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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1905.

NOTES OF MIGHTY CHANGE.

Progress of history presents a continuous picture. Philosophy of history consists in apprehension of the sequences of events. Cause and effect are here, in their sources and flow and consequences. Whatever occurs depends on something or flows out of something that has preceded it. History is not a series of marvelous or miraculous or unconnected events, like the scenes of a badly constructed tragedy. The law of cause and of consequence rules over all.

The great conception of Comte, that human affairs, like physical facts, are ordered by law—by a law working within them and directing their course—and therefore may be subjected to scientific analysis, has been so fully worked out by Mill, Spencer, Buckle and an army of competent sociologists, that it would be useless in these days to argue it further with the theologians and metaphysicians who deny it. The unity of history, after all, is the great fact of history. When we go into the analysis we find causes and effects, or trace effects back to causes. Astonishing things have occurred and will yet occur in human history. But there are no miracles, no "breaks" in history. All events pursue a regular, orderly, consistent and inevitable course. But often it takes a while to see it. You cannot appreciate the height or magnitude of our mountain peaks when you are immediately under them. You must draw back a little; you must mount some secondary height at a distance. Then you can see the whole clearly.

One may take any important era of history as a starting point—or point of view—and from it look backward or forward. Take Venice, in the days of her greatness. How she rose, in the conditions of the time, out of her situation, to which the genius of her people adjusted itself—the art and force of a people using the conditions of Nature and of commerce to give strength to the position and to exalt the state—becomes clear from study of the times. Scarcely could there be a more impressive example of the paramount influence of geographical position upon the destiny of human communities than that afforded by the rise and fall of the Venetian Republic. Her island position allowed her early to assert her independence of the universal Eastern Empire, just as the island position of Great Britain has established and maintained her independence and place, against the far more powerful forces of the European Continent. Thus, the influence of Venice spread widely over the Eastern world, as that of the British Islands has spread over the Western world—and indeed all round the world.

Man, in every situation, is dependent largely on Nature. The position of Venice in the movements of the active world, ten centuries ago, illustrates the law. During the early centuries of the Middle Ages the countries of Northern Europe had been growing rapidly in importance. There was a constant flow of trade between those lands and the Mediterranean Basin, and this stream of trade was forced to find its way for the most part through the passes of the Carpathian Alps and to the sea. The astonishing energy of Northern and Western Europe, displayed through the Crusades, threw everything into her lap. Of the Mediterranean Basin, and of the European commercial world, Venice became the chief city; and it was centuries before the operation of forces in other directions brought about actual change in the course of affairs.

Our purpose in recalling all this is merely for illustration, which may have bearing on present and future conditions in our Pacific States of America. Through our Western ports a new way of communication has been opened with the Eastern Hemisphere. The results begin to appear; the ultimates may be left to the imagination.

Recurring, however, to the first thought, the original idea of the theme, let us say again that we must cast away, as Freeman said, all distinctions between "ancient" and "modern" and "dead" and "living," and boldly grapple with the great fact of the unity of history. For history, as Freeman says, "from its first glimmerings to our own day, is one unbroken drama, no part of which can be rightly understood without reference to other parts which come before and after it." It should be said, however, that, as relating to ourselves, to the races of which we are a part, this statement belongs to the movement of Aryan men, between whom and Turanian and Mongolian man there hitherto has been little contact. But that contact is now at hand. The movement toward the West has proceeded so far that it now has reached the East from the opposite side. Within a century the contact will change greatly the whole face of human affairs. Upon our Pacific States of America the influences will be immense. To almost any extent the imagination may revel in it without exceeding the bounds of possibility.

TAFT AND WALLACE.

Marc Antony threw away half the world to follow Cleopatra; Engineer Wallace turned his back on immortal fame for "opportunities to make money through investments." Were both of them wise? Antony had a moment, one at least, of surcease of regret:

> Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
> All that is won and lost; give me a kiss;
> Even this repays me.

Has Mr. Wallace felt regret at all for "the splendid opportunities of that position which would have made him famous the world over"? Or was he really, as he seemed to Secretary Taft, "utterly insensible of the significance of his conduct"? In the time to come, when some great and worthier genius shall have actually built the canal and Wallace shall hear spoken the deathless name of the man who wears the wild olive crown he put aside for a purse of gold—will he hear it as Esau heard of his bartered birthright? Wallace might have walked with the immortals; he chose to walk with millionaires. He might have seen his name spurn the dull earth, "And like a fiery planet mount and burn."

He chose instead,

> Like a dull worm to rot,
> Thrust foully into earth to be forgot.

Mankind deals leniently with the sin of Marc Antony. If we do not pardon, we condemn with pity. "All for love and the world well lost" is folly, perhaps, but it is the folly of heroes. "All for money and fame well lost," may not be folly, though Secretary Taft thinks it is; and if it is wisdom, then Benedict Arnold was wise. Next to death, history admits love to excuse failure or crime. The poets account it nobler than glory:

> What care though striding Alexander past
> The Indus with his Macedonians numbers?

Sings Keats, "Juliet, leaning amid her window flowers, doth more avail."

But what historian or what poet has admitted "the opportunity to make money through investments" as an excuse for a man's quitting his country's service "at a critical moment" and "forgetting the high obligation of a public servant"? Suppose when the War of the Rebellion was half fought out New York business men had offered to make Lincoln president of a big holding company at a salary of half a million. What a chance for Lincoln to have escaped a "lonely life" and one rather more dangerous than Mr. Wallace's in Panama! What a chance for him to have traded immortality for cash! Would he have done well to accept the offer? He would if Mr. Wallace has done well.

In his extraordinary remarks when he dismissed Mr. Wallace from the public service, Secretary Taft twice used the word fame, or famous. This word has not been common in public utterances of late, nor has the thing it signifies been much sought for.

> Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.

It is a word belonging to great literature and great men. Secretary Taft uses it as if it were part of his daily thinking. Perhaps it belongs to him. He has scorned "delights" and lived the "laborious days" which should earn fame. His achievements so far rank him with the foremost administrators of history. His public utterances wing high. His eloquence is sane and manly. His thought is noble. His comprehension is wide. No man in public life has spoken so understandingly of the significance of the Panama Canal as Taft. As a thinker, as a statesman, no American outranks him. The palm is not beyond his reach. He is "available," not because he is all things to all men, but because he is one thing to all men, and that one genuine.

AN EXCESSIVE BIRTH RATE.

During the hottest week of June—a June that broke all records for heat in the great metropolis—a child was born every five minutes of the day and night in New York City. In aggregate, 2011 lives, most of which dawned upon wretchedness and many of which went or will mercifully pass into early eclipse, were added to the infantile population of the great city that before this accession had its full share of children clad in unchildly rags, breathing fetid air and sustaining life on such nourishment as ignorance and unthrift provided. "Race suicide?" Is not this better than race murder? If not, then must we discard the wisdom that proclaims the prevention of evil and suffering to be the prerogative of intelligence, the trusty handmaiden of prudence?

It is doubtful whether, in any specific sense, an utterance of any public man in this country has ever been more perverted in meaning than was that which arrayed President Roosevelt on the side of an unreasoning multiplicity of population. The President, a sturdy man, a father able to give physical vigor, mental activity, proper care and ample maintenance to his family of six children, has a mental and moral equipment too keen to assume that, because he is thus equipped for parentage, all men, without regard to mental and moral qualities or material conditions, should be each the father of from six to fifteen children. More than this, he knows that there are thousands of men in our country who are not fit to be fathers at all, hundreds of women to whom motherhood, because of adverse conditions of health, of home, of maintenance, is not a blessing; and countless numbers of children who for their own sakes, the sake of the race and of society, would better never have been born.

To encourage race production, regardless of conditions of physical, mental and moral endowment, is most unwise and short-sighted. The birth rate of New York for the mid-week in June was anything but a cause for congratulation to the parents, the municipality or the Nation. It represented procreation without purpose, ignorance without hope of enlightenment, the triumph of the animal propensities over prudence and humanity.

The President's warning against race suicide was to reasoning, capable men and women. The misfortune of it is that the unreasoning, incompetent, even dissolute, accepted it as an indorsement of the heavy birth rate among them, and an encouragement to further efforts to add to the already overcrowded tenements of poverty and squalor, a yet greater number of suffering, defrauded children.

Benedick discovered, or proclaimed, three centuries ago, that the world must be peopled. Nature had been proceeding upon this hypothesis for no one knows how many centuries before that. The idea is not a new one. It has merely been revived and somewhat overexploited by a man who obtains ready hearing throughout the Nation today. Its expression was exaggerated, not by President Roosevelt, but through misinterpretation by a large class, who eagerly proclaimed him sponsor for the multitude of children that they had, without any thought of the welfare or even the perpetuation of the race called into existence.

Common intelligence has not, however, gone astray upon this matter. On the contrary, it calmly insists that the perpetuation of the race depends not upon an abnormal or expensive birth rate, not upon the number of children that are born, but upon the number that live and thrive and become useful in their day and generation.

OREGON NO LONGER UNKNOWN.

The Pacific Northwest, the country "where flows the Oregon," was for nearly a century after it was penetrated by the great explorers, Lewis and Clark, but a dreamland to the people of the Atlantic States. Except as they were brought in distant touch with it through settlers who had gone out from it and sent occasional letters back, it was a land of far-away, impalpable shadows even to the people of the Mississippi Valley. The feeling of kinship existed between the widely separated sections, but the touch of associated interests was lost in the magnificent distances of a mighty continent. It was the interest, the undefined yearning, felt in the family for the adventurous youth who, shaking off restraint, had gone out into the wide world to see what he could see, find what he could find, and set up life for himself under new conditions and surroundings. The first settlers of the Oregon Country were runaways from civilization. The Far West opened and swallowed them up. Such accounts of their findings and of their attempts to plant a new civilization in the wilderness as were carried back by way of the isthmus or Cape Horn, or later by the pony express, were little more than fiction. And so it was that, when the railroad era dawned for the Pacific Coast, the habit of considering Oregon out of the world had become fixed in the older sections of the country, and, like all habits, it was hard to break.

Even within the two years that the Lewis and Clark Exposition has been in course of preparation we have been told repeatedly that to a large majority of the people of the Atlantic States Oregon was unknown. So far as it was known, exaggerated ideas in regard to conditions here prevailing were entertained. But that, in view of the rapid movement of events in the past few months, was long ago. It was before the Summer convention dates were fixed and Summer transportation schedules were made out. It was before the commercial spirit of the country was fully aroused to the grand possibilities of trade in the great Pacific Northwest and its emissaries came hither to spy out the land. It was before keen-eyed intelligence, being sent, came hither and took in the situation and proclaimed through the press the existence here of a great state that extends cordial invitation to progressive, enterprising people to come in and add to its greatness.

Penetrated by the intelligence of the East and by the commercial thrift that is ever abroad seeking, Oregon will no longer be unknown. Her delightful climate, her abounding resources, her large business and industrial opportunities, the grandeur of her scenery, the magic of her fruits, the beauty and profusion of her flowers, and, crowning all, the friendliness and hospitality of her people, will be known and appreciated.

A PERTINENT SUBJECT.

The figurehead that a municipal administration may become in a sudden emergency, when organized upon political and personal lines through the appointment of subordinate officers, was shown a short time ago in New York City, when a water main burst and flooded a portion of the new subway. Great torrents of water gushed out, and, seeking its lower level, flooded the tracks, "short-circuited" the electric currents which moved the trains, and a large number of passengers caught in transit were compelled to wade out. In the stress and menace, search was made for some one who knew how to turn the water off. It was Sunday. The head of the water department, Commissioner Oakley, was out of town, and there was no one about his office who had access to the proper valve for cutting off the water, and, indeed, no one who knew where or how to locate it. The great stream of water continued to gush out, and the subway for several blocks became a subterranean reservoir. Traffic was blocked for hours, and the seriously inconvenienced public was exasperated. At last a man without authority from the department and who had no connection with it found the valve, turned off the water and the process of pumping out the subway began. After about two days from the time of its interruption traffic was resumed.

The incident would have been a trifling one if a competent man with a key to the water valve, and knowing where it was located, had issued promptly from the office of the department and closed the valve above the break. Practically, there was no such employe about the office or in the city. Here is where the methods of the political machine were demonstrated. Mayor McClellan, at the head of the government of Greater New York, is conceded to be an able man. But, for service in the campaign that resulted in his election, he was practically forced to place John T. Oakley at the head of the water department. The unfitness of this appointment was demonstrated by the occurrence above narrated. Upon being called to account for the delay in applying a simple device to prevent the flooding of the subway and the consequent inconvenience to the public, this engineer of the political machine attributed it to "lack of funds," and even warned the public that if more funds for the department were not furnished, similar occurrences might be expected.

Impudence and inefficiency could scarcely go farther than this. Not money, but simple intelligence in the line of the business for which his employment stands in the department, or should stand, was required to close a water-gate above a breach in a main and stop the riotous flow of the water. The expert campaign wirepuller is not likely to possess these simple and necessary qualifications. But he gets the office just the same, and the people who contributed their votes or their indifference to the success of his schemes only waste their breath in complaint at his inefficiency, when an emergency calling for prompt and intelligent exercise of official duty arises.

It is not necessary to place a statesman, an orator or a reformer at the head of any of the several departments of the city government. It should not be necessary to so place a wardheeler or a campaign manager in any position which calls for special knowledge of a type that he does not possess. As long as this is done, the public has no right to complain, still less to be surprised when such an official, being weighed in the balance, is found wanting. The subject is pertinent at this time, when our citizens, their eyes turned inquiringly toward the City Hall, are waiting to see what they shall see.

JOHN HAY'S MONUMENT.

Few are the men who, ere they die, earn the title "great." Catalogue them, and it will be seen that if on one side of their nature they have made good the claim, flaws in the diamond have robbed it of the all-round brilliancy demanded of the perfect gem. Tests differ, according to the standard that each man sets up, consciously or unconsciously, for the ideal to which his homage is given. The soldier bows to the great General, the lawyer to the wisest and ablest Judge, the artist to the master painter, the doctor to the physician who has solved some mystery in health or sickness, the writer to him whose writings have passed from ephemeral to standard literature, and the business man, perhaps, to the "magnate" whose uncounted wealth has made him in some sort a power in the land.

Yet a chosen few there are to whom all render justice, since they answer to the best there is in them. How shall we know them? Nationality is no guide, birth gives no title, wealth as we know it today bars out most, nearly all, who have amassed it in the mad race which entangles so great a proportion of the manhood of America. Ambition, personal and engrossing, has struck out crowds from this list of honor. Who are the great men, then, left in the race? The ancient proverb has it, "Call no man happy until dead." Great careers are marred by an incautious act. Hidden passions suddenly spring into burning and spoil the life. Until the days of action are over, and history is made, the decision is not due. But one happy man is he to whom time has been given to develop all his best, to convert great plans into completed work, to expand the influence of his life until his countrymen, possibly a wider world, listen to his words, but, far better, are raised to higher thought and cleaner, purer action, by the influence of noble character. To such a one, if the best is laid up for him, it may be given to show that public service is its own reward, that not for money, not even for personal repute, not for the admiration of high or low, toilsome and exhausting years may be given to his country, that a death in harness may crown a vivid, active, self-forgetting life.

The Romans had it, "Seemly and honorable it is for the fatherland to die." To die is easy, sometimes. Crowds may willingly face the guns, and take the chances of the mine, and give no back look to home and friends. Harder, it may be, for the fatherland to live. To bear the heavy load of Washington and Lincoln, the stress of the responsibilities of a people's war with Grant and Lee, with Oyama and Togo. No less a servant of his people was the man whom America now mourns. There is in modern surgery a device which counts and measures the pulsations and labor of nerve and heart, which records the efforts of the functions of the physical man. No count can be taken of the statesman's toils, of the crushing burden of his nation's interests, the inner life of him who sits behind the scenes while actors in front fill the stage and gain the plaudits of the house, who knows that, plan as he may, labor to the very top of his power, the wills and passions of unruly men may ruin all. It is not only on open fields that battles must be won. The American people recognize, and the world knows, that if for the past five years of stress and plot, while peace and war trembled in the balance for many nations, and ours among them; that if a danger line was drawn and held to which all respected; that if the voice of his country was potent in council and her rights admitted by both peaceful and warring peoples, it was no less the character than the official acts of John Hay which carried the decisive weight. Living, his people honored him; dead, they mourn him, not only for what he did for them, but in that he showed to them and to the wide world one of the noblest types of the manhood of America.

The heart and conscience of the Nation work truly yet. In the eye of the world the prominent man is too often he who has. In the sight of many of us, millions of money make the man. No matter how gained and multiplied, it is there—this golden calf. Polluted in its acquisition, stained in its investment, unwholesome to the body politic in its reproduction, olet—it stinks. Talked of, written of, photographed, interviewed, followed, fawned on, the man of millions is held up as the great, the marking and ranking product of commercial life. The air is not good in that neighborhood. We know it, we feel it. John Hay living, much more than John Hay dead, marks the abiding contrast. History will write, generations of Americans unborn will study and be raised by the life and works of this poet, journalist, author, diplomatist and leading statesman of the opening years of this young century.

Tacoma came with bells, banners, bands and boosters. They made everybody know they were here, and glad, too, to see and hear them. It may be that great cities are not built by noise, but they have been saved by it, if we are to believe the old legend about the wise geese and Rome. Anyway, noise keeps things moving. It compels attention. The sideshows at the Fair would not get the crowds but for the spielers, and to a certain extent circus methods may be and are good for a town. Here in Portland, for long years we went on the theory that merit needs no advertising; and hid our light under a bushel, expecting capital and population to make diligent search for it and us. We know better now. Tacoma has shown that the way to do things is to do them, and then to talk about them.

On his return to Berkeley, F. W. Richardson, president of the California Press Association, which visited Portland two weeks ago, said through the columns of the Berkeley Daily Gazette: "Every Californian should visit the Exposition at Portland, not only on account of the worth of the Exposition itself, but because of the beauties of Oregon and particularly of Portland and its superb environments. While not as big as the St. Louis Fair last year, it is much more enjoyable and can be viewed with much more ease and comfort. The Trail has a number of first-class attractions. Expenses in every way are about half what they were at St. Louis. If you have never seen Oregon, you cannot afford to miss this opportunity." And this is a fair sample of what visitors are saying about the Fair when they get home.

The Russian censorship is enforced with old-time vigor and completeness everywhere except at St. Petersburg. From that place we get discussion of the empire's affairs with satisfying freedom and lucidity; but we get nothing from Odessa, except contradictory and confusing statements as to what has actually occurred. We know only that there has been a bloody mutiny, and that a most terrible situation exists and probably will continue to exist. What we do not fully understand is that the American Consul should wire one day that the mutineers had struck their flag without firing a shot, and the next day that the whole fleet "is reported in mutiny." When we get the truth out of Odessa, if ever, we shall probably find that the Russian government has mutilated all messages to suit itself.

Judge Warren B. Hooker, of New York, puts up the remarkable defense that he should not be removed from the bench for offenses not committed on the bench. Judge Hooker was engaged in various transactions of a questionable nature, such as receiving benefits from the political graft; but his judicial conduct has not been directly attacked. Character, then, is not a prerequisite in a Judge? A Judge may speculate, gamble, or indulge in dissolute habits without his usefulness or integrity as a judicial officer being impaired? The statement is preposterous. Some kind of a defense must be put up for Hooker by the interests that want to keep him on the bench; and the Legislature will be asked to listen to this.

All the great Chicago beefpackers have been indicted. There will be a criminal trial, or trials, at which the facts as to the alleged conspiracy between them to maintain prices and divide territory will doubtless be brought to light. The report of Commissioner Garfield was a practical whitewash for the packers, inasmuch as it showed that their profits were very small on the capital invested. Garfield knew, for he saw the books; and the books must be right, for the packers, who kept them, showed them to him. The Government, however, has not had much confidence in the report of its own Commissioner of Labor, for it has pursued the criminal investigation with great vigor and determination.

The Chinese government has had abundant evidence of the high esteem in which the Chinese trade is held by the United States. We think a lot of the Chinese, too, just now, but we won't let them come into our country. What we purpose now to do, because we must, is to let a few students, merchants, diplomatic agents and travelers come in without insult or humiliation, which is a great concession on our part, and shows to the world that we are a most generous and considerate people. We will be polite even to a Chinaman when he threatens to trade somewhere else.

A venerable and historical figure is that of Henry B. Blackwell, of Boston, who, in company with his daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell, is in attendance upon the National Woman Suffrage Association now in convention in this city. This snowy-haired, white-bearded patriarch embodies in his voice, his presence, his interest in every passing event, in his appreciation of every beauty of earth and sky, in the shifting panorama of Nature, the loyal spirit of freedom, the true spirit of manhood that has dominated his passing years.

Paul Morton gets $100,000 a year, and Admiral Togo $3000. That's about right. Morton has 400,000 dissatisfied policy-holders to placate, and Togo has had only a few thousand Russians to show how to lead a different life. Besides, Togo's labors are over, and Morton's have just begun and may never end. All Togo has got to do to keep his job and the esteem of the public is to stay afloat, where he cannot spend all his money, and to avoid home-comings. What Morton must do could not be told in a day.

Women ministers noted for eloquence and power will appear in several of the pulpits of the city today. This can scarcely be called an innovation, since women have appeared in the pulpits of Portland occasionally in past years, but the announcement suggests enough of novelty to be of general interest.

Mrs. Vanderbilt et al. having been entertained at a garden party by Mr. and Mrs. Prince Henry of Prussia, one can imagine blonde Heinrich exclaiming, "Thank Heaven, I've got that New York debt paid in full!"

The son of Joseph Smith comes out in a vehement public address declaring that the original prophet was not a polygamist. Evidently Joseph was not much of a Mormon.

Has any one noticed that the horde of thugs, burglars, "sure-thing" men, pickpockets and other criminals who were coming to Portland for the Fair, have failed to materialize?

Now that we have heard Secretary Taft's criticism and Chief Engineer Wallace's retort, let's go ahead and build the canal, the same as if nothing had happened.

And note that Portland's bank clearances last week showed a gain of over 70 per cent.

Next Tuesday will be everybody's day at the Fair.

OREGON OZONE.

Hiram Hayfield's Views.

Grass Valley, Or., July 1, 1905.

Deer Ozone:

I'm powerful glad thet I wuzn't born a swivel ingineer. Ef I hed bin, I mought hev bin indooced to except the posishun of Cheef Ingineer fur the Panamer Kannal. Then I wud hev found myself in a peck of trubble.

Jest look at thet thare pore Mister Wallus. He has got a large fambly and a wife to support, and he wuz a-gittin' unly $25,000 a yere. Moreover and allso, he hed to live down thare among the muskeeters and the yaller feever and maylary and the Malays and the Greasers, and it shorely wuz a tuff job.

How cud he support his fambly and wife on sich a sallery as thet? It's a plumb shaim to expect a man to work hard ten hours a day at runnin' a injine fur unly $25,000 a yere and find hisself. What duz this grate and gloryus Guvment mean by saddlin' sich hardships onto a pore man with a growin' fambly and a wife with seven or ate mouths to feed?

Shaim on Unkel Sam, nohow, b'gosh!

Ef I hed ben expected to run thet injine fur sich a measly pityance, I wud hev excepted enny orfer thet kum my way. I wud hev tuck thet Noo York Scrubway job and jumped at it with both fete. That's me!

I don't blaim Mister Wallus a-tall. Ruther than run thet Panamer Kannal injine and git bit with maylaryal musketters, and maybe tuck down with swamp ager, I wud hev axed the President to gimme a job in the Cabbynit as a cabdriver, jess so my livin' expenses wuz pade and I cud live in pelce and kumfurt.

You don't find your Unkel Hi Hayfield bein' imposishuned onto like thet—not him!

Wal, I must klose fur this time, but more in my necks.

HIRAM HAYFIELD.

At the instance of Mrs. Bradley Martin, Jr., a duck has been elected to full membership in the Paris Polo Club, the other members being swell society people. While this may be the first duck to enter society, the exclusive sets have known the cackling of many geese, to say nothing of the hens.

> I saw the navies of the allied world
> Riding at ease within a sheltered bay

Sings a New York Sun poet. The bard must have eaten a dozen crawfish at 11 P. M. and imagined that all the sailors of all the navies of the world had mutinied and formed a union.

Thirty-five years ago a dentist who now lives at La Grande, Or., made a set of teeth for a young woman, who married and moved away without settling the bill, which was $30. Last week the dentist received a remittance of $30 in payment of the account, which he had forgotten. The lady with the store teeth, however, had not forgotten. For 35 long years her conscience had pursued her like an avenging Nemesis or some other prehistoric monster, and she could not rest. Fain would she have suffered with the toothache or the seven-year itch, or unrequited love, rather than with such a burden upon her soul. Ever since the year 1870 that unfortunate woman has used that unsettled-for set of teeth, biting her tongue in remorse every time she remembered that $30. With wailing and gnashing of teeth she thought to comfort herself, but in vain. Whenever her bicuspids bit into a beefsteak she felt that she was biting a hole through one of those silver dollars. Truly it was tough! Whenever her molars munched a ladyfinger or crunched a crawfish, she felt that the pinmoney she was spending for such dainties should be applied to the fund for the relief of her conscience. She could stand it no longer. She had false teeth, to be sure, but could she forever endure the ignominy of being false to a trust? Nay, verily; so at last she gritted her teeth and paid up like a lady. It is a touching tale.

The American Eagle, which soars once a week at Murray, Utah, is one newspaper that will not take a holiday on the Fourth of July.

"As between the reception line and the firing line," remarked the old soldier, after attending a society function, "give me the firing line every time. On the firing line your chances of escape are a hundred to one better."

A Musical Tragedy.

> Alas for Master Warner!
> The barber cut his hair:
> Now sits he in the corner,
> A picture of despair!
> With locks like Paderewski,
> He was a genius true;
> But now he is no useky—
> He cannot earn a sou!

It is a story full of wails and woe that comes from Gotham City, don't you know.

A lad named Warner, otherwise Maurice, was musical, and wore a curly fleece of golden hair that rippled down his back—enough to fill a basket or a sack.

He scraped the violin, and was acclaimed a prodigy predestined to be famed amongst the mighty, and a managaire was handling Master Warner (and his hair).

With concert dates at several hundred per, the boy was bound the listening world to stir; but, lack-a-day, he in an evil hour was by a barber's clippers shorn of power; by vulgar arts tonsorial bereft of all his locks—yea, not a locklet left!

Now all his contracts have been canceled, since no hairless violinist may convince the public that he is a genius bright; like Samson he is shorn of all his might; he must retire and sit in dull repose a year or so, until his woolsack grows!

Alas! alack! that ever such were so! But 'tis a fact, the fiddle and the bow are not enough to charm the ladies fair. The secret's out at last—it is the hair!

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Sayings of Disraeli.

The English papers print some good sayings from Disraeli: "One thing is clear, that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons and fall very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite. In the lower house 'Don Juan' may perhaps be our model; in the upper house, 'Paradise Lost.'" "To be harassed about money is one of the most disagreeable incidents of life. It ruffles the temper, lowers the spirits, disturbs the rest, and finally breaks up health." "My idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with me." "Sympathy is the solace of the poor; but for the rich there is compensation." "There is a great deal of vice which really is sheer inadvertence."

HAY'S PIKE COUNTY BALLADS

Jim Bludso, of the Prairie Belle.

> Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
> Because he don't live, you see;
> Leastways, he's got out of the habit
> Of livin' like you and me.
> Whar have you been for the last three year,
> That you haven't heard folks tell
> How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks—
> The night of the Prairie Belle?
>
> He weren't no saint—them engineers
> Is all pretty much alike,
> One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
> And another one here, in Pike;
> A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
> And an awkward hand in a row,
> But he never flunked, and he never lied—
> I reckon he never knowed how.
>
> And this was all the religion he had—
> To treat his engine well;
> Never be passed on the river,
> To mind the pilot's bell;
> And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
> A thousand times he swore
> He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
> Till the last soul got ashore.
>
> All boats has their day on the Mississip,
> And her day come at last—
> The Movastar was a better boat,
> But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed.
> And so she come tearin' along that night,
> The oldest craft on the line,
> With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
> And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.
>
> The fire bust out as she cl'ared the bar,
> And burnt a hole, in the night,
> And quick as a flash she turned and made
> For the willer-bank on the right.
> There was runnin' and cussin', but Jim yelled out
> Over all the infernal roar,
> "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
> Till the last galoot's ashore."
>
> Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
> Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
> And they all had trust in his cussedness
> And knowed he would keep his word.
> And, sure's you're born, they all got off
> Afore the smokestacks fell—
> And Bludso's ghost went up alone
> In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.
>
> He weren't no saint—but at judgment
> I'd run my chance with Jim
> 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
> That wouldn't shook hands with him.
> He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,
> And went for it thar and then;
> And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
> On a man that died for men!

Little Breeches.

> I don't go much on religion,
> I never ain't had no show;
> But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
> On the handful o' things I know.
> I don't pan out on the prophets
> And free-will, and that sort of thing,
> But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
> Even since one night last Spring.
>
> I come into town with some turnips
> And my little Gabe come along—
> No four-year-old in the county
> Could beat him for pretty and strong,
> Pert and chipper and sassy,
> Always ready to sweat and fight—
> And I'd l'arnt him to chaw terbacker
> Just to keep his milk-teeth white.
>
> The snow come down like a blanket
> As I passed by Taggart's store;
> I went in for a jug of molasses
> And left the team at the door.
> They scared at something and started,
> I heard one little squall,
> And hell-to-split over the prairie
> Went team, Little Breeches and all.
>
> Hell-to-split over the prairie!
> I was almost froze with skeer;
> But we rousted up some torches
> And s'arched for 'em far and near.
> At last we struck hosses and wagon,
> Snowed under a soft white mound,
> Upset, dead beat—but of little Gabe
> No hide nor hair was found.
>
> And here all hope soured on me,
> Of my fellow-critter's aid—
> I jest flopped down on my marrow bones,
> Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.
>
> By this, the torches was played out
> And me and Isrul Parr
> Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
> That he said was somewhar thar.
>
> We found it at last, and a little shed
> Where they shut up the lambs at night.
> We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
> So warm and sleepy and white;
> And thar set Little Breeches and chirped,
> As peart as ever you see,
> "I want a chaw of terbacker,
> And that's what's the matter of me."
>
> How did he git thar? Angels.
> He could never have walked in that storm.
> They just scooped down and toted him
> To what it was safe and warm.
> And I think that saving a little child,
> And bringing him to his own
> In a derrigd slight better business
> Than loafing around the throne,

Banty Tim.

(Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the White Man's Committee of Spunky Point, Illinois.)

> I reckon I git your drift, gents—
> You 'low the boy shan't stay;
> This is a white man's country;
> You're Democrats, you say;
> And whereas, and secin' and wherefore,
> The times bein' all out o' j'int,
> The nigger has got to mosey
> From the limits o' Spunky P'int!
>
> Le's reason the thing a minute;
> I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat, too,
> Though I laid my politics out o' the way
> For to keep till the war was through.
> But I come back here, allowin'
> To vote as I used to do,
> Though it gravels me like the devil to train
> Along o' sich fools as you.
>
> Now, dog my cats ef I kin see,
> In all the light of the day,
> What you've got to do with the question
> Ef Tim shill go or stay.
> And furder than that, I give notice,
> Ef one of you fetches the boy,
> He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
> Than he'll find in Illanoy.
>
> Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
> You know that ungodly day
> When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
> And torn and tattered we lay.
> When the rest retreated I stayed behind,
> For reasons sufficient to me,
> With a rib caved in and a leg on a strike,
> I sprawled on that damned glacee.
>
> Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
> And br'iled and blistered and burned!
> How the rebel bullets whizzed round us,
> When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
> Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
> I couldn't believe for a spell—
> That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
> Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!
>
> The rebels seen him as quick as me,
> And the bullets buzzed like bees;
> But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
> Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
> But he staggered up, and packed me off,
> With a dozen stumbles and falls,
> Till safe in our lines he dropped us both,
> His black hide riddled with balls.
>
> So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
> And here stays Banty Tim!
> He trumped Death's Ace for me that day
> And I'm not goin' back on him!
> You may reshoot till the cows come home,
> But of one of you fetches the boy,
> He'll wrastle his hash tonight in hell,
> Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

Civics in Ohio.

McClure's Magazine.

Ohio is the story of the whole United States. The citizens of Cleveland know how to vote. They have a public opinion and they make it count. It has got for Cleveland representative government and in Tom Johnson the best Mayor of the best-governed city in the United States. Johnson has given Cleveland a good business administration of a city government, but at the same time representative government. There is no low-down political graft in his administration, but neither is there big, respectable business graft, therefore big business is down on him, and defeated in Cleveland has carried the fight against this Socialist-Anarchist-Nihilist (as Hanna named Johnson) into the state, and through the Legislature has nullified his power. The fight is still on. The people are beginning to see things even in Cincinnati. The forces of evil, beaten in the city, hold the state. The forces of good, winning in Cleveland, fighting in Toledo, hopeful in Cincinnati, to hold their own, must carry Ohio. Ohio—the whole state—has to make the choice, the choice we all have to make: Cleveland or Cincinnati.