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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5.

THE MARQUAM PROPERTY.

The final decision in the well-known Marquam case has been rendered. Marquam has lost the property and others have "absorbed" it. The Supreme Court holds that the methods and proceedings were legal. That cannot now be questioned. But nothing can clear the public mind of the conviction and regret that the law in this case, as in so many others where wealth has the advantage, has not been able to point a way to distributive and proportional justice. Marquam allowed his rights under the law to lapse, confiding too far in his trustees, who also were his creditors. It is one of the ways by which great wealth rolls itself constantly into greater and greater proportions.

These things, or some of them, are lawful, but they lack conscience. It used to be thought there was no remedy but the conditions of recompense pointed out in the parable of Dives and Lazarus; and yet, encouraged by the growth of democratic principles and power, the people still cling to the hope that ways will yet be found of putting checks upon the extreme rapacity of wealth, mother of the most grievous of all social wrongs.

As to this particular case, The Oregonian will say no more at present than this, that a great property, under the manipulation and management to which it has been subjected, has gone to new owners at a cost to them of perhaps one-third of its actual value. It was legal, of course, for the Supreme Court says so, but the stones in the buildings and in the streets cry out against the injustice.

THE BAPTIST SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

A semi-centennial of interest to a much wider circle in this community than that included in the denominational name is the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the First Baptist Church. This occasion recalls the fact that on a certain Sunday in 1855, less than a dozen adherents of the Baptist Church met together in a humble room in a small settlement on the border of a great and beautiful wilderness and reverently set up the standard of their faith. Immigration readily supplies the details of a fact thus briefly outlined. There was the pastor and chief actor in the scene—Rev. W. F. Boyakin, and his gentle wife, whose names have long been silent in the community; Josiah Failing, his wife and their daughter, Elizabeth, the five thus named being half of the number who formed this first organization. Of the other five, local records are silent beyond the statement that they were of the little band that composed the First Baptist Church of Portland.

Names, however, do not count except as they are pronounced reverently "in memoriam." It is the work of this organization through the passing years in the life of the community; the shaping hand that it has laid upon morals, upon religion, upon charity, upon the social amenities; its drift in intelligence; the impulse of its growth, that make up its half-century of history.

In the very nature of things much of this record is unwritten except as it may be traced in the events of the years and in the lives of those that were touched by it. This much, however, is clearly set forth in the annals of the time. The First Baptist Church has grown from small beginnings, year by year, until its membership is recorded by figures that run up into the hundreds. It has stood (albeit on strictly denominational and therefore rigid and exclusive lines) for what is termed religion. It has stood, according to the conception of its creed within these lines, for what is termed righteousness. The voice of its pulpit has, within the limitations of its many successive pastors, been raised in behalf of morality, of temperance, of reform. All individuals, all organizations, have their limitations; the First Baptist Church is not exempt from this general rule. It has had prosperous seasons and seasons of depression, times of grief and anxiety and times of joy and self-complacency. It rounds out its half-century in one of the latter seasons, and, as becomes an organization that has fought a hard fight through fifty years of varying success and disappointment, it is jubilant in its year of jubilee.

An intelligent review of its record in this community shows that many a rivet in its creed has been sprung by the tug and strain of fifty years. This is merely to say that this church has not stood still, while all the world about it has moved. It is for the thoughtful men and women of the community—in the Baptist Church and out of it—to say whether or not the advance has at all points been along higher lines. The Oregonian does not essay this task. Congratulation, not criticism, is its purpose at this time, and in this behalf, itself a pioneer, and an earnest worker in the civilization of half a century, it extends greeting to the First Baptist Church in the celebration of its semi-centennial.

AN EXPLANATION.

As the principal religious publication upon the Pacific Coast, The Oregonian feels bound to take note of a recent unhappy interchange of epithets between two pastors, both of whom it esteems and loves. This tragic occurrence we shall not attempt to palliate. Such a course our consciences would not permit; but we may try to explain it. We say "try to explain"; but to try is one thing, to succeed is something very different. Probably the best we can do about such a bad matter is to patch up something that will perhaps look like an explanation. At any rate, we shall do our best.

It seems that Dr. E. L. House, who is an arch-expert in sacred politics, had fixed things to spring a resolution indorsing woman suffrage upon the Ministerial Association, and he was backed by some forty or fifty of the best-looking pro-suffrage ladies he could find to hustle away from the polls anybody who should try to vote against it. Among those, so it is reported, who attempted to down the resolution by their ballots was Dr. C. T. Wilson; but it was not made clear whether he did so because he was opposed to woman suffrage or because he realized that under some circumstances it is blessed to be hustled. At any rate, the bevy of rosy-cheeked heelers effectually prevented him from casting his ballot. Dr. Wilson then upbraided Dr. House with this infringement of the sacred privilege of voting as a man damn pleases, and in reply Dr. House used the frightful language which we now shudderingly quote. He called Dr. Wilson a liar.

These are the reported facts which we have undertaken to explain, which, in fact, our regard for the welfare of the Ministerial Association compels us to explain in some way, however difficult it may be. The trouble is that we are caught in a terrible dilemma whichever way we turn. We might try to escape by asserting that Dr. Wilson is not a liar; but in that case, what about Dr. House, who said he was one? And if Dr. House is not one, then what must Dr. Wilson be? If either of them told the truth, what an awful man the other must be; and if both told the truth, what awful men they both are; and if neither told the truth—surely this is a pitiful plight to put a defender of the clergy in. There really seems to be no way out of it. Our intentions are excellent. We would explain the matter if we could, but the simple fact is, it can't be done.

COINCIDENCES IN PRINEVILLE.

The account of the remarkable experiences which have befallen Wilford J. Crain, of Prineville, naturally turns the reader's mind toward the subject of coincidences. In the series of events which have culminated in his broken skull and expected death there are a number of coincidences so startling that one who was not fortified by ample knowledge of the law-abiding character of the citizens of Prineville, and of Marshal Harrington's absolute devotion to his duty, would jump to the rash conclusion that the occurrences were the work of ordinary human passions, and not coincidences at all. For coincidence excludes all intention, preconception or plan; and when one of two enemies clubs the other to death it naturally looks as if there had been intention in the act. Our first hasty inference is corrected by recalling the fact that Mr. Harrington, who did the clubbing, was the Marshal of Prineville, and that his brother-in-law, Crain, was said by the Marshal to be drunk when he was clubbed. The enmity of the Marshal and the lethal assault formed, therefore, a mere coincidence. The statement of witnesses that Crain was sober may be excluded as irrelevant. Didn't the Marshal say he was drunk?

Whether or not it is the custom in Prineville to club all drunkards to death is not known. Presumably it is. Presumably a drunkard upon the streets of that Puritanical city is a sight so rare and so deeply shocking to the moral sense of the Commercial Club, besides setting such a bad example for the young, that the city fathers deem it wise and just to inflict summary death upon him. Presumably, we say, this is the custom in Prineville; for if that city does not inflict the penalty of death upon all drunkards, then there must have been some especial reason for inflicting it upon the drunkard Crain. What could that reason have been? We prefer to believe there was no such especial reason. We prefer to believe rather that death is the ordinary punishment for drunkenness in Prineville than that Marshal Harrington was fleshing his old hatred when he clubbed Crain with fatal violence. The long-standing bad blood between these two men, taken with the lethal beating, form, as we have already suggested, a coincidence, only this and nothing more.

To be sure, the coincidence makes heavy demands upon one's credulity. It looks marvelously like cause and effect. When one man hates another and finally kills him, the hatred is usually the cause of the murder. But this case of Harrington and Crain was different. We know it was a mere coincidence, because Crain was a man to whom coincidences happened habitually almost. He had coincidences as other men have nightmares or stitches in the back. For example, take this one. When he was in Portland giving his testimony against Williamson et al., his barn and hay burned. At the same time Prineville was boiling over with wrath because Crain presumed to give evidence for the Government against the city's darling and persecuted martyrs. Now is it not amazing that the wrath of Crain's neighbors and the burning of his barn existed, as they did, side by side, and yet were in no way related? As we have intimated, his life abounded in wonderful coincidences and his death, if it shall occur, will have been the most wonderful of all.

It is clear that the bad blood between Crain and Harrington, taken with the deadly beating, formed one more coincidence. The barn-burning, taken with the hatred for Crain in Prineville, formed another. So much the logical mind may perhaps admit. But some minds are not logical. Some minds will persist in seeing cause and effect here. In spite of all we know about the self-control of Prineville and the absolute devotion of Marshal Harrington to his duty, such minds will continue to believe that the neighbors set fire to Crain's barn to express their love for their persecuted Congressman, and that Harrington seized the excuse of Crain's alleged drunkenness to kill him under the pretense of an arrest. Such is human perversity. And yet the case is not remediless. Something can be done. The Prineville Commercial Club can denounce The Oregonian for printing news which gives rise to such unkind suspicions, and they can also pass resolutions of confidence in their City Marshal. Such action will place the club in the correct moral attitude toward the Press, whose zeal for printing news is indeed a scandal to all whose interest or safety requires news to be suppressed; and, better yet, it may convince some feeble-minded person that Harrington did not crack his brother-in-law's skull with malice aforethought. It is wonderful what white-robed Truth can accomplish when she is under skillful management.

THE CASE OF MARY ROGERS.

The Governor of Vermont has announced that the execution of Mrs. Mary Rogers will take place next Friday. That is, he has definitely stated that he will not interfere with the decree of the law. The case of Mrs. Rogers has attracted wide attention, partly from the nature of her crime, partly from the successful vigor of the defense, which has so long prevented the execution of the law, and partly from the fact that the idea of hanging a woman excites almost general repugnance.

The crime of which she was convicted was peculiarly atrocious, as well as deliberate. It was clearly shown at her trial that she had killed her husband for the double purpose of obtaining his life insurance and making herself free to receive the attentions of another man. It was not shown that there were any extenuating circumstances. She was convicted fully two years ago.

Yet she has been able to enlist the sympathy of numerous persons of influence and to command the services of able counsel. Reduced to its essence, the argument has been that "it would be a shame to hang a woman." Indeed, perhaps most persons feel that way. Her counsel managed at one stage of the proceedings to get her case into the courts of the United States, but after long delay it was sent back because the judges could find no Federal question in it. Now at last, great and general as is the repugnance to the idea of hanging a woman—the execution is to take place.

It has been a sore trial to the Governor of Vermont, who yet does not see how he could find sufficient reason to arrest the course of the law.

ADVANTAGE OF WATER COMPETITION.

Clearances of coastwise vessels from Portland during the month of November included twenty-one lumber-carriers and thirty steam and sail craft, carrying grain and miscellaneous cargo. The lumber-carriers took out over 12,000,000 feet of lumber, and the miscellaneous fleet carried over 25,000 tons of general freight. All of this coastwise movement was in competition with the railroads, as every foot of lumber and every pound of general cargo was landed in California at a terminal point that is also reached by the railroads. As it was handled by the ocean craft instead of by the railroads, there was undoubtedly a saving effected by the shippers by using the water route. This is an economic advantage which the seaport shipper will always have over the shipper who is located at a point served only by the railroad.

The railroad which hauls freight between Portland and California is owned by one corporation. The vessels of the November coasting fleet from Portland were owned by more than twenty different firms or individuals. The advantages of this water competition will become more apparent from year to year, as improvements are made in the type and carrying capacity of the vessels. A dozen years ago the schooner with a carrying capacity of 400,000 feet of lumber was regarded as a big carrier. Today Portland exporters are loading schooners with from 1,000,000 feet to 1,400,000 feet of lumber, and the crew carried by the big carrier of today is no larger than that which was considered necessary for the operation of the small craft a dozen years ago. The steam schooner has also made great inroads on the business of the railroads between Portland and other Coast ports and California, and, like the sailer, has been increasing in carrying capacity without a proportionate increase in operating expenses.

This vigorous competition between the vessel-owners and the railroads has, of course, reduced rates to a figure that cannot admit of large profits, and the men who supply the cargoes and pay the freight are the gainers by it. On similar lines has the foreign business of the Pacific Coast shippers profited by an abundance of water competition. Portland lumber dealers sent foreign in November more than 5,000,000 feet of lumber, and in the fleet which carried it abroad were represented the American, French and British flags. The fleet which preceded the November vessels included German, Norwegian and Italian craft, and there were available for Portland loading vessels of every prominent maritime power on the face of the earth.

The building and equipment of a railroad calls for an expenditure of millions, and, quite naturally, the number of roads in competition for the business of any particular locality is limited. The cost of a steamship or a sailing vessel which can travel round the world competing for business wherever it is to be found is not so great as to prohibit hundreds and thousands of men of moderate means investing in them. This all redounds to the advantage of the shipper, with whom it is a matter of indifference what flag a vessel is sailing under, so long as she carries his freight at a low rate. More ships mean more competition, and more competition means lower rates. For this reason, the exporters of the Pacific Coast will make as strong a protest against the effort to exclude all but American ships from the Philippine trade as they would make against an effort to reduce the supply of tonnage available for coastwise business at home. The United States is a country of freight-producers, and not freight-carriers.

Too long women afflicted with husbands who come home drunk every Sunday have confined themselves for redress to ineffectual weapons, like prayers, tears and scoldings. Mrs. R. McKinstry has made a decided advance in the ancient art of dealing with a drunken husband. Her method is in every way commendable, and should be widely imitated. She provided herself with a good, substantial ax-handle, and when her husband and his friend Busch entered the house bringing their usual jags, she sailed in upon them. Both the method and her application of it are praiseworthy. She spared her husband, who, presumably, contributes more or less to the support of the family, but the friend Busch she smote with the ax-handle of the Lord and of Gideon, and, having smitten him hip and thigh, she turned him over to the police, who haled him away to a dungeon. We admire Mrs. McKinstry's conjugal forbearance; but if her husband comes home drunk next Sunday there is really only one fitting use for the ax-handle. May the police in the meantime not deprive her of it, and may her nerve not fail at the critical moment.

When an applicant for a public franchise of any kind offers to give a bond for a considerable amount guaranteeing the early commencement of construction work, he at least gives evidence of good faith. A mere promoter, anxious to secure a franchise which he can sell to some one else, is not likely to make such a proposition. A man who has control of capital enough to carry his plans to completion will have no trouble in furnishing such a bond, and the man who has not the capital is scarcely a suitable person to be the recipient of a franchise. It is a safe plan, therefore, for municipalities to exact such bonds and to place confidence in men who offer to give them. A few years ago a promoter asked the City of Salem to grant an electric light franchise in order that he might enter into competition with the company then in business. He was required to give a $5000 bond, conditioned upon the establishment of his plant, and when he failed to perform his agreement, suit was brought upon the bond and payment enforced. The exaction of a bond is not an unreasonable requirement nor a burdensome one to the concern able and willing to perform its contracts. Its chief advantage is that it protects the public from the schemes of cheap promoters.

Thirty of the leading seed dealers of the United States have petitioned the President for aid in abolishing the free seed distribution, which has expanded into such generous proportions that it is affecting the sale of seeds by regular dealers. This proposed reform may be all right from the standpoint of the seedsman, but what of the crossroads politician who makes up the list of those who shall enjoy these favors? "Did they beat me?" said a famous statesman who for years operated not far beyond the Multnomah County line. "Not on your life. They sent in a bar'l of money and all I had to meet it with was peanuts and the garden seeds which the Senator sent on from Washington." It is thus easy to see how the destinies of the Nation, or at least the county, may be affected by the withdrawal of such a potent favor with the agricultural vote.

According to advices from Washington, it seems reasonably certain that Senator Ankeny will secure the chairmanship of the irrigation committee. His appointment to that important position would meet with general approval throughout the Pacific Northwest, for Senator Ankeny is familiar not only with the irrigation needs of his own state, but also with those of Oregon and Idaho. This knowledge of irrigation matters in these states is not of the theoretical kind, for it was acquired by actual experience in numerous irrigation projects in the Northwest. Senator Ankeny on the irrigation committee could appear not only as chief adviser as to the merits of the measures which will come before the committee, but also as an expert on the technical features of the work that means so much for the West.

Oregon orchardists should inspect their trees this Winter, and if infected with San Jose scale, give them a thorough spraying. Clean fruit will make a good reputation for Oregon, while infected fruit will give Oregon a bad name. No one man can build up a reputation for Oregon products, but if each individual will do his part, Oregon fruit will be in demand wherever the best is wanted. Let each grower look after his own trees first, and then see that his neighbor follows the example. For those who willfully neglect to exterminate pests a law has been provided and compulsory measures can be brought into use.

The Prineville Review, which gives up fifteen and one-half lines of its valuable space to the terrible Harrington-Crain assault, remarks:

> Mr. Harrington is worried over the affair, as he fears that the public may imagine he attempted to kill Crain, between whom and himself there has been bad blood for some time.

Mr. Harrington's fears are groundless. The public won't indulge in many imaginings about this affair. They don't leave much to the imagination in Prineville. The Prineville Journal doesn't even mention the incident, which was indeed trivial, from the Prineville standpoint.

It might not be a bad idea for Oregonians to go out in their front yards and pick a few flowers to send to their friends and relatives in the Eastern States, where blizzards have been raging the past week. Such a gift, though small, would be an unquestionable reminder of the mildness of Oregon Winters.

Dr. Peters thinks a woman has as much right to smoke cigarettes as to vote. She has. But she don't. If she gets to vote, however, we assume that all the manly perquisites will go with it.

Now that the wagon road landowners in Malheur have succeeded in "protecting" their interests from the reclamation project, doubtless they will be satisfied.

Mayor Lane's Get-Together Club is said not to be meant for a joke on the Republican factions.

Heirs of the Johnson estate will find little cheer in the fate of the Marquam estate.

Even President Roosevelt will admire Senator Fulton's acquiescence.

We can't deny it. Prineville is in Oregon.

SILHOUETTES

The handwriting on the forged papers in the state land-fraud case looks like that of S. A. D. Puter. The hand may be the hand of Puter or of McKinley; there is no great difference, for the spirit of the thief is in them both.

* * *

Pope Pius could not possibly honor Western America Catholic and Protestant alike, more than to give Archbishop Christie the red hat.

* * *

The public is still entitled to its opinion in the Marquam case.

* * *

Why not pull off a six-round go with bare knucks between Dr. Clarence True Wilson and Dr. E. L. House. The Y. M. C. A. gymnasium or Tommy Tracey's place could no doubt be secured and the two reverend gentlemen could then settle their differences in a regular and orderly manner.

* * *

In the contest for control of the dressed meat business in the Northwest, the race seems to be to the Swift.

* * *

Local woman suffragists keep harping on that stereotyped old complaint of taxation without representation. What are they kicking about? Oregon isn't kicking up a fuss because three of her members of Congress have been disfranchised.

* * *

The Panama Canal is likely to prove almost as expensive as the McCurdy family.

* * *

Grover Cleveland is the proud possessor of two unique distinctions: He was the fattest and most expensive President the United States ever had.

* * *

Dr. Harry Lane, of Portland, was defeated for Mayor of Milwaukie yesterday.

* * *

If I didn't hail from Kansas and if I were disposed to be grewsome, I might say that it was a most natural thing for that woman to go insane while traveling through Kansas.

* * *

Reports say that the demand for vanila extract in the United States has fallen off. Topers in the prohibition states must have taken to drinking bay-rum.

* * *

The general understanding that Ex-Mayor Seth Low is dead seems to be erroneous. He has emerged from oblivion long enough to be elected chairman of something.

* * *

Great Britain is going to try to worry along with only four new battleships next year. Let us hope there will be no great suffering among the plain, common people.

* * *

Youth is a treatise on love and folly. Old age is a commentary on ingratitude and sorrow.

* * *

The strongest influence in the world seems to be wielded by our passions.

* * *

Many men are most esteemed when they are least known.

* * *

The only way to be known as "a prominent business man" or "a rising young attorney" is to get your name in the personal column of a newspaper.

* * *

A Civil Suggestion.

The Civil Service Commission, in its annual report, complains that the higher Federal positions are not in the classified service, thus discouraging ambitious young men who are in the lower grades of the service. The commission is right. Competitive examinations for the top-notch jobs is the thing we long have sought. Of course, such a system in choosing a President would be a little hard on Tom Taggart, George Cortelyou and other committee chairmen, General Grosvenor, the New York Herald and other majority guessers and the eminent sovereign voters who expect a little piece of money; but think of the saving of treasure and nerve force. Suppose, for example, the following paid advertisement should appear in The Oregonian's "want columns" some morning:

> WANTED—YOUNG MEN BETWEEN THE ages of 20 and 85 to report at the Government building in Portland on March 4 next to take the examination for President of the United States. Candidates must bring their own slates and must be prepared to answer questions in arithmetic up to mensuration, must have been through the reading-book three times and be able to tell a split infinitive from a Secretary of a Legation. They must be of good moral character up to a certain point, must be able to distinguish Booker Washington from the "boy" who serves the drinks; must know a .30-30 smokeless Winchester from a noiseless heptameter and must be prepared to write 4000 words for the magazines on "Flea Hunting in the Dead of Night" and similar subjects. They must also be able to repeat the phrases, "Strenuous life" and "A square deal" at least 700 times a minute without catching their breath or busting a broncho. They must also be able to distinguish Paul Morton from the rebate evil and Leonard Wood from a common regular. Free lunch and Rough Rider punch will be served during the ordeal.

Can you imagine the rush of applicants which would follow this call? On the morning in question Postmaster Minto would be besieged by a line of them reaching from Morrison to Burnside street, with sufficient of an overflow to fill the court of the Portland Hotel. Among those also present would be William Jennings Bryan, Otto Prag, Joseph Folk, Belva Lockwood, William Travers Jerome, Charles Tammany Murphy, Firealarm Joe Foraker, Joseph G. Cannon, Leslie Millicent Shaw, Abe Ruef, Charles Frohman, Bat Masterson, Congealed Winter Fairbanks, Mrs. Woodcock, Harry Lane and Gin'ral Killfeather.

ARTHUR A. GREENE.

This Is Kind, Too—But Don't Worry.

Eugene Gazette.

The Corvallis Times decries the sentiment which would frown on his candidacy, should Harvey Scott become a Senatorial candidate, and shows that The Oregonian editor is in every way worthy of the honor. Sad to relate, few newspaper men of Scott's ability ever receive political preferment, at hands of the voters, though one occasionally is chosen by the executive for superior posts in the foreign service, or in other important departments of the Government. Joseph Medill, deceased, editor of the Chicago Tribune, for years held a hope that he might represent Illinois in the Senate. His was recognized as the superior intellect in Western newspaper writing. He never realized his ambition. The policies of the Tribune and The Oregonian were similar. Both were Republican, but independent of bossism and never afraid to publish their sentiments. When Medill wanted to adorn the Senate, he hadn't the least prospect for election, for his tariff views were a bugbear to the Republican party. Yet it seems certain that within a year or two the Republican party will be favoring Medill's tariff scheme. It is not difficult to understand why such men as Scott and Medill seldom are recognized in a political way. Their independence creates too many enemies and the politician is jealous of any favor being shown them. After all, men of Scott's and Medill's caliber are worth more to the country in editorial capacity as exponents of right and justice than they would be rusting in the Senate, now popularly characterized as the "Millionaire Club."

JEROME ON BAD JUDGES.

Full Text of Remarkable Speech by New York District Attorney.

New York Sun November 29.

I want, first, to declare that in my opinion New York City is not the wickedest place in the world. I believe there are other cities than New York, and that some of them have not the difficulties that we encounter here.

We are here to hold a sort of experience meeting, to swap yarns—I was almost tempted to say to swap lies, but that isn't so. I want to say that what we ought to look for are two things, ultimate results and immediate results.

We have got to live here. Our lives might have been passed in other places, Jersey City, Cleveland or Philadelphia. Here, however, is where we must work out our problems. We would like to have something immediate and vital. The trouble with reform is its academic tendency; it is not able to realize the Anglo-Saxon way of remedying an evil in the most direct way; it wants some spirit of philosophic evolution in it.

"The Origin of Species" was published in the year 1859; that was the year in which I was born, but I suppose there was some other reason than that for printing it. We want to get away from these tentative things and have something vital done at once in the way of small reforms and successes and leave the broad, grand things which are to benefit our grandchildren for them to settle.

* * *

The first need I wish to mention tonight is that of ballot reform. I suppose there are more men in this club tonight who know more about ballot reform than in any other place in the United States. If some of them had their way we would have a truly perfect measure presented, like Lowell's Rising Sun, which got stuck on the horizon, but whatever is done, one fundamental thing must be established, and that is that we must have something approximating the Massachusetts system, whereby every man who votes must vote for some individual and not for some party. I think we can even concede the party emblem or symbol to the politician and take the Massachusetts system.

Another need is for a corrupt practices act. There are lots of men in this club who know all about the need of such legislation. I have sat up all night with one group who proposed death as a punishment and would allow a candidate to spend only his car fare for campaign expenses. I have sat up with another who advocated publicity as the only remedy for corruption at the polls, and between the two we have fallen down. It seems to me that if you take this publicity remedy and then go step by step until we get a wise and complete law we shall not again see the disgraceful things that we saw at the last election.

Another thing of greater importance, it seems to me, is that we should avoid the multiplicity of elective offices. As I grow older the wonder grows upon me that we have not gone into chaos for this reason. At the last election 17 officers were voted for in this county. The majority of those here could not begin to name them.

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This multiplicity of offices allows an eminently respectable head of the ticket like the man I voted for for Mayor, George B. McClellan, to be the means of dragging into office unknown, mediocre and unfit men. I am a Democrat, and have no prejudice against bartenders of themselves, but do you want to be confronted with a situation like that when McGowan was presented for our suffrages, with a prospect of becoming Mayor for three years? He was a bartender for Stewart and applied to Bradstreet's for rating to go into business. He had no fitness for office. The Massachusetts ballot law would help to remedy some of the difficulties such as his candidacy confronted us with.

But, most important of all, is to do away with an elective judiciary. I am a lawyer and was trained to come to my profession with a degree of reverence for the judiciary. But I want to say that, with few exceptions, I not only have no reverence for the Supreme Court Judges of this department, but have not even common ordinary respect for them.

The cowardice of the bar, my own profession, is responsible in large measure for the character of the Judges who sit in this department. The young man who dares raise his voice against the system is called a crank. It will be a long time before the burning sense of shame gets out of my heart when I found judges going bareheaded to a coarse, vulgar man like Murphy and begging to be nominated for places on the bench.

No man need be a judge unless he wants to, and we ought especially to think of this condition now, because of a shadow of scandal which hovers over the Supreme Court bench of this city today. Judges should be set apart as priests are set apart.

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Look at the judges here today! Look at 'em! What do you think of them, when they have to go down to Good Ground and ask a man like Murphy, to renominate a man like Ingraham. In Massachusetts, where they have life judges and where they are appointed, you will hear a group of lawyers say they don't want to bring a certain case before certain judges, because of a certain legal slant in their opinion. In this city, you will hear lawyers who object to bring cases before judges, because they are close to this or that political leader, or to this or that commercial interest.

Perhaps I ought not to talk this way but I feel bitter about this, and shall continue my warfare on the system. Next year several Supreme Court Judges are to be elected in this department. Have the members of the bar discussed who they shall be? The politicians have, and some of them are already slated for the places. There is more than one man on the bench today who is close, too close, to commercial interests.

This is my fight. We must stop the multiplicity of elective offices, and if the Bar Association of the City of New York will not take it up, then the Bar Association of the State of New York, which, thank God, is a better body, must take it up; and even then, if they will not take it up civic pride must intervene. If the civic conscience cannot raise the judiciary of this state to the place where it belongs, it is a sign that it cannot raise the tone of the community in other respects. If I did not continue this work I ought never to ask at the hands of my fellow citizens any further manifestation of their respect.

He Kept a Dairy.

October.

4th, advertisement for girl to do typewriting	$ 1.30
9th, violets for new typewriter	50
13th, week's salary for typewriter	10.00
18th, roses for typewriter	2.00
20th, Miss Remington's salary	15.00
21st, candy for wife and children over Sunday	60
22d, box bonbons for Miss Remington	6.00
26th, lunch with Miss R.	5.75
27th, Daisy's salary	20.00
29th, theater and supper with Daisy	17.00
30th, sealskin for wife	225.00
31st, advertisement for young man to do typewriting	1.30

No Burglars in the Senate?

Boston Herald.

Senator Lodge tells of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature who was much impressed with the dignity of his position. One night his wife woke him and whispered: "John, there are burglars in the house."

"You must be mistaken, my dear," said her husband; "there may be a few in the Senate, but in the House—oh, no; the idea is simply preposterous."

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

Recollections of Bishop Newman—Archbishop Bourne, visiting Palermo, has revived memories of John Henry Newman's stay there many years ago. The future cardinal—we mean Newman—was an Evangelical clergyman; but he always thought he had previsions in Sicily of the work he was afterward to perform as the reviver of Catholic ideals at home. He fell ill in Sicily, and during his fever he said to his servant, "I shall not die; for I have not sinned against light." Newman said afterward, "I have never been able to make out at all what I meant." The cryptic speech did not end with that. One morning Newman sat down on his bed and began to sob bitterly. His servant, who acted as his nurse, asked what ailed him. Newman could only answer: "I have a work to do in England." Aching to go home, he got off in an orange boat, and it was while he was becalmed for a week in the Straits of Bonifacio that he wrote the lines, "Lead, Kindly Light." The Sunday after Newman returned to Oxford Keble preached a sermon which inaugurated the Oxford movement. Newman, who believed himself light-led throughout, found in this fact the key to perhaps the strangest confidences ever made by even a traveling Englishman to a bewildered body servant.—London Chronicle.

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Lord Kitchener's Love Story—Let me give you a little sequel to your interesting details of Lord Kitchener's youthful love affair (writes a correspondent). Of late years, "K. of K." has lavished his best affections on two women considerably his seniors! Alas, for romance, however, they are his aunts (his mother's sisters), and the great soldier is seen in his most human aspect when he is with these charming old ladies. It was to their care he confided the presentations made to him after his Egyptian successes; also the curios he has himself collected. Possibly his happiest days in England are those spent in their company.—M. A. P.

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The Two Nicholases of Russia—There is a happy analogy between the crises in the lives of the two Nicholases on whom the thoughts of all Russians are now centered—Nicholas II and Nicholas the miracle worker and patron saint of Russia, before whose shrines thousands of candles are today being burnt. There is a legend that when St. Nicholas was on his sea pilgrimage to Palestine a hurricane threatened to overwhelm him and to cut short his career, but a brief prayer wrought a miracle and stilled the tempest. Historians may possibly record how Nicholas II wrought another miracle by his brief proclamation at a moment when a revolutionary tempest was about to sweep away the throne and perhaps his life. Then it will be necessary to revise the popular gibe, "'And Nicky ran,' to 'And Nicky wrote.'"—London Chronicle.

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Russia's New Minister of Marine—Admiral Birileff brings a robust disposition to his new task. He is a rollicking salt, with a Homeric stammer, a practical joker like Lord Charles Beresford. Stories about him are numberless. Here is one: When Admiral Sheatakoff was in power he passed a rigorous rule that his young officers must not bankrupt themselves buying bouquets for visiting royalties. The Empress was to visit a ship on which Birileff served. As Her Majesty descended to the cabin a huge bouquet of flowers mysteriously appeared on the table, and delighted royalty at once took possession of it. Admiral Sheatakoff saw the mass of fragrant blossoms in the imperial hands and turned furiously to his officers.

"Did I not give orders that no one must present flowers?"

"N-nobody did!" stammered Birileff; "s-she t-took it hers-self!"—Harper's Weekly.

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Rosebery As a Man of Letters—There may be two opinions about Lord Rosebery's character as a politician, but there can only be one as to his occasional appearance in the capacity of a man of letters. In the domain of history and literature he touches nothing which he does not adorn, and his range is a wide one—from the imperial captive of St. Helena to the inspired exciseman of Dumfries. His address at Dumfries some years ago on Burns was one of the finest things of the kind to which Scotsmen had ever been treated, while his speech on Saturday at the annual meeting of the Scottish Historical Society was another masterpiece in its way. One wonders to what extent an English educated peer like the Lord of Dalmeny can speak and understand Lowland Scots, which was certainly spoken by the nobility and gentry of Scotland a century ago.—London Exchange.

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A Ruler Who Sleeps on the Floor—The Shah of Persia never, under any circumstances, sleeps on a bedstead; and no matter where he has stayed, whether it be in royal palaces or hotels, he has either had the bedstead removed from his sleeping apartment or else has relegated it to some remote corner, so as to enable him to sleep in the exact center of the room on a couple of huge cushions or soft Oriental mattresses stretched upon the floor. And just behind the cushion upon which his head rests there is always a small table, upon which are five portraits. The center one is of himself. It is flanked on either side by those of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, while beyond them on either side are the pictures of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. These portraits accompany him everywhere, and may be said to watch over his slumbers in his own dominions as well as abroad.—London Tatler.

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The Kaiser's Health Rules—The German Emperor endeavors to follow the "rules of life" laid down by his favorite physician, as follows: "Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Only take potatoes once a day. Don't drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night." The Kaiser ascribes his excellent physical condition to close adherence to this advice.—London Tit-Bits.

Several Disraeli Epigrams.

Harper's Weekly.

The following are some of the little-known epigrams of Lord Beaconsfield recently collected by an admirer of Disraeli:

"Be frank and explicit. That is the right line to take when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse that of others.

"What we call the heart is a nervous sensation, like shyness, which gradually disappears in society.

"Nobody should look anxious except those who have no anxiety.

"Women are the only people that get on. A man works all his life and thinks he has done a wonderful thing if, with one leg in the grave and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet; and a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot."

Toiler and Dreamer.

Frank L. Stanton.

I.

Brave heart, that faces sorrow o'ershadowing
the day,
A toiler and a dreamer along the lonely way.
Yet striving in Life's Winter to reap the
blooms of May!

II.

And the mad world, unheeding, leaves thorns
for thee to tread;
Enough for thee the liberty to toil where
Hope falls dead
On the barren highways leading up to a
crust of bread!

III.

Yet, of Despair forever some undreamed Hope
is born;
And Faith shall sandal still the feet, red-
wounded of the thorn;
And the darkness melt in music of the hills
that meet the morn!