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**PORTLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1905.**

## OUR RAILROAD GUEST.

Not since the late Henry Willard made his triumphant entry into Portland twenty-two years ago has the coming of a railroad magnate to this city been awaited with greater interest than that of President Hill, of the Great Northern. This is not, as President Hill's second visit to Portland, but on the occasion of his former visits to this city he had so little in common with our people that he attracted attention only by reason of his commanding position in the industrial and financial world. At this time Portland and the great territory tributary is expected Mr. Hill to extend the limits of his railway kingdom sufficiently to give us an opportunity to become better acquainted. We know Mr. Hill by reputation, and it is this knowledge that leads us to expect at his hands improved opportunities for trade development in our neglected country.

The construction of a line down the north bank of the Columbia River is a most important undertaking, fraught with great results for the builders and the people, for there are so many interests which are mutual between the people and the railroads that the prosperity of one is always largely dependent on that of the other. It is not alone, however, in this extension or diversion of the main line of the Northern Pacific, that Portland discerns an occasion for rejoicing. Inasmuch as it is believed that the territory of the Great Northern is a territory of a railroad man who is famed the world over for his policy of anticipating the future by building roads into new territory without waiting for the limit of development to be reached before commencing construction. There was no wheat grown in much of the territory traversed by the Great Northern before that road was built. The territory was so neglected, for there were no facilities for hauling it out of the country.

Mr. Hill, however, pushed his road across the prairies, and as it advanced, the settlers whom he halted in one year, began sending out wheat a year or two later. They are still sending out the wheat, and Mr. Hill is still keeping them provided with new facilities. His great road runs through a country where Nature has been less kind than she was in the Columbia River Basin, and the main line could not tap all of the traffic that could be handled even with a single track. To keep the rails bright along the main line, Mr. Hill threw out feeders. Not sparingly and at long distances apart, but every few miles, wherever, in fact, it was possible to develop any new traffic. Between Crookston, Minn., and Grandville, N. D., a distance of 207 miles, the Great Northern has ten feeders running north and three or four running south. These branch lines which lead out to the north vary in length from twenty-five to ninety-five miles, and the ten of them have an aggregate mileage of 630 miles, or more than three times the mileage of the main line which they feed.

This is the kind of a railroad policy of which Portland stands in sore need. There are vast regions of great natural richness in this state, which are undeveloped by the people because they are without transportation facilities, and all previous efforts for relief from the railroad companies has been met with the answer that a railroad was not needed, because the settlers were too few in number. In other words, the railroad would not go in, because there were no settlers, and the settlers could not go in, because there was no railroad.

The coming of Mr. Hill fore-shadowed a change in this policy of restrictive policy. In the Great Northern magnate will give Portland and Northern territory the same facilities that he has given other points and other territory less favored by Nature, the entire Columbia Basin will very shortly be booming along on a high wave of prosperity such as it has never before known.

Another expensive wreck, fortunately unattended by loss of life, has been marked up against the Golden Gate, the Alameda going on the rocks at Fort Point, a few minutes after leaving her berth in the Bay City. As was the case with the City of New York and the City of Rio Janeiro, the accident happened during a thick fog. When the Rio Janeiro was lost, the master went down with his ship. In the blame for the disaster was fastened on him. No

## THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY LEAGUE.

The value of the Willamette Valley Development League must always depend largely upon the number of substantial citizens who attend its meetings and participate in its deliberations. This is true not only of this particular organization, but of all aggregations of men who have come together for the accomplishment of a common purpose. In the case of the Willamette Valley League, it is the more often observed that men whose enterprising and business sagacity have enabled them to attain financial success remain at home, attending to what most directly interests them, while others go to the Development League meetings and consider ways and means for promotion of the common welfare. Satisfaction with their own success and looking only to the narrow field of their own endeavor, they bend their energies to development of their own affairs, while others confer regarding questions that interest no one in particular but every one in general.

In this there is no reflection upon the ability or business capacity of those who attend the recent session of the Willamette Valley League at Eugene. The men who went there and gave two days of their time to discussion of problems of vital interest to the future of the Valley are, as a rule, men who stand well in the communities from which they come. Some represent large business institutions. It is fair to assume that they went to the meeting with no other motive than a desire to encourage development of the latent resources of that portion of Oregon lying between the Cascade and Coast Ranges. It involves no disparagement to them and their efforts to remark that there was a notable absence of many men who are recognized as heavy-weight business men and farmers of the Willamette Valley. The organization of the league was a worthy one, and there is work for such an organization to perform, and those men who have made financial success of their undertakings in the Valley should be public-spirited enough to give it their assistance.

At the meeting held Friday and Saturday last, a good number of interesting and inspiring addresses were made, and some valuable information was put forth regarding the need of improvement to Oregon harbors, but in two important particulars in which results were expected, no material results were forthcoming. The committee on taxation made a long report on the subject of assessment and taxation of railroads, telegraph lines and express companies, but that report contained nothing new and suggested nothing of a definite nature for the accomplishment of the end desired. To say, as this report does, that the railroads do not bear their proportion of the tax burden, is to repeat what has been said hundreds of times before, and what everybody knows to be true. The general recommendation of a minimum rate of assessment per mile is of little value without some definite plan of accomplishing that end. The committee said that a simple law for this purpose could be enacted, but the committee has been unable, after weeks of consideration, to put such a measure into statutory language.

The report of the committee on taxation was lengthy and contained nothing new; that of the committee on maximum freight rates was short and contained nothing at all. The latter committee merely reported that it had been at work and desired more time, which was granted. For several months the people of Oregon have been led to believe that the Willamette Valley Development League would have something to offer at its meeting. Eugene as a remedy for existing evils and inequalities. It was supposed, though evidently without reason, that the committee would have bills prepared and ready to submit for the consideration of the league and of the people. Failure in this respect does not constitute a breach of faith, for the committee were under no obligations to do anything to perform such duty. No criticisms are therefore in order; it is only pertinent to remark that nothing definite was accomplished in this regard.

## THE KEYSTONE OF PEACE.

No better illustration of the nature of government methods and purposes can be found than has been furnished in these history-making days by Great Britain and Russia. It is certainly a revelation to mankind which speaks "to the most unlearned ear." It exhibits, on the one hand, the type of government based on a full and just recognition of the rights of man, in all that the term implies; and, on the other hand, the old and antiquated despotism which, once well entrenched, rules by cunning deception and brutal despotism, without regard for common decency or the finer sentiments of humanity. In this true nature of these two forms of government, we are able to see in their internal affairs alone, but also in their dealings with other powers. Hence the world-politics of Anglo-Saxon civilization is based on frankness, while the Despotism of the North prefers the method of fraud and deception, even when the opposite course would seem more advantageous.

The present state of organized society makes war terrible not only in the sacrifices of flesh and blood, but also in that of money. Mankind therefore, if necessary, if not by choice, prefers peace to a state of war. Taking advantage of this desire of humankind, Nicholas II, a fit descendant of the bloodthirsty Russian, has all the while transformed into a champion of universal peace. So the mournful crocodile informed the world through his spokesman, Muraveff, in August, 1898. Subsequent events have fully demonstrated the actual value of Russia's peace declarations. All other high-sounding pretensions, by which "the bear that looks like a man" hoped to deceive the world, at home and abroad, have gone the same way, and for the very good reason that they all were invariably "more honored in the breach than the observance."

Now that the old blind beggar had scarcely recovered from his Manchurian adventure, we find him once more busying himself with another Hague Conference. No doubt we shall hear of peace societies the world over once more, and it is in the praise of him who, with blood on his hands and eyes

## ON HIS LIPS, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR A CONDITION IN A GREAT EMPIRE FOR EACH NEW MORNING.

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows breathe on the face.

It is, however, to Great Britain this supposed "bully of nations," that we owe now the real prospect of universal peace. In her announcement to the world of her latest compact with Japan to fight one another's battles, there is a great message which may justly inspire mankind with an assurance that an era of actual peace hath finally dawned upon us, at least as long as this compact remains in full force. Even the czar's Ishmaelite friend, the war-lord of Germany, reading the handwriting on the wall, in the terms of this latest Anglo-Japanese compact, concluded to surrender the whole essence of his "programme" in the matter of Moroccan affairs, and the Lady Babblers of our "Little Minister" must have the spell of music round and about them. Even our Hamlet and our Mathias need not hold themselves above the need. Then who ever heard of a performance of "Uncle Tom" where the entrance of Marks was not the signal for the orchestra to strike up the roguish march, the "Lynce" without "There You'll Remember Me on the Flower Song"? Iconoclasm seems to be having pretty much its own way, but it must stop outside the playhouse. We insist that our emotions cannot arise to the occasion of drama without music. Tradition is stronger than the syndicate. To put it on the basis which the trust will best understand, the commercial one, we exhort the artist to be bold, just as we expect bread and butter when we give our order at a restaurant.

## PORTLAND'S MANNERS.

The \$5,000 persons who attended the Exposition Saturday, not one-hundredth of one per cent were boisterous or even rude. Guards within and policemen without the gates, while they might have been useful in emergencies, were for the day as ornamental. True, it was a holiday, when everybody is expected to observe "company" manners, but the universal good order, the absence of crime, misdemeanor and even the color of hoodlumism and freedom from casualty are matters for civic felicitation. Big crowds or small crowds—an annual of more than 20,000 a day in a city—Portland has for the past four months shown herself well behaved. Visitors have noticed it and commented on it. And it may be set down as a cold fact, without boast, that here everybody recognizes the same rights for the other fellow that he claims for himself; hence we see no unseemly jostling, no evidence of selfishness, no hog's manners wherever people congregate. Portland has done her full duty as hostess to the stranger and mother to her own family. This is a good time to mark, also, the absence of excess in drinking. With more saloons than ever, more restaurants where intoxicants are served, and more men with appetites, drunkenness seems to be on the increase. Our rarely seen a drunker man, however, is a visitor on this score. Incidentally it is worth while to inquire whether the growing taste for beer and light wines in place of more fiery liquors is really promoting temperance.

It will be a long time before the multitude of strangers attracted to Portland and the surrounding country through the Exposition and the Fair, the general environment, our climate and the Pacific Northwest. That these countless reports will be of more permanent benefit in a material way than immigration literature goes without saying. Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less effectively, Portland's good manners have impressed themselves upon our guests to our advantage.

## MUSIC AT THE THEATRE.

Iconoclasm is an ugly giant that pulls down the foundations of air-castles, tramples sentiment underfoot and lays violent hands upon tradition. It has many indications in the theatre, but never yet has been so fully brought to book. Its versatility seems to have no limits, and it is now apparently enjoying its greatest period of activity, else why should this be denominated the "iconoclastic age"? Not satisfied with destroying our dearest legends, an act of unpardonable sin, it now proposes to annihilate the last of our stronghold, the comic opera. It is announced that the leading purveyors of the country, meaning the theatrical trust, are seriously considering a scheme to abolish the orchestra as an accessory to the presentation of plays; to have no more overtures, no more incidental orchestration, no more walling of fiddles or rattle of drums before the scenes. Steps are being taken to introduce this innovation, and an indignously is the low purpose being pushed that the play-loving public may find one of its dearest traditions fallen under the iconoclastic hand.

The reasons urged by the arbiters of our stage are just two. They say that orchestral accompaniment to a play is artistic and that it is also expensive. The first is palaver intended to please those who buy seats; but the latter is an untruth and the real gist of the argument. The conduct of present-day theatrical business is patterned upon the lines followed in the packing of lard or the making of cotton fabric. How much woolen-wool can be combined with how little pork-fat, boiled and canned for how little, and sold for how much? How much shoddy can be mixed with fleeces of wool that will outlast for labor and sold for how high a figure? The gentlemen who propose to divorce music and drama have none but sordid motives. They are merry at times and so they perpetrate the "artistic" joke. If they were honest enough they might admit that they have cornered the drama and now propose to sell it, just as we see their "artistic" stock in trade as will "stand for" at the highest possible price. Orchestras cost money, and the "shows" can be gotten through without them. The reason can be figured on the back of an envelope, and will help fatten the managerial bank account. The benevolent caretakers of our sensibilities, who are so anxious to give out vapors about the better phase of their commerce being artistic.

Music in connection with the drama is inartistic because it is expensive. There is a truth in that it hath charms to soothe. The one who is not soothed has a poorer breast than the savage. People go to the theatre for relaxation, sometimes for education. Neither is possible without some element of soothing.

We enter the theatre to the sound of strings and reeds and forget many vexations of the day under their spell. It is perhaps a rollicking comedy which we see upon the stage, and the gay, airy music which precedes it is interwoven through action or fills in the spaces between its acts and is part and parcel of

## OREGON OZONE.

**Truthful James Tates.**  
"Did I ever tell you" began the irrepressible, when the members of the Truthful James Club gathered about the comfortable in the club quarters on Morrison street. "Did I ever tell you about the time when I went to school down in Linn County, and the teacher was the prettiest girl that ever came over the pike?"

"Or hit the trail," added the Incredible Youth. "No, I don't think you've told us that more than three times, but we wouldn't believe it if you told us four times."  
"Well, as I was saying—"  
"Oh, that reminds me," the Most Depraved began, subduing the irrepressible with a merry glance. "Yes, that reminds me of my schooldays in Washington County. The teacher one year, when I was about 12, was the prettiest girl I ever saw, before or since; and I have seen her. She was just about my own age, but she knew more in a minute than I knew in two minutes and thirty seconds."

"How modest you are," put in the Incredible Youth. "Why not leave off the thirty seconds and make it easy minutes?"  
"I never exaggerate, boy. This girl was a wonder. She had hair of liquid gold and eyes of molten blue. How is that for a description? Quite original, eh? And her mouth was—well, it was what you might call a kissable mouth. The girl was a newcomer in our neighborhood—it was a country school, you know—and she was from Portland. The chief trouble with that school was that most of the boys had a habit of coming in late. They moseyed along, playing marbles or doing other boyish stunts, and 'til of them usually got to school about 9 o'clock, though school 'took up at 8:30. Former teachers mostly sided with the moseyers. He expressed the opinion that the boycott ought to die a natural death, but since it seems to be lingering, the causes which provoked the boycott were not of sudden appearance, and the feeling worked up against the Americans had been of slow growth. Like a long-lingering fire, which is always more difficult to smother, the smouldering, fierce blaze of the boycott which the Chinese have been nursing will not quickly be forgotten. There are so many conflicting reports regarding the situation that it is difficult to form an opinion at long range, but it seems pretty certain that the United States got rid of the United States of China again without suffering any loss in trade."

The experience of Captain Rinder, who loses command of the American steamship Minnesota through irregularities in connection with his naturalization papers, will probably serve to make other intending citizens more careful. The investigation of the Secret Service detectives discloses the fact that the boy kept up his time waiting between two flags, and while making up his mind which way to jump actually owed allegiance to two countries. The United States will hardly suffer a great loss if a man, whose love for his free country is insufficient to induce him to come over without throwing out an anchor in his old holding-ground, fails to be reinstated.

The cost of hop production has, according to reliable authority, been heavier this year in Oregon than in any other year in the history of hopraising in the state. High rates paid for picking, increased cost in cultivation and the price of labor have been the chief causes of the increase in the cost of production. In view of these facts, it is a pity that the hop grower has been called in Salem to fix upon an adequate price for hops before contracting them to buyers.

The names of the Grand Trunk officials who are assisting the nonunion men in breaking the switchmen's strike at Chicago are indications that a "scrap" would not be a remote possibility if the situation becomes too strenuous. The officials who are assisting in making up the trains are Division Superintendent F. W. Egan, Assistant Superintendent W. E. Costello and Yardmaster M. J. Conroy. There is no "peace at any price" in those names.

Knockers must have been more than interested in the showing in The Oregonian yesterday of business blocks valued at \$40,000 in course of construction here, and other commercial buildings to the value of \$1,500,000 soon to be commenced, and say nothing of hundreds of dwellings any way the street-cars carry you. This "slump after the Fair" is appalling—to the handful of men with hammers who predicted and really hoped for disaster.

Zionist Dow is being stricken with paralysis, and attributes his affliction to the fact that he is "too busy with work." Paralysis of the jaw is an unusual affliction, but from all reports, that particular part of the Dow anatomy is about the only portion of the eminent Zionist that has been overworked, excepting, always, the wonderful Dowie "gall."

The "youngest grandmother in the country" was again married at the age of 24. She has been thrice married, twice divorced and has a grandchild 3 years old. She certainly would be unwilling to subscribe to the belief that marriage is a failure, or else is going the limit with that old rule, "If at first you don't succeed, etc."

Judge Alton B. Parker, who will be remembered by Governor Chamberlain, Frederick V. Holman and a few more Oregonians, has formed a law partnership at New York City with ex-Lieutenant-Governor William F. Sheehan. Let us hope this time that the tail won't wag the dog.

Of course \$5,100 is not as many as 100,000; but it is high-water mark in the Northwest. The only way it could have been made 100,000 was to take a directory census.

King Alfonso is also again reported to be engaged to be married. The match-makers have not yet, however, tried to make Miss Roosevelt Mrs. Alfonso.

## THE WILLIAMSON TRIAL.

**Triumph for the Government.**  
Boise Statesman.  
The third trial of Congressman John N. Williamson and his two co-defendants in Portland has resulted in a conviction. The former trials were miscarriages, the jurors failing to agree, but the Government pressed the case right on from one trial to another and has at last won a victory.

This is a triumph for the administration and for good government, because it causes fear and trembling wherever guilty persons are in the meshes of the law for such offenses as those for which these men have been convicted in Portland. In former times, when such cases did occur, which was very seldom, owing to lack of stamina among those charged with the duty of administering the Government, it was the general rule for the matter to drift along after a mistrial until "influence" brought about dismissal of the charges. In the Williamson case that will not sleep at the post of duty, but will vigorously prosecute every offender, against the cause of good government and evidence, until a jury convicts or acquits the defendant.

It is no exaggeration to say that, under former methods of the jury trial, an other trial after the first dismissal in this case would have been five to one, while, after the second disagreement, the chance would have been 30 to 1, the whole would not be prosecuted further. The Government is to be congratulated and the people are to be congratulated upon the outcome of this prosecution.

## The Road to Dishonor.

**Hillsboro Argus.**  
Congressman Williamson has been convicted of suborning perjury, in a scheme to get control of public lands. It took three trials to convict, although the evidence was sufficiently strong either time to prove guilt. He had the best legal ability in the state to defend him—and yet, 12 men corroborated what 23 men on a grand jury swore, when they charged him with subornation of perjury, Williamson should never have opened his mouth in an incredibly short time. A few years ago he was the gilded prince who defeated a fellow citizen for a National office. The smug gentleman from Crook County never dreamed of anything, who wanted the eagle on the dollar shorn of its tail feathers and bedraggled in the slime of repudiation. He was elected and went back to Washington as "Our Newt," who was some what of a political Alexander and the soul of political honor—for had he not saved the Second district from the evils of opposing party and National dishonor? He is now convicted and disgraced—and he is now convinced that honor is better than riches—especially when riches are to accrue from crooked work in getting possession of public lands.

## Transgressors Should Be Punished.

**Roseburg Review.**  
Once more the unexpected has happened, and on the third trial the jury in the Williamson-Gegner-Biggs case returned a verdict of guilty. It is said that on the first trial, in this trial, the jury stood 11 to 1 for conviction, and on the second trial 12 to 1. It is said that on the third trial the jury stood 10 for conviction and two for acquittal. In the second they were divided 10 to 2, and in the first trial there were 35 jurymen who heard the testimony and arguments. Of these 28 favored conviction and eight were for acquittal. This preparation of evidence and deliberation so far toward fixing the rest status of the case in the public mind. As remarked in these columns several months ago, if not guilty these men should never have been indicted, and if guilty they should be punished the same as any other transgressors of the law, regardless of their standing in public life.

## Henyey as a Cyclone.

**Pendleton East Oregonian.**  
Peace, blessed peace, will reign in Oregon for a time. For Henyey is going to Washington. Henyey is the only cyclone which ever struck Oregon. But he left twisted reputations, shattered leadership, bent and broken scepters and all kinds of political rubbish in Oregon's backyard as a result of his whirl through the state. It is even thought by some that he is a back-acting, repeating cyclone, and that he is likely to return after describing an orbit through Idaho. But there is yet suspense among those who have no cyclone cells.

## Why Henyey Persevered.

**Vancouver Independent.**  
After three trials Congressman Williamson and his associates have been convicted of conspiracy to defraud the Government. The first trial the jury stood ten for conviction and two for acquittal. At the second trial, the jury stood six to six. But Henyey knew the men were guilty, and did not quit until he had talked in Oregon that would convict on the evidence. These are the members of Congress from Oregon that Cushman, of this state, declared were absolutely innocent and were being persecuted.

## His Usefulness as an End.

**Wasco News.**  
The land-fraud cases now being tried are developing some nasty appearances, and whether Mr. Williamson is convicted or not, the scars he receives in the present case are of a political nature, and will set, Mr. Williamson is a man who could, if he would, have been very useful to Oregon and the interests he represented.

## Where Their Interests Lie.

**Tacoma Ledger.**  
The Oregon delegates under another handicap, Senator Mitchell and Congressman Williamson will watch the proceedings in the supreme court with more interest, perhaps, than those of the legislative body. Their usefulness as legislators is ended.

## Mr. Henyey's Record.

**Drain Nonpareil.**  
Just as we go to press, word reaches us by wire from Portland that Williamson, Van Gerner and Biggs have been convicted in the famous land-fraud trial. Undoubtedly, Henyey is the greatest prosecutor in the country.

## Floating Island Again in View.

**Pall Mall Gazette.**  
Derwentwater is again proud in the possession of the interesting floating island which appears and disappears again from time to time. It was first seen last seven years ago. It is of emerald green, and very pretty to look upon whenever it pops up from the depths; but, unfortunately, although the island is 30 yards by 15 in extent, it cannot be compared with the new volcanic island that spontaneously broke out in Japan, and was seen to rise, and it does not offer even a temporary addition to the agricultural resources or housing accommodation of Cumberland. This island, in fact, is composed of mud and silt, and is a part of the Upper Nile, and it is supposed to be raised from the bottom and buoyed up by a time by marsh gas, which comes out with a pop if you kick its hoathouse stem.

## MR. ROOSEVELT'S POPULARITY.

**Washington Letter to Chicago Record-Herald.**  
Just as Mr. Roosevelt is phenomenally popular everywhere in the country, so he is popular here in the capital. In my time no other President was as popular as he is. He is admired as President, for what he does as head of the state. And in addition to that, there is an immense liking for him as a man. The people of Washington are rarely here worshipping. They are in too close contact with greatness for much of that. But they know the real thing when they see it.

Mr. Roosevelt spent several years as a resident here before he became President. He is known personally to thousands of people. Since he entered the White House and met with the extraordinary personal and political success which is his, his old friends here have been thoughtful in wishing to get to the man there has not been the slightest change. He is the same frank, manly, optimistic, positive, companionable man he always was. The Presidency has not puffed him up, or given him any affected dignity or austerity.

Mr. McKinley was a great President and a great actor. Mr. Roosevelt is a great President and a great actor. He is often dramatic, never theatrical.

One of the first things that will attract the attention of the President after his return is the condition of affairs in the Government Printing Office—the greatest printshop in the world. It needs a thorough reorganization and it is going to get it. One of President Roosevelt's characteristics is the intense interest he takes in all matters of administration, no matter how small. He takes personal charge of reorganizations of departments as the departments here which most Presidents would simply turn over to subordinates. He wants to know everything that is going on, and he insists upon getting the whole truth. He has a way of looking at things that does not trust very much to other people. He sees it to himself. When he first got to the White House, he unloosed the heads of departments by the manner in which he went at the routine work.

"Why," said one Cabinet member, "President Roosevelt takes on enough work every day to last him a month. He will have to quit it or he'll break himself down in a year." President Roosevelt has not more than five years. As he set out, so he has continued. He is the greatest and most rapid worker we have ever had in the White House, and there are no signs of any slackening of him.

It is a great pleasure to sit by the President's desk and watch him do business. You never saw anything like it for rapidly and certainly of motion. He takes up voluminous reports, runs his eye over it, and almost in a second he appears to have grasped its salient features. Instantly he puts his finger on the critical points, and asks anything that is not satisfied with he touches an electric button. His secretary walks in to see me at 3 o'clock.

## Man Ape Until Educated.

**Boston Herald.**  
That a collision between the gorilla and a civilized man, and that the only difference between President Roosevelt and a gorilla is that the former is educated, are some of the contentions of Professor Frank Parsons, of Boston University, last night, when he addressed the Boston Newsboys' Protective Union at the hall, 38 Hanover street, upon "The Value of a College Education to Newsboys."

While many of the little fellows did not fully understand the meaning of his presence that they applauded him time and again, even though he declared that the newsboys were gorillas.

## Why the Judge Objected.

**The Boston Herald.**  
The following story is told of Judge O. W. Green, who for many years was Judge of the Probate Court at St. Albans, Vt.: At the annual town meeting the purchase of a new town house had been voted, and a committee appointed to canvas the town and to select a site. One of the committee thought it would be an excellent plan to have the Judge's name at the head of the list, and to that end approached him. The Judge absolutely refused to make any contribution, and when questioned as to the reason, said: "Why should I subscribe toward a new house when I haven't ridden in the old one yet?"

## A Medical Estimate of Prayer.

**The Outlook.**  
At the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association Dr. Theodore B. Hyson, superintendent of Bethlehem Royal Hospital, a specialist in neurology and in the study of the mind, said: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all things which the patient is subjected to, sleep, depressed spirits and all the other signs of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."