

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

REVISION SUBSCRIPTION RATES. By Mail (postage prepaid). In Advance: Daily, per year, \$5.00; per month, \$0.50; per week, \$0.15; per day, \$0.05. Single Copies, 5 cents.

POSTAGE RATES. United States, Canada and Mexico: 10 to 14-page paper, 4 cents; 15 to 24-page paper, 5 cents.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Probably light rain or snow; slightly warmer during the afternoon; easterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 32; minimum temperature, 20; precipitation, 0.04 inch.

MR. MONEY'S DISCLOSURE.

When the Senator from Mississippi (Mr. Money), in the heat of debate, was goaded into an unguarded disclosure of the basic principles of anti-imperialism, he said, relative to the Philippine Islands:

Let them go to the devil and take care of themselves, so far as the American people are concerned.

We take it that Mr. Money's hot Southern blood has done the world a useful service in momentarily stripping off the mask with which "anti-imperialist" purposes have been clothed.

There is nothing in the Money platform, it will be observed, about the sacred rights of the Filipinos; about the sympathy felt by every right-minded man with their struggles against the oppressor; about the solemn obligations laid upon us to protect them in the enjoyment of independence.

The Democratic opposition to the retention and pacification of the Philippines is purely partisan and political. Tillman cares no more for the Filipinos than he cares for the South Carolina negroes.

The treaty with Spain by which we assumed full sovereignty over the Philippine Islands was ratified with the aid of Democratic votes under the advice of Bryan. The Supreme Court has ruled that they are American territory.

It is ridiculous now for any one to say that it is no concern of ours what becomes of them. The responsibility we have assumed in full view of the world is not to be discharged by running away at the first sign of trouble.

BRAINS AND BOUNDARIES.

When a money-bags or a nobody is elected to the United States Senate, "trained observers" always arise to point a sectional moral. Every time poor little Nevada elects a Senator, she is arrayed in contrast with the great State of New York, and cited to show cause why she should not be eliminated from the map because of the large population not found within her borders.

Ask the 10-year-old school boys in the State of New Jersey six months hence to give the names of the United States Senators from that state, and probably not one in a hundred could tell. Ask them about the Senators from Massachusetts, and it would not be surprising if 60 per cent of them could name those Senators.

And the critic, a contributor to the New York Times, volunteers the additional information that the reason why "the New England States carry weight in the United States Senate" is because "brains of a high order are an indispensable qualification to Senatorial preference in those states."

We feel a debt of personal gratitude to this critic, because this is the first time on record, so far as our diligent and painful observation goes, that animadversion of this character has been directed at any state east of the Rocky Mountains. The Senatorial legend has been that the far West is Senatorially culpable, and the East is Senatorially impeccable. Nevada is a rotten borough of California, but Delaware is not a pocket borough of New York.

There is a certain amount of truth in the fact that Nevada is small, but if Rhode Island has any geographical or numerical shortcoming, we have never heard of it.

We accept, accordingly, the amendment. Let it be understood, once for all, that New England is O. K., and the rest of the country a few chips off. Aldrich, across the path of tariff reform, must be from Nebraska; Frye, the subsidy bazaar, from Kansas; Chandler, "blatantly," from Idaho; Proctor, in the marble line of patriotism, from Colorado; Platt, resting justice to Porto Rico, the Philippines and Cuba, from Montana.

Pretextuousness is not always the sign manifest of merit. Since Roscoe Conkling left the Senate, the whole brood of New York's Murphys on one side and Platt's

on the other hand, had as much brains and nobility as Delaware once sent there in the person of Thomas P. Bayard.

"AN EARNEST LIFE."

A Cincinnati publishing house has just issued from its presses a life of that grand old man, John M. Palmer, with this suggestive title: "Personal Recollections of John M. Palmer: The Story of an Earnest Life."

General Palmer died in September, 1900, at the age of 81, but the good that he did lives after him. When he turned his back on political preferment, rather than swear to the free silver lie, he set up an example to which the youth of every age may be pointed with profit. He led a hard and serious life. He took his "time" from his father at 17, to earn an education. He made his way upward; he volunteered for the war, became a friend of Lincoln, fought bravely, served as Governor, served as Senator, and died with the love of thousands, the honor of millions and the respect of all.

The secret of this man's success and of the esteem in which he was and still is held is tersely summed up in that telling phrase of his biographer, "He lived 'an earnest life.'" Boy and man, on the tented field or in the halls of Congress, he was earnest. He wanted to know, he wanted to do. He would not content to drift aimlessly or be the creature of the spot, silver, or the hour. Without surpassing gifts or high ambitions, he gained trust and honor almost without seeking, because he was eager to learn and faithful to perform.

What is needed more in our National life today than the example of this earnest man? Are the victims of drink, or ignorance, or passion to be compared to the victims of the victims of frivolity? What, indeed, is the fundamental source of so much vice and crime but frivolity, the seed of sluggishness and supineness, of which overt offenses are only the fruits? It is the idle hands that Satan fills with mischief. It is the purposeless life that sooner or later shipwrecks upon the sands of want or the rocks of crime. Get earnestness into your boy, and distractions cannot sever him from his aim. Get earnestness into your girl, and temptations cannot win her from innocence and truth.

Countless barks upon the sea of life are drifting here and there, as fides ebb and flow and winds rise and fall, without chart of purpose or compass of resolve. They will bring up soon or late as wrecks upon the shore or sink unnoted to an unmarked grave. Only the earnest life reaches port.

THIS WOULD SETTLE IT.

It is reported from Washington that the President is trying to "settle the naval feud" upon some basis that will "stand by the department" and at the same time "satisfy" the friends of Schley. There is, indeed, a way to settle this feud, and the President is the man who might do it. Here is the way: Let the President call in the rival commanders and say to them that the purpose of the Spanish War was not to provide "opportunity" or to give retribution to anybody, but to meet a pressing National duty; that it was at most a trifling war between forces so unevenly matched as to yield little in the way of glory to anybody. Let him say further that the battle of Santiago was an encounter almost, if not entirely, destitute of heroes, since it was a case where a small and weak force stood opposed to a very large and strong force, under conditions which gave all the advantage to the latter.

And still further let him say that, from start to finish, it was, on the American side, a battle of engineers and gunners, and that the result would have been precisely the same if both Sampson and Schley had been sound asleep during the whole progress of the fight. Let him assure them that, in the view of all reasonable and many men, the hero of Santiago—if there was a hero—was neither one nor the other of them, but the brave old Spaniard who, in the face of overwhelming odds, pushed his lame feet, and as he knew it to be, either to fight the enemy or to fly from it, into the ring of fire which confronted the harbor's mouth, accepting the overwhelming hazard with a desperate but calm courage, and staking all upon the one poor chance left him. Let him say to them that the country is weary and sick of a vanity unworthy of grown-up man, which cries with beggarly insistence for "credit" and for "fame" on the basis of a fight which no stupidity could have lost and in which, in truth, neither had any controlling or really significant part.

Let him say to them finally that the world of self-respecting men, in all ways and walks of life, who do their duty as it comes to them, is coming to feel for both a sense of that kind of pity which is close kin to contempt.

STEADFAST TO A FAULT.

There is very little hope of achieving anything against the stubborn alliance of the Republicans with the protected corporations, and the dismal foreboding is due to equally stubborn Democratic conservatism.

The country wants an issue made on the useless and pernicious tariffs that enable the protected trusts to sell abroad cheaper than they do at home. And the Democratic answer to this is that the war in the Philippines is a failure and the flag must come down.

The country wants a chance to rebuke the sugar and tobacco trusts for the injustice they are forcing upon Cuba and the Philippines. The Democratic answer is that the Democratic planter of Louisiana and Virginia have some of the bog; that the war in the Philippines is a failure and the flag must come down.

The tariff ought to be reformed, the dependencies should have justice, the merchant marine should have free ships, the Republican delay with the Nicaragua Canal should be rebuked and corrected. But instead of making a fight on these things, and rallying to their support the patriotism and intelligence of the country, the Democrats elect to stand upon the proposition that the war is a failure and the flag must come down.

Never did the country wait in such suspense for a bold and enlightened party to take hold of these pressing questions and handle them in the spirit of constructive statesmanship. But it waits in vain. The Democrats continue to howl that the acquisition of the Philippines was a mistake, that the war is a failure, that the flag must come down.

They are a choice lot, these Democrats of bulging brows and overflowing thick tanks. They have been members. They remember 1854, with its "war" a failure, and 1898 and 1900. They re-

member their castigation, and they like it. No one shall beguile them from the strait and narrow path of destruction to the broad way of sense and patriotism. Ha! No, indeed. They know their business.

POETS NOT MADE FOR STATESMEN.

The review of Scudder's "Life of Lowell," in the current number of the Atlantic, is un satisfactory, because it seems to accept the view of the biographer that Lowell as a public man was of serious importance, not only as a poet, but as a political thinker and critic. In our judgment, it is his literary work alone that entitles him to permanent distinction and remembrance. His lurid poetic imagination, his hypercritical temper, his superficial knowledge of American history, and his crudity, utterly disabled him for the position of a sagacious, sound, political critic and prophet. He was, through his poetic genius, his wit and humor, a brilliant satirist, and in this sense indirectly a great force in the politics of his youth and manhood, and so, for that matter, on a lower level, and the uncultured Petroleum V. Nasby, whom we never think of seriously as a profound political thinker or critic.

Lowell wrote "The Crisis," perhaps his finest poem, a poem instinct with enthusiasm for freedom and human brotherhood. As poetry it was an eloquent and a brilliant success, and in this sense indirectly it was moonshiner. At this time Lowell spoke of Jefferson, who was saturated with French ideas, as the "first American," and threw up his hat for the French revolution of 1848 as "the triumph of the idea of the people." To the principles of the Declaration and its French ideal of human freedom in terms of human brotherhood and equality, Lowell then gave an approval quite as unqualified as Senator Hoar does today when he pleads for independence for the Philippines. Of Webster, Lowell wrote in the Anti-Slavery Standard as a great intellect, who would leave nothing behind it but a great reputation, a great force rather than a great intellect, a force working without beneficent purpose or results.

Not even Whittier, in his "Ichabod," has exceeded this severe estimate of Webster.

There was nothing peculiar in this attitude of Lowell. He simply reflected the opinions of the radical anti-slavery Whigs of his day in Massachusetts. But it certainly shows that a gifted, educated man, who could grossly depreciate the character and motives of Webster, and fail to recognize the great principle of National unity for which Webster stood, endangered by Southern absolutists and Northern abolitionists, was not a man of more than mediocre as a partisan political philosopher.

Now, when he is out of office, we begin to hear of Lowell, the mugwump, the independent, denouncing Senator Bontwell, the anti-imperialist of today, as the enemy of civil service reform, and disposed to believe that democracy was a failure in America because Ben Butler had been elected Governor and General Banks returned to Congress by a large majority.

The legislative appropriations made for the improvement of state highways in New York in the four years ending with 1901, or during the operation of the Higbie-Armstrong law, aggregate \$670,000, and the appropriation for the same year 1901, \$420,000, was almost three times that of 1898, and was more than eight times that of 1895.

In 1825 there was a strong movement made to secure appropriations from the New York Legislature for building state highways connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson River, at a cost of \$1,000,000. It was bitterly opposed by the friends of the state land system and beaten, but the result of the discussion and the defeat of this scheme for a state highway resulted in precipitating the building of the Erie Railroad.

The Tyler family tomb, in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., opened a few days ago to receive the body of the ex-President's son, Dr. Lockland Tyler, whose death occurred in New York on the 27th ult. The name Tyler is an echo of a stormy political era, long past, which succeeding events have overshadowed, and in a sense obscured. This is so true that the announcement of the death of Dr. Tyler, a worthy and useful citizen, gave to the general public the first intimation that it had received in years that the life of any member of President Tyler's immediate family had extended to the present time.

So utterly do the events of today absorb those of yesterday, and relegate to a distance honored names that once filled the air with clamor!

Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, shows by analysis of church accessions for the year ending March 31, 1901, that, of the 7516 churches carried on the denominational roll, 2141 went through the entire year without a solitary addition to their membership by confession of faith. Of the remaining 5375 churches, 2590, or almost one-half, reported five or less additions each. The 2599 embrace the large body of ordinary and typical churches, outside of favorable conditions and of leadership quality. Of the 2776 churches receiving five or more, 1171 received 10 or less, leaving only 1605 that reported over 10 accessions during the whole year.

Your registration of two years ago is useless for this year. You can't vote this year unless you register this year, and you can't vote in the primaries, which is the actual election, unless you register before the primaries are held. Within the next 60 days everybody who is to participate in politics this year must be registered; and since there will be a press and crush toward the end, you would better register now.

A paragraph in The Oregonian the other day referred to the State of Washington as needing a law providing for execution of murderers at the penitentiary. Washington already has such a law. The recent executions in the state have been of criminals convicted before the new law went into effect.

FOURTH STREET FOR EXAMPLE.

Current discussion of the projected Fourth-street improvement very plainly exhibits the faults—or at least one of the faults—of a street system which puts a large measure of authority in the hands of the owners of abutting property. Nobody will pretend that the men who own the lots abutting upon Fourth street have any special knowledge of the science or practice of street making, which entitles them to determine between the several kinds of pavement. Their privilege in the matter rests upon the fact—and an important fact it is—that they are to be required to pay the bills. Under this system it is fair that they be consulted about the improvement and especially on the point of its cost; but it is a case in which the necessity of being fair to the property holder involves us in all manner of annoyances and mischiefs. It involves us in proceedings to defeat the work; in unseemly controversies about ways of doing it; in the postponement of business enterprises dependent upon better street conditions—in delay following upon delay, and in the possibility of probability of getting in the end a kind of improvement neither economical nor permanent.

There seems to be the Oregonian no question as to the source of all this mischief. It is nothing less than the assumption that the public streets of the city—the avenues of our traffic, the very arteries of our community life—are chiefly matters of private concern. The conception of the public street as being of universal relationship and importance, a thing upon which the largest interests of the municipality and of its citizens depend, and, therefore, as a thing in which the public interest and authority ought to be carefully safeguarded, appears to have made no appeal to the intelligence of those who have from time to time in the past made our several city charters.

The interest of the municipality finds in our present mode of doing such recognition as is involved in the authority given to the City Council to "initiate" works of street improvement limited by conditions which practically nullify the initiative power and by referring the matter of any given work to those who have a direct interest in its defeat or postponement.

The motive for improving Fourth street is not more to provide a convenient avenue for the people who live and do business in Fourth street than for all the other people in Portland. In the very truest and largest sense Fourth street—and every other street—is for the use and convenience of the whole city and this being so it is the business of the whole city to create and maintain it, with only such special assessment upon the property abutting upon the street improved as may be adjudged due in compensation for special advantages accruing through such improvements.

But we have got to deal with the matter of street development under the law as it is, rather than under the law as it might be or ought to be. We have got to huddle along under a bad system; but we would better make the best than the worst of it. And here comes in the value of a fixed public opinion and of an aroused and determined public will. One who has taken great interest in the agitation for better streets has said that nothing can withstand the will of the people of Portland; and while this is not strictly true, as we have long seen, it is still measurably true. An aroused public opinion can without doubt do much toward giving us better streets. It can stir public officials to their duty and make them firm to resist the pressure of obstructive interests.

It can create a feeling in the community which will discredit every property holder who seeks to get out of the obligations which the law—right or wrong—imposes upon him. If the general feeling in this important matter can be stirred to assert itself and keep on asserting itself for awhile we shall get fairly good streets even under our very imperfect system.

SKILLED LABOR AND THE TRUST.

Wrong as its methods often are, it is still true that organized labor affords to the country the best defense it has against the greed and inhumanity of the great industrial trusts. All the forces which take their cue from capital—including most things dependent upon politics—go to uphold and fortify the combinations as against the people. Only the force represented by organized labor gives us signs of competition. The spirit of the trust is one of enmity to labor and the instinct of the workman has not failed to grasp this truth. The interest of labor lies not in monopoly with its arbitrary rules, its aggressive exactions and its blacklists. On the other hand the interest of labor lies with the system of open competition with its rivalries between employers and with its multiplied opportunities for the man of brain and skill.

The great industrial trusts are afraid of the labor element in their projects, and well they may be, for the labor element fully comprehends the conditions calculated to maintain just relations for itself. The experience of the steel trust within the relatively short period of its existence abundantly demonstrates this truth. It is with utmost difficulty that the trust can keep up the organizations essential to its operations, for the disposition of the men everywhere is to abandon its service and to join the independent and competing establishments. The National Labor Tribune, commenting on this movement, says:

There are various reasons for the preference the skilled workers, most of them members of the Amalgamated Association, are thus showing for the mills of the concerns outside the trust. One is that in the independent mills they are not liable to the grinding exactions of mill superintendents who know that their cost sheets will be compared with the sheets of other superintendents in the same employ. Another reason is that the independent mills have, on the whole, exhibited a more cordial attitude toward the workers' organization. Whether the shrewd business men in control of the trust will allow the exodus to go much further without exerting themselves to turn it back may be questioned.

The independent mills have certainly not been getting the worst of it so far as the problem of skilled labor supply is concerned. It is a "well-defined and formidable movement, which must quietly be having its effect on the character of the product, and which we would respect-fully suggest to trust managers that they will sooner or later have to do something to stop and counteract."

WIRELESS EXPANSION.

When Marconi first announced he had signaled across the Atlantic, scoffers raised their voices on every side. But now they know better. Everybody realizes that Marconi has made one of the grandest discoveries of the age. Nothing electrifies the imagination more than wireless telegraphy. The phenomenon of thought darting across the ether—real waves of space puts us into wireless connection with fairyland. But as the fairland of yesterday is the actual land of today, so may the dreamland of tomorrow be the actual land of the day after. The electric signal has sprung across an ocean 200 miles wide. And this distance is but as a hand-breadth for the electric impulse.

A kite on the one side of a great ocean, a high pole on the other, thought darting between—here we have the suggestion of an entire re-creation of terrestrial means of communication. No part of the earth's surface is so sequestered that the electric impulse will not find it through the wireless medium. Cathay was once as far away as Mars. May not wireless telegraphy bring it as close as our neighbors behind the next hill?

Yet Marconi is not the creator of this idea. It has been formed piecemeal, as it were, by the many suggestions that have come to his predecessors. The history of these suggestions also ramifies in a thousand directions. Marconi's genius consists in his power to avail himself of what has been thought out for him. He has grouped the discoveries of many illustrious scientists and built upon them another great discovery. Morse, for example, was as essential an ancestor of Marconi's discovery as somebody else was the grandfather of Marconi's personality. Marconi has the modesty of genius to admit this. He is fully aware of his great triumph, yet does not appropriate all the glory.

I desire to say in this presence that I have built very greatly on the work of my predecessors, and I wish to mention Maxwell, Lord Kelvin, Professor Henry, Professor Hertz and Professor A. G. Bell.

Marconi spoke of these men as representative ones. If he had gone further into the pedigree of his genius he would have mentioned not only Bell, but also Morse; not only Professor Hertz, but also Professor Lodge, of Liverpool, who did his own well, but also Professor Brany, his countryman, who devised his sending instrument, or oscillator, Maxwell suspected electric waves as early as 1847. Hertz discovered them in 1887. But neither ever imagined they could be turned into vehicles of thought. Professor Brany, of Paris, first conceived this when he invented the "coherer," the core of the Marconi system. But it remained for Professor Lodge to turn the invention to service by contriving the detector, a little device which makes it possible for the system to receive successive signal waves. Professor Lodge devised also the "tuning" arrangement, by which messages may be transmitted with as complete secrecy as by the marine cable. This was the link, next to the last, in the invention of the wireless telegraph. By it wireless telegraphy is rendered practicable. The last link is supplied by Marconi. The chain is not all his own, but the final link, which makes the whole belong to him. May his predecessors call him "the upstart crew" he gloried by our feathers. Yes, to be sure, for in the same way they got their plumage.

Marconi has done what every man, even not an inventor, does every day. Each man's body is vitalized by the forces of the past; his mind is vitalized by wisdom gone before him.

Wireless telegraphy has greatly stimulated speculation as to the quality and nature of ether. Without ether, transmission of any force is regarded impossible. Ether is supposed to be an imponderable fluid, which fills all space, and in which all matter and the atoms and molecules of matter, are suspended. Whatever this unnamable something may be, it imparts its motion in it by means of vibrations. Vibrations of a certain number manifest themselves in electricity, of another number in light and of another number in heat. And the imponderability of ether is of such nature as to be altogether inconceivable. Ether is taken to be the real transmitter of an electric impulse. We speak of a copper wire, but the particles of copper are supposed to be particles of matter of the densest substance. Therefore, as ether is everywhere, electric waves can be transmitted through every substance, be it air, water or copper. Just as they are presumed to find their way through what we call empty space.

Another interesting speculation in regard to transmission of impulses through ether, is whether the vibrations follow a straight or a curved line. Electricity is supposed to take the shortest distance between two points, which is thought to be a straight line. This, however, is raised to a new question. From a metaphysical view is there such a thing as a straight line? It is an axiom of geometry that two parallel lines, extended indefinitely will never meet. But on the earth there are no straight lines, and besides, if there were it is impossible to see their limited extent, ever they make an angle. What seems straight to us, may only appear so because of imperfect vision. Again, is the straight line anything but a circle? Imagine a circle infinitely enlarged, and it becomes a straight line. Imagine a circle infinitely compressed, and it becomes a point. And yet we are taught that two parallels cannot be drawn through the same point. Perhaps, also, a straight line is really a curve, that if infinitely lengthened would have no end, but simply double upon itself. If this is so, can any line be "straight" according to our conception of this word?

It was supposed at first that the convexity of the earth would be an obstacle to wireless telegraphy. But since, in the universe, a circle may not be less straight than a straight line, and therefore the line of the earth's rotundity may not differ from a straight line, perhaps wire-telegraphs, ever they make an angle, that will reconstruct our geometrical notions. In an infinite universe it is impossible to conceive of one line longer than another, or of one circle larger than another or of any line straighter than a curve.

When science began to grow, this earth was a very big earth. Means of communication have been steadily reducing its girth. Now wireless telegraphy has contracted the zone of the earth still more. According to the assurances we receive about wireless telegraphy, soon no point on the earth's surface will be more distant than the nearest. The English Channel was once wider than the Atlantic Ocean. The community of the world is widening its diameter. Will it some day have the diameter of the planet?

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Continued in Our Next.

The brave and gallant officer is hanging by his teeth Upon a precipice yawns, down and down, beneath. The Indian looms far out above and clasps a keen-eyed knife. If he should catch that rope our friend would lose his grip on life. Look! Look! He parts a single strand, the officer still clings. But if he dared take off his teeth he'd say unpleasant things. Ah! the wind comes up, and see! the rope begins to creak; But now the chapter's done, and we may read the rest next week.

The lovely office boy has sought his stern employer out. Upon his face we see a look of pain and doubt; We gather from his attitude that he has been-ly planned. To seek the swelling gentleman for his young daughter's hand. The naught is a trying one, if he succeed or fail. Determined quite conclusively the outcome of the tale. The girl is hidden in the hall, half hopeful, half-perplexed. The boy says, "I'd like to have" (Continued in our next).

The poor but lovely heroine, whose life is misery Has lasted sixteen years and been a thing most sad to see. In waiting at her lawyer's, with a patient face, until Some news shall be afforded her of her late uncle's will. The money rightfully is hers, but if she's come too late She must, perhaps, continue to await the same old fate. The lawyer steps in through the door; his countenance is vexed. He says, "My dear young friend, this will" (Continued in our next).

Franklin on Wireless Telegraphy. Benjamin Franklin leaned pensively on the shelving shore and tossed bits of brimstone into the Styx. "Wireless telegraphy," he observed, "and they say it is a modern invention. Rot!" He sent a flat stone hurtling out over the wavelets, and it skipped eight times before it finally plunged beneath the surface. "Rot," he continued, "Rot! Were there any wires about my knees? Didn't I telegraph to the skies without the aid or consent of any wire trust on earth? These fellows are always claiming originality for what they do. And again he heaved a chunk of brimstone viciously at the un-offending waves.

"But, after all," he added thoughtfully, "I don't know as I have any right to thank God that I am not as modern men. My predecessors gave me a good deal of assistance with my original sayings in Poor Richard's Almanac." And rising with a grunt he dusted off his long-stuffed coat, lighted his pipe on the atmosphere, and trudged puffing up the bank.

A Speechless "Tom Show." (Salem, Feb. 1.—The inmates of the State Deaf and Dumb School are going to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—News dispatch.) Hurrah for the voiceless actors. Success to the great old play. That they'll present in an innocent and a well-timed manner. Three cheers for a cryless Eva. And a cusswordless Lettie. And a Maries without a nasal about will be worth while to see.

Hate off to the barless bloodhound That will silently course along. And the Topsy shy whose hands will fly While straggling a ragtime song. But think of the fair Lisa, Who trips across the floor; What a grief 'twould be to her that she Can't shriek "Hell!" once or twice!

With broken, faltering fingers, They'll gather round Eva's bed, And as they pray St. Clair will say Sign-language words for "Dead." And the laughing Miss Ophelia, Will motion her path to all. But for all her grief, it will be a relief To escape her New England drudgery.

But what of the saintly name part, Where white eyeballs will roll As he tries to say in the finger way, "Do good for the poor man's soul!" And how will the Topsy, Who'll motion her path to all, Be for all her grief, it will be a relief To escape her New England drudgery.

Concerning Clams. As the burning question as to what is the proper food in the public mind just now we have taken the liberty to consult various well-known authorities on the subject. Their opinions are appended. Clams should never be allowed to eat shell nuts, as they are very susceptible to appendicitis. E. L. C.

The average clam will thrive on ham and eggs, but prefers mince pie, which should only be fed in moderate doses during the moulting season. CHEF.

The left lower jaw of a clam is easily fractured by bony fish, such as shad. A mixed diet of buckwheat cakes and patty de fol gras is the best. L. L. H.

It depends on the clam. A healthy clam requires a course dinner every evening, and a light luncheon of pork sausage and steamed tripe before retiring. Never give them coffee. Coffee affects the nerves of one clam out of three. HEALTH.

I feed my clams on Bisque of shark when it is at hand. When none is in the market I give them strawberry ice, and an occasional hot scotch as a shell opener. PHYSICIAN.

Don't feed a clam anything. A clam's business is to be eaten, not to eat. EPICURUS.

The Tenacity of Habit. It beats the world how early In a youngster's life you'll see The hand of fate a pointer In what he's got to be. Now that there boy of Joneses, I bed down on my farm— 'Twas always plain he wouldn't Do real hard work no harm. He want no good for plowin' Nor nuthin' else like that. Nor half the time you couldn't find out where he was at. An' all in this creation He really liked to do. Was 'nother through the pasture 'Twas 'nother through the pasture. A drivin' down the cattle With a blackmake an' a rock To the trough below the winnill. Where 'nother watered all the stock. He lit out for the city. Just about ten year ago, He says 'I need surroundin' Whose I'll have a chance to grow.' He got a job a workin' As an office boy somewhere, He 'nother Wall-street millionaire, An' Simkins, who has seen him, Says he ain't changed a bit. He got the same old habits An' 'nother workin' of 'em yet. Although he's got an 'em. In a great big New York block, He's 'nother occupation that they will sooner or later have to do something to stop and counteract."

When science began to grow, this earth was a very big earth. Means of communication have been steadily reducing its girth. Now wireless telegraphy has contracted the zone of the earth still more. According to the assurances we receive about wireless telegraphy, soon no point on the earth's surface will be more distant than the nearest. The English Channel was once wider than the Atlantic Ocean. The community of the world is widening its diameter. Will it some day have the diameter of the planet?

There are various reasons for the preference the skilled workers, most of them members of the Amalgamated Association, are thus showing for the mills of the concerns outside the trust. One is that in the independent mills they are not liable to the grinding exactions of mill superintendents who know that their cost sheets will be compared with the sheets of other superintendents in the same employ. Another reason is that the independent mills have, on the whole, exhibited a more cordial attitude toward the workers' organization. Whether the shrewd business men in control of the trust will allow the exodus to go much further without exerting themselves to turn it back may be questioned.

The independent mills have certainly not been getting the worst of it so far as the problem of skilled labor supply is concerned. It is a "well-defined and formidable movement, which must quietly be having its effect on the character of the product, and which we would respectfully suggest to trust managers that they will sooner or later have to do something to stop and counteract."

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Continued in Our Next.

The brave and gallant officer is hanging by his teeth Upon a precipice yawns, down and down, beneath. The Indian looms far out above and clasps a keen-eyed knife. If he should catch that rope our friend would lose his grip on life. Look! Look! He parts a single strand, the officer still clings. But if he dared take off his teeth he'd say unpleasant things. Ah! the wind comes up, and see! the rope begins to creak; But now the chapter's done, and we may read the rest next week.

The lovely office boy has sought his stern employer out. Upon his face we see a look of pain and doubt; We gather from his attitude that he has been-ly planned. To seek the swelling gentleman for his young daughter's hand. The naught is a trying one, if he succeed or fail. Determined quite conclusively the outcome of the tale. The girl is hidden in the hall, half hopeful, half-perplexed. The boy says, "I'd like to have" (Continued in our next).

The poor but lovely heroine, whose life