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PORTLAND, MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1909.

AN ANARCHISTIC CONDITION.

The City of Portland, in its public administration, should be devoted to business. Doubtless those who direct its affairs think it is. But it is not. They are little capable of great business. Entrusted with the business of a great municipality—that is, with everybody's business—they never have shown themselves capable of success in any business of their own. The Mayor—as a factor in the business of Portland, what is Harry Lane? Kellaher, who wants to be Mayor—as a factor in the business of Portland, what is he? Is there any man or firm or company, engaged in an important business, who would put men of this stamp at the head of it?

By the primary law, political parties have been dissolved, and only adventurers or pretenders will put themselves forward for place, in the direction of affairs. There is no selection. Each man, who estimates his own worth at higher value than his neighbors have held him, nominates himself. There is no deliberation as to fitness. Political parties are destroyed, or are dissolved into their units. It is not a contest of best men nor of fit men, but a contest among men least fit to hold the positions they seek. A premium is set on incompetency, and the municipality fails to get the service of its capable men, who refuse to enter the scramble.

Perhaps, therefore, as good a scheme as any is that proposed by those who would ask a large committee, say of four hundred, to suggest the names of men to be offered in the primary as candidates. There must be combination and co-operation of those who have their all engaged in the business and property and prosperity of the city, or nothing can be done. Without association and organization nothing is possible. Others, however, will be sure to combine; and since the one sort will combine, why should not the other associate?

Combination is party; no matter by what other name you call it. No method yet has been discovered of carrying on government where debate is free, other than that of party organization. They who cannot control or direct any of the organizations will, of course, shout "ring" and "machine." But after all, it is a matter of reason and sanity and business in government and administration; which can be secured only by combination of those whose interests and sentiments afford a common basis of action.

Party spirit cannot be eliminated with safety to the state. Party always has been the agency by which America has been governed; and so it is in all countries where debate has free play. But in Oregon we are professing a purpose to abolish party spirit—a pretense, for the effort is to substitute a lower party spirit for a higher, and to make it possible for the individual to substitute his own private or particular for the general weal. This is the consequence of our present system, which permits and encourages men to nominate themselves, decries all party organization, and transfers government to the hands of the most impudent and incapable. It couldn't have been foreseen, at any rate it was not foreseen; but it is worth while, probably, to learn and to know it, even from hard and disastrous experience. Still, nobody as yet sees the way through it, or the path out of the woods. Party must be reconstituted, as a basis for action; but how? There is chaos at present; men who ought to act together, and who yet must act together, see no way under the present system to do so. It is practical anarchy. Yet all may depend that the real anarchists will combine. Then should not their opponents associate?

INCREASING ARGENTINE TRADE.

Every time the ship-subsidy seekers, in the name of the old flag, plan a new raid on the United States Treasury, they precede the undertaking with glowing manifestoes showing us how trade follows the flag, especially to South America. The alleged loss of that South American trade is the bogie man which is ever used to frighten the timid into supporting the subsidy measure. It has been frequently explained that there is nothing the matter with our South American trade, and that for years we have been selling our neighbors all of the wares in which we dealt that they could conveniently use. Perfect reciprocal relations and the attendant increase in trade will, of course, be impossible until we can buy wheat, hides, corn and other South American staples from their producers.

Testimony which effectually refutes every argument that has ever been put forward for a ship subsidy to encourage trade with South America is offered in some official figures on international commerce just issued by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. There was a heavy decline in foreign commerce with nearly all countries with which the United States does business, but, despite our alleged handicap of no ship subsidy, it is pleasing to note that in increases in exports from this country, those to Argentina, like the name of Abou Ben, "lead all the rest." In the nine months ending with September we succeeded in getting together enough tonnage without a ship subsidy to deliver to the Argentine buyers American goods to the value of $55,000,000 more than we sold to that country in the corresponding period in 1907.

Imports from the Argentine for that period were $193,800,000, a decrease of but $2,000,000. The full significance of these figures can best be understood by comparison with those of Canada, a country with which we have such unrivaled transportation facilities that not even a ship-subsidy seeker has ever dared to criticize them. While the Argentine increased her purchases from us from $232,000,000 in 1907 to $287,000,000 in 1908, the exports of the United States to Canada for the entire year amounted to but $247,600,000, and the gain over the preceding year was less than $10,000,000, while imports from Canada to this country declined nearly $53,000,000. From these figures it is easy to understand that our South American trade is not suffering for lack of a ship subsidy, and it also shows that trade follows the flag only when the price is right and when the men behind the flag are in a position to satisfy the demands of their buyers.

ECONOMY IN STREET CONSTRUCTION.

Albany is proceeding on the right line in building permanent business thoroughfares. All wires are being placed underground, new water pipes are being laid and sidewalks widened, preparatory to laying hard-surface pavement along these streets. This is in accordance with economy, public convenience and the simplest rules of intelligent street construction. Portland's greatest annoyance today is in torn-up pavements, consequent litter of the street, and congestion of traffic incident to the fact that several of the principal business streets are for many blocks out of commission much of the time because of excavations necessary to place public-service wires under ground and to increase the capacity of sewers and water mains. This in many instances, especially in the case of the older streets, was unavoidable. But in all of the newer streets where hard-surface, or even macadam, pavements have been laid since our present public-utility service in gas and water mains and electric wiring for lighting, telephone and motor appliances has been in effect, this constant tearing up of costly pavements is an imposition upon property-owners. Remonstrance at the proper time on their part, a little head work on the part of the City Engineer's department and the street committee of the Common Council would—and it may be hoped will from this time henceforth—prevent a continuance of the wasteful, annoying patchwork street policy that has attended every stage of the city's growth.

There has been good excuse for it in times past. Many of our business streets were made before the advent of applied electricity and Bull Run water service pipes. These, of course, must suffer to meet the demand for underground wires and increased capacity of water mains and sewers. But for several years past there has been no excuse for tearing up new hard-surface pavements and digging great trenches in newly graveled streets for these purposes.

THE FLEXNER SERUM.

Some months ago, when Portland was menaced by an epidemic of spinal meningitis, The Oregonian, in the course of some comments upon the frightful disease, had to admit that no cure for it was known. Mysteriously and without premonition it selected its victims, subjected them to excruciating torments for days or weeks, and finally, in seventy-five cases out of every hundred, slew them while the physicians looked on helplessly. They could relieve the patient's agony with morphia and cool his fever with frigid baths, but they could not stay the ravages of the disease. It ran its course in spite of them.

Few persons attacked by spinal meningitis ever recovered, and those few might better, perhaps have died, for the disease left them deaf or paralytic or bereft of their mental powers. Complete recovery was rare enough to look like a miracle. Now all this is changed. A cure has been discovered for spinal meningitis. Science has triumphed over the dread disease and the beneficent victory has been won by what is called "vivisection"; that is, by experiments on living animals. By subjecting a few guinea pigs and monkeys to some passing inconvenience, Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, has rescued thousands of human beings from incalculable misery. The remedy he has discovered belongs to the class of immunized serums, those potent specifics for many deadly diseases which formerly completely baffled medical skill. The particulars of Dr. Flexner's investigation, which terminated so happily for mankind, are given by Burton J. Hendrick in the April McClure's.

Four years ago some of the poorer quarters of New York were swept by spinal meningitis. Russian Jews and Italians were the principal sufferers, the germ of the disease, according to its habit, flourishing in poverty, filth and darkness, while sunlight and hygienic surroundings are fatal to it. It attacks the poor in preference to the rich, and children in preference to adults. But in an epidemic nobody is safe, and victims were claimed by the disease on Fifth avenue as well as in the slums on the East Side. Of those attacked, ninety out of every one hundred died, while among the few survivors only one out of four really recovered. The rest were left deaf, palsied or deformed. Moved by these appalling facts, the Mayor of New York finally appointed commissioners to investigate spinal meningitis and find a remedy for it if they could. Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, was the leading member of the commission. A savant of vast acquirements and splendid genius, Dr. Flexner had studied under the great Dr. Welch, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, and ripened his scientific knowledge in the laboratories of Berlin and Strassburg, as well as in the famous Pasteur Institute. All that was known of the disease he knew, its frightful symptoms, the discouraging record of failure in the search for a remedy and the one solid basis for hope.

This basis was Weichselbaum's discovery in 1887 of the germ, the diplococcus, which causes spinal meningitis. Dr. Flexner's problem was to produce a serum which would destroy this germ and neutralize the poison which it generates in the body. Serum is the clear liquid in which the blood corpuscles float. When a person is attacked by a germ disease like smallpox and recovers, the serum of his blood acquires a new property. It becomes poisonous to the germs of smallpox, or whatever the disease may be, and henceforth the individual is immune. The immunity may be partial or complete. It may last a few years or forever, but it is always produced by a change in the serum of the blood.

With this fact in mind, Dr. Flexner set to work to immunize some animal to spinal meningitis in the expectation that he could then protect human beings by injecting the serum of the animal into their bodies. To produce immunity he first treated the animal to a small injection of the germs of meningitis, then to larger and larger doses. The process was tried on guinea pigs and it worked. It also worked on monkeys. By systematic treatment the serum of their blood was so altered that it would destroy incredible quantities of meningitis germs, and but for one difficulty Dr. Flexner's problem was solved. The serum of guinea pigs and monkeys cannot safely be injected into human bodies. He must immunize some animal whose blood is more kindly to man. For this purpose he chose the horse.

Beginning with weak doses of the germ and proceeding gradually to stronger ones, Dr. Flexner finally immunized a horse to spinal meningitis. The serum of this animal is not poisonous to human tissues. Hence, if a remedy for the disease existed, it had now been found. Who would make the first trial? It takes rare courage for a physician to use a new remedy before anybody else has tested it. Suits for malpractice confront him if it fails. He may even be tried for manslaughter. But courage of this kind the medical profession has never lacked. Dr. Louis W. Ladd, of Cleveland, administered the Flexner serum at Castalia, O., where an epidemic of meningitis was sweeping off the children, and saved all his patients. Then it was used here and there from New York to California, always with marvelous results. Formerly three patients out of four died, now three out of four recovered. Moreover, the recovery was complete. There was no more deafness, palsy, deformity. European savants obtained the same results with the Flexner serum. We may therefore confidently say that science has conquered one more malignant disease. Was not the conquest cheaply gained by the sacrifice of a few guinea pigs and monkeys?

MUNICIPAL DEBTS.

Various proposals for increasing the indebtedness of Portland for various purposes are to be submitted to the electors for decision in June. Latest among them is a proposal for bonds to the extent of $2,000,000, for a municipal light plant. Owners of property and all others interested in the welfare of the city should see to it that the proposal be rejected. For it will be but the beginning of a mighty debt on this account, and it will not give the city or the citizens cheaper light. No analogy exists between municipal supply of water and municipal supply of light, because the conditions are all dissimilar. It is useless, therefore, to say that a city can as well supply itself with light as with water. The difference is everywhere recognized. Service of competitive electric light systems in Portland will be established within a very few years.

One of the alarming facts in the history of municipal government in our country is the rapid increase of cost of public service in all cities. It far outruns relative increase of population. Expenditures for police, fire, charity and health departments everywhere outrun the increase of inhabitants; and so, too, especially in the case of the public schools. In the bonded debt of cities the results of the increase are most striking.

At the end of the year 1906 the debts of 148 cities having 30,000 inhabitants or more had reached the enormous sum of $1,385,841,497. In that year the population of those cities was 22,907,690, so that the per capita debt was $60.54, an increase of 23.1 per cent over the $49.61 per capita debt of 1902. As Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the National Municipal League, says: "When we compare this enormous municipal indebtedness borne by 22,907,690 people with the Federal indebtedness of $964,485,687 (or $11.46 per capita) borne by 84,154,000 people, we are astounded and overwhelmed by the immensity of the problem and the amount involved. During the last two years (1907-1908) the increase has been more rapid still; but we have no compilation of the totals of these years. Chief among the duties of citizenship is opposition to increase of the bonded debts of municipalities, which are mortgages on all property—most easily incurred, yet burdensome to carry and practically impossible to discharge.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

It can scarcely be doubted that the most of the difficulties in which foolish young girls of High School age, whether attending High School or not, occasionally find themselves is largely due to unwise associations, first with those of their own sex, and afterward with boys as inexperienced and untutored as themselves, and far more aggressive along danger lines. The danger period for youth is at the point where

The new warmth of life's ascending sun
Is felt by either,

and at this point wise parents guard their young daughters especially from too familiar association with girls more experienced in sex craft and as full of self-conceit as themselves.

The habit more or less prevalent of "staying all night" with a schoolmate has given many a child-woman her first lesson in suggestion which should be avoided if girlish modesty is to be preserved and made the basis for maidenly self-respect. Loose or too familiar associations beget deceit, and all the rest, as in the case of a young girl of fifteen, late a student in one of our city High Schools. Stories of how this or that girl deceived her mother, told by herself and exulted in as especially "smart" by her "chum," are not infrequently given to the telephone next door—confessions that should cause any honorable girl to hide her head in shame, if compelled to whisper them under the seal of the strictest secrecy. This is not hearsay nor assumption. It is a fact, as many accommodating owners of telephones can attest, and it is a practice which should be stopped by peremptory refusal to be a party, through ownership of the telephone, to such perversion of its use.

It may be regarded as a practically incontrovertible fact that a young girl who deceives her parents in regard to her whereabouts after school hours has taken the first step in the road that leads to shame.

If debating classes in conjunction with school work form an excuse for an otherwise unexplained absence, as is not infrequently the case, the mother can readily satisfy herself on this point by calling up the teachers in charge of this function; but she does not do so for the simple reason that she does not suspect the daughter of untruthfulness, until the latter falls into evil ways through her success in the role of deception.

"When girls come home with excuses of being delayed at school by debating classes, and one thing and another," said the deeply humiliated father of a wayward and mendacious daughter recently, "I think some stop should be put to it." True, indeed, but who is in a position so favorable for "putting a stop to it" as the parents who know of the girl's tardy return to her home after the close of school?

This father's statement or complaint touches the root of a very serious matter, and one which it is entirely within the line of parental duty to control. The chances are more than even that the pert miss who complains that she has not "liberty" enough has more liberty than is good for her. She should be looked after sharply, yet judiciously, by her mother or father, or both, and they will find in the school authorities valuable assistants. The initiative must be taken by the powers at home. The teacher appears to advantage when it comes to the referendum on this social-domestic problem.

The avalanche of wheat in farmers' hands, as per Government report, has apparently not yet started for market. It was freely predicted, when the report appeared early in the month, that Mr. Patten would be promptly smothered with the rush of wheat that would then immediately set in. Nearly three weeks have elapsed since that remarkable discovery was announced by the Government, and yestrday the price soared up to $1.19¾ per bushel, an advance of about seven cents from the low point reached shortly after appearance of the crop report. September wheat yesterday, for the first time this season, sold above $1 per bushel, indicating that the strength of the market was in a fair way to carry over into next season.

Before the great State of New York adopts a direct primary law, the Legislature and all others concerned should consider what power they are putting into the hands of a man like the present Tammany boss. Isn't it clear that with his well-disciplined organization, never troubled by conscience and absolutely without civic righteousness, Charles F. Murphy could nominate the weakest Republican candidate for Governor or United States Senator and then turn around and defeat him with a Democrat? President Schurman, of Cornell University, sees this point, and declares that no legislation can prevent the base element of a minority party from doing in New York precisely what it did on more than one occasion in Oregon.

Dana Estes, the Boston publisher, has just returned from a trip through Africa, and reports wild game so tame and plentiful that ex-President Roosevelt will find hunting big game in East Africa "like shooting cows in a back yard." This will, indeed, be news for Mr. Roosevelt as well as the publishers of the two-dollars-a-word hunting stories. It will enable Kermit and the kodak to get in some very effective work. If the pesky wild critters refuse to stand where the sun will strike them right while they are being shot, the "beaters" can prod 'em with a stick and make them line up so that the photo can be made to fit the story.

The spurts of speed on the New York Central, wherein 440 miles were covered in 399 minutes, and 183 miles on the Lake Shore in 168 minutes, recall the times when Elijah Smith raced Brayton Ives across the continent to attend meetings to secure control of "Oregon Trans." The Eastern roads carry the banner for dashes, but the transcontinental lines are not slow on long-distance runs.

Crazy Snake seems to have been appropriately christened. Any man, red, white, black or otherwise, who would attempt to start one of the old-time Indian massacres in this twentieth century can hardly be recognized as other than crazy. There was also something particularly "snakish" in the manner in which he struck without warning.

Separate subway cars for women will be given a trial in New York. It would be interesting to note whether woman, lovely woman, under this new plan will still insist in clustering around the entrance, waiting for some one to get up and give her a seat, instead of walking forward in the car and finding an unoccupied seat.

A penitentiary inmate at Salem who engineered an unsuccessful break killed himself. He was the man who threatened the life of Governor Chamberlain. Doubtless he thought himself entitled to a pardon. But somehow he didn't get it.

Just to remind the country at large that the Indian is not yet wholly civilized, the Creeks have started something in Oklahoma. If we didn't know that Oklahoma is a prohibition state, we might have our suspicions.

Portland is said to need a "business" Mayor. But no business men have appeared as candidates; instead—well, a business man is one who has made himself successful in business, not politics.

Just when interest in the Calhoun case was waning, something really worth while happened. You can't keep Heney and Burns out of the calcium.

Mr. Harriman weighs only 134 pounds, which goes to show one reason for his great admiration of Napoleon, the Little Corporal.

Oregon's land-fraud prosecutions made a "fall guy" out of Mr. Becker, but not out of Billy Bristol. Dawn is breaking.

Chief Crazy Snake is running that Indian uprising in Oklahoma. Probably the kind that comes out of a dark bottle.

Rev. Mr. Cline is what might be called a militant man of God with the gloves on and a chip on his shoulder.

Portland's next Mayor, by all means, should have equal courage to beat off the vampire.

Champion Jack Johnson draws the color line against no white man. But why not?

NEW TARIFF HITS LOVELY WOMAN

She Will Have to Pay Six Cents More for Stockings; No Gloves Under $1.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle, Dem.

Many women of medium and small income are just beginning to realize how much they will be affected directly by the proposed tariff bill, if it goes into effect as it stands.

Two striking examples of the necessities which will promptly rise in price are gloves and hosiery. To pay 6 cents more for a single pair of stockings seems but a trifle, but an increase of 6 cents or more on every pair bought during the year by a shop girl or a mother with a couple of daughters to support, means a yearly total which is not to be ignored. And there cannot be helped arising a feeling of injustice when it is stated that it is only the cheaper grades of hosiery that are affected; those that sell somewhere from 19 cents to 75 cents a pair. The woman who buys silk stockings at $2 or $3 a pair will not be asked to pay more. It is the cotton and the medium-priced lisle thread ones that are to be taxed a higher rate.

The less that is paid for stockings the more quickly they wear out, and, no matter how small her income, a woman must have plenty. If she is in the habit of paying 19 cents a pair—and pretty good ones may be bought at that price—she must soon give 25 cents. If she now buys the 25-cent kind, she will have to pay 30 cents or more. Of course, she will still find hose at 19 cents and at 25 cents, but they will be of inferior quality. In all likelihood the 19-cent ones will be those that she may find now at two for a quarter. The imported kind, to which she is used, cannot be sold at such a price.

When the foreign 19-cent "full fashion" is entirely removed from the market, it would not be in human nature, or, rather, trade nature, to refrain from charging that price for the present 12½-cent kind, and that is what is predicted by dealers. In the slightly better grades, the American makes cannot compete with the foreign at present rates, on account of the jobbers' profits, so, whether they buy home or foreign products under the new rates, the people will have to give more money or put up with inferior goods.

Kid gloves, long or short, may be a luxury for the women of the tenements, but every one above that class must have them, as a matter of course. And now, to the little working girl, struggling to make herself look trim and respectable on an infinitesimal allowance, comes word that there will be no more 59, 69 or 75-cent gloves, good or bad, unless there is a prompt change in the bill. She must pay $1 or go without. With half a dozen pairs in a year, which is but an average allowance for the girl or woman of moderate means, this sudden jump in price will have dire results. Either she must cut down the number and go with shabbily-clad hands, or she must manage in some way to save a couple of dollars in some other line—and where every last nickel is carefully assigned to some duty before it is earned, this is a task for a keen financier.

"I reckon on $15 a year for my gloves now," said one girl, a stenographer, who is as methodical in her expenditure as she is neat in appearance. "That is a very moderate sum, but I manage to get out of it two long pairs for dress wear ($5); several pairs of silk gloves for Summer and three of the very cheap kids (about 69 cents a pair), to keep fresh looking; two pretty nice short pairs at $1.50 each, and three of the $1 glove, the one-clasp mannish kind for general wear. I can't get along with less than that and look trim. But if this new rate goes through, let me see—well, the long ones will still have to be $2.50 each, but they'll have to be cheap quality, I suppose. The silk gloves will be about the same, and I can still get some sort of $1 mannish ones, I hope—but if I can't, then for those and the others I'll simply have to count on about $4 extra. Where it's coming from, I haven't any idea as yet."

MARY GARDEN FORGETS OLD DEBT

Opera Song Bird Ultimately Repays $20,000 Loan for Her Education.

Chicago Tribune.

The latest trouble of Miss Mary Garden, the Salome and Thais of the Manhattan Opera-house, had to do not with Oscar Hammerstein nor any Italian soprano, but with David Mayer, of Chicago, who was a member of the firm of Schlessinger & Mayer. Mr. Mayer, with his wife, had advanced Miss Garden $20,000 for her musical education.

That was 11 years ago, and Miss Garden did not find it convenient to reimburse her benefactors. But about two months ago Mr. Mayer, impatient for his money and believing the soprano now was making plenty to pay him, demanded it. Miss Garden was willing to pay, but preferred to return the amount in installments—"$20,000 is not found every day on a street corner," she expressed it.

The amount which Hammerstein pays his leading French singer never has been made public, but it may be said that it is upward of $1000 a night; and when the opera season in Thirty-fourth street, in Philadelphia, and in Boston closes she will have sung in the neighborhood of 50 times.

There were communications of a more or less acrid character between the Mayers and Miss Garden; and then the soprano did a little scurrying about to her banks and sent to Chicago a check for the sum of $20,000, plus the interest. Just what this interest is Miss Garden did not say; but she is perfectly willing to say it was good and liberal—considerably more than 6 per cent.

"It came to much more than the principal," declared Miss Garden. "It was merely an unpleasant little episode, which is better forgotten. Everything now has been paid—interest and all."

Baker Is Fined One Dozen Pies.

Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch.

Tim Eckert, a baker, was arrested, charged with a slight offense, and when arraigned before Police Magistrate Lane he begged to be allowed to go, saying he would present his honor with a dozen real home-made pies as soon as he could go home and bake them.

"You're on. You're fined a dozen home-made pies for the station-house force of officers, and see that you pay the fine before dark."

Six hours later Lane paid his "fine" by bringing a dozen hot pies into the station-house.

Watchman Can't See His Relatives.

Trenton, N. J., Dispatch.

The New Jersey Civil Service Commission has received its first request for the removal of an officeholder. The request came from an oyster-grower of South Jersey, who objected to the work of a watchman on the oyster beds, saying: "He isn't a good watchman, because he is nearsighted. I know he is nearsighted, because if he wasn't he could see his own father and brother stealing my oysters right along."

Reward for Being Honest: 25 Cents.

Philadelphia Dispatch.

A woman on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, suddenly cried out to her husband that she had lost her purse containing $800 in notes. A boy who had picked up the purse handed it to her. The woman was overjoyed. She searched through the purse until she found a quarter and gave it to the newsboy. "I tell you," said the boy afterwards, "it pays to be honest."

His First Vacation in 39 Years.

Kansas City, Mo., Dispatch.

Mark St. John, 39 years in the service of the Union Pacific Railway Company, at Kansas City, has just taken his first vacation. He is 62 years old.

MR. DOOLEY ON POLITICAL EVENTS

The Irish Humorist Pays His Respects to the New Administration, and Incidentally Denounces the Inhuman Conspiracy Against Joe Cannon.

BY F. P. DUNNE.

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"WELL, SIR," said Mr. Dooley, "I suppose me an' Willum Taft can take a chance now an' speak iv me frind Tiddy Rosenfeldt as ex-Prisidint. We wudden't do it before today, an' if we were livin' in Mombassy we wudden't do it at all. But it looks all right with that much wather between him an' us.

"Yes, sir, now that he's safe on th' ocean an' we're safe fr'm him on land, Willum Taft can settle down to th' regular business iv a new administhration, which is to fire out anything or anybody left over be th' preevyous administhration. If ye want to hire an ex-Governor iv New Mexico, or an ex-Supreme Coort Justice iv Aryzony as a cow-puncher, ye won't have anny throuble afther next week. I see that th' statesman who arned an important joodicyal office in Oklyhomy be chokin' a wolf to death with his own slender hands has been superseded be a mollycoddle who has niver done annything more notable thin chokin' Dimmycratic voters at th' polls.

"Th' new Prisidint is detarmined not to be made gloomy be havin' annything around him that will remind him iv th' happy days that are no more. Not wishing to be saddened be reminders iv th' time whin he had to read aloud fr'm th' wurruks iv Jacob Riis, while his predecessor an' frind rassled with th' Horrible Turk, his first oficyal act was to hurl a marble bust iv Albert Shaw at th' head iv Albert J. Beveridge, who was comin' acrost th' lawn at th' moment. He has caused an ordher to be issued f'r th' arrest iv anny prizefighter, roughrider, wolf-hunter, fly-caster, bad man, tennis champeen or anny publisher or editor iv anny pa-paper issued less often thin wanst a day, or anny socyologist, or anny author or person pretinkin' to be such found loiterin' around th' grounds about dinner time. Autygraphed phottygrafts can be had cheap be application to th' janitor at his office in th' back yard iv th' followin' well-known cillybryties—Jawn L. Sullivan, Robert Fitzsimmons, Charles 'Kid' McCoy, Impror Willum an' Silas McBee. Also bound volumes iv each day's succissful author f'r th' last sivin years, including such standard wurruks as 'Th' Rough Riders,' be Augustus McGoo; 'Days an' Nights on San Joon Hill,' be Anonymous Annyman, an' 'Fr'm Wash'nton to Rosenfelt; or th' Great Divide,' be Professor Lem Higgins, iv th' Univarsity iv Poggsville; also th' complete wurruks iv Thaydoor Rosenfelt (97 vols., morocco); also th' letters an' messages iv Thaydoor Rosenfelt (13 bushels, bound in old burlap). Also a fine collection iv moose heads, bear skins, stuffed crocodiles, snakes, wild cats, etcethry, etcethry. A handsome porthrait iv th' ex-Prisidint has been sint to th' woodshed f'r repairs, a visitor at th' White House connected with a large bankin' house in New York havin' accidentally kicked a hole in it.

"Well, sir, like all me fellow citizens, I wish success to this new administhration an', also, small harm to us fr'm it. I like this last wish best. It's more fr'm th' heart, an' annyhow th' administhration is sure to be a success. How can it fail whin it will be run be dimmycrats? 'Tis so. What are th' most important functions iv government. I'll ask ye? Aren't they th' conthrol iv th' cash dhrawer an' th' command iv th' polis foorce? Well, they are. An' both iv thim magnificent jobs have gone to old warhorses th' th' dimocracy. We've waited manny years f'r this proud an' happy day. F'r fifty years we've thried to get dimmycrats into office. We thried it be illictin' a republican an' that was no good. We thried it be illicitin' a dimmycrat an' he didn't help it. We thried it be passin' civil service examination, on'y to find as soon as we got th' job we become republicans. It was left f'r Bill Taft to reward th' illety iv our grand old party. 'This here administhration,' says he, 'will be conducted on no partisan or sectional lines,' says he. 'I will jine with me in th' governmidt iv our common counthry,' says he, 'ripresintative mimpers iv that party that has done more thin anny other agency to make th' republican party what,' he says, 'an' where it is,' he says.

"An' there ye are. I don't know what th' republicans wud do if it wasn't th' dimmycrats both befure, at, an' afthe th' illictions. Ye heerd how we thwarted th' almost inhuman conspiracy against Uncle Joe Cannon. 'Tis a romintic story, ye know Uncle Joe? Annyhow, ye've seen his face in pitchers—a handsome face but visionary an' incautious. Out here in Illinye where we have seen his wurruk, we know of this sainted charackter. F'r many years Uncle Joe has ruled th' house iv ripirsintatives be love an' be love alone. His is a soul, as th' poet says, that is a star an' dwells apart. He niver shud've been in pollyticks. He is th' kind iv a man ye wul get to judge a flower show but he wud be useless in a horse thrade. He knows no more about pollyticks thin Canada Bill knew about three card monty. He had been in Wash'nton manny years more thin th' conspirators but what does expeeryence count to a man who has done nawthin all his life but take bad money in change f'r good. An' these savage, pow'rful an' injanyous men determined to creep up behind this unwary, imprudent old philanthropist an' destroy him.

"At last th' blow fell. Th' conspirators announced that their divvilish plot had succeeded. They had th' votes. Th' old man was bewildered. Those who saw him in his agony say he danced a hornpipe, sang a pop'lar song an' offered to rassle annywan f'r th' cigars. His frinds thried to quite him. 'Can't ye get some dimmycratic mimbers to help ye out?' says they. 'I do not know,' he says. 'I cannot tell until I go up to my house where they're waitin' to see me. I cannot imagine what they want to see me about,' says he. An' his tired eyelid dhropped almost to his shoulther.

"An' wud yet believe it, Hinnissy, th' glad surprise that was in store f'r him when he got home. There was a bode iv gallant dimmycrats, our fine sturdy fellows fr'm th' great dimmycratic an' money centhres iv Brooklyn an' New York, ready to announce to th' crushed an' humilyated pathriarch that they wud do annything f'r him if he wud do th' same f'r thim. It was fine. It was romantic. It shows that th' race is not always to th' sthrong or th' battle th' th' swift. Not always nor sometimes.

"An' there ye are, Hinnissy. It was our brave Jacksonyan dimmycrats that saved th' day. An' now look at th' way they are thrated—as if they were thraitors. Ingratichood has been th' curse iv our party. Think what heroes they wud be in Sicily."

"D'ye think a dimmycrat ought to take office undher a Republican administhration," asked Mr. Hennessy.

"If he wants office," said Mr. Dooley.

MR. TYLER AND THE DUMB MAN

How the Toke Point Expert Wasted Words on the Desert Air.

Seattle Argus.

W. D. Tyler, of Portland, is the man who is operating Toke Point oysters. Some years ago he found that transplanted Eastern oysters would live and thrive and grow tender and juicy in certain waters on the coast of Washington, and he has been supplying the market of Western Washington and Oregon with the toothsome morsels ever since.

Well, Mr. Tyler is not only a red-hot Republican, but if there is anything that he hates it is a Bryan man. That is, he hates Bryan, and he had rather get into a heated argument on that score than to eat "a dozen raw."

One day during the "late unpleasantness" Mr. Tyler was going down to Portland. In the same smoking compartment was a man wearing a Bryan badge as big as a saucer. It got on Mr. Tyler's nerves. And so he thought he would start something. Everybody in the compartment was a Republican, with the single exception of this one Bryanite.

Mr. Tyler made some nasty remark about Bryan.

It passed unnoticed.

Then he made another one.

That, too, passed over the head of the Bryanite.

Then Tyler started in. If William Jennings Bryan could have heard all of the things that W. D. Tyler said about him in the next ten minutes he would have committed murder. It was a sin and a shame. After he had exhausted the truth he started in on fiction, and after he had invented one story on Bryan he started in on another a little stronger, and kept raising the limit until finally he was stalled for ideas—and breath.

But nary a rise out of the Bryanite.

Then the man with the badge touched the button.

The porter appeared.

And the Bryanite, producing a pad and pencil, wrote an order for two good cigars.

He was deaf and dumb.

Two of a Kind.

Lippincott's Magazine.

A distinguished specialist in Washington was called upon a week or two ago by an eminent Government official for treatment for a nervous ailment.

"The first thing you must do," said the physician, after an examination, is to give up both smoking and drinking."

Whereupon the eminent official became real peevish. "Look here, doctor," he burst out, "now you're talking just like my wife."

Crap-shooter Preserved in Mud.

Chester, Pa., Dispatch.

At Norristown, Pa., when the police chased a lot of crap-shooters, James Singleton jumped into the river and stuck fast in the mud until he was drawn out.

A Woman's Question.

(With apologies to Adelaide Procter.)

Puck.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before you get your overcoat
Or help me on with mine;
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul tonight for me.

Before we stir a single step,
Stand back and let me know;
Does my black skirt touch on the sides,
And does the white skirt show?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Look deeper still within thy soul,
And let me learn my fate;
Am I all buttoned down the back
And is my hat on straight?
Let no false pity spare the blow
But in true mercy tell me so.

Gaze on my face and answer true,
Before we start to go;
Can'st thou detect the rosaline
And does the talcum show?
If so at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me now 'ere all is lost!

Nay, answer not; thou could'st not tell,
The words would come too late;
Get on thy hat and hurry up.
We haven't time to wait.
Whatever in my heart may fall,
Remember I must risk it all!

POE'S "TAMERLANE" BRINGS $1460

Other Sales of Editions of Rare Books Also Reach High Figures.

New York Times.

The sale of rare books, manuscripts and autograph letters, including the collection of William Hermann, of White Plains, has concluded at Anderson's, and a total of $43,000 was realized. The highest price of the day and of the entire sale was $1460, which was paid by G. D. Smith for the very rare original edition of Edgar Allan Poe's "Al-Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Other Poems," an octavo in terra cotta-colored boards, with cloth back, published in Baltimore in 1829.

A first edition of Percy Bysshe Shelley's "Queen Mab," with his autograph presentation inscription, fetched the second highest price of the day, $875, being knocked down at that figure to W. Wallace.

Among the other high prices of the day were the following:

First edition in the original parts of Pierce Egan's "Real Life in London," $205, bought on order.

First edition of Edward FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," $246, bought on order.

First edition of Oliver Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison," $155, Mr. Wallace.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's copy of the Rev. Deodat Lawson's "Christ's Fidelity," a rare work on Salem witchcraft, $250, bought on order.

An illuminated Persian MS., in fine condition, $450, bought on order.

William Hubbard's "Present State of New England," small 4to, London, 1677, $210, bought on order.

Charles Lamb's "King and Queen of Hearts," in original blue paper wrappers, $430, Mr. Wallace.

A collection of letters and documents by and to Abraham Lincoln, mainly during the Civil War, $835, A. H. Clark.

First edition of John Milton's "Paradise Regained," $260, bought on order.

First edition of Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley," in original boards, $400, bought on order.

First edition of the "Life of Sir John Oldcastle," London, 1600, "Written by Shakespeare" printed on the title page, $385, Dodd, Mead & Co.

Percy B. Shelley's "Epipsychidion," in rare original state, with his autograph signature on the title, $500, Mr. Wallace.

"The Gownsman," to which W. M. Thackeray contributed, $480, Mr. Wallace.

Two autograph letters of George Washington, for $120 and $125, were bought by G. D. Smith, presumably for William R. Hearst, who sat beside Mr. Smith during the sale.

Baby Gives Whooping-Cough Party.

Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch.

Dorothy Bushnell, aged 5, of Harrisburg, Pa., suffering from whooping-cough, thought it would help her malady to give a whooping-cough party to five others, companions similarly afflicted, and the plan was carried out, the child's great-grandfather being included among the guests.

Shoes to Return to Earth.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

A wife of one of a sect known as Reincarnationists, living near Asheville, N. C., thinking her husband could not return to earth barefooted, induced the undertaker to allow her to put shoes on the feet of the corpse before the body was buried.

Meat-Pie Vendor Leaves $720,000.

New York Press.

Solomon Andrews died the other day at Cardiff, Wales, leaving a fortune of over $720,000, which he had made as a peddler of meat pies.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

Why hide your light under a bushel when a pint measure will answer the purpose?—Judge.

Belle—I wish the Lord had made me a man. Nellie—Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet.—Cleveland Leader.

First horseman—Pulling, is he? Why don't you try riding him on the curb? Second horseman—Ride 'im on the