conclusion. From whatever standpoint

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THE VACILLATOR.

Because the Russian people, to all their social and governmental ills, add that of a weak man on that throne which now, more than ever in the past, calls for decision and strength, their state of miserable disorder is to be continued, thousands on thousands of their sons are to be slain, and no end for them in sight. Because there is, it may be admitted, a possibility that Kuropatkin may turn the tables on Oyama the war is to go on. The pretext is that the Romanoffs may be held by their subjects responsible for the blow to be incurred by Russian pride if they make peace before they are beaten to their knees and forced to it.

The chances, in the eyes of all outside observers, are many to one that no decision in Manchuria favorable to the Russians can be even dreamed of for at least many months to come. And meanwhile Russia bleeds at every pore. The baby in the palace was a costly gift to the people if his future is the pretext for his father's letting the war drift on.

Was ever such a spectacle as what is still called the Russian Empire shows today? The war of the races in the Caucasus commenced: Poland in revolt: Finland ripe for insurrection; mutiny and riot rife in the Black Sea; reserv ists refusing to serve; the Cossacks usable only to massacre the people; the immense army in Manchuria to be recruited and fed; the governing clan of the Romanoff's ready to give the gladiator's farewell-Those about to die, Oh, Caesar, salute thee!

VICABIOUS PUNISHMENT.

Oregon is suffering for the misdeeds of a group of men, either proved or alleged. It is worth while to ask if, at this stage, the stain on the fair fame of the state is not a good deal darker in the sketch than it should be in the fintshed picture. In the first place, it is fair to remark that when the small stealing the apples at the door of the fruit store man, the first question is if the apples were in any way protected from the little hands of the thief. No, admits the dealer. Then, says the Judge, you are as blamable as the boy for putting temptation in his way. Now, the apples in our case never were Oregon's applee, and she has no respon stbillty for their exposure to stealing. The lax and provocative laws which get the door wide open to the thieves never were Oregon laws, and have been maintained by the Nation to her detriment. Oregon is no gainer by millions of acres of timber lands within her boundaries being locked up indefinitely in the ownership of speculators from other states, nor should she bear the blame of their

misdeeds.

Next, the loose writing about "hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Oregon men being implicated" in these timberland frauds is entirely wide of and ahead of the facts. Time enough to pass sentences when trial has been had, especially when mud of this sort sticks even to innocent skirts. This word "implicated" is very attractive to a writer having general notions but no full facts to go on. Is a man "implicated" in the stealing of a group of claims when his own compliance with the terms of a loosely-drawn law has been reasonably complete as to the one claim that he has sold? How much less are the great majority of the honest claimholders "implicated" because one or perhaps two of the neighboring claims have been fraudulently acquired or transferred? Is it fair to describe "hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Oregon men" as implicated in frauds when the story of those engaged in the transactions has never seen the light?

What makes an Oregon man? Is an Oregon man one who comes as a stranger into the state, whether on his own account or sent in by a Minnesota, Wisconsin or Michigan syndicate for the special purpose of taking up a timber claim? The Oregon men, it is fair to assert, are residents of the state by hirth or adoption, and to whom the has been a side issue to their ordinary an object of more than compassion

pursuits. The affidavit each had to make was that he desired to purchase the timber land, "not on speculation, but in good_faith, to appropriate it to his own exclusive use and benefit. Plainly this clause is open to many interpretations. How did it hit the six or seven hundred purchasers of timber lands formerly on the Siletz reserve! How could they appropriate to their own exclusive use and benefit? Could each one take in a little sawmill to the wilderness and saw out his eight or ten million feet? Could be do other than sell it as soon as his \$400 was paid to the United States? And so all over the State. The strict wording of the law created an impossibility. Those conditions lie at the root of many an "implication," one may be sure. It will be time to use the wide brush of the "hundreds and thousands of Oregon men' when the full number of claim-takers and buyers has been recknned and the goats of fraud have been divided off from the sheep of honest owners. Meanwhile let the very vagueness of the charge, and of the similar scoffs running through the press, help Oregon men to bear them with an even mind. The population of Oregon is not over five hundred thousand, and we may perhaps venture to hope that the timber-stealers do not number one in every hundred or two of our people.

Some of our critics may, it is just pos sible, Have before long to see to their own garments. Zeal is a most excellent quality. When shown in the application of the tar brush, it may be overdone.

RIVER IMPROVEMENT ASSURED.

The river and harbor bill passed the House with a rush, and Chairman Burton is quite hopeful of similar success in the Senate. The passage of this bill carrying with it appropriations sufficient to admit of the continuation of the highly important work at the mouth of the Columbia, as well as at other points along the stream, is a matter of much importance, not only to the people of Portland, but to every producer in the Columbia Basin. the economical wave swept over the Capitol a few weeks ago a determined stand was made against appropriations for both the mouth of the Columbia and the Celilo Canal, Chairman Burton insisting that one or the other of these projects must go unprovided for. Attempt was made in certain quarters to create a sentiment favorable to the abandonment of the Celtlo improvement in favor of the work at the mouth of the Columbia, although the Government by the strongest of promises and moral obligations was committed to prosecution of work at both places.

Attempt to cut out the Cellio approoriation quite naturally provoked protest that was so emphatic that the proposal to abandon one project in favor of the other was promptly dropped and a sufficient amount of money to carry on work at both places arranged for If the bill passes the Senate, as it now eems certain it will, it is probable that there will be no more trouble at future sessions in securing money needed to complete improvements now under way. The shortage in funds for jetty work is due almost entirely to the vast eum that was expended in converting the transport Grant into a dredge and maintaining her under heavy expense for the past year. All of the enormous cost of remodeling the craft, as well as the heavy expense of keeping her in service, came out of the fund that had been set uside for the completion of the jetty, and, had that fund been used for no other than jetty purposes, it would have been sufficient to carry the work along for another year, regardless of can before the Civic Improvement Asthe present economical administration, sociation.

The good accomplished by the dredge is to a great extent problematical There has been improvement in the depth of water at the mouth of the river, but whether it is due to work done on the jetty or to the dredge is point on which authorities differ. The merits or demerits of the dredge are not yet sufficiently understood to warrant retiring her from service, providing that the craft can be kept in operation without jeopardizing funds available for jetty work. There is an element of uncertainty about the result of the work of the dredge. There is no uncertainty about that of the With the commerce of the river steadily increasing and the Port of Portland maintaining a fine channel be tween the head of deepwater navigation and Astoria, there should be no disposition on the part of the Government to withhold any funds needed for improvements, either at the mouth of the river or on its upper reaches.

The Washingtonians have at last awakened to the fact that this great river from its source to the sea offers a brought before the Judge for highway for a greater area of the State of Washington than that of Oregon. That Congressman Jones fully recog nizes this feature of the situation is apparent in the hard and successful fight which he made to have the Cellie Canal provided for at this time. From now on we may expect still further aid from Washington's delegation at the Capitol, for Senator-elect Piles owes his election to the strength thrown him by the East Side members, who are vitally interested in an open river, and he is virtually under pledge to carry out their wishes regarding river improvement. The greater part of the credit for our prospective aid in continuing the work must be given to Chairman Burton, for it was due to his intelligent grasp of the situation that we were so well taken care of in the present bill and, if it is rushed through the Senate as he now hopes it will be, most of the credit for its passage will be due to his efforts.

THE HUMAN WRECK AND ITS MESSAGE.

The answer to the question "Is life worth living?" would certainly be given in the negative by the nonogen arian who, homeless, feeble and of weak mind, was taken in charge by the police in this city a few days ago and given lodgings in the County Jail, pending his examination for insanity. Imbecile rather than insane, the condition of this aged man is a sad illustration of misdirected effort. There is no reason to suppose that he has not made an effort along lines of ordinary industry. Neither is there any evidence that he has wasted his energies in dissipation Indeed, his length of years and his simple, mild demeanor forbid this pre sumption. The records of life are hidden in his past and closely guarded by his lost mentality. All that is available is written in his face, upon his aged form and in his destitute, friendles condition, and these may all be summed

up in the single word-"failure." A human wreck stranded upon the farther shore of time as applied to the span of human life, waiting for the tide purchase of a timber quarter section to bear it beyond the visible verge, is

Poverty in its most pitiful form is here presented. But this is not all. It tells of aimless though perhaps strenuous endeavor; of a long voyage upon the sea of life without chart or compass; of a purposeless existence, waiting for all that is left to wait for-disappearance from the scene of its long, aimless drifting with the tide, or perhaps as

aimless battling with the storm The tongue of censure is silent in this pathetic presence; the voice of blame is hushed before the dumb hopelessn that admits of no reply, either of explanation or extenuation. An objectlesson in desolation that had its basis in misdirected effort or in failure to provide for the end in the beginning. message of the human wreck stranded upon the outer verge of life, waiting dumbly for its last anchor to be released by the dissolving sands, is not written in cipher, but in words so plain and clear that all who run may read. It needs no interpretation, beyoud that which is furnished by prudence when it supplements the mute message, saying: "In the Summer of life prepare for its Winter."

A CROOK COUNTY PASTIME. Soon Portland will be a-blush with

the myriad roses of Spring, but the reddest petal of them all must pale beside the flaming cheeks of the towndwellers who are held up to the ridicule of the men who ride the range. Up on Camp Creek, in the County of Crook, dwell men who are accustomed to look unmoved into the bright face of danger. have heard of the hullabaloo Portland made over a mountain lion, panther or cougar; how parties of men 'armed to the teeth" penetrated the fastnesses of Marquam Gulch; how others in the panoply of the chase watched beside a booing calf in the hope of shooting the dread visitor as he apthe lunch-counter. Camp Creek has heard of these doings, and is disgusted. Let the mewling citydweller hang his head in shame; let the red badge of ignominy blazon from cheek and brow the tidings that his degenerate spirit has been stung. From Camp Creek, in the County of Crook, rings this clarion:

CROOK, Or., Feb. 16.-(To the Editor:)-1 see in The Oregonian that the people of Port-iand are being terrorized by a mountain iton or panther. If there is anything in it the or panther. If there is snything in it the men from the Pot Hook Ranch will come down and lead him through town for sport. As one of the men was riding on the desert the other day he caught a cougar that measured feet 6 inches from tip to tip, and led i into camp. The foreman on the ranch catches all the boar he sees—just ropes them for par-time. I never may the animal that could not be handled with a rope. This is no false port but can fetch proof of the same. It nothing happens we will both be at the 1907 Fair, and may call on you, A CONSTANT READER.

A rope, and lo! the cougar, panther or on-lion sounds best-is led a captive to grace the cowboy's triumph. Small wonder that the hardy men of Camp Creek, who rope bears as Portlanders play tawn tennis, should be disgusted to find the people of this great city "terrorized" by one yowling, prowling lion, if indeed the bloodcurdling yowis did not come from a lost cur. It would do Portland a vast amount of good and it would attract thousands from the yet more stagnant East, were the men of Camp Creek to give daily lion-roping exhibitions at the Fair. In the meantime, Portland cheeks burn with shame. If that thrice-accursed varmint returns to the wildernesses of Marquam Gulch or Front street, its career will come to a sudden end. Spurred on by the flouts and jeers of the rangemen. Portland's citizens will turn out en masse, and the lion will have no more show than a tin

It must be the air of Crook Count that causes men to flourish, and it also apparently, develops unexpected qualities in sheep. The sheep down here is not a vicious animal, nor a dangerous. It is handled without even a larint. Yet the sheep in Crook is a feroclous beast, and in a country where cougars are quietly taken into camp must be met with lead. Although the state has placed no bounty upon sheep, large numbers of them are shot. It must be that the domesticated animals, such as man and the sheep, display almost incredible prowess in the stimulating atmosphere of the range. This, however, is mere If the men of the Pot Hook Ranch come to town during the Fair, we trust a lion will be obliging enough to visit the city at the same time, so that Easterners may be shown a little real Western sport.

PRESIDENT HARPER'S WORK

William Rainey Harper, for fourteen years president of the University of Chicago, is in the valley of the shadow. He has not yet reached his fiftieth year, yet has done a big life's work. In a community given over to com mercialism, where trading and manufacture absorb the best effort of a remarkably active, conquering people, Dr. Harper founded the greatest university in the Mississippi Valley, Nay, more He created it and he put into his creature such intellectual force as raised it from a Western college almost to a Na tional institution. With rare tact he secured ample funds from various sources-it is a common error to say that Rockefeller subscribed the largest share of its endowment, because all his contributions were less than half of the total-and he directed with rare judgment the use of these funds. He set high ideals, none higher in this country, and he inspired student and faculty to live and work up to them. Dr. Harper is a scholar. It is not easy to point to an American of his attainment in the Semitic languages, Greek and Latin. In this branch of learning he won distinction long before his capacity to direct the affairs of a university was put to the test. Born in Ohio, graduated from Muskingum College, later from Yale, then tutor, teacher, principal and professor in the South and the West, always an industrious student, he equipped himself for his crowning career. In him are combined the intellect, the ethical stand ands the ripe scholarship and executive skill requisite to success in the highest of callings.

Sometimes the most expert surgeon err in diagnosis. It may be that President Harper's dread disease is not malignant, though the eminent men who operated on him, including Dr. Arthur D. Bevan, formerly of Portland, hold out no hope. If this is the beginning of the end, it is a matter of National regret. There is no way of estimating what Dr. Harper might have done for higher education in the next twenty

The County Court, in deciding to build quarters at the county farm where paupers suffering from tuberculosis may be properly housed and treat-

the matter is viewed it is unwise to keep this class of inmates of the poor house in the same building with those who are not thus afflicted. Consideration for the comfort of all concerned and for the safety of those who are not thus afflicted. Consideration for the comfort of all concerned and for the safety of those who are not thus afflicted renders this segregation of cousumptives necessary. Nineteen persons thus afflicted are now at the county farm. Some of these may recover by the open-air treatment contemplated in connection with the new quarters, and all will be more comfortably cared for, while the danger of spreading the in-

fection will be eliminated. If Multno-

mah County can afford to care for its

indigent sick at all, it can certainly af-

ford to care for them in a humane and

sanitary way. To do otherwise is to be

distinctly behind the times,

The financial advantages of industrial operations under the American flag as compared with those under the British cross are quite pronounced, according to the view taken by the Senate committee on claims. That committee has recommended the payment to the Wales Island Packing Company of \$81,-589 in the nature of damages sustained by the packing company by being forced under the British flag through the change in the boundary line in 1903. The report of the committee stated that the amount was the minimum damage caused by the forced change of location from American to Canadian territory. This is not very flattering to the Canadians, but it is probable that the amount recommended will be highly satisfactory to the Americans who were

shifted with the boundary line. The Montana Senate has reported favorably on a railroad commission bill. Before making the report the Senate in committee of the whole amended the bill by naming the commissioners. If the Washington Legislature would follow out this plan, the prospects for a commission bill in that state might be much improved. With the appointing power vested in 136 men instead of one man, opportunities for making a very drastic political machine are much less than they would be under the provisions of the bill which is now disturbing the political situation in our neighboring state. It is not exactly clear why Montana needs a railroad commission. but, if she will not be happy without it, her statesmen have certainly shown good judgment in dividing the power of appointment.

Another hop-contract suit has been filed by buyers who falled to secure the crop which they had contracted for when prices were low. These suits have not been infrequent in the past. but until the rise in price placed the "shoe on the other foot" by making the dealer and not the grower the plaintiff, they excited less comment. The present experience of the dealers in being obliged to fight in the courts for what they supposed they had clinched up in legal form will give them an idea of the feelings of their farmer friends, who not infrequently in the past were forced to invoke the aid of the courts in order to secure recognition of contracts which were made before hops declined. It has always made a difference whose ox was gored, and probably always will

Yesterday's sunshine and genial warmth turned the thoughts of thousands to their flower gardens, where roses take first place. The novice asks: "Isn't it time to prune my bushes?": the woman in a new home wants advice on the best varieties to plant, and the ambitious amateur seeks to learn what he can concerning new productions. With commendable public spirit, Mr. Frederick V. Holman contributes to The Sunday Oregonian tomorrow an article covering the three topics. Every one who wishes to add to Portland's fame as the Rose City should read it. There will also be published tomorrow the very excellent article on the pruning of roses, with illustrations, first printed a year ago.

There will be no rallroad-rate legislation at this session of Congress. That is definitely settled. The Senate, which is never in a hurry about anything, has decided to appoint a committee to take testimony and investigate the whole question during the coming recess. Perhaps its labors will be concluded by Fall, and then the Senate will proceed in its own leisurely way to consider the question. It may be that the Senate thinks the interest in the matter on the part of the public will not then be so acute; or it may be that the Senate has its own reasons for not being in a hurry, whether the interest is acute or

How did Father Gopon, the Russian revolutionist, under the eyes of the most vigilant police in the world, succeed in organizing so many working men and inspiring them to revolt? A St. Petersburg correspondent, who smuggled a letter through, tells of the priest's deceptive tactics in the Sunday Oregonian tomorrow. He paints the human side of this young, powerful priest, who began life where Tolstoi quits it-at the plow.

It is not necessary to indorse, or, in common phrase, to "believe in" an emotional revival of religion, in order to admire the deliberate and systematic plans now being made by evangelists for a campaign against the "world, the flesh and the devil." All is being ordered with the precision of a military campaign, and with gospel songs instead of martial music the onset will be made on regular schedule time,

During the bankruptcy proceedings at Cleveland, Mrs. Chadwick took the witness-stand. "This she did very gracefully," says the report, "smiling pleasantly and cheerfully as the referee administered the oath." If the authorities don't watch out, the prisoner will have them as docile as her bankers used

President Roosevelt's recommendation of the whipping post is said to have turned public sentiment in Denmark in favor of a similar measure It is getting so that American state papers are read by the world.

As most of the European news agen cles sent out several forecasts of the North Sea Commission's report, their next dispatches can truthfully begin 'As predicted by the Center Agency.

According to District Attorney Jerome there are some honest men the New York police force, but not ed, has come to a wise and humane enough to hurt

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Eastern exchanges which devote much space to fashions in dress and form assert that the fat-faced girl is to be the queen of them all this Summer. The girl with sharp features and thin cheeks may console herself with the thought that she is more intellectual in appearance, but socially she will be little better than an outsider. This is all very well, but the next item confuses us a little. A long paragraph tells of a "radical revolution in corsets," but it is too technical for any but an expert to understand. We gather from it, however, that a return is to be made to the wasp waist that was fashionable some years ago. How in the name of Nature is a woman going to keep up with the mode which insists upon a thin waist and a fat face? It is a problem that men would not even attempt to solve, yet we have no doubt that in a few months Portland's streets will be full of wasp-waisted and pudgy-faced women.

Luckily lynching is less popular in the South or the Charleston News and Courler would not dare to venture on such a jest as this: "Governor-General of the Philippines." Does that Luke Wright?

Members of the School Board who are at all uncertain as to the precise nature of their duties should learn by note the following essay by a Kansas kid, as reported by the Ellis Headlight: "The school directors expel and take back bad boys, buy the school supplies, such as chalk and teachers, and see that they are

"The police of this city," says an Associated Press dispatch from Warsaw. "threaten to strike for higher pay. They constitute an independent force, paid by the city, and at present receive \$6 a. month and their uniforms. The police subsist chiefly on money obtained from other sources." The last sentence should touch a responsive chord in the hearts of some American forces.

Little Toto.

A prize of \$250 has been offered by the Animals' Guardian for the best antivivisection novel. The following is believed to be a probable winner:

Elsie was running about the house wild-ly. "Where is Toto?" she cried. Presently the whole house was in an uproar. Every corner was searched for the missing pug. but not a trace of him could be found. His breakfast of chicken livers and cream was untouched, and Elsie went into a paroxysm of grief when she thought of poor Toto out in the streets without his rubbers and his sealskin coat, and hungryfor his breakfast.

A little dog lay bound upon a glass table. Around him were gathered some eight or ten men with cruel, hawklike faces. The cruelest-looking of all held a knife in his hands. This repulsive brute was the famous Dr. Slyker, whose reputation rested upon his monograph on "Leslons of the Pocketbook." The others were members of his class. "Gentlemen," said Slyker, "I hope to demonstrate to you today that a pug's tall curls so tightly because of the shortage of skin, caused by the wrinkles on its mask." He took up the knife and was about to jab it into the helpless Toto, when Elsle burst into the room.

"Toto!" she shricked. "Toto!" A student, whose heart was not yet hardened to the scientific degree, cut the bonds of the poor animal, which sprang into Elarms. Slyker attempted to catch Toto, but with a shrick the child dived through the window. Hoarse cries of "A rope for Slyker." "Lynch the brute, "Burn him," "Death to the vivisectionist," were heard outside. Slyker attempted to fiee, but strong hands grasped

A body swung from a telegraph pole. It was all that remained of the great Dr. Slyker. In full view of the ghaztly oband cream.

This is a pretty flerce old burg, according to the police. According to the Sher iff it's not so bad. According to the publie, it's good enough and bad enough to

Mount Hood is all right in its way, but one of these billboards everybody is roasting is a good deal more interesting.

The editor of the Cumberland (Md.) Times says that Swinburne's verses on the Czar "read like the rant of a man maudlin drunk." And yet they say this is an age of "appreciations."

With the completion of another great tunnel, the graduating class' favorite theme will have to be revised to "Under the Alps lies Italy."

By his "Kill them off at 60" speech, Dr. Osler, at least, succeeded in stirring up the animals.

Ambassador Porter isn't so much of a diplomatist after all. If he had but circulated a story to the effect that a lot of pirate treasure had been buried with John Paul Jones, he would have had all

the digging done for nothing.

A man committed suicide with the photograph of a Seattle girl in his hand. In the other hand he had a pistol. P. S .- It was the pistol that killed him.

Henry Watterson, who is making journey through Spain, has a long letter from Barcelona in the Courier-Journal, nakar

Is writing-even newspaper writing-one of the lost arts? Do people no more heariers to the printed page, or are those who might awaken and arouse them dead? There are the pert paragraphene! But Heavens, they agree about nothing, not even about the de of a julep, or the shape and size

So Marse Henry still has it in tor the pert paragraphs, he publicly condemned once before, the pert paragraphs that are used with good effect by his own Courier Journal. But see how in far-away Barcelons, where, as he says, the birds are singing and the flowers are blooming, the heart of the editor turns towards his old Kentucky julep. What is sherry to julep, what are roses to a bed of mint? WEX. J.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press.

Half the time a sirl gets engaged to be shead of some other girl.

A man could make a lot of money by not investing it in sure things. When a man is not afraid of his wife it is a sign he is not telling the truth. A man would fight like anything against out late at night if his wife tried The first time a girl wears a low-neck dress she feels like a man who goes swim-ming and has his clothes stolen.

By Arrangement With Chicago Tribune

GREAT ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

MACREADY AND FORREST

THERE is no more sensational or disgraceful episode in the history of the English and the American stage than the rivalry between William Charles Macresdy and Edwin Forrest and the fatal Astor place riot on May 10, 1849, in which it culminated,

Macready was an actor by inheritance His father was playing in the Covent Garden Theater Company in London when William Charles was born. The on's first appearance took place at his father's theater at Birmingham when he was but 17 years old, his part being Romeo. The audience applauded noisly, and the youth, delighted with his suc cess, exclaimed that he "should like to set it all over again." But his fondness for the stage soon changed to dislike; and he professed, during most of his life, thoroughly to detest it. He longed above all things to be considered, not an artist but a gentleman. A prince of snobs, he was prouder to be seen in the company of a lord than to achieve a triumph in Hamlet, Circumstances, however, forced him to remain an actor, and his strength of will and character are proved by the fact that, without either liking or great aptitude for his profession, he made him-self, by dint of hard, patient effort, one of the most finished and accomplished of English actors. Macready played on one occasion with Mrs. Siddons, the right way." that great actress said to him, 'but remember what I say: study, study, study, and do not marry until you are 30." He attributed his later success to following her advice.

Edwin Forrest was Macready's exact beite, both as man and actor. As a he had divided his time between thrashing the gamins on the street of Philadelphia, where his parents lived, and spouting Shakespeare on corners and in His "first appearance an any as the English managers say cellars. was as the beautiful Rosalia de Borgi in "Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria," a rearing, bloodletting melodrams. Na ture had not east the big double-fisted boy for feminine parts, and the spectators received the beautiful Rosalia with peals of laughter. Rosalia lost her temper shook her fist at a jeering youth in the front row, and swore a round oath at "She swears, by heavings, the lady rs:" cried the scoffer. The curtain was run down and the young actor went home in disgrace, but not before he had hunted up the youth in the front row who had jeered him and given him a

ound beating.
The beginning of Forrest's stage cares was typical of all of it. In 1822 he got an engagement with a traveling troupe a week. In New Orleans he made a gambled, drank, and learned from James Bowie himself how to carve a foe artis-tically with the knife that hore this famous killer's name. Disappointed in love by the leading woman of the company. e challenged his successful rival, the manager, to a duel, and then went to live with the Choctaw Indians, He won his first great triumph when played "Othello" at the Bowery Theater in New York. Then, as later, opinions differed as to the merits of his acting. Critical persons said he beliewed and pawed the stage too much-that he had more muscle and lungs than art. there was no question as to the impres-sion he made on most of those who saw him. He rapidly became, and for many years continued to be the most popular

Secure of his laurels at home. Forrest went, in 1836, to England to repeat his pearance as an actor.

"LONG LIVE WASHINGTON"!

Everybody's Magazine for March. Both of Washington's lnaugurations were dignified and simple. On the first occusion Washington's own desire was for as little display as possible, grateful and loving people set his wishes aside and turned what he had meant to under the table. Elsie's brother, fol-lowed by a crowd of angry citizena, broke to New York into a triumphal march. General Washington expressed his de-sire that the oath be administered to him in private, but he was overruled by his counsellors. At noon accordingly on April 39, 1739, Washington stepped out upon the balcony of the Federal building. at the corner of Broad and Wall street We are told that he was dressed in a sult of dark-brown broadcloth, white slik stockings, silver buckles to his shoes, steel-hilted dress sword at his side, hi hair powdered and gathered in a bog. is further of interest that his clothing was woven and made on the looms at Mount Vernon under the watchful eye of his wife.

eye-witness reports that Washington's face was grave almost to sadnes and that his voice was scarcely audible when, after the oath had been administered, he bowed, kissed the Bible and said in a deeply solemn tone: "I swear so help me God." Chancellor Livingston, turning to the

crowd, waved his hand and cried: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The cry was taken on and went rolling across the harbor and out into the country. The artillery roared out Its salute and the bells of the city gave to gue to the words.

Livingston's method of announcing to

the people the fact that the oath been taken was severely criticised as being too much after the manner of the monarchical shout of "Long live King!" and has never since been reed, but in the main features the present forms of inauguration are not fo differ widely from those set by Wash ington.

A Hot-Stuff Retort.

Everybody's Magazine for March. "While I have hitherto sworn off smok ing, as a New Year's pledge which has never been kept." said a Universalist minister at the Jewelers' Club dinner in Chicago a year or two ago, "this night with a beautiful smoking-set as a souve has brought to me the determina tion to make a new pledge that I can keep-to amoke as long as I live." William Porter Williams was the tonst-naster. He had been considerably

master. cratched at by the Universalist brothe When the minister was seated Mr. Will liams said: "When I reflect upon the uncharitable

ness of my brother in what he said about me I am constrained to wonder why, in making that resolution to smoke as long as he lived, he necessarily drew the line at his death."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Robert Cerdle has returned to Acton from Newton, Kan. where he went to look after some real estate which he be lieved he owned there. When he arrived in Newtotn he discovered that a dwellinghouse which he had once owned had bee moved from the lot where it formerly stood. No one knows where the house is at present. Mr. Cerdie has been re ceiving a monthly rental for the house for many years. Recently the incomceased abruptly. He made an investiga tion and discovered that some one had stolen the house. The building has com-pletely disappeared and no one can give any clew- to its whereabouts.

Why She Was Angry.

The New Yorker. She confronted him like an angry tigress. "Never," she cried, "darken my

He cowered before her giance

"After"--Her voice was harsh with resentment. "I had told you to be so particular to finish all the woodwork in light effect!" In silence he prepared to mix his paints

triumphs. He was well received by both critics and audiences. Among those most gracious to him was Macready. A few years later, when Macready came to America. Forcest entertained him at his home. Soon, however, the relations be-tween the English and American actors came less friendly. American admirers of Macready drew contrasts between him and Forrest which were unfavorable to the American and his robust style of acting. Forrest's friends retorted by as-serting that Macready was a prig. capable only of winning genteel applause

om kid-gloved Anglomaniacs. The imbecile controversy got into the ewspapers and when Forrest began anenhagement in London, in 1845, he was hissed by his audiences and spitted nd roasted by the critics. "The grand said one writer, describing his Macbeth, "was the combat, in which Mac eth stood scraping his sword against that of Macduff. We were at a loss to know what this gestore meant till an enlightened critic in the gallery shouted out, 'That's right; sharpen it!' " The prin-cipals had as yet taken no part in the absurd war of words, but Forrest's proud, truculent nature was rapidly being goaded fury. He was in Edinburgh one night when Macready was to play "Hamlet," and went to see him. In the scene where the court is about to enter to see the play a loud hiss came from a front box. When Macready, always a gentleman heard that the boor who had insulted him was his rival he could scarcely believe it. Forrest not only admitted his guilt, but had the impudence to write a letter to the London Times defending his conduct

The quarrel broke out with increased rirulence in 1849, when Macready came again to the United States, Forrest charged his rival in a card published in the newspapers, with having "suborned" writers on the London press to "write him down." Macready published a denial. The "silk stockings" took up the cudgels for Macready. The "groundlings" hissed him and denounced as unpatriotic everybody who did not think Forrest the greatest actor since Reactus. At Philadet thia Macready was egged. At New Orans he was given a public dinner. At Cincinnati a dead sheep was thrown he stage as a "muttony tribute to his

Hamlet. On May 7, when Macready tried to play Macbeth in the Astor-Place Opera-Ho n New York, such quantities of eggs and vegetables and so many chairs were thrown at him he could not proceed. He announced that he would attempt it again Muy 10. Inside the house, on this eve Macready's friends predominated, and, in spite of much disturbance, he was able to finish the play. Outside there was a howling mob of Forrestites that seemed resolved to have the Englishman's life police were unable to disperse the riotors. The militia was ordered out, and in the melee that followed 17 people were killed. Macready was saved only by strategy. He left the house with the aulience, escaped recognition and went to Boston. A short time later he returned to England and in two years retired from the stage.

Forrest continued to act 20 years longer, But the discreditable part he had played against Macready, his troubles with his wife, his declining powers, and the rise of new star of surpassing brilliancy in the person of Edwin Booth undermined his popularity, and he had long been ne-glected and almost forgotten before he made at New York in 1871 his S. O. D.

FABLE OF THE HEN.

Once upon a time (very recently) a hen went upon a strike and refused to lay. Other hens followed her example, and the scarcity of hen fruit which resulted caused eggs to rotall for some thing like 50 cents per dozen. In other In other words, strictly fresh eggs iaid by scab hens were worth about 5 cents each in the shell. Even cold-storage which were deadly explosive and had to be handled with care, brought 30

cents. The people got together and remon-strated with the hens, but it did no good. Finally an arbitration commit ee waited on the hens and tried to persuade them to go back to work. arbitration committee pointed out that only the rich could afford to eat eggs, but the hone refused to return to work. The arbitration committee then told the hens that if they persisted in the strike they would bring race sulcide on them

Then a wise old hen arose and spoke the Spring, when us hens wish

to sit, the people give us porcelain doorknobs to sit on. If porcelain door-knobs are as good as eggs to sit on, hey ought to be as good to eat as Tell the people to eat porcelain oorknobs. The arbitration committee could not

answer this argument, and departed in Moral-Deceit will come home to

Startling the Reporters.

New York Sun.

Reporters at a college fraternity dinner n an uptown hotel a few nights ago were rubbing their eyes to keep awake under the apporific speeches of hosts and guest of honor. A young man, possibly a grad nate of a year or so, hurried up to the "Gentlemen." he gasped, "are any of

you classical scholars? If you are,"-he didn't wait for a reply-"we beg of you a favor. The Greek motto of our fraternity was inadvertently spoken by one of our orators a few moments ago. It is sacred to us, a thing we wouldn't tell, even to our wives. We beg of you not to mention the motto in the paper.

The young man was solemnly assured that his wish regarding so great a sensation would be respected.

Filling the Breach. London Punch.

Miss Smythe (organizing a subscription dance)-1'm in despair about our dance, Mr. Brown. So many people have failed You'll come, won't you? Brown-Really, Miss Smythe, I'm not a dancing man. I don't dance at all. Miss Smythe-Oh, that won't matter in the least. You'd help to fill up, you Mr. Brown-Ah, yes; with pleasure. J

will look in about supper time.

A Boy and a Girl. Collier's Weekly.

saw them one day in the sunshine. Out there where the clover blows-A wee little tiny towheaded girl And a boy with a freckled nose, With an old straw hat without any brim And galluses holding his clothes: wee little girl with a pigtail braid

Down there where the river flows; The pigtail braid is a big braid now ---The old straw hat is a new hat now And never a freckle shows On the face of a youth who, bending his

head. Given a fair-headed maiden a rose

saw them again in the sunshine, And whatever do you suppose? Between them and about them there romped And ran and clung to their clothes

wee little tiny towheaded girl And a boy with two stubbed toes

A wee little girl with a pigtail braid

and a boy with a freckled nose,