pleasure. San Francisco will get the bulk of it, as in times past; Seattle will be given enough to prevent any noisy exploitation of the affront put upon her; Portland will be given a ship now and then by way of making things pleasant all round. In time, possibly, the transports will be sold and the Government will put its business upon a peace basis—but not yet. San Francisco is not ready for the change, and it will not be made until she is ready.

Seattle has lost her contention—lost it unfairly, we think—but nevertheless she is a great gainer, for this incident emphasizes her position in relation to her supreme ambition and goes far to establish her before the world as a rival of San Francisco. From this time on Seattle will be considered in every connection which involves Pacific Ocean commerce; not, as in the past, as a mere possible and prospective factor, but as an actual and active competitor that must be reckoned with. It is a very great step forward—one bound to increase her prestige and aid her fortunes. And it is an advantage well merited. Seattle has not slept before her opportunities; she has not allowed her courage to wait upon her fears; she has not assumed that all good things would come without making an effort to win them. On the other hand, she has made the most of her chance, and, having done this much, she has gained vastly in this important instance—gained in spite of an unfair determination which defeats the immediate and special object of her hopes.

Portland has little cause for self-congratulation respecting her attitude in this transport matter. Her opportunity was measurably the same as that of Seattle. But she made a petty figure in the business because no attempt was made to bring her forces into action. The truth is that the opportunity was not seen or not understood here. We should have known what was "in the wind" as well as our neighbors; our information was as prompt as theirs, our connections as strong as theirs; but our first vital comprehension of the matter was gained concurrently with the news that Seattle had won in the bidding.

It needs scarcely to be said that this is not the method of large commercial success. The cities that win in the larger competitions of modern times are those which keep an open and an alert eye. It is not sufficient that a city is presently prosperous, that its trade is heavy and that its exchanges are crowded. No ambitious and potential city ever had or ever will have all the business it wants or all that it can take care of. Good as these things are, they do not fill the whole measure of commercial greatness. No city can afford to become so absorbed in immediate prosperity as to take no heed of the means of extending and increasing its sphere of effort.

Portland is a little too devoted—too absorbed—in a few lines of activity—very notably to selling goods and the banking business. In attention to purely mercantile and financial objects and purposes, we sometimes lose sight of other matters vitally related to the larger fortunes of the city—matters like this transport business, for example. This range of our active interests is not sufficiently extended to cover all the points where things related to our fortunes are happening or likely to happen. We are weak in that too great a proportion of our community effort is engrossed in a single department of enterprise—in selling goods. We need, in the interest of the community, to spread out, to diversify our effort somewhat. It is not enough to sell goods and deal in money, important and profitable as these operations are. A great commercial city—such as Portland is plainly destined to be—cannot be built on so narrow a basis.

In the lines in which we operate largely no city of equal size surpasses Portland. Our mercantile and financial strength is a matter of wide repute; and in these special lines we have the insight and the diplomacy to meet all rivalries. But outside these fixed lines we exhibit oftentimes marks of weakness. We lack the skill to see special opportunities and the diplomacy to meet them. In this matter of the transport service we have made a poor figure as compared with Seattle, because—in spite of our character as a seaport—as a community we give little heed to shipping interests, leaving all such concerns to outside exploiters while we concentrate our energies upon selling goods. If we had been as alive to the interests of Pacific commerce as Seattle is, Portland would at least have been heard from in the competition. If we were as wide awake in respect to shipping interests as we are to the interests of the jobbing trade, we should have a share in the Philippine business—something more than an occasional ship given us as a sop to local sentiment and as a courtesy to our representatives at Washington.

It is no hopeless spirit that these observations are made; for what we need we shall get in time. That we are branching out and reaching out as never before, is plainly to be seen, but we ought in our own interest to do it faster. We ought not to have to endure humiliations like that involved in this transport affair. There ought to be no great department of commercial affairs, like that of shipping, in which we can be not only beaten, but made ridiculous by comparison with a city far below us in population and with scarcely a tithe of our accumulated capital or general business experience and equipment.

NEW ENGLAND LIVES IN THE WEST.

A returned New Englander writes the New York Independent that, after an absence of twenty years, he returns to New England and finds the tide of the younger generation setting cityward; he finds that New England has increased her public schools and her public libraries; he finds her industries more diversified; he finds a great multiplication of brick stores, electric lights, street-car lines and water works. The standard of daily life, of home comfort, is raised. The life of the farmer has changed for the better. There is more wealth in many hands. This is all true, but the returned New Englander probably did not find as many men of the famous New England traits of sixty years ago as could be found today in the great states of the Middle West or the trans-Mississippi region that was so largely settled by emigrants from New England. The man who spent his first boyhood in a New England town of sixty years ago cannot find in New England of today the type of men that were then the bone and sinew of those states.

Early in the history of the country a band of Connecticut emigrants settled about Marietta, O., and later New England men settled the Western reserve of that state. Grant and Sherman and Ben Wade were of Connecticut stock; so was John Brown. Presidents Hayes and Garfield were of New England ancestry. Salmon P. Chase came from New Hampshire, and so did Lewis Cass. John Sherman was of New England ancestry, and so was William M. Evarts. Lincoln's great rival, Douglas, grew to manhood in Vermont. Among the sons of New England that went to California at an early day were Frederick Billings, T. W. Park, James M. and Oscar Shafter. Oregon's first educators included a number of New England men. New England of sixty years ago has been described as "an area saturated with three centuries of strenuous life, which has sent its myriad rootlets westward to the shores of the Pacific." In our judgment that old-time breed of men no longer peculiarly characterize and dominate the New England States. They are not extinct, but have been largely transferred to the Middle West and the trans-Mississippi States, to which New England contributed so many of her ablest and most efficient sons. Their places have been taken somewhat by a large foreign population in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont. In Massachusetts the population foreign-born or born of foreign parents is about 1,000,000 strong. Nearly one-third of the population of Rhode Island is foreign-born. Even little Vermont, an inland agricultural state, has about 45,000 foreign-born; New Hampshire has over 88,000; Maine over 93,000, and Connecticut 288,000 foreign-born, about a quarter of her whole population.

This exodus from New England began in days when travel and transportation were difficult, slow and expensive; in days when no railroads or canals existed. After 1825 canals began to be multiplied over the West, but it was not until 1840 that railway lines began to be generally extended over the Middle West, and it was not until 1869 that the first transcontinental railway was built. It is easy to see that these New England emigrants, whose first flight stopped with Western New York, whose next advance posts were Ohio and Illinois, could not have included any weaklings in mind or body, or any thriftless folk. They were the boldest, hardiest, most ambitious, adventurous men of their generation. The next great exodus from New England began about 1835 and during the following twenty years poured into Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. After the Civil War adventurous, restless veterans swelled the flood from New England that helped fill up Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. And there you will find more of the New England manner, spirit and peculiar mental traits than you will in New England today. The towns, cities and villages of New England look more citified than they did fifty years ago; a new kind of people inhabit them, but you will find villages in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Northern Illinois looking more like old-time New England in spots than in New England itself.

The West obtained the best of New England's blood, brains and bone many years ago, and has kept it, while New England has diluted her native-born civilization with a strain of foreign blood. In some respects this foreign strain was welcome, for the Irish, German and Canadian French are men of vigorous physique, but it changed New England civilization enough so that the New England of sixty years ago survives best in the Middle West. It is a common saying that the New England men were hardy and energetic because of their hard soil and severe climate; that they had the characteristic virtues of all people who live in a land where the soil and climate are so unfavorable that the man must "root, hog, or die." The tremendous energy, hardihood and endurance of the "poor whites" of the South, who filled the ranks of the Confederate armies, were quite equal to that displayed by the Northern volunteers.

The latent energy of the South was wonderful; it had only been held in leash by the crippling influence of a slave civilization. Joe Johnston said that Sherman's army was the most wonderful, matchless army since the days of Julius Caesar, not because it could endure and suffer and march and fight better than his own, but because it was so full of Northern mechanics and machinists and railway engineers that it could rebuild a railway and make a new bridge within a few hours after he had thoroughly destroyed it. That was the superiority of New England. It carried with it not simply the saving virtues of energy, industry, economy; it was not simply strong of body, ambitious in spirit; it was an intelligent emigration that could read and write and was always anxious to think through things and think straight.

The life of Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, which came to a close in London on the 22d inst., was closely associated with the domestic and religious life of Queen Victoria and her family. He officiated at the christening of the Queen's children and many of her English grandchildren; conducted the marriage and burial service for many of them; was a pathetic figure at her own funeral, and scarcely less so at the coronation of King Edward. He was reverenced not only for his calling, but for his learning and his worth as a conscientious, high-minded clergyman, bishop and archbishop of the established church. Born in 1821, his active life covered the long reign of Victoria and passed nearly two years beyond it. He goes to his tomb, not lamented, since that would be folly, considering his great age and the physical feebleness that has long oppressed him, but honored as a man who filled his place in the world with purposeful energy, dignity and effectiveness.

The "midnight and the storm" conspired to create a disaster on the bleak coast of New England last week that was but a repetition of many that have gone before it. Two coal-laden schooners were driven by stress of storm and darkness into collision, and three days later ten men, perishing with hunger and cold, were picked up by a passing vessel and taken into port. Their sufferings in an open boat, drenched with icy spray and without food or water, are simply incredible. The old story of human endurance was told in the appearance of the shipwrecked sailors as, starved, frozen, hopeless, they were drawn over the side of the rescuing vessel and in almost inarticulate murmurings told of the disaster which caused their wretched plight. The story of shipwreck is as old as navigation. Its repetition, like the repetition of the tale of disaster in the coal mine, contains nothing new except date and names.

Wireless telegraphy has achieved complete success. From carrying brief messages over relatively short distances, the system has expanded until instantaneous transference of greetings has been made between across the Atlantic, thus completing the accomplishment of "the greatest feat that modern science has yet achieved." To the few who understand the Marconi system it is simple. But to the great majority who will in time come to profit by it, it belongs distinctly to the realm of mysteries. Marconi's discovery is only approached in the realm of the wonderful by that of the X-ray, and together they form a link between the real and the magical which suggests the possibility of bridging eventually the yearly narrowing channel between the known and the unknown in the domain of force.

Oregon is a little behind in the creation of public commissions and boards. Here are some of the offices the Governor of Minnesota has to fill by appointment, each board having from two to seven members: Surveyors of Logs and Lumber, State Forestry Board, State Library Commissioner, Insurance Commissioner, Labor Commissioner, State Board of Electricity, Board of Horse-Shoers' Examiners, Inspectors of Steam Vessels and Boilers, Board of Control of Public Schools, Board of Health, Board of Veterinarian Examiners, Board of Arbitration and Conciliation, Board of Appeals, State Board of Control, State Board of Equalization, State Board of Plumbers. Besides these the Minnesotans have about all the commissions known in Oregon.

Lady Henry Somerset, the temperance reformer, who recently visited this country, is separated from her husband. Lady Henry brought the charges against her husband, which, though unproved, led to their separation. Queen Victoria caused a private investigation to be made of the entire affair, with the result that Lord Henry was completely exonerated in Her Majesty's eyes, and was allowed to retain the controllership of Her Majesty's household, an office with which he was at the time invested. That is to say, the sympathy of the late Queen was with the husband rather than with the wife.

The Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel franchise has been approved by the New York Board of Aldermen, and this means the execution of the great project of running trains under the Hudson River, Manhattan Island and the East River, enabling passengers from the west by way of Pennsylvania lines to land without change in the heart of New York City, and greatly extending the transit facilities between the two principal boroughs of Greater New York.

The Vermont Legislature, which adjourned about a week ago, submitted a local-option liquor bill to the popular vote and commuted the death sentences of three murderers to life imprisonment. The clergymen, both within and without the Legislature, were the most conspicuous advocates of commutation for cut-throats.

The news reports on Christmas morning will probably contain the usual accounts of disasters due to the lighted candles coming in contact with the cotton batting uniforms of the Santas. Cotton batting is cheap, but it sometimes proves to be costly.

Because he was tardy in reporting for duty, a son of President James J. Hill has been discharged from employment in one of his father's offices. The law of business is the survival of the fittest, and no one knows this better than J. J.

William Allen White believes that the chief business of a newspaper editor is to get himself talked about. There are others.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS.

If Cleveland Would Remark.

Olympia Olympian.

A few remarks from Mr. Cleveland on the Venezuelan situation would be interesting, though not as exciting as his former communication on that country.

New York Not the Whole Nation.

Lewiston Tribune.

The protective duty will be taken off of anthracite coal to please the voters of New York City. At the same time no good reason has ever been shown why the duty should not be taken off of bituminous coal to please the voters of all the rest of the country.

Don't Believe in Caucus.

Salem Journal.

The Oregonian asks: "What is a caucus, anyhow?" Well, the kind of things that have been attempted in the last ten years would naturally raise that question. The Republicans of Oregon don't believe in caucus anyhow, but for the purpose of giving some fellow an unjust cinch on the patronage.

"All Will Agree"—But Will They?

Eugene Register.

The people are in humor for quick settlement of the Senatorship, and around the standard of Hon. C. W. Fulton all sides can flock and give, in his election, entire satisfaction to the state. C. W. Fulton is larger and broader than party factions, and all will agree that he is better qualified for Senator than any other man yet named for the position.

Chance Portland May Miss.

Prineville Review.

If Portland merchants want to hold the trade of this section of Oregon, why do they not show a disposition to step in and help extend the railroad, that is now only 60 miles away, into our borders? The people of this section want a road, and if Portland wants our trade she had better be looking out for it, or some other road will come in and take it away. Won't there be howling then?

Loyal Words From Walla Walla.

Walla Walla Union.

The proposed Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland in 1905 should have the hearty indorsement of the entire Pacific Northwest. It is not simply a Portland project, although there is its inception, but it belongs to the entire Pacific Coast. We will all be represented, and we will all derive our share of its benefits. Washington will not be found lagging behind when it comes to assistance for this big project of her sister state.

His Important Mission.

Salem Statesman.

Senator Daly is a sly old coon. He has kissed the blarney stone, without a doubt. But he is far too modest. He did not mention himself—that is, not in particular. But (must we suggest it?) he must have mentally classified himself as among the number to make up the hundred. And John D. Daly, of Benton County, Senator. John D. Daly, of Benton County. And the Oregon Legislature might go a good deal farther and fare a great deal worse. So it might.

Justice for Lewis and Clark.

Albany Democrat.

If it is a part of the business of the Government to assist in building up different parts of the country by fairs or expositions, then it is decidedly in order for a very liberal appropriation for the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Five million dollars were given for the Pan-American Exposition, and the same amount for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Why not give this part of the country a lift on the journey that shall be felt and observed all over the world? With the precedent already established, it would be only a matter of justice.

No More Great Cities.

Spokane Spokesman-Review.

It is said that the Northern Pacific has decided to build a line down the north bank of the Columbia River to a new terminus on the Washington shore near the mouth of that river. Its purpose is to relieve itself of the burdensome grain haul over the Cascade Mountains. If this were done, Tacoma's grain exporting business would be shifted to the new terminus near the mouth of the Columbia. The change would augment the growth of Astoria, and would build up another considerable city in Washington, but would hardly create another metropolis. The day has passed when a great city can be created in the Pacific Northwest by a single railroad. The chief commercial centers of this section are established for all time.

Would Prevent Financial Depression

St. Helens Mist.

As an inevitable rule there appear at intervals periods of financial depression in this country, and no remedy has yet been found for this condition. At the beginning of such a period Chicago had the World's Fair and started on a new era of prosperity. It is possible that in the not distant future this country will enter on another period of depression of more or less rigor. While it will not likely affect this Coast as much as Eastern States, on account of the lumbering, mining and Asiatic commerce, such a wave of temporary financial depression is sure to come sooner or later. As a matter of financial benefit, it then behooves the people of the entire State of Oregon to move actively toward making the Lewis and Clark Exposition a great success. It will have a great tendency to give every section of Oregon a continued prosperity in spite of waves of financial depression that may appear.

Only Waiting for War.

Astoria Astorian.

Extension of terminal rates to Astoria will enable Harriman to do business at a much less figure than from any other Coast port, and in the great fight for control of the Oriental traffic the cheapest port will be utilized. At present the Columbia bar is an impediment to extensive commerce here, but the plans of the engineers will provide ample depth and, make it possible for the carriers to send out the greatest steamships that are built today. The developments of the past few months indicate very plainly that Harriman had assurance that the bar would be obliterated, and that in ordering his four big steamships he figured in using them out of this port. It would seem, however, that Astoria will not be utilized for exporting purposes until such time as the two big transcontinental combinations begin their warfare for the trade of the Orient. So long as the managements remain harmonious, the existing state of affairs will be continued. But when the fight comes the ocean port will be employed to its fullest extent.

The Northern Pacific's Purpose.

Butte Inter-Mountain.

By means of improvement in tracks and better motive power the Northern Pacific has overcome to a large extent, if not entirely, the difference in cost of haul. Further, it has built up great docks and warehouses in Seattle and Tacoma, spending millions for the purpose. This does not look as if it contemplated a change to some new port at the mouth of the Columbia River, a port which, by reason of the dreaded Columbia River bar, would never be a harbor equal to those on Puget Sound. The theory of water grades is admirable, but that it has not worked out to entire satisfaction is shown by the present condition of the wheat shipping trade. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company for years has used the Valley of the Columbia as the route of its railroad, while the Northern Pacific has taken the mountain climb. For all this, the Northern Pacific has been getting the business. Portland would like to see the Northern Pacific change its main line route, but there is small chance of such an alteration being carried through.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

New York Sun.

Splash! and Jonah was overboard, good and hard.

Something happened just then with a snap, and Jonah found himself in an interior finished in pale pink, not quite salmon, but something in that tone. His surroundings were somewhat unusual, but Jonah was a traveling man, and was not surprised very greatly by anything he had to put up with, or at.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed in the well-known language of persons who find themselves lost; but there was no response and he looked around for a button to press. It was quite chilly in the place, and as he shivered around looking for the button all in vain, he began to kick, for Jonah was a kicker from Kickapoo. If he had not been, he never would have landed where he was at that moment.

"By eripes!" he growled, as he stumbled about, "this must be a flat I'm in, and the janitor hasn't turned on the steam yet," and he kicked more vigorously than ever. It was real kicking, too; and about the 14th time his foot hit the wall where he thought the door ought to be. A smothered voice, in protest, reached him from somewhere through the ceiling.

"Say," it grumbled, "let up on that, will you?"

"What's the matter with you?" carromed Jonah on the voice. "Is this a hotel or a cold-storage warehouse?"

"It's neither," said the voice, apparently coming down a tube.

"It isn't a private residence, is it?" inquired Jonah in some alarm. "How the mischief did I get in?"

"Oh, that's all right," answered the voice in an amused tone.

"Well, where do you keep the matches? It's darker than the inside of a cow in here,' Jonah insisted.

"Haven't got any?"

"Well, send me up a candle."

"Can't send up anything."

"Why not?"

"You are not up; you're down."

"Oh," growled Jonah, "I'm in the cellar, am I? I wondered why the place was so damp. Send me a cocktail to take the chill off."

"Got no cocktails"—this very gruffly.

"Oh, come off," gibed Jonah; "this isn't a cold-water joint, is it?"

"Rather," ahd a snickering laugh was heard down the tube, or whatever it was through which the voice came from above. Jonah was quiet for a few minutes.

"Say," he called presently, "haven't you got an elevator?"

"What do you want with an elevator?" came the muffled voice.

"It's easy enough getting down, as you may have noticed," he explained, "but how am I going to get up?"

Oh, I'll attend to that," and Jonah could hear a gurgling chuckle struggling down the tube.

"Haven't you got a fire-escape?" inquired Jonah, still dissatisfied.

"Don't need it," gurgled the voice, chuckling again.

"Where's the bathroom?"

"Right next to you on the outside," responded the voice.

"Well, send me some towels and I'll take me tub," said Jonah.

The only reply was a chuckle.

"Say, you," called Jonah, "I'm hungry. What are you going to have for dinner?"

"Fish," laughed the voice.

"This ain't Friday, is it?"

"No."

"Then I want something else."

"There isn't anything else," growled the voice. "If you think you've stuck a delicatessen shop, there's another think coming to you?"

"Send it along, then!" shouted Jonah, "there doesn't seem to be anything else coming to me. This is the worst shebank I ever went up against."

No answer.

"Say," Jonah called in a minute, "where am I going to sleep? There isn't room here for anything but a folding bed, and I'll be dinged if I'll sleep in one of those dead-falls, sure."

"What's the matter with the floor?" inquired the voice.

"It hasn't got any carpet on it," jollied Jonah.

"It will have before you get a bed."

"That's all right," said Jonah with defiance. "I'll sleep in the bathtub. It won't be the first time."

"Oh, will you?" sneered the voice.

Jonah was quiet again for a brief season.

"Say you, up there," he sailed, "Say."

"Well, what is it?" came a sleepy response.

"Put me down for 7 o'clock in the morning, will you? And don't let the boy forget it. I've got to catch the boat for Nineveh. Do you hear?"

"Oh, you'll be called all right," replied the voice, and although Jonah wasn't half satisfied, his subsequent efforts to raise the office were futile.

The Woman and the Pin.

Philadelphia Record.

Women are proverbially more superstitious than men, and when a woman stoops to pick up a pin, as one of her sex did in front of a department store on Market street the other morning, the men who believe more in hustling than in luck are bound to growl. She had three children with her, and, massed, they presented a formidable obstruction. When she saw the pin lying on the sidewalk she was clutching a child in either hand, while another and older one was tagging on behind. She loosened her hold on one of the youngsters and stooped to pick up the pin that she so fondly hoped would bring her good luck, but it refused to be picked up. It was a most obstinate sort of pin, and eluded her grasp. With grim determination she let go her hold on the other child and went at it with both hands. Then her fingers seemed all thumbs, and, try as she might, she couldn't seem to pick it up. In the meantime, she had completely succeeded in blocking the narrow sidewalk, with the aid of her offspring, and it was not until a policeman appeared and ordered her to move on that traffic was resumed.

And she didn't get the pin!

December.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

(Christopher Pearse Cranch, a poet and landscape painter, and son of William Cranch, an eminent American jurist, was born at Alexandria, Va., in 1813. He studied theology at Harvard Divinity School, but abandoned the ministry for the pursuit of art, and spent much of his life in Europe. He wrote "The Last of the Huggermuggers" in 1856, and numerous sonnets and minor poems of merit. He died at Cambridge, Mass., January 20, 1892.)

No more the scarlet maples flash and burn
Their beacon-fires from hilltop and from plain;
Their meadow-grasses and the woodland fern
In the bleak woods lie withered once again.

The trees stand bare, and bare each stony scar
Upon the cliffs; half-frozen glide the rills;
The steel-blue river like a scimetar
Lies cold and curved between the dusky hills.

Over the upland farm I take my walk,
And miss the flaunting flocks of golden-rod;
Each Autumn flower a dry and leafless stalk,
Each mossy field a track of frozen sod.

I hear no more the robin's Summer song
Through the gray network of the wintry woods;
Only the cawing crows that all day long
Clamor about the windy solitudes.

Like agate stones upon earth's frozen breast,
The little pools of ice lie round and still;
While sullen clouds shut downward east and west
In marble ridges stretched from hill to hill.

Come once again, O southern wind—once more
Come with thy wet wings flapping at my pane;
Ere snowdrifts pile their mounds about my door,
One parting dream of Summer bring again.

Ah, no, I hear the windows rattle fast;
I see the first flakes of the gathering snow,
That dance and whirl before the northern blast.
No countermand the march of days can know.

December drons no weak, relenting tear,
By our fond Summer sympathies enshared;
Nor from the perfect circle of the year
Can even Winter's crystal gems be spared.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Good morning! And tonight?

A nice note to send your daughter on Christmas is a bank note.

The modern version of "off with the old love" is to ask the old love for a transfer.

Necessity is often the mother of inspiration.—San Francisco Bulletin.

You bet!

It's a blessing that we don't have to think about New Year's resolutions until after Thursday.

Some people are just selfish enough to want to have a Christmas tree and hang up their stockings, too.

Mistletoe has some queer but very nice properties tonight. But those are wise who scorn the How Much for the Who.

If you don't know what to give your son, suppose you try either a red wagon or a dress coat. Choice between these two depends, of course, on the age. When properly administered, the effect is the same.

Fifteen marriage licenses were issued yesterday. How sensible in the 15 beautiful girls to make a nice and inexpensive present to the 15 fortunate men! May their lives be always as happy as the season.

Those who shop today should remember that the girls who wait on them have had no holiday, and have worked nights to enable others to make the season as festive as possible. Don't blame them if their tempers are shopworn.

Herbert W. Bowen, Minister to Venezuela, is past 46 years of age, but has seen only 11 birthdays. He was born February 29, 1856. Thus he can never attain to the fame of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, no matter how tremendously he alters the face of Venezuela.

A woman who had been dumb for 14 years suddenly began to talk, and now the doctors are examining her as to her sanity. Is she insane because she talks now? Or because she didn't talk for 14 years? Or because it is thought that 14 years of silence must have disordered her mind?

It is most certainly a delicious scandal, this running away of the Crown Princess of Saxony, but between the delightful details one may catch a glimpse of inferno. Women do not abandon their young children for nothing, and the savor of the court in Dresden is not that of lilies. In spite of the scandalous stories that a thousand pinchbeck courtiers are circulating, it might seem possible that the unfortunate woman has simply rebelled against a situation finally rendered unendurable by the brutality of her husband and the sneering innuendoes of a lot of pasteboard nobility whose sole notion in life is to raise in the hotbed of their enfeebled imaginations the tawdry flowers of gossip. Whatever may be the actual case, the court of Saxony is evidently no place for a woman.

It looked like a fight, but it was only a bachelor who lives in a big house on Twenty-second street ordering his Christmas dinner. His cook was waggling a skimpy beard over a box of crawfish, and his employer was storming at the grocer. "Confound you!" roared the bachelor, "haven't I told you what I wanted?"

"I have put your order down for 20 pounds of raisins, three cans of condensed milk and a pint of cream cheese. What else, sir?"

The bachelor pulled the cook by the shoulder. "What else, Henri?"

The cook stretched out a thin hand deprecatingly. "But, sir, you have not ordered the meat."

"Idiot! We get meat in a butcher shop."

"We lack the materials for pies—citron, currants, pumpkin, apples——"

"Hang it!" shouted the bachelor, "I'm sick of trying to order a Christmas dinner! Go ahead, Henri, and order what you want. I quit right here."

"For how many?" asked the cook.

"For one—for ME!" howled his master. "Who do you think eats my dinner?"

"Ah! And what, sir, would you have?"

The bachelor drew a long breath and scowled fiercely on his cook. "Henri," he said, distinctly, "I want a little roast pig, crackling style. I want sweet potatoes with sugar gravy. But most of all I want plum pudding and sauce. Henri, make that sauce so I'll have to take a chaser after it."

Henri nodded.

"And I want cider, cold and sweet. I want good cake, with fixings, you know—the sort, Henri, like children love. And there must be plenty, and anything else you think of."

"For one?" asked the cook, still with all deference.

The bachelor's face was very thoughtful for an instant. It seemed as if he was staring at somebody. Then he glanced at the waiting cook and said quietly: "For two, Henri."

"A lady?" insisted Henri, anxiously.

"A lady," repeated his master, gravely.

"Thank you, sir," said the cook, beaming. "It is a tribute to my skill. I shall not fail in any particular."

But the bachelor had departed hastily in a cab to ask a question.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Tenant—I say, the cellar of my house is half full of water. Landlord—Is that so? Well, it's all right. Your water tax won't be raised.—Boston Transcript.

"Has Mr. Wishington any original ideas?" "One," answered Miss Cayenne; "the idea that his views are original is exclusively his own."—Washington Star.

Johnny Whiffle—Say, do you call it fair when you been good to yer sister, an' kep' yer face washed, an' went ter Sunday school fer a full month, an' then only git a hum toot'-brush an' a girl's necktie fer a present?—Judge.

Gertrude—After Christmas I'm going to give a luncheon to our church ladies. Augustus—Why so soon, Gertrude? Gertrude—Because they sold me this tough plum-pudding, and they've got to help eat it.—Brooklyn Life.

"What beautiful blond hair she has!" "Yes, and what beautiful dark eyes! Her hair must have been of the same color originally." "I happen to know otherwise, Miss Jenny. Her hair is of the true love sort." "How's that?" "Never dyes."—Chicago Tribune.

"When it comes to marriage, I wouldn't give a thought to how much the man I love is making," remarked the dreamy-eyed girl. "Neither would I," answered the practical damsel. "What would primarily interest me would be how much he had already made. There's no use talking chances."—Chicago Evening Post.

"I don't doubt but that the readin' of it's all right," said the customer, "but it ain't the book I'm lookin' for—the cover doesn't suit me." "My dear sir," said the bookseller, "will you kindly describe just the book you're after?" "Well, to be plain with you, I want a book that'll do to put in a handsome new house!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Farmer Broadhead (in the midst of his reading)—The paper says that John J. Skipps, the cashier of the bank over to Allegash, has embezzled $6000. Wa-al, that's funny—— Mrs. Broadhead—What's so funny about his bein' a thief, Amzi? Farmer Broadhead—Why, far's I know, he was never called 'H'onest John.'—Puck.