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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 1909.

CRETE.

The truth of the old saw that nothing is ever settled permanently until it is settled right is pretty well illustrated by the recurrent outbreaks in the Island of Crete. Historically this island belongs to Greece, since here in legendary times Hellenic civilization, if it did not originate, at any rate reached a high and splendid development. Of the population of Crete, which barely exceeds 300,000, though the island is three times as large as Rhode Island, nine-tenths are Greeks. The rest, except a few Jews, are Turkish in religion and sympathy. No wonder, therefore, that the island passionately longs for reunion with the Greek monarchy and seeks that end through incessant insurrection.

Crete became definitely a part of the Ottoman Empire in 1715, when the Turks extinguished the feeble embers of Venetian power within its boundaries. It suffered the miseries of Turkish misrule in comparative quiet until the successful Greek revolution early in the last century awoke the spirit of the inhabitants. In 1866 they rose in rebellion and extorted from the Sultan a list of those futile promises with which the Porte long succeeded in fooling the European powers as well as its own subjects. After ten years of quiet secured by deception another period of turbulence led the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, to demand a charter for the Cretans from the Sultan. The charter was granted in form, but disregarded in substance. Tyranny and disorder grew worse and worse until 1889, when another insurrection was suppressed by the Turks. Naturally the Sultan made this an excuse for openly abrogating all the promises he had so long been violating, and the unhappy island was held under military rule until 1894, when the concert of Europe forced the appointment of a Christian Governor.

This bettered matters only in appearance. The Turks continued to harry the Greek population without restraint, carrying their cruelties so far that another insurrection broke out two years later. The Sultan tried to salve things over by consenting to the election of a national assembly, but this did not satisfy the people. They demanded complete separation from Turkey, and independence, of course with the ultimate object of union with the Hellenic nation. The insurgents expected aid from Greece and actually received it. Greek troops were dispatched to Crete and not withdrawn, even when the European concert of powers demanded it. But it is hard to whip the Turks even when their cause is as bad as possible. They easily defeated the Greek forces both in Crete and on the mainland, and for another year the island was the scene of bloody violence. The powers then intervened to some purpose. They secured the withdrawal of the Ottoman troops, gave Crete autonomy with religious freedom, a constitution and a Legislature, and made Prince George of Greece chief executive with the title of High Commissioner. This form of government the Cretans still enjoy, and they have prospered under it; but the passion of nationality still flames in their hearts. The recent revolution in Turkey seems to the Cretan patriots to have made an opportunity for them, and they are now clamoring again for union with Greece.

Perhaps the only reason why the strong European nations have not permitted this union hitherto is because several of them would be glad to grab the island if they saw the way clear. England is always thankful to secure an island on the route to India. Germany would find Crete marvelously helpful to her Asiatic schemes. France longingly contemplates its vicinity to the African coast and her prosperous colonies. Geographically and historically, Crete is part of Greece. The structure of the island is identical with that of the Hellenic peninsula, from which it is separated only by a narrow arm of the Mediterranean. In the earliest times Cretan art closely resembled that which flourished on the mainland before the Doric invasion. The ancient myths of Greece abound with references to the Kings and places of Crete. Zeus was born on Mount Idu, the highest elevation of the island. Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead in the lower world, was brother to Minos, who ruled in Cnosus and who is one of the greatest figures in Greek legend. Recent excavations at Cnosus have shown that a substantial basis of fact underlies the tales related of Minos' power and glory. Relics of a highly developed art have been exhumed, as well as the ruins of a magnificent palace suitable for the ruler of a great monarchy. Some investigators even fancy they have discovered the site of the famous labyrinth where Pasiphae, the unfaithful spouse of Minos, concealed the offspring of her amours with the mystic bull. It was to this monster that the Athenians had to send every nine years a tribute of youths and maidens until their great national hero, Theseus, succeeded in threading the labyrinth and slaying him. No reader of Greek literature ever thinks of Crete except as part and parcel of Hellas.

In speaking of the death of Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, founder of the People's Church, Chicago, Rev. John P. Brushingham, of the same city, who was closely associated with Dr. Thomas during the latter's Methodist pastorate, said: "As to his theological views at the time he was tried for heresy, I think perhaps if he were in our church today there would be no trial. I do not know exactly what his beliefs were, but I think there are many ministers who now believe as he did. He was tried for his liberal expressions concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures, the atonement and future punishment." In other words Dr. Thomas, who was sincere and courageous, faced a storm by uttering thoughts that he could not repress. He was merely a few years in advance of the great organization which he served. It will not be long before trials for heresy will be regarded with the same horror as "trials" in the Inquisition.

PROGRESS OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

Heretofore no person of sense has cared to pay any attention to alleged communications from the spirit land because they have always been so silly. This scornful attitude must now be abandoned, for Professor Hyslop, skilled in the affairs of the evergreen shore, has now obtained messages which are certainly not driveling even if they lack wisdom. It appears that the professor, whose first wife had passed to the better world, resolved to take unto his bosom a second. Upon consulting his disembodied advisers, as he does about every matter of consequence, he was delighted to find that they already knew all about his plan through their transcendental powers. Better still, they approved of it and of the lady of his choice also.

Rarely do earth and heaven fall into such exquisite concord over any human project. But even here the concord was not perfect. A serpent entered Eden in the form of the discarnate spirit of Professor Hyslop's first wife. She refused to be reconciled to his second marriage. She openly inveighed against it. If terrestrial passions ever blazed in celestial bosoms, one would distinctly pronounce that this insubstantial matron was jealous of her proposed earthly successor. What the consequences would have been if the professor had persisted in his plan it is terrifying to think. Can spirits scratch? Happily, we shall never know, for he has decided not to marry again and serenity has been restored in Paradise. The incident illustrates some of the inconveniences we shall suffer when communications are well established with ghostland. What will happen to those heirs, for example, who sacrilegiously break wills?

IN DEFENSE OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Reverend Mr. Buxton, a Methodist minister of Canton, Ohio, said in a sermon the other Sunday that any person who reads the newspapers more than ten minutes a day commits a crime against his higher nature. The reason why is that the newspaper is full of stories of crime, and he who spends much time reading it is sure to become a criminal, or at least to develop criminal propensities. So thinks the Reverend Mr. Buxton, and he is not alone in his opinion. It is pretty commonly believed that the newspapers give more space to criminal and sensational subjects than they do to matters more edifying, such as educational conventions, sermons and peace congresses. Some people of a serious turn of mind think that it is a waste of time, if nothing worse, to do more than skim through the news, while there is here and there a man who makes a boast of being too busy to read anything besides the headlines. What keeps him so busy he is not eager to reveal. Investigation often finds him arduously toiling to keep up his end of an argument in a saloon.

The opinion that newspapers give more space to crimes and sensations than to serious subjects has, as it now appears, been too readily accepted. An article from the Chicago Tribune, recently reprinted in The Oregonian, in which the news items published by the leading papers in the United States last year are tabulated under their proper heads, contends for the contrary opinion with considerable plausibility. The whole number of items tabulated was 7348. Out of these only 1343 referred to crimes and scandals, while to the single highly moral subject of railroads there were devoted 1140, almost as many as to all the murders, suicides, divorces and vaudeville trials in the country. In the Tribune tables the edifying name of Grover Cleveland occurs twenty-eight times, while the scandalous Dr. Day has but a pitiful fourteen to his glory.

At first glance these figures seem to settle the question in favor of the newspapers. They seem to prove that people's eyes have been deceiving them day after day, and that the spacious prominence of undesirable material in the papers is all a hideous illusion. Art, religion, education possess the first page and the big headlines, while murders and prizefights are relegated to inconspicuous nooks where nobody is likely to see them. By and by, however, one or two troublesome reflections intrude which in some measure lessen the convincing power of the Tribune figures. For one thing, it has merely counted items. It says nothing of the space they occupy nor of their position in the paper. Now, an item may be long or short. It may fill an inch of space or three columns. An account of an art exhibit in three lines and a full-page description of a prizefight would each count as an "item" in these tables. A half-inch story about a peace congress, tucked in to fill out a column on the thirteenth page, counts as an item exactly like a divorce case which has the first column on the first page, with a scare head. Evidently conclusions drawn from a table of this sort must be held with many reservations. Figures cannot lie, of course, but they sometimes lead one far away from the truth.

Nothing is gained for the credit of newspapers by denying what is apparent to everybody with eyes in his head. As a rule, sensational and scandalous topics are treated in more detail and more prominently displayed than is matter of graver moment, even though the latter is of vastly greater importance. This is done, not because newspaper men have salacious tastes, but because the public will refuse to buy what it does not want. It relishes sensations, and in the main will read nothing else. Every respectable newspaper is as good as it dares to be. It would gladly be a great deal more literary, artistic, philosophical and moral than it is if the public would permit. Since the public will not permit, it must e'en compromise with the Mammon of unrighteousness and edge in the improving part of its daily programme, as it were, by guile. In the same way, a minister with modern, scholarly ideas in his head seldom dares to express them in his sermons except by hints and innuendoes. The bulk of his Sunday morning discourse must be conventional twaddle, or his congregation would take fright and flee, just as the bulk of the news in a paper must treat of worthless subjects. But even as the shrewd pastor may now and then interject a subtle reference to evolution or glance sidewise at some result of the Higher Criticism, even so may the newspaper take its readers unawares and tell them briefly about a good book, a peace congress or a flying machine. The important things of the world are not and never have been the conspicuous things. The newspaper which exhibits a daily panorama of life must show life as it is, with its deceptive glamor, its false values and its noisy vanities. If it did not do so, it would not tell the truth. It would depict an imaginary world, but not the real one.

TRADE AND THE FLAG.

Philadelphia and New York are large seaports in which no difficulty is experienced in finding merchant marine vessels from all of the great countries of earth. For that reason the ocean-carrying question should be well understood. Recent utterances by the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin and the New York Commercial would indicate, however, that ignorance on this particular topic is dense and heavy in certain quarters in the big ports. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin gravely asserts that "our present shipping facilities over the Pacific are lamentably deficient, and they have been diminished rather than increased in recent years, as the enterprising steamship lines of Japan have multiplied the number of their vessels and increased their service between the United States and the ports of Asia."

Commenting on this entirely erroneous and misleading statement, the New York Commercial vehemently declares that "the burning question today is, Can diplomacy of the straightforward, practical sort accomplish anything in the way of building up American trade with China, even though it does all that it can do in the matter, unless we have American ships in which to carry and bring the goods, to render the necessary mail service and to transport forth and back the passengers incidentally attaching to the trade contemplated?"

If the editors of the papers mentioned would make inquiry regarding service and rates out of Pacific Coast ports, they would learn to their surprise that for more than two years the "shipping facilities over the Pacific" have been so far in excess of the available traffic that every vessel engaged in the business has shown a balance on the wrong side of the ledger. Pacific Coast exporters, instead of finding any "deficiency" in the tonnage available, are continually beset with offers to carry freight across the Pacific at lower rates than have ever prevailed except during rate wars.

This fierce competition for trade is not confined to the Japanese or to any one particular nation. British, German, Norwegians and even the Dutch and the French are in the market for business, and the rivalry is so keen that a British steamship just clearing from Portland accepted part cargo for Shanghai at a rate so low that it barely covered the cost of loading and discharging. There are two parties involved in this Oriental trade, the buyer and the seller. Neither of them has the slightest interest regarding the flag flying from the masthead of the vessel that carries the freight they have bought or sold.

Trade does not follow the flag in the Orient, but wherever trade appears the flag immediately shows up and gets busy. If the editor of the New York Commercial is in need of any transportation facilities to the Orient or to any other port on earth, his "burning question" will be satisfactorily answered, for shipping facilities are the very least of our troubles in building up a trade across the Pacific. The greatest trouble is lack of purchasing power on the part of the Orientals. Next to that comes an immense demand for nearly everything we have to sell right here at home.

THE WOES OF WATSON.

It is not necessary to take very seriously Tom Watson's prediction that the United States will be divided into four independent nations by and by. Just now he himself is deadly serious over this and other prognostications of woe, but one may easily find a reason for his depressive imaginings in his own personal misfortunes. In politics the ebullient Tom has always been more energetic than successful, while it is said that now he has been swindled out of the magazine he had nurtured like the apple of his eye by some New York sharpers. Sufficient cause, therefore, has Tom for repining in lonely dells and groaning over woes to come. The rest of us, having minds at peace and an array of placid consciences, may speculate at our ease over his aberrant visions and wonder what the consequences would be should they ever come true, which they certainly never will.

Were the United States to split up into four republics or monarchies, or whatever variety of governments they might turn out to be, it is not difficult to foresee where the boundaries between the divisions would run. Naturally, the territory west of the Rocky Mountains would go off by itself to begin with, probably dragging Alaska in its wicked wake, as Satan when he rebelled drew after him the third part of heaven's sons conjured against the highest. The Mississippi Valley from Minnesota down to the Ohio and Missouri rivers would form a second grand division. The South, of course, would swim off alone, and the fourth government would rule over New England, with some scattered fragments attached, like New York and Pennsylvania. Poor little Delaware might be fought over between New England and the South, though it would hardly be worth while. For a state where the mosquitoes are so thick and virulent that they slay herds of Jersey cows it might be possible to fight, if one had nothing else to quarrel about, but scarcely in any other contingency.

The four nations thus formed from the ruins of the United States would not dwell side by side in sweet harmony and brotherly love as Tom Watson fondly imagines. When they were not waging war with one another, they would be preventing war by amassing huge fleets and training innumerable armies, just as the nations of Europe are doing today. The principal reason why this country has escaped the evils of militarism is because it has virtually occupied the entire continent of North America. Having no rivals to fear, it does not fall into those periodical terrors over invasion which we can see at work every little while in France, England and other less fortunate lands than ours. Canada on the north has never been powerful enough to frighten us, though the day may come when it will be. Had we conducted our relations with that rising nation like statesmen instead of bullies, Canada might now have constituted four or five states in the Union. As it is, she will certainly become our commercial and military rival, and may some time prove a foe to be dreaded.

As for the disunion movement within the United States, it has had two or three periods of rather lively existence. There was a time when it looked as if the Mississippi Valley might form an independent government. Perhaps Oregon missed setting up a little republic of its own by something less than a hair's breadth. Then came the huge secession outbreak in the South. But now all this has definitely passed away, and it can never return. The trend of our history has upon the whole been too strongly toward nationalism ever to be overcome.

DR. ELIOT'S NEW FAITH.

Possibly Archbishop Farley goes a step too far in ridiculing Dr. Charles W. Eliot because he "thinks that America is going to do in the twentieth century what never will be done." He referred in this remakr to Dr. Eliot's celebrated speculation upon a new religion. The archbishop particularly objects to Dr. Eliot's proposed faith because it omits the supernatural. Now in criticising any proposal it is perfectly proper to object to it on the ground that such a thing never has been done before, but even an archbishop runs a certain risk when he asserts unqualifiedly that a given thing never will be done. How does he know it never will?

There have been religions without any element of the supernatural. Confucianism is such a one, unless very eminent authorities are mistaken. It has served a great many people for a long time, and upon the whole has served them well, so well indeed that it is virtually impossible to get any of the Chinese to give it up. But, even if there had never been a religion without the supernatural, it does not follow at all that America cannot or will not invent one. This country has invented a great many things which never existed anywhere else. The religion may not prove workable when it is framed. It may lack qualities which lend power and charm to the old ones, but the mere lack of the supernatural will not condemn it. It would be interesting to hear Archbishop Farley or some other great prelate tell just what he means by the supernatural. To many people the boundaries of that realm seem to be shrinking so rapidly that pretty soon it may not exist at all.

THEOSOPHY.

Theosophy is fortunate among religions in that its devotees are split into two sects only. Most faiths have at least a dozen and some have hundreds. The two theosophical sects make up for their lack of the self-dividing faculty by the vigor of their mutual hatred, which goes far beyond anything seen among Christians in our time. To find a parallel to it one must go back to the days when the British Episcopalians were persecuting John Wesley or the New England Puritans were harrying the Quakers. Naturally both sects of theosophists claim to be orthodox, but the impartial observer must, however reluctantly, award this distinction to the adherents of Mrs. Annie Besant. When Madame Blavatsky, the founder of the faith, temporarily retired from this world she cast the mantle of her spiritual authority upon the shoulders of Mrs. Annie Besant and William Q. Judge, of New York, who were to rule jointly as mouthpieces of an "unknown head." This personage seems to be much too exalted and holy to be mentioned by name. Whether he is real or imaginary is an inquiry which is more alluring than profitable.

Although brotherly love is the basic principle of theosophy, discord presently arose between the two mouthpieces of the hidden oracle. Mrs. Besant accused Judge of distorting the utterances of the invisible head and the fabric of the new religion was rent in twain by their contention. Annie drew after her skirts a certain fraction of the illuminated, but the majority went with Judge. Still, her sect has persisted unto this day, and it is fair to presume that she has kept alight the flame of Madame Blavatsky's doctrine in all its original purity. As for Judge's faction, when he journeyed to devacana, which being interpreted means a sort of temporary heaven, he left his followers without a head. This was in 1896. Seeing the sheep all shepherdless and forlorn, Katherine A. Tingley gathered a few of them into a fold of her own to begin with, and finally, by judicious management such as many great religious geniuses have practiced, she got herself acknowledged as Judge's legitimate successor. It must be confessed, however, that in her case there is a decided hiatus in the apostolic succession. Her spiritual authority rests merely upon a plebiscite. It lacks that majesty which it would possess if it could be traced back link by link to the great original source, as Mrs. Annie Besant's can be. Miss Tingley made up in energy what she lacked in orthodoxy. In 1898, at a convention in Chicago, she seems to have caused herself to be transfigurated, or apotheosized. The name of her sect was changed to "The Universal Brotherhood Organization," and all the power and property belonging to it were assimilated by Miss Tingley. It is understood that persons who contribute property to the institutions at Point Loma and elsewhere turn it over to Miss Tingley unconditionally. Their faith must be very great, and yet thus far the results have justified it. Persons who know what is going on in Miss Tingley's schools, or sanitariums, or whatever they are, all agree that it would be difficult to put money to better use. Were it not for the sad blight of heterodoxy which poisons her efforts, she might justly be called a benefactor of mankind.

Undoubtedly Mrs. Annie Besant is the genuine successor of Madame Blavatsky. In her alone and her followers burns the sacred flame of the true faith. What this faith is can only be hinted vaguely, and perhaps heretically, by an uninspired pen, but it begins with an analysis of man into seven principles. Indeed, the number seven is almost as important in theosophy as twelve is in Christianity. Each world, for example, has a cycle of seven periods. In each period there are seven root races and each root race has seven sub-races. It is like going to St. Ives and meeting seven wives, each wife with seven sacks and seven cats in each sack, each cat having seven kits. Of our seven principles four are mortal and three immortal. The former are the physical and astral bodies, the principle of life and that of desire. The astral body is the mold or pattern on which the physical is formed. Life animates it and desire makes it active. The physical body is the first to die. The astral perishes somewhat later and desire last of all. Indeed, desire does not utterly perish, but leaves some germs which the immortal trinity of mind, soul and spirit carries away with it to heaven.

In heaven our trinity finds not everlasting, but only temporary, repose. In process of time it lives out all the dreams of joy it has dreamed on earth. The germs of desire brought over from the former life spring into activity. It wearies of Paradise, looks round for a desirable father and mother, and is presently born again in this vale of tears.

Thus the wheel goes round until the immortal trinity has fulfilled all the ideals there are. The germs of desire are then completely eliminated. It is perpetually satisfied to stay in heaven and the cycle of rebirths ceases. Connected with this cycle is the doctrine of Karma, which means that in each new life we are subject to the consequences of what we have done in all our old ones. Of course, if a person has committed indiscretions, he must be born and born again until the stain of them has been washed out by high endeavor.

"Yamhill against the world." The county that made Oregon famous may be a little slow in some of its movements, but, like cimex lectularius, it "gets there just the same." A McMinnville dispatch in yesterday's Oregonian says that a citizen of that place ("Doc" Wright, of the Wright brothers, suspected) has invented a flying machine that "will rise from the street over the tallest buildings and fly in any direction, controlled only by the movement of the body of the engineer." We have lost some of the advertising benefits which we might have had if the Yamhill machine had led the way across the English Channel, but, as there is something distinctive about everything that comes from Yamhill, this loss will all be regained when the McMinnville machine starts from the street and beats the elevator to the top of the Eiffel tower. The new craft will be named the "Air Scout," and it will not be superheated.

The annual Walter Wellman excursion by balloon to the North Pole has apparently concluded its 1909 engagement, and the performance eclipses in splendor of achievement anything that has yet been accomplished in the Walter Wellman North Pole excursion line. According to a cable dispatch from Hammerfest, Norway, the balloon covered a distance of 32 miles from its shed before it exploded, all of the occupants, as usual, landing unhurt. This certainly beats the distance record for Wellman balloon trips and lends encouragement to the belief that if old Father Time is only lenient Mr. Wellman may yet pull off a century run with his hot-air balloon some time in the far distant future. The styles of airships have changed materially since Santos-Dumont began flying, but there has been no change in the Wellman advertising styles.

Sportsmen who are in search of the real thing in the way of excitement should come to the Pacific Coast. Among other items of interest in yesterday's news columns was an account of a 110-pound tuna which towed a Catalina Island launch nine miles and was not subdued until six hours after it was hooked. That was doing very well for a California fishing story, but up on the Oregon coast near Alsea Bay a sportsman lassoed a 2000-pound sealion and started to tow it up the beach with a horse and buggy to which the rope was attached. The sealion objected and reversed the towing operation, with such a degree of success that the lassoer was obliged to cut the line in order to save the horse from being dragged into deep water and drowned.

A British tramp steamship has arrived at Victoria with a cargo of coal from Cardiff, after making but one stop on the 14,000-mile voyage. As this tramp freighter was unaccompanied by a repair ship, a hospital ship, an extra collier and a fleet of battleships as a convoy, the performance will be regarded as no more remarkable than that of the well-found, well-manned, carefully-groomed battleships which came out to the Pacific about a year ago.

A Baker City paper says "the tomato crop in Eagle Valley this year will be worth $37,000. And there are only fifty acres planted to it." This is the result of a good market and good crop. In many parts of the state there is blight on the vines. This is a disease that spreads rapidly. In a few days the plant is worthless. The only prevention of loss is to prune severely and burn the clippings. Generally the pruning is a benefit, even where there is no blight.

The mysterious Mr. Raffles, who played a brief but humiliating engagement in this city a few months ago, has been caught by the police in San Francisco and is charged with working the "short-change" game. This seems to be one of the cases where the substitution of a confederate will not be acceptable.

Of course Senator Bourne will not be wholly without resources to entertain President Taft if he (the Senator) should be able to carry out his great scheme of acting as the President's exclusive host in Portland. He might move the Eldridge block down from Salem.

Surprising it is what radical notions get into the heads of college presidents these days. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Berkeley, had the nerve to tell his coeds that the University of California was a place for work, not for giggling and flirtation.

It is consoling to reflect that the explosion of Walter Wellman's balloon did not affect the result of his expedition one way or the other.

Increase of 32 per cent in bank clearings last week shows Portland still doing business at the old stand, only more of it.

Portland distributors give notice that the price of milk will go up 10 per cent next month. Hang the new tariff.

The expelled cadets at West Point are said to have the sympathy of their classmates. Naturally they would.

As for Walter Wellman and the North Pole, public confidence in his scheme blew up long ago.

Be patient. Portland has two months' more time to win the pennant.

We have had another Summer season, but it also was very short.

Mr. Dooley on Vacations

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I raaly don't know whether I'm glad or sorry to get back. It seems a little sthrange to be here again in th' turmoil iv life in a large city, but thin again, 'tis pleasant to see th' familyar faces wanst more. Has anything happened since I wint away on me vacation? Did ye miss me? Am I much sunburnt?"

"What ar-re ye talkin' about?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I see ye on'y last night."

"Ye did not," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye may have seen me undherstudy, but ye didn't see me. Where was I? It depinds on what time iv night it was. If it was 8 o'clock I was croosin' in Pierpont Morgan's yacht off th' coast iv Labrador. We were both iv us settin' on th' front stoop iv th' boat. I had just won thirty millyon dollars fr'm him throwin' dice, an' he remarked to me: 'I bet it's hot in Chicago.' But about 8:30 th' wind, which had been blowin' acrost the brick yard, changed into th' northeast, an' I moved back to Newpoort."

"Ar-re ye crazy fr'm th' heat?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Divvle th' bit," said Mr. Dooley, "but long ago I made up me mind not to be th' slave iv me vacation. I don't take a vacation whin a vacation comes around an' knocks at th' dure an' dhrags me out to a Summer resort. If I did I'd wait a long time. I take it whiniver I feel like it. Whiniver I have a moment to spare, whin ye are talkin' or business is slack fr'm anny other reason, I throw a comb an' brush into a gripsack an' hurry away to th' mountain or th' seashore. While ye think ye are talkin' to me, at that very minyit I may be floatin' on me back in th' Atlantic Ocean or climbin' a mountain in Switzerland, yodelin' to meself.

"Most iv me frinds take their vacations long afther they are overdue. That's because they don't know how to take thim. They depind on railroads an' steamers an' what th' boss has to say about it. Long afther th' vacation will do thim no good, about th' fifteenth iv August, they tear off f'r th' beauties iv nature. Nachrally they can't tear off very far, or they wudden't hear th' whistle whin it blew to call thim back.

"F'r a week or two they spind their avenin's larnin' th' profissyon iv baggageman, atin' off thrunks be day an' sleepin' on thim be night. Evenchooly th' time comes f'r thim to lave th' sthrife an' throuble iv th' city that thy're used to f'r th' sthrife an' trouble iv th' country that they don't know how to handle.

"They catch th' two-two f'r Mudville-be-th'-Cannery, or they are just about to catch it whin they remimber that they left their tickets, money, an' little Abigail Ann behind thim, an' they catch th' six forty-five, which doesn't stop at Mudville excipt on Choosdahs an' Fridahs in Lent, an' thin on'y on signal. Fin'lly they're off.

"Th' dust an' worry iv th' city with its sprinkled pavements an' its glowin' theayters is left behind. Th' cool counthry air blows into th' car laden with th' rich perfume iv dainty food with which th' fireman is plyin' his in'n horse. Th' thrain stops occasion'lly. In fact, ye might betther say that occasion'lly it don't stop.

"A train that is goin' to anny iv th' penal colonies where most men spind their vacations will stop at more places thin a boy on an errand. Whiniver it sees a human habitation it will paupe an' exchange a few wurruds iv pleasant greetin'. It will stop at annything. It wud stop at nawthin'. In this way ye get a good idee iv th' jography iv ye'er native land.

"Ye make a ten minyit stay at bustlin' little villages that ye didn't know were on th' map an' ain't on anny map that ye buy. Th' on'y place th' thrain don't stop is at Mudville-be-th'-Cannery. Ye look into th' folder an' see ye'er town marked 'See note b.' Note b says: 'Thrains two to sixteen stop at Mudville on'y whin wrecked.'

"What is th' number iv this here cannon-ball express?" says ye to th' conductor man.

"'Number twelve,' says he.

"'How am I goin' to get off there?' says ye.

"'How do ye usually get off a movin' train?' says he. 'Forward or backward?' says he. 'If ye'll go ahead to th' postal car an' get into a mail bag, th' clerk may hang ye on th' hook as we pass. He's a good shot. He made three out iv ten last week,' he says.

"But in due time ye reach ye'er destination an' onpack ye'er thrunks, an' come again. A frind iv mine, a prom'nent railroad officyal who calls th' thrains at th' Union deepo, tells me he's cured his wife iv wantin' to go on a vacation. Whiniver he sees her readin' advertisements iv th' Summer resorts he knows that th' fit is comin' on, an' befure she gets to th' stage iv buyin' a cure f'r freckles he takes her down to th' deepo an' shows her th' people goin' on their vacations an' comin' back. Thin he gives her a boat ride in th' park, takes her to th' theayter, an' the next mornin' she wakes up with hardly anny sign iv her indisposition.

"But th' kind iv vacation I take does ye some good. It is well within me means. In fact, it sildom costs me annything but now an' thin th' thrade iv a customer that I gave a bottle iv pop to whin he ast f'r a gin sour, not knowin' that at th' minyit I was whilin' me time away in th' Greek Islands or climbin' Mount Vesoovyous.

"I don't have to carry anny baggage. I don't pay anny railroad fares. I'm not bothered be mosquitoes or rain. In fact, it's on rainy days that I thravel most. I'm away most iv th' time. I suppose me business suffers. But what care I?

"In th' Autumn I am pretty apt to be shootin' in th' Rocky Mountains. In th' Winter I am li'ble to go to Florida, or to th' West Indies, or to Monty Carlo. I'm th' on'y American citizen that iver beat Monty Carlo. I plugged away at number siventeen an' it came up eighty-two times runnin'. 'Tis thrue I squandhered th' money on th' fickle Countess de Brie, but aisy come aisy go. Me disappointment was soon f'rgotten among th' gayeties iv Algeers. I often go up th' Nile because it's handy to th' Archey road. I can get back befure bedtime.

"In Summer I may go to Newpoort, although it ain't th' place it was whin I first wint there. It was simple thin. People laughed at Clarence von Steenwant because he wore a hat encrusted in dimons instead iv th' rough-an-'ready goold bonnet that ye grabbed fr'm th' rubbish iv old pearl necklaces an' marredge certyficates on th' hall table whin ye wint out to play tennis. It has changed since. But there are still a few ripristintatives iv th' older membership iv th' stock exchange who cannot lave th' familyar scenes an' I like to dhrop in on thess pathricyans an' gossip iv days that ar-re no more.

"Faith, there's hardly a place that I don't spind me Summers. If I don't like a place I can move. I sail me yacht into sthrange harbors. I take me private car whereiver I want to go. I hunt an' I fish. Last year I wint to Canada an' fished f'r salmon. I made a gr-reat catch—near thirty cans. An' whin I'm tired I can go to bed. An' it is a bed—not a rough sketch iv a brickyard.

"Well, well, what places I have seen. An' I always see thim at their best. Th' on'y way to see anny place at its best is niver to go there. No place can be thruly injyeable whin ye have to take ye'ersilf along an' pay rent f'r him whin ye get there. An' wan iv th' gr-reat comforts iv my kind iv a vacation is that I always know what's goin' on at home. Whin Hogan goes on his kind iv vacation th' newspa-aper he gets was printed just afther th' third inning iv th' baseball game th' day befure yisterdah. Th' result is that whin Hogan comes home he don't know what's happened. He doesn't know who's been murdhered, or whether Chicago or Pittsburg is at th' head iv th' league.

"An' Summer is th' best time iv th' year f'r news. Th' heat an' sthrong dhrink brings out pleasant peculyarities in people. They do things that make readin' matther. They shows signs iv jaunus. Ivrything in th' pa-aper inthrests me. Here's th' inside news iv a cillybrated murdher thrile blossomin' out in th' heat. Here's a cillybrated lawyer goin' to th' cillybrated murdherer an' demandin' an increase in th' honorary um iv his cillybrated colldgue.

"Lawyers don't take money. What they get f'r their sarvices in deludin' a jury is th' same as an offerin' in a church. Ye don't give it to them openly. Ye sind thim a bunch iv sweet peas with th' money in it. This here larned counsel got wan honoraryum. But whin things begun to look tough f'r his protegee he suggested another honoraryum. Honoraryum is f'm th' Latin wurruds honor an' aryum, mainin' 'I need th' money.'"

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Verses of the Day

Drift Tide.

Baltimore American.

Drifting, still drifting,
'Neath fleecy skies,
On the oars resting
To gaze in shy eyes,
The soft waters plashing,
In murmurous rhyme,
The rippling of breezes
In musical chime.

Drifting, still drifting,
Along with the tide,
A languorous motion
On silver waves wide,
Blue skies above, soft
Reflected below,
Waving in riplets
Light to and fro.

Drifting, still drifting,
Far from the crowd,
Murmuring in whispers,
Not a word loud,
Dreaming dreams golden,
As onward they float,
Bliss sailing with them,
Love in a boat!

Mosquito Musketry.

Washington Star.

Slap! Slap! Slap!
It sounds like artillery's sinister snap!
Over the front porch, back on the stoop;
Out 'neath the trees where the sufferers troop;
You hear it, while fervently floats through the air
A word here and there;
Quite distinct from a prayer.
The echoes come back from all points of the map—
Slap! Slap! Slap!

Two Boy Kings.

New York American.

One is a sad little Persian boy,
Latest and least of an inbred line;
The other is romping in riotous joy
Where the bees take toll of the buckwheat vine.
One has all of a courtier's grace,
And speaks with an accent low and sweet;
The other is loth to wash his face,
And tracks the floor with his muddy feet.

One has a palace all his own,
With lackeys to meet his every wish;
An old pine stump is the other's throne,
Near the lazy stream where he loves to fish.
One is pale in his gold and lace,
Cursed with a power he does not crave;
The other is rough, with a freckled face,
Seldom silent and never grave.

One, as he grows, will ever fear
The rending bomb and the bravo's knife;
The other will drink while he lingers here,
Long and deep of the wine of life.
Two boy kings, one tame, one wild,
Parted by leagues of rolling sea.
One is a sad little Persian child,
The other monarch belongs to me.

Juanita.

Los Angeles Express.

Drear are the prairies; the ranges are silent;
Mournfully whispers each soft, passing breeze;
Down in the canyon an eddying murmur
Echoes the sigh in the giant pine trees.
Lone on the trails on the brown, dusty mesa,
Up where the gems of the star-world peep through;
Sadly the night-bird is plaintively calling—
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

Out where the herds dot the range in the springtime,
Out where the flowers you loved nod and sway,
Memory brings me a vision of sweetness,
Brings me a dream of a once-happy day.
Over the trails you are riding beside me,
Under the canopied heavens of blue;
Smiling the love that your lips have repeated—
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

When steals the night with its grim, dusky shadows,
And 'round the herd I am jogging along,
Your gentle face seems to lighten the darkness,
Each vagrant breeze seems to whisper a song;
Whispers a melody sweetly entrancing,
Telling me, dear, of your love ever true;
Whispers an echo which sets my heart dancing—
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

Wouldn't It?

New York Times.

Oh, wouldn't it be galling if some day we soared on high
Across and up the ether of the overhanging sky,
And as at Mars we landed this surprising thing we heard—
"Here come some man-faced monkeys on a subterranean bird!"

Same Old Thing.

Cleveland Leader.

Got up and dressed, and ate and went to work;
Ate, worked a little more, and ate again,
Played cards awhile and went to bed; and then
Got up. Truly, I do not wish to shirk
My daily task, knowing the things that irk
Me thus are but the common lot of men.
But what's the use? Is life worth living when
A bard's no freer than a dry goods clerk?

And, if reincarnation's true—methinks
It is, because it seems so much the same
As life—why, I must drink the self-same cup
For ages, die and wake and play the game
Again—a bigger round, that's all. By Jinks,
I wish Eternity would hurry up!