

The Oregonian

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SOME POINTS OF MORALS.

The ideal great man is perfect, of course. He is not troubled or limited by moral weakness—so his admirer suppose. And yet the great man, even the very great man, is liable to some weakness, and when he comes into the limelight all lapses and weaknesses become conspicuous—the more conspicuous the more exalted he is.

A rural Senator from North Carolina the other day opposed the erection of a monument at Washington to honor Hamilton, on the ground that he was "a rake." Hamilton's relations with Mrs. Reynolds are well known. He fell into the toils of a cheap and vulgar woman, whose husband was cognizant of her actions. It was "a game" and it is a shame that so great a man as Hamilton did not hold himself above it. But the custom and sentiment of the times then were not so severe as now. Yet now there is no less "irregularity" than then. Probably there is more.

It became a scandal, and Hamilton was forced, in order to clear his official integrity, to make a plain statement of the relations he had held with the official lady. His vindication was triumphant, but the affair left a stain upon his name, which, however, in view of his great public service long since was practically forgotten. It was Hamilton's conspicuous position, gained by his transcendent talents, that brought out the story of his relations with Mrs. Reynolds. It was the same when Grover Cleveland nominated Grover as his successor, and the relations he had held with Maria Halpin were forced into wide publicity. What reader of history does not know the story of the relations between Lord Nelson, greatest of England's naval heroes, and Lady Hamilton? Or of Madame Walewski, who, after all men had abandoned him, tried to follow Napoleon to Elba?

Let us bring an instance of the same kind, but of less importance, to notice here in passing. The Oregonian found it had made a mistake in extolling the irregularities and immoralities of Senator Mitchell. Everything it said was true, but those whose own morals were of the best refused to believe, or to admit, the existence of anything in their hearts they knew it was all true. Others, of morals less severe, naturally resented all statements and proofs. Still others—and they were a majority, perhaps, said, "Suppose it is true, what of it? So the worst and the best and the indifferent alike stood by the man. The women, too. For if you are on the search for human nature you find it in women. The hypocrisy is another story."

It is no misstatement, when Gertrude Atherton, well-known authoress, who has written eulogistically of Hamilton, while admitting his faults and acknowledging this blemish on his character, says the fault in question is pardonable. They who have means to do so, doubt whether it is less common now; yet in the better state of public opinion extraordinary measures of secrecy are now deemed necessary, and money is not sparingly spent to secure the secrecy required. Jefferson Hamilton's close enemy, never said or wrote anything about the Hamilton-Reynolds affair, for gossip was busy with Jefferson's name in similar scandals, as it was with the names of most men of the time.

It is not possible to excuse misconduct in this description. In modern times it never has been, and there is an enforced shame-faceness in talking about it. In the earlier days, when the Homeric legends were young, and the older Hebrew Scriptures were written, little or no restraint was put upon such conduct. But the growth of moral sentiment has made it necessary to hide it, if possible, and when divulged to lead to the reproach. But the reproach is often weakened by the method of censure and denunciation employed by prudent praides who, as Shakespeare's Timon exclaims, "sould against the quality of flesh, yet not believe themselves."

But there can be no condemnation by the public of the vulgar wretch who wastes money not his own, and especially public money, with which he is entrusted, in those libations. Public defaulters are scarcely forgiven in any case; and by a contradiction of human nature which is not altogether strange,—of human nature which usually is mercantile towards irregularities between the sacred—the man who squanders public money or money not his own, is a man of peculiar stupidity who cannot foresee what the sure consequence will be of embezzlement of

WORSE THAN A NUISANCE.

It is manifest that, long before Portland attains to the 500,000 population figure set for it by enthusiasts, there must be at least reasonable regulation placed upon the erection of the bridges that span the river between the east and west sections of the city. The East Side, a rapidly growing residence district, with the homes of labor multiplying in every suburb reached by the street cars, suffers annoyance, inconvenience and actual loss in laborers' time every day from the working out in this case of the false idea that water traffic has and should have undisturbed right of way over traffic on land. In pursuance of this idea the bridges are opened to let the most trifling or inconsequential river craft pass through the draws at any and all hours of the day, and especially at night, when the street cars, moreover, carry the heaviest traffic.

It is not uncommon for the street-cars to be lined up as far back as Holladay avenue on the east approach of the steel bridge, and as far as the street and the water side in the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock in the evening—the cars crowded with passengers, many of whom, dinner pails in hand, are hanging on by straps or clinging to the sides of the cars, with towls of logs, perhaps, or perhaps shifting from one dock to another, lealurely creep through the opening. Here we have the spectacle of hundreds of hungry, tired men being held up by the street cars, the captain of a tow or freight-boat or boats operated by a few men, perhaps a dozen all told, who live on the craft and are in no hurry to get anywhere, and who feel perfectly justified in inflicting this delay and inconvenience upon their fellow-laborers under the absurd ruling that water traffic has, under all circumstances, the right of way. There is neither common sense nor common justice in this interpretation of the facts of the case, and strongly presented to the proper authorities, would, it is believed, secure relief from a situation that is utterly needless and has become almost unbearable.

STRANGE LANGUAGE.

Certain sentiments recently uttered in the United States Senate must have resounded strangely through the solemn aristocratic chamber where that body sits. Only the other day Mr. Borah, Idaho, enounced the prophecy that the people of this country were preparing to take over complete control of the Government before long. Mr. Cummins, of Iowa, follows with the direful allegation that "if we are not substantially to reduce the duties upon the principal articles, we but postpone the justice due to the people; a justice which, thanks to the genius of our institutions, they have the power to enforce and which in the hands of the people will be enforced." Such language as this has not often been heard in the Senate since the time of the Civil War, and it is notable that it comes from the new members. Neither Mr. Borah nor Mr. Cummins held high office very long, and it may be held in contempt, but it causes them thus to leap over the bounds of propriety and say things which Senatorial custom has decreed should never be uttered.

Many of the people who feel that they speak because of never and more illuminating experience than their colleagues, Aldrich, Hale, Penrose and the others, have enjoyed. Coming recently from the people, they speak the sentiments of the people which, not very loudly, nor clamorously, but persistently and relentlessly, calls for justice. In the long run it will not be safe for the Senate to deny justice to the people upon the tariff or any other question that matters to the constitution of the United States is but paper and ink, and it has no validity except in the respect the people feel for it. Once destroy that respect by creating the belief that the Constitution stands for the sake of a ruling class, its prestige will vanish like a vision of the night. It is idle in this country to talk of enforcing Senatorial decrees or court decisions by military force when the great body of the people are opposed to them. Where is the military force to come from? Law order, wealth, are safe here as long as the people believe that upon the whole the Government means to treat them fairly. When that belief is destroyed by tariff robbery or by the use of special privileges upon the corporations, or in any other way, then it will be time for those who profit by the injustice to call upon the mountains to cover them. All obedience is a habit, and habits may be changed.

STEEL THE TRADE BAROMETER.

The remarkable strength of the steel stocks for the past few days would indicate that most of the fear of hostile legislation had been dispelled. Either the public believes that Congress will not make much change in the tariff or that the local business and the Mr. Schwab were right when they said that this country could produce steel cheaper than any other country and was not in need of protection for the industry. That there has been enough improvement in the business of the trust to warrant a steady and even a strong market for the stocks is easily apparent by the official report of the corporation, which appeared a few days ago. The February earnings had reached a substantial increase over those of January, and March in turn showed a larger total than was made in February.

For the three months the net earnings were \$22,921,288, an increase of \$4,700,000 over the earnings for the same period in 1908. The business for the first quarter of the year was so satisfactory that there was a surplus of \$2,026,674 after paying all charges and dividends. This sum, carried into the surplus reserve fund, swelled the figures to \$133,415,214, the highest total yet reached by that fund. That this greatest of our infant industries might be able to struggle along without continual applications of tariff paper is a fact that the business men of the country since the trust was organized in 1902. In the seven years, lacking three months, this colossal of corporations has made net earnings of more than \$25,000,000. From June 30, 1905, until the end of 1907, we felt it quarterly net earnings never fell below \$30,000,000, and for the quarters ending June 30 and September 30, 1907, they ran up to the enormous totals of \$45,500,000 and \$44,000,000, respectively. The absorption of the Tennessee Coal & Iron brought quiet-

an increase of business to the trust,

and in the future the gains scored will undoubtedly be much greater than ever. The only unfavorable showing made in the quarterly report was that on steel. On an order of 80 per cent or less, amounted to but 3,542,895 tons, a decrease of more than 200,000 tons from the same period last year. This poor showing is explainable by the threatened tariff legislation, buyers being afraid to book orders so long as there was a possibility of tariff changes which might make a radical difference in the prices.

The recent panic and the general rearrangement of conditions and prices have also produced inordinate caution among buyers. This will be removed as soon as the tariff matter is settled, and the depleted stocks must be replenished. With all of its inquietudes, high prices and grasping methods, the steel trust still remains a very accurate trade barometer, and the prices at which the stock has been selling this month give promise for better times in the near future.

A THAGRDY; PERHAPS A MERCY.

Pity is the just due of the girl of tender years who, irking at parental reproach, finds a momentary respite in passion takes her own life. The child Ida Hansen was wholly irresponsible, yet she had doubtless been led by the counsels of evil associates, older than herself, and who had placed her in such a position. Judge Morrow's order of nonsuit was altogether proper. Davis had no case. When a man who claims to be a Republican and desires the election of a Republican Senator, yet is foolish enough to pledge himself to a course that compels him to join in the election of a Democrat, yet manifests uneasiness about it afterwards, his need, fully in signing the same suit, is that the Republican party, as a public journal, is of a piece with the original folly that pledged him to Statement One.

The story that Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, paid \$25 to three Democratic Assemblymen to remain absent from the joint assembly and thus make possible his election to the United States Senate is, of course, a hoax. We all know that Senator Stephenson was elected under the pure and holy methods of the free election, and that Jonathan Bourne, he was, in fact, one of the first fruits of the new method by which the will of the "peopul" found expression. What need was there of such a payment? The demand for Senator Stephenson was so great that he could not well prevent his election? His election, like that of Bourne and Chamberlain, was a vindication of the merits of the methods by which the people rule. Besides, who ever heard of a Democrat participating in the election of a Republican Senator, even though Republicans do elect Democratic Senators?

MAY WHEAT IN CHICAGO YESTERDAY

May wheat in Chicago yesterday soared up to \$1.29 3/4, nearly half a cent higher than the highest point touched under the alleged manipulation of Mr. Patten. Meanwhile, corn, which has been the subject of much speculation, reached the highest point of the season and are still advancing. It is now up to the theorists who placed all the blame for the advance in wheat on the "cramped" market. The "cornered" corn, oats and potatoes, all of which have shown much greater advances proportionately than were shown by the premier cereal.

The half-section homesteads under the new law cannot be taken on land that contains coal, mineral or timber, and must be above the high-line ditches in the semi-arid regions. The most feasible application of the law is in allowing a man to take an additional quarter section of contiguous territory, the understanding being that his first quarter section is capable of profitable cultivation. Yet the conditions under which the new ground can be held will in most cases be found irksome.

The "crystal spring" which has begun to flow again in San Francisco after being dry for many years is said to have great medicinal virtues. Similar healing qualities are not unknown in thornier strbs and old water pumps. Usually they are imparted from the vault of an outhouse, but in San Francisco's new-found crystal spring one may reasonably suppose that the medicinal influx is from a sewer.

Ecclesiastical authorities differ so widely about the propriety of women wearing hats in church that every shape and color of conscience ought to be a factor in this controversy. Episcopallians advocate hats, while the Baptists anathematize them. This doubtless corresponds to the estimate which each denomination places on female beauty as a factor in worship. The Baptists seem to stand it better than some others.

What Federal judge will enjoin the House of Representatives from proceeding with Mr. Murphy's impeachment case? The opportunity to enlarge the usefulness of the writ is too appealing to miss.

Part of the delta of the San Joaquin is again under water, from a break in the levee, with a loss of \$200,000 in sight. And people down there deride Oregon as wet and rainy.

TOMORROW'S PROBLEM SIMPLE

It is a Contest Under the Primary Law by Republicans as Republicans. PORTLAND, May 6.—(To the Editor.)—It is a simple proposition that will confront the Republicans of Portland Saturday. To be sure, it will be only a municipal contest but since it is being waged under the primary law by Republicans as Republicans, it is a serious contest, and its determination of the fact that the Republican party is being used and resorted to as a confessed means to an end. It is to be a party contest. Four men are using the fact that they are Republicans to win a Republican nomination for the sole purpose of securing the support of Republicans at the polls in the ensuing election.

But here we have one prominent aspirant for the nomination for Mayor, masquerading as a Republican and clamoring for Republican votes, who openly notifies the Republicans of Portland that if they see proper to nominate another prominent aspirant who is in the field, he will not for a moment be bound by the direct vote of the people—he will scout the results of the primary law and, of course, throw his support to the opposing candidate!

He will do this, he says, out of his sincere regard for the primary law, his faith in the people, his inborn aversion to the political boss. And his support comes, to be sure, the Democratic paper of Portland, which sees in the proposition to flout the results of the primary law—the direct vote of the people—the only alternative of loyalty to that law. Bah! Are the Republicans of this city never to come to their senses? This calls to mind your remark this morning, that whether the Republican party is worth saving—assuming that President Roosevelt will give the party its vote to be proved, if the Republicans of Portland Saturday give a plurality of their votes for any man who refuses to declare his loyalty to their choice, and especially to any man who has in his hands the support of a party which surely oppose their choice unless they choose him, they should at once thereupon proceed to disband, shut up shop, surrender all pretenses to future effort, and like the fantastic picture in a comedy, retire into the wings and be sure to be there to reappear in a flash and more or less gracefully go up in smoke.

For all the contests yet waged in Oregon, the present one in Portland sets forth the clearest view in advance of party politics that any party in Oregon is ever to get together, it must make the first practical move in this city. There must be no more Democratic Mayors. And the way to get a Democratic Mayor is to throw away votes and to let Republicans and Democrats split upon the primary law and the party they profess to regard by declaring their independence and superiority to both—their preference to the Democratic party and its candidate to the Republican party which does not place them in the lead.

It is a party contest, waged as Republicans through an appeal to Republicans; and for Republicans to give their support to those who declare their purpose to vote for a Democrat, the rank and file of the party unless their dictation is accepted is to commit hari-kari with premeditated design. It is time for the Republicans of Portland to get up or shut up. It is conceded, however, that the great mass of the workings of the primary law and who wages his campaign on the assertion that he intends to rule his party or ruin it, should be given a blank vote by the people he is not sure he will trust.

Either this, or let us have no more vain pretense of party organization or rational effort toward party success and accomplishment. PIONEER REPUBLICAN.

BIG MEN IN NEW AUTOGRAPH BOOK. Novelty in the Way of Collections Started at the National Capital. A new writing in autograph collection is being circulated among Washington statesmen. Opposite the blank space for the signature in the book is a motto or quotation. This one is placed in the "Honors" fell to President Taft when he signed his name at September 15: "Out of his lives are kept in equippage the noblest attractions of the human mind. The struggle of the instinct that enjoys, the struggle of the noblest instincts of the human mind."

Ex-President Roosevelt signed the book while he was in the White House. Opposite October 27 is the following from "The Legend": "Touch the goblet no more, it will make thy heart sore. It is the breath of the Angel of Death, and the light that leads him in his death of his evil eye. For sickness, sorrow and care. Speaker Cannon suspected that he was being kidded when the book was passed to him. A quotation from "The Spanish Bard" is indicated to the Speaker's birthday, May 7, follows: "Her step was roval, queenlike; and her face as beautiful as a saint's in Paradise. Though she was the Vice-President's daughter who wrote his name at October 26: "One half of the world must sweat and grope the path that the other half may dream—Hyperion."

Never or Ever-Busy Women. New Bedford Standard says: "A newspaper writer, sympathizing with women because there is no longer any cradle to rock, or hardly a baby to care for, had home schooling necessary in the presence of the modern kindergarten, no sewing to do in this ready-made age, little housework in this day of dusters and suits and restaurants and prepared foods, and asks with concern: 'What are we going to do with the women out of the cradle?' He put that question face to face with his women acquaintances and dollars to doughnuts he will find them full busy trying to keep up with their engagements that they won't have time to answer his foolish questions."

Accustomed to Cross-Questions. Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. Recently a lady witness in a court up on the state was subjected to a troublesome fire of cross-questions and the lawyer, thinking that some apology was necessary, tried to square himself: "I am sorry to hope, madam, that I am not annoyed you with all these questions." "Oh, no," was the prompt reply of the witness, "I am accustomed to it." "You don't mean it?" wonderingly returned the lawyer. "Yes," rejoined the lady. "I have a 6-year-old boy at home."

And Roosevelt Can't Reply. New York World. For the inscription under the stained-glass window placed in the Metropolitan Temple as a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, why not the two lines of Busby from "Patience": "I am not fond of uttering platitudes in stained-glass altitudes."

NEW HINTS FOR BEST AUTHORS

Up-to-Date Literary Criticism of English Standard Writers. London Punch. Some of our correspondents, taking compassion on the literary aspirant in his difficulties, are prepared to furnish him, by way of help, with a candid criticism of his efforts. The following example is worthy of imitation, and today we offer the following comment upon an MSS. that have been submitted to us: "John Milton—You seem to have a certain facility in turning out blank verse about your poem 'Paradise Lost' is insufficiently novel, and it contains some classical allusions. We feel sure that no editor would accept it. And yet these are ideas in the poem. You might, we think, have made a good deal more of Adam's first meeting with Eve. The piece, too, would be greatly improved by the use of suitable headlines, such as: 'Was It Love at First Sight? Interesting Story of How the First Man Met the First Woman.' 'Was Eve a Soffragette?' 'N. B.—This last headline, though irrelevant to the poem, would be sure to please the ladies. I am sure you would be sure to have a few of your efforts set to music, and then forward them to your publisher, who will be glad to have your little effort is that there is plenty of blood in it. We suggest that you cut out your little requites, and tone the language up a bit.' Robert Burns—There is no demand for the Scotch dialect poem; even the practical diarist has gone out of fashion. Your only chance of success would be to have a few of your efforts set to music, and then forward them to your publisher, who will be glad to have your little effort is that there is plenty of blood in it. We suggest that you cut out your little requites, and tone the language up a bit.

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Francis Bacon—The public does not read essays. If you aspire to be a leading writer, you must acquire the knack of writing. No, we do not allow that anyone can be the author of another man's plays. To be the author of a poem, one must have written it one's self. Oliver Goldsmith—Your story, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' is exceedingly tame. We do not think you should take it. The public is more interested in burglars and detectives and in the adventures of a young man of improvement, both in style and plot. Study the works of the late Guy Boothby, and 'The Mystery of a Hansard.'

Percy B. Shelley—Your lines are very fair, but you are by no means happy in your choice of subjects. You should give a popular and useful subject. The public does not want laments. You should give them something in the style of 'Tom Among the Girls.' You would perhaps do better to propose why not try your hand at a football story for the magazines?

Samuel Johnson—We have glanced through your 'Rasselas.' You appear to have written it with a very good eye as to whether you would write in English or Latin, and the result is a grotesque mixture. Before beginning a book, you should always well decide what language you will write it in. Robert Browning—We should not advise you to write songs for the music halls, for your style is not good enough to get home on the public's heart. Affecting His Rheimatism. Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. The speaker told of a man who was a chronic groucher. Nothing ever suited him better than a hot bath and a hot towel. He would take it every day. Once he had to take to his bed with rheumatism, and notwithstanding the fact that his wife gave him a hot bath and a hot towel, he was not able to get up for a week. He asked a friend who called one afternoon: 'I am getting worse and worse.' 'How are you getting along, Jake?' 'I am getting worse and worse, and it is all my wife's fault.' 'You surprise me,' said the caller. 'I am getting worse and worse, and it is all my wife's fault.' 'You don't know her,' returned the rheumatic. 'The doctor says that a hot bath and a hot towel are the best thing for me, and that woman comes in here and weeps just to make the air damp.'

Anti-Military Laws No Joke. Baltimore American. Much joking will be heard in over the bill in the Illinois Legislature to limit the size of women's hats and regulate their fastenings. But it really matters to be taken seriously from a very important standpoint. With the stiff feathers and other decoration ladies use for beyond the ordinary hat, and sharp, silletto-pointed hatpins also exposed, the eyes of the public are kept in a constant danger. The subject from this standpoint has passed the limits of a joke and become a menace. If fashion dictators have any sense left to control the extreme side of danger, it becomes a legitimate matter for the authorities to take action. Business, especially in restricted to the one case already reported, of a conductor on a streetcar, is too hard a penalty to pay for fashion's folly.

Black Eye for Blackstone. Kansas City Times. 'Your Honor,' said 'Monan Prulett, the criminal lawyer, 'since reports and modern laws are not sufficient to convince you, let me read this section from Blackstone, the father of the common law, and which has authority. He supports my contention precisely.' 'You had as well sit down, Mr. Prulett, I have decided the point already. I replied the court. 'You need not cite more cases. I have overruled your argument and do not care to hear you read this section.' 'I know you have, your Honor; I know you have,' sarcastically said the criminal lawyer. 'I know it, but I just wanted to show the court what a fool Blackstone was.'

Money is Rising Violent. Fruitgrower and Florist. If there is one branch of commercial horticulture in which ladies have a considerable success, and which does not involve them in the coarsening results of the general work, it is the growing of violets on a commercial scale. Undecided. Washington Star. 'Did you ever have appendicitis?' said the insurance man. 'Well,' answered the skeptic. 'I was operated on. But I never felt worse whether it was a case of appendicitis or a case of professional curiosity.'

Life's Sunny Side

In his 'Irish Life and Character,' Michael Macdonald has a choice collection of bulls. He called on a half-dressed Irishman, who was leaving the man tried to induce him to buy a bottle of hairwash. 'What sort of stuff is it?' he asked. 'Oh, it's grand stuff,' the man replied. 'It's a sort of mutium in powder—the less you take of it, the better.'

A few days later the writer was walking with an Irishman over the Wicklow Mountains, where they met a "character." 'Well, Mick,' said my friend, 'I've heard some queer stories about your doings lately.' 'Och, don't believe them, sorr,' replied Mick. 'Sure half the lies told about me by the Wicklow lads are of your doings lately.'

The following notice Mr. Macdonald saw posted in a pleasure boat on the lake: 'The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them until the ladies have vacated them.' And this he clipped from a Kingstown newspaper: 'James O'Rourke, wine and spirit merchant, Kingstown, has still on his hands a small quantity of the whiskey which was drunk by the Duke of York and his party.'—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mr. Morse having bought a new bicycle of the most improved pattern presented his old one to Dennis Halpin, who did errands and odd jobs for the neighborhood. 'You find the wheel useful when you're in a hurry,' Dennis' he said. 'The young Irishman was leud in his about me, but regarding the wheel doubtfully. 'I mistrust 'twill be a long while before I can get used to it,' he asked Mr. Morse. 'Why, how you ever tried?' asked Mr. Morse. 'I tried it,' said Dennis gloomily. 'A friend lent me the loan of his white one he was having the moopins. 'Twas three weeks I had it on, 'till wid' Patrick and I had a run in the street, and so I could balance myself standing still, let alone riding on it.'—Youth's Companion.

A thin little man, with a long beard and a big bundle, boarded a Second Avenue car at Fifth street the other day, and when the conductor came around handed up a \$1 bill and asked for a transfer to the Fourteenth street line. The conductor handed the passenger a half dollar, a quarter and three dimes. 'The thin little man saw that change in his pocket. He didn't wait until the car got to Fourteenth street, but he quietly slipped out of the door. He had gone, a passenger said to the conductor: 'You gave that man three dimes instead of two.' The conductor did not smile, but said: 'Did I? Well, he'll have a devil of a time getting rid of the half dollar.'—New York Sun.

During the automobile races held in Savannah, Ga., a good story was told on two young men from New York City. Knowing that the state of Georgia was prohibition and expecting to find the lid on tight in Savannah, they ventured to locate a "speak easy," where they might get a little drink. In the event that their supply should run out: 'You gave that man three dimes instead of two.' The conductor did not smile, but said: 'Did I? Well, he'll have a devil of a time getting rid of the half dollar.'—New York Sun.

Donald had been to Sunday school, and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of the subject. 'Oh,' he said, 'it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then they killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—'

'Oh, no,' replied the other boy; 'his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground. 'It was, too,' he insisted. Then he added, 'The teacher told me, but I don't use words like that.'—Woman's Home Companion.

Fond Mother—Johnny, I told you that you might have a piece of cake, but I see you have taken two pieces. Why did you do that? 'Small Johnny—Well, mamma, I've been making believe there was another little boy visiting me, so of course I had to give him a piece, too.'—Exchange.

IN THE MAGAZINE SECTION OF THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

THIRD STAGE OF ROOSEVELT'S HUNT. Winston Churchill describes East Africa's backbone, from Nairobi to the great Lake Victoria Nyanza.

JACK JOHNSON'S LIFE STORY, BY HIMSELF. The champion heavyweight pugilist tells how he got into the fighting game, how Joe Walcott taught him everything he knows and how he conquered all comers. This autobiography is free from offensive egotism.

WHEN OUR MILLIONAIRES GO TO EUROPE. William H. Vanderbilt says ago set the fashion that now costs the United States more than \$100,000,000 annually.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES IN ROGUE RIVER VALLEY. Some of the handsome residences in the garden spot of Southern Oregon, shown with pen and picture.

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY. Wallace Irwin's topic is "Forms of American Exercise," which he punctuates with delightful satire.