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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEB. 24, 1907.

ONCE MORE ABOUT GAS FRANCHISES. The House at Salem killed the mended gas franchise revocation bill. Properly. It was an astounding measura. It proposed deliberately a grand hold-up of the City of Portland through phase in the magnificent scheme of agin Portland through half a century. chise-grabbers and public privilege traffickers have always been able to find serviceable politicians and a host of toadies in Legislaturee and City Councils who are willing and anxious to do their bidding. There were such at Salem this time. They were, chiefly, State Senators Beach, Bailey and Hod-They were aided by Senator Sichel, who ought to have known better, but didn't. The gas company had its agents, too, in the House. Their names are not worth mentioning now. To engineer a scheme through the Legnothing, and out of which it has realzed great profits requires no email measure of cunning and finesse. Sindbad the Sailor would have paid a great sum, no doubt, if he had had it, to get rid of the Old Man of the Sen. The Old Man of the Sea would never of course, have released his death grip for nothing. He had an exclusive and perpetual franchise. On the same theory the gas company's ingenious Senatorial trio at Salem reasoned that the unfortunate municipality of Portland ought to be obliged to pay well if it should headway. be permitted to shake off the perpetual burden of the gas monopoly. the amazing arrangement for compen-

No one at Salem dared raise his voice to defend the methods of the gas mo nopoly, but there was the threadbare argument about "vested rights." Fifty years ago the Territorial Legielature gave certain citizens an indefinite permlt to use the public streets of Portland for the purpose of manufacturing distributing and selling gas. With this public privilege as their chief asset, great fortunes have been made by the nolders of the franchise, present and past. Out of the profits realized from excessive charges to the public the business grew until the famous sell-out in 1892, when the original owners withdrew with well-filled pockets, Portland's first and most illustrious scheme of frenzied finance having been successfully achieved. The present Portland Company then began business and rough its franchises now declares its esallable right to hold on and mulet public forever. We shall see. It the public forever. We shall see. It would be deplorable if it should develop that the public has no recourse. We

at Salem every reasonable proposal for correction and restraint is a victory over the whole people of Portland. The initial insolence and defiance of the gas company in challenging the right of public inquisition into its affairs are paralleled only by the remarkable effrontery of its re cent proposal that, if its perpetual franchise should be terminated, it should be "compensated" for recall of a privthe company has loved practically without cost, but with Immense advantage to itself, for fifty years. During a great part of this time the company paid no franchise tax whatever. For two years its franchise has been assessed at \$190,000. Does any one Imagine that \$100,000 would be even a modicum of the great sum the gas company would have required the pub-lic to pay for its franchise, if the audampensation enterprise had been engineered through the

think it has.

Investigation of the gas company by the City Council began more than a hours, she finds cause for rejoicing that under stress of universal complaint and exposure to the scrutinizing eyes of the at home.' de public the gas company would make an effort to improve its service.

knowledge that the cost of gas to the average consumer has not in that time decreased. On the contrary, there are many complaints that it has actually increased. The Oregonian directly impuges the gas company's good faith in making this reduction, and declares that it has been engaged within that time in a gigantic swindle of its patrons through methods that are a reproach and a scandal to all persons responei-3.50 ble for direction and operation of the company.

> TAKING HEED OF THE WARNING It has been several months since pre-

dictions of approaching hard times gan drifting out of the Eastern financial headquarters. At first these 'croakings" were received with resentment, but, now that business is still flowing along unhampered by any retarding influences, it is possible that the warnings issued by timid Wall street were heeded, and it muy be fortunate for us that they were circulated. There has been some criticism over the failure of Congress to give ome relief to the financial situation The banks, however, seem to be holding a tight rein on borrowers, and are aking no chances, and it is this conervative policy which is doing much to ead off the threatened relapse that always accompanies too much prosperity. The feature of the situation which causes the greatest uneasiness is the apparent distrust which European inestors are beginning to show. Despite the fever of unrest among our pe nd the drastic legislation which may hamper development in some lines. there is plenty of safe collateral behind all of the legitimate enterprises which are now seeking money; and. when the money is available, the lender s not taking any long chances. It is rue we may be feeling a touch of the nalady known as excess of prosperity. out the disease is only in its first stages and if a conservative course is owed, not only by the bankers, but by ther business men, it will be a long time before it gets past the first stages It might, in fact, be possible for the demand and supply of money gradually to come together on a safe, satisfactory basis without anything being jarred by return to an even working earth basie.

There will be some danger when the eaction from the ever-increasing price of all commodities takes place., In that readjustment both labor and capital wages and emergency prices for material in San Francisco have added to cost of building and construction work all over the Coast, and well into the interior. They have resulted in an immense amount of money being invested in industrial plants, which, when the readjustment comes, must enter whose cost was based on normal and not emergency prices. European investors are holding aloof from Amerthe machinery of law. It was another | lean railroad securities, the flotation of which was attempted to secure money grandisement that the local plunder-bund has successfully carried forward may be warranted in their waiting atfor construction purposes. That they titude is shown by the cost of some of the new work on Western roads. The most expensive portion of the Milwaukee road's extension to the Coast is the tunnel through the Rocky Mountine tunnel tunnel through the Rocky Mountine tunnel tunne tunnel is 75 per cent higher than the cost of the Northern Pacific tunnel of about the same length built through Cascades about twenty years

carlier. All other branches of railroad and industrial construction work show similar increases in cost. There will be other tunnels through the Rockies and sat eum for a franchise which the eign investor is waiting for the opportunity to get in on them at a lower thing, and out of which it has real-level. If we are not too sudden in our them are not too sudden in our them. The situation of the unbarrow Martians. He would have been substances the substances to the problems which personand in the problems which personand in the problems which personant in the proble pause in the wild commercial flight in which we have been indulging, the evil effect will not be very serious, but it will be well at this time for individ uals as well as bankers to fortify themselves against possible danger. If due caution is exercised we shall lose little or nothing by this slowing down, and when we get over this portion of poor track, with our wonderful resources to draw on, it will not require much time again to get under full

# THE SOCIAL PACE.

Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, bishop of New York, in a series of articles published in Harper's Bazaar, has one under the above head that is worthy study. pass in the last naif century than that Bishop Potter says:

Two forces have been at work in conn-with the status of women, one of them gressive and the other conservative—or them demanding for both sexes equal rights and privileges, the other appealing to the Bible for the warrant for regarding woman as an inferior and for keeping her in bondage. Finding much in this change to applaud, much in the extended industrial opportunities of woman that is legitimuch in the enlightened view of woman's capabilities that is of benefit to the the fit by her own rough methods." enjoyment-none for rest. Does any any difficulty in recalling that young 'Oh, I do wish I could stay; but I have through." impression than one that vexes and ir-

ritates. is fairly representative of its nervous. suggested in his story as he has restless stride, it is not too much to gested many other vital truths. say that all the social dignity. and charm of social life are likely soon

Bishop Potter is convinced that, as our cities grow and social demands mul-

lows: Let us suppose that there were a neighbor who wishes to call upon me could drop a card. I go, two or three times a week, and open my box, take out the cards, note the names, etc., and gipen, referring to the catalogue of the numbered boxes, walk to and fro in front of them and urop my fro in front of them and drop my own cards ing to the cards found in my own box. Will any one explain to me how this differs, except in its much greater economy of time and labor, from the process of ringing a door-bell and handing cards to the servant?

Contemplating the prevalence of this spirit of haste that pervades all departments of modern life; that keeps the woman who tries to keep up with what she mistakenly calls her "social duties" in a perpetual whirl; that sends the of the habits of civilizationer, broad-minded woman hither tial return to Nature. and thither, pulled a dozen different waye at once by her ardent sympathles with as many beneficent undertakings; daily and hourly overtaxing he strength in these activities, we can but regard this spirit as the demon of unrest and deplore the extent to which the social world has become obsessed by it. So many of our women have been made physical wrecks by entertaining this demon in the guise of duty that a new malady called "nervous prevulent in American homes-a malady for which "rest" is prescribed after rest and relaxation and even sleep hae become impossible.

The claims of sewing classes and kindergartens and hospitals; of young women's and eyoung men's Christian ssociations, and teachers' associations, and development clubs, and literary clubs, and church societies, drag women hither and thither-earnest, eager, anxious to do but sadly crippling their own efforts by haste and striving that lead inevitably to exhaustion. The thing that telle in good results is not "raw haste, half-sister to delay," but steady tenacity of purpose and calm, serene resolution, that refuse to own failure or know defeat.

## BACK TO NATURE

In that fascinating excursion of fancy, "The War of Worlds," Mr. H. Armed as these strange creatures were no effectual resistance to their attacks. pessivity. In his little more than a hunting excursion must fall," he sings, pensively spised and hoted microbe. In Mare, acquired no immunity to their assaults, the gods of superstition. and, having ingested the minute foe strolls contemplatively among them with their food and drink, they forth- and does homage to them all. with perished, while men under the This fable is not without ite warning.

carried too far? Perhaps not if one could always maintain strict control body eats food which has been pre- ings of that panthelsm which marches pared at hotels and restaurants with- co-ordinately with democracy to vic-out much effort to get rid of the germs. tory over mental and political tyranny. the unhappy Martlans. He would have knew nothing. He gives no hint of the lost his immunity and might become a universal trend of the times toward helpless victim to their ravages. It is some "far-off divine event." guarded lives, but for exceptional in- timental "May Queen." Longfellow cidents, for travel and vielts when we are only too likely to be left, like the days. famous Cardinal, naked to our ene-

The philosopher Locke held that it exposing them to cold, hunger and negsame sort, teaching that we are unwise they tell us. Let the feeble child per-

which keeps a multitude of women in the unfitness lying in a lowered power whirl that leaves little time for true of resistance. The trend of medicine of possible that the correlated work of grain. matron who bursts into a room with indurating the human frame and forticager and effusive salutations, which fying it against the action of those she fondly imagines will make up for causes has been somewhat neglected. the unseemly haste with which she As our sewer systems become perfect it tracts for autograph albums. Mottoes makes them-and who, as she wrings is more than likely that we lose an imyour hand and bolts out again, says: munity whose absence makes a little filth as dangerous as a great deal was eight receptions to go to this afternoon and I don't know how I am to get few microbes left in hygienic food and singing of the brotherhood of man, out-She is quite unconscious drink are as deadly to our unfortified that she has left behind her no other frames as the multitudes were in unframes as the multitudes were in un-purified rations. There seems to be in of the brotherhood of man. He bethis matter some sort of a law of com-At this pace, and the example given pensation at work, which Mr. Wells society where the many serve and the suggested in his story as he has sug-

What is the anti-diphtheritic serum but an attempt to afford artificially the to be distanced. Haste is on the box; same protection against a certain germ haste cracks the whip and my lady sets | which Naure afforded before we became out to make a round of calls-possibly so delicately civilized? The serums of with a beliboy along to leave cards modern medicine are obtained by mak- his authors, but always to what on people who have left cards on ing horses and cattle undergo vicari-Returning after two wasted outly the sufferings which man had she finds cause for rejoicing that formerly to endure. Whether the proyear ago. It might be imagined that the task is over and that she found so tection which we thus obtain is as permany on the afternoon's circuit "not fect as the individuals fit to survive se- Bryant perceived the deeper truth and cured by the method of Nature is a question which experience has not yet answered. The latest treatment of To Longfellow it was a ramble, on a if not to reduce its charges. It has tiply we shall be forced to adopt some tuberculosis is a return to the method day of sunshine and shower, by coun-

apparently the only one, consists in an Let us suppose that these learning house, in which each one had a little lization has imposed. It took the medical medical men many years to make this distinct the country of the country discover that cancer is also caused by some of the deprivations or indulgences of civilized life. At any rate, the farther we advance from the state of Nature in our appliances, food and habits, the more frequently cancers occur. This most dreadful of diseases has increased almost in proportion as the onveniences of modern life have multiplied. Each new labor-saving invention introduces, if it does not cause, a new harvest of cancers. Perhaps the cure will be found, like that for consumption, in the abandonment of some of the habits of civilization, and a par-

## LONGFELLOW.

With the possible exception of Tenny-

modern English poets. His rhymes jar. his meters halt, the melody of his verse le thin and monotonous; yet he has a thousand readers to Swinburne's one whose long, rich cadences sweep like the sounding sea. In all his poems there is not a trace of that haunting sweetness which was Coleridge's natural mode of expression. In "The Ancient Mariner" or in any single page of "Christabel" there is more of the elu-sive charm and mystery of poetry than in Longfellow's complete works. For that "flush of rose on peaks divine" which illuminates the impassioned verse of Shelley we seek in vain throughout "Hlawatha," "The of the Night" and "The Tales of a Wayside Inn." Longfellow is almost devoid of passion. He walked in the paths of the shadowy forest; he pondered by murmuring brooks; he plucked the flowers of thought from Euripides, from Lope da Vega, from the mighty mystic of Paradise and Hell; but of the tidal passions which ebbed and flowed in those cosmic souls he felt nothing more than the ripples which kirs the sheltered sands in some far-receding bay. His mood is perpetual calm. He rejected the strenuous doctrine of Shelley, who made his chained G. Wells describes an invasion of the Prometheus hurl eternal defiance at by the inhabitants of Mare, the Olympian tyrant. The Miltonic Sa tan who chose rather everlasting pain with powers and weapons unparalleled than submission to Jehovah had no in our experience, mankind could offer charme for Longfellow. His cult was feeling he was Ori-The empires of the world succumbed to ental rather than Western. He teaches suffer. The present emergency them so easily that the invasion was contriteness. "Into each life some rain "Be with human beings for game. Our race still, sad heart, and cease repining, was, in fact, upon the point of exter- for "some days must be dark and mination when an unexpected savior dreary." The motive of his song is resintervened. The Martians were at ignition to the inevitable. It is of no tacked by a mysterious malady. Their use to repine; struggle is unavailing, howls of misery resounded by day and "Let us be patient," he says. We cannight and presently they expired. Not | not escape corrow; doubtless it is sent into competition with other plants all their skill and science were com- for our good. "Oftentimes celestial petent to save them. Who or what was benedictions assume this dark disthis occult and timely rescuer of the guise" of pain and sorrow and the loss human race? It was the invisible, demelancholy. Byron etrides in full par Mr. Wells telle his readers, there are only of war acrose the arena challengno microbes; hence the Martians have ing the demons of wrong and defying

He is Oriental in feeling, but not in of the immanent God, the power "more May not our efforts to eliminate the deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the microbe from our food and drink be light of setting suns." But Longfel low's God was conventional, not to say sentimental; a benevolent ruler not unover hie diet; but this he cannot do, for like a good King to whom we all owe everybody travels more or less. Every- fealty. There is no trace in his writpossible, perhaps, to be too clean, It "ravening with tooth and claw" does be possible to cleanse too thoroughly not interrupt his pensive musings. The air we breathe the garments we story written on "scarped cliff and wear, and the food we est. For we quarried stone" moves him not. His must make provision, not only for the unchanging mood is that of Tennyson's His routine of our habitual controlled and weaker period, when he wrote the senwrote nothing but May Queens all his

But if Longfellow teaches Oriental submission to fate, he never teaches despair. He is melanchely, but no peswas best to harden infants for the in- simist, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years clement circumstances of adult life by After" he could not have written. He might have accented to its statements. lect. This would, of course, kill off a but he would have added gently that certain proportion, but think how ro- it was all for the best. Things may be not only of perusal, but of careful bust the remainder would become, pretty bad, he would have agreed, and study. Beginning with a statement Rousseau taught something of the they are likely to get much worse, but pretty bad, he would have agreed, and that needs no proof of its truth beyond same doctrine. In his opinion children let us not repine over it; in heaven the commonest observation, that no were best nurtured in the state of na- all will be made right. Tennyson had more tremendous change has come to ture, which clearly implies hunger, cold serious doubts whether there was such nd dirt, with microbes innumerable, a place as heaven; to Longfellow it was which has occurred in woman's realm. There is a whole school of present-day as real as Boston Common. In his wise men who hold doctrines of the imagination the Reaper whose name is Death cuts the flowers of earth with to expend the care we do to preserve ble sickle keen only to transplant them the lame, the halt and the weak. Let to fields of light where they shall be the drunkard drink himself to death, nurtured by a loving gardener. Death meant to Longfellow nothing more of his feebleness and the foolish than a passage to a better country man die of hie folly. Thus we shall where "these light afflictions" are to be eliminate from the race the weak, the compensated by "an exceeding and opportunities of woman that is legiti-mate reason for rejoicing both for the goal of perfection. "Let the fit sur-death was a problem, dark, fearful, insake of the individual and society; vive," is the watchword of many of soluble. He met it without fear; manly our thinkers, "and let Nature choose and stern was his aspect before the king of terrors; but his misgivings race in its development, the bishop de-piores the "social pace" that is an acwere deep. Death was the beginning ompanying feature of this change, to make ourselves unfit for survival; whither. To Longfellow the graveyard is the "place where human barvests grow," and from its furrows we "shall late years has been in the direction of rise again when the archangel's blast in defeating one who reads these lines, he asks, find removing the causes of disease; it is shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and

Longfellow is the poet of the convenional. He sings the trite. His poems are an unfailing source of lovely exfor tombstones may be found in almost every line. He is popular because he is commonplace. He says nothing startraged all proprieties and shattered all Heves in the good old organization of few enjoy, trusting that the balance will swing even in heaven. His learn ing was great, but it was at the same time shallow. He never looked, and never cared to look, beneath the surface. And in his verse the allusions are not to the disturbing thoughts of soothes, quiets, pacifies. Bryant saw in trimmed garden, fragrant and sang it in more enduring measures. To Poe life wae all mystery and passion. be resumed Monday. done neither. Within eighteen months, such convenience as commerce long of Nature. It consists in immunizing try lanes. He sang of it in soothing

The Oregonian to be sure, the nominal price per 1000 ago resorted to, and which has proven the body to the germs by air, sunshine cubic feet has dropped from \$1.50 to 95 an enormous economy of time and and nutritious food. Tuberculosis is a disease of civilization; the remedy, and ate questionings. He sang for the immortals. Longfellow for the nursery escape from the conditions which civi- and the young ladies' boarding school Poe is the Chopin of American litera-

> The other day the organ of monopoly and privilege in Portland said that The Oregonian, which now criticises that method, had supported and approved nomination of the State Railroad Commissioners by the state board. This statement was shown by The Oregonian to be false. Now the organ says The Oregonian indorsed this method of se-"inferentially," and from this paper a statement of January 15 that on its face disproves its impudent and untruthful contention. The Oregonian on January 15 mentioned among other things certain reasons why the friends of the Democratic Governor opposed other methods of appointment, and one of them was that in their opinion the "Legislature was son, Longfellow is the most popular of unfit or incompetent," others that the state board, which often names commissions, will betray the people, or that the people are not to be trusted. The Oregonian then made no suggestion of its own as to the state board, no more than it said for itself that "the people are not to be trusted," for it has uniformly held, as every reader knows, that the people should elect the commission. On February 8 The Ore-gonian said: "Of course there should be temporary appointments, and it is proper that the Governor should appoint them. But it is not best, in the opinion of The Oregonian, that they should hold office after the people shall have had an opportunity to elect their successors." This is and has been the uniform position of The Oregonian.

For the first time since the young Queen of Holland made Prince Henry of the Netherlands "Prince Consort" he has appeared before the people and the world in a role of usefulness. It is gratifying to note that he "plied the oar with lusty limb" in the rescue of passengers from the wreck of the steamer Berlin on Hook of Holland. A strong, muscular man, he used his strength to some purpose in this dire stress of wind and wave and human misery. Wilhelmina's subjects, who have silently detested him since the young Queen's illness and the loss thereby of an heir to the throne early in her married life, was charged to his brutal treatment of her. loubtless look upon him with a forgiving spirit, since there seems to be no question of his bravery and usefulness ipon this occasion.

The faculty of the University of Washington seems to be imbued with the old-fashioned idea that students sttend college for the purpose of givng conscientious and intelligent atten tion to study. In this view students are forbidden to indulge, during the remainder of the college year, in dances omle opera, minstre! shows and other forms of entertainment. It is strange o what extent old fogylsm will go at

It does not mean a decadence of pariotism that there is no celebration of Washington's birthday. The Nation is a the bustle of business and "haen't ime." Yet let some one shout member the Maine!" and there is an answering whoop that shows that busiess is a very thin veneer on the patristic pride.

The House made a big mistake in killing King's bill for a bridge across the Snake at Ontario. There is a large section of irrigated country in that part To engineer a scheme through the Legislature that would compel the people other railroads built to compete with
A person who should devour food laden
of Portland to pay the gas company a

those now building. Perhaps the forwith microbes after a long course of
with microbes after a long course of
with microbes after a long course of
the problems which perby a current-power ferry when coming by a current-power ferry when coming ver to trade

Mr. Hammond plays no favorites. He old one part of hie railroad system to Mr. Hill and the other to Mr. Harriman. If he had any part of a railroad left, and if there was anybody else to sell to which there isn't-he would impartially knock the remainder down to the highset bidder.

The Legislature, which once decided o cut off two normals, leaving two, has appropriated \$35,000 for Weston for Drain, \$40,000 for Ashland and \$45,000 for Monmouth. If we car ount correctly that makes four normals, no less,

The Yoncalla Courier having got down to nine subscribers, Editor Brown quit and went to work. And yet it is more the town's loss than the editor's. A small town is judged by its newspa-

Cleveland's Mayor now proposes free streetcar rides for everybody. Sure. Free water, free lights, free rides, free everything. Nobody pays but the tax-payer. Let's have the whole free programme also in Portland.

If short-weight groweries are all right why are not clipped coins all right? A true solution would seem to be egislative act authorizing exchange of short-weight coins for short-weight

Mr. Gates says it's a mistake bout Rockefeller. He owns only onefifth of Standard Oil, and he has an income of only \$20,000,000 a year. We apologize. Senator Depew comes grandly to the

ore once more and defends Forester

Pinchot. Depew has been lost in the

woods for two years, and knows all about it. If the Italian comet due to destroy the world next month carries out its programme, there will be lots of things

This latest Chicago murder, in which Mrs. McDonald killed Mr. Guerin, seems to have started at the wrong

continued in the next."

The gas company would also want to be "compensated" for the lobby it has maintained at Salem, and for other legislative expenses.

A perpetual franchise is forever. The public did not always know it, but the gas company did. But the public is learning.

Now that the session is ended, Edior Geer, late chaperone of the Legislature, can return to his muttons.

You will miss it from your paper to day; but cheer up. The Thaw trial will

The birds will continue to bite an

## FAMOUS POEMS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

On Wednesday, Pebruary 27, the Centenary of the Birth of the Great American Poet Will Be Celebrated.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

inder a spreading chestmut-tree The village smithy stands; a mighty man is he. With large and sinewy han And the muscles of his brawny arms Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan; His brow is wet with honest sweat, He earns whate'er he can. And looks the whole world in the face. For he owes not any man.

Week in week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows blow; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, With measured beat and slow Like a sexton ringing the village bell, When the evening sun is low

And children coming home from school Look in at the open door; They love to see the flaming forge, And hear the bellows roar And catch the burning sparks that fly Like chaff from a threshing-floor,

He goes on Sunday to the church. And sits among his boys: He hears the parson pray and preach, He hears his daughter's voice, Singing in the village choir, And it makes his heart rejoice.

t sounds to him like her mother's voice Singing in Paradise! He needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies; And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, Onward through life he goes; Each morning sees some task begin, Each evening sees its close: emething attempted, something done. Has earned a night's repose

hanks thanks to thee my worthy friend For the lesson thou hast taught! Thus at the flaming force of life Our fortunes must be wrought. Thus on its sounding anvil shaped Our fortunes must be wrought: Thus on its sounding anvil shape Each burning deed and thought!

The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passed A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device, Excelsion

His brow was sad; his eye beneath Flashed like a falchion from its sheath, And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior:

In happy homes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright; Above, the spectral glaciers shone, And from his lips escaped a groan, Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said: "Dark lowers the tempest overhead. The roaring torrent is deep and wide."

And loud that clarion voice replied, Excelsion!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest

Thy weary head upon this breast?
A tear stood in his bright blue ey
But still he answered, with a sigh.
Excelsior! "Beware the pine tree's withered branch Beware the awful avalanche!"

This was the peasant's last Good-night, A voice replied, far up the height, Excelsior! At break of day, as heavenward. The plous monks of Saint Bernard littered the oft-repeated prayer

A voice cried through the startled air, Excelsior! A traveler, by the faithful hound, Half-buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device,

There in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay. And from the sky, serene and far. A voice fell, like a falling star.

Excelsior!

A Panlm of Life. Tell me not, in mournful nur Life is but an empty dream For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is carnest And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way : Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting And our hearts, though stout and brave Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouse of Life, Be not like lumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act-act, in the living Present! Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Feotprints on the sands of time

Footprints, that perhaps another Sailing o'er life's solemn main. A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate: Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to walt.

# Finds Champion of S-Hour Day.

Success Magazine. A Chicago teacher recently gave a boy supil a question in compound proportion or home work, which problem happened to include the circumstances of working ten hours a day to complete a

The next morning the unsuspecting teacher, in looking over his pack of exrcises, found one pupil's problem unattempted, and the following note attached to the page: "Deer Sir, I refeese to let my sun

James do this sum you give him last night as it looks to me like a slur on the 8-hour sistem, enny sum not more than \$ hours he is welcum to do but not more. Yrs trooly, "SAMUEL BLOCKSEY."

Press Gallery Oysters Arrive.

# Philadelphia Ledger.

Harry Libby, of Hampton, Va., has sent his annual gift of oysters to the members of the press gallery in Washington, Mr. Libby was in the House during the Control of the press of the House during the Control of the C beds of oysters in the James River.

## THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the hidge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city.
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection in the waters under me. Like a golden gobler falling And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance Of that lovely slight in June. The blaze of the flaming furnace Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them, Rose the belated tide, and, streaming into the moonlight, The sea-weed floated wide.

And like these waters rushing Among the wooden piers.

A flood of thoughts came o'er m That filled my eyes with tears.

In the days that had gone by. I had stood on that bridge at midnight And gazed on that wave and sky!

I had wished that obbing tide Would bear me away on its bosom O'er the ocean wild and wide! For my heart was hot and restless,

And my life was full of care. And the burden laid upon me Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me, It is buried in the sea; And only the serrow of others Throws its shadow over me.

On its bridge with wooden piers. Like the odor of brine from the ocean Comes the thought of other years And I think how many thousands

Of care-encumbered men. Each bearing his burden of sorro Have crossed the bridge since then

see the long processio Still passing to and fro.
The young heart hot and restiess And the old subdued and slow!

As long as the river flows, As long as the heart has passions, As long as life has woes

The moon and its broken reflection And its shadows shall appear.
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist. And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadners and longing. That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain,

Some simple and heartfelt lay. That shall soothe this restless feeling And banish the thoughts of day Not far from the old masters

Not far from the bards sublime Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time. For, like strains of martial music,

Life's endless toll and endeavor; And tonight I long for rest. Read from some humbler poet.

se songs gushed from his heart As showers from the clouds of Sum-Or tears from the evelids start;

Who, through long days of labor And nights devoid of case, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies. Such songs have power to quiet

The restless pulse of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer, Then read from the treasured volume

The poem of thy choice. And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away,

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark and dreary: It rains, and the wind is never wedry: The vine still clings to the mouldering But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past. But the hopes of youth fall thick in the

And the days are dark and dreary. Be still, sad heart; and cease repining

Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary.

# Senator Stewart Is Rich Again.

New York Sun.

Eight years beyond the allotted three-score and ien. W. M. Stewart. of Nevada, who retired from the United States Senate a poor man, has again con fortune.

When he was beaten for re-election by an adverse political coalition he returned to Nevada, went to Tonopah, hung out his shingle and began again the struggle for a law practice. He found competition keen, and at first things did not come his way. Then his successor and political rival, Senator Nixon, gave him a tip on a cer-tain stock, and he bought at 50 cents a share. He now has about \$250,000.

## Culberson of Texas For President. Kansas City Times.

A quiet but determined movement is soon to be started to present Senator Charles A. Culberson, of Texas, to the country as valuable presidential material for 1998. As yet the movement is nascent, but there is excellent reason to believe that it will be given lively impulse within the present. lively impulse within the next few weeks. It may be that the suggestion will take definite form and direction ing the Forty-eighth Congress, and about this time every year since then he has sent to Colonel Mann, superintendent of the press gallery, a bounteous supply of bivalves to be served to newspaper workers at a luncheon. Mr. Libby is Postmaster of Hampton, and owns large their homes a tentative programme will have a least decided upon. have been decided upor