

BICYCLE NEWS FOR THE BICYCLE CRANKS

The local bicycle field is very dull. No more races are being made, and there are no more bicycle parties. The bicycle is being used now more as a means of conveyance than anything else.

possible to ride at least 65 miles an hour. A motor cycle club has been organized in San Francisco, which now has a membership of 25. The president is L. H. Hill.

Since the advent of the motor tandem for use in paced bicycle races, a number of nasty accidents have been caused by the motor of a fallen machine continuing to work after the fall.

There are now more than 600 automobiles in California, two-thirds of which are in San Francisco. A. L. Prescott, of Massachusetts, made a 2,000-mile trip through Connecticut and Massachusetts on a Prescott steamer.

Previous to his sickness, King Edward VII. presented a bicycle to his grandson, Prince Edward of Wales. The cyclist on the other side of the Atlantic continue to fight, on paper, over the question of high gears and long cranks.

One of the latest things which is receiving the attention and praise of the English cyclist is the fabric sided tire. From all accounts it not only gives an easier riding machine, but also gives good service from the standpoint of wear.

MODERN SHEPHERD

A news item in last week's paper stated that within the last week a band of 150 masked men had attacked the sheep camps in the mountains west of Lander, Wyo., and routed 65,000 sheep into the mountains, where those who are not killed by wild animals will perish of neglect, most of them being ewes and lambs.

It is a sort of canvas house on wheels, with a front door and a stovepipe sticking out on top. It has a bed, a small cooking stove, and a pantry. It is the shepherd's home while in camp. If the shepherdman is clearly his home may be quite pleasant—but generally he isn't, and it isn't.

A great many lawless happenings occur in the west which seldom come to our notice as prominently as this one has. It is not always the bones of cattle that lie bleaching on the prairie, as any cowboy can tell you. And this sheep business has its enemies among cattlemen, among jealous herders of rival bunches, and that element of "bad" men who wants a wanton loss of property and it.

It is an interesting place to visit—a sheep camp—but it destroys any romantic notions one may have had about the lamb with "fleece as white as snow," or the joys of a pastoral life mixed up with a flock of dirty, woolly, stinking, noisy things. If Watteau, who painted beautiful shepherdesses, ever came in contact with the real thing, way back somewhere and fall off. Talk about your "gentle" shepherds—oh, my! You ought to have seen the one I saw last Fourth of July—lying in the muck back of a barn and sleeping off his celebration.

A man by the name of Murphy, a Pennsylvanian, had invested his money in some sheep and hired certain men as herders. Two of these herders proving lawless, insubordinate creatures, he "fired" them. This was unsatisfactory to the discharged herders. They therefore conspired to teach their erstwhile employer a lesson, and agreed that the hands and feet of a couple of horses and usually rear him up! Murphy heard of their plans and that night, frightened out of his wits at the threat, which was to have been carried out the next day, and finding the men sleeping in one of his camp wagons, where they had no right to be, he shot at them and seriously wounded both. The men have died since and Murphy is in jail awaiting his trial this fall. He has the sympathy of the country.

What Weddings Cost. Even the most modest wedding costs the plain young man about \$300. This statement is a little startling, but often this little item of wedding expenses may explain to many girls why they remain unmarried. The average young man simply cannot afford the fuss and feathers of marrying a girl. Who is to blame for this? Is it the girl, or is it her ambitious mother, who wants the distinction of a showy wedding for her daughter? Frankly, it is usually the fault of the mother. It is the foolish striving of those in the middle classes to ape the rich. A man earning \$3000 a year may have the courage to ask a girl to marry him, but he usually lacks the tact to ask her to marry him quietly.

The modern "shepherd" is little better than the animals he tends. Throughout the season he lives among the sheep. He looks at the ewes like a man, and he eats like it. The extreme joy of his life is coming to town and getting gloriously drunk. His lives on canned goods and such game as comes his way, and sometimes stern necessity teaches him to be a tolerably good cook in a campfire sort of fashion. What, it is a hard life. In the lambing and shearing seasons it means night and day work, and even during the rest of the year a constant watch must be kept against wild animals, straying sheep and helpless, foolish lambs.

Investigation it proves to be a moderate estimate of what the average wedding costs a young man. The average bride, however, costs a young man a good deal more. Next morning an Englishman met Mark Twain on the promenade deck. "I say, Mr. Clemens," the Englishman said, "I have always heard that Senator Depew was a remarkably clever man, but I have changed my opinion. What wretched driver of his that was you were compelled to recite last night."

Gene Ware's Troubles. Col. Ware the newly appointed commissioner of pensions is already telling his friends in confidence that he is not "stuck on his new job." He says he is required to listen to all kinds of heart-rending tales and is confronted with schemes and questionable propositions from claimants who assume a standard-deliver attitude in applying for pension allowances. Commissioner Ware dined with the President a few nights ago and the President it is said asked the new commissioner how he liked his new position up to date.

Without a change of countenance, but most promptly, the old man replied: "No, but I have shooed chickens in the daytime." Everybody roared except the acquaintance, who immediately called on the conductor for a transfer to the Cross-town line.

The maintaining of a sheep camp is an expensive matter. A camp is a little village in itself, which must be supplied with necessities at least once a month. As most of the camps are up in the mountains, where it is sheltered and cool, and from 100 to 150 miles away from a town or supply station, it just about keeps one man steadily on the road for supplies, with a big wagon and six horses. And it's no boulevard driving in Wyoming.

WHITE COLLAR LINE BOATS. Astoria, daily 7 a. m. except Sunday. The Dalles, daily 7 a. m., except Sunday. Alder street dock. Both phones, Main 251.

THISTLE-CUTTING DAY.

Tomorrow is Thistle-Cutting Day and all the good people of Portland are urged by the Civic Improvement Association to devote ten minutes of their valuable time to cutting down the Canada thistle. This suggestion was made to the association by A. H. Devers and has been acted upon with the above result by President McCusker.

WAR VETERANS TO CELEBRATE

Camp Harrington, Spanish-American War Veterans, will celebrate the fourth anniversary of the fall of Manila this evening in the A. O. U. W. hall, Second and Taylor streets. Following the secret meeting there will be a smoker. General O. O. Summers will be present and will report as to what has been done in the way of providing a monument for the deceased Second Oregon boys.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

M. J. Adams, a banker from Silverton, is in the city.

E. R. Bradley and son, prominent lumber men of Hood River, are at the Imperial.

L. F. Conn, County Clerk of Lake County, is in the city from his home in Lakeview.

Otto Metehan, son of Phil Metehan, the well-known hotel man, has returned from Blalocks, where he has been in the cattle business.

J. H. Price, formerly Secretary of State of Washington, passed through the city on his way East to look after some mining matters. Mr. Price is a brother-in-law of Senator Mitchell.

MT. TABOR PARK.

The Portland people are still enjoying themselves at Mount Tabor Park every evening. Tonight and for the rest of the week there will be the same performance as was commenced last Sunday. Ferner and Kent, in their refined musical sketch, and Keith Lennox, the laughing black man, are still eliciting the generous applause which they so richly deserve. Dorothy Dene, the pride of Newspaper Row, is at her best in singing "Chimnie." The Waltons, the comedy acrobats, and Robert Shields, the peer of the air, are astonishing every one with their hazardous tricks. James Conway is amusing the crowds with his new jokes and buck and wing dancing. A new management has now taken charge of the park, who promises to give their audiences the best kind of shows obtainable every evening.

Aftermath of a Depew Joke.

While Senator Patterson was talking the Republican Senators fled to their committee-rooms and to the cloakrooms. Loud shouts of laughter were heard in the corridor about the Republican cloakroom. This is one of the stories told.

Joke Was Not on Farmer.

The scene was a Brooklyn Rapid Transit car, working its way to the Manhattan end of the bridge. Uptown in Brooklyn a passenger got aboard—one who bore in his tanned and seamed face, brown and gnarled hands, bent shoulders, whiskers growing from his neck, not his face, and in his clothes the evidence that he was a countryman from the agricultural "detracts." The conductor was flip and smart. To him the countryman handed five pennies as his fare. The conductor, disgusted, showed his feelings in the way he regarded the pennies in his palm. He went up to the motorman and back again, stopping to tell an acquaintance sitting immediately in front of the countryman of the agriculturist who carried pennies! Then the acquaintance thought he would have some fun with the countryman, turning to all about him turned to the old man, asking: "Say, old man, did you ever get up in the night and shoo horses?"

LABOR NOTES

The Wardner (Idaho) Industrial Union held a picnic the other day, and was attended by 300 or 400 members. This is the name of the new organization which was formed in the Coeur d'Alene region for the purpose of supplanting the Miners' Union after the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill had been blown up. It was organized by the mine-owners and their imported men. It is probably the only union of its kind in the United States. Both employers and employes are officers and direct the affairs of the organization. It is a weak concern and is ridiculed by organized labor everywhere.

CUPID'S VICTIMS HOW THEY ACT

Love Is Divided Into Games and Every Lover Plays Them.

Love games, says Professor Groos, are chiefly four—Caressing games, games of self-examination, fighting games, and games of coquetry. Sweethearts play caressing games because they like to be near each other; they play games of self-examination because they wish each other to behold their merits; they play fighting games because they find it necessary sometimes to fight to win each other, or because fighting is one method of displaying their adorable qualities; they play coquetry games because they are made coquettish, and for no other reason in the world.

Despite the fact that they have been pursuing their games since times prehistoric, and although they are supposed by those outside the enchanted pale to be laughably alike in their cooling, they have not decided upon a universal pattern for their games. Not even the kiss is excepted when Professor Groos pronounces this interesting revelation, honored with supreme glory by dreamy bards as well as by intoxicated suitors. All children play catch and hide and seek, no matter whether they be the dainty scions of lordly Fifth avenue houses or sooty little beggars from South African hovels, or heathen Chinese, but when they are grown and begin to learn the game of love they each make up games of their own fancy.

Perhaps the little play toying with insignificant objects is the nearest expression of universality in love games of caressing. Even those benighted peoples who have not discovered the ecstasy of kisses enjoy this petty trifling of which the lovers in the mill on the Floss are a type. Kitty was doing her fancy work and asked Stephen for the scissors, which were passed and repassed between them, without the least reason for doing so, except the proximity to which it led and the handling of one object together. It is the trick of the boarding school hoyden—and who shall say how many others of the fair—to let her shoestring untie so that the apruce stripling who has captivated her heart may have the opportunity of tying them again. The dignified Oriental wooer who disdain the intimacy of the kiss does not scorn the delights of examining the ornaments worn by his beloved, not only with his eyes, but with his fingers.

The more naïve the period or social class, thinks Professor Groos, the more common is this sort of play. At the spinning fetes of olden time Europe, couple after couple sang a spinning song while their hands crept in and about the spinning apparatus.

Plays of self-exhibition arise out of the lover's desire to present himself in the most advantageous light possible before his loved one. With this in view, he plays a part. He acts as though he were braver, stronger, more skillful, handsomer, or more delicate feeling, and keener intelligence than he is actually and habitually. A comic paper once observed that a lover always tries to be as lovable as possible and hence always makes himself ridiculous.

Senators Are Not All Millionaires

A writer in the New York Sun, who claims to know what he is talking about, says that the popular impression as to the wealth of United States Senators is greatly exaggerated. He can name but a dozen members of the Senate who are millionaires or better, and they and their approximate possessions are given as follows:

- William A. Clark, Montana.....\$25,000,000
Thomas Kearns, Utah.....10,000,000
John Kean, New Jersey.....4,000,000
E. B. Elkins, West Virginia.....4,000,000
James McMillan, Michigan.....5,000,000
John Dryden, New Jersey.....5,000,000
Redfield Proctor, Vermont.....3,000,000
George Peabody Wetmore, Rhode Island.....2,000,000
Nelson A. Aldrich, Rhode Island.....2,000,000
Marcus A. Hanna, Ohio.....2,000,000
Chauncey M. Depew, New York.....2,000,000
Eugene Hale, Maine.....1,000,000

MAKING LOVE AS A SPORT. The higher the culture of a pair of sweethearts, the more prominently do mental displays mingle with the exhibition of physical fascinations. The cultured suitors delight in simply showing their power to charming woman or in making a direct attack on her heart. Many men enjoy this so keenly that they play the gallant without any serious love intentions and ensnare every lady with their brilliance of conversation. The masculine post-prandial withdrawal to the smoking-room is explained by Professor Groos as a desire for relaxation after the fatigue of mental exertion in displaying their charms to women during the dinner.

The stilted ornate styles of love letters are another form of self-exhibition adopted by the suitor who would fain win his sweetheart by the power of smoothly written words. Self-exaltation is retailed in full by the woman, but with a difference. She alternately seeks and flees, and in parading her woe never addresses herself to her adorer. She turns aside when she sees him appreciative of them as if she were shy. While he parades his strength she makes much of weakness, helplessness and her housewifely accomplishments.

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THE CANNON OF GEORGE THE THIRD

From deadly implements of war turned by the enemy against the sons of the land in which they have for more than a century reposed to instruments useful in the furtherance of peaceful pursuits in that same country is the remarkable transition through which two large cannon now in the works of the Keystone Bridge Company have passed. Captured, it is supposed, by General Gates at the battle of Saratoga, one of the most important engagements of the revolution, the cannon were placed in the Pittsburg arsenal early in the last century and remained there as souvenirs until 1873, when they were bought by the old Shilfer Bridge Company and placed in the mill to be used as compressors. There for almost 20 years the old guns have done service, and no better tool of their kind could be found.

now inserted in the touchholes of both places a prosaic water pipe that in no way seems to belong there. Before being enlisted in the industrial service of the Keystone Bridge Company the heads of both the cannon were removed, so that they are now open at both ends. Through the great 16-inch bore water is pumped and is forced out by long cylinders that are burdened by 6,000 pounds of steel. This tremendous weight is released and, settling the cylinders, forces them through the bore of the cannon. Before them goes the water that is thrown through the pipes against a machine known as an "upsetter." At the other end of this machine the "T" bars used in bridge construction are placed and the ends, heated to a white heat, are locked into the "upsetter." The force of the water from the cannon pushes the machine against the end of the bar and starts the head, that is later finished in the big five-ton hammer. Day after day these huge guns have performed this humble work, and when one looks at the proud crest of the King of England he wonders if, were they possessed of life, they would not feel humiliated at this sad fall from their former calling—that of battling for glory and victory and empire—Pittsburg Leader.

Dutch Tulip Beds.

To the Hollander this pilgrimage to the tulip fields is perhaps the most treasured outing of the year, and the Sundays of April usually find 30,000 admiring burghers visiting the fields. It was not long before the air, heavily laden with perfume, warned us that we were approaching the nurseries, and a sharp turn in the road brought us full upon a seemingly interminable prospect of lurid color. From the palest cream to the deepest crimson, no single hue seemed to be missing, and the eye, bewildered at the feast, turned away to rest upon some patch of sward set apart for the more robust uses of husbandry. It was late in April, so that, saving here and there a fugitive bed of tulips, the dominion of the hyacinth was complete; and of the narcissus, which is popularly thought to abound in Holland, I was afterwards told by a confiding bulb merchant that so great is the output of the Channel Islands, the Scillies and Lincashire in England that the exporter of bulbs buys largely from these sources and palms them off on the foreign market as a Dutch growth. The blossoms have no marketable value in Holland and at maturity they are cut and strewn upon the ground, there to rot and enrich the soil. As a vendor of blossoms the small boy hereabouts turns an occasional penny by way of pin-money, but beyond these roadside transactions I should say the retail traffic in flowers would fare meagerly if dependent on home patronage; for Myneer dotes on his garden, and prefers rather to buy the bulb and by careful nursing to see his pains rewarded in the time of flowering.

Clever Little Stories.

Senator Hanna sees all corners at his house every afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock. Recently a prosperous looking man was there with a bundle of papers under his arm. He had a scheme he wanted the Senator to invest in. "If you will put in \$50,000," he said to the Senator, "I will guarantee you 150 per cent profit in 90 days. 'I do it,' said the Senator. The promoter rubbed his hands in glee. "When can I have the money?" he asked. "Right now," said Senator Hanna; "I'll give you a draft for \$50,000, payable in 90 days, and at the end of that time you can send me the balance of the money."

Much in Little.

One Australian syndicate has offered General De Wet £250 weekly and expenses for a lecturing tour in Australia. More than 33,000 pounds of opium were received at San Francisco in a single shipment from China last week. The latest returns of the population of Japan, including Formosa and the Pescadores, gives a total of 46,444,524. Seattle's exports to Japan are now about \$5,000,000 per annum, which is 11 times what they were six years ago. After he had administered a sound drubbing to a local bully, a colored seaman was carried round shoulder-high at Swansea, Wales. In Switzerland 1271 hotels, having an aggregate of 92,333 beds, have been got ready this season for the accommodation of tourists. Crematoriums for the destruction of the bodies of animals which have died from infectious diseases are to be erected in Silesia. Venice has a cafe which has been open day and night for 150 years. The world's record for steamships is 560 miles a day, and for sailing vessels 325 miles.

Profit in Soda Water.

The soda water counter in this drug store is nearly always crowded. Five men are busy there with the faucets and spigots all day long. One customer asked the dispenser at the end of the counter how much business the fountain "did" during the day. "Our gross receipts, year in and year out, are more than \$80,000," he replied, and when the customer expressed surprise he said: "Why, at Hank's place they take in much more than that because he's open 24 hours a day." "And what's the profit?" the customer pursued. "About 100 per cent."—New York Post.