# The Oregonian.

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

By Mail (postage prepaid, in advance)with Sunday, per month...... Sunday excepted, per year..... with Sunday, per year..... The Weekly, per year... The Weekly, 3 months... To City Subscribers... To City Subscribers— Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted 15c Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included 20c

POSTAGE RATES. United States Canada and Mexico:

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pitation, none. PORTLAND, THURSDAY, FEB. 26.

#### HOPEPUL BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The turn of the year has come and gone without serious financial disturbance, and Spring trade is upon us with every assurance of healthy and properous trade. The premonitions of disaster betokened by the iron trade in December have changed into signs of encouragement. The situation seems to be simply that with all our equipment busy we are unable to keep pace with the home demand, but must eke out domestic production with heavy imports from abroad. The bugbear of the fron trade is overproduction, and of this there is apparently no approach. The strength of our consuming power is shown in the case with which the country carries the burden of its labor

troubles. In the financial world two or three conserving agencies stand out in most impressive relief. The first of these is the array of powerful interests in antagonism to every sort of disturbancenot only disastrous competition, but stock and money panies, currency dis location and industrial congestion. Organization has doubtless been pushed to an extreme in many directions; but the fact remains that the close touch into which our great aggregations of capital have come and the co-operation which the magnitude of our business life has forced upon the managers of private and public finance are powerfully operating toward the exclusion of panic all other great interests at so many points that interdependence and interaction have become axioms which no

cautious operator is going to disregard. Another reassuring element in the situation, which we have never seen alluded to, relates to the dangers of overcapitalization. Herein lies, in fact, the acknowledged great danger that impends over both the railroad and the ndustrial investment worlds. Corporations of all sorts are doing business on inflated capital, and the only question in many minds has been as to when the enforced and painful liquidation of these overvalued properties will occur. Expedients for warding off liquidation have been regarded as only deferring

the day of the inevitable.

But the thought we wish to sugges is that the growth of population and isiness, together with advancing prices, may in time bring about a veri fication of these stocks and bonds in real values. It was a question six years ago whether new gold discoveries would put us on some such advancing move-ment of higher prices as followed the California activities of 1849. But that question has been satisfactorily answered to many minds by the course of prices, not so much of highly finished products, which a stable money standard and inventions have cheapened, bu of materiale into which little has entered but crude human labor. Everything that is torn from the earth or water by the humble laborer or simplest tools has increased notably in value since 1896-such as ore, lumber fish, ment and farm products. Gold is cheaper, everything else is higher.

Now it is a perfectly natural outcom of thes, advancing prices, coupled with financial confidence, that the actual value of investment securities, railroad and industrial, should go on increasing Rates of traffic are advancing. Iron and steel are going up. Look at the im provement in the prices of our great staple crops. Coal, probably, will never again be as cheap as it was a year ago These increasing prices, with presums bly improved profits, can have but one permanent effect, and that is the appreciation of the securities of the corporations concerned. The nearer these securities approach to par the more has the water in their original composition been squeezed out to be substituted by actual value. Forced liquidation such as we had in 1893-7 is not the only way which watered stocks can be put on a safe basis. Prosperity and wise man-agement will do it, if permitted to operate continuously throughout a long term of years. The conservative man agement that is so conspicuous in all lines of finance and trade is a most eful augury of uninterrupted peace and profit. Earnings go to rejuvenation of plants and betterments of roadbed

If these favorable conditions continue no section of the country will rear greater benefits from them than the Pacific Coast. When we consider the resources of this region in minerals, soil range, timber and fish, and its resource of water transportation, the great strides it will take before reaching the same stage of development that now prevails in the inland states cost of

and rolling stock.

Rocky Mountains are apparent. Judged by the country's resources and its convenlence to the markets of the world, Oregon should have 1,000,000 people, the same as Nebraska, and Portland a population of 200,000, that of Minneapo Measured by its capabilities and advantages, the Pacific Northwest is too far behind the rest of the country. Now it is getting ready to catch up. Watch us grow!

#### A VISION OF DIPLOMACY.

It is perhaps as well that the House has thrown the so-called international silver commission out of the Philippine currency bill, where it does not tech nically belong; and, inasmuch as the Senate has now introduced it in the form of an amendment to the sundry civil bill, it is certainly to be hoped that the House will not carry its hostility to the point of non-concurrence when the bill comes back from the Senate. The persistence with which the House has impeded this admirable project of the President and Secretary Hay is yet to be explained upon any satisfactory ground. If it forms part of the movement that so seriously menaced the Senate's plan for Philippine currency, it can only add to the discredit the coinage committee of the House has already incurred. Inasmuch as a subcommittee of this same coinage committee has apparently acceded to the President's de sires at the White House conference acquiescence may be reasonably looked

for. The enterprise of helping China and Mexico to stabilize their fluctuating currency is worthy the highest diplo macy, and it is depressing to see the apparent inability of Congress to rise to its level. If it should fail, it will add another to the list of exalted undertakings of world-wide benefit and significance in whose achievement Secretary Hay has been balked by the incapacity of small minds in either Senate or House. It is doubtful if any other single thing would contribute so powerfully to stimulation of international trade as the successful establishment of a permanent par of exchange between the currencies of gold and of sliver countries. The creation of a stable exchange would remove one of the chief causes of friction which retards trade between the gold and silver countries How important this consideration has always been may be judged from the long and earnest, though misdirected, efforts of "bimetalists" to terminate the fluctuations of exchange through the combined use of gold and sliver under the free-coinage system in all countries. We have already set out in some detail the difficulties and losses which

move China and Mexico in asking our

co-operation in the effort to stabilize their currencies. It is necessary also to consider the benefits which would accrue to ourselves along with other goldstandard nations. In the first place, stability of the money standard could not fall to enhance the safety and profit of China and Mexico, and doubtless in time also of Central and South America, as fields for the investment of capital The absence of a stable currency has not prevented the investment of more than \$500,000,000 of American capital in Mexico and several hundred millions of English, French, German and Belgian capital in Africa and the countries of Asia. There can be no doubt, however that the inducement for such invest ments would be greatly increased if the investor felt certain that his dividends would be paid without deduction in the gold money in which he made his investment. Russia attracted foreign capital by hundreds of millions when she adopted the gold standard in 1897 Japan has had a similar experience, though to less extent. It would not be China and other undeveloped countries would be so enlarged by the adoption of a fixed standard, and the resulting stimulus to railway building and the introduction of modern machinery, that the world would never witness within the lives of the present generation another period of seriously congested capital and low earnings for money. It was undoubtedly this congestion of capital blindly seeking outlets which during the last decade, as Mr. C. A. Conant has ably shown in his books and magazine articles, put the spurs to the spirit of colonial acquisition in England France, Germany, Belgium and even in the United States, and led the European powers to dream of the partition of China. If an outlet is afforded for their capital without such efforts, much will done to insure stable conditions in industry and to prevent political agita-

conquests. Along with these desires for safe fields of profitable investment, the gold-standard nations are looking for new markets for manufactured goods. And secure civilization of many wants waits upon financial stability as well as upon firm police administration. If China alone should raise her importations of finished goods in some such degree as Japan, where they have increased within a short period to \$3 per capita, the increased demand made by China upon the manufacturing countries would represent a thousand millions of dollars. Such a demand upon the factories of Europe and the United States would not only absorb their surplus product as if by magic, but would so mitigate the competition of these countries among themselves that the political as well as the economic attitude of the civilized nations toward each other might undergo a marvelous change There would no longer be the fear that one nation would unload her surplus of manufactured goods at less than cost upon her neighbors; there would no onger be the flerce striving for higher tariffs on the one hand and for bringing more dependencies on the other hand within the circle of the domestic mar-

tion in these countries for new colonial

International money conferences are deservedly in ill repute; but this one would strike out for itself a new and honorable path in taking for its object no such idle dreams as double standards and an impossible par of exchange be-tween gold-standard and free-coinage currencies, but the honest enterprise of helping the great silver-standard coun tries to reach the solld ground of the gold standard through such readjustment of their coinage systems as may be found within their reach. When we consider that China and Mexico have themselves applied to us for assistance in their need, the ungraciousness of our failure to comply would be too patent for argument. Self-interest as well as amity calls upon us for prompt and generous aid.

A bill is before the Maine Legislature roviding for the taxation of non-resident hunters in the state. Under the pending bill it is proposed to make

and game birds; a license to hunt deer and game birds costs \$10, and a license to hunt game birds costs \$5. The Maine Legislature has hitherto appropriated \$25,000 annually for the work of the Fish and Game Commission, but only \$2000 of this has gone to the protection of game. Much game has been killed out of season, especially deer, and there s much poaching, especially among the moose on the Canadian border. open season on deer is from October 1 to December 1, and on moose from October 15 to December 1, during which time each sportsman is allowed to kill two deer and one bull moose. Non-resident sportsmen pay a license fee of \$40 in Wyoming, and West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Florida and New Jersey demand \$10 for a hunter's license, and in all but twenty states and in every Canadian province the hunter is taxed to some extent. A high license has made the Adirondacks, Quebec and New Brunswick a rich man's hunting ground, and the proposed law will do the same for Maine.

A FAKER ORATOR. George IV, when Prince Regent, was wont when in his cups to dwell upon the distinguished part taken at Waterloo by a famous regiment of which, as Prince of Wales, he was the titular Colonel, and finally he went so far as to pretend that he was himself personally present on this memorable occasion. Court etiquette did not permit the statement of the royal fabulist to be contradicted, so that he was safe from expos ure. It would have been fortunate for United States Senator Denew if, in mak ing his recent speech describing the last days of Horace Greeley, he had been as safe from being brought to book as was George IV, but while Kings may lie fearlessly in the presence of an assembly of obsequious courtiers, the privileges of the United States Senate do not include immunity from historical criticiem, and Whitelaw Reid, in the New York Tribune, has handled Mr. Depew's most recent oratorical fable without mercy. In his eulogy of the late Congressman Cummings Mr. Depew said that at the close of the campaign of 1872, Mr. Greeley, after making his last political speech, took Depew with him to his home, and, looking over Nast's caricatures representing him as the em bodiment of all that was evil or vile,

"My life is a failure. I never have sought t accumulate a fortune. I never have cared for fame, but I did want to leave a monument of what I had done for my fellow-men, in lifting what I had done for my fellow-men, in lifting them up and in doing away with the curse of slavery and the curse of rum, but here I am, at the close of this campaign, so represented to my countrymen that the slave will always look upon me as having been one of his owners, and reform will look upon me as a fraud."

Then, his head falling upon his desk, he broke into uncontrollable sobs. I sent for his family. The brain that had done such splendid work snapped. The next morning he was taken to an asylum, where he died. His heart literally broke.

This is the story of Mr. Depew's per sonal recollections of the last same hours of Mr. Greeley's life. Editor Whitelaw Reid now rises up in the Tribune and says that Mr. Depew's narrative is an utter fake. Mr. Greeley made his last speech on Saturday, October 12, 1872, at Pleasantville, near his own home, Mrs. Greeley, who had long been ill, at that time became much worse, and Mr. Greeley refused to take any further part in the campaign and remained with his wife until her death, October 30. The story of Mr. Greeley's confession of failure, his sobs, his broken heart, the sending for the family, the snapping of the brain and the removal to an asylum the next morning, is, says Mr Whitelaw Reid, nothing but a "touch ing fable" woven out of whole cloth by the golden-mouthed Depew. In a signed communication written the day after editorship of the Tribune in full posses sion of his mental faculties, wrote and published several articles in the course of the next few days, but after Novem ber 12 gradually yielded to exhaustion due to his eleeplese vigil at his wife's bedside, at the end of a hard campaign, and died November 29, more than six weeks after he made his last speech at Pleasantville, where Mr. Depew also spoke. Greeley got off at Williams bridge after this speech, while Mr. De pew went alone to New York. The "life is a failure" speech was never uttered: the scene in the study, the caricatures, sobs, etc., are nothing but pure inven-

tion on part of Chauncey Depew. There is nothing incredible in this to anybody who has ever read Denew's speeches delivered on large or small occasions. His "historical orations" are full of gross blunders of fact that an intelligent schoolboy of 16 could not make without disgrace. His oration on Lin coln is utterly shallow and inadequate to the real stature of the man. For years the New York Evening Post and papers of kindred reputation for historical scholarship and accurate polit. ical knowledge have spoken of Mr. Depew with contempt or compassion as utterly unfit for any serious public function. His political speeches are a mass of stale anecdotes, his "historical orations" full of blundere and blatherskite. He began life as a railroad lobbyist and in politics he has never risen above the tactice of a lobbyist; he is a large good-looking man, with fine voice; he has plenty of "meat-ax" humor; be has no convictione; he praises everybody and blames nobody; he is utterly without any sense of literary or historical

To Depew "Boss Platt" is a states man, if he is the honored guest, and so is Secretary Hay, so is McKinley, so is Roosevelt, so is everybody when Depew wields the whitewashing brush or kisses the blarney stone at a large or small occasion. That such a political quack should be invited to take the measure of such giants in American public life as Washington, Hamilton and Lincoln is one of the most inexplicable facts of our time. Without any pretension to accurate political knowledge or historical scholarship, without any reputation for statesmanlike abilities, without any sense of literary discrimination or power of literary expression, without any mastery of the facts or philosophy of modern history, Mr. Depew for twenty-five years has been a popular peripatetic orator. He went to the last New York Republican State Convention with his speech in his pocket for a man who was not nominated, but it was just as good for the successful candidate, for the Depew stock speech is always available; it is the same perfunctory speech, drenched in whitewash, studded with sickening compliments, instinct with the ammoniacal odor of ancient and fishlike anecdotes.

Not only members of the W. C. T. U. but persons generally who reverence the ory of a good woman who was faithful to her ideals and principles will be glad to learn upon the authority nel Bingham, Superintendent of Pub-

ton, that the story of the purchase by a saloon-keeper of the temperance sideboard that was given to Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes when she was mistress of the White House is without foundation in fact. The story was started, by whom no one seems to know, and was told with a fidelity to dates and details that left no doubt of its truth. It was widely published, and every one connected with the alleged transfer of the sideboard-active and passive-was censured for dereliction of duty. Much righteousindignation-was aroused, some sympathetic tears were shed, and many columns of comment upon the matter were written and printed. It now transpires that all of this sentiment was wasted and all the censure misplaced. The incident goes to prove that Ananias and Sapphira were not in it when it comes to plain, unvarnished lying of the type indulged by the modern newsmonger of sensational bent or advertising acumen.

The Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who died recently in Asheville, N. C., in his 78th year, was a man of excellent ability, who filled many honorable positions in public life with great credit to him self. He was born in Georgia in June, 1825; removed to Alabama in 1838; was educated at the University of Georgia and at the Harvard law school. served in the Texas Rangers during the Mexican War, and in the United States House of Representatives as a States Rights Democrat from December, 1857, to January 21, 1861, when he resigned because of the impending secession of Alabama. He was a member of the first Confederate Congress, and in 1864-65 served in the Confederate army under General Joseph E. Johnston as Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. At the close of the war he was ordained a clergyman of the Baptist church; was president of Howard College, Alabama, in 1866-68. and professor of English, philosophy and constitutional law in Richmond College Virginia, in 1868-81. He labored for the public school education for all the people of both races. In 1885 President Cleveland appointed Dr. Curry Minister to Spain. Dr. Curry was one of the most effective platform speakers in the

Danger of exhaustion of our coal supply continues to be agitated. In a recent work upon the anthracite industry by Dr. Peter Roberts, the writer cites the estimates of three of the most eminent experts. The lowest estimate on tons yet to be mined is 4,832,685,668, the highest 6,512,167,703; the lowest estimate of years' duration, 80.54; the highest, 108.53. These estimates are made upor the assumption that production and consumption do not exceed 60,000,000 tons annually, but the Chicago Tribune suggests that as the prospects are that before long that limit will be far exceeded, it is clear that in less than a century there will be no more hard coal to quarrel over unless large deposits are found outside of Peonsylvania, of which at present there are no indications, except in Colorado. There are those now living who may see the last lump of anthracite produced in Pennsylvania, People will then be reduced to bituminous coal, and must discover new ways of using it in the interests of cooking cleanliness and health.

Our War College cannot afford to for get the conclusions reached by Dr. Conan Doyle in "The Boer War" regarding the escentials of modern soldiership for the future. Among other things, Dr. Doyle said:

Better shooting, better knowledge of cover, are the main desiderata in our infantry. If a man is not a markeman he should be cast from the army. The officer will carry a rifle, like his men. Never again should valuable lives be exposed by the fatuous idea of giving them a different dress.

Doyle lave emphasis upon the English need of rapid-fire guns and of the heavy howitzers; and upon the conversion of the cavalry, with its antiquated lances and swords into a mounted infantry armed with magazine rifles. The Boer taught Europe how to shoot, how to take cover and how to make cove quickly against artillery fire. Individual excellence in marksmanship, highly trained field artillery and the rapid movement of vast clouds of mounted riflemen would make an American army that would make the invasion of this

The contemplated extension of the Northern Pacific Rallway along the north bank of the Columbia from Kafama eastward into the great wheat. producing, stockgrowing interior is disclosed by the bill of Representative Jones asking the right of way through the Government military reserve at Fort Vancouver. Preliminary surveys have shown that the proposed route is practicable, and, indeed, that it offers few serious obstacles, comparatively speak ing, to railroad construction. The Government is slow to relinquish or divid military reservation rights, and upon this fact many orchardists and others along the river, who object to the invasion of their cultivated lands by the railroad, base their hopes that the preliminary survey that has been made recently will develop into nothing beyond the placing of grade stakes.

William J. Bryan, in his recent address to the New York Press Club, said among other things: "A little country weekly has as much influence as a great city daily. No paper can make a bad man good. Nor can a paper make a good man bad. Don't think, you men who make the city dailles, that you create all the ideas of this country. Out in the little hamlets men on small salaries are helping to make this Nation what it ought to be." This is true, and it is a pity it is true. The free eliver a 16 to 1 fallacy owed its chief support and dissemination to the little country weeklies that accepted Richard P. Bland and William J. Bryan as oracles

in finance. Representative Jones, of Washington has done valiant service for good government in leading the assault in the House upon the pernicious ship subsidy bill. His numerous amendments were very effective in showing up the needeseness of this proposed raid upon the Treasury, and also the manner in which the measure as drawn is calculated to play into the hands of the great shipping trusts. It was a good day for hon est government in this country and for the Republican party when Mr. Jones succeeded in putting the bill to sleep in the committee on merchant marine and fisheries

Oregon hens are on duty and egge abound at last which the dealer car assure you are "fresh ranch eggs" without laying perjury upon his soul Columbia River smelt are brought u daily by the ton and retailed in the markets at 5 cents a pound. Lent may be said, therefore, to have come in auspices most favorable to the faithful.

### RUSSIA'S GRAND OLD MAN

Chicago Inter Ocean. When it is considered that the little in-formation which finds its way into the Russian newspapers is subject in advance to the rigid scrutiny of government censors, more than usual credence must be granted an item which comes from Tomsk. that city who is said to be 200 years old The Russian newspapers have been per mitted to say this and to add that the an nouncement is supported by documents. They allege that this man, though beden, is mentally sound, and that he re-

members seeing Peter the Great. By the side of this antique personage, of course, the last surviving body servant of Andrew Jackson can be considered only in the light of a thoughtless and in experienced youth, for the elderly Russian gentleman of Tomsk was an old man when Andrew Jackson was born. He ist have been an interested observe the reign of the terrible Catherine and, judged by his present mental condi-tion, he probably followed with intelli-gence the careers of the great Frederick and the great Napoleon from beginning

He was a hale and hearty old man when the American colonists rose in revolt against the mother country and established the greatest Republic the world has ever known; when Danton, Robespierre and the guillotine ruled Paris; when the Corsican adventurer poured grapeshot ruthlessly into the champions of liberty, equality and fraternity; when the bells of burning Moscow sounded the death knell of the grand army. To him Auster-litz, Leipsic, Waterloo are affairs only of yesterday. He was well over 100 years old before Chicago was founded. He had belose his teeth before Fernand nes' reminiscences began,

Although the earlier years of his life—say the first 125 years or so—were not altogether free from painful episodes in the world's history, yet he must now re-call them with pleasurable emotions as years in which there were no railroads, no telegraph wires, no telephones, no sew-ing machines, no historical novels, no ocean greyhounds, no ragtime melodies, no trusts, no devil wagons, no coon songs, no breakfast foods, no 10-cent magazines, no indeterminate franchises, no germ theory, no grip, no appendicitis, and no Geneva

And yet his life was saddened by events which prove that he has not been immune from the common griefs of mankind. He lost his wife 125 years ago, and it speaks well for his fidelity to the early partner of his joys and sorrows that, while he has probably during the last century and quarter been sorely tempted at times, has never given his heart to another, His life, we take it, has been devoted to the memory of the woman who was snatched from his side about the year 1778, and to that of his dear and only rho dled prematurely in 1824, at the

#### Who Was This, Pray!

Chicago Tribune. There is a young woman now having her coice trained in New York who may be expected shortly to burst upon the world as a prima donna under the stage name of Elsie Corcoran.

While the Bostonians were traveling or the Pacific Coast recently a telegram came from a prominent man in Portland, Or., asking if they would not give a hear. ing to a young woman of the state who had what seemed to local poeple a wonderful voice. A favorable answer was re-turned and she was told to meet the train at a rallroad junction some distance from ortland, where the train stopped for half an hour at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. The train pulled into the junction at the appointed time. It was barely dawn. Mr. Barnabee had been dragged from his berth

at that unearthly hour, and was ready when the train stopped. There on the platform stood the girl. "But, my dear," said the paternal Barabee, "I don't see how I can try your voice here. There's no plane within 20

"Til sing for you without any accom-paniment," said the girl. "The station agent says we can use his office as a

So the young singer and the veteran went into the ramshackle little wooden station, and without anything to inspire her the girl lifted up her voice and sang. "If you'll go to New York and study for a year or two," said Barnabee, "I don't see why you shouldn't do about what you please in the way of singing."

The girl went, and therefore Elsie Cor-

coran is a name to remember and look ou for in the future.

Sloux City Tribune. The setting sun of David B. Henderson's political career shines not with the clear and wholesome radiance which would tell of duties well done and service nobly ren-dered. It shines dimly through a fog of suspicion and distrust. David B. Henderson has listened to the song of the siren whose accompaniment is played on a golden harp. He has not had the stamina to resist temptations to use his great po-sition for personal advantage. He has been too weak to carry the responsibilities of public service. Never strong in in-tellectual endowment, he has shown him-self sadly deficient in moral fiber. He has discredited himself, betrayed the senti-ment of his district and state, and abused the confidence of his constituents. He will only save himself from the humiliating realization of how great has been his fall if he adheres to his announced determ tion not to return to Iowa to live.

## A Waste of Mental Activity.

Baltimore American. One of the questions about which people are worrying just now is whether John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is eligible to heaven. As the problem presents some difficulties, owing to various interpreta-tions of the entrance conditions, to say nothing of the world's inability ever to learn how it comes out until too late for any of us to profit by it, why not quit worrying about it and turn all that sur plus mental activity into more practica

## Not Worrying About Old Trusts.

Atlanta Journal, It has been demonstrated that combine -"trusts," as we now call them-have ex-isted since 2000 years before Christ. But, naturally, we are not worrying about the "B. C." combines. It's those that are on our chest right now that we want to shake off.

#### A Bootless Rivalry. Philadelphia Record.

What is the use of increasing our Navy till it shall be as large as that of Ger-many, if Germany will not stand still, but is bound to have a bigger navy than we have? Is every nation to have a bigger navy than any other nation?

Great Avoirdupols Not Essential. Memphis Commercial-Appeal.
While Judge Alton B. Parker is regarded as a good man, the objection is made to him that he does not weigh 200 pounds. Still, we do not think it is absolutely nec-

essary that our Presidential candidate should be Shaftered. Will Not Hustle for It. Louisville Times, Judge Alton B. Parker does not nov

## hold, as David B. Hill did a few years ago, that the best way to get the Presi-dency is to go out and hustle for it. In the Thingless Age.

Chloago Inter Ocean.

The coatless man throws a careless arm Round the waist of the hatless girl.

As over the dustless and mudless road in a horseless carriage they whiri. Although for lunch his coinless purse For them affords no means, Save a tasteless meal of boneless cod By the side of stringless beams, Yet he lights a tobaccoless cigarette And laughs a mirthless laugh. And laughs a mirthless laugh, While her father tries to call her back

### STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

Evidence of Failing Mind.

Washington Post.

Apropos of the recent adoption in Ver-nont of the high-license law, Representative Foster, of that state, tells an anec-dote about an old farmer who never had an ache or a pain, but who, nevertheless,

thought he ought to have a doctor, be-cause he had never had one. The interview was to the point, the farmer asserting that he could eat as far and that he slept so well he didn't get up

till it was time to do the milking.
"You are in perfect health," said the doctor to the farmer, after making a physical examination, "but you are in the

decline of life and perhaps you ought to take a tonic, something like a little rye whisky. said the farmer, "I could never

do that. I have a son, and that would 'Who is your barber?" queried the doc

"I shave myself," replied the farmer. "Well," rejoined the doctor, "couldn't you have a bottle in your room and take the tonic whenever you shave?"
This was agreed to, and it was so time before the doctor one day met the farmer's son and inquired about the pa-

"He is getting along very nicely," said the young man. "He is more active than ever, but he is losing his mind." "Losing his mind!" exclaimed the doctor in surprise. "What is the evidence

"Well," said the young man, "he insists on shaving himself six times a

### Not Up to the Racket.

Detroit Free Press. "I was in London a few years ago with Northern Michigan resident," said a Detroiter the other day, "and we had many a laugh over the English fop and masher as he mincod his way up and down Piccadilly of an evening. At length my friend, whose years had not given him any sedateness, rigged nimself out as a parader He had the clothes, the hat, the cane, the eyeglass, and the kangaroo galt, and off I could see nothing lacking in 'Cholly,' but there must have been son thing wrong, as he had not gone far when a policeman stopped him and said:

ne, now, but you must let up on this." 'S-o?' drawled my friend as he looked

Bobby up and down.
"Yes, you'd better get off."
"But why should I, ye know?"

"Because you are making yourself a hobject of ridicule, and ridicule is next to "If I am a hobiect of ridicule ther what do you say of that thing? asked my

friend, as he pointed to a masher ahead That? Why, he's no hobject of ridi-

"What is he a hobject of?"
"He's the hobject of the son of Lord, and worth £20,000 a year, and if you don't get hoff the street in five minutes my hobject will be to take you in."

## Buffalo Bill's Indians Tried Taba

Pittsburg Gazette.

Buffalo Bill, who is going to put up a
big hotel in the West, says that one day in New York he entertained two Indian chiefs at dinner in the Hoffman House cafe.

There was a little bottle of tabase sauce on the table, and the first chief covered his oysters with it, as though it oyster, going through strange contertions in the act, though he was too polite to make any outcry. His air, though, became sad, and big tears coursed down his

"Why, brother, do you weep?" the other chief asked, sympathetically.
"I am thinking," said the first, "of my son, Gray Wolf, who was slain in bat-

"Ah," murmured the second chief, and he, too, covered his oyster plentifully with the fiery sauce, then swallowed one. He, too, in a moment, was His friend said gravely: ment, was shedding

"Why do you weep, brother?"
"I weep," was the retort, "because I am sorry that you were not slain in that

battle you spoke of, along with your

## Good Reading for Frank.

Frank Rockefeller, a brother of the Standard Oil magnate and the pos of enormous cattle ranches in Kansas and Texas, has been visiting a nephew in Emporia. And this is the pleasant little notice given of this visit by the Emporia Gazette

"Mr. Rockefeller came in from Kansa City last night. He paid a visit to the Sunny Slope farm and afterward went down to Simon Harker's and bought some of his wild ducks and geese, which he had sent to his ranch in Klowa County When he returned he took off his conand ate a big supper and complimented Mrs. Rockefeller on her cooking. He said it had been so long since he had eaten such a big supper that he had forgotten about it. After supper he sat around in his shirt sleeves and chewed tobacco and spit in the stove and was as agreeable and common as if he was worth only \$10.

## Tillman's Other Weapon

Baltimore Herald. Occasionally Senator Tiliman uses other weapons than a pitchfork in chastising his colleagues in the upper branch. For instance, he walked up to Senator Bevthe chamber a few days ago and shook hands and slapped him sharply on the right wrist.
"And that's for your sassy statehoo

## Early Rising.

speech," he said.

John Godfrey Saxe.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I; And bless him, also, that he didn't keep His great discovery to himself, nor try To make it—as the lucky fellow might— A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes-bless the man who first invented sleep, (i really can't avoid the iteration); But bless the man, with curses loud and deep Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or sta

tion, Who first invented, and went round advising, That artificial cut-off-Early Rising! "Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed," Observes some solemn, sentimental owl; Maxims like these are very cheaply said;

But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl, Pray just inquire about his rise and fall, And whether larks have any beds at all! The time for bonest folks to be abed

Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks! Thompson, who sung about the "Seasons," sai It was a glorious thing to "rise" in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At 10 o'clock A. M—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his pr

Tis doubtless well to be sometimes awake-Awake to duty, and awake to truth— But when, alas! a nice review we take Of our best deeds and days, we find, in soo The hours that leave the slightest cause

Are those we passed in childhood or asleep! Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile For the soft visions of the gentle night; And, free, at last, from mortal care or guile, To live as only in the angels' sight, In sleep's sweet realm, so coully shut in, Where, at the worst, we only "dream" of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise, I like the lad who, when his father thought To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase Of vagrant worm by early songster caught, ried, "Served him right!-it's not at all sur

prising: worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

A policeman's not always as blue as he

The printers of Washington must be a

tight-floted lot. Portland had one divorce for every seven marriages last year.

"Did you pass your 'exams'?" said the cop to the fireman. And the small boy grinned.

Never mind. Lent is only 40 days long. The Legislature was in session 40 days and we've got to atone in some way.

Poor lawyers and poor doctors are two

xpensive luxuries. Who experiments with both may hope for a bankrupt's grave, At this rate the jetty is likely to be finished before the transformation of the

Grant into a dredge. But the Grant will be ready for the Lake Washington Canal. White back drivers take the negroes to their balls, and whites split wood for the

Chinese on Second street. But it's too late to get a "jim crow" bill in this Legisla-The latest Boston literary sharp to come into public notice is the Hon. William B. Kirkpatrick, president of the Boston Bar-

tenders' Union, who makes specialties of Shakespeare and Browning. A number of actremes of New York have organized a "Copyright Face Club" to protect their photographs from reproduction for all sorts of impertment advertising. They're not likely to encounter much trouble if the copyright doesn't extend

There is much cry in certain quarters because there is to be no women's building at the St. Louis Exposition. One of the women of the exposition corrowfully

below the face, which in most cases forms

but a small and unimportant part of the

says: women on an equality with men, and they are equal in the exposition, yet we will have no

building. Well, what of it? There isn't going to be a man's building, either, is there?

According to Secretary Moody's report 89 per cent of the bluejackets of our Navy are citizens of the United States and 76 per cent are native born. A few years ago the majority of them were foreigners-principally Scandinavians. At the outbreak of the war with Spain many Continental newspapers prophesied that the allens would desert, leaving the ships dangerously short-handed, but they proved loyal to a man.

The profound Billy Bryan, the modest, shrinking Billy Hearst and Cart Harrison, the lucky, appear to be the new Democratic triumvirate. Having painted and bedecked themselves with feathers, donned their war bonnets and seized their tomahawks and scalping knives, they are skulking about the backyards of political influence and plotting the massacre of all the Roosevelt palefaces. These kids have been reading too much yellow "literature."

The delirium of the Eugene Register is becoming a serious matter, if we are to judge from the following disorderly out-

The incipient balm that betokens the coming of ye gladsome springtide has roused the dormant energies of the trilling swale frog, and his gleeful vocalisations now presage an early emancipation from the gloom and drizzle of Winter's dispiriting murk. Soon the world will se gay with springtime and Eugene will be at her best, flooded with sunshine, the trees budding greenly, the grass in the parks and on the lawns an unbroken emerald, and the borders bright with sweet-smelling flowers, and the lilacs all in bloom.

A very black customs inspector, one of the President's recent appointees, boarded a German steamship entering harbor the other day. The immigrants did not take to him at all, protesting that ne could not speak the language. yes, no speaks German all right," was the reply of an old-timer. "Try him." "How long you been in dals contree?"

asked a prospective citizen from the Low country. "Dref months" said the colored inspector, gutturally.

"Drei month!" exclaimed the German. "Ant so much color change? I go me back to Zhairmany py ter next steamer."

A company of theatrical people recently tried to agree upon a list of 10 dramas of American authorship that would survive for two generations. Without much difficulty they selected these nine;

Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel."
Augustus Thomas "Alabama."
William Gillette's "Secret Service."
James Herne's "Shore Acres."
James Herne's "Margaret Fleming."
Judge Conrad's "Jack Cade."
John Howard Payne's "Brutus."
Dr. Bird's "Spartacus." Dr. Bird's "Spartacus." Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For the tenth opinion was hopelessly

divided between these five: Boker's "Francesca da Rimini." Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy." Bronson Howard & Herne's "Sag Harbor." Thomas "Arizona" and "In Mizzoura."

"The American Almanac, Year-Book, Cyclopedia and Atlas," published by William R. Hearst, is a newcomer in its field. Its maiden edition of 1005 is a book of nearly 1000 pages, compactly printed and substantially bound. Within this scope the extensive mission which is marked out for it is well fulfilled for the needs of the busy man in search of a handy work of reference. Maps, with full indices, are coplously supplied to illustrate the text, and the notable persons of the world are depicted in half-tones. Besides covering the usual field of such publications, there are a number of innovations, "Society in the United States"-three pages of a gossipy review, with pictures of prominent New York women-may be considered, perhaps, a modest beginning of an American Almanach de Gotha. The book contains an immense mass of facts,

#### systematically arranged. PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS Dolly-You say Grace married into the smart

He—What would you call a "polite fiction"?
She—Why, if I should say to you, "Really, Mr.
Jones, I hope you are not thinking of going so soon!"—Judge.

Bester!"—Bester!"

Bookseller-I have something exceedingly rare in the way of books. Blinks-Thanks. Wit comes to a book, I prefer one that is done.—Harper's Bazar. Deacon Johnson-What yo' doin' now, Abe! Abe Hardcase-Cleanin' out a bank. Deacon Johnson-President, cashier, bookkeeper or jan-itor!-Leslie's Weekly.

Clara-Going in for charity again, are you What is it this time? Dora-We are going t distribute cheap copies of Beethoven's symphonics among the poor. Music is such an alto digestion, you know.—New York Weekly. Maud-I feel so surry for poor Lillian. S and Reggie had it all planned to elope, a now they have to give it up. Jack-What

the trouble? Maud-She can't persuade stingy old papa to give them the carry it out.—Kansas City Journal. "Dear," said the ardent lover, "the date ye have set for our wedding falls upon a Frida You're not superstitious about that, I hope "Oh, no," replied the popular actress; "It never phase me if I'm married on thirte Fridays,"—Philadeiphia Press.