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OUR QUEEN CITY OF THE PACIFIC.

The Oregonian must say, and, in saying, it believes it speaks for the great body of the people of the Pacific Northwest, that it deprecates the predictions, uttered too freely, that San Francisco can never recover from the disaster that befel her in the April of 1906. Her position as the leading city of Pacific America. For in fact, notwithstanding her calamity, the greatest that has befallen any city in modern times, San Francisco has not lost her leading position, her supereminence in business, in industry, in art, in her commanding place in commerce, her faith in herself, or her importance in the estimation of America or of the world.

But it is unkind to utter gloomy predictions about her future, even though they be clothed in the colors of sympathy or pity; for San Francisco is not destroyed. She has her spirit and her energy, she is making signal progress already in rebuilding; already her mercantile and banking transactions have nearly recovered their former volume. Her newspapers carry a large volume of advertisements as before the catastrophe. Her population soon will be greater than it was before that calamitous event. Her work of reconstruction during the next five years, and of enlargement of her city with it, will make San Francisco the busiest city of her class in America.

Yet if it had been thought that the greatness of San Francisco consisted merely or chiefly in her material display, and in the grandeur of appearance, it might have been anticipated that she had been annihilated. Then one might say San Francisco was, or had been, but is not. The epitaph of San Francisco might then have been written. But San Francisco did not ever exist on a greater scale than she has now. Her position is the ultimate, greater. For even the forces of Nature may be modified and controlled, to an extent, by the intelligence of man. That is to say, man adjusts himself through experience to the operations of Nature, and gains thereby, to an extent, to command them. In the rebuilding of San Francisco the possibility of earthquake will be kept in view, and buildings and streets and water mains and gas and electric conduits will be constructed accordingly. The construction of these parts never known heretofore. Yet San Francisco is little liable to these disturbances, in any serious way. Building will be studied with a view to minimization of these consequences. Steel frames will, and strongly fastened will have approval, since they did not give way under the recent shocks, and science and prudence will work steadily in combination to the common end.

The work on these principles is going forward with constantly increasing energy, though but four months have elapsed since the disaster, and merely to "straighten out" after such a disaster requires time.

There must, in a great city, and as the centuries run on, always, a great city, at San Francisco. The position, the harbor, the production and greatness and wealth of California, and the relation of this great port to the commerce of the Pacific, require it. In the development of our Pacific states, nothing can supersede San Francisco. It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that San Francisco can be extinguished, or even dwarfed, by this calamity. The city of Naples, a splendid city, greater than San Francisco was, that has stood and grown three eighteen hundred years, is built upon a site that was the crater of a volcano.

We of the Pacific states, all of us, have been proud of San Francisco, and profoundly touched with her misfortune. She has been our metropolis of Pacific America, from the greatest harbor, her harbor, her relation to internal and external commerce, her central place in the country behind her and on the ocean before her, the great railway lines that converge upon her, and her position as a food for the commerce of two hemispheres make San Francisco indispensable on the map of our Pacific states, of the United States and of the world. Cheer and encouragement and support and help then from San Francisco. From the greatest calamity of modern times she will rise, she must rise, she must be helped to rise, she is rising, above her unexampled misfortune!

Such mighty and dividends come from the Union Pacific and Southern

Pacific and Oregon Short Line and Oregon Railroad systems, making stockholders happy and throwing Wall street into uproar, that we may hope and expect the extensions required in Oregon will be made right soon. There is money, evidently. The whole system is prosperous. It can build these Oregon roads, and it will build them. It has taken Harriman a while; he has had obstacles and difficulties; but he is getting it a-going. As an agent, manager and director of enormous aggregated capital, he is conceiving great things and getting forward with them. Oregon will get the railroad development which it desires, but which has been delayed till heads here have grown gray. We are glad to hear of this wonderful stir in New York, and of its effect in circles of investment and speculation. It means much for Oregon. It points to attainment and the eventuality of what Oregon has so long waited for.

WHERE RAIL MEETS SHIP.

The railroads transporting freight from the interior to tidewater or across the continent for trans-shipment by water to foreign countries always drop that freight at the first point reached on tidewater. When the Illinois Central and other roads which drain the Mississippi Valley of its enormous traffic reach New Orleans, the head of deep-water navigation on the Mississippi, the freight is then turned over to the ship instead of being carried on down to the mouth of the river. On Puget Sound the Northern Pacific, instead of carrying its freight nearly 150 miles farther to Neah Bay or Clallam Bay, unloads it at Tacoma. The same great economic law prevails in all of the big inland seaports of the world. That fact that freight is loaded and unloads at the place where the goods are not placed on board the ship at the mouth of the Hooghly, but far up the treacherous stream at Calcutta, the point farthest inland to which a ship can be worked. Ships do not stop for the treacherous stream of the Hooghly, but push on up to Hamburg, receiving and discharging cargo at the farthest point inland which can be reached. There are plenty of good locations for seaports between Delaware breakwater and Philadelphia, but there, as elsewhere, the point which is the cheapest to take the ship to the cargo than to take the cargo to the ship, and all load and discharge at Philadelphia.

So it goes wherever ships float and railroads can meet them. Freight can be transported to much greater advantage by water than by land that it is an impossibility for a railroad to meet the competition on per-ton-per-mile basis, and all roads recognize this unchangeable condition and turn the freight over to the water at the farthest point which can be reached. It is this economic advantage of location which has made Portland inexpressible in the field which she serves. In the early days of the Oregon country the small vessels which entered the river were not infrequently taken as prizes by the pirates of Oregon City, but as the impossibility of ever improving the Upper Willamette sufficiently to adapt it to the requirements of seagoing vessels was realized, the head of navigation was established south of the river, and it was always there. But Portland, aside from her inevitable location where the railroads drop strike tidewater, has other points of advantage which are not enjoyed by many of the big ports mentioned. This city is the only seaport on the Pacific coast which can be reached by a trans-continental railroad by an easy, natural grade.

Aside from the enormous business originating in that great empire drained by the Columbia River and its tributaries, there is a vast and ever increasing stream of traffic flowing across the American continent en route to and from the Far East. This traffic in the past has not always followed the lines of least resistance. Instead it has been switched to the north and south, and the result has been a means forced over lofty mountains, through tunnels and around fearful curves, where the expense of operating and maintaining a service was tremendous in comparison with that of a shorter, straighter line. The result was small and rates were high, the waste of power—which, of course, means a waste of money—was less noticeable, but it has now swelled into proportions so formidable that the atomic savings per ton, when multiplied by the enormous tonnage which is handled, show a total so vast that it can no longer be ignored or wasted.

It is this recognition of a vital necessity for the elimination of all possible grades and curves that is forcing the reorganization of the water-level route to tidewater. It explains the haste with which Mr. Hill is fighting his way into Portland, and it also explains the attitude of Mr. Harriman, who naturally is disinclined to surrender a single point of vantage which he can hold. It explains the haste with which personal knowledge of the advantages of the water-level line, is now engaged in preliminary work on a line down the Snake River for the purpose of eliminating the Blue Mountain grades. In the whole of the country, where the men are making for betterments calculated to reduce operating expenses, he has been following the old adage: "In time of peace prepare for war," and when that war comes—and there will be railroad wars so long as there are railroad men—it will be the men who are in possession of water-level routes in a position to dictate terms.

Mr. Hill's new line down the north bank of the Columbia River will give him an advantage that he has never before enjoyed, and the fierce fight he is making for vast terminal facilities at Portland is proof conclusive that he appreciates the wonderful possibilities of the seaport at the terminus of the only water-level route from the Inland Empire and from the Rocky Mountains.

THE PEOPLE'S RESERVED TIMBER.

If the people residing in the vicinity of the Colville forest reserve are exercising themselves in the department of the Interior left out of the constant superintendence of the timber supply of the forest reserve, they may as well save themselves the discomfort. The forest reserve is created for the purpose of preserving timber that belongs to the people. Its size and intention is to prevent the timber syndicates from grabbing all the timber and then dictating prices to the consumer, just as the oil and coal barons fix the prices that shall be paid to them. It is also the purpose to protect the timber from destruction by fire. The timber thus placed in reserves belongs to the whole people.

It is quite appropriate that the Government should bear the expense of fire patrol. But there is no reason why

a tract of timber owned by an enormously wealthy timber concern should be included in a reserve and given the direct benefit of Government control, and the Weyerhaeusers want their timber guarded, they have money enough with which to employ men to do the work. There is no more reason why the Government should employ special fire protection for private timber lands than there is for Government protection for private wheat fields.

The Government has very little timber land left. That little is all that stands between the consumer and the oppressive prices of a monopoly. The Government does well to create reserves, wherever there is public timber land to be preserved and protected. The evils of the forest-reserve system have arisen from the abuses which were perpetrated through the influence of corporations owning worthless land which they induced, reckless, ignorant or unscrupulous officials to place inside a forest reserve so that they could exchange their holdings for more valuable lands. The Colville people will do well to advise themselves fully as to the facts before they take action.

GRAPERS FIGHTING FOR GRACE.

The temper of the people is aroused. Its representative and fearless exponent is President Roosevelt. The causes of its great but slow awakening are before the world in the exposure of the colossal abuses that have grown up under the name of trusts and mergers and under the sanction of business. Some of the people and the press have come to call them, and the term covers every type of financial iniquity that has had far reaching and carried enormous profits under the name of business.

Railroad managers, Standard Oil kings, men who have amassed millions from the packing industry, have been hailed before committees and their methods of conducting business exposed. The fleeced public, first in astonishment, then in wrath, has heard the story and an accounting has been demanded. It was because of the failure to diagnose the symptoms of this slowly awakening temper of the people that these great manipulators of transportation, of industry and of business were caught. The probe of Congressional inquiry opened up their methods and the escaping odors have made a stench in the nostrils of decency that it will take many winds of fair and honorable dealing to waway.

UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH.

Orators and beggars must not be held too strictly accountable. They must be permitted to lie a little without invoking that utter reprobation which befalls a clergyman when he forsakes his sacred duty, or a man when he sells an empty barrel in the fervor of his emotions, or an enlightened person blames him. It is his business to persuade, and one important branch of the art of persuasion is to make things worse or better in speech than they are in fact. A heart which would be moved by the truth can often be melted to pity or fired to wrath by a wisely-plotted lie. Therefore the orator only follows the legitimate indications of his trade when he complots with the father of lies.

THE WATER PROBLEM OF CITIES.

It is only by comparison that we are able to assess our blessings, and then we do not always rate them at their full value. The people of the city of Portland know, in a general way, and upon occasion may be boastful of the fact, that the water supply of the city is the best on earth, as regards purity, but it is only when the story of an epidemic of typhoid breaks out in another city, with statistics showing the death rate due to this prevalent scourge in other cities, are studied, that they are brought to a realizing sense of the blessing of an uncontaminated water supply. In quantity the water that has come through the faucets in many sections of the city during the present summer has fallen short through wanton waste in other sections, but its quality has been fully up to the standard of purity. This is something, truly, for which to be thankful—and something which stands out strongly in comparison with the records of cities much larger, older and more opulent than our own.

According to the "Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences," the water supply of Brooklyn is less contaminated with sewage seepings than that of any other large city in the country. In 1885, for which year careful data were compiled from many cities, twenty-three persons died of typhoid fever in every 100,000 of Brooklyn's population. The water of New York is guarded with great care, but it is derived from a more extensive area than the Brooklyn supply and the average annual death rate from typhoid for the decade following the year mentioned was twenty-six per 100,000; or constant superintendence of the water supply of London and the typhoid rate in the time covered by this data, was twenty-eight. Notwithstanding careful superintendence of health officers, the water supply of Boston is subject to a certain degree of contamination, correspondingly, the mortality rate there is higher than those already given—thirty-eight for the year covered and supplied from the Ohio River, with many large settlements upon its upper waters, had higher typhoid rates—forty-four for the year specified, and an average of sixty-three for the decade, and Philadelphia, supplied from the Schuylkill, which is known to be foul, recorded sixty-four deaths for

the year and sixty-six as the average of the previous ten years.

These figures present the status of a continuous epidemic, for they mean that during the ten years there died of typhoid fever in Philadelphia 4000 persons who would not have died had the Brooklyn rates prevailed, and that over 50,000 persons suffered from a dangerous and debilitating illness who would have escaped attack had their water supply been derived from a source as pure as that of Brooklyn.

The ingenuity by means of which a water supply of relative purity can be obtained under difficult conditions is cited in the case of New Orleans. That city is low-lying and has no sewers; its liquid filth flows sluggishly in open channels by the sidewalks, flushed from time to time by water pumped from the Mississippi; its more solid refuse is collected and carried to open air outhouses in confined areas, when it is carried off by the current of the river; the subsoil water, which is found within a few feet of the surface, is so loaded with drainage as to be unfit for use, and the exhalations of the cesspools, the out-houses and the closets not infrequently taint the air in many sections of the city. Yet the city of New Orleans has a domestic water supply that is free from sewage inflow, otherwise it would become one of the plague spots of the earth. The streets and gutters are flushed with water from the river, the domestic supply consists of rain water, collected and stored in cypress-wood cisterns, which are raised above the suspicion of sewage contamination. As a result, the typhoid mortality in New Orleans is as low as the standard rates in New York and London.

Conditions and expedients such as these emphasize the blessing of an abundant uncontaminated water supply. It is to be hoped that the total of poverty for water for domestic purposes during the heat of a tropical summer; of streets flanked by streams of sluggish ooze and of tainted water within a few feet of the surface of the ground, undraining the entire city. Let us take our ball and bat, and let us not forget to complain of low pressure in the bathroom and pantry at an hour when thousands of faucets are open for lawn irrigation, serene in the knowledge that when the pressure is restored after a few hours of stoppage, the water will bubble and liquid abundance of standard purity.

A FORGOTTEN PRINCIPLE.

A writer in the current number of the North American Review points out pessimistically how little all the efforts of enthusiasts for the betterment of social conditions have accomplished during the last hundred years. The writer, a woman, recalls the failure of the French Revolution; the disastrous termination of such enterprises as the Brook Farm experiment, and the general ill success of attempts at co-operation in the nineteenth century. Finally, she takes refuge in a general denial of the facts, contending that, after all, most of the evils we hear so much about are imaginary—of course she has no difficulty in quoting statistics which would bear her out.

The opinion that the French Revolution failed to accomplish anything is one of those errors which persist among intelligent and moderately thoughtful people, in spite of manifest facts which ought to warn them of its folly. That it was followed by a reaction is true, but its effects upon the history of the world were deep and lasting. Putting it crudely, the French Revolution destroyed feudalism and raised the middle class, the dominant power in Europe and America. The middle class became the dominant social power, but in recent decades it has been succeeded by a renascence of feudalism which we call the plutocracy. Our social condition, since the close of the War of the Rebellion, has moved directly contrary to that of Europe, for there the marked feature has been the struggle of the proletariat to dethrone the middle class, while here the middle class has had to fight the plutocracy.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century with us will be known in history as the period when the oligarchy of wealth consolidated its power and obtained a fairly complete control of the law-making and law-interpreting bodies all over the country. For a hundred years efforts at social betterment have largely resulted in failure, what does this mean? Efforts to better the condition of mankind consist almost entirely in the attempted applications of the doctrines of religion to human relations. Our present failure of social reform almost forces one to ask the question whether formal religion is, after all, the power which is to be looked to for the future promotion of equality and justice.

Among the sayings of Jesus which have been preserved, there is not one which explicitly recognizes the existence of what we call a public. He seems to have had no conception of the rights of the people in contradistinction to those of rulers. He thinks much about the poor; he has anathema upon every man who has a ruler of the subject to pay tribute to his ruler, but of the rights of man he never speaks. Jesus thought only of the individual. His solution of the problem of evil lay in the transformation of every person through the new birth from a vessel of wrath to a vessel of mercy. He held that if each man in the world could be made good, evil would be abolished. This is the common rendering of his doctrine.

Whether Jesus had this thought in mind or not, it is one must admit, pure speculation; but if he had, it may be the secret of the failure of his teachings to transform mankind as he hoped they would. We may lay it down as a principle, which no sociologist would dispute, that every person might be upright in all his thought and conduct and yet the world be an unhappy place to live in. Righteousness for a man considered solely as an individual is a very different thing from righteousness

as a member of society. The more forsaking of one's sins does not make one a good citizen. Some of the worst citizens have no sins at all so far as we can discern. Some of the best are altogether reprobate from the theological standpoint.

But it is by no means certain that, if we fully understood what Jesus meant by "love," we should not, after all, have the key to the solution of social evils, which some have thought his teachings do not contain. Does he not mean by love the recognition of mutual helplessness, forbearance and sacrifice? And may not the failure of reform be caused by our too full reliance upon enlightened selfishness and too little upon this comparatively forgotten element in the teaching of the master? Suppose all Christians should begin today the thorough-going practice of the golden rule; the world would instantly become a different place, and we may believe, a better one. The stronger our faith in the potency of Jesus' teachings the firmer our belief that here lies the real secret of all lasting reform.

The reproach of the writer in the North American Review is therefore really directed at modern Christianity, which seems to have forsaken the fundamental precept of its founder and turned to speculations upon abstract dogma. The old discussion about the resurrection and the virgin birth may incense the feelings of plutocratic peddlers less than the plain words of Jesus, but are they as effectual for the salvation of the world?

"Two drinks of that stuff would make a jackrabbit walk up and slap a bulldog in the face," said the Yankee Consul, as he tore the red liquor in the play which bore his title. A simple, but might be expected, from the inward application of the Chinamen which Food Commissioner Bailey has found in the Second-street groghops. The stuff is sufficiently powerful to drive a man crazy in ten minutes. So says Dairy and Food Commissioner Bailey, and he is no man to be trifled with.

It is a pity that the world has been at work during the past few years in the belief that a man that would drink the gin which has made Chinatown famous must have been crazy before taking it. The London Spectator recently said that, until it took Great Britain nearly three years and the whole power of the empire to subdue the Boers, Englishmen never could understand why it took so many years and so many men for the North to conquer the South, but that now they understand. They might have understood sooner, had they cast a look back to the year 1775 and 1782, when the British Empire failed to conquer the American colonies and had to give it up. It's a mighty hard job to conquer a people in their own country, and it's seldom done. Napoleon, at the height of his power, failed to conquer Spain.

The Salem Statesman suggests that the appointment of ex-Governor Geer to the office of Collector of Customs at Portland would get him out of the way of Fulton for re-election to the United States Senate. Perhaps the Statesman thinks the defeat of Geer in the primaries for the gubernatorial nomination last April put the Tall Timothy out of the way and further effort in that direction would be a waste of energy.

Now here we have the assertion that cooks get fat by absorbing the odors from the cooking food, and eat much less than ordinary persons. If proprietors of hotels and restaurants could only convince patrons that this is a practical method of getting fat, they could increase their profits immensely by running odor tubes from the kitchen to the dining tables and selling smells on a meter basis.

Sweet Marie, who lowered the world's record for trotting mares in New York State, and who holds the record for the State Fair next month. At any rate, it will be worth while to see the race.

As our forests are cut away a vast amount of litter is thrown down, which the next year is inflammable as tinder. Fire starts in it and gets such head-start that it runs into the trees, timber and spreads far and wide. Keep fire out of last year's logging districts. From them it will spread and run everywhere.

We are not going to say that farmers who burn the city-sludge storehouses are a bit Jefferies of Jim Jeffries' proposed deer-hunting trip to Oregon; but a lot of them would chase him off their land, just the same.

"Don't shoot, I'll come down," the coons learned to say whenever Davy Crockett pointed his gun their way. The land tramp gentry have found Henny a sure shot, too, and might as well come down.

It's hard enough for a land sharp merely to be convicted, but to be fined on \$3 a week meals, ough! Still, that's better than before Sheriff Stevens went in, when the grub cost \$2.45 a week.

If either Governor Chamberlain or ex-Senator Turner saw a chance to get Democratic nomination for Vice-President, they might not be so excessively polite to each other.

It might as well be understood, however, that the rate law does not out of the pusses of the patriots who will feel themselves drawn to Salem next Winter.

"Bank looting, after all, is not so cruel as one would suppose at first glance; just think of the receivers who will wax fat off what is left."

That's an interesting story that comes from Chicago, about lumpy jaw meat, made up into fine lunches for the saloon trade.

If the use of motor bicycles by the police prove them faster than automobiles, more go-fast persons will probably use them.

In view of all the mess that has been stirred up, the Standard Oil certainly owes a grudge to the original muckraker.

If Drinkwater had been true to his name, he wouldn't have left those checks behind him.

What can Hill now buy to match the St. Paul purchase of Harriman? Hitchcock once more is "vindicated."

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.
 Eugene Field.
 There are no days like the good old days,
 The days when boys you'd find
 Were humankind were pure of mind,
 And speech and deeds were truthful;
 Before a love of solid gold
 Became man's ruling passion,
 And when the world became
 Slave to the tyrant fashion;
 There are no girls like the good old girls—
 Against the world I'd stake 'em!
 As buxom and smart and clean of heart
 As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
 And their heads were full of common sense,
 And they'd all support!
 They could take and brew, and had taught
 School, too,
 And they made such lively courtin'!
 There are no boys like the good old boys—
 When we were boys together!
 When the grass was sweet to the brown bare
 feet,
 They'd dangle the laughing beater,
 When the peewees sang to the Summer dawn
 Of the bee in the hollow clover,
 Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
 Echoed its night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
 The love that every man must have!
 We are old, old men, yet we pine again
 For that precious grass—God gave us!
 So we dream and dream of the good old times,
 And our hearts grow tenderer and sadder,
 As those dear old dreams bring soothing paeans
 Of heaven away off yonder.

THE PESSIMIST.

According to Leslie's Weekly, there is unusual excitement among the ladies of the Pacific Coast. The "furor," as Leslie's describes it, is caused by the anxiety of the ladies as to which one of them will be led, a blushing bride, to the altar by Prince Get Low Sing, of Siam. The Prince arrived in San Francisco, and, let it become known, was looking for a soul companion; hence the excitement. His Royal Highness has been married before. His nuptial experiences have been varied and numerous. The latest estimate places the number of girls that he left behind him at 62. To the ordinary man it would seem that 62 wives were about enough, and that another would be superfluous. However, each man to his liking.

"I'll get married again," said King distastefully.
 "Oh, listen to the wedding bells ring!
 I have sixty-three.
 One more, you can see,
 Will make sixty-four in my string."

An ingenious way of deceiving the innocent and confiding public has been disclosed by the National Druggist. The adulteration of coffee with peas, beans, ground brooms and other sweepings is so common that we have ceased to wonder at it. In fact, some people seem to like it. Mocha and Java, the mixture has been called. We buy it for the sake of the coffee there is in it, and mildly wish that the coffee beans were more numerous and the other ingredients less frequent. It seems that our humility and patience have been wasted. The National Druggist is responsible for the statement that those pious and health-seeking individuals who go in for health coffees have been getting the best of it. Their supposedly innocuous mixture of buckwheat flour and bran is composed largely of fine coffee, while the old grain, the faithful coffee-drinkers, have been betrayed.

Types at the Beach.
 Ordinarily a painful, and sometimes a pathetic type, is the lady bather who thinks her stings are coming down. She is rarely alone, and may be distinguished from the rest of the group by appeals to her companions for them to wait for her to go back and lock up the house, or to put out the cat, or something equally unimportant. If her friends are firm, she goes into the surf with a peculiar, halting gait, made necessary by her rigid grasp on a part of her anatomy just above the hem of her bathing skirt.

A rarer type is the Scandinavian who stands in the surf with her back to the breakers, facing the east. The blood of a thousand Norwegians is flowing in her veins. Little does she know the curling waves as they break over her head; in her nostrils is the scent of the sea; the roar of the ocean is a lullaby that soothed her ancestors in centuries gone by. One can almost see in her eyes the reflection of the midnight sun. Her penetrating gaze, defying distance, sweeps from the rocks to the tops of the distant mountains, from the summit of the Rockies to Newfoundland, on across the broad Atlantic to the British Isles, the North Sea and to ancient Scandinavia; in the limpid depths of her eyes are dancing the blue waters of the fjords of Norway. She is numb with cold, but she is happy. Right above her head, the standing tide leaves her stranded high and dry.

A rather disagreeable character is the individual who has a fixed idea that the visitors to the beach are not really enjoying themselves. He, of course, is enjoying himself to the limit, because of his superior wisdom and the simple life which he leads. Clad in a corduroy suit, surmounted by a decrepit hat, he saunters around looking for things to scorn. He is a most unhappy individual, because there are so many things that he doesn't like. His especial abhorrence are bowling alleys and blondes. The only time he is human is when he sits down to eat.

Answers to Correspondents.

BRITON—I do not think that it would be wise for you to remain at the bathing in the surf, that you are "surfited." Punning is a dangerous pastime in America. Some one might seize you from beneath and tow you out beyond the lifeline.

ANDREW—The latest theory regarding the mysterious expression, "E. I." is that it refers to the sad fate of the man who attempted to get three 10-cent cigars for 20 cents. He put two in his pocket, and, in a debonair, Seattle-like manner, bit the end off a third, and was about to light it, when the dealer, who had lived in Seattle, saw the man, and said "E. I.," and then kicked him so far into the air that he was arrested for not having visible means of support.

W. S. V.—No. The word "confuse" does not properly rhyme with "woose." You will study the system of phonetic spelling in the Standard Dictionary; you will get the proper sound of "confuse," which is given as "confuz," You should have enclosed stamps with your poem.

COUNCILMAN—No, the Rosetta stone is not a paving block. See Enc. Brit.

STRANGER—"Will you kindly tell me where Long Beach is, and if it is the same as North Beach?"
 The resort you refer to is more commonly called North Beach. When it is spoken of as Long Beach, reference is had to the length of time that it takes to get there.

M. R. WELLS.