The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. O INVARIABILY IN ADVANCE.

(By Mail or Express.)

DAILY, SUNDAY INCLUDED.

Twelve months.

\$2.50

Six months.

\$2.25

Three months.

One monta.

Delivered by carrier, per year.

\$2.00

Delivered by carrier, per month.

To belivered by carrier, per month.

To belivered by carrier, per month.

Six months.

\$2.50

Delivered by carrier, per year.

\$2.00

Sunday, one year.

Sunday and weekly, one year.

BOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE. EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE.

The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency New York, rooms 43-50, Tribine building. Chi-cago, rooms 510-512 Tribine building. KEPT ON SALE. Chicago—Auditorium Annex, Postoffice News Co., 178 Dearborn street, 8t. Paul, Minn.—N. St. Marie, Commercial Station.

Denver—Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Pratt Book Store, 1214 Fiftsenth street; I. Weinstein, Goldfield, Nev.—Frank Sandatrom. Kansas City, Mo.—Hicksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut, Minneapolis—M. J. Kavannugh, 50 South Third.

Third. Cleveland, O .- James Pushaw, 207 Superior New York City-L. Jones & Co., Astor House.
Oskland, Cai.-W. H. Johnston, Fourteenth and Franklin streets; N. Wheatley.
Ogden-D. L. Boyle.
Omahn-Harkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam;
Mageath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam; 246
South Fourteenth.
Sacramento, Cal.—Sacramento News Co.,
430 K street. 439 K street.
Sait Lake Sait Lake News Co., 77 West
Second street South, Miss L. Levin, 24 Serond street South, Miss L. Levin, 24 Church street. Les Angeles B. E. Amos, manager seven street wagons; Berl News Co., 320% South Breadway

San Diego—B. E. Amos.
Pasadens, Cal.—Berl News Co.
San Francisco—Foster & Orear, Ferry
News Stand: Hotel St. Francis News Stand.
Washington, D. C.—Ebblitt House, Pennsylvania aver

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 9, 1906.

EAST THIRD STREET.

East Third-street franchise again. As now in the hands of the Mayor for his approval, it provides 11) that cars from the Southern Pacific East Side lines be switched to warehouses on East Third free of charge; same to East Side lines of the Southern Pacific. But from and to the N. P. terminal, similar privilege will require payment of \$5 a car. That is, Section 12 extends to other lines when required by the City of Portland, payment of switching privileges at \$5 car. But such cars are to be hauled only to or from warehouses along the East Third-street line, now in ques-No provision is made for switching cars from other lines over the East Third line, to or from the terminal grounds to connect with any other new

lines. It is treated in the ordinance simply as a line to furnish facilities to or from industries located along it-be tween the Inman & Poulsen mill and the Portland Flouring mills. All possibility of utilizing it as an entrance to the city for any other railroad system, jointly with the Harriman system, is definitely excluded for 25 years.

It was partly, or largely, on these grounds, that The Oregonian made opposition to the grant, some weeks ago. A valuable franchise of the city is to be used to make a warehouse district, for certain owners of property and for a single railroad. To them the city's franchise is of immense value., It will give a monopoly of transit on the East Side, from one end of the city to the

The Oregonian is still unable to see why the city should give away one of its most valuable franchises, in order to bottle itself up.

THE IDEAL TRUSTEE,

It is safe to say that not one citizen in ten knows what the qualifications trator are, under the recent rulings of the in the vicinity of a crowded the courts. Many erroneous ideas upon school building in the Chicago Ghetto the worth some millions in hard this matter linger in the popular mind, which not only lead to financial disappointments but, what is much more deplorable, excite scandalous comment upon the conduct and character of holy men. For example, many persons still believe that it is the duty of a trustee or administrator to foster and increase the estate which he has in charge for the benefit of the widow or the embarrassed debtor who owns it. This was the law; but such conduct on the part of a trustee would now be considered antiquated, if not a little ridiculous. The first duty of a trustee or an administrator is to get what he can out of the estate for himself. Recent court decisions sustain this view.

Let us take the case of a man who has built a theater, and, finding himself unable to pay off a mortgage upon it, turns the property over to a trustee to manage for him. This is equivalent to making a gift of the theater to the trustee, on the principle that a man who should wade into water where there were sharks swimming about, would be presumed to have wished to commit suicide. The trustee is encouraged by the law to selze upon the property and swallow it. Of course, it is understood that he will donate a generous fraction to the cause of foreign missions, and provide liberally for the Young Men's Christian Association out of the plunder; these are minor matters. main point is that the law no longer looks upon a trustee as bound to act for those who trust him, but solely for

himself. Suppose a man dies, leaving an estate in charge of a trustee who has posed as his friend for many years, with instructions to pay the debte and administer the property for his widow secures also the powers of adminisit is the duty of the trusteeadministrator under the law to do the of the debts. On the contrary, it is larger, so that he may collect more inbelonging to the estate, the law re-

The ability to pray volubly and fervently is essential to the success of an fangs of a spider. The one lures the abandon it and devote the money to prey; the other disposes of it after it some better purpose. has been lured. Prayer is one of the

who absorbs, or merges." According to recent decisions, his principal duty is to merge the trust estate into his own. To that end, his private wealth fair and respect for the management. should always be ample, so that the They sent few exhibits and gave poor absorbed substance of the widow and attendance. Public sentiment would orphan may not make a disagreeably not approve increased appropriations conspicuous bulge. It must go down smoothly and easily, and lie entirely out of sight in the holy man's paunch.

Many trustees fall short of their duty under the law, on account of a weak sympathy for their own victims. The upon a business basis and has been trustee should remember that widows, orphans and unfortunate debtors were made by the Lord to be victims. is what they were created for. If they choose to go about the streets with woeful countenances, bewailing their osees, they forget their duty to be numbly submissive to the decrees Providence. They ought to feel that it is a sacred privilege to contribute to the estate of one who uses wealth as how blessed it is to build a theater to educate the heathen Hindoos!

How thankful the heirs ought to be o realize that the pelf which they make such a fuss over helps maintain the Y. M. C. A. and other holy institutions. If they had any sense of duty at all, they would kiss the hand that robs them, instead of disturbing the whole city with their importunities for a share of their father's es-

Just as many roses must be sacrificed to produce one perfect flower, so many trust estates must be merged to make one fortune which is adequate to the demands of the church, he miesionary societies and educa-This great truth was enuntion. clated by the chief of modern pirates through his beloved son, and it must therefore be accepted as the authentic creed of the ideal trustee. The World's Work says that most of our eminent financiers work on the Rockefeller plan and that few or none of them have any sympathy with the "mob" denunciation of that consecrated man. This is probably true. Therefore, everybody who puts an estate in trust must expect to be "Rockefellered" out of it; he must expect the humble bud to be sacrificed to help make the one per fect rose of a millionaire fortune. Who would not willingly live poor all his Who would not die, if need were, to augment the wealth of our best

THE HUMAN STAMPEDE.

Fear is the most unreasoning of all the human emotions, not excepting grief. It is the basis of all religious excitement, and, when veneered with having produced the lilusion of reality veneration, it develops a fanaticism and wrenched the hearts of his readers. that scouts at reason and develops men of the Dowle and the Creffield types and women of the Esther Mitchell stamp. In its more active stage known as fright, it turns men and animais alike into the wildest confusion, causing them to seek safety in what is certain bodily injury and possible death in flight

The mad rush of a herd of buffalo over the plains in a past era, and later the cattle stampede of the great ranges, were formidable and awe-inspiring examples of fear changed by some trivial sound or sight into fright-and that in turn into the wildest terror. To witness the power of the same emotion in transforming human beings into unreason ing animals, it is only necessary to cry "fire" in the vicinity of a crowded building. In an inetant every dictate of prudence is forgotten in the mad swirl of fright, and worse fate than that which they dread comes upon hundreds through sudden but temporary loss of reason.

The spectacle presented by such an event is pitiful in the extreme, and pity grows into horror when, as was the case in the panic caused by a cry that no action against the author has are fathers and mothers, seeking in unreason of massing them selves together, to rescue their children from the danger that the cry heralded. Teachers in this instance attempted to stem the tide of frightthe alarm of fire being a false one-by assuring the mad mob of enruching parents that there was no danger, only to be swept down and trampled under foot by the throng. Ignorance, the powerful ally of fear and the handmaiden of disorder, gave impetus to the onset, and these teachers, many of them mere girls, were overriden while brawny fathers and stalwart, shricking mothers cried out that the chool authorities were trying to burn

their children to death. There are heroes or heroines in every battle that is waged against fright In this case the teachers appeared calm in the face of the danger that menaced them and their charges-not a fire-danger, since there was no fire in the building, but a mob-danger Any human being, however, well bal-

anced, may, it is said, become suddenly panic-stricken, and, in that state, lose ail sense of reason, but this instance goes to prove that intelligence may battle successfully with fear in an individual sense, while ignorance makes no stand whatever against its sudden and unreasoning challenge.

NOT A LOCAL FAIR.

California seems to have just reached the stage of state fair experience which Oregon passed several years ago, when the fair ceased to be a local institution and became an exposition of the resources of the entire state. According to a prominent California agri- This scene is the climax of the be and children, and suppose the trustee fair now in session at Sacramento is almost entirely local and the exhibits The style remains cool, half taciturn. are without merit. There are few exhibits and the public manifests no in- Dante describing a parting in the "Inexact opposite of what his dead friend terest. The people of Sacramento athad requested. He must not pay any tend, not because they have an interest in the fair, but because they want make them larger and some place to go and it is the best place to spend an afternoon or eventerest for his own perquisite. If there ing. Of most of the paintings in the is a nice little bit of city property art department it is said that they corporation, buy the land from the man in a dark room. Instead of hang-trust estate at half its value and sell ing the pictures the opinion has been Mr. Sinclair's art have not disdained recently. If it has changed its position it enables good men to rob the poor the management has succeeded in getthat it is not merely a racing and gamideal modern trustee. If he could not terest with a certain class of people pray, the chances are he would not but the paper quoted says that if a fair have much chance to rob. The two cannot be conducted along proper lines arts work together like the web and and made a success, then it is time to Lear loses his reason in the hut, but

Oregon knows how to sympathize most valued resources of the higher with its elster state, for there was a finance in all departments, but it is time when the Oregon State Fair was that the poem would get along quite great deal depends upon it. The spirespecially useful to trustees. The a dismal failure even as a local fair. modern definition of a trustee is, "One Too many grafts and too much incom- never been included among the essen- change in the earth's axis terrible con- Lane, Linn and Yamhill.

ourse and kept it going in that direc-The people lost interest in the and public patronage was not sufficient to enable the fair to pay expenses. Re-organization of the board was the only emedy, and the remedy was applied. Since then the fair has been, as a rule, conducted upon broad lines and in the interest of the entire state.

ELBERT HUBBARD AS A CRITIC.

Everybody sees occasionally, nany regularly, a little periodical published by Elbert Hubbard, which he calls "The Philistine." To the casual eye it looks like a ragged piece of brown wrapping paper, with a grocer's advernobiy as the ideal trustee does. Think | tisement printed in the middle, and perhaps it would be well if the ugly little publication were nothing more than this. But it is much more. It usually contains several pages of self-exploitation by Mr. Hubbard with a collection of opinions on men and things, which outrage both morality and good taste.

The style is bumptious, vulgar and It impresses the reader egotistic. much as would the spectacle of a naked lunatic, exhibiting himself in a park. Still, offensive as the Philistine is, it is seldom dull. Like the fool whom Shakespeare introduces in his plays. Mr Hubbard commonly makes himself interesting in spite of his prurient folly. He always emits an odor of decay, but he is not often stupid. Sometimes, however, Mr. Hubbard is dull as well as vulgar and vicious, and the number of the Philistine which contains the review of "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair, is a specimen of his literary work in that lamentable The Jungle is a novel which purports

to record the fortunes of a laboring man and his family, in the neighbo hood of the Chicago stockyards. Like all literature, as distinct from work of science, the book makes its fundamental appeal to the emotions. It aims to convince by exciting the feelings of the reader in behalf of the hero. stance which he describes were purely imaginary and every statement which he introduces to the detriment of the packers, the Chicago police and the capitalistic system in general were a libel. In fact, if all his alleged facts were false and libelous the greater would be the triumph of his art in How foolish, then, is Mr. Hubbard's remark that no judge nor jury would accept "The Jungle" as evidence in a trial. Would they accept "Hamlet" or "The Iliad"? Would any court accept Ary Scheffer's picture of St. Augustine and St. Monica, sitting with clasped hands in the lonesome desert while their eyes pierce beyond the heavens to God, as proof that there and thus on a certain day they actually did sit? Hell is probably not quite what Dante said it was, in its minute details, but he has conceived the state of the damned as in essentials it must be, whether their torment, come from flame or the inner fires of remorse and hope forever lost. In the one particular, at least that he describes, a place of torment, Upton Sinclair is like Dante, and the validity of his art can not be impeached by the discovery of circumstantial flaws. only question he need fear is whether the picture as a whole is true or not.

But even of the details, so plenteous ly strewn through the paragraphs of "The Jungle," not one has yet been proved erroneous. It has been said by many others than Mr. Hubbard that they are libelous; but it is noteworthy vast advertisements the verdict of a jury, convicting Mr. Sinclair of libel? Would not such a verdict be more convincing to the public than any amount of vituperation from Mr. Hubbard or even from Mr. Armour himself? Normust it be forgotten that the report of the expert investigators sent to Chicago by the President showed that Mr. Sinclair had understated his facts

rather than the contrary. But we insist again that these facts are of no consequence from the point of view of the literary critic. "The Jungle" might be a great work of art even if every statement between its covers was inaccurate. No one need be-lieve that George Ellot's "Middlemarch" contains a single historical statement; on the other hand, no one would deny that it gives a perfectly convincing picture of English provincial middle class life. It is the literary quality of "The Jungle" which will make it live or consign it to oblivion. A critic who really wished to judge the book with instruction to his readers would speak first of its style. Style will keep a book alive which lacks every other source of vitality. "The Jungle" has many others, but this stands first.

Its style has two elements of power, both terrible in the hands of a master. The first is restraint, the other is direct statement. All through "The Jungle" the words are like flery steeds tugging at the reins, but the driver never for a moment relaxes his hold. He begrudges every epithet; he is pareimonious of adjectives; the superlative degree never appears-not even in that tremendous scene where Ona makes her confession and Jurgis leaves her. cultural paper, the attendance at the It is pitiful heartbreaking, woeful, but the language keeps to its even tenor. ferno," so reluctantly does the author give up his words, so awful is their portent

It may perhaps be conceded that Mr. Hubbard makes a point against "The Jungle" when he remarks upon its lack of humor. "There is not a single laugh "look as if they had been painted with in the book," he says. One might rein Dotheboys Hall. There is at least it is not the kind of humor that would make Mr. Hubbard smile, one imagines. "Paradise Lost" contains one joke, and

petence put the fair on a downward tial elements of great literature, though it may be admitted that they impart a relish.

Interest in "The Jungle" has hitherto depended too largely upon the accuracy of its descriptions of the pack-ing houses and the lives which their employes lead. Its enormous literary power has been obscured by this adventificus controversy. For a long spirit rappings and gyratory furniture time to come, "The Jungle" will be that "the present disturbances are but used as a missionary tract by those the death throes of the old civilizawho attack modern civilization; ultimately, it will rank with the great human documents which record with paseconomic creed.

THESE THINGS HAPPEN.

The accident by which Thomas Goodrin, janitor of the City Hall, met his death will, no doubt, he fully investigated by the proper authorities. man 74 years old, of impaired hearing, he was run down by a streetcar and received injuries from which death resulted in a few hours. The facts in a case of this kind are always difficult to obtain. In the first place, the operatives of the car, naturally enough, assert that they were running at a low speed rate, and, again, no two witnesses agree in their statements of "how it happened."

Of one thing, however, the public is assured through its own consciousness: These street-car fatalities have become all too frequent to be classed as entirely unavoidable. When lightning from the clouds strikes a man, the resultant casualty may be recorded in the books of the Coroner as an "act of God." But when harnessed lightning is allowed to push a car beyond the speed limit of safety to pedestrians in the street, such a verdict is incompatible with the plainest dictates f common sense. Contributory negligence, however, may be justly alleged, where the victim is a man of mpaired hearing and sight due to the accumulation of years. In any event, such a case is exceedingly distressing to the sensibilities of the public, and appailing to the relatives of the vic-

THE FREE SEED ABUSE. The war against distribution of free members of Congress, seeds, by through the Department of Agriculture, is likely to be renewed with increased activity this Fall. Some progress was made in doing away with this custom or abuse at the last session of Congress. The fact was brought out that the public, generally, as represented by the press and various organizations allied to farming, is against the practice, as one that confers unusual priv-It is, moreover, wasteful, flege. one-tenth of the seeds with which the mails are burdened by the ton under the "M. C." frank being planted, and not one-tenth of those that are planted producing anything of value.

The seed dealers are, of course among the leaders of the anti-seed movement for the reason that it injures their business, and they argue that the Government has no right to compete with them in business any more than with men in other business.

The situation represents a remarkable growth, from small beginnings, of an intended benefaction, into grave abuse. At first it was the practice to send out a few varieties of well-tested seeds for trial, there being at that time no Government experiment stations. The practice grew and grew until, as before said, the malls are heavlly laden at certain seasons of the year with an enormous bulk of practically worthless seeds. No pretense is made of sending out new varieties, many of the free seeds being of the most common corts; selected apparently at hap-

hazard. Some of them are as good, perhaps, as the farmer or his wife could save, after the old-fashioned custom, but

Congressmen which a package of garden or flower seeds, eent without dicost to themselves, represents, while the senders, on their part, are nothing loth to work the practice for possible re-election. Hence, the astonishing growth of the practice and the difficulty to get it voted down in Con-

It appears from statements of aggrieved seedmen that the Government seed distribution amounts to about half the total number of seed packets sent out by the seed dealers of the coun-One of these states the case try. strongly and, as it would appear, conclusively, by asking "What industry" could survive, much less thrive, if the Government gave away half as much in its line as those engaged in it sold?" The practice should be discontinued

in the interest of fair play. The verdict of the granges, the agricultural press, and many farmers' organizations, is against it. The great cost of the enormous bulk of miscellaneous seeds is \$280,000 a year. The cost of their delivery swells the annual deficit of the Postal Department. It is apparent, therefore, that the term "free, as applied to the seeds sent out by the Government, is deceptive. Nothing is "free" in this world that is of any value to any one-air alone excepted. And to take from the public funds and give to persons, however worthy, who are engaged in a special vocation for a livelihood, is manifestly unjust.

SPIRITUALISM. John Fiske used to argue that theolwas not a science, because its teachings never could be put to the test. They could never be brought face to face with solld fact to see whether One might almost imagine it was or not they agreed with it. In general, Professor Fieke was right, but sometimes the theologians do make a statement which can be pinned down nd tested. One such the spiritualists ventured at the recent session of the State Association. They said that the earth's axis was changing its position.

Now this statement can be put to the test by any one, and very easily, too. quires him to organize himself into a a whitewash brush by an intoxicated ply that there is nothing to laugh at; The axis is supposed to point to the north star. It did so point until very It to himself as a saint for what it cost him as a corporation. This is a been hung instead." The only combeautiful device, much esteemed, for mendation comes from the fact that readers to see something amusing, even the interested reader go out into his back yard on the first clear night and and keep right on praying all the time ting the fair back to the old lines, so one joke in "The Scarlet Letter." On fix his observant eye upon the big dipthe other hand, Mr. Hubbard would per, or Charles's Wain, as Tennyson bling event. It is admitted that this vainly seek for his laugh either in calls it. If the axis of the earth is has detracted somewhat from the in- "Jane Eyre" or in "Vanity Fair," two where it used to be, the dipper will books which perhaps mark the high make a circle around the north star as tide of English fiction. Shakespeare the night passes. If the axis has allows his humor to creep in while changed, both the dipper and the north star will make a circle around some other star.

It is hoped that a great many people only one. The critics are agreed also exact truth may be ascertained, for a ain't goin' to be no core

vulsions are about to happen in the physical and social world, leading to the destruction of the old order of things and the introduction of a new and better one. Of course if the axis has not changed, then nothing of this

sort will happen. Whatever may be the fact about this we may agree with the believers in tion." Everything that happens is death throe, for that matter. In the midst of life we are in death. sionless accuracy the sins of a bygone old order changeth, giving place to new," and it changes all the time Panta rel; all things pass; nothing remains the same. The civilization of today is not the same as yesterday's, and tomorrow's will be something still different. But we must disagree our spiritualiet brethren in their belief that the changes to come will be cataclysmic. They will rather come imper ceptibly, so slowly that we shall know nothing of it and beat our breasts in lespair that the hoary wrong persists and the springing right seems not to

grow at all. Not only does change come slowly, but it takes directions which no man can predict beforehand. Nobody who labors for a reform knows what it will look like when he gets it. No social lst of twenty-five years ago dreamed that some of his ideals would be brought almost within sight by the The socialists did not invent trusts; they are a sort of a godsend, and as the Government licks them into shape for swallowing, the Utopia of Marx emerges visibly from the shades. Moreover, if the Government does not swallow them they will swallow the Government: so there you are.

Thus the spiritualist theology, like all others, contains truth and error mixed. The error takes strange forms, bizarre of aspect and startling to the sobe mind: the truth is the same steadygoing, sturdy truth that has served mankind so well from the beginning of time and is likely to go with him unchanged down to the dark and bitter end when "the world is old and the sun grows cold and the leaves of the judgment books unfold."

Concerts in the parks of the city, in the course of the Summer, were well patronized and thoroughly enjoyed by the army of stay-at-homes, always much larger in any working community than that of Summer resort vis itors. The attendance especially at the smaller parks was thoroughly representative in character, having been drawn from the homes, to which Hawthorne, Holladay and Chapman Squares parks are contiguous. The cost of these concerts was, relatively speaking, small, and was met by voluntary subscription, the sum provided for the purpose being less than \$5000. were thirty concerts; the attend-ance upon each was large, and the people at all times were orderly and appreciative. It may well be doubted whether the aggregate amount spent in Summer outings by citizens who could afford them was as conducive to pleasure as was the relatively small sum epent in providing these concerts.

Doubtless the heirs of the Johnson estheir desire to have it so administered as to enable them to get something out of it. Their complaint has been the estate has been administered chiefly for the benefit of the principal creditor, who also is the trustee and ad-ministrator. By the opinion of Judge Webster, on the methods, cause and results of the administration, it is not likely that the complainants, whose desire to receive something from the estate is perhaps natural, will be more convinced than before that there will be any estate, when all is done

All loyal residents of the Willamette they are, taken in aggregate, a cheap, Valley must view with pride and appreciation the work of the Willamette There are persons, however, who are Development League in its recent conflattered by the personal attention of vention at Forest Grove. "A new Oregon," without prejudice to the dear old Oregon of the forefathers; a united Oregon and a progressive Oregonthese were the watchwords of the con vention. The influence of the league, all that there is in it in popularity and under the auspices of enthusiasm and good fellowship, cannot fail to promote the development, of civic pride and, through that, the progress of the state along intellectual as well as material lines

The annual election in Maine is due this week. For the state, the principal issue is on resubmission of the liquor question, on which the Republicans are "standing pat." as on the Dingley tariff. In the Second District there is a tremendous effort to beat Littlefield for re-election to Congress, by appeal to the labor unions; and men of National figure have gone there to help him. Undoubtedly the Republican ma joritles of former years will be cut down, for there are many resubmission Republicans, and the fight against Littlefield is one of peculiar energy.

And now it seems Mr. Schwerin can't do too much for Portland's sea traffic. He finds it is bound to have more ships, if not Harriman's, then somebody else's. Portland is proving itself a more important port than Mr. Schwerin thought could exist north of the California line which can proved again or whenever he shall fail to supply the needed ships.

This, from that prim, exact, cold and "congealed 'ice" newspaper, the New York Evening Post, is the limit of "Vice-President Fairbanke punning: is a guest of the Irrigation Congress at Boise, Idaho, this week. It was not known before that the congress favored ice water for its ditches."

It seems that the Ladd Bank has less recources than it got out of the Johnson estate. Take the statement of the bank to the Assessor for it. are the rest of the resources? These things puzzle everybody. "O, day and night, but they are wondrous strange!"

President Roosevelt is a mighty great personality. No man like him. Look at the vote of 1904. But President Roosevelt, with all his popularity and power, will hardly be able to commit the country to the Josh Billings or Artemus Ward system of spelling.

The Vladivostok bank might have been "shaken down" for \$107,000 quite as successfully by its president and directors as by "hold-up" men. But either method does very well.

It has been administered, says Judge Webster, to the entire satisfaction of the creditors. But not to the satiswill make this observation so that the faction of the heirs. However, "there

"Dry" farming might do in Benton,

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

A Farewell.

Chicago News, Fare thee well, thou Summer maident Truly, my too tender heart Is with woe and grief o'criaden Now I know that we must part. Thou and I shall wander never, Never more through giade and dell. After all we now must sever. Summer maiden, fare thee well!

Never more our footsteps bending
To the shades of Lovers' lane.
Sighs and laughter sweetly blending.
Shall we paradise regain.
Never more the pale moon lighting.
Thrilling to its magic spell. True love vows shall we be plighting. Summer maiden, fare thee well!

Months may pass. It would surprise me
If much sooner we should meet.
Thinkest thou thou wilt recognize me
Should we pass upon the street?
Would I know thes? Don't be spiteful,
Really, that is hard to tell.
Still, this week has been delightful. Summer malden, fare thee we

Love Song of the Future.

Tell me, darling, ere with rapture We shall sink in love's ecliner. Ere with joy a kiss I capture; Have you sterilized your line? Tell me, darling-fairest creature

Dyer born the skies beneath— s your hair a natural feature? Are they yours—those gleaming teeth? Tell me, tell me, charming lassle, When you're angry and your eye Stares at me with stare that's glassy;

Fray, what does that signify? Is your stomach in condition? Have you pairs around your back? oes your heart fuifil its mission? Is your liver out of whack?

Tell me, O bewitching creature, Whom I love in figreest way, Tell me, ere I call the preache Darling, are your lungs O. K.

cobody knows the money it takes To keep the home together obody knows of the debt it makes Nobody knows-but fathe

obody's told that the boys need shoes And the girls hats with a feather; obody else old clothes must choose, Nobody-only father.

cobody hears that the coal and wood And flour's out together; Nobody else must make them good, Nobody—only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes So often, wondering whether There's any end to the wants of those Dependent-only father.

Nobody thinks where the money will come To pay the bills that gather; Nobody feels so blue and glum; Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay

Up something for bad weather, And runs behind, do what he ma Nobody-only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel storm. To meet dear ones who gather Nobody does-but father.

Nobody knows of the home life pure Watched over by a mother, Where rest and bilss are all secure, Nobody can-but father,

> A Lie of Ancient Rome. Wallace Irwin in The Reader.

A Senator of ancient Rome Quite late one night was going home, With his bic, hace, hoe As he walked around the block And the moon was on the grand old Coliseum. Profoundly wished that conscript peer To hall a hansom charloteer,

With his hic hase hor, As he trudged around the block, But he didn't have the Roman coin to fee At last he said. "Great Caesar's ghost!

I'm either stolen, strayed or lost With my hic hace hoc And seven moons are shining on the Tiber I've looked too much, meseem On Scipio's Falernian punco, With my hic, haec, hoc, And this walk around the big Is hard upon a jolly old imbiber

At last he walked so far, they say, He passed the noble Appian way With his bic, haec, hoc, And it gave him such a shock That he almost lost his Latin conjugation When a practorian on his round That rashly roaming Roman found And he said, "Hae hunc If ye haven't got no bunk

come hither and I'll lock you in the station That Senator went meekly home, With his hic, haec, hoc It was four P. M. e'clock,

And his caput seemed too large for Polyphe When questioned, "Whither didst thou hie? He terrely answered, "Alibi" With my hic, haec, h I have traveled every block Of this grand old town of Romulus and

Remus!" The Football Hero.

Legic's Weekly.

From the laws of the Jungles of Jayville the
Jasper hiked out of his lair;
The barn breath breathed halm from his tlets, the hay germs bad homes -in his hair; His mouth hung ajar like a flytrap, each hand

was as big as a ham; His freckles, a leopard-like legion, his verdancy far from a sham.

His clothes were those mother had made him, his mop had been mowed 'round a creek; Each wilted Congressional guiter was rim

Bach wilted Congressional guiter was rimmed with a negliges sock.

When Reuben strayed in with his eatchel, and eyes you could snare with a rope,

A "ha-ha" arose from the campus that strangled the last of his hope.

But Reuben was big—he was husky; his legs were like mplings of oak;

His arms were like steel, and he'd often made 2-year-old steets take a joke;

His back was the back of a Samson—gnarled, knotted and hard as a rock;

His neck would have served as a bumper to ward off a switch-engine shock;

His unpadded shoulders were hillocks of

His unpadded shoulders were hillocks of sinew and muscle and bene;
His chest was a human Gibraltar, his voice had a Vulcanoid tone.
His prowess had never been tested quite up to the limit at home,

to the limit at nome.

Although he had romped with the yearlings and guided a plow through the loam.

The boss of the 'leven was speechless when Rusticus loomed on the cesne.

What mattered the fact he was shabby? What mattered the fact he was green? Could ever a team get a line-up 'twould stand for a center like that? The ranks of the foe would vanish ere one uld articulate "Scat!"

could articulate "Scat!"

He rushed to the Rouben and nailed him, and led him away to a room,

Where trainers and rubbers proceeded to marvel and fondle and groom; And when at the close of the fortnight the wonder was trotted in sight, The grandstand and bleachers went daffy and The foe faded fast as a snowflake in Tophet's most tropical pit,
While Rusticus romped through the rout like a mastoden having a fit

when all the team that opposed him lay mangled and dead on the field, and bellowed and squealed. Prenced off with his balo of glory and hasn't mouning a sad farewell.

"A stitch in time saves nine," remarked Jones about ten days ago, as he began to pack up, preparatory to leaving the beach. Jones is still at the beach, and is about 300,000 stitches to the good. Jones hates to be hurried at the last moment.

END OF THE BEACH SEASON.

I have never envied Jones his forethought. On the contrary, I have endeavored to convey to him the idea that by putting things off until the last minute one can conveniently forget certain duties, and thus save a lot of trouble. I have also tried to distract his attention by telling that there is a time for everything and everything in its place, or something like that; and-I can remember this one better-Take no heed of the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil therof." In spite of the high authority behind this last piece of advice, Jones says that he likes his way of doing things best. He prefers to reach forward, and grab Father Time by the forelock and snatch it out by the roots.

Poor old Time is a regular Battling Nelson, after Jones has punched him for a few rounds. . . .

Two weeks or so before the actual trouble begins, Jones spends most of his time engaged in silent thought. I never intrude upon him during this period. The result would be uninteresting. Having known Jones for 15 or 16 years, I am famillar with the symptoms. He is thinking of excelsior and nails, wrapping paper and freight rates. However, when the first blow is struck, I, with a few others who know Jones, manage to drop in, as it is one of the sights of the beach.

Besides Jones, there is Mrs. Jones. "Lizzie," he begins, "I don't believe that man is coming." "What man?"

"You know what man I'm talking about as well as I know what man I am talking about. I'm talking about the man that's coming for our things, if that's what you want to know!" "I didn't know he was coming to-

"Who said he was coming today?" "I'm sure I don't know, dear; I didn't." "Well, when he does come, I'll insist upon his being here when I say so. I'm going down to see him about it!"

At this point two ladies, who happen to be there, leave and go in an opposite direction, because they fear bloodshed. and don't want to be called in as wit-

When Jones gets back, the rest of us shout in one breath: "Is he coming, Jones?" "I couldn't find him."

"What are you going to do about it?" "I got another man."
"But, my dear," Mrs. Jones objects, what if they should both come

"Both come! What do I care? Let 'em come! One of them can go away again; that's all.' "Let 'em come," echoes Mrs. Jones with a sigh. "Anyway!" she continues with a show of spirit, "you'll have to pay

"Pay him! I'll pay nothin'. I'll-I'll go down and see-well, he won't come anyway. There isn't a man on this beach that ever does what he agrees to."

A week later we are there again to see if anything is doing. Mrs. Jones isn't crying, but is having the time of her life. Jones is looking for a map that he can't "Lizzie!" he is saying as we open the

door-we knocked, but they didn't hear us. "Lizzie! What was that you just put in the stove?" "I put in the stove just what you told me to put in the stove!"

"You put that map in the stove; that's that you put in the stove!" "What did you want with it?"

"I want to look at it, when we get to "It's in the trunk; that's where it is."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I fust now said so!" Well, I want to look at it now." "Henry Jones! Didn't you just say-?"
"That's all right, Jones," some one interrupts, 'I have a map down here just

like it. I'll go an-" "Never mind, old man," said Jones, "I just wanted to know where it was." At one side of the room stands the plane, ready to be boxed. Jones is taking it home, because he has a few friends in town who think they can play

a piano, and they wouldn't like it if he Carefully wrapped with newspapers of recent date, its tones are mute, but it is an object of interest on account of the news which it contains, or, rather, on acount of the news by which it is contained. Jones is loud in his praise of the manner in which he (Jones) has pro-

tected its polished surface, On the front page of one of the papers is a large picture of the man who has twice been defeated for President. Jones did not vote for him, but admires him very much. He says that a man who has been received by royalty, and has gained the plaudits of all Europe, isn't a jackaes, and doesn't care what anybody says. The picture of Bryan is so arranged on

the piano that that famous gentleman's nouth looks as though it was tied shut with a rore. "Jones," says the man, who offered to

go for the map, "I like that picture of Bryan on the plane there." "You like it, do you," queries Jones in a suspicious manner, "what is there about it that strikes you as being so

great this morning?"

"I admire particularly the repose of those once mobile lips, that powerful but now quiescent jaw. The voice that has moved the planet is silent at last, If Bryan could always be thus-"I'll have you know," retorts Jones

who hasn't caught the drift of what has been said, "I'll have you know that Bryan a the man of the hour. With undaunted ourage, he works for the good of all His voice will always be

lifted-1" "He-he-he-ha-ha," sniggers Mrs.

"What are you laughing at?" roars her busband

"Just look; he-he-just look at the picture, Henry. His mouth is so, he-he-

can't lift up his voi-ha-ha!" "Madam!" says Henry (he is shrunk visibly in stature, but his voice is cutting The grandstand and bleachers went daily and howled themselves hoarse with delight.

What next? Ask the worried kodaker, whe skirmished in vain for a shot!

The Reuben-led phalanx proceeded to score with a loose-jointed trot.

Wish particularly that you would take the process of that paper and not it when the process of the paper and not it when the process of the paper and not it when the paper and not care of that paper, and put it where it would not be destroyed. You will have occasion to remember this circumstance

In three days more Jones will leave for The mob went as mad as a Mullah and hooted town. The season, with all its joys, will then be ended. Behind him Jones will Then Rusticus, bordered with lasses, who leave an aching void. The surf is now called him a hero and prince,

Madam."

, M. B. WELLS.