

HIS FRIEND, THE EPICURE

TRIBULATIONS OF A SOJOURNER AT THE SEASIDE.

Quiet Meditations Disturbed by a Self-Invited Guest of the Gormandizing Sort.

My friend, the Epicure, dropped in on me quite unexpectedly, a few days ago, to share the beatitude of my beach revels and to prey upon my Summer menu. The programme of my table d'hote is really less hospitable than was my invitation, a circumstance that does not speak commendably of my board.

Like the fool that I am, I was at the station the day he came. If the fates allow, I shall never go again until I leave. He is positively dangerous, even if one is only casually acquainted with the world to meet an incoming train, for the person is recognized by newcomers on every side and counted as if he were of some consequence.

Well, it was green that day, so that my extemporized friend found it a "tapioca" to take me in. I took him in with the utmost solicitude. But my Epicure had a few extraordinary communications of conscience, of which he made me confident. Notwithstanding his doubts and demurs that he was doing right in abusing my hospitality, I assured him that he was more than welcome to my scantiness of what menager entertainment he could pick up. He seemed satisfied with this assurance, though more with it than with his victuals. He was a partner to my notion that the most programme was a curial one, but he did not express it, and contented himself with other euphemistic indications.

An Euphemistic Indication. One of these was that after he had devoured all in sight, and after all the funds had been exhausted, he purring away down his internal economy, he suddenly ejected his chops for me. Really, I pitted the poor fellow sometimes, so impetuous was the summons from within and so limited my facilities for answering it with satisfaction. I am inclined to think that Neptune is no gentleman. If he were one, he would be more considerate. The way he whets people's appetites is an outrage against civilized society, and is only contrary to the time of which Homer sang.

A character, indeed, is my Epicure. The benignity of his beaming physiognomy it is a rare treat to look in a treat which somewhat resembles that of his phantasmic presence—that is, if the clouds of one's impatience do not shut off the benignity. The periphery of his visage, like the circumference of a wheel, festooned with profuse curls, and bespeaks that he weathered the storms of hard times with unabated sleekness, and as I can testify, with unabated gusto. Such has been the industry of sedulous Nature, she does not have a cranny left throughout his surcharged and sufficed corpulence in which to store more reserves for a rainy day. She has, therefore, made his cheeks a temporary depot until she can find unoccupied territory in his anatomy. A net result of her assiduity is that the surcingle wallboard of my guest's nose has attained prodigious amplitude, so that the being within it long since gave up box coats.

A sort of an anomaly—an enigma—in this world, the Epicure, the creature, seems completely disproved. The diameter silhouette of his Apollo Belvedere symmetry does not bear out the formula of the circle at all, such disproportion is there between the diameter and the circumference around him. As would be recorded inevitable with these rich stores amassed upon his face, his expression is deeply sulcated. In sinuous folds which are not a part of a hot day and have to be pampered with a red bandana.

An Efficient Conductor. His puckery is an efficient conductor of his good nature. This it is which permits his countenance to expand, which telescopes and draws out into a benign smile. Really, the evolution is a marvel to witness, having seen him when he wonders what direction each line is going to take, and whether the folds and festoons will resume their serenity again after the operation. Apprehension, however, is unwarranted. From his features returns to its wonted station, without the disaster prepense with the observer.

Marvelous as is his smile, quite as interesting is his laugh. The stiffness of his cheeks resolves itself into twin balloons, drawing more generously from the chin reserves even than his smile. How large these balloons might get, being not for his upper set of misfit teeth, which have an alarming propensity to drop at unguarded moments, it is impossible to forecast. But his caution has not been necessary, having seen him several times the soughing course of the whistling sepals up and down his interlarded lips. His vigorous body, being a creature of experience, or I never heard him laugh in the ordinary manner. Instead of with mouth ajar, his manifestations of pleasure are muffled like air through the blacksmith's bellows.

My guest is endowed with a variegated assortment of beauteous. In the form of fobias, whiffets and whimys. These have flowed down his family ever since the first of his ancestors, and I am inclined to believe, was Apollo himself. Most of them are of the bestial category, and have already been surmised, being the actual ingredients of a beholder's eyes. You can look upon him as anything but such, if you sit at table with him.

The Animal Hypothesis. From the standpoint of the animal hypothesis, he himself is a most corroborative subject, for his body is voluptuous and has capacity to enjoy all the superlative delights he has ever conceived of; his intellectual manifestations are also corroborative. He has a little or two of moral and spiritual ingredients, but only a little, and it is a half of a half. The latter moiety of which keeps him from getting down on all fours. He is all sensuality, without sensuousness; has an power of thought or depth of feeling, but is all instincts which, being graced with a carnal habitation, are at peace with each other and the world.

It may be I am a queer sort of an individual, but I never could abide certain things. For instance, it makes my nerves crisp to hear snore reverberating among the rafters at midnight. It also rouses my sensibilities to listen to strident shoes all the day long. My nerves are equally in both respects. His effort to draw breath is tremendous, and, confidentially, is his only severe exercise. Nature, although strangely good to him, has hard work to keep him alive, and at night, when the burden of living rests entirely upon her, she needs must be alert.

But whether or not my friend performs the labor at night, or whether or not nature keeps him alive, I am not a philosopher. I may as well admit, however, that he is not a philosopher. I want you to know the tribulations of a beach sojourner who is at the coast for his health. I want you to know by contrast what are the real attributes of a host and guest and how they each should supplement the other. I want you to know that if you pile yourselves in on me, you run your own risk. I want you to know what the necessities of the hour are in a sojourner who would succeed in the devious ways of seashore life.

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great a mountain of flesh. From afar, as harbingers of his approach, sounded forth their wallings. If it were not that he consults his legs pretty often, which likewise receive an undue portion of sympathy, I think his shoes would cry themselves to death. But when they are manumitted from thrall, you may think my car ceases to be assailed.

HALF A MILLION ORPHANS IN INDIA IN NEED OF HELP.

Although Rain Has Come to Stricken District, Christendom Has Yet to Do a Mighty Task.

News by cable from India's Viceroy, the Governor of Bombay and other officials, from American missionaries and from newspaper correspondents, show a general rainfall in the famine-stricken districts of India, and that the prospects are brighter than at any time previously for the past two years. This means that the gaunt, woeful, hideous figure of famine is being literally drowned. River beds which for 24 months have been bared to the sky and baked by the sun

MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ARTHUR PUGH GORMAN.

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Verbes and nonsensical nonentities he can sip like a clown—things which, by the magic of the moon, are charming to ladies. In the phosphorescent glow of the waves, he can sit with a spinster on the sand, against a log, tune his voice as gallant as the moon, and sing madrigals of love and sing namby-pamby ditties as gallant as any.

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By this it does not mean that he is, or ever was, a soldier bold and used to war's alarms, or is, in any sense, a veteran of the great wars. I mean that he is a veteran of the service of Cupid, whose facts coincide with his autobiographic eulogies, he was prince of Romeos and Rangers in his day, than whom there was not within the four corners of the beach a more ardent, impassioned, musky or perfumed lover.

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FAMINE'S WOEFUL LEGACY

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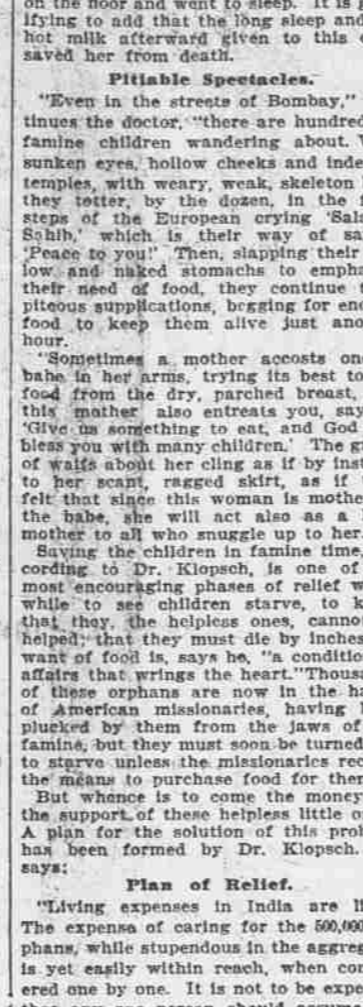
work in this country, and who has recently returned from a tour of inspection of the vast famine area of India, says in this connection:

"HORROR OF THE HEADS" FINDS, AT LAST, A WATERY GRAVE.

"Twas 'Neither Brute Nor Human,' But When It Ended Its Career, Two Women Were Glad.

It was one of those days of perfect calm, rare even in that land of Nowhere edging the "sundown sea." The soft grey of the sky was like the down on the breast of a brooding dove. The ocean slept, laid under the spell of an enchantment that is only potent in that "moon when the winds are still." There was a strange silence in the air, and Nature was holding her breath to listen to the voice. Down along the beach the surf made a white fringe for the shore.

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Once before—but that is another story—a mystery which, to this day, remains unsolved.

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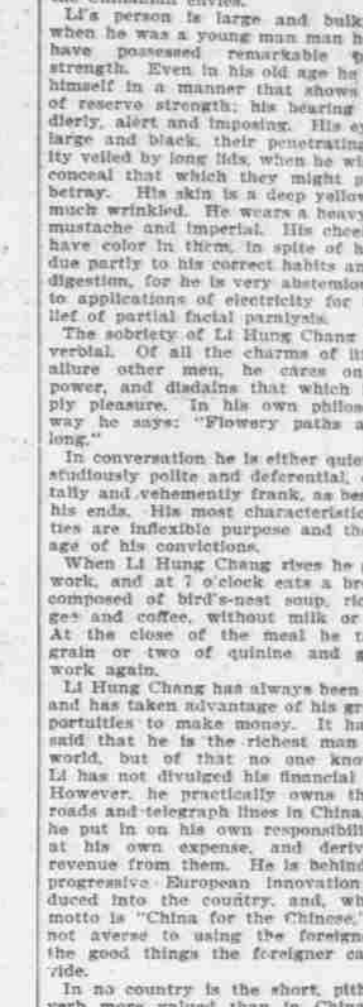
VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG

STRONG PERSONALITY OF CHINA'S LEADING STATESMAN.

Beit With Indeflexible Purpose of Maintenance of the Policy of "China for Chinese."

The most eminent Chinese in China—Li Hung Chang—is pure Chinese in descent. This may sound like saying that truth is truth, but as a matter of fact, the rulers of China are Manchus and Tartars, and not Chinese at all.

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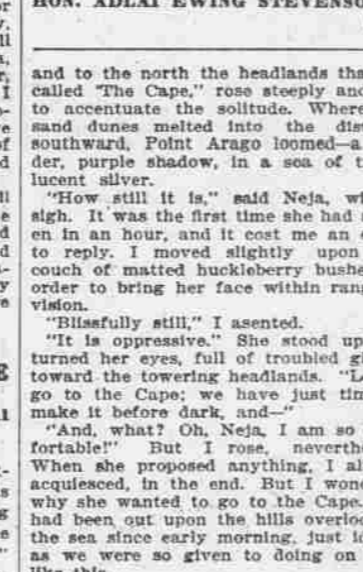
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HON. ADLAI EWING STEVENSON, DEMOCRATIC VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.



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and to the north the headlands that we called "The Cape," rose steeply and tall to accentuate the solitude. Where the sand dunes melted into the distance southward, Point Arago loomed—a tender, purple shadow, in a sea of translucent silver.

"TEN UNSPEAKABLE SORROWS."

Events Foretold by Boxers of China in a Placard Issued at Pao Ting Fu, in April Last.

Last April the Chinese Boxers issued a placard, at Pao Ting Fu, calling for certain religious observances and containing a list of what was denominated the "Ten Unspeakable Sorrows" which have recently occurred in China were clearly foretold in the Boxers' placard, a translation of which appears below:

- First Sorrow—Incessant burning will cease throughout the Empire.
Second Sorrow—Blood will flow and fill the streams of all the hills.
Third Sorrow—Grain and meal will be as refuse.
Fourth Sorrow—All the living will be involved in iniquity.
Fifth Sorrow—The dead will be without passage.
Sixth Sorrow—Homeless orphans and widows will speak of the dwelling places.
Seventh Sorrow—There will be none to protect from rapine.
Eighth Sorrow—All the living will enter the Yellow Springs.
Ninth Sorrow—Disease and distress will affect the people.
Tenth Sorrow—There will be no peaceful years.
Issued under the light of the Red Lamp at Su Chiko. If those who see this paper circulate it immediately they will escape the suffering on the sword.

CONFUCIAN NOMENCLATURE

Odd Significance of Geographical Names in Chinese.

Each of the treaty powers was permitted by "the Son of Heaven" to choose its own Chinese name. England is Ying Kwo, "the flourishing country." France is Fa Kwo, "the law-abiding country." Germany is Te Kwo, "the virtuous country." Italy is I Kwo, "the country of Justice." Japan is either Ji Kwo, "the land of the sun," or Ji Pen, "the land of the rising sun."

On the Beach.

We slipped down the steep face of the sand bluff, and swung away up the smooth, hard beach. It was eight miles out from the Cape, but the tide was out and we were used to walking. Once Neja, in that otherwise silent journey, caught my arm and pointed to the seawall, half a mile away, across the shining surface of the sea.

A Startling Apparition.

Involuntarily we paused to look back. There, bounding down the ridge of the low slope across the ravine, we beheld a figure that, to our startled eyes, was "neither brute nor human," but a horrible suggestion of both. And even as we gazed, in the fascination of terror, the monster reached the cliff, and with one mighty, sidelong leap, high into the air, went over the verge, down, down, down, to the bottom of the ravine.

Chinese Chow-Chow.

This is how a Chinese writer describes New Zealanders in a Chinese paper: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities with knives and prongs. They never enjoy themselves but sit quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid for it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."—Alibaba Pioneer.

Further Alarm.

We were beginning to feel secure, and I was on the point of voicing my relief, when suddenly, from the steep slope above the cabin, came a cry—a cry so wild and weird and full of half-human pain, that our hearts stopped beating. Scarcely had it died away, in a piteous wail, e'er a burst of laughter, just outside the door, broke the stillness. It was like the joyless mirth of demons, gleaming over the anguish of a lost soul. Though I should live to be a 100 years old, I shall carry the memory of that fendish laugh with me to the grave. And yet, instinctively we clutched each other, in the very desperation of our fear—it was not the first time that our blood had been curdled by that horrible sound.

SINGS PRAISE OF OREGON.

Dallas Lad Contributes His Poetic Meed of Admiration.

This poem was submitted to The Oregonian as the production of a 15-year-old boy, whose name and address are attached thereto: Where rolls Columbia's mighty flow, In grandeur to the sea; Where rise the Cascades, crowned in snow, And dash the torrents, wild and free; The mighty fame of Oregon.

Where rolls Columbia's mighty flow.

In grandeur to the sea; Where rise the Cascades, crowned in snow, And dash the torrents, wild and free; The mighty fame of Oregon. The mountain stream and valley fill Of Western freedom sing; The rolling plain and wooded hill In Nature's loveliest hues are clad; Mountains brooklets tell the story, Torrents sing of her great glory.

From sovereign Hood's prophetic creek.

Where thunders down the slide; From broad Pacific's troubled breast, Where mighty might the rising sun, Is borne the fame of Oregon. The avalanche that downward sweeps From summit, wild and grand; The torrent's flow that rushing leaps To broad Pacific's troubled breast; The end of Western grandeur sing. And, sweeping onward, praises ring. From mountains grand and ice-bound peak, Where, in mist, the eagle soars; From Columbia's mighty waters To the stretch of foreign shores; Where western might and Western glory, Forward e'er, pride of freedom! Over, Western state of might May thy name a nation's watermark Stand for justice, truth and right! May thy fame, thy might and glory Long be told in song and story! From the peerless land of sunset To the mighty Eastern main; From the north wind to the south wind, Every land shall know thy fame. Men shall sing 'neath every sun— Sing thy praise, O Oregon!