IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A ROUND-UP OF INDIANA AUTHORS FURNISHES MATERIAL FOR GENTLE SATIRE.

Two weeks ago an entertainment was given at the leading theater of Indianapolis for the benefit of the Benjamin Harrison monument fund. The entertainers were Hoosier-born writers of poetry, fiction and fables, who gave readings from their own productions. James Whitcomb Riley was easily the star of the occasion, so far as performance was concerned, and the net financial results more than satisfactory. The New York Sun used the entertainment as a peg on which to hang this gentle satire:

Indiana plumes herself upon the richness of her contemporary literature and the riches of many of the writers who make it. The Indiana authors ought to do well, for no other state makes so much of authors, so hymns and celebrates them and blows their horn and hers. Massachusetts, at least Eastern Massachusetts, used to love her poets and philosophers and lives, in part, upon their memory now, but she never boomed and boosted them as Indiana boosts and booms hers. And at present the Massachusetts crop of authors is not surprising. Indiana believes she is the center of American literature or mighty near the center. Perhaps she would call Indianapolis the exact mathematical center, although Mr. James Byron Elmore, the Sassafras Singer, happens to live at Alamo.

The wealth of the Indiana literary collection is now generally known and admitted. The entertainment given at the Opera-House in Indianapolis Saturday night for the benefit of the Harrison memorial fund illustrates the literary resources of the state. Eight American authors appeared: General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Charles Major, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, the Chicago Aesop; Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, George Barr McCutcheon and Meredith Nicholson, an Indianapolitan poet.

Anybody that chooses may show his superiority by sneering at all or any of these writers and saying that they have not built a monument more lasting than bronze and asking where their works will be twenty, a hundred years hence. Anybody can make himself a god to the extent of taking upon himself to refuse or grant literary immortality. Let these Hoosiers be as ephemeral as their detractors wish, or immortal as, no doubt, they want to be. That is none of our business. All we have to do in Indianapolis is to ask if it and the Indiana authors don't make a brave show of present literary distinction and success. Can any other city or state do better? Why are the Indiana men and women so fortunate with the pen? It is becoming a custom for authors to visit Indianapolis, not only for the purpose of seeing the local literary deities and shrines, but also, perhaps, in the hope of mastering the Indiana secret of finding the recipe, if there is one, for fame with a dropsical bank account. Indiana smiles with a pardonable air of triumph, but the secret and the recipe are not yet disclosed.

Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic.

In "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Henry Austin Clapp, who has been recognized for many years as the leading exponent in New England of honest and discriminating criticism of the drama, reviews the chief features of the stage of the past quarter of a century, commenting succinctly and vividly upon the art of the greatest actors of the period, the quality of modern literature, and the promise of the American theater of the future. Incidentally, the fairy plays and melodramas of the old regime, the reign of T. W. Robertson, the Boston Museum of the elder day, the peculiarities and possibilities of the histrionic profession and the value of a possible privately-endowed theater are discussed. Of the players considered, William Warren, Charlotte Cushman, the elder Sothern, Charles Matthews, Charles Fechter, Edwin Booth, Tommaso Salvini, Signora Piamonti and Adelaide Neilson are the salient figures upon Mr. Clapp's glowing canvass. But he has a very interesting chapter on Henry Irving, which will interest the average reader quite as much as his clear estimate of the greater actors who preceded Irving. After full review of Sir Henry's several impersonations Mr. Clapp says:

My conclusions then are these: that Mr. Irving's art would be much more effectual than it is if "to do" were one-half "as easy" with him as his knowledge of "what were good to do" is clear; that if abundance, brilliancy, clearness and refinement of thought, artistic insight, definiteness of purpose, sincerity of feeling, and intensity of devotion were all that is needed in a player, he would be easily first among the actors of our time; that, since the highest end in acting is not to refresh and stimulate the mind, to refine and gratify the taste or to charm the fancy, but strongly to move the spirit and profoundly to stir the heart, his claim to a place among the greatest masters of his craft is not as yet made out. After all is said, I find there is a certain charm in his performance which has not been accounted for, which defies analysis, and refuses even to be described, but which is strangely potent upon the imagination of the spectator.

Sir Walter Scott's Own Love-Story.

In his paper on "Walter Scott's Land," in Harper's for June, William Sharp tells how the great novelist met his first and only love:

"It was at the stage, when 'the queerness and the fun' of the bygone time and the present hour were with him more than any other conscious compelling influence," Mr. Sharp says, "that, one day in his 25th year, with his friend, Adam Fergusson, he went for a ride 'by Gilsland moors,' over by Naworth, perhaps, or by Lannercost Priory, above the vale of Lannercost, or by the fragmentary ruins of Triermain Castle, where Sir Roland De Veaux lived and dreamed, as afterward so musically set forth in 'The Bridal,' or by Burdoswald Farm and the ruins of the great wall of Severus and the Roman camp. Perhaps the young poet's heart was longing for love; at any rate it was at Gilsland, and before he met Miss Carpenter, that he gave 'to a lady,' along with some wild flowers gathered on the fragments of Severus's wall, these two all-but-forgotten fugitive quatrains:

Take these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.
Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
But they yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.
Past all of time and space;

In any case, it was on high ground near Gilsland that, one August day in 1797, Scott and Adam Fergusson were riding when both young men were charmed by the apparition of a beautiful young girl, also on horseback. So much impressed, indeed, was the young poet-advocate that he kept the fair horsewoman in view till the divided cavalcade entered Gilsland, and he saw where the lady lived. Whoever wants to know more of the picturesque details, where fancy only slightly colors fact, may turn to the romance of Frank Osbaldistone and Diana Vernon, as set forth in 'Rob Roy.' Well, there was waiting and wooing and ultimately pledging by the Lovers' Stone in the romantic glen of Gilsland Water; and by Christmas the young couple were married, and Walter Scott returned to Edinburgh with much never-to-be-forgotten material for poem and tale, and a bride to give color and zest to all he should do with these."

"Tons of Treasure."

William Henry Bishop has written a romance whose action takes place in Mexico. When one man is loved by two women, as happens in "Tons of Treasure," the result is bound to be embarrassing for one of the three. In this instance the man is eminently lovable and a hero to boot, so what wonder that two susceptible maidens should lose their hearts? Walter Arrojo starts out in life handicapped by a father's defalcations. He is clear grit, however, and determines to pay every cent laid to the charge of his parent. In romantic Mexico he begins a search for buried treasure, a search that consumers many long months and brings him through countless adventures. But in the end he succeeds, and the stain on his name is forever removed. In his quest he meets a girl from New York, who is visiting in Mexico, and he loves at first sight. But anon comes Donna Beatriz and finds in Walter her ideal. Then comes trouble. She can lead him to a treasure vault if he will say the word. uBt Walter feels that in such circumstances he must share the wealth with her, and since he does not love her as he does the pretty New Yorker, he turns his back on the temptation and goes alone on his journey. It is a very human story, with plenty of light and shade. (Street & Smith, New York.)

Honor for an American Writer.

The Rochambeau visitors departed from New York, leaving Hallie Erminie Rives, the novelist, to enjoy the distinction of being the only American whom the Comtesse de Rochambeau, the affable and kindly feminine head of the delegation of honor, has interlained "en famille." She sent a special invitation to Miss Rives and received her in her own private suite at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The story of Rochambeau's coming with his fleet to the aid of Washington and the part which French diplomacy and money played in the successful outcome of the American Revolution, forms the core and motive of Miss Rives' novel, "Hearts Courageous," and it was a reading of this that impelled Mme. Rochambeau to send one of her husband's suite to ask a call from the young Southern authoress.

The Comtesse will carry with her a copy of the novel, autographed, which she will convey to President Loubet of France.

Miss Rives has accepted an invitation from the Comtesse to visit her in her home in Paris.

Literary Notes.

During the first 30 business days since publication, Emerson Hough's novel, "The Mississippi Bubble," has been sold and delivered to book dealers at the rate of 1000 copies a day; and at the end of the fifth week the publishers find that they are still far behind in supplying the demand for the book.

Harper & Brothers will publish this month in very attractive form, a new and revised edition of the book of stories that first made Robert W. Chambers famous. This volume, entitled "The King in Yellow," was published some years ago, and, as the work of a then unknown author, was received with surprised approval. The stories are romantic and mysterious in tone, suggesting the manner of Poe and de Maupassant in more than one instance. They deal with artistic and other picturesque phases of life in Paris and New York.

The editor of the London Times, Mr. Moberly Bell, has written to Mrs. Eustis about her novel, "Marion Manning," as follows: "I will say that, for the first book, it is wonderful, and I put it among the 20 best novels of the last 20 years. . . I got it at 5 P. M., read it through by 3 A. M. . . . The whole portrayal of your heroine is excellent." It has been reported that Mrs. Eustis has returned to America, and is visiting at the home of her father, Hon. Levi P. Morton. This is incorrect, as Mrs. Eustis is still in London.

Hamlin Garland is camping in Illinois, in a picturesque region known as "Eagle's Nest," so named by Margaret Fuller many years ago. The camp is on a high bluff on the Rock River, just north of the town of Oregon, and is a favorite retreat for artists. Mr. Garland's new book, "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop," is winning its way to wide popularity. It will be published by Grant Richards in England next September.

When Robert Shackleton's typewriter was copying his manuscript of "Many Waters," she passed chapter after chapter with the usual professional indifference until toward the end of the book she thought she saw trouble ahead for Shotterly. Then one morning she said to Mr. Shackleton, in a most earnest way, and with evident feeling, "I hope you will excuse my saying this, Mr. Shackleton, but please don't let anything happen to Mr. Shotterly, if you can help it; please don't let any harm come to him."

Rudyard Kipling, Sir Charles Dilke, and Frank Bullen are among the contributors of a volume designed fittingly to commemorate the coronation Naval review. The first named has for several years been regarded as the poet of the Navy. Sir Charles has written much about modern sea fighters from a scientific point of view, while Mr. Bullen may fittingly be called the Boswell of the men before the mast.

BEFOGGED

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN TWIGGLE'S REVENGE, BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

This good sea yarn is from the pen of John Fleming Wilson, son of Dr. J. K. Wilson, principal of the Portland Academy. It was published in the San Francisco Argonaut of June 8.

THE little steamer Pudsey Dawson tumbled irresponsibly upon the heavy rollers off the Farallones. She had trundled down the coast from Coos Bay, and now, in a dense white fog, she was waiting for the weather to clear enough to show the Heads.

"We're pretty well out," said Captain Twizzle, "but it's better to be way out than way in."

"Strikes me," said his mate, "that we're a leetle too far out. Some blame liner 'ull poke her nose in here and scoff us."

"Nonsense," responded the skipper, sharply; "if I can't get in, there's not a man on the Pacific that can."

"I dunno," continued the mate; "like as not the Emperor will slosh through. She's due. And Cap'n Van Olinda, since he got his big ship, isn't paying much respect to weather. And he is a good man."

Captain Twizzle puffed out his chest under the blue jacket, bedewed with fog, and sniffed. "Oh, yes! he's a good man. But let me tell you, young fellow, that I don't reckon Van Olinda's any smarter than I am."

The mate pondered sluggishly. His effort to think was agreeably put an end to, and he pulled the whistle rope. A hoarse, booming bellow rose into the air, and the fog seemed fairly to curdle. "I take it there's a craft off there to windward," he suggested.

"All right, all right," said his superior, gruffly. "I guess that whistle will let 'em know we're around."

"I reckon it will," said the other; "what in blazes did ye put a big trumpet like that on this dinky boat for? Its sacramentally (he meant sacrilegiously) indecent."

"Reasons plenty," returned Twizzle. "Now, I'd like you to reconnize, young chap, that when I do things there's reason behind 'em. Van Olinda, if he is master of a big steam plunger, isn't always able to give a good and sufficient reason for what he does. I've taught him things myself."

The mate sidled over respectfully. To hear Cap'n Twizzle, of the Pudsey Dawson, speak familiarly, nay, contemptuously, of Captain Van Olinda, who ruled the immense Emperor, and always wore a magnificent uniform with tails to the coat of it, was a near approach to glory. "Taught him things?" he repeated, in an insinuating tone, as though the story must be delectable.

"Yes. And I'll teach him more!" roared Twizzle, quite infuriated with the memory of his last meeting with the haughty aristocrat of the Emperor.

"What's he done?" asked the mate, bluntly.

"Done! Why, his head's turned. I can recollect when he was skipper of the San Anton', the laughing-stock of the Coast. And he actually told me, the last time I saw him, that I ought to live ashore. Said I had no chance of reaching his high position. Said I was getting too old to learn. But, by Jiminy Cripps, I'll teach him something before very long. I'll just make old Van get up on his hind legs and toddle."

There was a sudden shriek from a steam siren in the invisible, and master and mate peered out into the fog ahead.

"That must be the Emperor," said the mate.

Captain Twizzle pulled his sou'wester over his eyes and cursed gently. "Well," he said finally, "if it is, Cap'n Van don't make port tonight. He'll just have to stand being a day late, and I hope the owners will fix him for it, too."

"He's evidently headed right in now," answered the mate.

Twizzle turned half around and eyed his subordinate. "Young fellow, I'll teach both you and Van something. Go down and tell the engineer to open his dampers. We are going to cruise around a bit. Tell him we want a lot of steam for the whistle."

The mate left the bridge to execute his command, and the skipper looked over his craft. "She's small, and set low, and no masts to speak of. He wan't see me, but I'll see him."

He didn't exactly see the Emperor with his eyes, but all his sea-bred senses told him that the big liner was fussing around a quarter of a mile ahead.

The Pudsey Dawson swung around under her master's hand, and headed for the invisible craft. The fog was denser and wetter than before.

Suddenly there was a sound as of a bulky cow in tall grass, and Twizzle pulled the whistle-cord. Again there issued that horrible, unearthly roar. The captain of the Pudsey Dawson put his wheel over a little and edged toward the still invisible Emperor. They could now hear (the mate had again joined him) the thumping thresh of a propeller. The disproportionate trumpet of the coaster again rumbled forth, and its rolling bellow shook the fog as though it were jelly. When the last mutter had died away, Twizzle and his mate listened intensely. There was silence.

"That's lesson number one," said Twizzle; "we've stopped him. If we whistled again, by Jiminy Cripps, I believe Van would reverse."

"What's up? What's your game, sir?" asked the mate.

Captain Twizzle cast a glimmering eye over the muffled water, and gave his orders curtly. "Keep that blasted, silver-plated Emperor always in hearing. Whenever you see a good chance, run close and toot that whistle you were criticising a bit ago. See?"

The young mate "saw" enthusiastically. "I savvy, sir. We won't give her room to turn around in. Cap'n Van Olinda will suppose that there's about five deep-water freighters knocking around here, and he'll sweat for his craft. If, yes! I think I see."

Never was there such a night on the pampered Emperor. Now from one side, now from the other, and apparently always imminent, came the hideous, overpowering thunder of the whistle of the Pudsey Dawson. Captain Van Olinda himself stood on the bridge of his favorite command, and around him clustered the officers of both watches.

"Sounds like a Kosmos boat," suggested his brass-bound mate.

"More likely it's a darned Maru, hunting around here at full speed for a hole in the wall we term the Golden Gate. By gummy, I wish I knew how many of them there were. Blow that whistle, there, quartermaster!"

Then the shrill siren of the Emperor sang haughtily. The answer from right abreast whitened the faces of the men on the liner's bridge. "Good Lord!" groaned Van Olinda, "it's a man-o'-war, and probably a kid on watch. If she hits us it's good-bye!"

"Funny we never catch sight of her," remarked another.

Captain Van Olinda burst out into a prayer, and its burden was that he might not see her.

Finally, as morning broke and the fog showed signs of lifting, Samuel Twizzle rested from his labors. "I'll bet you," he confided to his mate, "there are 10 pages in the Emperor's book telling of the marvelous escapes from being run down by a fleet of cruisers. Van will take credit to himself, and the papers will be full of it."

The mate's imagination was fired, and he added to the sweet picture. "Yes, and there'll be testimonials from passengers and silver plate with figures on it."

The face of the master of the Pudsey Dawson clouded. "I never thought of that," he responded, "but he'll never dare show it more than once. I'll fix him."

When the fog finally lifted the Emperor found herself 10 miles out of her course. The sea was absolutely clear, and, apart from the pilot schooner, not a craft was in sight, except that with the glass Captain Van Olinda discerned a small coaster just entering the Gate.

He turned to his officers with a blank look, and the mates, cross after a whole night up, stared blankly back at him. The mystery of the fog was deepening.

But that afternoon, as the Emperor was steaming up from quarantine, the Pudsey Dawson ran slowly by. Her master, Samuel Twizzle, hailed the stately captain of the liner, but Captain Van Olinda seemed very busy talking to the pilot. Twizzle stared at the decks crowded with passengers, took another look at the genteel figure on the flying bridge of the Emperor, and pulled the whistle-rope sharply. When the crashing rumble had died away he twiddled his fingers at the raging master of the liner and was satisfied, for he saw that Captain Van Olinda understood.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

Calling Card Etiquette.

Let us suppose that a married woman is making a formal call and is told at the door that the hostess is at home.

It is then proper for her to give her card to the servant, and as she passes in she may leave two of her husband's cards on the hall table, one for the hostess and one for the husband.

The custom is generally understood, as married men do not make visits, but leave those social duties to their wives.

If there are other ladies in the family it is polite to inquire for each, in a formal visit, and to send up one's card.

A woman does not leave her husband's cards for young girls, but, if the hostess has a married daughter and a son-in-law living with her, cards should be left according to the prescribed rule. It is not necessary to leave one's husband's cards in future calls during the year, unless he has been the recipient of invitations, which are thus to be acknowledged.

When attending a reception one leaves cards on the hall table as a reminder to the hostess that one has been present.

This counts as a visit, and the hostess is then the debtor, yet she has the privilege of not calling except after receiving invitations. If one cannot go to a reception, cards should be inclosed in a small envelope and sent by mail on that day.

It is not proper to write regrets or acceptances on cards, and it is neither courteous nor correct to write words of thanks for a gift on a card. A note must be written under such circumstances.

A personal visit is made after an invitation to a luncheon, dinner or evening party. After an invitation to a church wedding, or on receipt of a marriage announcement, cards are sent to those in whose name the invitation or announcement was issued, and a call should be made on the bride within a year, at least, or cards sent to bride and bridegroom.

When a guest is staying with a friend it is polite to call. When calling on a friend who is visiting those whom one may not know, it is correct to leave a card for the hostess.

When a friend has returned after a long absence one should call to welcome her home.

When illness or sorrow has come into a family it is kind to call, either to inquire, in the first instance, or to leave cards.

WIVES OF WRITERS.

They Have Helped Their Husbands to Fame in Many Ways.

Baltimore Sun.

Robert Burns, the poet, divided the scale of good wifeship into ten parts: Good nature, four; good sense, two; wit, one; personal charms, one. The remaining two degrees covered fortune, education, family, blood, etc.

The prudent wife, says the Boston Herald, is much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance whose sole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

There are comparatively few men of note in the literary world who do not ungrudgingly pay a high tribute to the helpfulness of their wives.

When Sir Edwin Arnold was robbed of his life's savings by his son, and became blind and feeble, the only sharer of his burdens, the uncomplaining and constant attendant, was a little, black-haired, black-eyed, dark-skinned Japanese woman, who, by virtue of the magic which Japanese people attach to drinking a cup of tea together, was his wife.

Charles Kingsley once wrote to his wife: "People talk of love ending at the altar. Fools! I sit at the window all morning thinking of nothing but home. I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life."

On one occasion, when a friend who was dining at the rectory was speaking in high praise of his latest work, Kingsley said: "Please do not say that to me. I am only the hand; there (pointing to his wife), is my inspiration."

There has seldom been a more ideally happy married life than that of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, whose joint existence was a poem of the rarest beauty. For her sake Browning lived a good and useful life; her weakly constituted body being the means of his omnipresent desire to prolong its life. To quote Browning's feelings for his wife the following is sufficient: "She is the most precious gift life has given me."

Keble's wife was almost as delicate as Mrs. Browning, and equally was her husband's strength. He looked to her as an oracle, and she not only was the inspiration of his life, but, in his own words, "his conscience, his memory and his common sense."

Kipling's wife is the business head of the fiction foundry. It is she to whom he goes with publishers' offers and his half-formed plans, and her decision in all matters of business is carried out to the letter by her husband, who knows her judgment to be infallible, and, therefore, has the greatest confidence in her.

When on a visit to Vermont Kipling was once heard to say to his wife in a pitiful little way: "Carrie, all my tobacco seems to be gone." Mrs. Kipling felt for her pocket, and drawing out a little purse, she said: "How much do you want, Ruddy, dear?" "I guess a quarter will be enough, Carrie," Kipling replied. She gave him the quarter and he went away as happy as a clam at high water to buy another package of tobacco. He is never known to have any money about him. Carrie is his cashier.

Jules Lemaitre, in the course of the personal tribute to Daudet which he paid in the Figaro, said that it was Daudet's wife who, by bringing order and peace into his life, made him capable of hard work and beautiful books.

A Marquise asked Dumas the younger one night when he was going to write a play devoted to virtuous women. "I am writing one now," he replied. "And where have you stabled them?" "At home," he answered.

Dumas had a beautiful home in Paris. His wife and daughters were artistic, clever and attractive women, and Mrs. Dumas reigned supreme, her every wish being almost anticipated by her husband, who doted on her.

Mrs. H. G. Wells, the wife, of the young English novelist, attends to nearly all her husband's correspondence, and her handwriting is almost indistinguishable from his.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, owes much to his wife, for it was she who persuaded him to give up architecture for literary work; who copied his first novel and sent it to the publisher, and who attended to most of the business part of his writing. Mrs. Hardy is almost as clever as her husband, who has dubbed her his "encyclopedia in petticoats."

She, with her tender, spiritual nature and instinctive nobility of thought, was always by his side, a rare, cheerful, courageous, wise and sympathetic counselor. It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humor, by her unselfish devotion, by "her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven," she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and sorrow.

STREET-CAR PHILOSOPHY.

Some Cogitations Which Carry Pessimists Over Rough Places.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The philosopher of the Broadway car wore an unusually engaging smile when he nimbly stepped aboard the back platform. His ruddy countenance glowed and his merry eyes twinkled.

"Vat's de use?" said the philosopher. "I keep de worry gang chust as far avay as possible. I dake goot care not to ask myself vy I vas porn into dis beculiar vorld. I don't put my hand on my shoulder und enquire of myself vat goot I am to de vorld. I don't get excited ofer de brogressive and disquieting ideas dot haf come in mit de new century. I don't throw opp my hands in horror und remark quite frequent dot de country vas going to de dogs. I don't gontinually make myself offensive by talking about de glory of de days vat are past, und gomparing dem mit crate disadvantages to de bresent. I don't believe in de Schoppenhauer-Maeterlinck-Sudermann school of low bressure pillousness. I am here und I intend to make de best of it. In so doing I hope to help my neighbors make de best of it, too, so far as I am able. De birds sing chust as sweedly, de grass is as green, de sky as blue. It is also true dot dere are shams in de vorld, und shmiling villains, und false friends. Und vice, especially on de stage, often vears werry nice fitting clothes und does her best to oxcite our pity. But dere are true friends, und der are shmilers who are not villains, and dere is a crate deal of honesty und purity in de old vorld yet. Take my vord for it."

"We'll take it willingly," said the Miles Avenue man. "You are too good an illustration of your own doctrine to be set down as a mere spinner of words."

"I hope so," said the philosopher, "I druly hope so." He paused and smiled. "A full vaistband," he laughed, "is death to pessimism."

"That means," said the Miles Avenue man, "that you believe the physical condition has a good deal to do with a man's views of life?"

The philosopher gravely nodded.

"It has a crate deal to do mit it," he answered. "De prejudice against werry thin men is older dan Yulius Caesar. Fat men are rarely troubled mit de blues, und dey pheelosophically accept life for de best dere is in it. Long ago I made oop som leetle rhymers on dis soobjec' vich I think I still reckonmemper."

He paused and turn his head to one side as he slowly recited the following lines:

If you vonder vy you're here,
If de vorld looks dull und drear,
If you dake no joy in song—
Den be sure your liver's wrong.

If at happiness you scoff,
If you long to shuffle off,
If dere's nodding makes you glad—
Den be sure your liver's bad.

If de children rouse your ire,
If of moonie you should tire,
If life seems a desert drear—
Den be sure your liver's queer.

Long-Distance Heating.

Chicago Chronicle.

There has been completed at Dresden, Germany, one of the largest long-distance heating plants in Europe. This is used on many public buildings on the left bank of the River Elbe, including the theater, museum, castle, royal kitchen, the custom house, etc. The greatest distance from the central station over which the heat is transmitted is three-quarters of a mile. The total heat consumption per hour is 5,200,000 heat units. The usual steam pressure is two atmospheres. Ten of a total of 14 boilers are used, and to guard against accidents two main lines of pipes have been provided. It is stated that the loss of heat in transmission is from 4 to 4½ per cent. The largest pipes have a diameter of 8½ inches. The pipes are protected by two layers of tin, the inner layer being perforated and the outer one covered with silk.

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FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, str. Modoc, Ash-street Dock. (Water permitting.)	7:00 A. M. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	3:00 P. M. Mon., Wed., Fri.

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PORTLAND & ASIATIC STEAMSHIP CO.

For Yokohama and Hong Kong, calling at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai, taking freight via connecting steamers for Manila, Port Arthur and Vladivostock.

INDRAPURA SAILS ABOUT JUNE 28.

For rates and full information call on or address officials or agents of O. R. & N. Co.

EAST VIA SOUTH
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
SUNSET OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

Leave	Depot, 6th and Hoyt Sts.	Arrive
*8:30 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. At Woodburn daily except Sunday, morning train connects with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, and Natron, and Albany Local for Mt. Angel and Silverton.	*7:45 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.		*7:00 P. M.
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger	*10:10 A. M.
*7:30 A. M.	Corvallis passenger	*5:30 P. M.
‖4:30 P. M.	Sheridan passenger	‖8:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‖Daily except Sunday.

YAMHILL DIVISION.

Passenger Depot, foot of Jefferson street. Leave Portland daily for Oswego at 7:20 A. M., 12:30, 1:35, 3:25, 4:40, 6:25, 8:30 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 5:30, 9:40 A. M., 5:05, 11:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9 A. M.

Arrive at Portland daily at 8:30 A. M., 1:35, 3:10, 4:30, 6:15, 7:40, 10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:35, 10:50 A. M.; except Monday, 12:40 A. M.; Sunday only, 10:05 A. M.

Leave for Dallas daily except Sunday, 5:05 P. M. Arrive Portland 9:30 A. M. Passenger train leaves Dallas for Airlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday at 2:50 P. M. Returns Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates, $17.50 first class and $14 second class. Second class includes sleeper; first class does not.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, corner Third and Washington streets. Phone Main 712.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

PORTLAND

	Depart.	Arrive.
North Coast Limited...	2:00 P. M.	7:00 A. M.
Twin City Express....	11:30 P. M.	6:20 P. M.
Kansas City and St. Louis Special	8:25 A. M.	11:10 P. M.
Puget Sound Limited..	9:25 A. M.	6:45 P. M.

Take the Puget Sound Limited for Olympia, South Bend and Gray's Harbor points. All trains daily. Four trains daily to Tacoma and Seattle. Three through to the East.

A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent. 255 Morrison st., corner Third, Portland, Or.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

Ticket Office 122 Third St. Phone 680

LEAVE No. 4 6:15 P. M.	The Flyer daily to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and all points East.	ARRIVE No. 3 7:00 A. M.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars.

JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE
STEAMSHIP TOSA MARU

For Japan, China and all Asiatic points, will leave Seattle

About June 17.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

For South-Eastern Alaska

Leave Seattle:

COTTAGE CITY, CITY OF SEATTLE or CITY OF TOPEKA, 9 P. M., June 4, 14, 18, 19, 23, July 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30. SPOKANE, 9 A. M., June 14, 28, July 12, 26.

For San Francisco

Leave SEATTLE at 9 A. M. every fifth day. Steamers connect at San Francisco, with company's steamers for ports in Southern California, Mexico and Humboldt Bay.

For further information, obtain folder. Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

AGENTS—N. POSTON, 249 Washington st., Portland; F. W. CARLETON, N. P. Dock, Tacoma; Ticket Office, 113 James st., Seattle. M. PALBOT, Comm'l Agt.; C. D. DUNANN, Gen. Pass. Agent; GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agents, San Francisco.

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as follows:

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S. S. Portland.....About June 25
S. S. St. Paul.....About July 10

FROM SEATTLE.

S. S. Ohio.....July 3
S. S. Indiana.....July 28

Connecting at Nome with Steamer Saidie, carrying United States Mail for Teller and Candle Creek, and Steamer Dora for Bluff City, Golovin and St. Michael, and connecting at St. Michael with the Company's river steamers for Dawson, Koyukuk and all Yukon River points.

For freight and passage apply to NORTHERN COMMERCIAL CO., 646 Market st., San Francisco.

Or EMPIRE TRANSPORTATION CO., Puget Sound Agent, Seattle, Wash.

Geo. A. Cooper, Agent, 5 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland.

REGULATOR LINE STEAMERS

Daily, except Sunday.

DALLES-PORTLAND ROUTE

TIME CARD.

STR. REGULATOR.

Leaves Portland Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7 A. M.
Leaves Dalles Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 A. M.

STR. DALLES CITY.

Leaves Portland Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 A. M.
Leaves Dalles Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7 A. M.

CASCADE LOCKS AND RETURN DAILY.

LANDING OAK ST. DOCK PORTLAND.

M. V. HARRISON, Agent.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

LEAVES	Depot Fifth and I Streets.	ARRIVES
8:00 A. M.	For Maygers, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Pk., Seaside.	11:10 A. M.
7:00 P. M.	Astoria Express, Daily. Astoria Express, Daily.	9:40 P. M.

Ticket office, 255 Morrison st. and Union Depot. J. C. MAYO, Gen. Pass. Agt., Astoria, Or.

DOMINION LINE

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Fast Twin-Screw Passenger Steamers sailing regularly from Boston, Portland and Montreal to Liverpool, also Boston to Mediterranean ports. Send for booklet, "Mediterranean Illustrated." For rates, etc., apply to Thos. Cook & Son, General Agents for the Pacific Coast, 621 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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STEAMER POMONA, for Salem, Independence, Albany and Corvallis. Leaves Portland Tues., Thurs. and Sat. at 6:45 A. M.

STEAMER ALTONA, for Dayton, McMinnville and way landings, leaves Mon., Wed. and Fri., 7 A. M.

STEAMER LEONA, for Oregon City, leaves daily at 8:30 and 11:30 A. M., 3:00 and 6:15 P. M.

OREGON CITY TRANSPORTATION CO., Taylor-street Docks. Phone 40.

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