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PORTLAND, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1906.

DELAY THAT IS DANGEROUS.

Another meeting, and let us hope it will be the final meeting, will be held today between the North Bank Railroad people and the Port of Portland Commission. Experience of the past has taught us that the investment of millions has at times been insufficient to prevent sudden abandonment of work and consolidation of rival interests to the great detriment of communities. Similar paralysis of industry has resulted from unforeseen financial troubles which occasionally overwhelm us without previous warning. Every mile of track that is graded and every rail that is spiked reduces the possibility of the North Bank road being halted before it reaches Vancouver. But the element of chance, which might prevent the road reaching Portland in the near future, is fully as great as it was months ago. Practically nothing has been done on this side of the Columbia River, and nothing will be done until the bridge matter is settled.

The Port of Portland Commission, with which the decision rests, is burdened with an immense responsibility.

The coming to Portland of this new road affects the interests of 150,000 people in this city and immediate vicinity. Announcement that the road would come has been far and away the most potent factor in promoting prosperity and increasing real estate values in this city. If, by insisting on unreasonable exactions, the advent of the road is delayed or it is diverted to some other terminal, the effect is certain to be detrimental to the interests of every citizen of Portland. The Hill representatives have at different times in their negotiations offered to build one of the longest bridge draws in the world, and to keep the draw open at all times when trains were not passing. They have also offered to contribute the sum of $1500 per year towards keeping the channel above the bridge dredged to a proper depth. It has been offered, in extenuation of the dilly-dallying course which has characterized the negotiations between the Port of Portland and the railroad people that these conditions have never yet been embodied in a single proposition from the railroad people. It is believed by a great many people that, if such a proposition was submitted in a definite form with no strings attached, there would be a prompt decision of the matter, and we might still hope to handle at least a portion of the 1906 wheat crop at Portland.

There have been a good many absurd concessions demanded of the railroad people, ranging all the way from an impossible type of bridge to an overhead structure weighing down a 532-foot draw. Perhaps the most unreasonable of all these exactions is that which demands the right for some other railroad company to use the rails of the Hill road across the bridge for electric-car service. If this were granted, it would, of course, make it impossible to keep the draw open for practically twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, as would be the case if the offer of the company to keep the draw open when trains were not moving were accepted. Permitting use of the bridge except for passage of railroad trains would hamper the movements of vessels to a great extent, and it would be manifestly unfair to the railroad company, which eventually, as the country grows, will desire to maintain a local service of its own.

It is needless to reiterate that Mr. Hill is not coming to Portland for philanthropic purposes. He is endeavoring to get into Portland by a new and more direct route than that which is now available, and he expects to make money from his investment. But there are mutual benefits arising from his building into Portland. We might not class it strictly as a "concession" to have all the Hill territory in the Pacific Northwest thrown open for the exploitation of our merchants, but it would be most helpful, and we should be willing to go to any reasonable length to assist the man who is to thus widen our trade field. We have been handicapped for years with lack of railroad facilities for reaching the Big Bend and Northern Idaho country, as well as a vast scope of Northern Pacific territory south of the Big Bend. The opportunity is now at hand for removal of this handicap, and, as delays are always dangerous, no time should be lost in availing ourselves of it.

There were other things besides the bright sunshine, swelling buds and trilling birds to awaken joy in the hearts of Portlanders on yesterday joyous Easter morn. They read with undisguised pleasure how Providence, in the guise of a lunchroom fire, had wiped out of existence the palatial Kamm structures on First and Washington. Unfortunately, we fear the report of a total loss was somewhat premature, and the prompt work of the fire department has again preserved for future ages the historic corner. To be sure, most of the shacks were destroyed, but a few feet of wall and pieces of roof remain on the corner, and the careful application of a few sheets from old oil cans, together with some selected cuts of slabwood, will restore at least a portion of the building to a semblance of its former glory. On account of its central location, the remaining building will undoubtedly command a high rent when the 2005 fair is held in Portland.

NEW CAPITAL—AND OLD.

A correspondent of The Oregonian thinks there has already "been too much discussion of the question of franchises" and that "there is danger of our City Council and legislative bodies becoming so radical as greatly to hinder the development which this country should enjoy in the near future." This is, of course, one of the inspired voices through which the alarmed plutocracy of Portland seeks to arrest the invincible movement for a square deal. Let us see about it. The voice says: Agitation is not a good thing. It alarms capital. It frightens investors. It prevents immigration. It hampers industrial and commercial development. We can have no new railroads, no new street-car lines, no new telephone or electric light or gas companies, no new and beautiful buildings, no new manufactories, no advance in realty values—nothing of the kind, unless we let the old banking and monopoly crowd run the town. Quite so.

Quite so, indeed. But let us have the facts. What influence has so far successfully kept the North Bank Railroad out of Portland? What influence sought to place every possible obstacle in the way of the new and important United Railways Company? What influence exerts itself through every available channel to exclude competition in gas, telephone, electric light and in any other utility where the associated monopolists have their combined grip? What influence through all the years has discouraged investment unless made through its hands and on its terms, and has excluded capital, enterprise, thrift and energy, unless direct tribute is given and abject homage paid? What influence has always been devoted to a great scheme to own everything in the town worth owning and scourge from the city limits every impertinent and venturesome upstart who defied it?

We all know. But there is a change. Why a change? Because there is a mighty movement everywhere for honesty and fair dealing in all our affairs, public and private, and Portland and Oregon are participating in it. It is a moral question—the greatest moral question that has stirred the public conscience and quickened the public pulse in the recent history of our country. It is a loud call upon every citizen to do his plain duty by every other citizen, and treat him fairly, honorably and considerately; and it is a persistent and inextinguishable demand that public officers shall administer their trust for the general good and not for private and personal profit.

If The Oregonian had remained silent in this great crisis, it would have been recreant to its duty as a public journal, which is to tell the truth and scorn the consequences. If it had remained silent, the prospect for the North Bank road getting across the Willamette River would, in its opinion, have been dubious; the United Railways might not have secured a foothold here; the extortions, poor service, systematic overcharges and arrogant mistreatment of the patient public by the gas company would have continued, and the price would never have been reduced to 95 cents per thousand; franchises would perhaps never have been taxed; there would have been no immediate probability of proper control and regulation of public-utility corporations; fraud, humbug, hypocrisy and sanctimonious and pharisaical pretense would not have been exposed, and the banking trust, with its associated satellites of greed, graft and grab, would have remained in serene and undisturbed possession of nearly all the great Portland properties and all its public privileges.

No need to be worried about new capital. What new capital wants is a fair and open field and the assurance that it will not be mulcted and ravished by old capital.

CAN A FRANCHISE BE "PERPETUAL"?

There is something refreshing in the proposal of August Huckestein, of Marion County, that limited franchises be substituted for those perpetual in their terms, and that the question whether the limitation is valid be left to the courts. Huckestein is in doubt, and says he is, but he is willing to give the people the benefit of the doubt. He does not believe perpetual franchises should exist, and if they can be superseded by limited franchises he desires that it be done. He is willing that the attempt should be made, and therefore favors the enactment of laws repealing the franchises perpetual in their terms and the substitution of franchises of reasonable duration.

The trouble with Oregon Legislatures, and all Legislatures, and with Congress, is that there are too many members who have an overpowering respect for everything that the owner presumes to call a "vested right." They take a one-sided view of the question thus presented, and that side is the owner's side. Their viewpoint is such that they do not stop to ask whether the people have any vested rights that conflict with those claimed by the holder of a franchise. The corporation, the franchise-holder, must be protected at all hazards, and, if the reform legislation is open to the least doubt, it must be rejected. But that is not Mr. Huckestein's idea. The corporations can protect themselves, and, if he goes to the Legislature, he will endeavor to protect the rights of the people.

The suggestion that any legislative body can grant a franchise, without consideration, which shall give the grantee a public-service privilege that can never be limited, must seem unreasonable to any man. Does such a franchise give a vested right for a million years? If not, does it convey a right for a thousand years, equal to half the Christian era? If not a thousand years, then for how long a time? No reasonable man will assert that a franchise can be given for a million or a thousand years. It is unthinkable. If, then, there is a right to make some limitation of time, cannot the same power that granted the franchise say when it shall terminate? No one proposes that a franchise shall be abruptly ended and the holder left with property upon his hands which he cannot use. A limited franchise of twenty-five years, such as many of the recent franchises are, will expire at the end of that time, and if the granting power does not see fit to renew it the holder will be without any right to operate longer under it. Since the so-called perpetual franchise must have some limitation, will any wrong be done if the people through their representatives give notice now that a twenty-five-year limit has been fixed and that at the end of that time the right shall cease? Has the holder of a franchise perpetual in its terms made an investment any different from that made by the holder of a twenty-five-year franchise? Why, then, should there be any talk of paying the holder damages? If the holder of an unlimited franchise has made no investment different from that made by the holder of a twenty-five-year franchise, why should the one be more entitled to damages or compensation than the other, if both franchises are made to terminate at the same time?

An unlimited franchise cannot give an eternal right. The granting power has a right to fix a time of expiration, and, if that time be fixed at a reasonable distance in the future, no harm has been done any person.

THE STATE TREASURER.

All the talk in which candidates for the office of State Treasurer are engaging, concerning the disposition they will make of the interest received upon public funds, is based upon the assumption that the law will be violated in the future as it has been in the past. The statutes of the state declare that if any person shall have in his possession any public money and shall loan the same, with or without interest, he shall be deemed guilty of larceny and shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than one nor more than fifteen years, or by fine of twice the amount loaned. In the decision of a case which involved this statute, the Oregon Supreme Court said that to loan public funds is a crime. Every State Treasurer who has loaned public funds did so with the doors of the penitentiary ready to receive him. How, then, can a candidate for the office assume that he may or will loan the funds and receive interest thereon, either for his own benefit or the benefit of the state?

Nothing is more certain in future legislation than that a law will be passed providing for the deposit of public funds in banks, upon sufficient security approved by a board of state officers, and upon such a rate of interest to be paid to the state as may be agreed upon. Whether the public funds shall be loaned or not, will be a question entirely beyond the control of the Treasurer himself. He will doubtless be one member of the board having charge of the deposits of public funds when not in his personal custody, but the law to be enacted will not leave to any one man the power to determine what financial institutions shall be selected as depositories of state money. If a law should not be enacted, it will be beyond the power of a Treasurer to collect interest on the money. If a law should be passed, the Treasurer will have no discretion in the matter of loaning funds and collecting interest.

What kind of a law should be enacted governing this subject is a problem more appropriate for consideration by candidates for the Legislature. The most reasonable plan, and the one most equitable to the several parts of the state, would be one which provides for a pro rata distribution among the counties, and an open, competitive bid. For example, let it be provided that surplus funds in the State Treasury shall be deposited in banks in the several counties of the state in proportion to the amount of taxes each county pays. Let sealed bids be received from the banks of each county for the privilege of acting as depository for the funds apportioned to that county, the bid stating the rate of interest the bank is willing to pay on daily balances. It is only fair that if money is to be deposited in banks, it be placed in the localities from which it came, that each banker be given an opportunity to secure it upon exactly the same terms as any other banker, and that the state receive all the interest paid thereon. Of course, deposits would be made only upon ample security approved by the board having control of the funds.

The systematic experiments to be conducted this Summer in Western Oregon to determine what benefits can be derived from irrigation in this part of the state may show some surprising results. The experiments will be conducted under the general direction of Elwood Mead, of the Bureau of Irrigation and Drainage of the United States Department of Agriculture, and will have for their special purpose the settlement of three questions. It is desired to know what benefit may be secured by means of irrigation in making the crop more sure, in increasing the yield, in improving the quality. It is assumed at the beginning that some advantage will accrue in each particular, but the doubtful point is whether the benefits will be of sufficient extent to make irrigation profitable. Excellent crops are grown in Western Oregon without irrigation. In fact, there is no place in the United States where better crops can be grown year after year. It may still be, however, that where water is to be had without too great an expenditure for the construction of an irrigating system, the increased yield and absolute certainty of a full crop will make irrigation an important factor in Western Oregon agriculture. At any rate, we shall learn something worth knowing as a result of the experiments.

"Knowing how" is as essential to success in agriculture and its various branches as it is in what are called the handicrafts. Mr. H. E. Dosch made this fact apparent in presentment, through The Oregonian several days ago, of the preliminaries that lead to success in nutgrowing. As he plainly shows, it is one thing to plant nut trees—another to make such planting profitable. Proper selection of stock and proper location in the matter of soils and drainage are necessary. And when to this is added a reasonable generosity in fertilizing the soil and cultivating the young trees, the elements of profit in this industry are comprehensively given. Proper attention to these details will prevent disappointment in the expectations now indulged by many who are turning their attention to nutgrowing. Nature does not deal kindly with fools. This fact has been made manifest in bopgrowing, prunegrowing and flaxgrowing within recent years in this state. While hops, prunes and flax are profitable crops, all soils, locations and stocks do not produce satisfactory returns. "Learning how" by experiment is a tedious and expensive process. There is another way, and that is to profit by the experience of others. Those who are intending to plant nut trees would do well, therefore, to read what Mr. Dosch has to say about nutgrowing in The Oregonian of April 9. There is no charge whatever for the instruction, and it will prove valuable.

The detailed report of the Valencia investigation commission does not make so favorable a showing for the cowardly Captain Cousins as was reported in the brief summary received a few days ago. Among other things it says:

> This raft went out through the breakers without much difficulty, four oars being used and also bits of wreckage for paddles. The experience of this raft and its passengers is one of the strongest evidences that the sea about this time, 9:30 or 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, was not severe.

It was while this raft was being launched that Cousins refused to lower a boat, and the poor victims on the Valencia declined to make any effort to escape because they could see no reason why Captain Cousins should fail to pick them up without their taking further risk on a raft. The bungleso me, bad management of the Pacific Coast representatives was shown all through the testimony, and for that reason it is probable that Captain Cousins will remain in their employ. It will be many a year, however, before he can live down the reputation he gained at that awful wreck of the Valencia.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian idol, seems to be made of very common clay. His telegram of sympathy to Haywood and Moyer might be excused on the ground that he was unfamiliar with the conditions which resulted in the apprehension of those men. It will be very difficult, however, for him to explain why he abandoned the wife who bore him children, and who in his trouble interceded with the government to save his life, to take up and live openly in defiance of the laws of God and man with an actress of unsavory reputation. This is America, Mr. Gorky, and it is a free country, but it is not yet so free that even such genius as yours can throw a glamor of respectability over such sin as you have been guilty of. In the interest of decency and morality, Mr. Gorky and his female companion should be sent back to the land from which they came. There are enough of their kind here already.

The delayed arrival of the overdue ships Emelie and General Neumayer caused a slight decrease in the Portland customs receipts for March as compared with those for February. At the same time they were $5000 greater than those of any other port north of San Francisco, and exceeded by more than $2000 the combined receipts of Seattle, Port Townsend, Everett, Bellingham, Blaine, Port Angeles, Northport, Roche Harbor, Aberdeen, Anacortes, Sumas, Danville, Friday Harbor, South Bend and Oroville. Perhaps if the antiquated statisticians who are attached to the Department of Commerce and Labor would study a Treasury report and learn where the money comes from they would find a place for Portland on the commercial map.

Strange as it may seem, there is one office in Multnomah County for which there is no Republican aspirant and only one Democratic candidate for the nomination. The Republican primary ticket has no name on it for County Surveyor. W. M. Neville has no opposition for the Democratic nomination for that office. Perhaps it was proper to let the Democrats have one office by default in return for the Democrats conceding the Republicans the offices of Superintendent of Public Instruction and Labor Commissioner without contest.

There will be no contest over Democratic nominations, except for Sheriff, in Multnomah County, hence the Democratic ticket will be known without a count of the ballot. For that reason it will be a favor to the hundreds of Republican candidates in waiting if the election judges will count the Republican ballots first. If this be done, the result of the Republican primaries should be known the day after the election, except possibly in the case of one or two offices for which the contest will be very close.

After the primaries are over, the voters will have time to investigate the ten measures which have been proposed by initiative and which will be voted upon in June. These are important and should have close attention as soon as the excitement over the primary election has subsided.

Whatever else may be said of the unfortunate Captain Johnson, of the Valencia, he didn't try to save his own life or shield himself in any way. And Captain Cousins and Captain Patterson didn't worry about anybody's lives but their own.

There are those persons in Portland who now think that the Fire Fiend is entitled to a vote of thanks, handsomely engrossed on asbestos, for the excellent judgment he displayed in his operations early Sunday morning.

When it is all over, how many of the candidates will have nothing to regret? The man who has been "tricky" in the primary campaign may have occasion to be sorry before the election is over.

There are some people who do not believe in agitation of subjects in which the people are interested. The Czar of Russia, for example. Or the holders of franchises.

It now transpires that Professor James Jeffries doesn't return to the prisering because his wife won't let him. Good-by, Jim; take care of yourself.

It is quite obvious that the President meant to insinuate that some of those justly famous magazine writers use a muck-rake for a pen.

Is there any one today who thinks it does not pay to run for office? Still it is not much more expensive than owning an automobile.

The President really couldn't have meant Lincoln Steffens.

Maybe He Will Refuse to Talk.

Washington (D. C.) Post.

Dr. Dowie says he will perform a miracle when he gets back to Zion City.

THE SILVER LINING.

By A. E. Ballard.

Easter Greeting to Hoyt.

There are many who do many things very well,
Who play lovely billiards and quoits;
There are some who are straight, but right here I will tell
You the town isn't full of Ralph Hoyts.

* * *

Part not from your illusions. They are as important to you as your conscience.

* * *

Make love and lose money, or make money and lose love. You have your choice.

* * *

To be mysterious is to be charming.

* * *

Unfulfilled promises wreck more people thank drink does.

* * *

An ugly woman can afford to be good.

* * *

Faith will remove mountains, but it will never lift a chattel mortgage.

* * *

Where no counsel is, it's bad enough; but in a multitude of counsel it's simply Hades.

* * *

Lay much stress on money-making, but more on curbing your imagined desires.

* * *

Sublime lying is the height of genius.

* * *

A college son who thinks he's wise heareth his father's instructions and talks back; but a young guy who's really next keeps mum and studies just enough to pass his examinations.

* * *

A dutiful daughter annexes a rich husband, because she, or her family, needs the money.

* * *

He that is slow to wrath is an easy mark; but he that is hasty of spirit puncheth hard.

* * *

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is also interesting.

* * *

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but cuss words are very satisfying.

* * *

Notations of the Nabobs.

Great preparations are being made for Summer gaiety by the Bill Metz yacht fleet at its rendezvous below Slabtown.

The average mental state of the Its in Portland has reached the point of uncertain yet dawning intelligence.

There are three beautiful women in the Set that's It—two blondes and one brunette. I won't mention who they are, but they themselves will readily know, and be able to feel my praises, for they are so "different" from the rest.

Bloomers of bathing suits this year will be extra long; or perhaps, rather, skirts are to be extra short—I mean to say; that is, I wanted to suggest, that the expanse of—you understand what I mean.

Mr. and Mrs. Mud are entertaining extensively.

Mr. Woozy Roundhead has bought a new checked suit.

Soft collars for men have arrived at this Coast. It took them two years to make the journey from New York.

Miss Singing Doughnut, a lovely centuroon from Vancouver, will make her debut anon.

Ladies will tea up at cold teas during May. The gentlemen will console themselves at Clairmont.

Several aristocratic cookladies are contemplating extensive alterations in their kitchen and cellars shortly.

The Te Hees will hold a series of Kafe Klatches during the coming month to provide an informal news bureau where the whole neighborhood can find out what everybody else is doing.

* * *

Definitions.

(Tips on the Race of Life.)

PAPER CHASE—A woman's letter when she fails to number the pages.

DEER HUNT—A Summer courtship.

STALKING A STAG—Inviting him to dinner for the family's inspection.

RABBITRY—It's a harem when they're Belgian.

BEAR TRAPPING—A widow in a decollete dress is a bare trap and she traps bear.

DECOYING GEESE—Any old girl does that.

FOX HUNT—That's more difficult—some of them are very foxy.

DUCK SHOOTING—Men are always at that.

At the Sock Social.

Puck.

"Well, no," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, in reply to the inquiry of the patent-churn man, "there ain't been anything of importance going on here of late but the sock social given by the ladies of the Methodist Church one night last week."

"Sock social, eh? I presume each gentleman attending was presented with a pair of socks? Was that the idea?"

"That was about the idea possessed in advance by the gentlemen in question, when they were told at the sock social they would be greeted by a complete surprise; which they, by gosh, were, for the sock part of it was that they were 'socked' for enough money to pay for reshingling the roof of the parsonage."

Bowed to His Betters.

New York Tribune.

Delegate Rodney, of New Mexico, tells of the amazement of a ranchman when he first saw a linotype machine at work. After staring at it for a while the ranchman said: "Great Scott! Ain't that the most intelligent machine you ever saw? Why, it's plumb human." Finally, overcome by his admiration, he took off his hat, made a low bow to the complicated mechanism and said: "I surely would admire, Mr. Machine, if you-all would come out and take a drink with me."

BITS OF CURRENT COMMENT.

The man who hoaxed the New York police with a story of a plot against Dr. Parkhurst's life has been sent to prison for seven years. He ought to be glad the story wasn't true.—Pittsburg Times.

It is said that the new big battleship will be called the Constitution. The Constitution may not amount to much "between friends," but it will cut some figure between enemies, if occasion arises.—Kansas City Journal.

An Englishman who recently visited New York declared that city's streets are the dirtiest in the world. We hope that is true, but we fear the Englishman hasn't looked over this country's entire stock of streets.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If the postage stamp refuses to adhere, blame it on the weather. That's where the responsibility rests, according to the Postoffice Department. At the same time, a man can't always wait for the right brand of sticky weather.—Albany Times-Union.

The many horse cars that linger on the street railways of New York are said to be due to a disinclination to admit the overhead trolley. Cities that have tried the trolley could not be induced to go back to horse cars on any terms.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The act of the New York Legislature, which has just become a law by the Governor's signature, postponing until November 15 the election of the mutual life insurance companies, may also afford an opportunity for a very entertaining campaign of publicity.—Indianapolis News.

Controller Metz, of New York City, advises that the several potters' fields, which the municipality maintains, be abolished. Instead of earth burial, he would have the city establish crematories, and dispose of the bodies hitherto buried in the potters' fields by incineration. This is what will come in the long run.—Springfield Republican.

TO PRONOUNCE ORIENTAL NAMES

That there is much in a name, at least in the correct pronunciation of proper nouns, is evidenced from the fact that The Oregonian is in constant receipt of inquiries on that subject. This is especially so in the case of Oriental names in general, and Russian and Japanese in particular. Of course, the Russo-Japanese war had much to do with the origin of this difficulty, while the persistent and well-organized revolutionary activity throughout the Russian empire is furnishing a new and ever-increasing source of names, greatly to the vexation of those who read the news of the day.

The Oregonian, therefore, cheerfully complies with the request of its readers, and herewith presents a key to the solution of the difficulty, which is to be hoped will relieve many a bewildered reader from what seems so hopelessly tangled. The table given below represents a system of transliteration adopted by the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, by the United States Board of Geographical Names and indeed by most European nations and Canada. It has been carefully compared, revised and amended for The Oregonian by one who is thoroughly familiar with the subject:

The Vowels.

a—Pronounced always as a in father.
e—Pronounced always as e in comment.
i—Pronounced always as i in police.
o—Pronounced always as o in mortal.
u—Pronounced always as u in full.

The Diphthongs.

ai—Pronounced always as ai in aisle.
au—Pronounced always as ou in house.
ei—Pronounced always as ai in faith.

The Consonants.

c—Pronounced always as c in center.
ch—Pronounced always as ch in charter.
ff—Pronounced always as v in victor.
g—pronounced always as g in gallant.
h—Pronounced always as h in harbor.
k—Pronounced always as k in keel.
kh—Pronounced always as the gutteral ch in the German language.
ng—Pronounced nearly always as ng in single.
q—Pronounced always as k, but is scarcely ever used.
sh—Pronounced always as sh in shell.
tch—Pronounced always as ch in chain.
ts—Pronounced always as c in cement.
v—Pronounced always v in valor.
zh—Pronounced always as z in vision.
th, if used at all, should be pronounced as th in anthill; tch should not be used, the sound being fully represented by ch, as above.

There is also a single letter in the Russian language which is equal to a combination of the two sounds as represented by shc and ch (or tch). It occurs, for instance, in the name of the Siberian town of Blagovishtchensk, which, with the application of the above rules the reader should have no difficulty in pronouncing Bla-go-vish-tchensk.

y—Is always a consonant, or a terminal.
ya—Pronounced always as ya in yard.
ye—Pronounced always as ye in yellow.
yi—Pronounced always as yie in yield.
yo—Pronounced always as yo in York.
yu—Pronounced always as yu in yule.

As a general rule, all vowels are pronounced as in Italian, and consonants as in English. The transliteration of English names from the German should never be utilized—it is invariably a source of confusion, especially where the letters j, v and w occur. It is also well to remember that in the transliteration of Oriental names all letters are pronounced, and that the only exceptions to the above system are made in but few names which, by long usage, have become familiar to English readers, such as Cossack for Kozak, Czar for Tsar, Nijni for Nizhni, mujik for mushik, etc. Otherwise the rules above given should be observed, and the solution of the whole difficulty would soon be found very simple. There is only one accent used, the acute, to denote the syllable on which stress is laid.

THE GROWTH OF NEW YORK

Shown by Comparisons With Increase in Other Places.

New York Corr. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An expert in statistics has figured out that Greater New York has now 4,140,622 people, which is an increase of 702,420 over the Federal census of 1900. In other words, in five years past this city has added as many residents as are to be found in San Francisco and Buffalo combined, and in seven cities the size of Albany.

Figuring on the cost of living, he places the cost at wholesale for one individual of a year's supplies of necessities, such as meats, breadstuffs, food of all kinds, clothing, etc., at $97. He adds to this the profit of the retailer, which will bring the cost of living for each citizen to $125. Continuing this statement of fact and figures he says: "The 700,000 of new mouths to feed and bodies to clothe necessitate the purchase every year from the retailer of material to the value of $87,500,000. Within five years additions have been made to the volume of retail trade greater than the entire assessed valuation of Rhode Island or Virginia. To the clothing dealers of the city there is a yearly addition of $14,000,000; to the butchers, $8,000,000. To house these newcomers five in a family would require 140,000 new flats, to provide which nearly 5400 seven-story single flat houses would be needed. A single annual visit of each one to the theater, occupying orchestra seats, would increase the box office receipts by $1,400,000. A single ride of each on a surface car in a year would add $35,000 to the company's income.

These astounding figures will convey to one some idea of the present size and importance of the City of New York.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

The Man (in street-car)—"Take my seat, madam." The Woman—"Thank you, but I also get out at the next corner."—Chicago Daily News.

"What do you think of the new board of directors?" "I think it's about a tie. Half of them look capable of anything and the other half look capable of nothing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Can't I sell you a painless corn cure, madam?" said the peddler. "No, you can't!" snapped the woman of the house. "I have no painless corns." Then the door was shut with a sudden slam.—Chicago Tribune.

Gussy (whose house has caused considerable trouble during the day). A hard-run fox has taken refuge in a tree)—"By jove, I wish I had my revolver." M. F. H.—"To shoot yourself or your horse, sir?"—Punch.

"What is your opinion on this question?" asked the friend. "Let us understand each other," rejoined Senator Borghum; "do you want my opinion or do you want to know how I am going to vote?"—Washington Star.

Mrs. Malaprop—"My husband is just crazy since the fishin' season opened. He don't think or talk of anything else." Mrs. Browne—"Fond of angling, is he?" Mrs. Malaprop—"I should say so. He's a reg'lar anglomaniac."—Philadelphia Press.

The Reason.

Minna Irving in the Bohemian.

Her seat was empty Easter morn,
Though every day in Lent
I saw her fluffy golden head
In deep devotion bent.
The sky was blue, the breezes mild,
The April sun was out.
It must be illness kept at home
A maiden so devout.

The service o'er, with eager steps
I ran to her abode.
No trace of aught but blooming health
Her cheeks of rosea showed.
But through the door I caught a glimpse
Of flowers and feathers that
Too plainly told she stayed at home
To trim her Easter hat!

IN THE OREGON COUNTRY.

Not Politics—Just Sick.

Grass Valley Journal.

We learn that Thomas Craig, living in the vicinity of Kent, is very low.

There Are the Buckwheat and Bean.

Salem Journal.

American eruptions and explosions are confined to highly-colored headlines in the newspapers—a dash of red ink.

Modern Joshua Stopped the Son.

Roseburg Review.

The appalling report that one of the Bilyeus, of Linn County, had registered as a Republican has been proven false. Now let the campaign proceed.

Sauce for the Goose.

Lebanon Criterion.

Under our present law the husband has a life estate in all his property, while the wife has a life estate in only one-half of his property. This law should be made the same for both.

Your Depressing Presence.

Astorian.

Don't get too busy to make your wife a flower bed, or a half-dozen, if she wants them. Remember she has to live with you 365 days in the year, and she needs something to brighten her up.

Demand More Than a Sample.

Eugene Register.

With us, a man's having one child is sufficient evidence of his approbation of the Roosevelt an style. But there are those mean enough to insist on more children as proof of a man's enthusiasm.

A Scheme That Never Fails.

Springfield News.

Since the Booth-Kelley Company has raised the wages of its men at this point it has secured a good crew of hard-working, reliable men, and that if they continue paying such wages they will have little difficulty in keeping a full crew.

"Young Denver" Prosperity.

Baker City Democrat.

A few years ago there was only one banking institution in Baker City. Today there are three, with the original one carrying a larger amount of deposits than ever before in its history and the others doing a business highly satisfactory and increasing every day.

Advice That Cost Money.

Drain Nonpareil.

If you have property for sale and have a chance to sell it at a fair profit, by all means sell it. If you don't, you'll regret it. To show the danger of holding property for higher prices when a reasonable offer is made, the editor of this paper this week sold some real estate in Glendale, this county, for about 50 per cent less than he could have sold it for a year ago.

Not Patent Medicine, Just Editorial.

Mount Scott News.

What an appeal to humanity to pause and consider what can be done now, every day, while there is opportunity, for untold thousands facing a lingering death, an unremitting torture from which they would welcome deliverance no worse than a quick fall and a painless shock at the bottom, or even an end of their mental sufferings in flames as a natural preference to its endless continuance!

Change of Feed for the Printer.

Blue Mountain Eagle.

Whether the new primary law is a success or not, it looks as though the newspaper man, that sadly neglected necessity of every modern hamlet, has at least a "look-in." The good old days of carrots, pumpkins and coonskins as a duly authorized legal tender at the printshop, seem to be slightly supplanted, at least by a few shekels of international value. 'Tis almost too good to be true.

Power of the Pen.

Outing.

Ralph D. Paine, author of "The Praying Skipper," a volume of short stories recently published and containing "Captain Arendt's Choice," had this unique compliment paid to him, when the latter story first appeared in Scribner's Magazine, at which time the following account was cabled to the London Daily Mail by its New York correspondent.

"The story tells of a sea captain who had by years of saving succeeded in accumulating £2000, and was bringing it to the United States to buy a home for himself and his invalid wife in order that he might see her regularly on his trips.

"He was afraid of the wiles of the financiers, and against his wife's advice brought the money in specie instead of by bank draft. The vessel was overtaken by disaster, and it became a choice with the captain whether he should save his money or his passengers. He saved the passengers, and his hopes for a home for himself and his wife, and the chance of seeing her more frequently sank beneath the waves with his ship.

"A certain Broadway merchant who was never looked upon by his associates as being overburdened with sentiment, though he is in fact a very charitable man, read the story, and was so much affected by it that he went to Scribner's and said that if the story was true, the captain could have a house.

"The merchant said he would buy the house, and the captain could have the deeds when he arrived in the States next, and could bring his wife over on the following trip, as the story said they had planned.

"The merchant was informed that Mr. Paine's story was based on fact; that the captain had in truth lost his money with his ship, but since then his wife had died. And so the merchant's offer, much to his chagrin, had to be refused."

Mt. Dowie Can Go Some.

Chicago News.

Vesuvius need not think it can attract attention away from the Zion City eruption.

Uncle Si's Remarks on Success.

C. Cunningham in Spare Moments.

These fellers they call famous, I've been readin' some about;
I don't see any place a-tellin' how
They laid aroun' an' waited fer success to hunt 'em out
An' force a crown o' laurel on their brow.
They didn't set a-dreamin' of a good square meal o' grub;
Didn't sign an' set an' wait,
Growin' thin an' cussin' Fate,
They lit out after Fame, sir, weth a club!

I like to read about 'em, how they strove to reach the goal,
An' fought the battle, inch by inch along.
I know they had the courage of conviction in the soul
An' kep' the note o' vict'ry in the song.
They didn't wonder of the wreath they won 'ud kinder rub,
But they jest got up and humped,
Takin' falls and gettin' bumped,
An' found the Fame they hunted weth a club!

I 'low it pays fer young folks that's startin' out fer Fame
To be a bit bull-headed at the job;
The many disappointments in the chasin' of the game,
May change your joyful song into a sob.
Ef you've the proper stuff in you (but, thunder, there's the rub),
You'll jest buckle up your belt,
An' I'll bet you get the pelt
Ef you light out after Fame, sir, weth a club!