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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

PUBLIC UTILITIES.

The American people are no longer afraid of that kind of socialism which is involved in the municipal ownership of public utilities. The preposterous notion that there is anything inherentcorporation, owning property or conducting business has passed away. It was kept alive for a long time by who found the superstition vastly to their interest, but the common sense of the people has triumphed over mammonish sophistry and it is

Like the dow on the mountain, Like the foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain, It is gone and forever

This does not mean that the people under debate. But the affirmative finds taken up in city after city where it has hitherto excited little interest. Once taken up, it is never dropped. And the arguments against municipal ownership which have any present validity are directed point blank at the common sense of the voters. The bugaboo of socialism, as all scarecrows sooner or later must, has lost its terrors and has been laid away in the Of the really serious objections to mu

nicipal management of public utilities one is that it is necessarily wasteful and more burdensome to the patrons than private management; the other is that party control of the employes would make city politics more corrupt than they are now. The first objection may be tested by known facts, the second is pure prophecy and can be tested only by future experiments. Neither of them is valld against municipal ownership. A city may own its utilities and leave them to private new subway. Ownership and management are very different things But it is well known from the ex-

amples of Manchester, Berlin, Glasgow and many other cities, that a municipulity may both own and manage street railroads economically and honestly. If it cannot be done in America, the reason is that our city governments are dishonest. To say that it never can be done is to assume that they will always be dishonest. It is notable that the movements for decent city government and for municipal ownership in the United States have grown up together and at about the same rate. The good government effort has been deeper, more persistent and, upon the whole, more successful in Chicago than elsewhere in America. Municipal ownership has also advanced furthest in Chicago. The principle has By of the voters; but either the real lifficulties in the way of carrying it out, or Mayor Dunne's timidity, or ders." While admitting that this "onesomething else, has for the present blocked the movement in that city. It seems likely that as city governcorned with matters that directly touch the convenience and daily routine of the people's fives, the people will more drive them into honest ways.

Just as one objection to municipal ownership assumes that our city gov- Harriman. Even when he does appear ernments will always be dishonest, the other assumes that we shall never have efficient civil service reform. With all sufficient knowledge of conditions. Beemployes protected by civil service tween Harriman and Hill a wide conrules, they could never become the trast is noted. In mentioning this conglaves of apy political party. They trast Mr. Keys says: would be as free from domination as any other citizens. The municipal ownership question is coming to the front in New York City and pretty nail the anti-Tammany forces are taking the affirmative. Still the dread exists that the ultimate outcome and Howellad, on the real and heavily add the whole great aerny of civic employes to its forces. It is just year will appear in "general orders."

There is routine work of course, and in it is rear. It is the traitorous attack of our own phagocytes upon us that the reverse. For example, the Stick.

They would be as free from domination as any other citizens. They municipal to the municipal and their traffic. It is true that Mr. Hill knows in detail the greets from domination as any other citizens. The municipal coverage in the road and their traffic. It is made the front in New York City and pretty nearly all the anti-Tammany forces are taking the affirmative. Still the dread exists that the ultimate outcome and Howeled, on the real foothers, the affirmative is them the present of the body, and certain of the phagocytes, partaking thereof, forthwith run mad and devour the vital substance of the bones, the arteries and the brain, which they were created to denote the bones, the afternet of the bones, the arteries and the brain, which they were created to denote from Nor. alas! do they spare the hair. They swallow up its pigmented cells and turn it gray, and this, with the cereakings in our ravaged joints, is the trafformany, which might be may toaugurate some new thing which they were created to denote the bones, the afternet of the bones, the substance of the bones, the store of the bones of the bones of the bones, the store of the bones, the store of the bones of the bones, the store of the bones of the bones of the bones of the bone

going adoption of municipal ownership would ruin Tammany by providing a perpetual stimulus to fight the wily old serpent low down among the

Both objections to municipal management have very great weight; but no one must forget that the present failure of republican government in our cities, their corruption, depravity and measureless shame, have in nearly every case been caused, in large part. by the evil influences which seem inseparable from the private ownership of public utilities. Public ownership might possibly be no better; it could hardly be worse. Public ownership with private management, under short leases, seems a pretty good practical aim, very well worth trying as a change from what we now endure.

DIVORCE AND HAPPINESS.

Twenty-one divorces were granted by Judge Cleland Friday. Few questions were asked, but neatness, dispatch and good nature marked the entire proceedings. Forty-two persons seem to have agreed that marriage is a dismal failure, and the entire forty-two are presumably happier for the kindly inter cession of the court. Indeed, the court seems to have had no alternative. The defendants made no protest. There was obviously nothing to do but accept the ex parte statements of the twentyone complainants.

Eighteen of the twenty-one complainants were women. It is always so. Three-fourths or more of all divorces are given to women. Why? Because they are less patient and more abused than men? Or because the men are more tolerant and less inclined to rush before the public with their grievances? We answer at once that women are both more patient and more frequently abused than men, because all women and many men say so. Therefore the fault must be with the men, for the sufficient reason that man is a brute.

Desertion is the cause of divorce in most cases. The husband gets drunk' and runs away. He leaves the wife to struggle along as best she may with the little ones, if there are any, which there usually are. He seeks new pastures and a new victim, and sooner or later appears in the same role in another court. Recent figures show that desertions are becoming more commo than ever, and that therefore the marriage vow is less regarded than ever. One woman in a hundred suffers from abandonment; few men are subjected to the same experience. Few women leave their husbands under any circumstances of provocation, neglect, or abuse. Here is one woman's story:

He wouldn't support me, and I told him I could not support myself and him too. He only carned \$8 all the time we lived to gether, and spent it for liquor, so one morn-ing we talked it over and separated.

She didn't leave him; but she agreed that he should leave her. If he had done the right thing, or tried to do It, she doubtless would have stayed with him. But he was glad to quit her, and go off and get drunk in peace.

Most women who are deserted are ly dangerous or wicked in a city, as a better off, else it might be well to make abandonment a criminal offense. Marriage is an essential institution of soci ety; but unhappy marriages are not greedy and selfish owners of fran- That most marriages are not unhappy is proven by the fact that society has no thought of abandoning marriage as

HARRIMAN POLICY EXPLAINED. Mr. C. M. Keys, of the Wall-Street Journal, contributes to the last issue of the World's Work a very interesting are everywhere and in all cases ready road Kings," Mr. Keys, who is a close article on "Railroad Methods and Railfor municipal ownership of street rail- student of railroad matters and a lic interests when the wolf chall dwell ways, electric lighting plants and so trenchant writer, makes the statement with the lamb and the leopard shall on. Far from it. The matter is still that "to introduce the free-and-easy lie down with the kid; and when men line is as disastrous to the administra- of thistles. tion and to the revenues as it would be Mr. Keys finds that it has been proven by experiment "that to introduce the methods of the Pennsylvania (a model Eastern road) on a free-and-easy West ern road means the throwing away of millions in revenue and the thorough disorganization of the line." In his disbig railroad systems Mr. Keys throws some interesting sidelights on the two men who virtually control the transportation facilities of the entire Pacific Northwest.

Every Portlander and every Oregonian is familiar with the fact that the local representatives of Mr. Harriman's railroad properties in the Pacific Northwest have, almost without exception, been strongly in favor of construction of branch lines to a number of points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Mr. management, as New York does its Mohier recommended construction of these lines; Mr. Calvin did likewise; Mr. Worthington quickly recognized the necessity for them, and Mr. O'Brien, through longer service and more intimate acquaintance with the country served, knew better than any of them that the branches should be built. Why dent, general manager, superintendent of construction, chief engineer and sometimes they win after all, and, if

Mr. Keys pays high tribute to Messrs. states that they "are second to none in from 120 Broadway by Mr. Harriman. Orders are issued from his desk in the quite properly condemns it as "killing the initiative" in these understudies, and thereby depriving Mr. Harriman of many valuable suggestions from men who have the talent, experience and more urgently and persistently ability to make suggestions and go ahead with projects in their immediate fields, which are seldom visited by Mr. on the ground his visits are so hurried as to give him at the best but an in-

Mr. Hill to as great a martinet as Mr. Harri-man or Mr. Camett, but the "Great Northern man or Mr. Camett, but the "Great Northern spirit" is not a spirit of routine. It is a spirit of almost during initiative.

This "spirit of initiative" on the Harriman system has been held in restraint to such an extent that Mr. Harriman has not realized as much proportionately from the territory involved as Mr. Hill has secured from his field. The present activity in the Northwest would indicate that at last Mr. Harriman is beginning to appreciate the value of a territory whose undeveloped and unexploited riches were understood and appreclated by his local officials many years ago.

JOURNALISTIC TOADEATING

The St. Helens Mist says "The Oregonian has opened its batteries on Mr. Ladd because he has started a newspaper." Not at all Mr. Ladd has every kind of right to publish a newspaper, but no right to attempt to deceive the public by putting the names of dummies at the head of it and trying to avoid responsibility for himself. But this-neither-was what has led The Oregonian to criticise Mr. Ladd. When he and others sold out a great franchise in Portland-for which they hadn't paid the city a single dollarfor a vast sum of money, it was time to raise a protest against the system under which such things are possible. Of course Mr. Ladd's newspaper approved and defended that transaction; and it attacked The Oregonian in villainous terms, because it criticised the transaction and protested against the system that made it possible.

There was still another reason, From the time when Mr. Ladd went into the newspaper business, nearly three years ago, his paper has teemed with continuous and most malignant abuse of The Oregonian, with attacks upon its business, its editor and its owners. No invention too false or gross, no vituperation too viie. For three years The Oregonian said nothing. Finally it concluded to let Mr. Ladd understand that some things could be said as well

as others. Mr. Ladd and others attempted a newspaper because, as they said, there was "need of another voice." To the statement itself The Oregonian could take no exception. But the necessary far has been to do this thing. The fact by clabbered milk? is, the offense of The Oregonian and of the Telegram was that they were not toadeaters and lickspittles to our local nobility, and the "first families" felt the need of an organ equal to that func-

Very likely the toadeating and tuftunting and lickspittle organ would have remained unnoticed by The Oregonlan, and it might have pursued its own way to its heart's content, had it let The Oregonian alone. But it had made for years persistent and venomous attack-The Oregonian returning not one word. Finally, however, forpearance ceased to be a virtue.

The Oregonian, it has been learned, has yet sufficient resources of offense and defense, of self-protection and of retaliation,-loath as it is to use them. Besider, when an organ of plutocracy is marking under false names, and masquerading under false colors, as

"a champion of the people," and as an exclusive defender of "popular rights," the public has a right to call for, and to witness, exposure of the hypocrisy. Out of the capitalistic greed, of which the Lacd organ is a product, you will get regard for popular rights and pub-Western methods on an Eastern trunk shall gather grapes of thorns and figs

It is not only from the Czar of Rusto introduce into a departrment store in sia, but from the Rockefellers and New York the free-and-easy credit sys- their imitators here and everywhere, tem of the country store." Conversely, that you are to learn the quality of the mercy that despots feel.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, a Russlan, successor to the great Pasteur in his world-famous institute, has worked out a theory which promises to teach us how to live long and perennially brief statement of it need not be obthe phagocytes, those small white bodles which roam the rivers of the human blood seeking what they may desystem these valiant corpuscies throw intruders; a war of extermination ensues; and when peace is restored, either the man is dead whose body was the scene of combat, or the last of the enemy has been devoured by his microscopic defenders.

It seems, though, that the phagocytes are subject to panics and sudden terinstant, unresisting flight by their mere been so long delayed is explained in a germs, for example, or those of smallmeasure by the statement of Mr. Keys pox. But the warrior corpuscles rally that Mr. Harriman "Is chairman, presi- from their rout and a battle follows which need not be utterly hopeless; traffic director of every road in his sys-tem." they do win, it may happen, or it may not, that they lose all their dread of and other Harriman officials when he self again. In this case we become immune to the disease. Thus it is with the railway world." The limitations of smallpox. One victory over those germs their power, however, are apparent in decides not only the present, but all the statement that "the system is run future wars. But there are diseases, and cholera is such a one, whose germs inside office. There are no other or- cytes. Each new invasion throws them into a new panic, and, consequently, man" system has proved profitable in against these diseases we never acquire the case of Mr. Harriman, Mr. Keys immunity. The danger is as great from the hundredth exposure as from the first. But the tale is not told. There dwells within us, so reasons the suplent Metchnikoff, within the cloaca, or sewers, of the human form divine, a certain other germ, a busy and evil monster, who, though warmed by us and fed, repays our involuntary hospitality in a manner most ungrateful. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union should not delay to include him in their maledictions, for he manufactures an intoxicating beverage which he subtly fastills throughout the gates and alleys of the body, and certain of the phago-

germs in the intestines we should gam- that more women than ever are now bol in everlasting youth; or, at any being employed in wage-earning vocarate, we should live twice as long as we

do now.

But the phagocytes are inaccessible and indocile. Hardened in bibulous iniquity, exhortation would be lost upon The person who in the glamor of the them even if they could be made to footlights of the ecclesiastical show exhear it. Not so the wicked distillers pects "salvation" to descend upon him who inhabit the intestines and manufacture the deadly draught. Providence has luckly placed them at our mercy. If we canont regenerate the phagocyte, we can destroy the germ | no such an "easy" leap. It is the fruitthat putteth the bottle to his lips and age of slow years of endeavor to live maketh him drunken also, which bonorably and to-deal justly by all amounts practically to the same thing; for as long as he is sober he is beneficent. Learn, then, the secret of perpetual youth. It is simply to keep the intestines clear of lithal germs. Aha, but the effects of which are neither sneers the cynic, there is a receipt for remedial nor preventive. "The very catching birds of much the same value; that is, to put salt on their talls. But this time we have the cyefe on the hip. We can rout him, horse, foot and artillery. germs of decay in the intestines. We can slay the ministers of death. We can set the dogs of war upon them and be comes to us next month, and, ignorhound them to destruction.

These dogs of war, when not raging with Bellona on the stricken field, are mild creatures. The housewife would and wholesome feast, to which a man never dream, to watch the placid surface of her milk pans, that in their if he would absorb and digest its eleshallows he is born and nurtured-he ments properly. But it came somewhat the victor over death. But so it is, as a surprise from Dr. Wilson. The germ that slays the lethal inhabitant of the intestines is the germ that turns milk sour. Drink him down and never die. Sour milk is the elixir of life. The balmy breathing cow is the fountain of perpetual youth which sought. Once more Professor Metchnibut in the simple and common things to be true than false. Death is a fearlect in life would be to assail, malign, not a cheerful prospect. Since time beis a necessary conclusion, since the it in vain. Shall the victory which has main object of Mr. Ladd's paper thus eluded magic and prayer be won at last

TWO LUMINABIES IN ECLIPSE.

The vanity of two bright and shining lights of the prizering received a rude shock at Colma yesterday. Incidentally something besides the vanity of one of the sluggers stopped numerous hard short-arm jabs, swings and punches. The iron of defeat would have entered the soul of Mr. James Britt attended with much less pain had it been in the hands of some "gentleman" fighter instead of a plain, coarse, ordinary slugger like

"Battling" Nelson. There are, of course, people who will never learn to distinguish a gentleman prizefighter from the other kind. In fact, they will argue that there is no difference. With Mr. Britt, however, there was no question, for he himself was sure that he was not a vulgar prizefighter, but a gentleman boxer, and as such he granted himself license to make numerous slighting and sneering remarks regarding both the social standing and fighting ability of "Battling" Nelson.

The other exponent of an alleged 'manly art" to have his sensibilities jarred was the ex-champion heavyweight, James J. Jeffries. After being selected to referee the fight for the stipulared sum of \$1000, he temporarily forit he was rapidly drifting into a class known as "has beens" and degame for an insignificant \$1000, the mill came so near to ending in a row that Mr. Jeffries was the subject of some very unfavorable comment. He is now in make a satisfactory idol. He can now join James Britt, James J. Corbett, John L. Sullivan and other Jims and young. It may be rend about at length Johns who used to be in the spot light in the September McClure's, but a more frequently than was absolutely песеявагу.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR. The country editor has come to town

your. When hostile germs invade the his devil, his esteemed contemporary and the sapid pumpkin contributed by themselves headling upon the deadly Uncle Ebeneezer Hayseed upon the celebrated occasion when he called in to pay a year's subscription. The pumpkin, glowing through the dust of the office window like a serene and golden sunset, was the last thing the editor's eye rested upon as he climbed into the amoker with his grip in his hand and his pass in his pocket, to dare rors. Certain germs will put them to the temptations of the great city. But when he returns vanquished and bankthe construction of these branches has aspect, such is its horror. Cholera rupt from his encounter with metropol-Itan sin, the pumpkin will glow longer, for "our wife" will have baked it into a batch of those luscious ples May they take all the bad taste out of his mouth and reillumine his soul with the peaceful light of bucolle innocence. May the forms not be pted nor the devil the loathsome foe and devour him with drunk when he gets back, and may all Mohler, Calvin, Stubbs, Kruttschnitt lusty appetite whenever he shows him- his delinquent subscribers pay up forthwith, either in cash or cordwood, for he will need both. The joys of the city are expensive, and Winter is at hand. Here's to the country editor, the her ald of progress, the angel of enlighten-May his circulation never be ment. never lose their terrors for the phago- less and may his advertising columns continually grow longer.

Figures from the Census Bureau in reference to the number of women in more important occupations in which they are competing with men show the following:

ournalists Literary and scientific per-32,339 7,357 -327,614 ,335,282 Physicians and surgeons.
Teachers and professors.
Laundresses
Stenographers and type-

constitutes old age, and could we teach number of male stenographers and them to shun the exhibitating but disastrous beverage brewed by the lethal and that, too, in the face of the fact

CALL BOOK SERVICE

Dr. Clarence True Wilson is right. There is no "easy way to salvation." through the exhortation, the prayers, the entreaties, of those who make a business of this sort of thing, is mistaken in his hope. Salvation comes by men. The religion that springs up in a night is well designated as the festival and oyster supper religion," broken doses of which are palatable, worst enemy of God," continued Dr. Wilson, "is the evangelist who seeks by card signing, the raising of the hand the most famous and "the best man" on and other contrivances arranged to We know how to kill the make the way of salvation easy." The public was prepared to expect something like this of Elbert Hubbard when ing the open Trail, proceeds to tell the, people at the Fair, in substance, that religion is not a picnic, but a solemn must sit down every day in the year

The New York Evening Post calls on the American people to shake off their slavish lethargy and to submit no longer to the tasteless fruits to which they are subjected. It calls attention Ponce de Leon, wandering to his death to the fact that there has been just as through the swamps of Florida, vainly much progress in developing the lusclousness of fruits as there has been koff has taught the world the old les- in developing the beauties of flowers; son that salvation from the ills of life and that pears, peaches and plums to lies not in the mysterious and remote, make one's mouth water are grown today in larger variety and in larger around us. His theory is so easy to quantities than ever before. But who understand and so cheap to apply that gets them? It is no longer the ordimost people will probably treat it with nary consumer. All he can get, unless contempt, but he is a great scientist he goes to some restaurant where he and what he says is much more likely pays two or three prices, is a tasteless imitation, picked half-ripe for shipping. interpretation of it came to be that there was need of a "voice" whose obthe fact that the ordinary grower preabuse and vility The Oregonian. This gan men have sought exemption from fers quantity to quality because a patient public puts up with a poor pear or peach as complacently as if it were the real thing. What is true in New York is lamentably true in Portland, the chief city of a state which Nature intended for the cultivation of fruit in its most perfect form. Our grievance is not so great over the extortionate price as over the poor quality.

Citizens of Baker and Clackamas Counties have shown good business judgment by appointing committees to aspect the assessment rolls and ascertain whether the assessment has been fair and equal. Several months ago attention was called in these columns to the necessity for such action if the great majority of the taxpayers are to get a square deal. The tendency all over the state is to assess the large pened in New York. Don't forget that, holder at a lower rate than the small holder, thereby throwing upon the Missouri, where five colleges and a fapoorer classes an undue proportion of the tax burden. When the taxpayers, is the metropolis of the United States, through a commercial organization or other association of interested persons. Eastern culture and civilization. The take up the matter and uncover the facts, a more equitable assessment can be secured. If the common people fall to get a square deal, it is largely their own fault.

The Oregonian prints extended accounts of the prizefight yesterday in San Fran sort of "literature," but because most manded \$2000. This demand was not people want it. More persons in Oremet, but, before Mr. Jeffries came out gon and throughout the Northwest will of his trance and agreed to referee the read about this prizefight today than will listen to all the deliverances from all the pulpits; and most of those who hear the deliverances from the pulpits will read the accounts of the prizefight, possession of the knowledge that the too. More's the pity, unquestionably; public regards him as containing too but the newspaper must "give attenmuch common money-getting clay to tion to public opinion." The report of this prizefight in San Francisco is the chief matter of interest in the United States, and largely throughout the world, today. And what the cynic may think about it, or what he may say, will make no difference

It is a matter of significance that the Providence, R. L. Journal, a Republican paper published in a manufactur- ers-that's morality for you. ing center, should complain that the recent convention in Chicago paid so little to our own domestic in discussion of the lowering of the tariff. The needs of producers for the home market exclusively, or mainly, and of domestic consumers, are entitled to at least equal consideration," it says, The tariff should be readjusted, not wholly for the permission of a freer outflow, but, partly at least, for the permission of a freer inflow." As a New England view of tariff reform, this is interesting.

In Berlin cattle on the hoof are selling for 14% cents a pound. Oregon could fatten the transcontinental railroads and the steamship lines with freight at much higher than prevailing rates, and then realize more for the

The Washington Post says the news-

of divorce cases the very next morning after the ladies refuse to read papers containing such stories. This may be construed into fixing the data for such reform at the latter end of eter-Alton B. Parker is reported as hav-

ing accepted a \$100,000-a-year job as

counsel for rapid transit concern in Brooklyn. Isn't this the man who once ran for President? The name sounds familiar. There is complaint both in Russia and in Japan that President Roosevelt has forced a peace that neither party wanted and that both parties are dissatisfied with. He must be a great man.

OREGON OZONE Murderous Maunderings.

Once I was shaved on a shuddering ship, And the barber gouged and gored. When he had finished I gave him a tip-

II. I am not an Igorrote, And I wouldn't kill a dog; But I'd go a little furder And I'd mangle and I'd murder The street-car end-seat

I tipped him overboard!"

hog. Two Heroes.

Mickey the Pug, weight 125, age 25, previous occupation hodearrier and later boilermaker's helper, works 47 minutes with his fists and wins \$40,000-his share of the gate receipts. Newspapers print his picture and the story of his "victory" on the front page, under seven-column fright heads, and for seven years he is earth. Then he dies of delirium tremens, and the worms hold high carnival over his corpse. But his oblivary notices oc cupy half the front page, and for seven weeks Fitzy the Fighter writes reminiscences of the world-famed Mickey the Pug, and nearly all the earth drinks in the thrillful tale of his uppercuts, solarplexus punches, left jabs and the like. Then he is utterly forgotten, and his bones bleach.

Jim Jones writes a poem that thrills the multitude and urges men to mightler and nobler endeavor, or he paints a pic ture that inspires his fellows to high endeavor, or he promulgates a plan for the betterment of mankind, adding largely to the happiness of the race. His name is known only in his own street, and if he should protest against the bossiness of a policeman or a street-car conductor and get into the lock-up he couldn't find anybody to go his ball. After a time he dies and the paper says: "James Smith, of Blank street, died yesterday; funeral tomorrow." Then about 30 years after his death the town raises a monument over his remains and there are annual meetings in the Town Hall, where his career is discussed and contributions are taken up for the purchase of geraniums to hang on the monument.

It's all a mere matter of taste.

Professor Pickering, of Harvard, advances a startling theory of the origin of the Pacific Ocean. The professor has been on a trip to Honolulu. He declares that, from certain astronomical observations, and from studies of the Hawaitan volcanoes made by him, he has reached the conclusion that the moon is composed of matter thrown off from the earth. which originally occupied the space now covered by the Pacific. Thus, one by one, our fondest traditions fall. The greencheese lunar theory is solar-plexused. The moon is made of sodium chloride and H-2-O. It is the salt crystals that cause it to shine.

Policeman Hinners-awfully funny name, that-accidentally bumped into a young man from Columbia. Mo., who was carrying two revolvers. The incident hap Columbia is the state university town of mous Bible class are located. New York and is located in the heart and center of young man whose two revolvers were revealed to Policeman Hinners by the sense of touch freely acknowledged, at the police station, that he was guilty of carrying concealed weapons-in this case actually plural, and, therefore, according to the statute. But he stated that he carried only one revolver with him from Misrived in New York, because he had heard that New York was infested with robbers. Conditions have changed mightily. The Central West has gotten down to one revolver, the wild and woolly East requires two, while the Far West gets along fairly well with nothing but a cotton handkerchief in the back pocket.

A lady newspaper correspondent says the Georgia peach leads the world, but there are young men with sweethearts in this town who give the primacy to the Portland peach.

"Sell during a boom; don't buy," says the Atchison Globe. And yet there are have a firmer hold in Kansas than anywhere else on the globe. Unload on oth

"Prof. Dr. Alexander Gedden, Baltimuch attention to foreign trade and so more's Champion Poet," contributes an ode on Labor day to the Baltimore Herald. The Prof. Dr. doubtless felt that he owed this ode to humanity,

> A town named Soldfer, in Kansas, defeated a town named Winchester in a baseball game last week. It was not the first time that a soldier and a Winchester came together.

Kack-Kack is the name of the chief of the Pottawatomie Indians. Though Kack-Kack wears feathers and his name sounds that way, he is no Spring chicken, being 76 years old.

Philadelphia is planning a grand celebration for the 20th anniversary of Ben Franklin's hirth. That town should read up on Franklin's maxims of honesty before proceeding to any such memorial
observance. If B. Franklin should return
to Philadelphia now and find his statue
in the public square he would make
tracks for a toy store and buy a kite that
the public before the church of the wood,
and Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every
laddle should rates, and then realize more for the up on Franklin's maxims of honesty be-product of the range than the Beef fore proceeding to any such memorial papers will quit publishing the details tracks for a toy store and buy a kite that would bring the lightning from the clouds to destroy the statue. Franklin was oldfashioned; he had his faults, but he never grafted anything except electricity.

Pat Crowe was seen in-oh, beg your

Planting a City.

Dr. Heinrich C. Leonhardt of Tona-wanda recently supplied almost the whole city with young trees. At a dinner which he attended he heard the suggestion made that the city needed shade thest immediately he housest suggestion made that the city he bought shade trees. Immediately he bought thousands of young elm, maple and thousands of young elm, maple and all along the meadow rang the old cow bell. chestnut trees, and as soon as it was possible had them shipped to Tona-wanda and stored in a nursery there. possible had them shipped to Tona-wanda and stored in a nursery there.

Then he announced that all who would And I see the little mother in the tremble of Its severest critic can find no fault with the capacity of the Portland drydock, nor the expedition with which it is able to berth mammoth carriers. Fetch on your big ships.

It will not be very long before the royal bands at St. Petersburg and Tokio will be playing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Somehow we have not heard much lately about Roosevelt and the Big Stick.

Wanda and stored in a nursery there. Then would have held might have trees by applying at the mursery. The effect was wonderful. Streets that never would have had trees were soon filled with flourishing young saplings that in twenty years will be priceless—a magnificent monument to one man. Two thousand of the trees were distributed in an incredibly short time. There was more tree-planting in Tonawanda this Spring than ever before. The only condition attached to the offer was that persons taking trees should guarantee to plant them for shade purposes and to plant them in accordance with directions given at the nursery.

Stick.

CURRENT VERSE OF THE DAY

The Little Child That Died. Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, in "Haby."
Furn where I will I miss, I miss my sweet;
By my lone fire, or in the crowded way,
once so familiar to his joyous feet,

I miss, I hunger for him all This is the house wherefrom his welcome rang; These are the wintry walks where he and Vould pause to mark if a stray robin sang. Or some new sunset-flame enrich'd the sky

Here, where we crossed the dangerous road, and where
Uniterably desolute I stand,
flow often peering through the somber—
I felt the sudden rightening of his hand! Round me the city looms, void, waste and

Wanting the presence of one little child

In Bohemla. Boston Transcript.
Though one suffer petty woes—
Threadhare coat and peeping toes— In Bohemia care becomes Weightless as the bee that hums

Though the search for pairry gain Leave a vulgarizing stain, In Bohemia, land of dreams And romance, forever gleams That rare poetry, whose art Springs unbidden from the heart!

To the brightest beam of light!

If one have a sprightly mind To Bohemia let us fice, Free of spirit, you and me; In Bohemia let us dwell, Drinking deep from Fancy's weilt

Envy, anger, bitter words Hush the soul's sweet-singing birds: In Bohemia let us test Kindest converse, truest rest; Where, in daylong sunfit peace, Joy's glad hymn shall never cease!

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Bedtime.

Harper's Magazine.

Last year my leddime was at eight, And every single night I used to wish the clock would wait. Or else stay out of sight, It always seemed to me. The nicest time of all the day if mother would agree. But she salvays shook her head, And she sort of jumped, and said, Why, it's late-after right.

And it's time you were in bed!

That clock would always do its best
To sit all onlet there.
Until I was my comfyest
In some big easy chair.
Then its striking would begin.
And I'd tell by motherkin
Flow I'd just begun a chapter, and
It was so intrestin—
And the end was just ahead—
But she usurully said,
No, it's late—after cipht—
And it's time to go to bed.

And now my beditine is ha'-past, But yet that old clock does. The same mean tricks-it's just as fact. Or factor than it was. Last night it seemed to me. The nacest time of all the day. If mother would agree. The next mail-nour a be.
The nicest time of all the day
If mother would agree.
But she smiled and shook her head,
And she kissed me while she sald,
Why, it's late-ha'-past eight—
And it's time you went to hed?

What's the Use?

What's the use of being gloomy Though the Fall is nearing? Peaches ripening, grapes are bloomy. Through the land, in spaces roomy, What's the use?

What's the use of constant doubting Lest the future's bounty Shall in some way you be flouting? If you prosper now be shouting What's the use? What's the use to horrow trouble

Now or any season? Just reforce, your joy 'twill double; Doubt it, joy bursts like a bubbble Without rhyme or reason. What's the use?

What's the use God's love to question Or attempt to bound it? All the sensons give suggestion; It will not a single test shun. You can never sound it! What's the use?

Retter just accept your mercies With a heart o'erflowing, As their number it rehearse Not forebodeful of reverses; So your joy'll be growing

The Editor's Table.

Toronto Mail and Express.
There's a little box of pills,
There's a heap of lengthy bills,
here's a caustic letter from a country

reader,
There's a ticket for a stall,
There's another for a ball,
There's a circular about a patent feeder,
There's a lot of cigarette, There's a lot of cigarettes,
There's letters of regrets,
here's a proof of highly-colored lithographing,
There's a solitary ace,
There's a photo of her face,
There are articles to start the angels
loughter.

aughing. There's a pretty chiming clock,
There's some Western mining stock,
There are stacks of verse in every sort of

metre,
There's a cotton office hat,
There's a badly ragged mat,
There's a pipe how! than which nothing
could be sweeter,
There's a ticket for the Zoo,
There's a map of Timbucton
There's a guide to Pafestine and one to
Russia.

Russia.
There's the latest opera score,
There's a lump of iron ore,
There's a relic of a Rugby football rusher.
There are potts of ink and glue,
There are letters old and new, ere are piles of old exchanges and

paper.
There's a narrow pair of shears,
There's a glass of that which cheers,
There's a double-backed and pointed paper scraper. There's a partly-smoked cigar, There's an ornamental jar, There's the circulation swearer's weekly

fable; Oh, the sight will tickie you If you ever catch a view Of the editor while writing at his table.

A Home Picture.

And Dannie rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song, To make the little slater grow so pretty and

Of the sweet peas and the morning giories climbing round the door.

And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor.

Of the "pinies" and the roses, and the quiver of the grass.

And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass!

Of the scuffle and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh.

As the rabble starts up somewhere, and her As the rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.