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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909.

OF A MUNICIPAL LIGHT PLANT.

There is more reason than one in the present state of affairs why Portland should hesitate to enter upon the business of supplying electric light. The one reason is the general one, that municipalities are not able to carry on this business as economically as private individuals or corporations can, and do, and that the cost of public lighting in our own case will be increased if the city shall undertake the business. Moreover, there are special reasons why Portland should not now attempt it. The present debt of the city already is large, for a city of Portland's population and resources, and political conditions in Portland already are complicated enough and difficult enough without addition of another great force—greater than any other now existing—to its officialdom.

To serve a city with electric light is a very different thing from providing it with water. The latter is exceedingly simple; the former a most elaborate, extensive and complex problem, which requires attention and special skill every moment at every point. The flow of water is a process of nature; the creation, management and distribution of electric energy is a purely artificial process, which, in the nature of things, if directed and managed by government, must be more costly than if controlled and operated by private energy and skill. It is believed that if the rates paid by Portland for public lighting, and the terms on which further contracts may be made, are compared with the cost of public lighting elsewhere in the cities of the United States, these rates will be found not excessive nor unreasonable. True it is that now there is only a single bidder. But soon there will be more. The sources of power within reach of Portland are too numerous to forbid the idea that there will be no competition.

The interest the city would pay on an investment of $2,000,000—granting that such sum would be adequate, an assumption which may, however, be questioned at the start—would be $100,000 a year; which is more than the city now pays for its public lighting, or would be likely to pay for five years to come. Then there would be the great cost of the operation of the plant and the loss through depreciation, which would be heavy and constant. It may be set down as absolute certainty that if the city shall go into the business of supplying the public light the cost will be much more than now. To conduct such an establishment will require a large force of men, whose demands in every particular will have to be conceded; and the property and business and industry of the city will be subject to heavy and lasting taxation for payment of interest, renewal and extension of plant and charges of operation. In all cases of this kind there is effort to cover losses by juggles of bookkeeping, but they who pay the taxes and pay the rents and pay the higher cost of living that all waste produces, will surely find themselves in the long run subjected to increasing burdens.

Small water powers are abundant, for part of the year; but unless some source of water that will last the year round shall be harnessed, at high elevation, the city will be obliged to put in heavy auxiliary steam power also, and very soon it will have a great deal more than two millions in the enterprise under conditions of operation whose cost will regularly exceed the proportion of the results. In advance of the experiment all this is just as certain as it will be after the practical demonstration.

It is easy to propose bonds for everything, as if there were to be no pay day. At this time Portland's bonded debt is something like $12,000,000, a sufficiently ample sum, it would seem, for the present. Better wait till the city shall grow some more. Observe that a municipal debt, once created, becomes a perpetual burden. The Oregonian is "a booster," of course. It always has been the most persistent booster—now nearly 60 years—that Portland has ever had. But if discretion is a proper part of valor, so it is of boosting, and every city should take heed of propositions to increase its bonded debt and to swell the number of persons on its payrolls beyond reasonable necessity. Between public and private indebtedness there is no difference in principle whatever. They are burdens to be cautiously assumed, and consequences must be considered. The Oregonian believes the City of Portland should not now vote bonds for a municipal light plant. At least let us wait awhile, till possibly when we are richer we may feel better able to bear the sure losses resulting from such "extension of municipal activity." Let us hold off a bit. We can always go in debt when we want to, so long as our credit lasts. By waiting awhile we shall not lose the chance of going further into debt later on. Always the "big booster" of Portland, The Oregonian counsels caution on this subject just now. It is easier to run into debt than to pay interest and to pay out.

Some of the Washingtonians are worrying for fear that Governor Hay will not appoint a satisfactory man for grain inspector to succeed Mr. Arrasmith, who has held the position for many years. From Colfax comes the news that Whitman County ranchers will endeavor to secure the appointment of a friend of the present standard, and that they fear a man who might raise the standard to sixty pounds, in which case "the loss to the farmers would be heavy." The price which the farmers will be paid will not be in the slightest degree affected by any grading that a State Grain Commissioner can make. If a farmer raises sixty-pound wheat he will get paid for sixty-pound wheat, and if the grain weighs but fifty-nine pounds he will be paid accordingly. The grading of the crop in the future, as in the past, will be made as high as possible in order that the reputation of the wheat will not suffer abroad.

"HARRY DECLINES."

It is an adroit letter that Mayor Lane offers. He puts his own case as shrewdly as he can and exposes his own merits, or his conception of them, to the public, and evidently expects some bunches of people to insist that he shall be a candidate again. This is the meaning of all his studied forms of speech. In effect he says: "I have been the friend and the champion of the people. I am essential to their welfare. I leave them to say whether I am to be deserted or not."

To every appeal of this kind there is one hindrance, obstacle, clog or drawback, namely, that the public may not estimate the patriot, the champion of the people, the sufferer for the people, as highly as he estimates himself. Again, it may be that "the people" are "tired of Harry." The Oregonian doesn't say they are; but it does know that age may wither and custom stale the variety of these performers. So now, perhaps, the general mind may turn to something that would give "a change from Harry Lane."

There is some doubt, however, whether the public will be disposed to take again the "champeen of the people" at the valuation which he places upon himself. It is the intent of his letter to test that question. Maybe 'twill be so, and maybe not. Fact is in our local politics of late years "men are but pictures in a moving show." Lane's letter is but another turn of the kaleidoscope.

GROWING CROP PROSPECTS.

The Government crop report, which appeared yesterday, placed the condition of the growing wheat at 82, compared with 91 on April 1 last year. The report appeared too late in the session to have much effect on prices, which had previously become wildly excited in all American markets by the remarkable advance in Liverpool prices. While the fanciful figures to which wheat prices have been forced by a world-wide shortage have been highly advantageous to the American farmers, it is not very satisfactory to be obliged to have the upward movement accelerated by a short crop in this country.

A light wheat crop in this country entails heavy losses in a large number of widely divergent industries. Next to the farmer who fails to reap his usual harvest, the railroads suffer the most, for moving the grain crop constitutes a very large percentage of the total business handled on many of the roads in the West and Northwest. The loss of traffic, of course, retires many employes, and, as their purchasing powers are curtailed through lack of employment, other industries suffer. The farmer reduces his purchases in keeping with his reduced income, and the lumbermen notice the decrease in a lessened demand for material for fences, barns, houses, etc.

Improved methods of farming have reduced liability of crop damage in the Pacific Northwest to such an extent that failures are practically unknown, and, fortunately for Oregon, Washington and Idaho, the crop prospects for the three states were never brighter than at the present time. A big wheat crop at high prices means more to the Pacific Northwest than to any other portion of the country, for the reason that a larger proportion of the crop grown is exported from these three states than from any other part of the United States. This year we have the largest acreage on record, and up to date weather conditions could not be better.

Based on these conditions, there is excellent prospect for a larger crop than was harvested in the record year 1907, when the three states produced nearly 60,000,000 bushels. Even if the 1909 crop is not larger than that of 1907, it is now almost a certainty that it will sell for much higher prices. From the 1907 crop and the carry-over from the preceding year, there were exported from the three states nearly 47,000,000 bushels. This amount of dollar wheat sent out of the country would bring back such an immense amount of money that its influence would be felt in every branch of industry on the Pacific Coast.

LUMBER TARIFF VOTE.

It is not surprising to note in the account of the lumber tariff vote that "party alignments were badly broken." As an instrument for disarranging party alignments, nothing approaching the tariff revision vote has ever been drawn into our National legislation. Down in the piney woods of the sunny southland, where the Democrats take both their liquor and their politics "straight," the free-trade policy of the party has always been sanctioned—except when free lumber, sugar, or some other product of which the South was a prominent producer, came up for discussion. In the far West, where we would greet without a murmur of disapproval free sugar, free tobacco, free steel, etc., party lines vanish when an attempt is made to remove the duty from lumber.

Lying between the forest areas of the Atlantic Coast and those of the Pacific is a vast region in which more than two-thirds of the population of the United States is engaged in occupations in which cheap lumber, cheap coal, cheap sugar and other staples of the South and West are distinctly welcomed. In this region lie the votes and the sentiment that demand a removal of the tariff on lumber. In the Pacific Northwest the sentiment against removal of the duty is overwhelming, for the reason that in our particular portion of the United States the industry is one of the most important wealth producers we have, and anything that affects it in degree affects all other industries. For all this, it would seem that we escaped in fairly good condition by getting away with the "half a loaf" instead of no loaf.

Reduction of the duty to $1 ought to offer some satisfaction to the consumers of the Middle West, and it should also prove a sufficient barrier to keep out much foreign lumber. That the menace of foreign lumber is less serious than is generally believed is noticeable in a recent petition forwarded to the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa by the lumbermen of the Kootenay district, in British Columbia. This petition asked that a duty be levied against American lumber, for the reason that mills on the American side of the line were using Canada as a dumping ground for their product, to the great detriment of the Canadian mills in that district.

Canada has not as yet taken action on the matter, nor is it likely to do so. The colonizing policy of the Canadian Pacific has always been very liberal for the immigrants, and for years special rates have been made on lumber and other commodities most needed by the newcomers. This policy would naturally bring the Canadian Pacific into opposition to any attempt to levy a duty to increase the cost of lumber to the consumers. All things considered, the American lumbermen will probably be fairly well satisfied that the treatment extended them in revision was no worse than it is.

WHAT THE CITY WILL GET.

The Common Council has decided to submit the two proposed city charters to the people. Undoubtedly it would have been a mistake to deny the people the privilege of voting on one or both of these documents. The minority of the Council does not increase the general confidence in the usefulness and efficiency of that branch of the city government when it objects, for its objections are based entirely on personal considerations. Such Councilmen fear that they are going to be wiped out of existence, and it worries and even excites them. Well, it may, though it does not much concern anybody else.

Now, we are going to vote on the two new charters. One is the modified "Des Moines plan;" the other isn't. The Des Moines charter proposes a commission to govern the city—a commission or Council with seven members, six of them to be paid $5000 per year and one of them, the Mayor, $6000. The obstructive Council minority must have overlooked that highly interesting point. Everybody will have a chance at one of these fat jobs under the direct primary. What the city will desire of course—if this scheme of government shall prevail—will be $5000 men for the $5000 jobs. What it is likely to get, under the primary, is $25 a month men, such as we have now in the Council, for most of the $5000 jobs.

Therefore, let the Council cheer up. The worst is yet to come.

THIS IS A CENTENNIAL YEAR.

This will be a year of significant ter-cetennials in American history. New England will celebrate the 300th anniversary of Champlain's discoveries and New York will pay tribute to the same anniversary of Hudson's. There will be no exposition either place. Seattle's exposition, however, will come at a fitting time to link the Far West with Champlain and Hudson. Each explorer was a very important character in the movement that carried white men to the western shore of the Atlantic and then to the western margin of America. The quest that brought Champlain and Hudson to America brought to the Oregon country Captain Gray, Lewis and Clark, William Price Hunt, Drake and Vancouver.

Champlain was the most important figure in early French discoveries. He was the real founder of French power in America. Had there been more Champlains and fewer Louises the French would not have lost the fruits of their daring and suffering in America to the British. In July, 1609, Champlain discovered the lake that now bears his name, lying between Vermont and New York. At the same time he was threading the wilderness of the Algonquins and the Iroquois, Hudson was sailing up the Hudson. That was September, 1609. Neither had knowledge of the other, but the two could not have been further apart than Portland and Seattle.

Towns of the Lake Champlain region will make fitting observance of the daring Frenchman's coming, 300 years ago, for several days, beginning July 4. Later the New Yorkers will celebrate the coming of the first man who has left a record of Sandy Hook. Champlain arrived some 70 years after Cartier's discoveries laid the basis of the French empire in America, and little more than 100 years after the voyages of John Cabot did the same for the British. For discovery to reach the Oregon country on the Pacific 200 years after Champlain were needed, and for settlement and occupation nearly 250 years. So wide was the continent that lay in the path to fabled Cathay.

Speaking of Champlain, Parkman says: "Of the pioneers of the North American forests his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. His character belonged partly to the past, partly to the present. The preux chevalier, the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious knowledge-seeking traveler, the practical navigator—all found their share in him. His books mark the man—all for his theme and purpose, nothing for himself. Crude in style, full of the superficial errors of carelessness and haste, rarely diffuse, often brief to a fault, they bear on every page the palpable impress of truth."

Curious now is Champlain's 300-year-old idea of the Panama canal. "One may judge," he wrote in 1601, "that if the four leagues of land, which are from Panama to the little river which rises in the mountains and descends to Porto Bello, were cut through one might pass from the South Sea to the ocean on the other side, and thus shorten the route by more than 1500 leagues; and from Panama to the straits of Magellan would be an island, and from Panama to the Newfoundland would be another island, so that the whole of America would be in two islands."

Champlain established the French in Canada as a colonizing power, where their remnants, under British rule, continue to this day. He created for the French a new France. Where Montreal stands he established a trading post. At Quebec he founded a city, and there, in 1635, he died. But Hudson's end was an untold tragedy. His is the frost sleep of the polar sea that bears his name. There a mutinous crew set him adrift with his son and seven faithful followers in 1611, after a futile quest for the South Sea. Hudson's Bay is landlocked to the south, and Hudson's life was forfeit.

Champlain and Hudson mark the beginning of French and British rivalry for mastery of the northern part of this continent. On this very expedition of 1609 Champlain formed an alliance with the foes of the Iroquois, that was to play so bloody a part in the conflict between French and British for a century and more thereafter.

These two centennials will attract the attention of Pacific Coast people, who by historical interest and sentiment are drawn to early American annals as harbingers of the three-century movement to this land. Large part of the world's history belongs to this progress toward the Pacific.

A cargo of Oregon wheat sold yesterday in Liverpool for $24,000 more than the best offer that could be obtained for it when it was floated in Portland, four months ago. It was sold within twenty-four hours after its arrival, and the same figure was bid for a cargo not yet arrived. This was not the "paper" wheat with which Mr. Patten has been accused of bulling the market, but plain Walla Walla wheat, which can be used for making bread. Cash wheat in Chicago yesterday sold as high as $1.38 per bushel, and still higher in Kansas City. In the face of these facts, it would seem that Mr. Patten was having more trouble to keep the market from soaring to record heights than in giving it strength. There may be enough wheat in the world to meet all requirements, but record prices offered for the cash article seem inadequate to bring it out, if it is actually in existence.

Ground was broken for a church building in a beautiful residence section of this city last Sunday afternoon, the occasion of which furnished opportunity for an expression of hope and faith in human nature and of love to God and man which was voiced in words of reverence and eloquence. "This church," said the speaker, "will deny every affirmation of an unjust, unwise or defeated deity, a partial or disappointed Savior, the total depravity of human nature, the annihilation of any soul or its endless torment in hell." If any sound of disapproval of this most precious purpose—this tender expression of a most Catholic spirit—was heard, it must be regarded as the rattling in their long closed graves of the bones of Jonathan Edwards, John Calvin and Cotton Mather. Certainly from those present there was universal approval and a manifest appreciation of a creed, if it may be so called, which casts out fear, exalts love and has faith in mankind.

If the name of Joseph Simon shall be presented to the primary on the 8th of May for the Republican nomination, he probably will receive it. The Oregonian thinks that in such case he will be elected; not because he is a Republican, though that may be an influence with many, but because he has special knowledge of municipal conditions and would be an efficient Mayor. He has the balance of judgment. This is the requirement.

In faking interviews with Mr. Roosevelt the yellow newspapers of Paris have outdone themselves. It is well known that these periodicals are the most mendacious in the world, and in their reports of Roosevelt's highly fanciful remarks they have surpassed their reputation. The "interviews" betray not a single vestige of truth, but it must be confessed that they are ingeniously fabricated.

One can hardly guess why Senator Fulton should wish to be United States Judge, or any judge, or why he should be willing to accept the post of Minister to China, or any other. He has energy and talents to make his presence felt and known continuously in Oregon. But one cannot decide for another.

If there were no other signs of Spring in the air, the rules for popping the question which an esteemed contemporary has been printing would strongly suggest its approach. The illustrative love letters are particularly warm and vernal. What a pity that they are purely hypothetical; such a sad waste of effort.

Of course there is a possibility that the Mayor may have seen the handwriting on the wall and arrived at the conclusion that a defeated candidate for Mayor would be a far less formidable candidate for Governor than one who had retired with the laurels of victory still draped across his manly brow.

The idea of some people seems to be this, namely, that so long as the city has found or can find any revenue in bond issues there's no use of denying or doing without anything that anybody wants. Among such, to all inquiries about money for any project, the answer is, "Sell bonds."

In the search for idiots and imbeciles to serve on the Calhoun jury the San Francisco authorities have wasted a great deal of time by looking in the wrong places. They ought to have gone directly to the asylums. If they had done so the jury would have been full long ago.

So long as you have credit you can always go in debt, even when you can't do anything else. But that way bankruptcy lies, as plainly for the state and for a municipality as for the individual citizen.

Seattle wins the mail headquarters of the Pacific Northwest, despite the efforts of the people's Senators, Bourne and Chamberlain. But the two Senators can't be blamed; they are the people's.

Should President Taft choose the new judge outside Oregon, won't there be wailing and gnashing of teeth? Perhaps the appointee would be Fulton's.

Of course, Lane is not a candidate for Mayor again; but "you just feel my muscle" and see if you don't think some brawn is left.

A man is said to have followed Roosevelt to Naples to kill him. Of course Teddy is alive. The man it was that died.

Nobody can properly complain that this fine weather is overdue when he remembers that the rainfall is yet six inches short.

Mayor Lane has withdrawn from the race. Who does him the injustice to say he was ever in?

WHY PROSPERITY IS HERE TO STAY

Some Clear Observations on the General Industrial Situation.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Money offered for the year in New York at 3 per cent per annum and in London on the street at 1¾ per cent to 2 per cent per annum signalizes the end of dull times and the inauguration of the greatest period of world-wide business activities that has ever been witnessed.

The strength of the bond and securities markets is based upon the known availability of actual cash, and as the idle cash increases after a depression, it invariably results in an appreciation of prices of articles that the investor desires.

A few millions idle for a day, a week or a month, after a severe fright, shock or strain, does not inconvenience a banker nor an investor, but idle for six months or a year, with the knowledge that his fellow bankers are loaded up with idle cash as well, and that they are as anxious as he to invest it to produce returns, such situation is certain to raise prices of securities of all kinds, as well as values in real estate and other well-known lines of investment.

In the case of the United States, we have this very condition today affecting bankers and large investors in control of hundreds of millions of dollars in the aggregate, and now it is apparent to them that the money of their competitors or associates, as they happen to be, is daily becoming more insistent for returns and daily broadening and increasing the volume and sphere of business affairs and at the same time raising the prices of all classes of investments.

We have had for nearly two years a hoarding and holding by another class than bankers and great operators, but whose movements and sentiments, as a class, affect values almost as powerfully as do the actions of the great financiers.

In the United States, France and Great Britain there is a middle class of thrifty, well-to-do investors whose names seldom appear in the public prints, but whose number is very great and their financial capital added to or withdrawn from business spells prosperity or depression to all the markets of the world.

This great and powerful element recovers confidence more rapidly than the banking class does for the reason that they are more independent and much more self-reliant, as they own the funds they invest, and are naturally not so conservative as bankers rightly are, using as they do the money that belongs to others.

This solid, sound and strong class of investors are buying real estate now, improving real estate, buying mortgages or loaning upon them, buying bonds and stocks and are carrying the market away from the bankers at a pace that will force the latter and the public at large to hustle after bargains.

The ebb tide of business has gone for years.

The flood tide is setting in strong and heavy and bids fair to sweep higher and farther than ever before.

There is no obstruction in the way now, and we trust the revision of the tariff will create none beyond the existing uncertainty, which is deplorable, should have been avoided and must soon end.

GO NAKED AND GET WELL.

Brooklyn Doctor Has "Nature Camp" for Nerve Disease.

New York World.

All of the women school teachers of Brooklyn received Wednesday a circular announcing that the Summer Nature Camp for women and girls at Sunrise Park, near Ridgefield, Conn., will open June 1. Dr. A. Sidney Higgins, of 11 Kingston avenue, Brooklyn, who manages it, aims to cure nerve and stomach disorders. The rule of the camp is that the campers shall wear no clothing, except in bad or cold weather and shall live upon fresh milk and cereals.

Dr. Higgins said yesterday that there are no maladies of the kind referred to that cannot be cured by exposing the naked body to sunshine and air, dieting as he prescribes, and taking required rest.

Sunrise Park consists of 1500 acres in an isolated section of Connecticut, four miles from a railroad, in a heavily wooded region. The doctor occupies a house and the campers live in tents at some distance from it. They are required to go to bed at dusk.

The tents are furnished with beds and cots, but some of the campers prefer to sleep in hammocks suspended from trees. Others sleep on the ground. Their recreations are archery, tennis, quoits and swimming. For those inclined to strenuous exercise a woodpile and a bucksaw are provided. Long walks are taken. On these occasions the campers wear bathing suits or a short single garment. They wear clothing also when they visit the doctor. The camp has a matron, but no cook.

The nature camp was established three years ago. It opens every year on June 1, and ends on September 30. Dr. Higgins is a son of A. S. Higgins, Sr., who was connected with the Brooklyn public schools all the active years of his life. The doctor abandoned the use of drugs five years ago.

"The medical profession is topheavy with theories," he said. "'Back to nature and first principles,' is my motto."

One Sport Made Dangerous.

Buffalo Express.

One feature of the new penal law, which has just replaced the penal code, is unknown to many of those persons most interested. It makes hazing in colleges and similar institutions a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of from $10 to $100, or imprisonment from 30 days to a year. Where the hazing takes the form of tattooing or disfiguring the body by nitrate of silver or a like substance, the sport is held to be of the nature of mayhem, and is punishable with imprisonment of from 3 to 15 years.

This is a severe blow at an old and a favorite sport. Little jokes that may cost 15 years in jail will lose their savor to the jokers. Probably the penal law reflects the feeling of the legislators who have no sense of humor. There are really those who see no fun in hazing—who even consider it silly.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press.

The impracticable thing about truth-telling is how it would make everybody hate you.

The most that a girl can ever see that a great-grandmother was for was to inherit some old laces from.

The surest way to lay up money for your future is to have some tight-fisted old relative do it for you and leave it to you in his will.

The way a girl likes to be kissed is when she's so excited about it she doesn't know whether she is going to lose her hairpins or pretend to be mad.

Nothing can make a man more disagreeable to his wife than going on a visit to their relations, excepting having their relations come on a visit to them.

Mice Eat Holes in Editor's Pants.

Sioux City, Iowa, Dispatch.

Naughty behavior on the part of express-office mice made the marital plans of Albert S. Crabb, editor of the Aurelia Sentinel, go awry. He was to be married here to Miss Jennie M. Day, of Lemaris. When he examined his wedding suit, which had just come from Chicago by express, he found the mice had eaten big holes just where his knees would have needed covering. The editor was frantic, and so was his bride. The wedding was delayed one day while a Sioux City tailor got very busy to remedy the deficiency.

NO FALSE BRANDING OF APPLES

Hood River Growers Take a Slap at the Davidson Fruit Company.

HOOD RIVER, Or., April 5.—(To the Editor.)—The Hood River Apple Growers' Union held its annual stockholders' meeting Saturday, April 3, and although there was not a quorum present to transact business, there was a general discussion of items of interest to the members of the union.

During the morning session resolutions were passed by the apple-growers assembled which we believe will be of interest to the growers of apples in every district of the Northwest. We enclose a copy of these resolutions herewith.

The fruitgrowers of Hood River Valley appreciate the attitude of The Oregonian in the past in the interest of fair play and upright marketing methods, and we trust you will find the contents of these resolutions of sufficient importance to give them publicity.

HOOD RIVER APPLE GROWERS' UNION. Per H. M. Huxley, Mgr.

Whereas, in a case brought before the United States District Court of the Western District of Missouri, Judge McPherson decides that a food package is misbranded under the National pure food law when as the exact reading of the statute states "the package or label of which shall bear any statement, design or device regarding such article which shall be false or misleading in any particular, and to any food which is falsely branded as to the territory, state or country in which it is manufactured or produced."

Whereas, In the case above mentioned a Michigan firm sold a Kansas City firm a number of packages of Arkansas blackberries under the following label: Tepee first quality blackberries, packed by C. H. Gedtrey & Son, Benton Harbor, Mich." The goods were seized by the United States Marshal and the firm placed under bonds properly to brand their packages; and,

Whereas, We recognized a strictly analogous case when during the past few seasons apples from other localities were foisted on the market under the following label, viz.: "Extra fancy apples, inspected and shipped by the Davidson Fruit company of Hood River, Or."; therefore be it

Resolved by the Hood River Apple Growers' Union, That the incoming board of directors is hereby authorized and instructed to co-operate with the United States Department of Agriculture in suppressing all such piratical business methods in the future, and with that end in view they are hereby authorized to secure the services of competent detectives to secure evidence for presentation to the several United States District Courts in the several districts wherein such criminal and pernicious methods are used.

Resolved, That we call for the aid of the citizens of Hood River Valley and especially so for the co-operation of the Hood River Commercial Club in our efforts to end such flagrant violations of law and of upright business methods, recognizing that such practices are a standing and menacing stigma on the fair fame and reputation of Hood River apples.

Resolutions approving the methods and activity of Steinhart & Kelly, commission brokers, of New York, and large purchasers of Hood River apples, were also adopted.

A Giant Lobster.

Kennebec Journal.

There is on exhibition in a window in Saco the largest lobster that has been landed in these parts for years, if ever. The lobster measures 30 inches in total length and his body proper is 20 inches long. Before boiling he weighed 9¾ pounds, and boiled weighed 7 pounds. The lobster was caught by John E. Lewis, Jr., off Stratons Island, in Saco Bay, in one of his traps, on Wednesday. The big fellow was the only occupant of the trap, and none of the lobsters in the other traps near by were of greater than average size. He is the biggest catch of the kind that Mr. Lewis has ever landed. Claws and parts of lobsters have been exhibited before which were said to belong to lobsters which would weigh more than this one, but the exhibit is the largest of its kind, exhibited whole, that local people can seem to remember about.

Baby's Tiny Kick Wins Estate.

New York World.

Nearly two years ago Grace May Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Smith, of Brooklyn, was brought into the world by an overhasty stork, and lived just long enough to give a tiny kick. That instant of life, however, was enough to constitute her mother, now Mrs. Elizabeth L. Runlett, of 176 Lefferts road, Flatbush, heiress of her infant daughter's estate. Surrogate Ketchment, of Kings County, denied the petition brought by relatives of Mrs. Runlett's first husband for an accounting on the ground that no children had been born to the couple. The Surrogate decided that Grace May was alive long enough to inherit her dead father's estate.

Art in Selling Hats.

Judge.

"It makes you look small," says the saleslady to the big woman who is trying on the hat. Sold.

"It makes you look plump," she says to the slender woman. Sold.

"It makes you look young," she says to the obviously middle-aged woman. Sold.

"It makes you look tall," she says to the short woman. Sold.

"It makes you look short," she says to the tall woman. Sold.

"It brightens your face," she says to the dark woman. Sold.

"It brings out your color," she says to the pale woman. Sold.

And all the hats were alike.

Dead Man's Ashes Prevent Lawsuit.

Baltimore News.

When Felix Stahn, of Chicago, died his body was cremated, and his widow put the ashes in a box with other articles sent to a storage warehouse for safekeeping. A former landlord of the Stahns (a woman), claiming that Felix owed her a balance on rent, seized the box in the storage warehouse, not knowing its contents. When she learned that it contained the ashes of a dead man she nearly collapsed, and instead of going to law to get her money, agreed to settle the case out of court.

Technique.

New York Times.

I take a little bunch of words and set 'em in a row,
I take a little bit of ink and mark 'em down just so;
I take a little time and pains and then I have a verse
That starts about as this one does or maybe slightly worse,
And then I go back to the start and cross and cross and scratch,
I vaccinate my words until I find me some that match
The pretty thoughts that dart about like silver fish and shine,
But need a patient, watchful hook to get 'em on the line.

My thoughts melt into words sometimes—not always—now and then,
And I can feel 'em coming down my arm and through my pen,
I only have to push it o'er the paper and it spells
For you and all my other chums the things my fancy tells;
Just like a boy with building blocks, I move my words about
When I have something in my mind and try to work it out
Until in orderly array I get 'em in a row
Just as I think they ought to be and write 'em down just so.

And so just with some words I paint the pictures that I think
The boys and girls who live in me and set 'em down in ink,
And sometimes there's a tear in it, and sometimes there's a smile,
And there is many a grassy bank and many a vine-grown stile;
And many a lane that you would know if you could be with me,
To look right where my pen is now and I could help you see;
I merely take a lot of words and place 'em in a row
And build such pretty things if I can get 'em down just so!

THOMAS AND JANE CARLYLE.

Story of the Love of the Great Philosopher for a Remarkable Woman.

London Mail.

The dust of controversy which has settled on and smirched the name of Carlyle in relation to his wife will be finally dissipated by the publication of the letters which passed between them before their marriage. Carlyle said that they were never to be published, but the present editor of the "Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh," holds that, as that injunction has already been violated and a totally wrong impression given of them, "what would have been rank sacrilege at one time, has now, in the altered circumstances, become a pious duty."

Carlyle was of a race of peasants; Jane Welsh, descended from John Knox and, it is claimed, from Wallace, was of a considerably higher status. She was "the flower of Haddington," a bright, wonderfully clever creature, much sought after socially, and much desired in marriage. Carlyle was introduced into her family by Edward Irving, who had been her tutor, when she was not quite 21 and he was 25. His first letter was written only four days later, begins, "My dear friend," advises her about reading, undertakes to send her books, and is quite obviously written by a young man in the first stage of love, who had little fear but that his interest was returned. It is sprightly, and for those times, very familiar. He writes:

"Positively, I must see you soon, or I shall get into a very absurd state. And then if I should come to visit Jane herself professedly, what would Jane say to it? What would Jane's friends say?"

Probably the young lady was somewhat surprised at this attitude, for she simply returned the books when she had finished them with her "compliments and very best thanks," and spelt his name "Carslile." He replied cheerfully, expressing his disappointment at finding no letter in the parcel. "I had dreamed and hoped, indeed; but what right had I to hope, or even to wish?" He could not send another book he had ordered for her, "the London smacks being all becalmed," and he ends, "I am always your affectionate friend, Thomas Carlyle." She wrote him a short note in reply, with "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly," and again spelt his name "Carslile."

Mrs. Welsh, with whom her daughter lived alone, at first liked and then disliked Carlyle, and this seems to have aroused Jane's spirit. She could not give him up as a friend, however little she was prepared to accept him as a lover. "I dislike," she writes, "as much as my mother disapproves your somewhat too ardent expressions of friendship towards me. . . . I have too little romance in my disposition ever to be in love with you or any other man; and too much ever to marry without love." Carlyle treats this letter in his reply as a "very spirited and satirical and altogether very clever" performance, but he did not see her for a year afterwards, and but for an accident even their correspondence might have dropped.

They go on writing about books and work and life; he keeps quiet about his love, but it peeps out. "God bless you and keep you for ever! I am always your friend." "Write, write! I am 'hungering and thirsting' to hear of you and all connected with you." "May good angels watch over your pillow, may the great Father of all for ever bless you, my best, my bosom friend!" And there seems to be a little seed of response from her. "Sandy (her dog) sends you his love."

Nearly a year later he writes:

"Is it true that the most enchanting creature I have ever seen does actually love me? No! Thank God, it is not a dream; Jane loves me! She loves me! And I swear by the immortal powers that she shall be mine!"

But the time was not yet. "My God!" she replies, "What have I said or done to mislead you into an error so destructive to the confidence that subsists betwixt us, so dangerous to the peace of both?" Less than a month later this inexplicable woman writes:

"Dearest Friend—I am almost out of my wits with joy. I think, in my life, I was never so glad before. Such a future is before us! I cannot wait for your letter any longer; my happiness is incomplete while you do not partake it. You and I are going to London! You and I! We are to live a whole Summer beside each other, and beside the one whom next to each other we love most."

This was Edward Irving.

* * *

And so it goes on for another three years. We seem to know her mind much better than she knows it herself. He is getting more and more necessary to her, and yet whenever he tries to draw her to a closer tie she repulses him. She teases him with accounts of the proposals of marriage she has had, and she had several, pretends to have fallen in love herself, and protests all the time that she loves him dearly, but as she would a brother, not as she might a husband. Reading her letters, we know better, and when, long years after their first meeting, he writes her an ardent proposal of marriage, she has come to accept the idea, but sees more clearly than he the difference in their upbringing, and of how a condition of poverty that he would not feel would be impossible to her. "Think of something else, then apply your industry to carry it into effect, your talents to gild over the inequality of our births; and then—we will talk of marrying." Even after that she says that she is not sure that she has the proper sentiments towards him "for a husband."

But gradually it comes to be an understood thing between them, without any definite point of surrender on her part, that they are to be married. There is a little disturbance when she is induced by a friend to tell him of her early love for Irving which she had hitherto kept from him. She is terribly afraid of his anger and scorn, but he behaves sensibly and magnanimously. There are discussions about money, and about the place of their home, but these things work themselves out, and on the eve of their marriage Carlyle writes these words:

"I predict that we shall be the finest little pair imaginable! A true-hearted, dainty lady-wife; a sick and sulky, but diligent, and not falsehearted or fundamentally unkind good man; and these two, fronting the hardships of life in faithful and eternal union, conquering the evils of their lot by wise effort and perseverence, and every conquest, not for self, but for another self far dearer! Let us but be brave and good, and we have nothing earthly to dread."

And the end of the story is that after 20 years of married life Jane Carlyle wrote to her husband: "I have grown to love you, the longer the more, till now you are grown to be the whole universe, God, everything to me."

Boston Crowd Hoots British Flag.

Boston, Mass., Dispatch.

The jeers of a crowd on School street, standing beneath a British flag flying over the doorway of a hotel where guests of the Canadian Club were being entertained, caused the hauling down of the flag temporarily. It was soon replaced, but beneath the Stars and Stripes.

An Impertinent Question.

Lincoln Courier-Journal.

"Kill the stocking tax," is the slogan of the Chicago Federation of Women's Clubs, the members of which have declared war on the high tariff on that necessary article. But how about the legend that the severest tax upon the stocking is that imposed by the Chicago foot?