

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY Proprietors. Address THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL 220 Yamhill St., Between Fourth and Fifth Portland, Oregon.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF OREGON

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter. Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10 or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 24 pages, 2 cents; over 24 pages, 3 cents.

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Telephones: Business Office: Oregon Main, 600; Columbia, 705. Editorial Rooms: Oregon Main, 600. City Editor: Oregon Main, 150.

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When you leave the city of change your address even for one week, don't fail to call at business office and leave your order for The Oregon Daily Journal.

Harry Alberts, of St. Louis, was kissed by a pretty girl, who just nipped on to him without his consent, and hoboized him with a merry smack. Alberts struck the fair kisser and gave her a black eye, was arrested and fined \$20. Judge Side-aver, who tried the case, held that a woman had a right to kiss a man if she wanted to, and the better looking the woman, the more right she has. The fine wasn't half punishment enough. He should have been sent to the asylum for weak-minded.

A minister at Passaic, N. J., became so enthusiastic in his gestures while preaching that he broke a fine vase containing out flowers, knocked a heavy Bible off the pulpit, knocked a tumbler of ice water half way across the room, and finally broke down the stand on which the vase and other things were placed. He evidently belongs to the church militant.

The sailor has sent several messengers, some of them of high rank, to persuade little Gladys Deacon, the Milwaukee girl, to give up the Crown Prince's ring, which she wears metaphorically at her belt. It is said she finally threw the ring in the face of the last messenger. Thus did the American Deacon pass it up to the German elders.

Of the marriage of Mary McCalla, daughter of Captain B. H. McCalla, to Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, Jr., an exchange says: "They were united a daughter of the navy and son of the army." It strikes us from the description that she was a daughter of Pa's and he a son of Mars.

Five men want to be Governor of California, and each might be a little worse than the others. At the same time there is no good reason why the conventions should confine themselves to just these five in making their selections. There are others.

A dining establishment not far from the postoffice has a card in the window with this legend: "Lady presser wanted." And yet statisticians tell us there are more men than women.

The president invaded New England much easier than the white squadron could, and certainly at much less expense. He took that neck-of-the-woods by storm.

Peter Powers didn't dodge the jail half as successfully as his namesake Patrick. The lawyers caught Peter napping, while Pat caught the kid-nappers.

American pork is said to be so high in Germany that few can purchase it. Well, the American hog is well on top for a starter over in this country.

Those who put their money into Trifler liquid air should get along without worry. The stock is cold enough to keep without the use of a refrigerator.

Now that the big naval comic opera is over, the engineers detailed sometime ago can get to work on the Columbia River and bar.

Mont Pelée isn't the whole show. The Niagara blow outs continue to shake the canal route.

When the critic spoke of drinking in mists, he probably alluded to the high heat furnished by the tenor.

TURN ON THE LIGHTS.

Some real or pretended reformer once proclaimed as his motto: "Turn on the Lights!" He meant to demand that there be publicity of matters pertaining to government, and that the people be given information of what their servants were doing.

It is sound civic philosophy. It is good counsel for Oregon just now, when measures are hatching in the nests of selfish politicians, a Legislative session being close at hand.

The dangers to the state are not when troubles arise that alarm the people and place them upon their guard. Then men watch the fortifications of liberty, and repulse those who would batter down the works that have been erected to safeguard the country.

When the people are prosperous is the time when men of selfish desires plan their attacks, and, too, when they succeed in outwitting the common people.

Oregon is just now engaged in forwarding a movement that is to place this state foremost of all Pacific Coast commonwealths. We are busy planning commercial enterprises, formulating schemes for the material advancement of the country, building ships, constructing water-ways, laying steel rails, opening up areas that have heretofore been unproductive.

All this is good. Yet, as we attend to these matters, let us not forget that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; that every day the patriot devotes some thought to the good of the state.

In some quarters whence commonly issued ponderous discourses upon projected legislation is silence more absolute than that of the tomb. No voicing of current opinion. No argument for or against this or that measure. No warnings to prevent improper enactments. No performance of the duty of guarding the progress of the state towards better conditions.

Doubtless, there are right now important bills forming, or significant candidates, of which the people will not learn prior to their introduction into the Legislature, permitting little time for investigation, no opportunity for the registering of effective protest in cases warranting such protest.

The time to turn on the lights is before conditions become bad enough to need correction. And the adoption of the initiative and referendum amendment indicates clearly that the people of the state desire to prevent railroad- or bills through their Legislature.

Good laws proposed will not suffer from discussion. And any measure that needs secrecy if it be adopted would better not be adopted.

Turn on the lights right now, and let prospective legislation be told to the people. They have the right to know what their representatives will offer as contributions towards the statutory enactments of the state.

H. St. John Elk, the Whatcom bank wrecker, got ten years in the pen yesterday, the full limit of the law. It looks as though Judge Netever, who sentenced him, is trying to discourage that branch of amateur work.

DISTRIBUTING OF POLITICAL FAVORS. Two kinds of public officials are to be despised: "The man with no gratitude for the assistance of friends. The man who forgets his duty to the public and rewards private friends without regard for their fitness to serve in official capacity.

Every one loathes the man who does not appreciate the loyalty of those who made possible his elevation to high honors. The disposition to forget such things is worse than savagery, for even the savage shows gratitude for kindnesses.

It is traditional that the Indian remembers the one who lends a helping hand in time of danger. J. Pennington Cooper, in his great tales of early times when whites and aborigines were in juxtaposition at the eastern border of the continent, portrays what is undoubtedly characteristic of the Indians and has them exhibiting intense devotion to white men who befriended them. Cooper has been a faithful writer in this respect, as well as teacher of lessons of proper appreciation of acts of generosity by others.

However, this may be carried too far, by the public officer, to the detriment of the public service, and the destruction of good government. For instance, no man has a right to expect an appointment to a position for which he is not fitted. It is putting too great a strain upon the bonds of friendship; it is capitalizing gratitude.

The ideal official is he who attains a proper harmony of the two considerations—due regard for the claims of friends, and the highest conception of the claims of the public service.

To hold high office is to carry grave responsibility for the interests of all of the people. No office is private property. Of all of the good things said and done by Grover Cleveland, that was not less illustrious than any other when he proclaimed that "Public office is a public trust," and that "Public office shall not be a private snip." Were there more men in exalted position who were loyal to this lofty conception, government would be more near-

by an approximation of the ideas laid down by the founders of the nation.

Just now many are applying for positions under the incoming administration. The remarks herein made are in a measure platitudinous, yet often we must reiterate platitudes, and certainly at this time these particular platitudes are pertinent.

VOTE—124 TO 17.

A Olympia dispatch under date of August 23, said:

"The Thurston County Republican convention today endorsed A. J. Parkin for Congress and defeated a railroad commission resolution by a vote of 124 to 17." This is constructively the registering of the will of the people of that county that there shall be no legislation of the character demanded by Governor McBride and his coadjutors in the State of Washington.

To the man who knows the devious ways of politicians, this vote will mean nothing else than that the anti-McBride forces succeeded in organizing a more effective machine in that county than did the friends of the Governor. He will know that it may easily be true that in Thurston County there is almost a majority of voters who desire such enactments as the Governor advocates.

The fact is, that politics has become too much a creature of the machine politician, who secures the advantage over his opponent through the exercise of ingenuity and guile.

Here is an hypothetical case:

In every precinct of Thurston County the anti-McBride forces won the fight by a margin of one vote in the primaries. There were 25 precincts in the county. There were, therefore, only 25 more voters who opposed McBride than favored him. Yet, the county convention apparently indicates that the proportion between his friends and enemies is 124 to 17.

Of course, in a government such as ours, these things will be yet that they are as they are, and that such exaggerated instances occur, may be referred to machine methods, and to the too good organizations that are out-wit by practical politicians.

Nowadays, when conventions assemble, the result is usually susceptible of prediction by instructed politicians. Conventions have degenerated into mere meetings to ratify acts of previous secret conclaves. And the McBride defeat in Thurston County by such an overwhelming vote is excellent food for reflection upon the tendencies of modern politics.

AN EAGLE'S EYE.

"The eye of the American eagle has not come in for its share of attention," said a patriot who has an ardent love for the national bird, "and it seems to me that some man who is capable of developing to the fullest the grandeur and almost limitless possibilities of this finished work of nature should take the subject up. The eagle has been conspicuous in literature and in art generally. Poets have sung their little songs about the aerial wonder. They have allowed their imaginations to soar out into the upper air, and all that sort of thing. I have read somewhere of a little sketch about the rare delicacy and skill nature has displayed in carving the eagle's beak. The tribute is amply deserved. The eagle's beak, his pinions, his claws, and in fact everything about the eagle, appeals to me.

But I was speaking of the eagle's eye. Did you ever look into the eye of an eagle? If so, have you not been impressed with the unspeakable earnestness, the frankness and honesty to be found there? Have you thought of how much of the eagle's nature you could find in an eagle's eye—how much of that wild, passionate love of freedom? How much of that splendid craving to soar forever above and beyond the callous nothings of a too restricted life nearer the ground? Could you not read somewhere of the eagle's virtuous love of mate, and the love of home? There is a world in the eagle's eye, a world of philosophic reflection, and the pity is that the colors cannot be preserved. At any rate it is an interesting subject, and one which might be developed if some person would but take the time in this rushing-age to pay a passing tribute to this wonderful piece of mechanism."

POEMS WORTH READING. AT THE CHURCH GATE. BY W. M. THACKERAY. William Makepeace Thackeray was born in England in 1811. He was brought up in England, where he went to the Charterhouse School and later to Trinity College, Cambridge. He left college after one year's study and went to Paris where he studied with the hope of becoming an artist. His first contribution in the way of writing were to Fraser's Magazine, and among them were the famous "Yellow-plush Papers." He wrote other satires and humorous ballads for Punch. Thackeray was the first editor of the Cornhill Magazine, which is still in publication. He died in London in 1863.

Although I enter not, Yet round about the spot Ofttimes I hover; And near the sacred gate, With longing eyes I wait, Expectant of her.

My lady comes at last, Timid and stepping fast, Up in hastening hither, With modest eyes downcast; She comes—she's here, she's past! May heaven go with her!

Knoll undisturbed, fair saint! Four out your praise of plaint Meekly and duly; I will not enter there, To sully your pure prayer With thoughts untruly.

But suffer me to pace, Round the forbidden place, Linger a minute, Like outcast spirits who wait, And see, through heaven's gate, A bliss within it.



UNCLE CYPRUS—Mandy, I'd like to see that fellow from Astoria who said Portland didn't have any show.

SHAKESPEARE-BACON PARALLELS

The most important recent addition to the Shakespeare-sized octavo by Edwin Reed Bacon controversy is a good natured one. The author is already well known for various divergences into this field, which bears the title "Bacon and Shakespeare Parallels" (Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston). Observe the hyphen in Shakespeare-parallels. 'Tis a little thing to the eye, it hath portentous uses.

For, in Mr. Reed's opinion, Shakespeare—with the hyphen, mark ye again—is the pseudonym Bacon chose to assume when he published the plays and poems that we now attribute to one Will Shaxspere, Shakespear or Shakespears.

The title page of the folio and of many of the quartos reads Shakespeare. The hyphenated pseudonym, it would seem, was simply a tribute to Pallas, goddess of wisdom, poetry and the fine arts, who derived her name from the Greek word to shake, evidently in reference to the spear she held in her right hand.

"She was thus the Spear-shaker, or Shakespeare, of the Greek drama." The object of Mr. Reed's present book is to point out identities in word and thought between "Shakespeare" and Bacon, as the latter appears in his published works, and especially in the "Promus," a sort of a commonplace book, it will be remembered, wherein, during the years 1594-96, Bacon jotted down notes for future elaboration. The Baconites emphasize the fact that this was not given to the public until two centuries after his death.

Mr. Reed evidently conceives that his most important finds in the "Promus"—inasmuch as he draws special attention to them in his preface—are the two following:

1. An entry in the "Promus" reads: "Bellerophon's Letters (producing letters or evidence against oneself)." In classic myth, Bellerophon, having committed an offense at the court of Argos, and being protected there by the rites of hospitality, was sent away to the King of Lycia with a sealed letter, requesting that king to put the bearer to death. Hence letters of this sort were called Bellerophon's letters. Bacon undoubtedly made the entry to remind him of this device in case of literary need. But he never utilized the hint in any of his acknowledged writings. Now the letter which Hamlet carried with him from the King of Denmark, his uncle, the King of England, was precisely such a Bellerophon's letter.

2. Bacon devoted a part of one of the folios in his "Promus" to the subject of salutations. Among them appear "Good morrow" and "alaba." Mr. Reed somewhat arbitrarily glosses the latter as "good dawning," from the Spanish alborada, dawning. Then he goes on to say that this salutation, entered as an experiment in Bacon's private commonplace book, circa 1596, has since appeared but once, in English print, viz: in "King Lear," first published in 1608. As to "good morrow," he believes that had been used in English only once before the date of the "Promus." Yet it occurs one hundred and fifteen times in the Shakespearean plays that postdated the "Promus."

I confess that these coincidences leave me unmoved. The device used by Bellerophon might have occurred to a dramatist who had never heard of Bellerophon, and in any event Shakespeare as well as Bacon might have heard of Bellerophon. The identity of "alaba" with good dawning is not proved, and, if proved, it would prove nothing in favor of Bacon or against Shakespeare. "Good morrow" was probably a popular locution long before it crept into literature, and its appearance there before Bacon's "Promus" is acknowledged.

Let us take a few of the "parallels" between Shakespeare's plays and the other works of Bacon. That pursuit is better than attainment was a commonplace with the philosophers long before Shakespeare or Bacon came into being. Pining the younger, for example, says: "An object rarely attains in possession, the charm that it had in pursuit" (Lectures Book II, 15, 1). There is nothing singular in the fact that both the great Elizabethans repeated the commonplace. Nor was the repetition put into words that bear any singular likeness to one another. Shakespeare makes the reflection at least twice:

All things there are Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed. "Merchant of Venice." Act II, scene 1. Things won are done, Joy's soul lies in the doing. "Troilus and Cressida." Act I, scene 2. Mr. Reed quotes three parallels from Bacon. The nearest approach to any real

likeness is in this sentence from the "De Augmentis:" So much pleasanter is it to be doing than to be enjoying.

But at best, this is only an approach to a likeness. Again, both Shakespeare and Bacon mistakenly affirm that the bees have a king. But, as Mr. Reed himself acknowledges, the blunder was originally Virgil's in his Fourth Georgic: The bees of a hive are very obedient to their king. They attend him in crowds, often raising him on their shoulders and exposing their own bodies in his defense.

In fact both Bacon and Shakespeare drew their knowledge of bees from books and not from nature, a common fault among the writers of that period.

All which leads up to a general explanation of many of these parallels, especially such as seem to indicate that Bacon and Shakespeare had gone to some common font of classic lore. Shakespeare's Latin was "small." His Greek was "less." Many of the authors to whom he was apparently indebted had not been translated into English in his day. The difficulty is easily solved if you remember that in Elizabethan and Jacobean days the actor's profession was in itself a liberal education. Not only was he thrown in contact with the great in rank, but with the great in mind. His constant associates were the choicest wits and the most learned scholars of the day, i. e., the dramatists. Nearly all of these were college bred. At the "wit-combats" in the Mermaid and elsewhere one may well imagine that a keen intelligence, an intelligence far inferior to Shakespeare, might have picked up a wealth of information and stores of classic allusions.

Lastly, knowledge was not specialized then as now. It did not present the vast and bewildering array of facts that it does now. It lay on the surface. Its sources were comparatively few. No one now could say with the sixteenth century Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." A learned man of that age might be described as one who had accumulated a thorough knowledge of the various sorts of ignorance that had afflicted his forebears. Now this could be done through conversation as well as through books.

W. M. S. WALSH.

SOME SUMMER LAUGHS.

"I've just been reading some statistics of births and deaths. Extraordinary thing! Every time I breathe a man dies."

"Great Scott! Why don't you chew cloves?"—London Judy.

One of the worst things that she is almost as unreasonable as a man.—Baltimore News.

Freddie—What did mamma spank you for just now? Reginald—She spanked me for nothin'. Did you think I pay her for doing that?—Chicago Daily News.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between meals?" "Have the meals ficker together," replied the young hopeful.—"Tit-Bits."

The outing season has arrived. The days are long and sunny; His family is out of town, And he is out of money. —Washington Star.

Practical.—"The Kaiser is going to decorate 300 Americans who aided in entertaining his wandering brother." "How useless? Why doesn't he do something of a practical character, and give each a ton of hard coal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Working Him.—Boroughs—Say, old man, can you break a twenty, so I can get a \$5 bill out of it? Markley—Sure; here you are. Where's your twenty? Boroughs—Oh, you misunderstood me! I thought you had a twenty. Thanks! One five will do.—Philadelphia Press.

"My young friend," said Senator Sorghum, "you have an exceptional talent for speech-making." "Yes," replied the statesman, who gets a great deal of applause from the galleries, "I feel justified in saying that oratory is a gift."

"That's what it is! There are mighty few people who can get paid for it nowadays."—Washington Star.

LEARNED SLANG.

Ask—"Who was that girl you introduced me to who uses so much slang?" Tell—"Oh, she's a friend of mine who is taking a post-graduate course in English at a female seminary."—Ohio State Journal.

EDITORIAL OPINION.

TO GET A FOOTHOLD.

We hope our American statesmen will meet Sir Robert Bond, Premier of New Foundland, half way in his effort to arrange a reciprocity treaty. Here is a good chance to get a foothold in New Foundland, and strengthen the very friendly feeling of the people of that island towards us. Sir Robert prefers free trade with the United States against a union of the colony with the Dominion of Canada, and we know of no valid reason why we shouldn't have free trade with New Foundland. Let us not make the same mistake with New Foundland that we have made with Canada.—Minneapolis Journal.

TOM JOHNSON'S TURN.

This is Tom Johnson's year to tackle the Republicans in Ohio. The Buckeye Democrats are rich in leaders, but unfortunately for the party they do not dwell together in unity. They fight each other quite as energetically as ever they do the common enemy. The result of course is greatly to the liking of the enemy. When John R. McLean is in control of the organization, Tom Johnson's interest is from intense. When Tom Johnson controls, Mr. McLean's interest is not at all rigorous. And when Colonel Kilbourne controls, neither Mr. McLean nor Mr. Johnson loses a wink of sleep from over-anxiety. Both Mr. McLean and Colonel Kilbourne have taken a sound beating at the polls. Will Mr. Johnson as commander-in-chief meet with a similar fate? Mr. Johnson this year will not, as his two rivals did when they challenged the enemy, head a state ticket. But he will control the state convention next month and write the platform. That will make him the leader for the campaign and put the responsibility on him. Will he succeed in getting more voters to the polls than his rivals did when they were in charge? The returns will be interesting from that viewpoint. If he does, it is scarcely necessary to say that there will be some excuse for crowing on his part, and that he will be likely to improve the occasion. He has a strong vote, and he believes in himself.

As was pointed out in the Star's Cleveland letter yesterday, interest attaches to the platform which Mr. Johnson will present. A very rich man himself, he takes the ground that wealth does not pay its share of taxes. He has the great railroad corporations particularly in view. He wants to "go after them," and first and last to set things in general right. He was at one time a follower of Henry George. He has since been a follower of Mr. Bryan. He was when in Congress a pronounced free trader. Shall we find in the coming deliberance as much of his well known principles as may be available for us in a local campaign? Will he also indicate of what we may expect his fortune in the next two years should bring him forward for National honors? He has high ambition, and money to support it. And, not to speak of the Republicans of the state, how will such a platform if forthcoming strike the McLean and Kilbourne forces? Will it give them an additional excuse for indifference?—Washington Star.

REVISION NEEDED.

One of the beauties of the steel trusts rests in the fact that it not only seeks to and probably does control the output in the United States, but it also demands to know first what interests are behind its customers before it will even sell the goods demanded. A case in point is that of the Omaha Northern Railway Company, a Nebraska corporation which is preparing to independently construct a few hundred miles of road. This company wrote to the several steel rail manufacturers asking the cash price per ton for rails delivered in Chicago. Several companies responded, all but one to the effect that the rules required that the bidder state who was behind the railway project. One company made a bid, but quickly withdrew it the following day, after making the same request for information.

It so happened that the new railway company was prepared to pay cash for its rails and did not feel called upon to give the desired information to the manufacturers.

Therefore, it is arranging to buy its rails in Belgium, where as a matter of fact they can be bought and delivered in Chicago at about the same cost as the Pittsburgh product, owing to the fact that the price is kept up by the trust to the tariff and anti transportation charges.

This is but an example which points to the requirements of a revision of the tariff. The railway magnates of the East are also in control of the steel plants and they are not going to make rails for any competitor if they can help it. At the same time they manage to keep their price up to the actual cost of securing and transporting rails abroad. The necessity of revision should be apparent when it comes to a pass that a cash purchaser must make a statement of its interests before it can even secure a price. That is a holdup, pure and simple, and it requires legislation and competition to rectify the matter. Competition is rightfully said to be the life of trade. It serves to equalize prices, to protect the consumer against unreasonable and extortionate charges and does not in any way operate to the detriment of the manufacturer. If rails can be sent all the way from Belgium to Chicago and sold at the same price as from Pittsburgh there must be something wrong in this country. It is a question which requires investigation, and it is not at all necessary to tear down all the tariff wall in revision.—Wallis Wallis Union.

PSHAW! SAYS SHAW.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw does not believe that the tariff has anything to do with fostering the meat trust. Secretary Shaw will not claim, however, that the tariff on meats fosters the health and strength of our people. He would not deny that working men in cities (as well as on farms), working women and growing children, should have meat to eat. He can scarcely deny that a duty of 27 1/2 per cent on live cattle, 2 cents a pound on beef, mutton, pork and lard; 5 cents on poultry, eggs by the dozen, ham and bacon, has something to do with keeping the prices of these strength foods beyond the reach of the people who need them most. In considering the question of the tariff why not regard the greatest harm to the greatest number.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THEATRES

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS. Marquam—"The Toy Maker." Tivoli Opera Company. Cordray's—"Tide of Life." Melodrama. Shields' Park—Vaudeville.

COMING ATTRACTIONS. Marquam—"Toy Maker." Saturday night, matinee Saturday, with toy souvenir presentation. Pollard Juvenile Opera Co. for Carnival week. Baker's-Neill Stock Company. "Social Highwaymen." week beginning Sunday, August 31. Cordray's—"The Tide of Life" Saturday. Juvenile Specialty Company beginning Sunday night.

Shields' Park—Vaudeville coming week. The advance sale of seats opened this morning for the Pollard Juvenile Opera Company, which Manager Calvin Heilig, of the Marquam Grand Theatre, offers as his attraction next week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Saturday matinee, the beautiful nautical opera of "Planquette," "Paul Jones," will be the bill; Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, "A Gaiety Girl." It will not take an extraordinary strain on the memory to recall the wonderful success of these youngsters on their former visit and they certainly were heartily received. Popular prices will prevail during this engagement.

Tonight the Tivoli Opera Company will present their former success "The Toy Maker," one of the best in point of fun in their extensive repertoire. The music is bright and catchy, and a good laughable opera.

Mr. Hartman, together with the eleven principals of the company, are most happily suited to their respective characters. "The Toy Maker" will be the offering at the matinee tomorrow, when each child attending will be presented with a beautiful toy. The company will close their engagement with the above opera on Saturday night.

SHIELDS' PARK—AMATEURS TO-NIGHT. Amateurs will shine again tonight at Shields' Park. Several new acts will appear and Julius Caesar will be the star feature. Julius did a great stunt last Friday night, and made the hit of the show. He promises a new specialty to-night. A pie-eating contest will be another big feature.

WHY THEY TOOK IT OUT. "About a year ago," said a Chicago patent lawyer, "I secured a patent on a smoke consumer for a client of mine. He came into the office the other day, and I asked him what he was doing with his invention."

"Well," he said, "I haven't had much success with it. It's hard work to get a thing like that introduced. Last spring, after a lot of arguing, I got a West Side laundry firm to try it, and I got an understanding that I was to take it out at my own expense if it didn't give satisfaction. After it had been in use a month or so I thought I'd go over and see how it was working."

"As I approached the laundry I saw that there wasn't a bit of smoke rolling out of the stack. In fact, it was almost impossible to see from the outside that there was a fire in the boiler. It made me feel mighty good to see that the thing was working so well, and I went into the office full of confidence."

"Well," I said to the senior partner, "how do you like your smoke consumer?" "The been going to write to you about that," he replied. "We want it taken out."

"What's the trouble?" I asked him. "You agreed to take it out at your own expense if it wasn't satisfactory, you know. We have the contract in writing."

"That's all right. I'm not denying that I agreed to take it out; but I'd like to know what the matter with it. I looked at it just now, and it seemed to be consuming the smoke all right."

"Oh, it consumes, as far as that is concerned, but since the smoke has quit rolling out of the stack a lot of our customers seem to think we've shut down here, and they're taking their laundry somewhere else."

"Yes," the junior partner added, "and I can't imagine where we've got the fool idea that we ought to help stop the smoke, anyway. It would be just as sensible for a saloonkeeper to go around preaching temperance."

"So I had to take the consumer out, and I've decided to give up trying to introduce it among the laundries."

LETTER WRITING. Max O'Rell makes the following pointed criticisms on letter writing: When you inclose a bill or a check in a letter, pin it to the letter, that it may not drop when the envelope is opened.

If you write a letter of a private nature, words of love that you would be sorry for every one to read, except the lady you are addressing, put a blank sheet of note paper around the letter. Most envelopes are transparent and may disclose your secrets.

Always read twice the address you have written on your envelopes. Apply the same process to your letters, your time will not be wasted.

When you write to a friend do not inquire about his health and that of his family after your signature. It would look like an afterthought.

Ladies, whose minds are full of after-thoughts, generally write the most important part of their letters in the postscript. I once received a letter, in a woman's handwriting, the signature of which was unknown to me. At the end of sixteen pages of pretty prattle there was a postscript: "You will see by my new signature that I am married."

SHE PREFERRED IT NOW.

"Posterity will discover me," said the poet. "If it does," replied his wife, who was all tired out because they couldn't afford to keep a girl. "It will probably regret any time it wanted in doing so."—Chicago Record-Herald.