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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1906.

POULTNEY BIGELOW AND THE DEVIL.

Most people have forgotten enough geography to be thankful for a reminder that the Isthmus of Panama runs east and west—not north and south. The proposed canal route, therefore, inclines to follow the course of a meridian line. At its south, or Pacific, end lies the miasmatic swamp called the City of Panama; at the north end, about eighteen inches above the level of the aptly named Mosquito Gulf, lies Colon. Now in Colon there dwells an American merchant named Tracy Robinson. He has lived there for almost fifty years, spending his days in the contemplation of pollywogs, green scum and alligators, and his nights in listening to the soft lullaby of the yellow-fever-breeding mosquitoes. Strange to relate, under these sweet influences Mr. Robinson has grown sour and crabbed. As he advanced into the vale of years he has felt his youthful confidence in his fellow-man gradually slipping away.

Mr. Robinson, it is said, runs a department store in the salubrious municipality of Colon. His customers, who live on the adjacent hummocks in the verdant swamp, only need to roll up their trousers when they come to visit the 99-cent counter, for the scum is nowhere more than ankle deep and they all go barefoot. To the gentlemen Mr. Robinson sells vast quantities of spiritus frumenti; to the ladies, toilet articles such as butter for the hair, looking-glasses to stick through the end of the nose, and cowbells to wear in the ears. The society dames of Colon, it need not be stated, reverse the habit of northern climes and leave their persons unclad from the middle downward instead of upward, so that Mr. Robinson's sales of dress goods are small. Still he make a comfortable profit, which, for half a century, he has steadily sunk in Colon real estate—going down from six inches to ten feet to find solid bottom for it to anchor on. He has always predicted that land in Colon was bound to rise if a man only waited long enough. He is a temperance man as well as a real estate boomer, and invariably during his long career has worked for a dry town.

When Secretary Taft, with his corps of twelve consulting engineers, landed in Colon, they took off their shoes and stockings, rolled up their trousers and waded in a dignified and learned procession along the principal street to the hotel. Mr. Robinson met them on the edge of the pollywog pool in the front yard and greeted them with a few brief remarks. "Welcome, gentlemen," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "to our beautiful city. You are to be on the Isthmus only a few days. Spend them with me and watch Colon grow. In yon pellucid lake, where the sportive crocodile now basks, what a site for a Government boarding-house! Here, where you behold the shark chasing that adventurous Chinaman, is an ideal spot to erect a bandstand where the canal-diggers may recreate themselves with music after their daily toil, and, best of all, in my department store, at marked-down prices, you will find everything they need to eat, drink and wear. Here on my right hand stands my distinguished friend, Engineer Lundie, willing, nay eager, from motives as pure and patriotic as my own, to take any job going. He will drain these puddies and the Government Treasury with equal zeal and efficiency. Take us, gentlemen, for your guides, philosophers and friends, and all will be well."

Marvelous to relate, Secretary Taft declined this unselfish proposal. He did not stop to watch Colon grow dry and Robinson and Lundie grow fat. With his twelve disciples he perambulated across the Isthmus to the rival town of Panama, peering into this, prying into that, learning things which no self-respecting Secretary of War ought to know, prodding stubborn subordinates, pushing on lazy ones, routing out thieves, fighting germs and dislodging grafters. Truly a sad business he made of it, diverting the Government money into houses for workmen, machinery to dig with, and engineers to make them dig instead of turning it all into Mr. Robinson's pockets.

This naturally gave another jolt to the worthy merchant's confidence in his fellow-man. In the watches of the night, as he pensively brooded over his wrongs, he grew morose. He pondered upon revenge. He finally offered to sell his soul to the devil to get even with Mr. Taft. The devil took him at his word and sent Poultney Bigelow to arrange the details of the bargain. "We can't injure Taft by telling the truth," said Satan. "We've got to lie to accomplish it, and no ordinary lying will do, either. It must be something stupendous, monumental, colossal, and for that sort of lying my colleague, Poultney, is just the man. Yes, I'll send Poultney to Robinson, and ten to one he'll get up a story that will make Ananias and Munchausen turn in their graves." Whether the devil chose his man wisely or not, those who have read Bigelow's attack on Taft in the Independent must judge for themselves.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF A YEAR.

Wednesday was the great day of the year for the Portland Chamber of Commerce. At the annual meeting the retiring president, Mr. W. D. Wheelwright, summed up the achievements of 1905. At the evening banquet the incoming president, Mr. R. R. Hoge, gave his forecast and promise of what the Chamber would do for the coming year.

In many directions the Chamber of Commerce has striven valiantly for the good of city and state during the past year. For the whole time, and especially during the term of the Exposition, exploitation work on a great scale has been carried on. The distribution of nearly 85,000 pieces of literature and correspondence with intending settlers, and with those desirous of entering industrial pursuits here, is no mean feat. The permanent exhibit of Oregon land and orchard products in the rooms of the Chamber has been both added to and utilized for the benefit of visitors. The Chamber has been the residuary legatee of the Exposition for much of this, and is accordingly grateful.

But the main work has been devoted to furthering great undertakings. The retiring president speaks with justifiable pride of the influence brought to bear by the open-river committee of the Chamber in utilizing the Portage Railroad as a step to the Celilo Canal, and in starting the stream of commerce from Lewiston, by way of the Portage Railroad, down the Columbia to Portland, and so to the world.

For its work the Chamber received full recognition on the day, memorable in the annals of the Columbia River, when the Portage Road was opened. The traffic of the Columbia, as distinct from that of the railroads following its basin, is, of course, infant yet. This coming year is to see extension, when boats are placed permanently and frequently on the runs limited in either direction by the Celilo rapids. Its full development awaits completion of the canal.

The Chamber takes due credit for work in sustaining the pending effort to obtain such appropriations for work on the Columbia bar improvement as shall prevent the calamity of suspension of operations.

The Chamber of Commerce has, says its ex-president, ranged itself on the side of President Roosevelt, in so enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that it will become just such a tribunal as that mentioned by the President. These expressions, a little ambiguous, are not clarified by those a little farther on in the address, that "the railroads ought not to complain of an impartial tribunal of a judicial character that shall hear complaints and take action upon those that are well founded, subject to review by the courts." Probably the railroads will not, and do not, object to such a tribunal.

The indictment by Mr. Wheelwright of those property-owners in this city who, by refusing their co-operation, landed the civic improvement effort of the Chamber in complete failure, will be read with interest. Doubtless it is mortifying in the extreme to be beaten by inert obstruction. Individuals cursed with character and temperament of this nature are ever with us—and not with us only. There is but one effective remedy. That is found in publicity, such as obstructionists always fear and suffer under.

Leaving, then, this record of recent history, turn for a moment to the entry on the scene of the new president. His address is instinct with hope, encouragement and call to united effort. His references to his predecessor were felt to be no less complimentary than deserved. Between the lines of necessary generalities may be read purpose to aid, in not only improving the Columbia, in its full course from the mountains to the ocean, but to assist all other parts of Oregon in their efforts for local improvement and development. United Oregon was the motive of the song, as it should be. All can join in wishing the Chamber and its officers godspeed in their new year.

WITH HEALING ON ITS WINGS.

An institution in this community in the work and the success of which both science and humanity are interested is the Open-Air Sanitarium for the treatment of tuberculosis. Starting a year ago, at what was seemingly a most unpropitious season for taking patients who were under the menace of the "white plague" out of doors, the sanitarium has from the first proved the efficacy of living in the open air, properly supervised and nourished, in curing consumption when taken in its first stage, and in arresting its progress and promising a cure in its second stage. Patients in the third stage have been received from time to time, not with hope of restoring them to health, but for humanity's sake, and in response to their pleadings and those of their friends. The condition of patients far advanced in consumption is so pitiful and at the same time so hopeless that it is hard to deny them the "last chance" for life, which they think they see in the open-air treatment; but it is not the purpose of the managers, nor was it the intent of the founders, of this institution, to attempt the treatmen of persons whose tenure of life under the most favorable conditions could not extend beyond a few weeks.

This suggests again a matter that has been frequently mentioned in The Oregonian, viz., the fact that there is no place in this city or its vicinity where consumptives can find rest, care and shelter during the last few weeks or months of their hopeless battle against the disease. No place where they can cease battling and merely wait in peace and quiet for the end. The discovery that consumption is a communicable disease has shut the doors of general hospitals against its victims; private families will not receive them, and hotel and boarding-house keepers will not harbor them. If they are fortunate enough to be at home, love ministers to them at the risk (greater or less, according to the enlightened conception of danger of those in charge) of infecting other members of the family. But if homeless, as are very many, especially young men, who are suffering from the disease, their condition is that of persons with nowhere to go and to whom even the grave seems reluctant to offer retreat.

This fact is a discredit to any progressive community, and will, if allowed to continue, soon become a disgrace to this one. The experience of the managers of the Open-Air Sanitarium has shown the need of a home for consumptives of the third and last stage. Cure in such cases is not to be thought of, but care is essential, and a plea for it is voiced in most pathetic tones of charity and humanity.

It is not for this phase of the work, however, that the managers of the Open-Air Sanitarium speak. They tell rather of the benefits that are possible for those in the earlier stages of tuberculosis, from life in the open air, a generous diet, systematic exercise and proper rest. They tell also of the benefit to be derived from living in the open moisture-laden air of Oregon in the Winter time as well as in its balmy but not more health-inspiring air at other seasons of the year.

This is a point that concerns everybody, sick or well, who is so fortunate as to live in Oregon. "Our changes of temperature," assaid by Dr. Pierce, resident physician at the Open-Air Sanitarium, "are not marked or violent; the altitude is not great enough to render tuberculosis patients liable to hemorrhages; the balmy, moisture-laden air is beneficial, and never more so than during or immediately after a rain or snow storm."

Here is proof, based upon special experience and careful observation, that the climate of Oregon does not generate or favor consumption, but that to those who have contracted that malady the balmy, moisture-laden, open air of Western Oregon bears healing upon its wings. Simple as is this last fact, and long ago attested by the rugged health of the early settlers, who lived in unbattened log houses, it may well be announced as an important discovery. As the old fear of "night air" as prejudicial to health, has been dispelled, as far as intelligent people are concerned, by the simple reflection that night air is all there is at night, and that air being necessary for the maintenance of life, the choice lies between close, stuffy night air in unventilated rooms and fresh night air entering freely through open windows, so the fact that Winter air is all the air there is in Winter, and to breathe it fresh and pure is infinitely better than to take it in close, superheated rooms, may be considered well established.

A PROPER VERDICT.

John A. Anderson has recovered $250 from the Oregon Water Power Company. Since he sued for $10,000, he gets just one-fortieth of what he thinks he ought to have. If every man were as well treated, the world would be a happier place than it is, for most people get not even the fortieth part of what they think they deserve. Probably Mr. Anderson believes that if the Oregon Water Power Company had its deserts The Oaks would be reduced from a paradise of virtuous enjoyment to a howling wilderness. While his resentment may seem excessive, it is certain that there was a dearth of amenity in the way the philanthropic corporation treated him.

He sailed in his own boat to the river landing of The Oaks and went in without hindrance at a gate which was public so far as entering was concerned. The rub came when he tried to get out. The Oaks is peculiar among innocent resorts, inasmuch as a man must pay to get in and pay again to get out. Anderson objected to this latter requirement. He admitted the right of the corporation to take all his money inside the gates, but doubted its right to hold him prisoner till he paid a ransom to escape. Bandits enjoy this privilege in Turkey, but it is not yet fully conceded to them in America, though some courts have held in their favor.

Fighting for his liberty, Anderson got more or less battered up by the corporation bullies, but the $250 will buy a large number of porous plasters. Probably it will do him some good even if it does not fully compensate for his wrongs. Certainly to pay it will do the Oregon Water Power Company good. Their spiritual state will be vastly improved by this verdict. A few more of the same kind might bring them to treat with common decency even those members of the public who cannot fight.

THE WIFE-DESERTER AGAIN.

Some months ago a statistician of National repute challenged public credulity by declaring that bigamy was more common than divorce. But, based upon the frequency of the desertion of wives as disclosed by the records of every community, in and out of the courts, this assertion seems to be well proved, even were it not backed by carefully compiled statistics.

Proceedings for divorce for desertion are instituted with portentous frequency in the State Circuit Court in this city. The plea is usually entered by wives who ask legal separation from errant husbands, of whose whereabouts they know nothing. Not always, perhaps, but in very many cases, these husbands, having gone into other communities, have married again without even the poor formality of a fraudulent divorce, leaving their wives and children to their own devices or to the charity of the community for support, again to change location and family when they "get tired."

Some states have sought to mitigate this evil by legislation requiring a stranger, or a man whose record in the community does not run back a number of years, to produce evidence from the place of his last residence showing that he left behind him there no unfulfilled matrimonial obligations. The old-fashioned custom requiring publication of banns for a certain length of time before marriage might be revived with good effect. Let the announcement be made from the pulpit of the most prominent church in the village where the man formerly resided; or, if in the city, in one of its most widely circulated newspapers, in a column set apart for that purpose and properly indexed in the summary of the paper's contents. Wise women, it is said, should insist upon some such means or some means for their own protection and the protection of their sex from this very frequent imposition. There is, of course, no complete remedy for a thing so widely prevalent and so disastrous to domestic and social happiness as wife-desertion. The old warning against putting trust in strangers would, if heeded at the right time, greatly diminish the cases of divorce for desertion and make the road to bigamy less easy to travel. It may be feared, however, that there is little hope of relief from that quarter.

In the meantime, decent public sentiment should be a unit in the reprobation of a man who has deserted a wife in one community, gone to another place and married again without even the preliminary of a divorce. No "poor fellow," for example, is this man R. T. Ledingham, who, after a life of deception in this city covering a period of twenty-eight years, went back (his bigamous wife having died a few years ago) to the deserted wife of his youth in Kansas City "to be taken care of while he lived." No "poor fellow," indeed, but a sneaking, selfish creature who might fitly have ended his career of faithlessness and duplicity by dying alone and uncared for on the public common. The only redeeming feature in this case is that the man did not not live long to bask in the sunshine of the love that he had cast off, as a garment, in his early manhood, but died before its returning warmth made him satisfied with what he had done.

The question of the reassessment of property for street improvements for which owners of abutting property have refused to pay on grounds that have been sustained as legal and sufficient by the courts, is one that promises to make litigation lively and expensive until it is finally decided—which is to say, until it is decided justly. It seems to be plain enough that, if a street was not improved according to contract entered into under certain specifications made out in the City Engineer's office, the property-owners are justified in refusing to pay for the work. If this contention of property-owners is held, upon evidence adduced, to be valid, how can a reassessment be legally made for the same work? The endless-chain system that is brought to bear to compel property-owners to join, against their will, the combine of fraudulent contractors, should be broken, and the quicker the better for all concerned—except, perhaps, the attorneys.

Mr. James J. Hill has pronounced himself in favor of reciprocity with Canada as a means for stopping the steady stream of capital and immigration which is flowing from the United States over the border into the country of our northern neighbor. Reciprocity would be an excellent policy for the United States to adopt regarding Canada, for it would help both countries financially and promote a better feeling between them. It is doubtful, however, about its checking the immigration that is now crossing the line. Canada has millions of acres of very fine farming land which she is disposing of to settlers on such liberal terms that great numbers of Americans who can no longer secure such valuable land for a small amount of money in this country are going over to take advantage of it. Reciprocity, coupled with the steady Americanizing of Canada, may yet result in its annexation by the United States.

Comparison of the conditions of our trade with Great Britain in 1905 with those of 1895 shows a substantial gain both in exports and imports. In exports especially the gain has been enormous, aggregating over 35 per cent in the ten years covered. Foodstuffs, manufacturers' supplies, and manufactures make up the greater part of this increased volume. The detailed statement of this trade furnished by the Department of Labor and Commerce deals with figures so stupendous as to be practically meaningless to the average mind, except as they convey a distinct idea of very large transactions in the realm of trade between the two great English-speaking nations of the world.

The American Nation has a taste for sweets that seems to be insatiable. Like other tastes to which prosperity caters, it grows by what it feeds upon. The average consumption of sugar per capita in the United States last year was seventy-five pounds. In two decades the importation of sugar has doubled, and its consumption has increased until now one-half of the cane product of the world finds its way into American commerce. This means cake and candy for the million, and sugar in everybody's coffee, not to mention syrup upon everybody's hot cakes for breakfast. The domestic crop of 1904 represents 1,167,270,560 pounds, an amount that staggers conception either of bulk or weight.

There is something pathetic yet inspiring in the long, brave and losing fight of Dr. Harper, of Chicago University, against the disease which at last came off conqueror. Cheerful, serene, uncomplaining to the last, he passed on and out, only regretting to leave his work, his home, his family and his friends. The loss to the scholarship of the world, to its educational interests and to its earnest, true manhood, in the death of Dr. Harper, is very great.

It must be curiosity that prompts a man past middle life to joust about the country, searching for a father who left him, a babe in his mother's arms, more than half a hundred years ago. Or perhaps it is property instinct. It certainly cannot be filial affection, or even decent respect for the cold-blooded derelict who forsook his obligations to his family in his youth.

Probably the simplest way of putting an end to tong wars would be to enfranchise the Chinaman. Those carnivals of bloodshed and bad pistol practice in Chinatown seem to be the benighted heathen's substitute for the white devil's exhilarating Spring election.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, a tramp journalist, spent twenty-eight hours at the Isthmus of Panama and comes back telling the world all about it. But we should not be too critical. Most of the writers who know all about the mistakes of Roosevelt at Panama have got their information at very long range.

The anti-Depew resolution is to be urged in the New York Legislature. Senator Brackett is making a mistake. All this resignation agitation has been stirred up by the newspapers. Nobody wants Depew to resign but the people.

Poultney Bigelow ought to realize the danger of getting into a controversy with this Administration. He has been neatly roasted, toasted and laid away on a shelf with Whitney, Odell, Wallace and other indiscreet gentlemen.

The public watches with interest the fight of science against pneumonia in the case of Marshall Field, the Chicago millionaire. Incidentally, interest is felt in the recovery of the patient.

Sir Thomas Lipton is going to try again to win the America's cup. Advertising pays. But some day Sir Thomas will get the cup, and then nobody over here will drink his tea.

We have no desire to prejudge the case of Mr. Richards, hotel-keeper; but it is proper to remark that he is not the first man in Portland to sell his place a hotel when it wasn't.

THE SILVER LINING.

Do you want to be successful? Speak of vital things in a vital way.

* * *

The still pig that is getting the milk seems to be Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, of New York, and all over America. His merger of four large life insurance companies, absolutely controlling a business of billions, is now as complete as his Transit Trust or as the Gas Trust, and as effective as his Political Trust. Furthermore, four monopolies are thus woven securely into a single system with intertwined interests. Against any attack on one the coalized forces of all four trusts will be brought to bear. Commanding them all is Mr. Ryan, the author of the titanic project whose daily progress toward consummation is by leaps and bounds.

* * *

In these days of restlessness, novelty and transformation it is encouraging to learn that the Gulf Stream has positively not changed its course and shows no intention of changing it.

* * *

What is platonic love?

It is—well, it creates an appetite, like any other tonic.

* * *

"They've got a second tenor in the church, I see."

"What do they want a second tenor for?"

"They always have seconds in places where they have fights, you fool."

* * *

James Huneker wails that Shaw leaves us without morals. Those who never had any need n't worry.

* * *

"Senator," she asked, "do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"Well, I—is Roosevelt for it or against it?"

* * *

Tanque—Guzzler hasn't been around lately. I wonder if anything is wrong with him?

Soaque—I'm afraid so. I heard he was going to be married.

* * *

Not a railroad would ever have been built if the essential condition had been to make every shoveler pleased with his job. That, apparently is the thought of Roosevelt regarding the present status of the Panama Canal work and the censorious multitude. When the newspaper correspondents saw the discouraged stragglers at Shiloh and asked Grant what preparations he had made for defeat, "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet," replied the man with the cigar. It would take the Canal several years longer to whip Roosevelt.

* * *

With gas at 80 cents and ineffable quality in New York, natural gas at Fort Wayne shut off by bankrupt companies, gas at $1.25 charged (82 collected) in Portland, unlimited flowing wells of human gas at Seattle, and hot air for mixing purposes free everywhere, no wonder my slumbers are perturbed and I dream dreams.

* * *

Miss Isadora Duncan, an American dancer, whose dance has been prohibited by the Berlin police because she appeared in her bare feet, is a lovely and gracious personality in a quandary. She made a hit in Eastern cities of the United States, and, although she eschewed stockings and tights in her gyrations and impersonations, it is not recorded that metropolitan Easterners expressed a preference either for the clad or unclad sacred female foot and leg. Why a bare foot is considered less safe and less calculated to instigate a riot in Germany than a silk-stockinged ankle is not yet explained. Perhaps the mercantile conservators of morality and exponents of provincial holiness in Portland may offer some adequate explanation.

* * *

O, Come and Be a Pesky Eskymo.

(Tune of "I'd Like to Take You Home With Me.")

When I was out exploring in the Northern Polar Sea
A lovely Arctic maiden I discovered;
She was a little Eskimo, as sweet as sweet could be,
And with a sealskin jacket she was covered—
Though my hands and feet were freezing,
Yet she seemed so very pleasing
That I stood there unaware of my condition,
For I couldn't quite resist her.
So I held her hand and kissed her
As she made to me this icy proposition:

"O come and be an Esky, Eskymo, mo mo,
A-dwelling where the Arctic breezes blow, blow, blow—
We can live on fish and blubber,
With no one around to rubber—
Won't you come and be a pesky little Esky, Esky-mo?"

I wooed that Arctic maiden for a Wintry month or two,
But I found, alas! that she was frozen-hearted,
She met me with an icy glare whene'er I tried to woo,
And so I hitched my reindeer and departed.
For it's hard to be a hero
With the mercury at zero,
Yet I loved that Arctic maiden to distraction,
And I think I hear her calling
When the Wintry snows are falling,
And the wind is from a northerly direction:

"O come and be an Esky, Eskymo, mo mo,
A-dwelling where the Arctic breezes blow, blow, blow—
We can live on fish and blubber,
With no one around to rubber—
Won't you come and be a pesky little Esky, Esky-mo?"

Funston's Feats Discredited.

Topeka Correspondence St. Louis Republic.

The revised Kansas School History contains no reference to the daring swimming feats popularly attributed to General Frederick Funston while in the Philippines.

The history, which was written by the late Noble L. Prentis, has been revised quite recently by Mrs. Prentis, and she has eliminated from the chapter on the Philippine War all reference to the statements widely printed in the newspapers that Funston was promoted for his bravery in swimming the Bagbag and the Rio Grande Rivers.

This has been the subject of considerable discussion and dissension ever since the war. Mrs. Prentis accepted as final authority in the matter the records of the War Department, which show that Funston and his men were towed across the Rio Grande by two privates, who alone swam the river. The records also show that the Funston detachment crossed the Bagbag on a bridge.

A year ago, when D. O. McCray, a member of the State Textbook Commission, declared that Funston's swimming feats were the invention of an enterprising press agent in the Philippines, McCray was bitterly denounced by thousands of Funston's admirers in Kansas. Lieutenant-Colonel Little, of the Twentieth Kansas, also aroused a storm of indignation by declaring that Funston could not swim a stroke.

Good Mental Gymnastics.

Ottawa (Canada) Free Press.

An English specialist in mental diseases advises "bridge" for women. It prevents insanity. A pair of knitting needles and some yarn would be more effective; also a wash-tub.

TOLSTOI'S LETTER TO THE CZAR

Nicholas and His Advisers Warned That Their Time Is Short.

From the Independent.

Gentlemen, bethink yourselves! Bethink yourselves now, while you are yet appealed to in words! For the question of life must, at last, arise even to you. For to this alone, to this question of life, the voice of the people is now turned.

No one believes any longer in your sovereign wisdom and your love for the country. You are the first and only enemy of Russia's salvation and the people's welfare!

Remember! No matter what new atrocities, no matter what new horrors, your skill as hangmen may devise—more blood will no longer frighten anybody. Having grown accustomed to look death straight in the eye, the people have ceased to fear your bullets and bayonets. You have trained them to blood and death; and they fear no longer your threats. You have succeeded in transforming a peaceful people into brave champions for freedom; you have succeeded in kindling the fire of revolution in the working people. You have been striking Russia until it broke the disgraceful chain which you have forged. You have tortured the great silent sufferer until he has shown you his hungry teeth. You have done everything to start the revolutionary conflagration. You have gone from one end of Russia to the other with noose, bayonet and knout, and you yourselves have aroused it from its long sleep. From the humble huts to the mansions of the millionaires, from the dull villages to the great cities, you have everywhere awakened the vengeance of the people.

* * *

And when the people, still unarmed, wanted to shake off without bloodshed your will, you have killed them with increased cruelty. You have driven away the people who turned to you with a petition. You have devastated villages that begged you for land and freedom—for bread and rights. You have fired upon peaceful working people who have come to you with a petition in their hands. You have done everything to make cursing and vengeance the watchword of the entire land. You have been comforting yourselves until all Russia was set on fire by revolution. And you yourselves have taught the people what "language" to use in "speaking" to you. Stationing yourselves openly on the ground of violence, you yourselves have confederated the way of violence. Sending troops upon the people, you have shown that you are the enemies of the people and of Russia! And when the people saw that it was necessary to take from you, not to ask,—you, like a cornered antagonist, threw to the people "kind-heartedly" one piece after another. Ignoring your orders, the people held meetings of their own accord—you have "permitted" them to discuss their most urgent needs. Ignoring your "laws," the working people have stopped the life of the entire great land. You have signed a manifesto acknowledging that the people should have the rights of man. Waiting in vain for an answer to their demands, the peasants started to plunder the villages. Then you issued another ukase to relinquish redeemable taxes. The press seized the right of freedom by force. Then you pretended that you yourselves had wished it long ago. You have given all these rights only when they were taken from you by a successful struggle!

* * *

But here, too, you were a dishonest foe. Here, too, giving up your positions, one after another, in the course of the battle, you begin again your campaign, trusting that innocent people will believe your promise of peace!

Now you again recover courage. You want war again. The highest circles again demand new blood, new victims. The black clique, treacherously breaking the promise, again starts its bloody campaign.

Bethink yourselves! Bethink yourselves! The power is not in your hands now. Life has again gone ahead of you all, and the Russian people have really seized the power. Now that the union of all peasants throughout Russia has awakened to a conscious life, you must give up all thought of regaining your former power. The last resort—to re-establish the dying organization with fire and sword—has gone away from you.

Remember, now the National Parliament can be called together without your aid and paper orders; and the blood-stained land has been torn out from your hands. But the people want no war. The people do not want to shed even "black" blood. To you they send once more their messenger. Once more they demand a constituent assembly on the principle of the electoral rights proclaimed by the entire country.

Gentlemen, bethink yourselves. Bethink yourselves, and do not decline the last branch of peace, which the long-enduring Russian people bring to you.

JONATHAN MONROE'S DOCTRINE

He Is 63, and He Has Twenty-Seven Children.

Chicago Tribune.

Race suicide? Ask Jonathan Allen Monroe. He became a father for the 27th time on Thursday. He is 63 years old and the latest addition to his numerous progeny is a boy baby, making the 15th living child to his credit.

Mr. Monroe is a cattlebuyer at the Union Stockyards. He has so many children he has to keep books on them. A recapitulation follows:

Sons living	7
Daughters living	8
Total number children living	15
Number children dead	12
Total number children	27
Combined ages of children living	289
Born in Chicago	11
Born in Albany, N. Y.	16
Children living at home	11
Married sons	None
Married daughters	3
Children in public schools	4
Birth date of first born	Oct. 17, 1866
Birth date of last born	Jan. 4, 1906

"I'm just as fond of children now as I was when I was first married," said Mr. Monroe last evening. "They're the only thing that makes life worth living. If people had more children we wouldn't hear so much about the Osler theory."

Mr. Monroe was born in Swansea, Mass. When he was 18 years old he married Isabelle Huntington in Albany, and went to that city to live. The first Mrs. Monroe died after having given birth to 12 children. Six of them are living. Some years later Mr. Monroe married his present wife who is now 29 years old, the same age as Jonathan Allen, Jr. The family came to Chicago in 1891.

His One Ear Enough.

Boston Herald.

Judge Wilbur, who retired from the Rhode Island bench last June, when the new court and practice act went into effect, had for many years previous handled the criminal business of the state. He was perfectly familiar with the wiles and excuses of men who sought to evade jury duty, and showed them little consideration.

A venireman gave as his reason for desiring to get out of grand jury service physical disability.

"What is the nature of your infirmity?" asked the Judge.

"I am deaf in one ear, your honor," replied the man.

"You'll do," said the Judge. "Don't you know you only have to hear one side of a case in the grand jury room?"

HAPPY JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

New York Sun.

It was a day of triumph in Philadelphia. The Hon. Jack O'Brien came home. Low lay the Cornish giant that was so mighty once; Robert the strong, now Robert the old. Robert's 42 years seem to be regarded by the slaves of the prize ring as taking the "record" from Methuselah. Young, gallant Jack came "like a conquering hero," the Philadelphia Record tells us. He brought with him from Alaska and California a "big wad" and the title of champion of the world. A great crowd was waiting for him at the station. Special officers used "football rush tactics and finally made room for the new giant killer." Tableaux:

As soon as O'Brien stepped from the train his little brother handed him a bouquet of flowers which was almost as large as the little chap himself. It was tied with red plush streamers bearing the words "Welcome Home." The bouquet was a greeting from O'Brien's mother. The brawny pugilist, who is very fond of his little relative, picked the youngster up and pressed him to his bosom, kissing him repeatedly. When Jack put his brother down four of his enthusiastic admirers—Lew Bailey, Jack Egan, Jack Clancy and Joe Hagan—picked him up bodily and carried him out of the train shed. The crowd cheered O'Brien, who was carried down the stairs and out into Broad street, where several open barouches were lined up in front of the station.

Traffic came to a halt. Photographers "mugged" Jack's Roman lineaments till the plates were gone. The multitude cried for a speech. The great man stood up in his chariot and made a speechlet. He thanked the people for "the most remarkable demonstration of good will and appreciation." It had always been his fondest desire to win the belt. He wished them all a very happy New Year and assured them that he would always show his appreciation of "the dear old Quaker City and its support to a fellow citizen." A plausive speaker. How feeble in comparison with those winged words is that invariable formula of an elder orator, "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan."

Jack is a good deal of a young man, if we may believe his panegyrists. He is "not a bad-looking fellow." Wears good clothes well. His travels have made him an interesting conversationalist. Is sober and industrious. Has resisted temptations and saved money to buy the old folks a home. The result of this prudent and unselfish conduct is that he has bought and furnished a "home which any man of wealth might be proud of."

It is most palatial in its proportions and furnished with taste and good judgment. One of its features is a library, the shelves of which are filled with much that is considered standard in the way of literature.

"Standard" literature may be defined usually as the books which one doesn't read but thinks it respectable to have on his shelves. No such thought, we may be sure, was in Jack O'Brien's mind. He will read steadily as he fights. He is far superior in many other respects to some other children of their own works.

Men have succeeded in becoming famous mechanics, famous builders and gotten to the top in other walks of life, but they have not taken sufficient time to acquire the polish and the familiarity with the ways of the world which O'Brien has made himself master of. O'Brien is at home in the business office. He can grace a banquet table or a drawing-room with the ease of a man born in higher walks of life, and when his origin and former station in life are considered O'Brien stands out as a remarkable type of the modern young American who has made all or nearly all out of the opportunities that have been afforded him since starting out to make his way in the world.

A Crichton come to Philadelphia. Good for Jack; and may he live long and prosper, and never go on the stage.

Uncle Sam's Best Customer.

Baltimore Sun.

John Bull is still the star customer for Uncle Sam's products. In the fiscal year 1905 Great Britain purchased from the United States foodstuffs, manufactures and raw material for manufactures to the extent of $525,000,000. If the British markets were closed to our farmers and manufacturers, the volume of our exports in the last 12 months would fall below $1,000,000,000, instead of aggregating $1,518,000,000. For every dollar that Americans spend on imports from Great Britain the British spend three on imports from the United States. The balance of trade, therefore, is heavily in Uncle Sam's favor, and is likely to continue so, although there will probably always be a demand in this country for certain British manufactures. Not only does Uncle Sam find a profitable market in the United Kingdom for his various wares, but he also does a fine business in the British colonies. These colonies last year contributed about $220,000,000 toward insuring the prosperity of the United States. To sum up, John Bull and his dependencies buy about one-half of the exports from this country. Let us hope that their purchasing power will never diminish and that American products will be in as high favor in the future as they have been in the past.

Done Again.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"When we reached Ceylon," said a man who had gone around the world on a $600 tourist ticket, "I thought that we had struck at last a primitive and outlandish place, unsullied by civilization's hand.

"Strange outrigger boats filled the blue water, and men dressed like women, in bright silks, with long plaited hair and soft voices, offered us strange fruits, flowers and carvings in ivory and dragon-wood.

"I bought for a rupee an uncut ruby that the vendor had first asked 80 rupees for. Ceylon is the land of jewels. They get there superb emeralds, rubies, amethysts and pearls. It seemed to me that I had gotten a bargain.

"But the American Consul said with a gruff, harsh laugh when I showed him my ruby:

"'A piece of colored glass. Germany ships here tons of this glass every Winter, made up to resemble the precious stones that Ceylon yields. These glass stones sell readily to tourists. The poor fools think they are buying gems swiped by the native miners from the mines.'"

Yes, Another Door Opens.

Atchison Globe.

When a girl marries and moves to another town her sisters find consolation for all their loss in the thought that they now have another place to visit.

The Basket-Ball Girl.

There's a hush on down at our house, and we all speak soft and low—
As my music teacher'd put it, we are pianissimo;
We have quit our daily scrappin' and we don't yell things at all,
Now that Sister Marietta's took to playin' basket-ball.

The baby's scared and quiet, and his whoops are few and faint;
Cousin Hannah's quit her jawin' and 's behavin' like a saint;
And even Pa and Mother ain't so harsh like with their call,
Now that Sister Marietta's took to playin basket-ball.

Sister used to be a ninny, till she tackled that new game,
But now she's got a muscle that 'd put a man to shame;
And we never stop to argue with a girl who's on the maul,
Now that Sister Marietta's took to playin' basket-ball.

She has had her picture taken, with her team of husky champs,
And from the sportin' pages she don't ever take her lamps;
And when she gets to glarin', why, we hike for timber tall,
Now that Sister Marietta's took to playin' basket-ball.

All the candy-givin' fellers she has chased off long ago,
And, unless he eats raw beefsteak, any beau don't stand a show;
If she walks up to the altar, Pa declares the man'll crawl,
Now that Sister Marietta's took to playin' basket-ball. —Denver Republican.