# The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 61; minimum temperature, 54; precipitation, .23 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy, with occasional rain; brisk to high winds, diminishing in force.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, OCT. 6, 1903.

## PUBLICITY FOR "PULL."

The conduct of the public schools of Portland is a topic which The Oregonian always approaches with fear and trembling. So important is the education of the young, and so far-reaching might be a mistake, that praise and blame are only awarded with extreme caution. Yet, on the whole, the retrospect is gratifying, for are not the schools prosperous and effective? The results speak for themselves, and hence we are emboldened to urge upon the Superintendent a new departure which has been found efficacious in the hands of Superintendent Cooley, of Chicago.

Like other American cities, it seems, Chicago is inhabited by sundry persons of alleged influence, who are moved ever and anon to interfere in the management of the schools—not for the good of the system, but on behalf of their own particular friends. This effort is directed at the transfer or appointment of teachers, who have influential acquaintances. Needless to say, the "pulls" thus exerted rarely have for their aim the betterment of the schools or the welfare of the children. They are calculated to render more pleasant the lot of the teachers or applicants with pulls, and incidentally to minister to the vanity of the aforesaid eminent, influential and prominent.

Superintendent Cooley has had recourse to a celebrated slogan of President Roosevelt—"publicity." He has concluded that if it is right to recognize these "pulls," it is right to do so publicly. Hence he induced the school board last year to give him a rule under which he reports accurately at board meetings the true history of every pull that has been brought to bear and just what came of it. Within the year past he has been the object of thirty-nine "pulls" on behalf of thirty teachers, and he tells the board exactly who made them, what teachers they were made in the interest of, and what he did in each case. This is an unusually small number. It indicates that the rule is diminishing the "pull habit."

Some such arrangement as this is desirable in every city in the land. Persons are appointed to teach because they are hard up, or because some distinguished citizen is interested in them, or because they are "right" politically, or because of some real or imagined claim they have on charity or good fellowship. If this method could be adopted here, and the newspapers given access to the report on "pulls," teachers would stand more on their merits and children would learn more.

## VARIETY IN ATHLETICS.

Athletic sports, at least those that come under the classification of track and field events, have for some time been exhibiting a tendency to remain in a rut. Certain set contests figure on the programme of every athletic meeting, and other contests which require equal pluck and skill are regarded by the authorities as essentially extraneous and not for a moment to be admitted into the company of such events as the hundred, the high jump or the hammer. Not only is this unreasonable in itself, but it reduces a meeting to such monotony that spectators cease to be attracted, and, further, reduces the number of competitors.

That such stickling for the limitation of programmes to the traditional contests is unreasonable is shown by the very names of the usual events. How did they arise? The running and jumping are the natural outcome of primeval competitions, and of the events that require apparatus the hurdle race may be placed in the same category. The hammer and the shot show by their names how they grew from simple contests with the first materials at hand, although the hammer is no longer a hammer, and the shot is no longer a shot. The pole vault is another instance. All the usual events have thus sprung up from chance contests, and they have no divine right to exclude others.

This being the case, it is with pleasure that we observe such papers as the Illustrated Sporting News seriously proposing the inclusion of four new events in future athletic meetings. The four selected are those seen at the last meeting of the Greater New York Irish Athletic Association, namely, rising and striking the hurling ball, throwing the javelin, putting the stone and a contest at archery. Of these four events, however, there are two that seem unsuitable for different reasons. Archery is really a pursuit by itself, and does not seem fitted for a general athletic meeting any more than does rifle or revolver shooting, while putting the stone is merely a variation on the shot. The Highland games furnish a suggestion for a strength contest to replace putting the stone, and that is tossing the caber, an interesting event, both for contestants and for spectators. If the fourth event were required, it would seem that throwing the baseball or something of that kind would afford variety. But there is no reason why room should not be found for all of those mentioned and more besides.

## FUSIONIST FOOLISHNESS.

While the ways of New York's municipal politics are past finding out to the uninitiated, it is perfectly clear that Murphy, the Tammany leader, has put the Fusionists in a deep hole. Whatever chance they originally had to re-elect Mayor Low, probably not very great, is daily becoming less through the shrewd management of Murphy and the adroitness with which he plays upon the prejudices of the cordial haters of Tammany.

Prejudice aside, there was as much profit as loss for the Fusion cause in the ratification of Grout and Fornes by the Democrats. It is conceivable that some votes might be drawn from Low through the presence of Grout and Fornes on the Democratic ticket, but these would be offset and perhaps more than counterbalanced by the votes that Grout and Fornes would draw to Low from their presence on the Fusion ticket. But it is perfectly clear that the guiding motive of the Fusionist council is not reason, so much as hatred of Tammany. It was more desirable to force Grout and Fornes off the ticket, at whatever peril to Low and the main prize, than to let Grout and Fornes be elected with the aid of Tammany votes. This may be staunch feeling, but it is not politics.

It is a fair reading of Leader Murphy's tactics that, by indorsing Grout and Fornes, he hoped to throw the Fusion camp into exactly the paroxysm of rage and agitation which it is now manifesting. The Fusion managers were not wise enough to call his bluff and put the laugh on him. They were weak enough to fall into his trap and engulf themselves in a pit from which each exit seems more hopeless than all others. In any event, they have established Murphy in high esteem as a political manipulator, have stirred the Fusion camp into confusion and mutual distrust, and have visited a measure of invidiousness upon Grout and Fornes which will be resented by those men and their friends, and can only drive them into more sympathetic relations with Tammany Hall.

Amid such conflicting testimony, it is impossible to say what are the facts concerning the interview in which Grout canvassed with Mayor Low the possibility of an indorsement of Grout and Fornes by Tammany Hall; but even here the Fusion cause appears at very poor advantage. No one can doubt that at that interview Mr. Grout possessed a distinct idea of the possibility of the Tammany indorsement and sought to acquaint himself with the Mayor's impression of such a contingency. The impression he got was favorable. Mr. Low seems to avoid any direct and positive assertion that he gave Mr. Grout no justification for his belief in the Mayor's complaisance under a Tammany indorsement of Grout and Fornes; but he is disposed to divert the issue to the ground that whatever he said he did not believe the Tammany indorsement possible, and the further ground that he supposed Grout and Fornes were still implacably and belligerently hostile to Tammany. This is not the question in issue, for if reason was given Grout and Fornes to believe that an indorsement of them by Tammany would not be resented by the Fusionists, and if they acted upon that hypothesis, they have just cause of complaint if that indorsement is now made the basis of a demand that they withdraw from the Fusion ticket.

The Fusionist requirement of fanatic antagonism to Tammany looks more like fetishism than good politics, or else the antics we are now beholding are the acts of those who foresee defeat and are merely paving the way for escape from responsibility for the ultimate defeat. Mismanagement of this sort is little short of criminal. That New York City, after all its black rec- or under the Tiger's rule, and all its immense gains under decent government, should go deliberately back to slavery under Tammany Hall, would be a National calamity and a source of grief and pain to right-minded men everywhere.

## IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

The resignation of the Duke of Devonshire from the British Cabinet is not unexpected. He was a Liberal under Gladstone until home rule for Ireland became the salient feature of that statesman's policy. He has always been an unflinching free trader, and his departure from the Cabinet is due to the fact that he does not propose to be misunderstood. He stands at the head of the old-time Whig aristocracy of England; is a man of great wealth, a great landholder, and, by his character and talents, justly possessed of great influence. He cannot face both ways, like Prime Minister Balfour, so he steps down and out. If Mr. Balfour had simply said in his published letters that he might favor a policy of retaliation against countries which have virtually barred out English goods, but that he did not approve of giving a tariff preference to the colonies, nobody would have left his Cabinet save Chamberlain.

When Mr. Balfour said he was a convert to Chamberlain's plan of granting a preference to the colonies, which means a tax on food, but that the time was not ripe for the application of that principle to legislation, he drove Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton to resign, and now the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, has followed their example. The Duke of Devonshire resigns because he will not sacrifice his convictions as an uncompromising free trader to party expediency. At the late session of Parliament Mr. Balfour had behind him a majority of 140, but the present signs indicate that at the coming session nothing can save him from defeat unless he is able to obtain on their own terms the votes of the Irish Nationalist party. Today one section of the Conservative Unionist party agrees with Chamberlain in favoring the adoption of a tariff which shall enable England, by levying duties on food products imported from foreign countries, to give a preference to like articles shipped from the colonies.

The Balfour faction accepts the policy of retaliation, believes in the preferential policy, but not in its enactment at present, while the Duke of Devonshire, with ex-Minister Ritchie, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Arthur Elliott, declines to sanction any departure from England's traditional free trade policy. These English free traders, by the influence of the Duke of Devonshire, will command not less than ninety votes in the House of Commons. This defection to the Liberal side from Balfour's party will wipe out his majority unless he can obtain the eighty-one votes of the Irish Nationalist party.

## A GRATIFYING REPORT.

The postal business of a community is the barometer of its prosperity. The increase of a city's population and the growth and development of its business are intelligently and accurately recorded in its quarterly and annual returns of receipts and disbursements. While the citizens of Portland have been fully aware of the large increase in business, in population and in home-building in the city during the past year they feel a pardonable pride in the proof of all of this, that the official returns of the postal business furnishes. Census rolls may be made deceptive through the cunning of self-interest. Not so the postal returns. When the gross receipts of the Portland Postoffice show an increase of nearly $43,000 in a year it is manifest that there has been something doing out of the ordinary in the field covered by its operations during that period. And, when glancing down the column of official returns, it is found that the receipts of all of the principal postoffices in Oregon, and, indeed, of the Pacific Northwest, show a relative increase, the evidence of an abounding prosperity throughout this wide region is conclusive.

Astoria, Ashland, Baker City, Eugene, Corvallis, Grant's Pass, Heppner, La Grande, McMinnville, Marshfield, Pendleton, Prineville, Roseburg, Salem, The Dalles, Tillamook—what a diversity of resources and interests are comprehended in the growth of postal business in the widely separated sections that these names represent! They tell in agriculture of teeming harvests; in horticulture, of laden orchards and vines; in manufacturing, in merchandising, in dairying, in mechanical industries and in all lines of labor, of abounding activity. It is the one official report in which everybody in the section that it covers is personally interested. It shames discontent, inspires local pride, is a spur to endeavor, a substantial indorsement of prosperity.

## THE SOCK ELOQUENT.

Despite Tom Reed's definition of a statesman as a "politician that has been dead for twenty-five years," the public has long been puzzled to distinguish one class from the other. It is therefore with especial gratitude that we welcome the clear, the unmistakable dividing line drawn by the Hon. John Dunfee, whose vocation is millionairing and avocation politics. Mr. Dunfee serves on the Democratic committee of New York State, and it was while boosting a party candidate that he gave utterance to our one convincingly authoritative definition of a statesman. "I pay 20 cents for my socks," declared Mr. Dunfee; "no statesman should pay more."

What sawdust reputations will not that dagger definition prick into nothingness! We see the stuffing trickle from the figure of John Hay—whom we had rather suspected to be a man of straw. And President Roosevelt—is he wearing two-bit socks? For, mark you, 5 cents makes the difference. The wind that blew aside his coat tails and disclosed a revolver may play him a worse prank by blowing up his trousers and revealing the costly socks of the politician. And Jim Ham Lewis! Well, we wot his famous green socks, imported from European sockeries, were never paid for with two dimes. Alas, there are few of our fancied statesmen that survive the test. Mr. Dunfee himself is the most prominent of those that are not stuffed with sawdust; and even he, it seems to us, must hide his minished feet beside those of Jerry Simpson. The statesman with 20-cent socks can be but a follower to the entirely sockless. Hurrah for shirt sleeves diplomacy! Hurrah for sockless statesmanship!

## A CHEAP VIRTUE.

It is singular that intelligent men persist in extravagant admiration for courage when, as a matter of fact, the most remarkable displays of courage and endurance of death by slow torture have been given by men of the most detestable character. Much has been written in praise of the courage of Christian martyrs, but no Christian martyr ever endured his torments with more patience and courage than were shown by the assassins Gerard, Ravaillac and Damiens. Much is made of the courage of Army officers in battle, but the greatest soldier that ever lived has been equaled in courage under fire by some of the vilest ruffians in his command.

In the Civil War a shell thrown from the Confederate batteries at Fort Darling fell on the deck of one of our gunboats, with the fuse still smoking. One of the men stepped forward, picked it up and threw it overboard. Just as it struck the water the shell exploded. Had that action been performed by an officer it would have gained him promotion. The daredevil who did it a few years afterwards cut a woman's throat, robbed the house she was in, and set fire to it to conceal his crime. The fire was put out before the body was burned; the man was arrested, tried, convicted and hanged. On the scaffold he exhibited the same nerve that he had shown when he picked up the smoking shell at the risk of being killed. He was a low-minded, cruel wretch, but he could behave as well in the face of imminent death as the most heroic Christian martyr that ever lived, and behave a vast deal better than thousands of men his superiors in all the virtues and abilities that serve to enlarge civilization and adorn existence.

The truth is that courage in face of death, which is nothing but the control of fear, is a very cheap virtue and greatly overrated when we remember how common it is and how frequently it is exhibited by the very worst villains. To illustrate: A very cruel murderer goes to execution with composure. If his bodily health is not seriously impaired, there is every reason why a hopeless villain who had reached the end of his career should meet the inevitable with composure. An innocent man might find it difficult to conceal his rage and horror at being wantonly robbed of life, but superficial pride and vanity helps nearly all criminals to die well. It is said that, of all the persons sent to the guillotine during the "Reign of Terror" in 1792-94, there was only one man who showed loss of self-command, and showed not fear, but anger. The only woman who behaved without courage was Madame Du Barry, the last favorite of Louis XV.

The truth is that courage, or the want of it, is either a matter of temperament or a question of physical health. Comparatively few men behave cowardly as soldiers under fire, if their officers are brave men, and yet military courage is bottomed chiefly on pride. Sir Colin Campbell, in the Crimea, in command of the Highland Brigade, is reported to have shouted to his men: "Boys, old Scotland forever. If any of you misbehave, I'll have your names posted on the door of the village kirk at home."

That threat would, of course, be effective. Bad men of desperate careers have died with resignation and dignity, and many good men have made much meaner ends in comparison. It is largely, if not chiefly, a matter of temperament and nerve power. Most men, if they retain their mental sanity, die as they have lived. Bad men are not seldom brave, and good men are sometimes wanting in courage. Robert Louis Stevenson said: "We accept the agony of heroes, while we revolt against the agony of culprits," but in real life the hero often does not endure his agony any more patiently than the culprit.

President Roosevelt has been persistently assailed by the Democratic and anti-imperialist press because he made no reference in his speech at Antietam of General McClellan. Antietam was an open field fight; there were no entrenched lines on either side. Lee's position was strong, but he held it firmly with not more than 40,000 men against an army of 87,000 splendid soldiers, nearly all of whom were veterans. The next day after this drawn battle Lee, who had lost 10,000 men, offered McClellan battle, but McClellan, who had received 14,000 reinforcements to make good his loss of 12,000, dared not renew his attack, and Lee withdrew across the Potomac without any loss whatever. McClellan was still in bed at 8:30 A. M. when General Sumner, of the Second Corps, reported to him for orders, and he passed the day two and a half miles from the battlefield. McClellan in the forenoon put in the corps of Hooker, Mansfield and Sumner, which composed his right wing. They were so badly beaten in detail by Lee that by 1 P. M. there was no fight left in them. Then, at 3 P. M., McClellan's left, under Burnside, attacked and by dark was fought to a standstill. In other words, Lee was permitted to first reinforce his left hand with his right, and then his right hand with his left, while McClellan let his left wing stand still all morning while his right was beaten in detail. Thus from 35,000 to 40,000 Confederates were able to repulse an army of 87,000 in an open-field fight. Of such a general, what possibly could be said, if the truth of history be respected, that would be pleasant for his friends to hear? The silence of President Roosevelt and Governor Murphy was in accordance with the view that silence concerning the dead is best when nothing good can be truthfully said.

Another old tradition has been assailed. A New York physician declares that the hygienic canon about the indigestibility of fresh bread is founded, not upon the unwholesomeness of this article of diet, but solely upon the fact that people are so fond of fresh bread that they are prone to eat too much of it when they permit themselves to eat in at all. Wherefore he tells his patients to eat in moderation of fresh bread, as of everything else, and they will enjoy the pleasures of good digestion. This will be good news to those who enjoy fresh rolls for breakfast, though it is doubtful if the indulgence will be tempered with the moderation enjoined. The American fault lies in the direction of eating too much and too rapidly. The baked apple which finishes a hearty meal of roast pork, mince pie and doughnuts is too apt to be anathematized as the cause of the gastric trouble that follows. So the hot rolls that are a part of a breakfast of sausage, hard-boiled eggs and strong coffee, very likely receive an undue share of the blame for the stomachic distress that follows. Moderation in eating and proper time given to the process will enable people to eat of the food that they like best, usually with impunity.

The failure to find germs of disease in water is no proof that such germs are not present. Millions of gallons of water flow daily past a given point. If the germs of disease were so numerous that they could be found in every sample of water put under a microscope, the whole population drinking the water would be exterminated. There may be disease germs in the water of a river, and yet a hundred samples taken may not contain them. The lone fisherman hesitates not to quaff the refreshing liquid of the stream, notwithstanding the fact that it contains the sewerage of a city a mile or two above. An analysis of the water at that place might fail to show impurities, but who will say they are not there? The real problem is to keep impurities out of the river or get a water supply from a stream into which no impurities are deposited.

All the information that the so-called Ministerial Association has, and all the information the public has, in regard to various kinds of vice in Portland, and the policy of the municipal administration in dealing with it, has been furnished through The Oregonian. And all the protest that has been made against this policy has obtained publicity through it. When it is asserted that The Oregonian has "suppressed" anything, it is in order to remind those who assert it that all the information they possess on the subject has been supplied to them through this newspaper, and all their own statements in protest have been given publicity through its columns. The Oregonian "suppresses" nothing.

The older members of this community have received a painful shock in the story of the downfall of Arthur T. Johnson, a son of an honorable and energetic citizen of the pioneer era. Remembering the earnest, sturdy endeavor of the father, through which he built up a comfortable fortune and maintained an honest name in business, it is difficult to realize that one of his sons could voluntarily assume the role of a common pickpocket. The family of the young man is entitled to the most profound sympathy.

## CORRUPTER OF SCOTLAND.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Mr. Carnegie places on the shoulders of the youth whom he induces to follow him a burden such as neither they nor their fathers have been asked to bear, and such as it is unjust and cruel to impose."

These sweet words of thanks are given to Andrew Carnegie in return for his gift of sundry millions of pounds for the encouragement of education in Scotland. But these are not all. Read the article by a certain "dour Scot" who signs himself "Glasgow" in the current number of the National Review, and you will quickly learn how irretrievably the upstart steel master, hated giver of hated gifts, has alienated from him the regard of the people of his native land.

The article is entitled "Will Mr. Carnegie Corrupt Scotland?" but the title is a misnomer. The hesitant phrase must have been slyly substituted by the editor for "Glasgow's" own fierce battle cry—a cry far too fierce and terrific for any self-regarding magazine to administer point blank on a title page to an unprepared public. "Glasgow" knows that the corruption has begun. He feels it in every drop of blood in his veins.

Carnegie the Corrupter, we learn, began his foul work with gifts of libraries, "a pregnant source of honor and glory to the gracious donor himself." He followed these up with church organs, which are even now "ministering to the unhealthy appetite of the invertebrate and sentimental congregations."

But "Glasgow" does not linger long with morsels of corruption such as these. He hastens to the university endowment fund, the very fountain head of Carnegie corruption. One-half of this endowment was given by Mr. Carnegie to provide new professorships and buildings for the four Scottish universities. This half "Glasgow" tells us "is skillfully contrived to secure the subservience of the universities," and is "a sure preparation for the ultimate ruin of the Scottish seats of learning." It is the work of a "new Don Quixote inspired and impelled by his grotesque hallucinations."

The second half of the endowment was given to aid in the support of Scottish students, with the understanding that the students may repay the gift later in life if they so desire. Listen to "Glasgow:"

Did it ever occur to Mr. Carnegie as a man of the world that in thus hampering young footsteps on the very threshold of life he was making a very perilous and deadly experiment? Each poor student must "go through life with Mr. Carnegie steated heavily on his shoulders, a veritable old man of the sea." Should he fail, what is to become of him? He cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed, and he incontinently sinks into the grand army of loafers. It is distressing to have to say it, but such seems to be not only the possible, but the inevitable fate of the hundreds who are now starting with Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm in the wake of Mr. Carnegie's decorated barge.

After all this we would expect from "Glasgow" at least one hopeful word at the end. Not so. "Dour" he remains.

"The position is heavy with dreary omen, as was that of Hannibal when his brother's grisly head was rolled into his camp, and he explained that the doom of Carthage was pronounced in the incident. Mr. Carnegie is the indefatigable propagandist whose vices will presently render the streets and byways loathsome with portentous heads."

How happy must Mr. Carnegie be that there is a Scotland ready to his hand. Surely nowhere else can the adventures of benevolence be so exciting.

### Warrington to Pendennis, Eh?

The Schoolmaster.

After all, young man, your college of journalism is the college of effort, and you must begin at the bottom, no matter what you may acquire in a university. No one knows how a journalist is made and no one knows how to make one. A machine that will turn out a journalist and give him a degree to that effect may do a good business in degrees and may equip some young men to write after a fashion—without inspiration—follos of sorrow. A great newspaper is a strange, live and unexpected thing that rushes into existence through the night, made by many hands, swayed by many circumstances, and born in the rush and delirium of 10,000 thrilling currents racing to their goal from the brain centers of the world. A strange untutored youth standing in the doorway sees something spring out of the confusion, grasps it and is gone. To him it is a thing to sell in a hurry. To you and me, who have watched its birth, it is like the finished model in the sculptor's studio surrounded by the waste and wreck of scaffolding and clay, standing alone in its simple magnificence, the marvelous offspring of Science and Art—a modern newspaper. To know this thing, to understand how it grows, upon what it feeds, what sustains it, and what it means, you must have lived with it; and you shall not know it in any other college of journalism.

### The President Is Untrained Also.

Baltimore Sun.

As a rule the Vice-President is not less prepared for the duties of the Presidency than the average statesman who is elevated to that office by the votes of the people. There is no argument for the selection of men of high class for the Vice-Presidency that does not apply with equal and perhaps even greater force to the selection of candidates for the Presidency. Nor is the Vice-President without means of acquiring information about the policy of the Government and the merits of proposed legislation. As presiding officer of the Senate he hears debates on all the important questions that are discussed in the higher branches of Congress. He is, it may be assumed, on intimate terms with the leaders in the Senate. Surely, the privileges which he enjoys as the presiding officer of a great legislative body ought to be of distinct value to him in adding o the store of knowledge. The Vice-President has as many opportunities to qualify himself to be President as the man who, without previous training, is elected to the Presidency and without experience begins at once to perform the duties of his office.

### The Emperor and I.

Boston Globe.

The German Emperor and I
Within the self-same year were born,
Beneath the self-same sky.
Upon the self-same morn;
A Kaiser he, of high estate;
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince, and mine—
Why, just a farmer, that is all.
Stars are stars, although some shine,
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;
But argue, cavil all you can,
My sire was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I
Eat, drink, and sleep the self-same way;
For bread is bread, and pie is pie,
And kings can eat but thrice a day.
And sleep will only come to those
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,
And he at five and does the same;
We both have cares we cannot shirk;
Mine are for loved ones, his for fame.
He may live best, I cannot tell;
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;
And yet, if pictures do not err,
As far as human sight can see
Mine is by long odds twice as fair.
Say, would I trade those eyes dark brown?
Not for an Empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I
On this one point could ne'er agree;
Moreover, we will never try.
His frau suits him and mine suits me;
And though his sons may one day rule,
Mine stand A1 in public school.

So let the Kaiser have his way,
Bid kings and nations tumble down,
I have my freedom and my say,
And fear no ruler and his crown;
For I, unknown to fame or war,
Live where each man is emperor.

## DOES THE MAMMOTH SURVIVE?

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dr. J. P. Frizell, a Government employe in Alaska, has returned to San Francisco with a strange story that will stir the blood of every zoologist and hunter.

He declares that on Unimak Island, the first of the chain that extends westward from the Alaska Peninsula and forms the southern boundary of Behring Sea, he came across comparatively fresh tracks of an animal larger than any that has been supposed heretofore to exist in those regions.

They were nearly circular, 19 by 20 inches, four feet apart, and sunk about four inches in the ice, snow and frozen soil. They were such tracks as could be made only by some animal having approximately the dimensions of an elephant.

As no ordinary elephant could possibly be there, Dr. Frizell's conclusion is that there is, or recently was, somewhere in Arctic Alaska, a surviving specimen of the mammoth, or hairy northern elephant, whose bones and tusks are common in Northern Siberia.

In 1799 the carcass of a mammoth was found frozen on the banks of the Lena River in Siberia, its flesh so well preserved that it was eaten by wolves and dogs. It has been supposed that this animal had been dead for several thousand years, and that its flesh had accidentally been thus preserved in a sort of natural refrigerator.

In view of the tracks which Dr. Frizell says he saw, it seems possible that the Lena mammoth may have died much more recently than was supposed—perhaps only a year or two before its carcass was found. For here are indications that another specimen may have been living 100 years later.

A Dutch scientist has lately collected all known reports of the sea serpent, and drawn from them the conclusion that the body of evidence they present is too great to be explained away on the theory that all these hundreds of witnesses were deceived or deceivers.

He made out so good a case for the recent existence of some enormous sea animal of one of the types generally deemed extinct that many men of science have seriously considered whether a systematic search in the waters whence sea-serpent stories most frequently come might not result in finding this animal.

The evidence for the present existence of the mammoth is not nearly so ample as that for the sea serpent. Yet, if Dr. Frizell is to be believed, a mammoth must have been living quite recently. If the tracks he describes are or were there, they must have been made by something.

Zoologists thought a few years ago that they knew at least all the general kinds of large vertebrates on the earth. Then the okapi came out of Central Africa to prove their error. It was absolutely new. There was no hint of it in the old records nor in the tales of former travelers.

In such unfrequented regions as Alaska there certainly is large chance that unknown animals may be found. And if any specimen of the mammoth does survive it would be there, for Alaska now has the climate in which the mammoth flourished when prehistoric man drew pictures of it on ivory from its own tusks.

### Do You?

New York Times.

The teachers in the New York vacation schools get some queer work from some of their pupils.

One of the English instructors reports having received the following composition on the Rocky Mountain goat:

"The Rocky Mountain goat is a oblong annual, with a leg at each corner. He has long shaggy hair, and big curved horns. He gets awful mad when backed up against a stone wall and when so will fight fierce. He is something like the ordinary billy-goat, and some people think that he was once wild. I think he was too, because I have one who sometimes gets awful fierce and won't work. Horses sometimes get fierce and won't work, too. I think the reason tramps look so fierce is because they won't work.

"His hair, besides being long, is gray, and he has a bunch of whiskers on his chin and looks somethin' like a Irishman.

"His legs are thick at the top and come down like a spindle. He is a fine climber and never misses his feetsteps.

"He lives on mountain dew and jumps from jag to jag. Do you?"

### Taft Has a Future.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The Secretary of War designate, William H. Taft, is a man of extraordinary abilities and high character. His record on the bench in Ohio was one of distinction and of power. His course in the Philippines has been wise, just, large, winning and brilliant. He has won the affection of the Filipinos and he commands the confidence and the admiration of all Americans. Like Mr. Root, a great lawyer and a great jurist, he will bring distinction to the War Department and add distinction to it as well. Mr. Roosevelt has done to the Army and to the Nation a significant service by securing Judge Taft's consent to enter the Cabinet. The Judge leaves the Philippines only on account of impaired health. He has established a system of rule there which will number him among the benefactors of mankind, and which will ennoble the name of the United States as a colonial administrator in history. The country has reason to thank the Secretary who is to retire and to congratulate itself on the abilities and the character of the man who is to take his place.

### To Dakota for a Husband.

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Miss Matilda Stevenson of Sweden believes that husbands are more easily obtained in Dakota than in her fatherland, and, for the express purpose of annexing one, she has journeyed to this country.

Miss Stevenson told Inspector Hartan that her sister, who had married in Dakota, had written her to migrate to the land of wheat and divorces, where she could not fail to be happily married. The would-be bride is 40 years old.

Also a passenger on the Haverford was Hulda Person, 12 years old, who wore a sheepskin tag on her neck, directing her to a wealthy uncle in Osceola Mills, Pa.

Ten Macedonian refugees also were passengers on the Haverford. They told pathetic stories of the destruction of life and property in their home land, and seemed to fear the vengeance of Turkish spies even in Philadelphia.

### Not Sufficiently Explicit.

New York Sun.

The Hon. Glasgow Harris, colored, of Newberry County, South Carolina, is confident that he is 113 years old. It is certain tha he has been married five times and is the father of 37 children. The habits and diet of Glasgow Harris throw no new light on the secret of viability. He is a wet centenarian; "says he has chewed and smoked all the time and drank all the whisky he could get." This is regrettably indefinite. How much could he get? What was the average position and relation of his thirst and his supply? Till that is known he cannot belong to science.

### Autumn.

John G. Whittier.

My Autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And, both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away,
Before it leaves its blessing.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning!

That clouds must veil this fair sunshine
Not less a joy I find it;
Nor less yon warm horizon line
That Winter lurks behind it.

## IN DEAR, QUEER JAPAN.

(The extracts following are taken by the New York Commercial Advertiser from an entertaining book, just published by McClure, Phillips & Co., entitled, "The Heart of Japan." The author is Clarence Ludlow Brownell, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and member of the Japan Society of London:)

We found the pace of the gilded youth in Japan quite as rapid as it is in other countries. In fact, it was so fast that, as Walter Pater once said of a man who was running away from a bear, "it was manifest to the most casual observer that the primary effort was speed."

Surely Japan is severe with the girl who is not "up" on rice. Imagine American custom demanding that the young wife who does not bake properly should go back to her parents' house with a character as black as the bottoms of her first loaves, and a heart as heavy as their insides!

Should any one ask for you the maids will say that you are just outside, and will be in "tadaima"—a safe term to use. In the morning, if your sake was good, you will find your friends sleeping sweetly on your spare futon (mattresses), a bed having gone to each of them by the courtesy of elder sister (the maid).

"So they sent him out here to sober up, did they?" said a member of Parliament who was at tiffin at a club in one of the treaty ports one day, and was speaking to a friend of a youth whose parents thought Japan would do wonders for their bright but wayward child.

"Might as well have sent him to Hades to cool off."

Bobby (that's the cop) always wears a military uniform—white in Summer and blue in Winter. He always salutes when a foreigner speaks to him, and will walk a half mile with one to show the way. He will not accept a tip. His instincts and the rules of the Police Department forbid his doing so, and then, besides, there is government pay—$3 a month—on which he clothes and feeds his family.

In Japanese it seems all one's own things are vile, while the other fellow's are honorable, august, divine. Gardner and I practiced this, and soon each had the other on a throng, while he himself groveled before him most abjectly. We learned to apologize for living, and to say: "Yesterday I had the honor of being rude to you;" or, "Tomorrow will your augustness condescend to remind decayed me to buy some honorable tea," etc.

When you give a party to your friends, and, the wee sma' hours approaching, you would fain retire, do not hesitate to do so, but do not hint anything thereof to your guests. That would be a sad breach of etiquette. They own the house while they are there, and all that is therein. Your course is quietly to disappear to the remotest apartment you have, and call the bed to come to you. It is good form to do this, for it allows the merriment to continue unrestrained.

Health officers say that the death rate for children is lower in Japan than it is in Europe and in America. This is as it should be, in a country where the houses are off the ground a foot or two, and have no cellars, and the air inside is as fresh as it is out; where, too, in such places, at least as Tokio, every one bathes and has a good scrubbing every day. From 800,000 to 1,000,000 persons go to the public baths of the capital daily, and there are tens of thousands of private baths besides. That is a good showing for a city with a population of less than 2,000,000.

When a paper ventures too far and the censor is called upon to write the order of suspension, he is brief but polite—wonderfully polite. He puts the honorific "O" or "Go" before each of the nouns and verbs. Prefixed to a noun "O" means honorable, to a verb it means honorably; similarly, "Go" means august, augustly. So the order, when it arrives, will read somewhat as follows: "Deign honorably to cease honorably publishing august paper. Honorable editor, honorable publisher, honorable chief printer, deign honorably to enter august jail."

Buddhists are partial to cataract baths. They take them the year round, even in Winter, though possibly they do not enjoy them then, at least not with obvious hilarity. In Tokio, the capital, in spite of its modernization, the traveler sees native men and women standing naked under a fall of water in some of the temple parks. In December and January this water is well down to the freezing point. The Japanese do this because they know there is virtue in a cataract. Wherever a cataract is, that place is sacred. If there is none, folk often take great pains to make artificial falls, especially in the neighborhood of temples.

The dummy, or "prison editor," as he was known in the Oriental sanctum, had an easy time. He had nothing to do on the paper, never wrote a line, but when those who did write said anything that the censor judged might mean something, and the paper was suspended, the prison editor stepped forward, bowed low, and said: "What augustly must be probably augustly must be." Then he trotted off to august jail. This scheme worked well for a long time, but after a while the censor demanded that the principal three men connected with the paper should go to the "honorable jail." Three dummies were more than any paper could afford to maintain, and so there are no proxies now.

## PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"I can't convict you on the evidence," said the Billville Justice, "but I'm goin' to fine you $10 for contempt for lookin' like I couldn't!"—Atlanta Constitution.

She—I trust, Jack, our marriage will not be against your father's will. Jack—I'm sure I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it.—Town and Country.

Reviewer—Is there anything left to say about this new historical novel? Light-Hearted Editor—Of course; say it is just as good as all the rest of them—and just as bad as all the rest of them.—Life.

"You are lucky, Miss Bessie, in having nothing to worry about in this hot weather." "Haven't I, though? You have no idea what a lot of trouble it is to keep looking cool and comfortable."—Denver Times.

"How did you become a tramp?" "Well, mum, it's like dis: When I was rich I owned a automobile, an' I had ter do so much walkin' when I wuz out dat I got inter de habit!"—New York World.

Young Wife—What do you do when your husband gets cross and wants to scold? Wife (with experience)—I read him one or two of the letters he used to write to me before we were married.—Baltimore American.

"I have here," said the visitor, "a poem on the new cup defender—" "What?" cried the editor, reaching for a club. "Wait a minute," protested the visitor. "This is absolutely unique. You will observe I do not once use 'defiance' to rhyme with 'Reliance.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

An old tippler had become so sha