The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

A DOWNRIGHT WORD.

The Oregonian enters into no contest or controversy with any newspaper as to circulation; for there is no newspaper with which controversy or comparison is possible. Everybody who wants a newspaper reads The Oregonian. It is in every one's hands. For no one can get the whole news without reading The Oregonian; and in no other paper of the Northwest is there so great range, fullness or variety of matter for which everybody looks to a newspaper. The evening newspaper, however good its service, cannot contain the whole news of the day on which it is published, and tomorrow it cannot go back and take up the news of the preceding day. Two afternoon newspapers are published in Portland. One of them, the organ of a local clique devoted to schemes and purposes of Mammon, has been boasting a great deal about its circulation. The other afternoon paper yesterday punctured that bubble. Incidentally, too, the plutocratic organ has been lying vehemently about The Oregonian; which is the reason why it gets this further basting now.

Since everybody reads The Oregonian and everybody knows that everybody reads it, The Oregonian has no occasion to compare its circulation with that of any other paper whatsoever; for The Oregonian has no competitor by which to measure itself. It simply does all the business and has all the circulation that any newspaper can have or could have, here. Such has been its status these many years. Filling every requirement of a morning newspaper, and in everybody's hands, its business and circulation can increase further only with the growth and progress of the city and country. During its entire past existence such has been the course of The Oregonian's growth, and such it is today.

The Telegram is as full and comprehensive an afternoon newspaper as can be published in Portland. It publishes five times the amount of genuine telegraphic news that the other evening paper publishes. Its circulation, wholly legitimate and fully paid, greatly exceeds the legitimate, actual or paid circulation of the Journal—as the Telegram can demonstrate for itself. A padded circulation, not paid nor ordered; papers continued without pay, never collected for and never stopped; sent in packages seldom or never opened, or copies left over in excess of deliveries, is not a circulation valuable to anybody. Of such character is large part of the so-called circulation of the organ of our local plutocracy. It hasn't news enough to be called a newspaper, and as the organ of monopolistic jobbers it is necessarily distrusted and never will obtain a genuine circulation among the body of the people. Since large part of its alleged circulation is given away, why doesn't it treat everybody alike by giving the remainder away? The capitalistic jobbers and speculators who are putting up the money to run it as an organ of their various schemes of pelf and Mammon no doubt could get the money, in some of their well-known and characteristic ways.

Their organ, with the swagger habitual with it, and with them, offers to "bet," of course. The Oregonian will not degrade itself by betting with it, or with them, or by any comparison of itself with it. This newspaper does a legitimate business. It makes no bets with anybody; certainly not with Portland's plutocratic gang of "first families," or with their man Friday,—stool-pigeon or factotum of their newspaper service. Their alleged newspaper is merely one of the tools they employ in their schemes of frenzied finance. It is not a legitimate newspaper at all, nor recognized as such, nor published for legitimate purposes; but is merely a pander to the various selfish projects and games of grab of those who put up money for it. The Oregonian doesn't engage with these people, or with their hired men, in any of their bunco games. It is strictly a newspaper, doing a strictly legitimate newspaper business. It has a strictly paid circulation, and every copy of it is stopped promptly, at the expiration of the time paid for. The same is as true of the Evening Telegram. These two newspapers pursue strictly and legitimately the business of journalism. Their standing throughout the country and the state of their business was never before so satisfactory to their publishers as today. Much of the increased good will of the country towards them comes, we may suppose, from the contrasts they offer as public journals to the abortive effort of the organ of the franchise-mongers, syndicates and money trust to win the confidence of the public as a newspaper. As we have said, that organ really is not a newspaper at all; first, because it hasn't the news, and second, because it is tainted throughout with the spirit and purpose of plutocratic and monopolistic greed. It is neither recognized nor accepted in any class of legitimate journalism.

DR. BROUGHER AND MR. MASTERS.

Dr. Brougher publicly charged the City Council with balking, or endeavoring to balk, the Mayor "in his efforts at law enforcement." To support his accusation the doctor cited specific instances of wanton and deliberate disregard of its duty by the City Council. The Councilmen, he said—

> Not only have done everything they could to hamper the Mayor in his efforts to close up the gilded gateway to hell, run by Richards, but they have actually refused to take away the licenses from other notorious joints in our city. Many of these places like the Waldorf, the Totem, the Badger, the Gilbert and El Rey, have been raided and put out of business to a certain extent, but the Mayor had no help from the City Council and very little from any other source.

This is, and is intended to be, a plain declaration that the Council had not revoked the licenses of the Waldorf, Totem, Badger, Gilbert and El Rey; and twelve Councilmen are by name held responsible for the existence of these "hellholes," as Dr. Brougher describes them, no doubt properly. But now come Councilmen Masters and Shepherd and show that the Waldorf and El Rey have been closed through denial of license; the Totem permitted to run only under another owner, and under more reputable auspices; that the Gilbert is a lodging-house and never had a license as a saloon, and that no complaint had come from any source to the license committee as to the Badger.

It would seem that this presentment of facts is not sufficient for Dr. Brougher, who repeats his charges because the Council failed, or refused, to revoke the license of the South Portland Exchange, a saloon of unsavory reputation, although The Oregonian had said that it ought to be revoked. It should be, and The Oregonian hopes that it will be; but that is just, now another matter.

The indictment of the Council by Dr. Brougher, then, rests on charges that he has distinctly failed to sustain by the records or by the facts; yet he now brings forward a case which he did not at first mention, and probably did not know about—the South Portland Exchange—to bolster up his original sweeping allegation, impugning the motives of a responsible and reputable body of public officers, and classifying them with the forces of vice and evil.

We shall not now examine or deny Dr. Brougher's strange assumption that the Mayor stands alone on every moral issue, and that the Council should follow him without question, nor ask him if the Mayor ever called upon the Council to move against the Waldorf, Totem, Badger and El Rey. It is sufficient to set forth the features of this controversy in their bare outline, and to make the suggestion to Dr. Brougher that the manly course for him to pursue, when shown conclusively that he is mistaken, would be to acknowledge his error. But we are estopped from hoping for anything of the kind by Dr. Brougher's astounding announcement that "if Mr. Masters can prove to me that he has voted right on every question that has ever come up, I will publicly exonerate him from this pulpit." Prove to him! Dr. Brougher essayed to show that Mr. Masters had not voted right on any moral question. If he failed to prove it, there was, and is, a clear obligation on him to exonerate Mr. Masters from his pulpit. Will he do it? But perhaps it makes little difference whether he does or not.

OPENING THE COAST REGIONS.

Incorporation of the Grant's Pass & Western Railroad Company for the purpose of building a line from Grant's Pass to the rich copper mining district lying between the Rogue River metropolis and the ocean calls attention to another of Oregon's many neglected regions of great natural wealth. While the principal business for which the road is to be constructed is the copper industry, this in time will prove but a small portion of the revenue-producing traffic of the road. The famous sugar-pine lumber of the Grant's Pass district has a National reputation, and it finds a ready market at prices from 200 to 500 per cent greater than can be secured for the ordinary fir, which is so plentiful along the entire Coast.

Practically all of the sugar-pine timber has been removed from immediate vicinity of the railroad, necessitating long hauls by wagon and an attendant reduction in profits. The projected road will tap this timber belt, which is beyond the reach of present railroad facilities, and it will also open up an agricultural region particularly well adapted to fruit and small farming. The copper industry, which has proved the magnet that attracted attention of capital, is said to be susceptible of enormous development. Its merits have already been demonstrated by successful operation of a 100-ton smelter for which all supplies must be hauled forty miles by wagon. The copper district covers a vast area, and, if the undeveloped portions show up proportionately well with those already developed, the experience of Butte and Anaconda's copper boom may be repeated in Josephine County.

The wonderful richness of some of these Southern Oregon mining districts directly tributary to Portland is not fully understood. A few Portland capitalists have increased their fortunes quite materially by only a moderate investment in the placer or quartz mines of Southern Oregon, but the bulk of wealth now coming out of the comparatively small portion of the developed district is going into the hands of capitalists from Denver, Spokane, Seattle and other cities beyond the state lines. The railroad which the enterprising citizens of Grant's Pass are now endeavoring to build is not projected beyond Waldo, in the copper mining district, but by the time it reaches that point necessity will be plain for putting it through to an ocean terminus at Crescent City, Cal. This will give to a very rich region between Grant's Pass and Crescent City an outlet by either rail or water, and with such facilities great results are certain to follow.

The project is perhaps less important, from an immediate traffic-producing standpoint, than the Southern Pacific extension to Coos Bay, but it will supply means for creation of a vast amount of new wealth, and will open up a field for exploitation by both capital and labor. The Coast region from the Columbia River to the California line has always been hampered by lack of transportation facilities, but, with construction of a road to Tillamook and Nehalem, another to Coos Bay, and this third line from Grant's Pass westward, great opportunities are afforded intending settlers of large or small capital, and all of the territory involved is directly tributary to Portland.

WAGNER.

Wagner and Verdi were born the same year, 1813, the former at Leipsic, the latter at a little village in the duchy of Parma, in Italy. Gounod was born five years later in Paris. Verdi outlived Wagner eighteen years, dying in 1901 at the age of 88, while the greatest genius in the world of music, after an unhappy life of failure, disappointment and abuse, barely measuring the allotted span, died at Venice in 1883. Gounod was a passing incident in the history of music; Verdi an event of something less than secondary importance; Wagner marks an epoch. He did for music what Voltaire did for the pure intellect, and more. The great Frenchman broke the chains which the tyranny of a thousand years had fettered upon the human spirit; the great German released his art from the fetters of classical convention, but he was more than an iconoclast, he had a constructive intellect of the highest order.

Wagner endowed orchestral music with powers of expression which his predecessors had never dreamed of. With John Sebastian Bach tonal construction was an exercise in mathematics. In his fugues he displays a synthetic power something such as we imagine in Archimedes of Syracuse, master of sounds as that great genius was of the resources of mechanics, but equally abstracted from human passion. Beethoven was the Sophocles of musical art. Sublime in expression, creator of mighty harmonies. He sounded the deep problems of life and fate, but seldom broke the bonds of classical tradition or wished to break them. Wagner despised tradition and knew of conventions only to defy them. He was the Shakespeare of music.

In his youth he was a student and imitator of Shakespeare. He was far from displaying that precocity in his art which has been so characteristic of musicians. Mozart was famous as a child; Wagner at the age of 8 showed so little ability that his piano teacher told him he never could learn to play. He differed also from many great musicians whose ancestry and environment have been saturated in music. Wagner's father was a police clerk, and at 16 the youth who was to revolutionize the science of harmony and give a new voice to the human race had not yet found his genius. He was then busy with a tragedy in imitation of Lear and Hamlet—a bloody tragedy, a very riot of the furies, wherein forty-two of the characters were slain, and to eke out the catastrophe the young author had to bring a small army of ghosts upon the stage. But this tragedy, ludicrous in its recklessness of gore, nevertheless opened to Wagner the door of fate.

He became possessed of a desire to set its sanguinary action to music, and actually composed for it an overture, complicated in the extreme, probably a chaos of formless ideas, for Wagner had enjoyed at that time little systematic instruction in music. It was only when he began his course a year later at the University of Leipsic that he really devoted himself to the study of his art. His case resembles that of great original men in other fields, who owe the freedom of their genius to a happy escape from early scholastic instruction. Macaulay laments the fetters which classical colleges forge for the free intellect. Shakespeare, whom De Quincey calls the protagonist on the stage of modern poetry, owes his preeminent greatness in part to the wild liberty of his youth, and the same is true of Wagner. When he finally approached the study of the great musical classics his mind had attained a maturity which enabled him to admire without servile imitation or sacrifice of his independence. He was born in the atmosphere of the French Revolution and his work in music was a thoroughgoing application of the underlying principles of that most fruitful event in secular history.

It is wrong to suppose that Wagner broke the rules of classical music because he did not know them. A symphony which was his first important production displays a complete mastery of classical methods. He broke away from those methods because he had the genius to invent more powerful ones. Ecclesiastical music always had a charm for the melodious Gounod, and; despite the enormous success of "Faust," he returned indefatigably to that style. Ecclesiastical and concert music were too restricted in scope to exercise the tremendous imaginative powers of Wagner. His next production after the symphony was an opera, though it was never performed until five years after his death. All his life through, Wagner, knowing that his works were treasures for eternity, had to console himself with that knowledge for failure and obloquy. Of other consolation he had little. Like Milton, he was conscious of writing what posterity would not willingly let die, and in that consciousness he must have found his recompense for the malignity of his enemies, the disregard of his contemporaries, the sting of poverty and the desolation of exile.

He made dramatic music possible by associating a definite phrase with each character or situation, so that from a vague series of sounds more or less sweet music became in reality a language. He did for his art what Hegel attempted in philosophy, working out a synthesis of all beauty in the musical drama as that philosopher tried to do for all thought. His achievement was the spirit of democracy working in the realm of aesthetics for the unification of beauty as it works today in politics for the unification of good.

Mr. Bristol may or may not be guilty of unprofessional conduct. The Oregonian doesn't know anything about it, but, in common with the general public, it is interested in learning whether the reasons given by the President, or to be given, for his prospective withdrawal of Mr. Bristol's nomination to be United States District Attorney for Oregon are well founded. Two weeks since The Oregonian printed a special dispatch from Washington saying in effect that the Bristol appointment was held up by charges that the Senate judiciary committee would not make public, but that they involved "unprofessional conduct." This was all the information that could then be obtained; but it now transpires that it was wholly correct so far as it went, and it was, besides, entirely proper information for the public. Mr. Bristol has chosen to take great offense at this publication by The Oregonian, and to throw out his chest, puff up his cheeks, stick his nose up in the air and refuse to make any statement whatever to The Oregonian in his own defense. Which is not a very great matter, perhaps, since it concerns Mr. Bristol more than any one else; but it is enough to show that a very little fellow may or may not be the next United States District Attorney for Oregon. Certainly he has not yet been confirmed. The Oregonian has been in no wise interested in preventing his confirmation. As a newspaper reporting the news, it simply wished to state the reason why. This it did, so far as it could. It did not vouch at all for the truth of any charge against Mr. Bristol. It simply wished to inform him and the public why he hadn't been confirmed.

The rude curiosity that dogged the steps of Miss Alice Roosevelt on her recent trip to New York was uncompromisingly vulgar and unseemly. It disclosed a trait in the American character of which every self-respecting citizen of the country is ashamed, and showed the presence in the great metropolis of a standing army of snobs. The Oregonian protests here and now against calling these gaping, obtrusive, vulgar people "farmers." The farmers of the country are, in the main, a self-respecting, mind-their-own-business class of men and women. They may at times be curious, but they are self-respecting and unobtrusive, contenting themselves with gazing at a pageant as it passes by, without following and staring its principal actors out of countenance. It is the multitude that is behind the camera battery, and the curious, vulgar crowds of city donaughts, who are a public nuisance and disgrace when opportunity offers to dog the steps and hang on to the skirts of noted people. "Farmers" are not of that sort. It is the city, not the country, vulgarian or barbarian who thus disports himself. And, sad to say, his name is legion.

Senators and Representatives at Washington, irrespective of party, seem to agree fully on the necessity for legislation which will serve to check indiscriminate and illegal naturalization of foreigners who are now reaching our shores in such large numbers. There will be some opposition to the bill now being framed up for that purpose, but the localities where the worst class of foreigners congregate, and from whence the opposition through their Representatives will come, will hardly muster enough strength to kill a measure of such great importance to the entire country. Despite all of the precautions attempted, a large number of undesirable foreigners slip past the immigration inspectors, and more stringent laws governing the issuance of naturalization papers will, in a measure, serve to minimize the evil which accompanies this scum of the Old World to this country.

Buried treasure seems to have an irresistible fascination for mankind, and from the days of Jason in his quest for the Golden Fleece on down past Captain Kidd and the pirates of the Spanish Main it has always been easy to find men who would spend time and money in an effort to unearth some fabled treasure that was reported buried in an indefinite locality. There died in New York, penniless and alone, in a cheap lodging-house, Sunday, a man who had spent $250,000 in cruises to the South Seas in search of buried treasure. From this Coast the Cocos-Island treasure has lured innumerable expeditions to that diminutive island in the Pacific, but the treasure, if it ever existed, is still buried, and if no better success attends the efforts of those now engaged in finding it or those who are to succeed them, it will continue as mythical as the Golden Fleece.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" was not the originator of the thumb-mark system of identification, but he brought it into prominence in this country in the book and play bearing his name, and it long ago ceased to be regarded as the joke of a faddist. Now comes Expert Detective Joseph Faurot, who has been sent to Europe to study identification systems, with a report that the thumb-print method of identifying criminals is the surest and most useful feature of the Bertillon system. "Pudd'nhead" lived long in the community in which he was regarded as deficient in intelligence before the thumb-mark system enabled him to demonstrate his ability as a detective, but, as one of the aids in the punishment of crime, the thumb-mark now stands well up with the Yankee's camera, which "kain't lie."

James R. Keene has refused an offer of $200,000 for Sysonby, the star gallopper of the 1905 racehorses. This is the highest price ever offered for a horse, being $12,500 more than was paid for Flying Fox, the English thoroughbred, and $50,000 more than was ever paid in the United States. The locomotive, the bicycle and the automobile have afforded the present generation many facilities for quick transit not enjoyed by Paul Revere and the riders of his day; but, despite the increasing facilities for getting over the ground, the horse is still holding his own. The price refused for Sysonby is somewhat higher than that at which some of the minor "kingdoms" of the earth could be purchased, and accordingly lessens the importance of the celebrated offer of Richard III.

Lents, six miles southeast of Portland bears the name of a well-remembered pioneer, O. P. Lent. An effort is making to change the name to Mount Scott—that is, the name of th epostoffice. Mr. Lent was a pioneer of pioneers, and it was intended by those who had known him, by giving the postoffice and the village his name, to perpetuate his memory. To change the name would be to violate this intent and to deprive a pioneer of the honor that was intended for him and which he well deserved.

Students at Eugene "are required to use boiled water," and there has been so much sickness among them this year that a hospital fund is necessary. This is very strange in view of the fact that the city intake is all of a dozen rods from the mouth of the sewer. The students probably fell sick for an excuse to miss recitations.

All things considered, the Vaughn-street field is the most convenient Portland ever used. To the growing army of baseball enthusiasts, its purchase by the street railroad will be hailed with delight. A permanent athletic park for the West Side is now assured.

Postmaster-General Cortelyou's plan for faster long-distance mail service based on competitive trial for one month is certain to awaken railroads of the Southwest. In rails and motive power they have not kept pace with the Chicago lines.

THE SILVER LINING.

The case of Rhinelander Waldo being guyed by New Yorkers is quite in the line of usual happenings in the metropolis and may lead to results that prove that history repeats itself. Young Waldo occupies the position of First Deputy Commissioner of Police, and they say that life is growing weary for him. Chief Devery's remark that Little Lord Walderoy is going to get his all right, all right, if papa never did have to work, is going the rounds mightily, and all are joining in the chorus. They "peeped" a little in the same fashion when Roosevelt was made Police Commissioner, although Roosevelt was vastly more of a personage, and the laugh turned back upon the instigators. But in many instances, memorable to a degree, the most unbridled hilarity has been rolled back upon the heads of the loudest laughers in this very same little old New York. When Oliver Sumner Teall came back from the wilds of Arizona and plastered the town with photographs of himself as a cowboy, started tobogganing, and drove tandem rigs up and down the avenue with a green veil on his hat, newspaperdom went daffy over him and everybody felt privileged to laugh to their heart's content. Ollie proceeded quietly to marry a very rich girl, secure the friendship of all the people of means he desired, maintained splendid offices in the Equitable building, walked about always accompanied by a huge negro and followed by a mountainous mastiff dog, became more and more famous, finally horsewhipped a shyster lawyer in court to defend the good name of an actress, allowed his wife to get a divorce from him, is now running several big real estate deals around Greater New York, has lots of money, and is in fact one of the best fellows alive. He used New York for advertising purposes, and made it stick. For years it was just as permissible to mention his name in a news article as it was to print the name of Tiffany. No one laughs at Ollie Teall now. They understand his success. Boldt is another shrewd one who laughs at the New Yorkers. He makes something like a million a year out of his Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. He sits in his rooms and figures up his receipts, while he does the laughing at the mountebank crowd. Fred Gebhardt was another. By the general accounts of his monkeyshines and tripping it over several continents in Mrs. Langtry's wake, one would think that he was a stripling. As a matter of fact he was anything but a dude. He could any day lick the doughtiest sporting man that came along, and he amused himself as the whim carried him until he got ready to settle down to a domesticity of his own. He was always an excellent business man, and knew in an almost uncanny fashion how to make good bargains. New York and the whole country at first thought that he was running through a fortune in consequence of an infatuation for an actress who had previously fatigued the present King of England. What they didn't know about Fred Gebhardt would fill a library. Young Waldo, I expect, will buckle on the harness and show the police and other people that he knows something about police clubs as well as the millionaire organizations to which he belongs.

* * *

Alice, Alice, how could you go to New York until after you were married? If you had waited, then they would not chase you so. If you allow them to make much more of a popular idol of you, they will be mobbing young Longworth if they catch sight of him before the ceremony really takes place.

* * *

When Hill was making noise perhaps you thought Harriman was asleep. But he wasn't. The Northwest is prodigious, but the West and Southwest is also prodigious in its possibilities. In addition to this, it appeals to Harriman, as the climate is milder. Things are growing in all climates of the United States railroads in advance of everything else. Mr. Harriman, how's your pocketbook?

* * *

The question is, whether the President has influence enough to make the Senate do things, or will he be constrained hereafter to call an extra session? The answer is, yes, both things are likely to occur.

* * *

You cannot afford to do anything but your best.

* * *

It is through seizing every opportunity that you reach higher things.

* * *

King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm are seeing which can make the worst face at each other. With that mustache, Wilhelm seems to have decidedly the advantage of Edward.

* * *

Skin Deep.

Or about the 15 young ladies whom the Shuberts have engaged, at $50 a week, for being merely beautiful, experience unnecessary.

Fifty bones a week is the guerdon of your beauty,
Every night and Saturday and Wednesday matinees,
So says Channing Pollock, as dignified, astute, he
Sends a half a column out about the coryphees.

Conried pays his chorus twenty after protest.
Could you find the moral? Well, I rather think you could!
Here it is: Remember that efficiency is no test.
Come, my child, be beautiful, and let who will be good!

F. P. A., in New York Mail.

* * *

Chit-Chat in Chicago.

"So you are a relative of his?"

"Yes, in a way. My first husband is married to his second wife. That makes him—a—you know how it is."

Studies of the Vernacular.

Chicago Tribune.

"Sayll!" exclaimed the girl at the handkerchief counter.

"Wotsmatter now?" asked the girl at the ribbon counter.

"Aintchoogittin nufteet?"

"Wejjaskin thatfur?"

"Yooralookinkina thin."

"Ainatnuther."

"Yartoo. Betterficksher back hair. Scummin down."

"Quitcherruberin. Mine jeroun biz." But she fixed her back hair.

"Sayll!"

"Saychersff."

"Jeevergitcherforchun told?"

"Yeh—wunsertwice. Ever gitchoors?"

"Yeh. Ootole juh?"

"Erdkitsmith sayinso. Cumtroo?"

"Notahell."

"Thinkitwill?"

"Lykasnot. Letchoono fit does."

"Sayjen. Juno Kittenbills keepincumpny?"

"Awka moff!"

"Stroo zima stannineer."

"Howjeerit?"

"Sallright. Yooleerabout it soonuff. Sayjen, cantchooksteh on—"

"Say, there, you girls!" interrupted the floorwalker, who happened along at this moment. Go back to your customers!"

ONE SUNDAY ON THE RANGE.

Correspondence Lake County Examiner.

On Friday evening the Baptist Church bell pealed forth its tones which serves as invitation to the faithful of that sect (and they are manifold, I hope) to come forward with all wanderers and stray sheep available to hear the word of God. Wrapt in its flaky bosom overhead, the earth seemed dreary. A sudden hungry yell or howl from coyotes on the sidehill back of town drew an occasional bark from the town dogs; a pale, careless moon on the southeast peered above the hilltops from behind a snow cloud; the organ in the Baptist Church, operated by intricate hands, sent forth in sanctimonious and heavenly tones the well-known hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," the speaker in the pulpit balled out some of the finest chunks of religious lore, transmitted to him, by all appearances, from the regions of eternal bliss. . . . In a favorite resort in town where orange cider is being consumed in large quantities, the violin and banjo were operated on by artistic hands and struck up the favorite tunes, "Haste to the Wedding and Pish a Coolen Voch." When Mr. Dykeman, of the firm of Heryford & Dykeman, of the Mammoth Stables, came tearing along the street announcing to the people that the Mammoth Stables and the opera-house, with their three acres of roof, were breaking down under three feet of slush and snow, people rushed to and fro. Heryford had 100 horses and about 40 vehicles and other property in the building. Old Bill Barry, who owns the property (if his debts were paid) sauntered down Water street toward the stables knapsah in hand, and with about 14 inches of Pete Post's tanglefoot stowed away in his commissary department. He was heard to soliloquize: "In November, 1902, the best of my 50 years' labor went up in smoke in this block, and now the balance goes down to the devil beneath a snow bank." The roof creaked and groaned and rafters split. . . .

Little Bill Heryford (weighing only 220 pounds) lit another cigar, spat out and struck a poor unwary fly that wandered around the electric lamp. Supplication went up from the worshippers in the Baptist Church to the most high throne, beseeching the King of Kings to save the town. Even the stevedore was heard to ejaculate: "Oh, Jesus, whatever you may do, save the dancehall." Bill Heryford said: "It might hold up until morning, and we'll shovel the snow off." Came the dawn, and, like the Star-Spangled Banner, the flag was still there. The roof with its terrible load was still intact. The electric light, which is transmitted to us from the famous state line, was very dim, indeed, but we lighted matches, so as to find the way out to the scene of action, as it was scarcely dawn. Roosters crowed a drowsy crow, and from their lofty perches did indicate that graves had closed and daylight hath come, and now is the time for action. . . .

Three Emeraldisiers with shovels mounted the roof—Walter Russill, Timothy McCarthy, Irish comedian, and Bill Barry. Russill is a modern Hercules, and was supplied with a two-horse ironscraper, with a crowbar for a handle; Mc. had a 1x2 scoop shovel; Bill effused a lot of air giving orders. He had so much air at large that a neighboring windmill, though being frozen, got moving, and Bill shouted: "If I had Frank Light here with our own chinook we would clear the snow off all the roofs in town." The boys took another orange cider, and the snow went down a-flying and at 10 o'clock 300 tons of snow had been shoveled off, and all was safe.

M'CARTHY COME DOWN.

Vouched For.

Boston Herald.

This is a true cat story. A certain cat, much petted and adored, is believed to understand language, it having repeatedly acted upon what was said to it, but not long since it did far more and better. It obeyed literally. The man of the house is a great hunter. He loves to shoulder his gun and bring down small game, and one morning when he was setting forth for sport, his wife called out: "If you will bring home a rabbit I will make a pie!" The cat sat by, but said nothing. A few hours after while the wife was busy with her sewing the cat appeared by her side, carrying a rabbit in his mouth, and then dropping the "game" beside his mistress began to sing and purr like a tin kettle on the fire. Nothing will convince the friends of this wonderful cat that he doesn't understand all that is said in his presence, and they are now really afraid to mention a want, as the dear fellow will think he must immediately gratify it, like another Marquis of Carabas.

As to Slugging.

London Chronicle.

"The English play football and yet don't slug." That sentence from an American paper, quoted in these columns yesterday, employs the same verb "to slug," of course, which appears in "slugger," a pugilist, and "slugging match," a prizefight. It is own brother to "slog" and akin to "slay." Absolutely different in origin, as in meaning, is the other verb, "slug," own cousin of "slouch" and "slack," which Spenser used intransitively when he wrote of "slugging all night in a cabin," and Milton transitively when he declared that episcopacy "worsens and slugs Godavari River and placed in the local Indian the most learned and seeming religious of our Ministers." Yet, curiously enough, nobody knows to which of the two families "slug," a crudely shaped bullet, belongs. Is it something with which one slogs? Or something as heavy as a "slug," or "sluggish" person? Or was it supposed to resemble the slug that crawls in gardens?

The "Camera Fiend."

Chicago Tribune.

The camera fiend who respects neither age nor sex has taken another step toward suppression. It will not take many more such instances of disgusting pursuit and persecution as that presented in New York on the occasion of Miss Roosevelt's visit to the city to bring about the enactment of laws to regulate the use of cameras on the public streets. It is but a short time since the foremost citizen of Chicago was hounded by photographers while on one of the saddest of errands. Suffering from a shock from which, indeed, he never recovered, he had to endure this further infliction. Now a young woman who has never sought notoriety is not allowed to make purchases for her approaching marriage without having every step followed by photographers. It is one of the worst of the abuses which are collectively known as yellow journalism.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

"How many women did you try to marry before you got me?" she exclaimed in anger. "You were the 18th," he answered sadly; "and I never thought to count them before."—Judge.

"Do you believe in the faith cure?" "I should say I do." "Had a practical demonstration, eh?" "Yes. Somebody tried it on my rheumatism and it cured all the faith I had."—Cleveland Leader.

"Yes," remarked the professor, "I rather pride myself on the discovery of another hypothesis." "Indeed," replied Mrs. Cumrox, a little doubtfully. "I had an idea they were quite extinct."—Washington Star.

The agent of the building had agreed to put new wallpaper on the rooms. "What kind do you prefer?" he asked. "Something with large figures?" "Decidedly not," said the new tenant. "They would always remind me of the rent I have to pay."—Chicago Tribune.

Election Canvasser—What does your husband think of the fiscal question, Mrs. Hodge? Mrs. Hodge—Well, sir, when 'e's a talking to a protectionist 'e's a free-trader, and when 'e's talking to a free-trader 'e's a protectionist, and when 'e's talking to me 'e's a raving lunatic!—Punch.

CONTROLS ITS COMPETITORS.

Interstate Commission Reports on Pennsylvania Railroad Combine.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—President Roosevelt today transmitted to the House the following report submitted to him by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in response to a resolution regarding the alleged combination of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and certain other roads named therewith, in violation of the anti-trust law:

Washington, Feb. 2, 1906.

The President: The Interstate Commerce Commission has the honor to submit the following response to your request of January 29, inclosing a resolution addressed that day by the House of Representatives, which read as follows:

"Resolved, that the President of the United States be and he is hereby requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, to report to the House of Representatives for its information all the facts within the knowledge of the Interstate Commerce Commission which show or tend to show that there exists at this time, or heretofore, within the last 12 months has existed, a combination or arrangement between the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Pennsylvania Company, the Norfolk & Western, the B. & O. Railway Company, the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington Railway Co., the Northern Central Railway Co., and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, or any two or more of said companies, in violation of the act passed July 2, 1890, and entitled 'an act to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies,' or acts amendatory thereof."

The only definite facts known to the Commission, believed to have bearing on the subject matter of this resolution, are those appearing in the annual reports filed by the companies named in compliance with section 20 of the act to regulate commerce, except as the same may be, or some of them, have been disclosed from time to time in proceedings before the Commission. From the latest of these reports, covering the year ending June 30, 1905, the following figures and other data have been compiled:

Original Pennsylvania System.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has an authorized capital stock of $400,000,000, of which $302,513,302 has been issued and is now outstanding. This company appears to control and to understand to control all the lines embraced in the Pennsylvania system, so called, having an aggregate mileage of 10,999.86 and gross earnings for the year named of $238,172,528. The term Pennsylvania system as here used includes the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Pennsylvania Company, the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington, the Philadelphia & Boston and the Northern Central Railway Company, but does not include the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, the Norfolk & Western or the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Companies. The Pennsylvania Company, which controls all the lines of the Pennsylvania system west of Pittsburg and Erie, has an authorized capital stock of $80,000,000, of which $40,000,000 has been issued. All this issued stock is owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington Railroad Company has an authorized capital of $25,650,450, of which $23,493,550 has been issued and is now outstanding. Of this issued stock, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company owns $23,490,775.

The Northern Central Railroad Company has an authorized capital stock of $20,000,000, of which $17,193,400 has been issued and is now outstanding. Of this issued stock the Pennsylvania Railroad Company owns $9,601,950.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company has an authorized capital stock of $60,000,000 preferred and $125,000,000 of common, of which $59,086,464 of preferred and $124,272,600 of common have been issued and are now outstanding. Of this issued stock the Pennsylvania Railroad Company owns $21,470,000 of preferred and $30,292,300 of common; the Pennsylvania Company owns $5,000,000 of preferred and $11,944,600 of common; the Northern Central Railroad Company owns $1,000,000 of preferred and $97,500 of common; the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington Railroad Company owns $1,000,000 of preferred and $781,500 of common. It thus appears that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and three other companies which it controls own an aggregate of $28,450,000 of Baltimore & Ohio preferred and $42,900,000 of common.

Almost Controls B. & O.

The Norfolk & Western Railroad Company has an authorized capital of $22,000,000 preferred stock and $60,000,000 common, all of which has been issued and is now outstanding. Of this issued stock the Pennsylvania Railroad Company owns $5,500,000 of preferred and $20,330,000 of common; the Pennsylvania Company owns $5,000,000 of preferred and $1,500,000 of common; the Northern Central Railway Company owns $500,000 preferred and $1,000,000 of common.

It thus appears that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the two other companies which it controls own in the aggregate $11,000,000 of Norfolk & Western preferred and $22,830,000 common.

Owns One-Fourth of C. & O.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, with an unlimited authorized capital stock, has issued $8200 first preferred, $500 second preferred and $62,790,400 common stock, which is now outstanding. Of this issued common stock the Pennsylvania Railroad Company owns $10,150,000, the Pennsylvania Company $4,000,000 and the Northern Central Railway Company $1,500,000. It thus appears that the Pennsylvania Railroad and two other companies which it controls own in the aggregate $15,650,000 of the common stock of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company.

The foregoing statement shows the extent to which the stock of the several railroad companies named in the discussion is owned by any other railroad company named therein. In addition to these facts of stock ownership the annual reports above referred to show the names of the officers and directors of the several railway companies named in the resolution of the 30th day of June, 1905.

Has Prevented Competition.

From the general knowledge and information of the committee, the further statement is warranted that since the acquisition by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the companies controlled by it of the stock of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, the Norfolk & Western Railroad Company and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, as above set forth, the published rates of the several railroads named have been better maintained and in some instances advanced, and that there appears to be less competition in rates between these lines than formerly; but this is also true of competitive rates generally in other parts of the country.

As to whether the facts herein before given show or tend to show a violation of the act of Congress referred to in the resolution, the Commission expresses no opinion, as it is charged with no duty in