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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909.

THE POLICY OF PUBLICITY.

There is nothing like light and enlightenment, in this world. Publicity is everything. It began in reality with printing. It has been spread mightily by steam and by electricity; by quick announcements of all occurrences in every part of our old earth. We even expect news from our neighbors of the planetary system. Before printing, indeed, there was some publicity, but not much. The play of the world's mind had limits exceeding small.

But now quick communication of intelligence is the moving force of the world. Naturally one occasional consequence is to put rumors in the place of real news. But even the rumors have their place in the general stir of intelligence and in the movement toward general enlightenment.

To descend from generalities to particulars. A writer in the Technical World, a well-known magazine, says and proves that there has been a marked decrease in the number of serious accidents on the Harriman railway since the year 1907, "when they began to take the public into their confidence." The old policy of the railroads was to give out no information about accidents. The apparent reason—sometimes it was the avowed reason—was that it might be hurtful to the railroad management. Many roads still adhere to this policy. But it is a mistaken policy and a stupid one. The railroads cannot be less interested in correction of errors in management and operation that lead to disasters than the public is; for every great railroad catastrophe is a joint calamity—a calamity both to the public and to the road.

The traveling public is always in a hurry. It is even disposed to take chances of catastrophe, in order to get in on time, or to shorten time. Where there is strong competition the railroads push this disposition of the public almost to the limit, or gratify it almost to the limit. Most persons who travel are willing to take chances, in order to shorten the time. The railroads comply constantly with this demand of the traveling public, and take risks to gratify it. But everybody knows that no means or movement at high speed can be employed without danger of accident; and the better or more fully such danger is made known to the public, the less the danger of accident will be—because the less will be the insistence of the public on taking chances to make time.

Moreover, there are always unforeseen dangers. Human vigilance never has been equal to the task of guarding against all of them. But every accident or disaster is a lesson against repetition of it in the same or in like circumstances. Publicity, then, to fullest extent, is best possible safeguard, all round. And quickest and fullest publicity possible. From such knowledge the traveling public will know best what the horror of a railroad disaster is, and how best to meet its conditions when they occur.

Nor can any railroad gain anything by attempts to suppress the truth. The no-information policy never has helped the railroads. Such policy never helps anything—in our dealings with the vital interests of our fellow men.

In all these affairs the truth is wanted—full information is a necessity—in order that the best can be made out of any disaster, for safety in the time to come. Obviously it is the interest of the railroads also that reports of accidents should be as nearly accurate as possible. For truth is the only real basis of any explanation or defense; and truth alone points to the only way to avoidance of other errors or mistakes of like kind. Let the truth be known.

There is gratification, therefore, in the proof from experience, as developed in operation of the Harriman roads, that full publicity of causes and consequences is found to result in reduction of the number of accidents and diminution of the horrors of such as occur.

It should be the policy of the railroads to keep nothing from the public. The public wants to know; the public has a right to know. And the more general the information as to the causes of railroad disasters and their consequences, the more surely will they diminish in number and in general horror. Why add to the distress of every such occasion the exasperation that follows refusal of information? It is gratifying, indeed, to learn that there has been a marked reduction of the number of serious accidents on the Harriman railway lines since 1907, "when they began to take the public into their confidence." Nothing so good as publicity, in this world of life and action.

CHAUTAUQUA'S ANNUAL OFFERING.

The Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association will begin its sixteenth annual session at Gladstone Park next Tuesday. The programme prepared for entertainment of members and guests is the result of much care and study on the part of the managers. The grounds are clean, sightly and shady, and the water pure and abundant, making camping facilities of the best.

This much for the physical and material features of this gala occasion. For the rest it provides facilities for family outings and neighborhood rallies, the influences of which are unquestionably moral and to some extent instructive. A combination of the social and educational, the Chautauqua idea scored in the beginning a distinct triumph. Its promoters were men and women of culture, the lines of whose lives had fallen for the most part in quiet places. They were not strenuous in the pursuit of their ideals, but they were quietly persistent in urging them. Amusements of the orderly kind, under their conception and direction, went hand in hand with social pleasures, with music, with song service and with a carefully prepared but not strenuous course of study. To all of this may be added the pleasures of a Summer outing—life in tents and under the trees, the whole conducive to youthful pleasure and staid, middle-aged enjoyment.

This is Chautauqua as it appeals today to the public; to farmers who are having a breathing spell between hay and grain harvests, and between the gathering of small and larger fruits; to children just out of school; to teachers, weary of the routine of months; to many mothers to whom it represents perhaps the only outing of the year; to members of competitive baseball clubs; to young people of either sex who champion one team or the other, and grow enthusiastic in watching the games; and to quiet elderly folk who study and discuss the topics of the somewhat pretentious educational course.

AN UNWORTHY MINISTER.

Perhaps there is not much to say in rebuke of the young Seattle couple who have planned to be married in a balloon by wireless telegraph. The rage for creating sensations of one sort and another is so prevalent that one cannot much blame brides and grooms for catching it. The chances are that this pair will never have an opportunity to attract notice again until the day one of them dies. Their wedding affords occasion to cause themselves to be stared at and talked about, and in the fashion of the times they make the most of it. Just why a man and his newly-married wife should wish to be a center of gossip and scandal is one of the mysteries which we shall not try to fathom. We prefer to ask how it comes that a minister of the gospel can be found who will desecrate his calling by taking part in this escapade.

Does he hope to win souls to salvation by doing it? Does he believe that the cause of religion will be promoted if he recites the marriage ceremony by wireless telegraph for this silly couple while they are suspended in the air, unfortunately not by their necks? If there is one prayer which the churches should offer up more frequently and more fervently than any other, it is to be rid of their mountebanks. One unscrupulous poser who is willing to do anything whatever for money and notoriety can injure the cause of genuine faith more than a dozen Robert Ingersolls.

The zeal of some ministers to reach the poor with the gospel induces them to adopt sensational methods. Jesus did the same thing in his day. Here the motive redeems the deed. Saint Paul was willing to be damned if a sinner could be saved by it. Any method by which souls can be brought to salvation is not only pardonable, but praiseworthy, but when a preacher performs vaudeville stunts, or worse, simply to advertise himself and gratify his craving for foolish gossip, he becomes contemptible.

THE MURDERS IN LONDON.

The assassination of two prominent men in London on the night of July 1 may have been the outcome of personal animosity. Sir William Wyllie, one of those who suffered, had held office in India for a long time, and it is quite possible that in the performance of his duties he had incurred the hatred of the student who shot him. The young man may be one of those persons who carry a stone in the pocket for seven years, then turn it over and carry it for seven years longer, and finally throw it when the chance comes. Such things are not so common in real life as in the works of inflammable novelists, but they sometimes happen. Still it is much more likely that the murder was political. India is pervaded by an unrest which takes now the form of active sedition against the British government, now of enmity toward individuals. The student who shot Sir William Wyllie may have fancied in his lunes and ravings that he was doing a duty which he owed to his country. There is no doubt that Guiteau, who assassinated Garfield, on July 2, 1881, had some such idea vaguely floating through his disordered mind. Indeed, it is fairly common among those who seek to kill men who stand at the head of affairs, or near it. From all appearances, the murder of Dr. Lalcaca was accidental. The student, in his excitement, kept on firing after Sir William Wyllie had fallen and was as apt to hit one person as another.

The common belief that political assassination always fails of its ulterior purpose will not bear investigation. This particular murder is likely enough to be barren of consequences, but many of them have produced effects of the first importance. Nor is it true that a reaction invariably succeeds upon a political murder which tends to balk the plans of those who commit it. The murder of Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, for example, strengthened the cause of the territorial aristocracy of Rome immensely. There was no reaction, or none of any importance, while the advocates of agrarian reform were crushed and cowed by the loss of their leader. As a rule, assassination has been profitable to oligarchies throughout the whole course of history. This is because they take their measures with great deliberation and carry them out ruthlessly. No governing body is so cruel as an oligarchy. Just as the ruling cliques in many of our great corporations are without conscience and often without honor, so, in all ages, oligarchies have been treacherous, unscrupulous and cruel. Assassination has been one of their principal weapons and it has, for the most part, served their turn admirably.

The corresponding myth that persecution always aids the cause at which it strikes is also groundless. Persecution aids a cause when it is half-hearted; but when it is thoroughgoing, as was the work of the inquisition in Spain, it can extirpate heresy completely. The reason why persecution has never been successful in England is because it never was pushed to the bitter end. The British mind is not logical and cruel enough to manage a persecution well. Alva's massacres in the Netherlands were admirably conceived to accomplish his purpose. He would have stamped out the Protestants if they had not taken up arms and fought him. Passive resistance to a persecution which is undertaken systematically and carried out logically, means death to the cause it supports. The murders which were committed by the Borgias in Italy were fairly successful, considered as political expedients. They won a bad name for the family, but very likely the wealth and power it gained through poison and the dagger fully compensated for that. The most famous murder in history is perhaps the slaughter of Julius Caesar by Brutus and the band of aristocratic conspirators who helped him. They posed as the saviors of Rome and really believed that their daggers would bring back the good old days of the oligarchy, but no men ever made a greater mistake.

It is doubtful, however, whether Caesar's death prevented so many blessings as some believe from falling upon Rome. Ferrero thinks he could not have carried out his plans of reform, even granting that he had any. On the other hand, the murder of Lincoln was a calamity of the first magnitude to the United States. His genius for irenical statesmanship would have managed reconstruction very differently from the way it was done, and would have saved the country many a bitter trial. It is also certain enough that the assassination of Alexander II of Russia, who was a man of liberal inclinations, brought on a period of reaction and postponed the day of constitutional reform in that unhappy country for a number of decades. One of the most lamentable murders in all history was that of Henry IV of France. This enlightened monarch had succeeded in pacifying the sectarian dissensions among his subjects and had introduced an era of toleration which would have caused the country to develop rapidly and peacefully. He was slain by a fanatic before his work was complete and in the fanatical reaction which ensued all that Henry had gained was lost, and France had to seek liberty of thought by the bloody path of the revolution.

KEEP RAILROADS OFF HIGHWAYS.

Complaint is made against damage of the St. Helens and the Macadam roads by the United Railways. The complaint should have been foreseen by the County Court when the railroad company made application for use of those highways. A railroad and the ordinary public cannot occupy the same right of way to the satisfaction of either. A fast-moving railroad spoils any public avenue. It should have its own land for tracks and should not be allowed, for "promotion" purposes, no matter how worthy, to occupy any public road. It makes a divided ownership of an avenue of travel and is bound to cause trouble.

It should not be expected that the United Railways will ever repair or restore the county roads, to the satisfaction of the County Court or the public. The railroad will not make its grade conform with that of the highway nor satisfy the county as to drainage, repair and other things. However beneficial in some respects, the United Railways will always be a nuisance to users of the St. Helens road.

This lesson should keep railroads off other highways. In the growth of the county, all its present roads and many more, to their fullest width, will be needed for wagon traffic and automobiles. Various promoters have been seeking from the County Court a railroad franchise on Section Line road. The Oregonian has raised protest against them many times, and it now again sounds the warning. There may be room on a public road for a street-car line, up to a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour; that depends. However, a company that has funds instead of speculative promise in view, can afford to buy its own right of way as the Cazadero and the Salem Electric lines did. Only moneyless franchise speculators will be deterred from railroad building by refusal of the County Court to give away part of a public road.

The county should keep its roads for its own. They have cost big sums of money and railroad franchises on them mean disrepair and dissatisfaction. No county highway is too wide; the future will need many of them wider. No railroad will ever keep up its part of a highway as the public wants it. Any of the county roads will suffer damage from a railroad line. The Linnton people and other property-owners along St. Helens road, who were so eager to give part of the highway to the United Railways, were very shortsighted. Users of that road ten or twenty years hence, perhaps sooner, will wonder what ailed those who gave the road away.

PORTLAND NOT TO BLAME.

The Bend Bulletin, published in one of the best districts in Central Oregon, asks "if the commercial organizations of Portland are doing their best to put pressure—that of dollars and cents—upon the powers that be, in an effort to make them take action toward tapping this huge, undeveloped area, and thus obtain for their city the enormous business that our resources will ultimately afford?" The Bulletin intimates that San Francisco business houses are displaying an interest in Central Oregon that is lacking on the part of the Portland business men, and further asserts that the San Francisco houses are selling their goods on an f. o. b. Portland basis for shipment through Portland by way of Shaniko. It is pointed out that "if the railroad from California comes even as far as Odell—and already it is building this side of Klamath Falls—Central Oregon's trading will inevitably go in that direction. At present the freighting distances from Shaniko vary from 90 to 180 miles, while Odell is but 50 miles from Bend, the heart of the irrigation and timber district. The conclusions are obvious."

It is not apparent that the Bend paper has called attention to anything not already understood in Portland. The value of the Central Oregon traffic is not underestimated in this city. Every effort possible is being made to secure a road south from the Columbia, that being the only direction from which a water-level grade can be obtained, although the route by way of Natron is not at a serious disadvantage in this respect. The Bend paper, while complaining at the seeming indifference of Portland in the matter, apparently has nothing to suggest that Portland could do to improve the situation. The business men of this city are thoroughly alive to the fact that there would be some diversion of trade to San Francisco in the event of the road from the south entering the country before a road from the north would be built. But it is reasonably certain that neither the road from the south nor the road from the north will have very much of an advantage in time in reaching the country, for Central Oregon is almost certain to be traversed by a through line from Portland to San Francisco.

The greater part of the traffic of the new field will be drained out by way of California for the simple reason that it is in the country south of the Oregon line that it will find the best market. The extent to which Oregon figures as a grain supply depot for California is shown in the statistics for the season just closed. During the twelve months there were shipped from Portland to California ports 130,000 tons of wheat and flour, while from Puget Sound there were shipped 100,000 tons. With the wheat fields of Central Oregon opened there would be a heavy saving for grower and consumer by having all of these 230,000 tons of wheat hauled south instead of making the long journey to Portland and thence south by water to San Francisco.

This traffic alone will in a few years be sufficient to contribute an immense sum to the earnings of a road from the south. Portland, however, aside from the wheat traffic, will be in Central Oregon on even terms with any road from the south, and when the crucial test is made our merchants will undoubtedly be able to hold their own with California.

Portland's second annual harness race meet and livestock exposition has been definitely assured and from this date forward it is the duty of any and all who are interested in development of one of our greatest industries, the breeding of fine stock of all kinds, to aid in every possible manner to make the big show a success. The first exhibition given last year was a grand success in every way except in the most important item of attendance and financial support. This year the object and purpose of the show are better understood, and it should receive support in keeping with its importance. It is pleasing to note that the matter of transportation is to be taken up early. One of the chief factors contributing to the light attendance last year was the miserably-managed transportation facilities for reaching the track.

Now the clergy is taking a crack at the already badly-wrought-up nerves of John Bull. The rector of Westminster Abbey declares that "England is unarmed and defenseless and on the verge of a contest for her national existence." He has urged his fellow-clergymen to preach sacrifices everywhere to secure immediately a needed army and navy fund. When the church, that institution whose hand is always raised for peace, begins urging the construction of more engines of war, it looks very much as though the dove of peace were pluming her wings for a long, long flight.

The suffragettes have adopted a new battlecry, and in future will refuse to marry any man who will not agree to vote and work for woman suffrage. Just suppose—of course it is dreadful to contemplate such a thing—but just suppose that mere man should reverse that matter and offer to marry any woman who would desert the cause of the suffragists. The stampede might not come from some of the young, attractive politicians in petticoats, but there might be a wild rush from the ranks of the old stagers.

Consolidation of effort and concentration of result seem to be in order in Oregon newspaper circles. Recently the Times and the News, of Forest Grove, agreed to unite under one management and issue one paper. Yesterday the Times and Gazette, of Corvallis, issued a hyphenated daily to take the place of the two daily papers that have appeared for the past two months. Ambition is to be commended in journalism in the smaller cities, and so is discretion.

Except to appease the vacation habit, there has been no necessity for any one to leave Portland for the beach or the mountains so far this season. The weather throughout June was cool and delightful. However, change of scene is restful to tired eyes, and even the exchange of home comforts for the discomforts of tent and Summer hotel has its uses, since it tends to dispel the humdrum of everyday life that begets discontent.

The Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, which is a newspaper, and not a brand of lager beer, says that Count Zeppelin intends making an effort to reach the north pole in his airship. Good for the Count; but in the interest of safety let us hope that he will defer that trip to the pole until he succeeds in sailing across Germany.

In Linn County they are raiding the near-beer joints, because the beer contains more than 2 per cent of alcohol. Evidently they don't know up there that the more alcohol in beer the better. What is beer, anyhow? And what's it for? What's Hamlet, when Hamlet is left out of the play?

Marriage is gaining on divorce at a rapid rate in Multnomah County. The June record of the former shows a total of 362 as against 39 divorces. This showing ought to reassure those who bewail the frequency of divorce as a forecast of the wreck of American homes.

Announcement of a wedding in a balloon at Seattle, the ceremony to be said by wireless telephone makes us wonder whether the foolkiller isn't asleep at the switch.

You will need a calendar and railroad folder to discover approach of the time to go to the Coast. A thermometer is not reliable.

Among the floral offerings tendered to the new Mayor there were no bouquets contributed by professional gamblers.

The warring suffragists show they would improve men's politics by giving them more of it.

Binger Hermann may be tried this Fall, but we have heard that about Binger before.

Those Washington suffragettes would make good delegates to a peace convention.

So long as one of the Goulds remains unmarried she will never be divorced.

One of the first aids is to put the toy pistol in the cookstove before it happens.

Another man was hanged in Oregon yesterday. Justice may yet catch up.

Some powerful person must have prayed for this fine weather.

Begin today to banish the toy pistol and cannon cracker

THIS NEW "THREEING" PROCESS.

Good-Natured Comment on Brother Hoadley's "Triunity" Theory.

PORTLAND, July 1.—(To the Editor.)—In his little screed on the Trinity printed in The Oregonian Wednesday, Rev. B. J. Hoadley, of Milton, says "the Christian church declares in its teaching that the Father is God, the Son is God and the Holy Spirit is God; and by this it is not affirmed that there are three Gods, but one God."

In this plainly contradictory manner Brother Hoadley comes to the defense of an old dogma which his own better understanding teaches him is utterly indefensible. It is an instance of hanging on to a wornout doctrine in a half-apologetic manner through a lingering regard for the impressions of youth as "handed down by the fathers," though his later investigations have evidently convinced him that the idea of "three persons in one" is wholly untenable. If the brother would entirely surrender himself to the results of that "evolution in theology which is as necessary to Christians as anatomy is to physicians" (which he declares in the same letter), he would abandon this notion that "the Father is uncreated, the Son is uncreated and the Holy Spirit is uncreated," at the same time contending with supreme indifference to logic that "there are not three Eternals, but one Eternal." There are many absurdities which the "evolution of theology" has discarded and this is one of the greatest of them.

With advancing thought on this and similar questions, the precise definition of the doctrine of the Trinity has been revised and softened and doctored by the demands of this same evolution until it is seldom defended with that dogmatic assurance which characterized the early churchmen who preached hell with its sizzling brimstone as the common lot of humanity with Satan the victor in the struggle to determine the fate of a vast majority of God's creatures.

Some one has defined faith as the faculty of believing a thing you know isn't so, and to escape classification with this sort of "theological evolutionists" Brother Hoadley should make a clean breast of his conversion instead of further clouding the issue by the introduction of the word "triunity."

Mr. Hoadley says:

While orthodox theologians make distinctions in their treatment of the Godhead, they do not expand distinction into separateness. The word person they use to express distinctions, and do not press the word so far as to reach Tritheism. God "threes" himself to deliver us from sin—that's all. Triunity would be a better word for theology than trinity.

But this definition is worse than ever. Now nobody can hope to understand what the brother thinks he means. Of course, when "God 'threes' himself" it puts another phase on the modern "evolution in theology." This original definition of the trinity only serves to emphasize the fact that its author is just ready to abandon the defense of so absurd an idea as that, for instance, the Father was not created, nor begotten, while the Son was begotten by the Father, yet they are co-eternal and coequal.

The "threeing" process merely begs the question, for it is not a supernatural one. I have seen Brother Hoadley do it many a time. When he composes one of those excellent sermons of his he invariably "threes" himself in the distribution of his faculties with the view of saving sinners from perdition. He employs his hands in the preparation of his manuscript, his eyes in the effort to do his work properly and his tongue in the delivery of the result of his cogitations to a deeply interested and instructed congregation! There are thousands in Oregon who have with increasing admiration listened to Brother Hoadley eloquently "three" himself at the annual Chautauqua gatherings at Gladstone Park as he instructs his attentive classes in English literature—and yet nobody has ever suspected there were three Brother Hoadleys in one. So to believe would neither add to nor detract from the efficacy or value of his intellectual efforts—it would only illustrate the necessity of further evolution of the believer's creed and a frank acquiescence in the results of a plain appeal to just plain logic.

T. T. GEER.

ELECTRICITY DISPLACES STEAM.

Increase in Use of Motors in Many New England Textile Mills.

Boston News Bureau.

Within the last four or five years there has been a quiet movement among New England textile mills which in its natural working out means the very general substitution of electricity for steam. At the present time there are no less than 40 New England cotton mills which are either using or have orders for installing steam turbines for the generation of motive power to operate their plants. The aggregate steam turbine capacity of these 40 mills is nearly 100,000 horsepower, or exactly, 98,150. A year ago there were but 22 mills with a total of 41,400 steam turbine horsepower capacity. Five years ago the mechanical operation of New England cotton mills was almost entirely dependent upon steam or water power. Numbered among these mills are some of the very largest and most important in the country, such as the Amoskeag which is using 3000 horsepower, generated by turbines, with provision for an ultimate enlargement to 10,000 horsepower), the Arlington mills, the Nashua mills, Pacific mills and Tremont and Suffolk.

In still another way are the cotton mills of New England making use of electrical apparatus for power purposes. In many cases, where power is generated by water or steam, electric motors are used for the delivery of power. At present fully 175,000 horsepower is delivered by motors in New England mills alone, and in the entire country there is some 350,000 horsepower so delivered. The increase in the use of motors has shown a yearly average gain during the last three years of 30 per cent, better than a 100 per cent increase in the three years. Among the large centers using motors are New Bedford with 10,000 horsepower, Lawrence with 35,000 horsepower, including the American Woolen Company, the Pacific mills, and the Arlington mills. The Amoskeag mills alone will have 13,000 horsepower of this description when additions at present contemplated are completed.

RUDYARD, HE TALKS.

And Kipling, Author of the Recessional, Becomes a Pessimist of the First Class.

London—The Morning Post prints a long poem by Rudyard Kipling prophesying a National disaster from the present-day tendencies of the national government. Describing the citizens of an imaginary state, "the city of brass," he tells how they started "to decree a new earth at a birth without labor or sorrow." Their administrative ideas are thus described:

They said, who has hate in the soul, who has envied his neighbor
Let him arise and control both that man and his labor.
They said, who is eaten by sloth, whose unthrift has destroyed him
He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him.
They said, who has toiled, who hath striven and gathered possession
Let him be spoiled, he hath given full proof of transgression.

They raised their ramparts to convert them into pleasure grounds, encouraged rebellion in their colonies, flung away the imperial possessions their forefathers gained, scouted faith and endeavor and derided the idea of restraint. Nemesis comes when they are steeped in self-satisfaction in the form of a hostile host, and the poet concludes:

The eaters of other men's bread, the exempted from hardship,
The excusers of impotence fled, abdicating their wardship,
For the hate they had taught through the State brought the State no defender,
And it passed from the roll of the nations in headlong surrender.

MR. HEYBURN'S DREADFUL THREAT

Gotham Newspaper Takes Liberties With a Senator From Iowa.

New York Sun.

A sigh like half a gale of wind must have gone through the Senate chamber on Tuesday when Mr. Heyburn, of Idaho, in a temperature of 92 degrees Fahrenheit, vowed that he would not abandon his seat until the tariff was revised right—Mr. Heyburn was pleading for a duty on hides at the time. Said he:

I know that the days are long and the temperature is warm. Men are tired, but that is no reason for shirking a duty. It is no reason for slighting these great questions or their consideration. You might multiply the temperature and the length of the days several times before I would begin to consider them when I see in danger the interests not only of my state but the interests of the whole people and the class of the people who vote the Republican ticket and who are entitled to the consideration and the application of Republican principles. When I see their rights in danger I certainly shall not consider the convenience of any member of this body, nor my own, and I shall not watch the clock nor the thermometer.

To those who know Mr. Heyburn's infinity of reminiscence, encyclopaedic information, spontaneity of speech and iron endurance this was an appalling threat. When the Senator from Idaho is up he habitually reviews the history of the Republican party or something else equally venerable and eventful. As if it were not enough in the process of adjusting interests that ranged from wood pulp to pineapples to cite the contemporary tariff resolution of each party! Mr. Heyburn on the day referred to ransacked the Republican platform of 1860 and resurrected the wordiest and drowsiest resolution yet read in the Senate, and a chord of his capacious memory was struck:

With a little oilcloth cape on my shoulders and an oilcloth cap on my head, at the head of a company of Wide Awake boys, in 1860 I marched to that music on a great occasion, when John Sherman, then just having entered the United States Senate, was the orator of the day, the 11th of September, the anniversary of the battle of Brandywine, at the place where it was fought and where Bayard Taylor presided over the meeting. My mind was opening to intelligence, it was learning the lessons of patriotism from worthy lips, and that doctrine sank deep in my heart, and it rested in the hearts of all around me.

The Grand Young Man of Indiana gazed awestruck at the venerable Senator from Idaho, and, thirsty for the information on hides that would gush from the Heyburn bosom upon the least show of curiosity, Mr. Beveridge spoke respectfully of the "interesting occasion when he as a young man marched with oilcloth cape and cap and heard as the orator of the occasion that great man John Sherman. I asked the Senator then, the subject of hides being under consideration, whether Sherman was for a duty on hides or was for free hides, and the Senator answered——" Well, it doesn't matter what the Senator answered. What does matter is the age of the Hon. Weldon Brinton Heyburn when he marched in a little oilcloth cape to the music of the tariff plank of 1860. He was not the young man of Mr. Beveridge's romantic fancy, but had attained the tender and susceptible age of eight.

Now this detail is important because if Mr. Heyburn is going to defy the thermometer and ignore the clock and talk as much as Grote wrote about Greece or Gibbon of Rome unless the tariff is revised to suit him, he will drone all through the dog days and will still be talking when the katydid affirms and denies that the goldenrod is moulting. It is a fearful prospect!

Liverpool Fights the White Plague.

Baltimore American.

"The greatest fight that has been made on tuberculosis in any community in the world has been waged, no doubt, in Liverpool, covering a long series of years," said Dr. James Browne, of London, England, at the Stafford.

"Some years ago, old Liverpool was the most unsanitary city in the United Kingdom. Every condition was favorable to the dissemination and spread of consumption. People by the thousand dwelt in habitations unfit for human occupancy. At one time 40,000 dwelt in cellars in the midst of a squalor and filth that were appalling. Then came the period of active war on the disease. It took millions of money and unceasing war on evil conditions, but the fight has been won. The municipality tore down no less than 8000 unsanitary hovels at a cost of $4,500,000, and in this area there have been built thousands of small, but comfortable, homes for working people. The mortality in the district, once the site of so many foul domiciles, is now less than in the city taken as a whole, the consumption rate having declined to 1.35 per 1000."

Woman Gets $25,000 for Kindness.

Colorado Springs Dispatch to the New York Times.

Miss Ella Thrasher, housekeeper at the Antlers Hotel, received a check for $25,000 as a reward for kindness bestowed on an invalid old man some time ago. The invalid turned out to be the late W. E. Tillotson, of Massachusetts. He left here a year ago for Los Angeles, Cal., where he died soon after. He lived long enough, however, to add a codicile to his will in which he provided for the kind-hearted housekeeper, who, without knowledge of his wealth and without hope of reward, anticipated his wants and ministered to his comfort during a short term he spent as a sufferer at the Antlers Hotel. Miss Thrasher says she will not resign as housekeeper, but will take a vacation and visit her old home in England.

Life's Sunny Side

Alexander Wright, brother of the County Auditor, who is visiting Cleveland for a vacation period, and who is in the public service in his Scottish home, tells this tale anent one McGregor, a thrifty man in a land of thrift, who was seen in Glasgow wearing a lustrous sparkler in his cravat. To him said Sandy McDermott: "Who gi'n ye the di'mon', McGregor?"

"Nobbut myself," was the answer.

"Oh, aye," ventured the questioner, "Ye've been trating yersel', eh?"

"No that, eyether," McGregor made reply. "But ye ken I'm execooter of the estate o' Sammie McDougal."

"An' ye hae yer han's in the pile the noo?"

"Hush, mon," said McGregor, looking hurt. "'Tis a' i' th' will. First, it said, his lawfu' debts were to be paid, which was onnaicessary under law. Then, it said, th' execooter was to set aside thirty-fi' pun, for th' buryin'. D'ye mind?"

"Oh, aye," responded McDermott.

"An' then he wished th' execooter to procure as handsome a stone as could be had in a' Glaegy fer a matther o' seventy pu'."

"Aye?"

"Aweel, mon," concluded McGregor, "this is the stone."—Cleveland Leader.

* * *

Richard Croker, at a banquet in New York, said of English politics:

"English politics is clean. Now and then, though, a queer story comes to light. The moral of this story is that nothing—not even the politics of England—is quite perfect."

Mr. Croker laughed.

"A friend of mine, a rich lawyer," he said, "ran last year for Parliament in a small midland town. My friend was elected, and among his congratulatory visitors on election night was a shabby chap smoking a clay pipe.

"This chap slapped my rich friend on the back, shook both his hands violently, and congratulated him in a loud voice—a loud, hearty voice, a little thick, perhaps, with four-ale.

"'Th-thank y-you,' said my friend, as he tried to free his hands, which were being shaken so violently that he quivered all over, like an ocean greyhound. 'Thank you. I suppose you're one of m-my supporters, eh?'

"The shabby chap winked and smiled.

"'Six of 'em,' he said."—New York Press.

* * *

Apropos of examination time, Professor Carl C. Peterson, of Dubuque, related at a recent dinner some examination stories.

"Once, in a Bible lesson," he said, "I repeated the text, 'Arise and take the young child and its mother and flee into Egypt.' And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors.

"The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said:

"'Teacher, where is the fleas?'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

* * *

"Yes, sir," said old man Braggard, "as soon as I see them birds I went into the house and took down the old blunderbuss and pegged at 'em, an', by Gorry! I brought down thutty birds to one shot. Can ye beat that?"

"Ya-as," drawled Uncle Si Peavey. "Ye know Bill Wiggins' frog pond?"

"Yes," said old man Braggard. "What of it?"

"Wa-al, I went down there the other night after sundown to shoot a couple o' bullfrogs with my old shotgun," said Uncle Si. "There was 5000 of 'em settin' on them thar lily-pads, and I just lifted that there gun to my shoulder and let her go."

"S'pose ye did," said old man Braggard. "How does that affect my bird story?"

"Beats it all holler," retorted Uncle Si. "The minute my gun went off the bull derne! 5000 bullfrogs croaked."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

She raised her head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.

He pressed her blond curls back upon his chest.

"They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Whose?" she asked.

"Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied thoughtlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time, and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved, because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved because no amount of work could make her pretty."

And the firelight flickered knowingly as she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief, while he drew a deep breath.—Tit-Bits.

* * *

"Fountain pens," snapped the nagging wife, "remind me of some husbands."

"What is the resemblance?" ventured the meek little man.

"Expensive, can't be depended upon, won't work, and half the time they are broke."

"That's pretty rough, Martha, but you couldn't compare a fountain pen with some women."

"I guess not."

"No; a fountain pen will dry up, and some wives won't."

And then he made for the suburban trolley and made a bee line for town.—Chicago News.

CHRISTIANIZED?

—From the New York World.